

shall I thank you, who have given me by far greater honor? I know what I owe you, Blucher; your energy, courage, determination, and ardor, have gained us the most glorious victories!"

"I have only done my duty, your majesty," said Blucher. "But I think our work is not half done yet, your majesty; we are to-day in fact only at the commencement of it. It is not enough for us to drive the French from Leipsic; we must pursue them, and expel them from Germany. For this purpose we must make haste. We have no time to rest on our laurels and sing hymns—the main point is to pursue the enemy—pursue him incessantly and effectually."

"Again, the hot-headed madcap, whose fiery spirit believes that every thing is done too slowly," exclaimed the Emperor Alexander, smiling. "Now I ask you, as the king asked you at Breslau, 'How old are you?'—you who never need rest, like other poor mortals—myself, for instance? I confess that, after all this excitement and these long fatigues, I am longing for repose, and would not take it amiss if war and pursuit were no longer thought of. But you are always intent on going forward!"

"Sire," exclaimed the king, who in the mean time had conversed with General Sacken, "I just learn that your troops have anticipated me, and given Blucher a title that is far better than mine. At the gate of Halle they cheered, and called him 'Marshal Forward!'"

"Ah, I should like to embrace my soldiers for this excellent word," cried Alexander. "That is an honorary title, Blucher, which no prince can confer, and which only your own merit and the gratitude of the people can bestow. Yes, you are 'Marshal Forward,' and by that name history will know you; and Germany will love, praise, and bless you. You have earned this title by your deeds, and the soldiers have conferred it upon you as a token of their appreciation. Now, the soldiers are a part of the people, and the voice of the people is the voice of God. Heaven bless you, 'Marshal Forward!'"

At this moment a procession was approaching from the other side of the square, consisting of twenty-four young maidens dressed in white. All held wreaths in their hands, while the three who headed the procession carried them on silken cushions. They approached the emperor, the king, and the crown prince of Sweden, and offered them the

wreaths.* The emperor took that presented to him, and pressed it with a quick and graceful movement on Blucher's head. "I represent the Muse of History," he said, "and crown 'Marshal Forward' in a becoming manner."

"And I," said the crown prince of Sweden, handing his laurel-wreath to Prince Schwartzberg, "I present this to the commander-in-chief of all our armies, and wish him joy of having achieved a victory over which so many nations will rejoice, and which will render his name illustrious now and forever."

"Ah," cried Schwartzberg, "I have unfortunately been unable to do much. I have only faithfully carried out my orders, and it is to them, and to the brave troops, that we are indebted for the victory.†"

The king said nothing; holding his wreath, he looked at it gravely and musingly. The presentations were over, and the princes prepared to return to their quarters.

"I hope, sire, we shall all remain together to-day?" remarked Alexander, turning toward the king.

"Pray excuse me, sire," said Frederick William, bowing, "I intend to go to Berlin to-night, but I shall be back in a few days."

"But you, I suppose, will remain?" asked Alexander, turning toward Bernadotte.

"I shall remain, your majesty," said the crown prince of Sweden, with a polite smile. "My troops are in need of rest."

"Yes, his troops are always in need of rest," murmured Blucher to himself; "I believe—"

Just then the Emperor Alexander turned toward him. "Well, field-marshal, and you—you will stay, too, will you not? I pray you to be my guest to-day."

"Sire, I regret that I cannot accept this gracious invitation," said Blucher. "I cannot stay, and my troops, thank God! are not in need of rest. I shall start immediately in pursuit of the enemy. It is not enough for us to have gained a victory; we must also know how to profit by it. I shall march this very evening, and take up my quarters for the night at Skeuditz."

"Marshal Forward! always Marshal Forward!" exclaimed

* The emperor of Austria did not make his entry with the other monarchs, but came only in the afternoon to Leipsic, where he remained scarcely an hour. He then returned to Röhtha.—Beitzke, vol. ii.

† Prince Schwartzberg's words.—Beitzke, ii., 639

Alexander, smiling.—“Come, sire, let us hasten to dinner; otherwise he will not even permit us to dine, but compel us all to set out immediately.” He took the king’s arm, and went with him to the horses standing near. When he was about to vault into the saddle, he turned toward one of his adjutants. “Ah,” he said, “there is another little matter which I almost forgot!—General Petrowitch, go up there.” He pointed to the house of the King of Saxony. “Inform the king, in my name, that he is a prisoner.* Have a guard of thirty men placed in front of the house.”

On the same evening Blucher rode, by the side of Gneisenau and attended by his staff, out of the gate of Leipsic, following his troops already on the road to Skeuditz. “Well,” said Blucher, smoking his pipe, “we cannot deny that there has been an abundant shower of orders and titles to-day, and that we have all been thoroughly drenched. So I am a field-marshal now; the Emperor of Austria has conferred on me the order of Maria Theresa; and the Emperor of Russia has given me a splendid sword, which I will send as a souvenir to my Amelia. And you, Gneisenau, I hope you have also received your share?”

“Why, yes,” said Gneisenau, “I have received titles from all the three monarchs. You are right, there was all day a perfect shower of them—orders and honors; and not a general, not a dignitary or diplomatist has been forgotten. Count Metternich, you know, has been raised by his sovereign to the rank of a prince, in acknowledgment of his diplomatic services; and Prince Schwartzberg, already enjoying the highest Austrian honors, has received permission to add the escutcheon of the Hapsburgs to his coat-of-arms.”

