

for Baron von Stein is back again, and he will know how to expel Napoleon and his French from the country. Where Minister von Stein is he tolerates no French, and that is the reason why Bonaparte hates him, and has always been afraid of him. My boy, this is glorious news! Stein is back again; now we shall be all right! Have you any other news?"

"Yes, there is a great deal yet, father, but the tears burst from my eyes when I think of it, because I am unable to participate in the struggle."

"Oh, what is it?" begged Leonora. "What else has happened at Breslau?"

"Well," said Charles, in a tremulous and melancholy voice, "the courier reports that many hundreds of volunteers are arriving every day, not only from all parts of Prussia, but the whole of Germany, and that the city is rejoicing as though a festival were to be celebrated, and not as though we were on the eve of a terrible war. Above all, there is Major von Lützow, round whose standard hosts of young men are rallying, enlisting a corps of volunteer riflemen, to whom he has given the name of 'The Legion of Vengeance.' They are to wear a black uniform as sign of the sorrow and disgrace that have weighed down the fatherland since 1806, and which they intend to avenge before discarding it."

"Oh, that is a grand idea," exclaimed Leonora, with flashing eyes. "To march out in mourning—to rush to the battlefield like angels of death and shout, 'We are the legion of avengers, sent by Prussia to atone for her disgrace! Our uniform is black, but we intend to dye it red in the blood of the French!' And then to fight exultantly in the thickest of the fray for the fatherland, and for our queen, whose heart was broken by the national dishonor and wretchedness! Oh, it must be blissful, indeed, to march with that legion to avenge the tears of Queen Louisa, and—"

"But Leonora!" cried her mother, staring in amazement at the young girl who stood before her with glowing cheeks, panting bosom, and uplifted right arm, as if she had just drawn the sword—"but, Leonora! what is the matter with you? What does your impulsiveness mean? Has Charles infected you with his enthusiasm? Do you want to increase the excitement and despair of the poor boy? He cannot join the 'Legion of Vengeance;' he cannot be one of Lützow's riflemen!"

"No," said Leonora, vehemently and almost triumphantly, "he cannot be one of Lützow's riflemen!"

"Leonora!" cried her father, in a warning tone, "Leonora, what are you saying?"

She started and dropped her arm. "It is true," she muttered to herself, "we should not betray our thoughts; God alone must know them."

Her father limped to her, and, laying his hands on her shoulder, looked into her excited and glowing face. "Come, my daughter," he said, "let us go out into the street and read what the king says to his people. For I believe the king's proclamation must have been printed by this time. Come, Leonora!"

"No, it is unnecessary for you to go into the street for that purpose, father," said Charles, "we have brought a copy of the proclamation; the man who was to post them gave us one for you, saying it would no doubt gladden your heart. Where did you leave it, mother?"

"I put it into my pocket. Here it is!" said the mother, taking a large printed sheet from the pocket hanging under her apron. "There, father, read it."

The old man took the paper and handed it to Leonora. "Read it to us, my child," he said, tenderly. "I like best to hear from your lips what the king says to his people."

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOAN OF ORLEANS.

LEONORA took the paper and read as follows, with crimson cheeks, and her heart aglow with enthusiasm:

"*To my People!*—I need not state the causes of the impending war either to my faithful people or to the Germans in general. Unprejudiced Europe is fully aware of them. We succumbed to the superior strength of France. The peace which wrested from me one-half of my subjects, did not confer any blessings upon us, but inflicted deeper wounds upon us than war itself. The enemy was bent on exhausting the resources of the country; the principal fortresses remained in his hands; agriculture was paralyzed, and so were the manufactures of our cities, which had formerly reached so proud an eminence; trade was everywhere obstructed, and the sources of prosperity were thus almost entirely ruined. The country was rapidly impoverished. By the most conscientious fulfil-

