

you my word I will meet the future with a strong heart. Only remain with me, my dearest Louisa; look at me with your cheering eyes, and inspire my heart with hope. Whenever I falter, remind me of this hour in which I vowed to you to struggle to the last."

"Thanks, my king and husband!" exclaimed the queen; "whatever may happen, let us meet it, united in love, hope, and faith in God!"

"Yes," said the king; "adversity itself is not devoid of exalted moments, and you, my Louisa, have become dearer to me in these days. I know now by experience what a treasure you are to me. Let the storm rage outside, if all is calm within."

"It is my pride and happiness to possess the love of the best of men," said the queen; "and though we leave no inheritance to our children, we shall leave them at least the example of our wedded life; let them learn from it to be happy in themselves."

"*Madame la Reine est servie!*" shouted a merry voice behind them; and when the queen turned, she saw her son, Crown-Prince Frederick William, who approached her with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. "Pardon me, dearest parents, for venturing to enter the room without your permission, but I longed to salute you, and therefore assumed the duty of the steward, who was about to announce that dinner is ready."

"And I suppose my son found this announcement exceedingly interesting, and longed just as much for his dinner as for his parents," exclaimed the queen, smiling and looking with beaming eyes at her favorite son.

"Oh, no, no," said the crown prince, laughing, "I thought first of my beloved parents, but then—yes, I confess the idea of getting my dinner is very agreeable, considering that I have been on the ice for several hours."

"Well, my husband," asked the queen, merrily, "shall we comply with the wishes of the young epicure? Shall we permit him to conduct us to the dining-room?"

"Yes, certainly," said the king, offering his arm to his wife. "Lead the way, M. Steward!" The crown prince assumed a grave air, and, after bowing to his parents in the reverential manner of a royal steward, he preceded them with ludicrous strides, and commenced singing in a ringing voice: "*Immer langsam voran, dass die oesterreichische landwehr nachkommen kann.*"*

* "Always slowly forward, that the Austrian landwehr may be able to follow"—a well-known humorous song, ridiculing the slowness of the Austrian militia.

The king laughed more heartily than he had done for many weeks, while the queen looked lovingly at her son who had performed this miracle.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FAMILY DINNER.

IN the dining-room was William, the younger prince, who hastened to his parents, and returned the tender salutation of his beautiful mother by covering her hand with kisses. There were no guests at the royal table; the king preferred to dine *en famille*, and for several days the queen had ordered the ladies and gentlemen of the court to dine by themselves, and only with the royal family when company was not distasteful to her husband. The king looked with a smile of content at the small table, on which he noticed only four covers, and, conducting his wife to her seat, he said, with a grateful glance, "You have anticipated my most secret wishes, Louisa; I like, above all, to dine alone with my family. Guests and strange faces always bring etiquette with them, and that renders our repasts formal and unpleasant. Thanks, Louisa!"

It was a very frugal meal, hardly suitable to a royal dinner-table. Frederick William and the queen, however, contentedly partook of the plain, wholesome food; and, gayly chatting, they did not seem to notice that the dinner was served up in common china dishes, and that the plates before them were of the same cheap material. Prince William ate with the appetite of a healthy little boy; the crown prince, however, who was twelve years old, did not seem to relish his food. He had disposed of his soup, although he thought it weak and not well flavored, supposing the other courses would be more to his taste. But when it was succeeded by roast meat and cabbage, he made a wry face, and handled his fork very daintily.

"I suppose you do not like cabbage?" asked the king, who had noticed the reluctant appetite of the crown prince.

"No, your majesty," said the prince, smiling, "there are dishes that I like better, although I know it to be a very respectable one, with which the French just now are made acquainted. I will leave the *shucrout** to them, and console

* French pronunciation of sour-cROUT.

myself in the mean time with thinking of two things—of the *entremets* now, and of my birthday to-morrow.”

“I suppose you entertain a good many wishes in regard to your birthday?” asked the king, putting more cabbage on his own plate. “Tell me, Fred, what is it you wish?”

“Above all, that my gracious father and my dear mother may continue to love me,” said the crown prince, glancing at the queen, who nodded to him. “But, besides, I have a few other wishes. In the first place, I would like to have a nice horse with handsome new saddle and bridle, and I would like to be allowed to take frequent rides with my parents, but always at a gallop—at a full gallop!”

