

it only in a noble and worthy manner," said Leonora, gravely. "My mother's bridal dress shall not be worn for frivolous purposes, but it shall serve me to attain the highest and purest objects."

"Oh, I know," whispered the mother, who was scarcely able to restrain her tears, "I know that you are an excellent girl, and a good daughter, and that you will never do any thing of which your old parents would have to be ashamed. You have always been my pride and joy, and never would I consent to part with you unless every one had now to make the greatest sacrifices for the king and the fatherland. But still it is very painful, and—"

"Wife," interposed the old sergeant, "no tears now! When we are alone we shall have time enough for weeping. As long as Leonora is here, let us gaze at and rejoice in her. —I have to give you a commission yet. Go to my general, old Blucher, and tell him he ought not to be angry with me—that he must not believe me a lazy coward because I do not go to the war. Tell him that my leg had to be amputated some time after the battle, and that he ought to excuse my absence when the roll is called."

"I will assuredly repeat your words to the general, father."

"Why!" asked Mrs. Prohaska, wonderingly, "is General Blucher now at Berlin?"

"No," said her husband, carelessly, "he is at Breslau, whither all the volunteers are marching."

"But how is Leonora, then, to repeat your words to him?" asked his wife, in amazement.

"Father means that I shall tell General Blucher when he comes to Berlin?" said Leonora, quickly. "They say Blucher will come soon to expel the French from the capital, and father thinks I might then repeat those words to his old chieftain."

"Sister, sister, the stage-coach is coming," shouted Charles, rushing breathlessly into the room. "The postilion has already blown his bugle for the third time!"

"Well, then, my child, we must part," said the old sergeant, deeply moved, and clasping Leonora in his arms. "God bless you, my daughter! Your father's thoughts will always be with you!" He disengaged himself from her arms, and pushed her gently toward her mother. The two women remained a long time locked in each other's arms. Neither of them said a word, but their tears and their last looks were more eloquent than words.

"And you forget *me*?" asked Charles, reproachfully. "You do not care to take leave of me?"

Leonora released herself from her mother's embrace, and encircled her brother's neck with her arms. "Farewell, darling of my heart!" she cried. "Be a good son to father and mother, and remember that you must henceforth love them for both of us. Farewell, brother, and forgive me for being born earlier than you, and thus preventing your being in my place. God decreed it thus, putting us in our own places, and we must both fill them worthily."

"Yes," said Charles, amid his tears, "certainly we will."

A carriage was rattling over the pavement, and stopped in front of the house. A bugle sounded.

"Father, mother, and brother, farewell!" exclaimed Leonora. Then, raising her arms to heaven, she added: "God in heaven, watch over them, and, if such be Thy will, let me return to them!" She hastily wrapped herself in her cloak, and, without looking at them again, rushed out of the room, and jumped into the coach.

"Farewell, farewell!" shouted father, mother, and brother, who had followed her, and were standing in front of the house.

She leaned her head out of the coach window. "Farewell," she exclaimed, "and God—" The bugle drowned her words; the carriage rolled away.

The loving relatives gazed after it until it had disappeared around the next corner, and then returned sighing into the small house. Charles hastened to his little chamber up-stairs to give vent to his grief. The parents returned to their sitting-room. "Oh, how still it is here now, as still as in the grave," sighed Mrs. Prohaska, "for I miss my child, and will miss her everywhere. Oh, husband, my heart aches, and I feel as though I had lost my Leonora forever! Ah, why did we allow her to go? Why did we not keep her here, our child, our only daughter? Oh! if she should never return, if she should die! O God, have mercy on a poor mother's heart—protect my dear child!" She sank down on a chair, and, covering her face with her apron, sobbed aloud.