ment of the engagements I had taken upon myself, I hoped to mitigate the onerous burdens imposed upon my people, and to convince the French emperor at length that it was to his own advantage to leave Prussia in the enjoyment of her independence; but my best intentions were foiled by arrogance and perfidy; and we saw only too plainly that Napoleon's treaties, even more than his wars, would slowly and surely ruin us. The moment has come when all deceptions have ceased. Brandenburgians, Prussians, Silesians, Pomeranians, Lithuanians! you know what you have suffered for seven years past; you know what your fate would be if we should not succeed in the struggle about to begin. Remember the history of the past; remember the noble elector; the great and victorious Frederick; remember what our ancestors conquered with their blood—freedom of conscience, honor, independence, commerce, industry, and science; remember the great examples of our powerful allies, especially the Spaniards and the Portuguese. Even smaller nations, for the same blessings, entered into a desperate struggle with more powerful foes, and achieved a glorious victory. Remember the heroic Swiss and Dutch. Great sacrifices will be required of all classes, for our undertaking is a great one, and the numbers and resources of our enemies are not to be underrated. You will prefer to make these sacrifices for the fatherland and your legitimate king rather than for a foreign ruler, who, as is proved by many examples, would devote your sons and your last resources to objects entirely foreign to you. Confidence in God, courage, perseverance, and the assistance of our allies, will crown our honest exertions with victory. But whatever sacrifices may be required, they are not equivalent to the sacred objects for which we make them, and for which we must fight and conquer, if we do not wish to cease being Prussians and Germans. It is the last, decisive effort which we make for our existence, our independence, our prosperity. There is no other issue than an honorable peace or a glorious overthrow. You would not shrink even from the latter, for honor's sake. But we may confidently hope for the best. God and our firm determination will make us victorious, and we shall then obtain peace and the return of happier times.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“BRESLAU, *March 17, 1813.*” *

* This proclamation was drawn up by Counsellor von Hippel, who proposed that the king should apply to his people directly, and call upon them to rise against the French. He communicated it to the chancellor of state at one of the conferences held every

A pause ensued when Leonora ceased reading. Her father, who was standing by her side, and was supporting his hands on his crutch, heard her with a very grave face. Her mother sank down on one of the cane chairs, and listened devoutly, her hands clasped, and her eyes turned toward heaven; while her son, who was sitting by her side, leaned his arms on the table, and buried his face in his hands.

“Is that all?” asked the invalid, after a while. “I should really like to hear more of it, for it sounds as sacred as a church organ. Did you read it all, Leonora?”

“No, father, there is still another manifesto. It is printed under the one I read to you. You yourself must read it, for my heart is throbbing as if about to burst. In his second manifesto the king orders a ‘landwehr’ and a ‘landsturm’ to be formed. Listen to what he says at the end of this second manifesto: ‘My cause,’ he says, ‘is the cause of my people, and of all patriots in Europe.’”

“Yes, he is right,” said old Prohaska; “the king’s cause is our cause!”

“Queen Louisa died for us all,” exclaimed Leonora; “we should all join the Legion of Vengeance—that is, to avenge her death!”

“And I—I cannot do any thing,” wailed Charles, raising his face, which was bathed in tears, and lifting up his hands as if supplicating God to help him. “I must wait and suffer here; I am doomed to remain a boy while my school-fellows have become men.”

“Hush,” said his mother, “an idea strikes me; we may, after all, be somewhat useful to our country, though we are unable to furnish soldiers for it. There is a great deal to be done besides fighting. The king’s manifesto says expressly: ‘Great sacrifices will be required of all classes.’ Well, then, my dear ones, let us make sacrifices for the fatherland and our king!”

“What sacrifices do you mean, mother?” asked the invalid. “What have we, if we cannot furnish any soldiers?”

“We have our labor,” exclaimed his wife, with pride. “When there is war, and battles are fought, there are wounded soldiers, I suppose?”

“Of course, and cripples, too,” said the invalid, pointing to his wooden leg.

evening at Breslau, at Hardenberg’s rooms, in presence of Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, Thile, and a few others. Hardenberg and all the rest approved it, and so did the king, when it was laid before him on the following day.—Vide Hippel’s work on the “Life of Frederick William III.,” p. 63.