“But, Fred, that would be bad for you, considering that you are not yet a skilful horseman,” exclaimed the queen, laughing.

“Well, then,” said the prince, gravely, “I wish for another birthday present, that I may become a skilful horseman without learning, for that is a very unpleasant and slow affair, as I found it out again to-day, when, in skating, I wanted to imitate my teacher in describing a circle on the ice, and only succeeded in falling on my nose!”

“Every thing in the world has to be learned,” said the king, “and although you may at first fall, you learn thereby to stand the firmer afterward, and to keep your head erect. But have you told us all your birthday wishes, or are there any more?”

“Oh, there are a great many yet, your majesty,” exclaimed the prince, laughing. “If I could sow all my great and small wishes, like the dragon’s teeth of Cadmus, I would be at the head of a very pretty regiment of soldiers to-morrow.”

“It is strange how many desires young folks have nowadays,” said the king, thoughtfully. “That boy, although he is but twelve years old, wishes to have a saddle-horse as a birthday present, and in times so hard as these! When I was as old as you, there were golden times in Prussia, and yet I did not receive many presents on my birthday. Sometimes I had to be content with nothing but a small flower-pot, worth a few shillings, and if my instructor wished to be particularly kind to me he took me to a public garden, and treated me to one, or, at the best, two silver groschens’ worth of cherries.”

“Oh,” said the queen, with tearful eyes, “it makes my heart ache when I think of the cheerless youth of your good and noble father, and of the sufferings he had to undergo under his harsh instructor.”

“It is true, Counsellor Benisch was a rigorous and harsh man,” said the king; “he treated me very roughly, often wreaked his ill-humor upon me, and thought he ought to rob me entirely of my youthful pleasures. He did not do so because he was a bad man, but because he believed it to be the best system of education. And then it produced good fruits. I learned early to bear disagreeable things, and uncomplainingly to do without agreeable ones; thus I succeeded in submitting to a great deal that seemed intolerably burdensome to others. When I was a boy, it was a holiday for me, for instance, when the *entremets* at dinner consisted of omelet, while I see that our Prince Fred is no better satisfied with that than with the cabbage.”

“Your majesty is right; I do not like either,” said the crown prince, “and it was in vain that I consoled myself with the hope that there was something more to my taste.”

“What?” exclaimed the queen, smiling. “You do not like omelet? If you are a true son of mine, it must become a favorite dish, for when I was your age, I greatly liked it; and if you will now eat a good plate of it, I will tell you a story about omelet and salad.”

“Oh, mamma, just see, I have liberally supplied my plate; I am, therefore, entitled to the story,” exclaimed the crown prince.

“I will tell the story if the king will permit me,” said the queen, looking at her husband.

“The king requests you to do so,” said Frederick William, nodding pleasantly. “I wish to hear your story, Louisa; you always know new and very pretty ones; your memory is really a little treasury!”

“It is not a very interesting story, after all,” said the queen, thoughtfully, “except to myself as a youthful reminiscence.—I had gone with my father and my brother George to Frankfort-on-the-Main to witness the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. I remember but little of the festivities, for at that time I was only fourteen years old, and the pompous ceremonies, together with the deafening shouts of the populace (who cheered the roast ox, larded with rabbits, no less enthusiastically than the German emperor), were indescribably tedious to me.”

“Dear mamma,” exclaimed the crown prince, “possibly the people may have taken the roast ox for the German emperor.”

“Possibly my witty son may be right,” said the queen,

"and the people may have rejoiced in so boisterous a manner because they were better pleased with the roast ox than with the emperor himself. The ceremonies lasted too long for me, and as all eyes were fixed on the emperor, and no one paid any attention to the daughter of a younger son of Mecklenburg, I softly slipped from the gallery of the princes, beckoned to my sister Frederica, and, followed by our governess, dear Madame Gelieux, we left the Roemer, and entered our carriage, which made but slow headway through the dense crowd, but finally conveyed us to a more quiet street. We intended to do homage to some one else—to pay our respects to the king of literature. We desired to make a pilgrimage to the place where the greatest poet of Germany was born, and visit the dear lady his mother, Mde. Counsellor Goethe.

