

"Oh, what desponding words you are now uttering!" said M. von Schladen, anxiously. "Who can be courageous and hopeful when Schill talks of death?"

"I am not desponding," exclaimed Schill, smiling, "but I have a foreboding that I am to seal my love for Germany with my heart's blood. I am almost glad of it, for friendships so sealed are said to be eternal, and Germany will, perhaps, revere my memory when I die for her.—And Louisa! What says the queen? How does she bear these days of humiliation?"

"Like a heroine! Like a queen whose kingdom is not of this world. Her cheeks are pale, but a spirit of resignation pervades her countenance, and when she turns her blue eyes upward; there is an expression in them that plainly reveals her yearning for a home in heaven!"

"But her health is good?" inquired Schill, anxiously. "She is not ill?"

"That is to say, she is not positively ill, but her whole life is that of a martyr. Her heart is broken; she suffers mentally, while she is not altogether free from physical pain. But she never complains, and, alas! the physicians know of no remedy. There is but one for our smiling, suffering queen, and that is the deliverance of her country!"

"Germany must and shall be delivered," exclaimed Schill, enthusiastically. "Something must be done! We must arouse the sleepers; we must compel them to act!"

"You are right! The nation must wake and rise. That is the opinion of all patriots, as well as of the queen. And we are looking with trusting hearts toward you; we hope that you will give this impetus to our countrymen. It is out of the question to hesitate longer; we must act. Austria is in the field; her people are exultingly marching to vanquish the tyrant, who, with his proud armies, has again penetrated into Germany. The report that the Archduke Charles has gained a victory is as though it were the first herald announcing to us safety and restoration. Hope fills every heart. As soon as Schill unfurls his banner and calls upon his brethren to commence the holy struggle for the liberation of the fatherland, patriotic men from all the states of Prussia and North Germany will rally around him; the enthusiasm of the people will rush like a torrent carrying away the king and his ministers in spite of themselves; their hesitations, fears, and cowardice, will be overwhelmed by the public determination.

The hope of the queen is in Schill's heroic example; it is the hope of Gneisenau, Blücher, and Scharnhorst; it is the hope of all!"

"And it shall be fulfilled," exclaimed Schill. "Brutus does not sleep. He is awake, and ready for action. I swear it by this precious gift of my queen!" He drew the memorandum-book from his bosom. Solemnly laying his hand on it, and raising his eyes toward heaven, he said: "I swear that I will draw my sword now for the fight of liberty—that I will not sheath it until this sacred cause has been carried to a glorious conclusion, unless forbidden by death longer to serve my queen and country!" He pressed the book against his lips, and then opening it read again Louisa's words. As he turned over the leaves, a scrap of paper fell upon the floor. Picking it up, he saw that it contained a single line written in the same small handwriting: "Der König schwankt; Schill, ziehen sie mit Gott!"\* "Yes, Heaven is on our side, to fight for Germany and her noble queen!" exclaimed Schill. "I will depart to-morrow!"

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### SCHILL TAKES THE FIELD.

THE following afternoon (March 28, 1809) Major Ferdinand von Schill proceeded with his regiment through the streets of Berlin to the Halle gate. The people saluted him everywhere with loud cheers and waving of hats.

Schill thanked them more gravely than he had hitherto done, and marched his soldiers out of the gate. No one was surprised at this; all supposed that he only intended to-day, as he had often done, to drill his troops and to encamp near the city. His adjutants, Bärsch and Lützow, were, however, aware of his plans, and had secretly made preparations to carry them into effect.

The regiment took the road to Potsdam. Major von Schill and his two adjutants rode at its head, and patriotic songs from the soldiers resounded along their march. About half-way between Berlin and Potsdam, near the village of Steglitz, the major stopped his horse, and, with a wave of his sword, ordered the regiment to halt; then to move from the road

\* "The king hesitates; Schill, march with God!"

into the adjoining field, and form in square. The command was obeyed in a few minutes; and Major von Schill, resting in the centre on his chestnut charger, surveyed his men with evident pleasure.

All eyes were turned toward him—all hearts were beating with affection for that man of indomitable courage towering above them. Addressing them, his sonorous voice rang over the welkin as the first notes of a trumpet summoning to the field of blood.

"Soldiers," he said, "comrades! the moment has come to fight the enemy, against whom all our souls are filled with hatred—the despoiler of thrones, who has plunged our fatherland into such distress; who has trampled under foot all the rights of man; to whom no treaty, no peace is sacred, and who is only waiting for an opportunity utterly to destroy the constitution of our country. The perfidious oppressor thus treated Spain, after she had made numerous sacrifices to him in order to preserve peace. He intends to degrade Prussia in the same manner, and not to rest until he has dethroned our beloved king and prostrated the illustrious dynasty of the Hohenzollerns. But never shall he succeed in carrying out so nefarious a plan! Austria, Germany, every patriotic heart is rising against him, and we Prussians cannot remain behind. It is a sacred obligation to fight for the fatherland, for our beloved king, for the queen whom we all worship, a precious token from whom I am now holding in my hand, and for whom we are ready at any hour to die!"