"And the wounded are brought home and conveyed to the hospitals, are they not? Who is to attend to them, to dress their wounds, give them food, and nurse them? We women will do so! That is our task! I will nurse the first wounded brought to Potsdam. The first maimed soldier, however, whom I meet at the hospital, and whose right leg has been amputated as that of my dear husband, we shall take to our house. You may nurse him here, old man; console him and show him that he may live quite happily, though with but one leg, and that wife and children will love their husband and father no less ardently, provided he is a true man, and has a courageous heart."

"You are right, mother," exclaimed Prohaska. "Let us take a wounded soldier into our house, and I will nurse him as a brother, teaching him how to use his wooden leg, while you are at the hospital, attending to the other sufferers. But you have not thought of the children. What are Leonora and Charles to do while we are thus engaged?"

"They can help us," said his wife, quickly. "Leonora will have a great deal to do. She will prepare lint, make nourishing soups, wash bandages, and sew shirts and clothing."

The invalid cast a quick glance on Leonora. She stood, drawn up to her full height, in the middle of the room; a proud, contemptuous smile was playing about her lips, which uttered no word in reply to her mother's plans.

"But what will Charles do?" asked Prohaska, quickly. "He cannot be as useful as his sister."

"Father!" ejaculated Leonora, somewhat reproachfully.

"Hush!" he said, almost sternly, "mother is right; it behooves you women to prepare lint, cook soups, nurse the wounded, and sew shirts for them. But war itself is the task of the men. But, my wife, before telling me what Charles is to do for our wounded, I must ask a very sad question. Where shall we find money for the expenses we shall have to incur? We are unfortunately poor, dependent on the labor of our hands. This small house and my pension of three dollars a month constitute our whole fortune, and if you were not the most skilful hair-dresser in Potsdam—if I could not besides earn a few dollars by making baskets, and if Leonora were not the best seamstress in town, I should like to know how we could live and send Charles to the Lyceum. But if we are to nurse the wounded, and devote our labor to them alone, we shall unfortunately soon lack the necessaries of life."

"I have thought of all that, husband," said his wife, eagerly. "But, listen to me! Charles wants also to have his share in our sacrifices, he does not intend to be idle while all are at work to promote the welfare of the country. As he cannot enlist and fight, he must use his head. He will, therefore, publish this advertisement: 'As I have unfortunately been rejected by the military commission on account of my youth, and because I have not yet been confirmed, I request generous patriots to allow me to give private lessons to their children, that I may earn a sufficient sum to nurse and support a wounded soldier till his complete recovery.'"

"Yes, I will do that!" exclaimed Charles. "The citizens will learn then why I have not enlisted, and I shall, moreover, be able to earn money for the country. I shall certainly get pupils, for my teachers are pleased with me, and I am already in the first class. I can give lessons in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and history; I have good testimonials, and, for the sake of the noble object I have in view, parents will assuredly intrust their children to me, and pay me well for my trouble."

"All of you will have employment, then," said Leonora, "and your labor will benefit the country. But I also want to render myself useful to the country."

"Well, you can assist me," said her mother; "you can prepare food, wash, and sew shirts."

"However industrious I might be, mother, I could in that way earn only as much as my own support would cost," said Leonora, shaking her head. "I can be of no use to you, I am superfluous; I will go therefore to another place, where I can render myself useful and make money."

"But whither do you intend to go, and what do you wish to do?" asked her mother in amazement, while her father cast searching glances upon her.

"To Berlin, and seek a situation as saleswoman," said Leonora. "What money I earn I shall send to you, and you will spend it for your wounded soldier. You know, mother, my godfather, Rudolph Werkmeister, who is a merchant at Berlin, has often asked me to go to see him, and take such a situation at his house. I have always refused, because I did not like to leave you, but thought I would stay with you and devote my whole life to nursing you; but God has decreed otherwise. Yesterday my godfather wrote again, stating that his wife had been taken sick, and that he was greatly embarrassed because he had no one at his house on whom he could

depend. He offers me a salary of eighty dollars a year. Now, I pray you, dear parents, let me go! Let me pursue my own paths, and do my duty as I understand it. Dear mother, I am sure you will not refuse your consent? You will permit me to go this very day to Berlin, and make money for our wounded soldiers?"