"Our heart was transported with gladness when the carriage halted in front of the door, and a handsome face, with dark, brilliant eyes, appeared at the window, and nodded to us very cordially. We were old friends and acquaintances, and, therefore, did not beg leave to enter, but hastened directly into the sitting-room. Madame Goethe met us with a kind salutation, and made a sign to the servant-girl to remove the table standing in the middle of the room. But we saw that the dish was still filled, and that Madame Goethe, after returning from the coronation, was about to take dinner.

"Madame Goethe,' we exclaimed, 'if you do not have your dinner immediately served up, we shall leave at once, and will never believe again that you are our friend, and that we are your children, as you always call us. If you will eat, and permit us to be present, we will remain; but if you persist in receiving us ceremoniously as princesses, and in having the dinner removed, we must go.' 'Good heavens,' exclaimed the good lady, in surprise, 'I will comply with the wishes of the little princesses, and eat if they insist on it. I am only ashamed of my dinner to-day, for I have permitted the cook to go to the coronation, and she has not yet returned. The chambermaid, therefore, prepared some food for me; it is so plain, however, that I cannot invite you to partake of it.'—'Oh, we do not want to eat, but only to sit with you,' exclaimed Frederica and I; we then took the arms of the old lady and conducted her to the table. She sighed, but yielded to our solicitations. We sat down opposite her, and Madame Gelieux took a seat close to us in the window-niche. Madame Goethe quickly ate her soup, and rang the bell for the servant

to bring the second course. When she appeared and placed two dishes on the table, madame became greatly embarrassed. 'That is a dinner,' she said, 'that ought to be ashamed of showing its mean face in the presence of two little princesses so beautiful, and dressed in brocade! Why, it is nothing but an omelet and a salad.' And she then cut off a small piece of the omelet and put it among the green leaves of the salad. We looked on, and the dish seemed by far more desirable to us than the imperial ox. In spite of our brocade dresses, we were not at all ashamed of having a strong appetite. I looked at my sister Frederica, and she looked at me, and then both of us looked at the omelet, and at our governess. Finally, I was unable to resist the temptation any longer, and said, timidly, 'Madame Goethe, pray let me also have a little.' 'Ah, yes, dear madame,' said my sister, 'give us some.'"

The two princesses interrupted the queen's narrative by loud laughter, and the king himself joined gayly in it.

"That was right, mamma," exclaimed the crown prince. "Your story has given me an excellent appetite for omelet, and I have eaten all on my plate."

"That is just what I intended," said the queen, smiling.

"But what is the end of the story?" asked the crown prince. "Did Madame Goethe give you some? I hope she complied with the request of the Queen of Prussia."

"I was not yet Queen of Prussia, my son," said Louisa, with a slight expression of melancholy; "but even queens beg sometimes in vain. Then, however, I did not. The kind old lady cheerfully consented, and it was of no avail that Madame Gelieux admonished us not to deprive Madame Goethe of her dinner, and not to eat at so unusual an hour. We moved our chairs to the table; Madame Goethe laid two covers for us, and, notwithstanding the brocade dresses, and the coronation of the emperor, the two princesses of Mecklenburg commenced partaking of the omelet and salad with the strong appetite of peasant girls. Madame Goethe looked at us with a smile; our governess, however, frowningly. But only after eating all before us did we look up and see the kind countenance of Madame Goethe, and the angry air of Madame Gelieux. The dish had greatly increased our courage; instead of being afraid of the governess, we only looked at the face of the dear old lady, and when she said, 'Now I wish I had some good dessert for my two little princesses,' I

exclaimed quickly, 'I know something that I would like to have for dessert!'

"'I know it also!' exclaimed sister Frederica, 'we have already been wishing for it for a whole week.' 'Well, what is it?' asked Madame Goethe. 'Tell me what you wish, and I pledge you my word your wish shall be fulfilled, if it is at all in my power.' 'Dear Madame Goethe,' I exclaimed, imploringly, 'a week ago we saw your servant-girl pumping water at the well, and we have ever since been longing to pump water just once!' 'Yes, to pump water just once, but to our heart's content,' begged sister Frederica. 'You shall do so!' exclaimed Madame Goethe, laughing merrily, 'come, we will go to the well in the yard; there you may pump.' 'No, *mesdames*, that is impossible,' exclaimed the governess, approaching in her dignity, and placing herself with outspread arms in front of the door, 'never shall I consent to so unseemly a proceeding.' 'Unseemly!' exclaimed Madame Goethe, indignantly. 'Why should it be unseemly for the dear little princesses to move their arms like other children, and to draw up the fresh spring-water? It is an innocent pleasure, and they shall have it as sure as I am Goethe's mother. Come, I will conduct you to the well.' And she walked proudly across the room to the small door opposite. We accompanied her, and slipped out, Madame Goethe following us. When Gelieux exclaimed she would never permit us to pump water, and would, if need be, use force to prevent us from doing so, Madame Goethe shouted angrily: 'I should like to see the person that would deprive the little princesses of such a pleasure, which they can enjoy only at my house!' And just as the governess had reached the door, Madame Goethe closed and bolted it. And we, naughty children, went to the well and pumped water until our arms were quite weak and tired. That is my story of the omelet and salad, and the pumping for dessert," said the queen, concluding her narrative, and bowing with a sweet smile to her husband.