“These two have been in the shower of honors, but very little in the shower of balls,” remarked Blucher, laconically. “I wonder what rewards will be conferred on the crown prince of Sweden?”

“He has already received the highest Prussian, Austrian, and Russian orders,” replied Gneisenau, scornfully. “As stated before, no one has been forgotten but *one!*”

“Who is it?” asked Blucher. “Who has been forgotten?”

“Field-marshal, one deserving the most honor—one that joyfully sacrificed property, blood, and life, who did not demand any reward, and did every thing for the sake of honor, and from love of country, and for the princes.”

*Beitzke, vol. ii., p. 652

“What!” cried Blucher, angrily. “The monarchs have forgotten to reward such a one?”

“Yes, field-marshal, they have! This one is the people, the German people!—the noble, enthusiastic people, who joyously and generously shed their blood for the deliverance of the fatherland, whose mothers and wives allowed their sons and husbands exultingly to march into the field, and made themselves sisters of charity for the wounded and sick; whose men and youths did not hesitate to leave their houses, their families, their property, their business, but readily took up arms to deliver the fatherland; whose aged men became young, whose children transformed themselves into youths, to participate in the holy struggle—all these, the great, noble German people, have received no reward, and not even a promise!”

“But, Gneisenau, how strange you are!” said Blucher, drawing his mustache through his fingers. “The monarchs have rewarded those whom they were able to reward. How can they reward the people? What could they do?”

“They could bestow on them more liberty, more independence and honor,” said Gneisenau, “by giving them the constitution which the King of Prussia promised to his people in his manifesto of the 17th of March.”

“Yes, that is true,” said Blucher, thoughtfully. “Well, Stein is present, and he will surely remind the king of what he ought to do. He is a patriot and a true man!”

“Yes, but he is alone,” said Gneisenau, mournfully. “His voice will die away like that of the preacher in the desert. You will see, field-marshal, these promises will soon be forgotten!”

“Well,” exclaimed Blucher, “we shall see. For the time being let us rejoice that we have fought the great battle of the nations, and that Napoleon’s doom is sealed now. It is all-important for us to finish him quickly and without mercy. You know my battle-cry: ‘He must be dethroned!’—Oh, pipe-master! Another pipe, this one does not burn.”

As Napoleon and Blucher left Leipsic on the 19th of October, King Frederick William set out from the city for Berlin to rejoice with his people, and to thank God for the victory. All Berlin received the king with exultation, and the 20th of October was a day of universal joy. Germany was free, and this conviction transported every heart, and every one wished to greet the king. Thousands surrounded

the royal palace at Berlin all day, and whenever the king appeared at the windows or on the balcony, they saluted him with cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Multitudes thronged toward the cathedral, to thank God for the glorious victory vouchsafed to them. In every house were festivities in honor of the great battle of the nations fought at Leipsic.

But during this universal exultation the king left Berlin, without his suite, attended only by his old friend, General Köckeritz, and rode to Charlottenburg. No notice was taken of the unpretending equipage, drawn by two horses, destitute of escutcheons and liveries, which drove out of the Brandenburg gate, and the king reached Charlottenburg without being recognized. He did not, however, enter the palace, but ordered Köckeritz to fetch the castellan, that he might open the vault of the royal tomb; then, wrapping his cloak closer about him, under which he seemed to conceal something, he trod the dark path leading to the mausoleum. He paced the gloomy avenue of cypress and pines with a slow step, absorbed in deep reflection. Holy peace surrounded him—not a sound of the people's joy reached him—naught disturbed the silence, save some gentle breeze that rustled the foliage, and as a spirit-voice greeted the king's return. The recollections of other days, with all their troubles, came to him, and revived the painful emotions of the past. He had suffered so much, and alone! And as he had been alone in his affliction, he was now alone in his prosperity. No one was with him at this holy hour to understand his heart, except her whose spirit he believed to be always near him. Grief for the humiliation of her country occasioned her death; joy and pride in the victory of her country would, if possible, have reawakened her from the dead.

The king slowly walked toward the mausoleum. The door was open, and he entered softly. He looked around to assure himself that he was alone, and that no strange eyes desecrated this devout pilgrimage. He took off his cloak, and that which he had borne under it was no longer hidden. It was the laurel-wreath presented on the preceding day at Leipsic. With this crown of victory in his hand he approached the black sarcophagus in which reposed all that was mortal of Louisa! Bending over it, he kissed the place beneath which her head rested, and laid down the wreath.*

* Eylert, "Charakterzüge aus dem Leben Friedrich Wilhelm III.," vol. ii., p. 162.

"Take it, Louisa," he murmured. "It belongs to you! Your spirit was with us, and led us to victory. Oh, why did you leave me? Why are you not with me in the days of prosperity as in the days of adversity? I have seen your beautiful eyes shed many tears, but now I cannot see them brighten with joy. I can hear no more your sweet voice, your merry laughter! 'I am alone!'" He leaned his hands on the sarcophagus, and, pressing his head on the laurel-wreath, shed abundant tears. After a long pause, he rose and suppressed his grief. "Farewell, my Louisa," he said. "I know that you are with me, and that your love accompanies me! Farewell!" Casting a parting glance on his wife's tomb, the king left the sacred cell, and walked slowly toward the palace through the shadowy and silent avenue of the cypress-trees.