The old sergeant paced the room in silence. He scarcely knew that the tears, like large pearls, were running down his cheeks into his gray beard. The loud sobs of his wife aroused him. "Hush, wife; hush!" he said, standing in front of her. "It is too late now for weeping. Let us rather be glad, for

Leonora is possessed of a brave heart, and has done her duty toward her country and her old invalid father. Let us, therefore, be glad, and sing!" And he commenced to sing in a tremulous voice, while the tears were still rolling from his eyes:

"Ihr Deutsche auf in Süd und Nord!  
Hinweg gemeiner Neid!  
Wir alle reden eine Sprach'  
Und stehen all' für eine Sach'  
Im ehrenvollen Streit!

"Und wer sich feig entzieht dem Kampf  
Für Freiheit und für Ehr',  
Wer nicht das Schwert ergreift zur Stund!  
Der leb' und sterb' als schlechter Hund,  
Der sei kein Deutscher mehr!"\*

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES.

LEONORA PROHASKA reached Berlin at four o'clock in the afternoon. On the way, closing her eyes, she leaned back on the cushions, so that her companions paid little attention to her, whom they believed to be asleep. But Leonora heard every word, and every conversation of her fellow-travellers strengthened her soul and restored her former courage. They spoke of the enthusiasm in every city, village, and house—an enthusiasm spreading far beyond the frontiers of Prussia, and carrying all away as an irresistible torrent, drawing with it even the most cautious and timid, and filling the most desponding and disheartened with joyous hopes. One of the travellers was just returning from Breslau, and dwelt with impassioned eloquence on the bustle prevailing there; on the volunteers who were flocking in vast numbers to that city and parading every day under the king's windows; and on brave Major von Lützow, who, with his beautiful young wife, had come to Breslau, and was endeavoring to live at a miserable tavern, because no other accommodations were to be had.

\* Arise, ye Germans, North and South!  
And honor's path pursue.  
Since all one common language speak  
And all one sacred object seek,  
Your jealousies subdue.

Let him who shirks his country's call,  
To freedom and to fame,  
Both live and die a cowardly hound,  
Despised wherever may be found  
A man of German name.

"And in the bar-room," he said, "beautiful Madame von Lützow receives the names of the volunteers who wish to enlist in the Legion of Vengeance. Her husband is busily engaged, from dawn till late at night, in organizing his corps; in trying to procure arms, horses, and equipments for his men, and his handsome wife is his recruiting officer. She is as charming as an angel, the daughter of a wealthy count, and has, by her marriage with Major von Lützow, contrary to her parents' wishes, so much exasperated her proud father that he gave her no dower, but imposed it as a condition of his consent that Major von Lützow should marry without any. But the count's daughter joyously descended from the proud castle to the humble dwelling of the Prussian major, whom she loved on account of his bravery, and the scars which he bore on his forehead, and which he had received in 1806, in the war against the French."

"I know the lady," said the second traveller; "she is a daughter of the Danish Count von Ahlefeldt, a wonder of loveliness, grace, and refined manners. She hates the French as intensely as her husband, and it was precisely this common hatred of the French that brought them together."

"How so?" asked the other. "Pray tell us all about it."

"Several years ago, the young countess, attended by her governess, made a journey to a fashionable German watering-place. Both took dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the 'Kurhaus,' where a crowd of persons from all countries were assembled. The neighbor of the young countess at the table happened to be a French officer, who managed to involve the young lady in a highly animated and interesting conversation. He told her in a very attractive manner of his campaigns and travels, and the young countess listened to him with pleasure and manifested her sympathy for him. The Frenchman dared to seize her hand and kiss it. The young countess started; a deep blush suffused her fair face, and, without reflecting, obeying only her first impulse, she took a glass of water which stood before her, and poured it over the hand which the Frenchman had dared to kiss. Several Prussian officers, seated near her had witnessed the occurrence, and, on noticing how she removed the stain of the French kiss from her hand, could not refrain from bursting into a loud cheer. One of them was Major von Lützow. After dinner he approached the countess, was introduced to her by a mutual acquaintance, and expressed his ardent thanks, in the name