The king nodded pleasantly to her. "I would I were a painter!" he said; "I should paint the scene where both of you are sitting at the round table and eating, while Madame Goethe is looking kindly on, and your governess with an angry frown. It would be a pretty picture, I should think."

"And I, although no painter, will draw the other picture," exclaimed the crown prince; "oh, I see it distinctly before me. A fine old tree in a large yard; under the tree a well,

and the two princesses pumping. Madame Goethe in her old-fashioned dress, and at the open window of the side-building the angry face of the governess. Oh, as his majesty says, it will certainly be a pretty picture, and if my mother will graciously permit, I shall present it to her as a proof of my gratitude for her beautiful story."

"Dear, dear mamma," exclaimed Prince William, "if you know another story about an omelet, pray tell it to us, and I will then also try to paint the scene for you like Fred."

"See, Louisa, what you have done," said the king, laughing. "They are anxious to hear your stories, and will, perhaps, become great painters, if you tell them more about omelets."

"That will unfortunately not happen, my husband," said the queen, smiling, "for I do not know any other stories. It is true," she added, musingly, "I remember another omelet that caused me a great deal of pleasure."

"Where was it, dearest, dearest mamma? Oh, pray tell us," exclaimed the crown prince.

"Pray tell us, mamma," begged little Prince William; "be so gracious as to tell us a story for my picture!"

Louisa looked at her husband. The king nodded. "Your last story was so appetizing," he said, gayly, "that I am quite ready to have another."

"I ate this second omelet during our journey to East Prussia, where the estates of the province were to take the oath of allegiance. Oh, my beloved children, that was a splendid journey. The whole world was spread out before me like a bright summer day; everywhere I heard nothing but greetings of love. Everywhere addresses and banquets! festoons, pealing bells, children and young ladies strewing flowers! And our good people did not receive us in so festive a manner through compulsion, or in accordance with an old custom, but because their hearts impelled them; for they had already perceived that the young king, your noble father, would also be their benefactor; they loved and worshipped their king, and, in their kindness, transferred part of their love and veneration to myself. We had already passed through Stargard; the king had preceded me to Coeslin, and I was following him. At noon I arrived in a large village at no great distance from Coeslin. All the peasants and peasant-women came to meet me, dressed in their holiday attire, and the supervisor of the village, to whose hat a large bouquet had been fastened,

stepped up to the carriage to deliver an address to me. It contained but a few artless words; the kind-hearted man begged me, in the name of the people, to do their village the honor to alight, and partake of some refreshment, for they desired to entertain the "mother of the country," that the inhabitants of the cities might not deem this an exclusive privilege. You may imagine that I allowed the gentleman to conduct me to the farm-house where the entertainment had been prepared. The cloth was laid on a round table in the small sitting-room, and a huge omelet lay in a large pewter dish. I laughed, and, to the great delight of the peasants looking through the open windows into the room, ate a large piece, while the girls outside sang with the voices of larks."

"And the omelet constituted the whole entertainment?" asked the crown prince, laughing.

"Oh, no, my little epicure; there was also a dessert: bread, and fresh butter wrapped in green leaves, and more fragrant than we ever have it."

"That is a good dessert," exclaimed the prince. "It seems to me the entertainment was not so bad, and—"

At this moment the door opened. High-Chamberlain von Schladen entered and approached the king. "Pardon me, sire, for venturing to disturb you," he said. "A peasant and a peasant-woman have just arrived. They ask urgently and imploringly to see your majesty; and, on being told that you were at dinner, the woman insisted only the more to be at once admitted to her majesty, for she had brought her something necessary to a good dinner. I confess, the bearing of these persons is so simple and kind-hearted that I ventured to disturb you, even at the risk of being rebuked for it."