"I will, my child," said her mother, her voice trembling with emotion. "I have no diamonds and golden chains to give my country, so I give to it the most precious and beautiful jewels I have—my children. Yes, go, my Leonora; take the situation offered you, and give the money you earn to the fatherland and its soldiers."

"Oh, thanks, mother!" exclaimed Leonora, hastening to her and clasping her in her arms—"thanks, for permitting me to put my mite on the altar of the country!" She kissed her mother with fervent tenderness, and then turned toward her father. "And you, father," she said, in a low and almost timid tone—"you do not say a word—you do not give your consent."

The invalid stood leaning on his crutch, and looked thoughtfully into the noble face of his daughter. He then slowly raised his right hand and laid it on Leonora's shoulder. "I repeat what your mother said. Like her, I have no treasures to give my country except this jewel, my Leonora! Go, my daughter!—do what you believe to be your duty, and may God bless you!" Opening his arms, she threw herself into them and leaned her head on his breast.

"And now," said Prohaska, gently disengaging himself from a long and tearful embrace, "let us be calm. These are the first tears I have wept since the death of our dear Queen Louisa—the first for your sake, my Leonora! May the Lord forgive them to a poor father who has but one daughter! The heart will yield to its emotions, but now I must again be a soldier, who knows no tears!"

"But, husband, Leonora will not leave us immediately," said her mother. "She must remain yet a day with us. Alas! we discover what treasures we possessed only when we lose them. I believe I have never loved Leonora so intensely as I do at this hour, and my heart is unable to part with her so suddenly. I must first accustom myself to the separation, and engrave her image upon my soul, that I may never forget her dear features. Let her stay, then, until to-morrow!"

The invalid gravely shook his head. "No," he said;

"what is to be done must be done at once; otherwise, our hearts will grow weak, and our tears soften our resolutions. To-day I can permit Leonora to leave us; whether I shall be able to do so to-morrow, I do not know."

"Father, the stage-coach starts for Berlin in two hours, and I shall take passage in it!" exclaimed Leonora, quickly. "You are right, what is to be done must be done now, and when we have taken a resolution, we must not hesitate to carry it into effect. I will go to my chamber and pack my trunk."

"I will go and help you," said her mother, hastening toward the door, and leaving the room with Leonora.

"And I will write my advertisement," said Charles. "It must be published to-morrow, that I am obliged to stay here because my country will not accept me as a soldier, and that I desire to give private lessons, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the support of a wounded soldier."

"And I—what shall I do?" asked the old invalid, when he was alone. "I must swallow my tears, and tell no one my thoughts. I shall quietly accustom myself to the idea that the darling of my heart, my Leonora, is to leave me, and that my old eyes are to see no more her dear face, or my ears hear her voice. Ah, when she looked at me, I felt as though it were spring in my heart, and the sun shining there; and when I heard her voice I thought it music rejoicing my soul. Now, how quiet and gloomy all around me will be in the small house—no more sunshine or music! all will be gone when Leonora is gone. And will she come back, then?—will not some bullet, some sword-blade—hush, my thoughts! I must not betray them! Be still, my heart, and weep! Be still and—" Tears choked his voice, and the strong man, overwhelmed with grief, sank into his easy-chair and sobbed aloud. After a long time he raised himself again and dried his tears. "Fie, Sergeant Prohaska!" he said aloud. "You sit here and cry like an old woman, and wring your hands in grief, instead of being glad and thanking the Lord that a substitute has been found for the invalid sergeant with the wooden leg. Thunder and lightning, Sergeant Prohaska! I advise you to behave yourself, and not be weak and foolish, while women are becoming men. Keep your head erect, turn your eyes on the enemy, and then, 'Charge them!' as old father Blucher used to say. I will go to work now," he continued, drawing a deep breath, after repeatedly pacing the

small room with measured steps. "Yes, I will go to work, and that no one may discover that I have wept, I will sing a beautiful song I learned yesterday from a volunteer. Yes, I will work and sing!" He hastened to the chamber adjoining the sitting-room, and brought from it a neat half-finished basket upon which he had been at work the day before. "It must be finished to-day; I have promised it," he said, sitting down on his old easy-chair. He then commenced working assiduously, and sang in a powerful voice:

"Nun mit Gott! Es ist beschlossen!
Auf, Ihr wackern Streitgenossen,
Endlich kommt der Ehrentag!
Besser flugs und fröhlich sterben,
Als so langsam hin verderben,
Und versiechen in der Schmach.