While uttering these words, Schill waved the embroidered memorandum-book, which flashed in the sunbeams as a trophy and pledge of victory.

Shouts burst from the soldiers. "Hurrah!" they cried, "long live the king and the queen! long live Major von Schill!"

"Boys," exclaimed Schill, "will you follow me, and fight for Germany and our king?"

"Yes, we will, we will!" shouted the hussars, drawing their sabres and waving them over their heads.

"Will you swear to stand by your commander to the last extremity?"

"We swear to stand by you to the last!" was the enthusiastic answer, while the soldiers looked exultantly at each other, and exchanged congratulations at the opening of the campaign. But no one had thought of future dangers or the

necessities of a soldier's life. They had nothing but their uniforms; leaving in Berlin all their money and clothing, and, unaware of this sudden movement, they had not even taken leave of their parents, wives, and children. Every thing was forgotten in their patriotism, so soon and unexpectedly tested—in their glowing desire to save their country, and gain a name on the field of honor.

The march was continued to Potsdam. There they rested over night, and the servants of the officers joined them in the morning, bringing from the governor of Berlin passports for Schill. The brave little regiment soon after left for an assault on the fortress of Wittenberg. It was not taken, but the commander of Wittenberg concluded an armistice with Schill, and permitted him and his soldiers, with their drums beating, to march under the cannon of the fortress, and to pass the bridge built at that place over the Elbe.

On the 2d of May the regiment reached Dessau. The duke had fled, but the inhabitants received the Prussian hussars in the most ardent manner, and hailed Schill as the hero who would free the people from the yoke under which they were groaning.

The expedition was no longer a secret. The joyful news spread: "Schill has taken the field against Napoleon; he has called the Germans to arms, and they will rally around his banner!" He himself believed in success, firmly convinced that it was only necessary for him to issue a proclamation, and the people would rise *en masse*. He resolved to do so from his headquarters at Dessau. No sooner had he reached that city than he hurriedly prepared his call "To the Germans!" The ink was not yet dry, when he took the paper, and, accompanied by his adjutants, went to the house of M. Hormuth, printer to the court, and asked to see him. The printer soon made his appearance, and anxiously asked Schill his business.

"You will please print this proclamation, sir," said Schill, handing him the paper; "it must be ready in an hour."

"Major," said Hormuth, glancing despairingly at the scarcely legible handwriting, "I cannot print it, for I am unable to read it."

"Oh, I will read it to you," exclaimed Schill, and he commenced:

"TO THE GERMANS!—Brethren, groaning under the yoke of a foreign nation! the moment has arrived when you are

able to break your chains, and to regain the constitution under which you have lived in happiness and prosperity for centuries, until the boundless ambition of a conqueror brought incalculable calamities upon our country. Rise! Be men! Follow me, and we shall again be what we were! Ring the tocsin! Let this signal fan the flame of patriotism in your hearts, and be the death-knell of your oppressors! Take up arms! Scythes and pikes may take the place of muskets. They will soon be replaced by English weapons already arrived. Wielded by strong arms, even the peaceful scythe becomes fatal. Let every one arm himself, and share the glory of the liberators of the fatherland, fighting not only for himself but for the safety and happiness of future generations! He who is cowardly enough to disobey this call, will be consigned to contempt and infamy. No noble German girl will ever bestow her hand upon such a traitor. Courage! God is with us and our just cause. Let the old men pray for us! The armies of Austria are advancing victoriously, notwithstanding the boasts of the French; the brave Tyrolese have already broken their chains; the courageous Hessians have risen, and I am hastening to you at the head of well-tryed and skilful soldiers. The just cause will soon conquer, and the ancient glory of our country will be restored. To arms! to arms! SCHILL."

"Now, sir," said Schill, "I suppose you will be able to read my handwriting and to print it?"

"Now that I know the contents," said M. Hormuth, shaking his head, "I know also that he who prints this proclamation endangers his life, and that he may lose it just as soon as Palm. Sir, I have a wife and children; I am happy with my family; hence life is dear to me, and I should not like to lose it like poor Palm. He did much less than you ask me to do. He only circulated a pamphlet hostile to the French, but I am to print a proclamation calling upon all Germans to rise in arms against the Emperor of the French. Major, I risk my life by complying with your order."

"What!" exclaimed Schill, angrily; "you are a German, and refuse to serve the holy cause of your country? You refuse to print this proclamation?"

"No, I will print it," said M. Hormuth, slowly; "I will print it, but only on one condition."