"Where do they come from?" asked the king, musingly.

"From the lowlands of the Vistula, near Culm, sire, and it seems to me they belong to the sect of the Mennonites, for they never take off their hats, and address everybody with 'thee.'—These patriotic persons have performed their journey on foot, and say that their eyes have known no slumber, and their feet no rest, since they left their village in order to see the king and queen."

"Oh, my husband," exclaimed the queen, "pray do not make them wait any longer. They come hither to manifest their love for us, and love must never be kept waiting in the anteroom."

"That is not my intention," said the king, smiling. "We

will admit them at once. Come, Lousia, let us go to your sitting-room, and M. von Schladen will be so kind as to conduct them thither." He offered his arm to Louisa, she wrapped herself more closely in the Turkish shawl that covered her shoulders, and, taking leave of the two princes with a tender smile, repaired with the king to her own room.

A few minutes afterward the door opened, and M. von Schladen ushered in Abraham Nickel and his wife. The queen sat on a sofa; and the king, supporting his hand on the back of it, stood by her side. Both of them saluted the peasants, who approached slowly, and who, in their simple, neat costume, with their pleasant, healthy faces, which betrayed no embarrassment whatever, made a very agreeable impression. The woman carried on her arm a basket carefully covered with green leaves. The man held in his right hand a small gray bag, which seemed to be heavy. Both saluted the royal couple very reverentially—the woman making a deep courtesy, and the man bowing, without, however, taking off his broad-brimmed hat.

"I suppose thee to be the king, our good sovereign," said the peasant, fixing his fine lustrous eyes on the king's countenance.

"I am the king," said Frederick William, kindly.

"And I see by thy beautiful face," exclaimed the woman, pointing with her hand at Louisa, "thee is the queen, the dear mother of our country—Louisa, whom all love—for whom we are always praying, and whom we are teaching our children to love and pray for."

"I thank you, kind folks," exclaimed the queen, feelingly, "I thank you. Yes, pray for me, and above all, pray for Prussia; pray that she may be saved and protected, for when Prussia is happy I am."

"Prussia will be happy again, and the Lord will not forsake her!" exclaimed the woman. "All of us hope for it, and we wandered hither to bring to our beloved king and queen the greetings of their faithful subjects in the lowlands of Culm, and to tell their majesties that we are praying day and night that God may drive the French from the country, and render our king and queen again powerful. But with your leave we should like to give you a small proof of our regard in the presents we have brought."

The king nodded his consent, while the queen smiled and

said: "What you give us with loving hearts we will accept with loving hearts."

"What I have brought is but little," said the woman. "But I have been told that our gracious queen likes to eat good fresh butter, and that the young princes and princesses are also fond of sandwiches; now," she added, removing the leaves from the basket, "this butter is clean and good; I churned it myself in my dairy, and as the article is so very scarce at present, I thought it would be acceptable, and the gracious queen would not spurn my humble gift. Thee looks so kind-hearted and good, dear queen, and I am glad to see thee face to face, and shall be doubly so if thee will be so kind as to accept my butter."

"I accept it joyfully," exclaimed the queen, taking the basket which the woman presented to her. "I thank you for your nice present, my dear woman, and I myself will put some of it to-day on the sandwiches of my sons, who shall eat them in honor of good Mde. Nickel."

"And now I should like to beg leave to present a small gift to the king," said the peasant. "I—"

"Ah, I guess what it is," exclaimed the king, merrily. "You bring me a fine cheese to be eaten with the fresh butter."

"No, most gracious king. Thy loyal Mennonite subjects in the province of Prussia have learned with the most profound grief how great the distress is which God has inflicted upon thee, thy house, and thy states. We have learned that the funds of thy military chest are entirely exhausted—that the French have put them into their pockets. All this affected us most painfully, and we thought thee might sometimes even be out of pocket-money. All the men, women, and children of our community, therefore, looked into their saving-boxes, and contributed joyfully the mite that is to manifest the love we entertain for our king. And here is the money we have collected, good king, and I would urgently entreat thee in the name of our community graciously to accept the trifle offered thee by thy faithful Mennonite subjects, who will never cease to love and pray for thee."