"Endlich darf das Herz sich regen,
Sich die Zunge frei bewegen,
Alle Fesseln sind entzwei.
Ach, da Alles schier zerstoßen,
Kam der Retterarm from oben,
Neugeboren sind wir, frei!

"Tag der Freiheit, Tag der Wonne!
Brüder, seht! es tanzt die Sonne,
Wie am ersten Ostertag!
Tode sprengen ihre Gräfte,
Und durch Berg und Thal und Klüfte
Halt ein freudig Jauchzen nach!

"Aufstanden, aufstanden
Aus der Knechtschaft Todesbanden,
Streiter Gottes, nun zu Hauf!
Unsre Adler! Ha sie wittern
Ihrer Raub—die Feinde zittern,
Unsre Adler fahren auf!

"Zu den Waffen, zu den Rossen.
Auf, Ihr wackern Kampfgenossen
Er ist da, Der Ehrentag!
Besser flugs und fröhlich sterben,
Als so langsam hin verderben,
Und versiechen in der Schmach!"*

"Yes, it is better to die quickly and merrily than slowly pine away and perish in disgrace," repeated a sonorous voice behind him. It was Leonora, who had just entered the room, unnoticed by her father, and had listened to the last verse of his song. "Yes, the song is right," she said, enthusiastically. "But I, father, have already been pining away for a long

*It is resolved in God's great name!
Up, comrades! to the field of fame!
This day of glory save.
Quickly and merrily to die
Is better than the sick-bed sigh,
And an unhonored grave.

Our heart at last resumes its life—
Our tongues now urge to holy strife;
The broken chains we see.

time. The first volunteer I saw was as a dagger that pierced my soul, and ever since I have been ill and suffering, and in my heart a voice has been continually singing the words I once heard at the theatre: 'I wish to be a man!'"

"And why do you wish to be a man?" asked her father, bowing his head, and seemingly devoting his whole attention to his work.

"Because a man is allowed to do freely and boldly what he deems right and good," replied Leonora; "because, when the fatherland calls him, he may step forth with a bold front, and reply: 'Here I am! To thee, my country, belongs my arm—my blood! For thee I am ready to fight, and if need be to die!' Father, when a man talks thus, his words are sublime—the women clasp their hands and listen devoutly to him, and the children fall on their knees and pray for him. But if a girl talk thus, it would be as mockery; the women would deride their heroic sister, and the children point at and shout after her, 'Look at the foolish girl who wants to do what is solely the task of man! Look at the crazy one, who imagines she can do men's work!' Her most sacred sentiments, her most patriotic desires and resolutions, would be mercilessly ridiculed!"

"That is the reason, my child," said her father, calmly laboring at his basket, "why she should not betray her sentiments, and confide her thoughts to God alone. Have you forgotten what Charles read to us about Joan of Orleans? She left her parents silently and secretly, and went whither God called her."

When all seemed lost, a saving hand
From heaven vouchsafes to bless our land,
And make us strong and free.

O happy day! The sun new-born
Is dancing as on Easter morn!
See, risen brothers, see!
We come from slavery's grave unbound,
And mountains and the vales resound
With songs of jubilee.

Ascending from Oppression's night,
Behold the dawn of Freedom's light!
Soldiers of God, arise!
The enemy will rue this day,
For victory's eagle scents the prey
And onward quickly flies.

To arms! to horse! my comrades brave!
And let the battle-standard wave,
For now is honor's day.
The dying shout of bloody strife
Is better than the pining life
That sinks by slow decay.