"Well, and that condition is—"

"That you, major, be kind enough to hold a pistol to my breast and threaten to shoot me, in case I refuse. You must

do so in the presence of my compositors, and give me a written certificate that I yielded only to violence."

"M. Hormuth, you are a very prudent man, and it will afford me great pleasure to fulfil your wishes," said Schill, smilingly, drawing his pistol and aiming at the printer.

"Pray, major, do not cock it, for the pistol might go off," said Hormuth, anxiously. "Now be kind enough to hold it to my breast, and shout in a loud and menacing voice that you will shoot me like a dog if I refuse to print this paper. Distribute also some insulting epithets—call me a coward, a renegade, any thing you can think of, and as loud and threatening as you can."

"Very well, I will do all that," said Schill, laughing, and his adjutants, as well as M. Hormuth himself, joined in the sport.

"Now, let us go to work," said Schill.

"Will you print this proclamation, you miserable coward? Why, you have not pluck enough to be a German! I ask you, for the last time, will you print the proclamation?"

"Sir, have mercy upon me!" wailed M. Hormuth, in a terrified tone. "I cannot print it. It is impossible, sir; impossible!"

"You villain, I will kill you on the spot if you dare resist me," cried Schill. "I—"

"My compositors will be here presently," said M. Hormuth. "Please go on in the same strain."

"I will shoot you like a dog if you do not obey!"

"Help! help! oh, major, have mercy!"

The doors opened, and there appeared at one door the compositors and pressmen; at the other, Madame Hormuth with her children.

"Will you print my proclamation, you infamous scoundrel?" shouted Schill. "Say no, and I will put a bullet through your cowardly heart!"

"Sir, I cannot; I—"

"Husband, I beseech you!" cried Madame Hormuth, rushing toward him. "Husband, consider what you are doing; think of your children, think of me, and comply with the wishes of the major."

"No! I will die rather than print so seditious a paper!"

"Very well, then, you shall die," said Schill. "You refuse to print, and I will assuredly shoot you."

"M. Hormuth, you may as well yield," said the compos-

itors. "It is prudent to submit to necessity. Besides, we are somewhat interested, for your death would throw us out of work."

"I will yield," said M. Hormuth, sighing. "Take away your pistol, major. I will print your proclamation; but be so good as to certify that I consent only on account of your threats and violence. My workmen will sign the certificate as witnesses, will you not?"

"Yes, certainly, we will cheerfully witness what is true."

"Very well," said M. Hormuth. "Now quick, boys; go to work! Here is the manuscript. Let four compositors take it. Divide the copy into four parts; the composition must be done in fifteen minutes, and the printing in two hours. How many copies do you want, major?"

"Ten thousand."

"Very well, ten thousand copies to be done in two hours. We must remember my life is at stake; for I suppose you will shoot me, major, if we should disappoint you?"

"You may be sure of that. Now give me the pen and ink that I may draw up that certificate for you."

The ten thousand printed copies arrived exactly two hours afterward at the headquarters of Major von Schill, and M. Hormuth, who refused to take any payment for them, received in return a certificate that he had been forcibly compelled to print them.

The brave regiment left Dessau on the following day, still in the joyful hope that the German people would rise, and that a host of warriors would respond to the call for the deliverance of the fatherland. But alas! this hope was not to be fulfilled. The population of the cities and villages received Schill's hussars and their heroic chieftain in the most gratifying manner. His proclamation was read everywhere with unbounded pleasure, but no one dared to follow him; no scythes or pikes were to be seen in the array of this little band of patriots. There was but one glad day for Schill; that was on the 12th of May, when Lieutenant von Quistorp, from Berlin, joined him with a hundred and sixty men, who had left their colors and came with him to reënforce "brave Schill, the liberator of Germany."

But Quistorp brought at the same time bad news. The report of a victory of the Austrians had proved unfounded. The Archduke Charles had obtained no advantages; on the contrary, after a succession of desperate engagements, he was

beaten on the 23d of April at Ratisbon, and escaped with the remnant of his army into the Böhmerwald. The Emperor Napoleon had advanced with his victorious forces in the direct road to Vienna.

"If Napoleon takes Vienna," said Schill to himself, "then we shall all perish! But we will still hope and trust; the fortune of war may turn yet. The Emperor of Austria is still in Vienna, and the citizens have sworn to be buried under the ruins of their city rather than open its gates again to the enemy. Let us hope, therefore, and fight." Turning to Quistorp, he continued: "Every thing may yet turn out well. My proclamation may find an echo in the hearts of my Prussian comrades, and they may unite with us. To-day, you, Lieutenant von Quistorp, have arrived with one hundred and sixty men; to-morrow another friend may join us with several thousand. Before long we shall have a considerable army, and this will inspire those still hesitating, and make the timid bold. The larger our force, the firmer will be the confidence of the king, and finally he will freely and openly order all the regiments to join us and commence the struggle."