"No," exclaimed the king, in a tremulous voice, his face quivering with profound emotion, "no, I am not poor so long as I have still subjects so good and loyal as you are!" And he offered his hand with a grateful look.

The queen had listened to these words with increasing

emotion; her beautiful countenance was beaming with joy; her eyes were lifted to heaven, and her lips seemed to whisper a prayer of gratitude. When the king cordially shook hands with the Mennonite, the queen, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears—tears such as she had not shed for a long while. She took the costly Turkish shawl from her shoulders and threw it around the surprised woman.

"Keep it in memory of this interview," whispered the queen, in a voice choked by tears.

"Thee permits me, kind king, to give thee our little savings, and to place them on this table?" asked Abraham Nickel.

"I do," said the king. The peasant stepped to the table. After deliberately untying the string of the gray linen bag, he turned it upside down, and poured out the contents. The queen uttered an exclamation of surprise, and the king himself was unable to suppress his astonishment; for gold-piece after gold-piece rolled from the bag and fell ringing in a bright pile on the table. "Well, indeed," said the king, "my people of the Vistula have good things in their saving-boxes."

"There are three thousand louis-d'or, dear king," said Abraham Nickel. "Unfortunately, this is all, although we ardently desired to make you a better present."

"Three thousand louis-d'or are too much," replied the king, "and I cannot accept the sum as a mere gift. Accept my thanks, and rest assured that I shall ever gratefully remember your kindness. I will, however, accept it as a present now, but at a later day, when times are more prosperous, it must be considered as a loan, which I shall repay with interest. Accept a receipt, my friend, and tell the elders of your community to preserve it carefully, that I may redeem it."*

"The king's will be done," said Nickel. "If times remain as they are now, thy receipt, dear king, shall be preserved in our community as a sacred token of thy love. But when affairs are better, then thee may do as thee pleases, and we will gladly permit our king to fill again the saving-boxes of his people."

* The king did not forget his promise. In 1816, when the fatherland had been delivered, he requested the authorities of Mariemverder to give him information about Abraham Nickel. It was ascertained that the poor man, owing to the calamities of war, had lost his whole property, his buildings having been burned down by the enemy. The king had them rebuilt in a much better style than before, gave him ample means to start again, and redeemed the due-bill he had given to the Mennonites.—Vide Hippel's work on Frederick William III., vol. iii., p. 231.

"There will be better times for Prussia," said the king, solemnly, "for I hope in God and in my countrymen. I hope that we shall have strength to outlive these evil days, and to be worthy of the prosperity to come. Prussia is not lost; she cannot be, for her people and her king are united in love and fealty, and that is the source of heroic deeds. God save Prussia!"

"God save Prussia!" exclaimed the queen, raising her tearful eyes and clasped hands.

"God save Prussia!" whispered the peasant and his wife, bowing their heads in silent prayer.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FRENCH ERFURT.

ERFURT had undergone a great transformation in the course of a single week. The quiet German fortress, and the gloomy streets and deserted public places, had become a gay capital. There were constantly seen crowds of French footmen in rich liveries, high-born gentlemen with their stars on their breasts, and gaping idlers looking wonderingly at the change. But what feverish activity and toil had been required to effect this! Paris—nay, all France, had to contribute their treasures. Long lines of wagons had conveyed to Erfurt costly furniture, covered with velvet and gilt ornaments, from the imperial *garde-meubles* of Paris, magnificent porcelain from Sèvres, precious gobelins and silks from Lyons and Rouen, rare wines from Bordeaux, tropic fruits from Marseilles, and truffles from Périgord. Not only the castle, but also the prominent private residences, had been decorated in the most sumptuous style. An army of cooks and kitchen-boys had garrisoned the basements and kitchens filled with the delicacies brought from the principal cities of Europe.

France had adorned Erfurt as a bride ready to receive her lord, and the German princes had come as bridesmen. Nearly every German state had sent its sovereign or crown prince. There were the Kings of Saxony, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Westphalia; the Dukes of Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, Weimar, Gotha, Oldenburg, Schwerin, and Strelitz, and more than twenty of the petty sovereigns in which Germany abounded. For the first time all seemed to be united, and to have one purpose. This was, to do homage to the Emperor Napoleon.

He intended to come to Erfurt to meet again the friend he had gained at Tilsit, the Emperor Alexander. Nearly eighteen months had passed since the first meeting of the two monarchs. Since that time the morning sky of their friend-