"But her father cursed and disowned her for it," said Leonora, in a tremulous voice. "Do you think her father was right, merely because she followed the voice of God, and went out to deliver her king and country?"

"No," said Prohaska, laying his basket aside and rising, "I do not; I was always indignant when that particular passage was read to us."

"And what would *you* have said, father?" asked Leonora, in a tone of profound emotion. "Imagine me to be Joan, the inspired maid of Orleans, and that I say: 'Father, I cannot remain any longer in this narrow dwelling. The voice of the king and the fatherland has penetrated my heart also, and has called me. I must obey it, for I feel courageous and strong enough, and it would be cowardly to disobey.' What would you say if I were Joan of Orleans, and should talk thus to you?"

"I should say, 'Kneel down, my Leonora, and receive my last blessing,'" replied Prohaska, straightening himself and approaching his daughter.

Leonora knelt down, and, raising her tearful eyes to her father, whispered: "What blessing would you give me if I were Joan of Orleans? Oh, think I am she, and give me your blessing!"

"If you were Joan of Orleans," responded the old man, solemnly, "and should kneel before me as you do now, and ask my blessing, I should, as I do now, lay my hands on your head, and say to you: 'God the Lord, who holds heaven and earth in His hand, and without whose will not a hair falls from our head, watch over you and protect you! May He be with you on the battle-field! May He give you a brave heart, a strong arm, and a steady eye! May He give you courage to brave death! You have chosen men's work, you have pledged your love and your life to the fatherland; go, then, and be a man; love your country like a man, fight like a man, and, if need be, die like a man!' But when your last hour has come, my daughter, think of your father, and pray to God with your last thoughts that He may soon deliver me also, and take me away, for I shall feel lonely on earth when you are no more, and even the victorious shouts of the returning would no longer gladden my old soldier's heart if I find you not among the conquerors. But, hush! let no tear desecrate this secret hour of our last farewell! God has called all strong and courageous hearts—follow His call! It is incumbent

on every one to love his country more intensely than parents, brothers, and sisters. Go, then, my daughter; do your duty, and remember that your father's blessing will be with you in life as well as in death! And now, give me a last kiss."

Leonora rose from her knees, and, encircling his neck with her arms, pressed a glowing kiss on his lips. "Father," she said, looking at him with a beaming face, "my lips have not yet kissed any man's lips but yours, and here I swear to you—and may God have mercy on me at my last hour if I do not keep my oath!—I swear to you that I shall kiss no man until I am permitted to return to you, my father!"

"I believe you, dear Leonora," said Prohaska, solemnly.

"Leonora, my child, it is time now!" exclaimed her mother, hastily entering the room. "The postilion has already passed our house, and in a quarter of an hour the stage-coach will stop at our door. I have myself gone to the postmaster, and he granted it as a favor that the stage-coach should stop here, and thus save you the trouble of going to the post-office. This will enable you to remain with us fifteen minutes yet."

"But my trunk, mother; we have to take it to the post-office?" asked Leonora.

"Oh, it would have been too heavy for us," said Mrs. Prohaska; "Charles and two of his school-mates are just carrying it to the post-office. Leonora's trunk is quite heavy, father. Thank God, she is well provided, and for the first year it will be quite unnecessary for her to buy any thing."

"My dear mother would indeed have packed up all her own things and dresses for me if I had not prevented her," said Leonora, smiling.

"I should like best to pack up my own heart for you, my dear child," exclaimed her mother, deeply moved, "but, as I could not do so, I put my bridal dress into your trunk. It is a nice silk dress, and I have worn it only three times in my life—on my wedding-day, and on the days when my two children were baptized; it is as good as new. I suppose, husband, you will permit me to give it to her?"

"Of course, but what is she to do with it?" asked Prohaska.

"Why, what a question!" exclaimed Mrs. Prohaska, "she is to wear it, and look pretty when she goes to parties on Sundays. Leonora, I suppose you will know what to do with it?"

"Yes, mother, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the beautiful present, and I promise you that I shall use