"Do not hope in the king, major," said Lieutenant von Quistorp, sadly. "The failure of Dörnberg's rising, the defeat of the Archduke Charles, and the new victories of Napoleon, have made him more resolute than ever; he is afraid of Napoleon's anger and vengeance, and, more indisposed than ever to incur them, he has publicly and solemnly repudiated your bold movement."

"What has the king done?" exclaimed Schill, turning pale; "what do you know?"

"I now that the king has also issued a proclamation, in which he says that he cannot find words sufficiently forcible to express his disapproval of your illegal and criminal conduct; he calls upon the army not to be seduced by your example, and orders you, and all with you, to be tried by a court-martial."

"That is impossible!" cried Schill, in great excitement; "the king cannot forsake me in so shameful a manner! You have been misinformed, Quistorp; certain persons have tried to deter you from joining me by false reports."

"No," said Quistorp, "you are mistaken. I was already on the march to Arneburg, when, a few miles from here, a courier, under instructions from General Chassot, overtook me. In order to warn me, the general sent me the proclama-

tion of the king, and ordered me to face about immediately and return to my regiment. He added that this was the last order he would issue, for he, as well as General Lestocq, governor of Berlin, had been called, by order of the king, to Königsberg, where both of them were to be tried by a military commission. Here are the papers, major."

Schill glanced over them, and, while reading, his hands trembled. "This is a terrible blow," he said, sighing. "The king proscribes me, and brands me as a traitor and deserter. It is all in vain! Germany is asleep, and our voice will not awaken her; Germany lies in the dust before the French tyrant, and the King of Prussia will punish as traitors those who act courageously! Oh, my country, thou art lost, for thy own princes betray thee!"

He sank despairingly on a chair, and hid his face with his hands. In this attitude he remained, groaning piteously, a prey to his anguish. The adjutants entered the room, but Schill did not notice them. Absorbed in his reflections and forebodings, his mind, as it were, had passed from the contemplation of the present, and beheld nothing but the awful future.

The three young officers, Lützow, Quistorp, and Bärsch, well known for their intrepidity, stood sad and dejected before their brave major.

Suddenly rising from his chair, he said: "I thank you, Lieutenant von Quistorp, for having joined me with your faithful men. Germany will see at least that there are still brave men who do not forsake their country, and if we sacrifice our lives for her, she will at least engrave our names on the tablets of her martyrs. We cannot retrace our steps, my friends; we must advance, though death stare us in the face. This very night we leave Arneburg, and continue our march. We may still succeed in what Dörnberg and Charles have been unable to accomplish. We shall appeal again to the patriotism of the Germans. Perhaps their hearts will practically respond—they may hear our voice and follow us. But if fortune have decided against us, if we succumb without delivering our country, very well! 'An end with terror is better than terror without end!' Before us is honor, and at the worst, a glorious death; behind us, contumely and disgrace. Therefore, forward!"

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## SCHILL'S DEATH.

SCHILL was sitting, sad and deserted, at his lonely quarters in Rostock, where, after many adventures, he arrived on the 20th of May. He had succeeded in nothing; fortune had not once been favorable to him. He had intended to turn toward Magdeburg, in hope that its garrison of Westphalian troops would joyously open the gates of the fortress, and declare against King Jerome, who had been forced upon them. But, at a distance of a German mile from the city the columns of the enemy had met him, and an engagement had taken place at Dodendorf. It was in vain that Schill had sent a flag of truce to his German brethren to request them to join him, imploring them not to betray the fatherland for the sake of a French king.

The Westphalians shot the bearer of the flag of truce, and a murderous fire was their only reply. Now began the desperate struggle of brethren against brethren—of Germans against Germans!

Schill was victorious in this battle. He mortally wounded the French commander of the Westphalians, Colonel Vautier; his hussars fought like lions and dispersed the enemy; a hundred and sixty prisoners, several stands of colors, and a large number of small-arms, were the trophies of this brilliant affair. But he was unable to derive any benefit from the Dodendorf victory; fearing lest a larger corps should leave Magdeburg and attack him, he retreated, overwhelmed with grief, for he at last understood that the German soldiers were deaf to his appeals, and that the Westphalians, faithful to their French king, refused to desert him.

Nor had Schill's second victory, the occupation of Dörnitz, been advantageous to him. Moreover, dissensions had arisen among the officers themselves; the regiment, so enthusiastic at first, commenced gradually to lose faith in his ability to succeed in his bold enterprise; the officers insisted on being consulted as to future operations. They refused to yield obedience, and demanded that he should listen to their advice and remonstrances. But resistance rendered him only more determined, and in his obstinacy he fre-