

"CONTRACT YOUR DESIRES, IF YOU WISH FOR INDEPENDENCE."

Frenchman and his desecration of the memory of the Great Frederick; or, with an army impatient for action, tamely submit to the insults of friend and foe. Queen Louisa animated the people by her soul-stirring words, and aroused a spirit of chivalry in the army—which still looked upon itself as invincible. The young officers loudly demanded to be led to the combat; the older spoke of the victories of Frederick the Great, and an irresistible desire for war with France pervaded the whole nation.

In November, 1805, in the crypt of the garrison church at Potsdam, the King and Queen of Prussia, and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, met by the sarcophagus of Frederick the Great. Here they swore solemnly that Germany should be freed from the presence of the invader. The oath was ultimately performed, and the tyrant Bonaparte overthrown—but Louisa, the noblest of the three there present, did not live to see the fulfilment of the vow.

In 1806, war was at length declared. But the favourable moment had been allowed to slip away unimproved. Austria and Russia had been terribly beaten at Austerlitz on the 2nd of December, 1805, and now Bonaparte, who had succeeded in his design of separating his foes, turned the whole force of his victorious and elated army against the forces of the Prussian king. Far more energetic and talented than her husband, Louisa not only excited the Prussians by her glowing words and exhortations to the defence of her country, but visited the camp, and enrolled her name as colonel of a regiment, and raised the enthusiasm of the troops by her own generous enthusiasm. The king, on the other hand, was as diffident and mistrustful of his own powers in 1806 as he had been when he came to the throne in 1797, when he wrote—"I am a young man, and know too little of the world to be able to depend entirely on myself."

The king withheld the words that would have given confidence and vigour to the whole State, and the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, in which the Prussians were defeated, losing nearly 20,000 men in killed and wounded, the occupation of Berlin by French troops, and the issuing of the famous "Berlin decree," was the result.

The vanquished king fled, and Bonaparte entered Berlin as a conqueror. Misfortune followed misfortune, and the bitter consciousness that a part of these troubles arose from the king's want of firmness and decision must have rendered the trial hard to bear for the noble-minded queen, yet she never by a word showed that she knew her husband's defects.

Space precludes us from giving the historical details which led up to the celebrated treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, when Bonaparte concluded a peace between France and Russia. The King and Queen of Prussia were present, when Bonaparte restored to the Prussian monarch one-half of his territories which he had taken away. Bonaparte, in speaking of the treaty, said—"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence on the result of the negotiations; but happily she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit, but she received me in despair, exclaiming 'Justice! Justice!' and threw herself back in loud lamentations. I at length prevailed on her to take a seat, but she continued, nevertheless, her pathetic remonstrances." Magdeburg, in an especial manner, was the object of her entreaties, and when Bonaparte, (who was fascinated by the charm of her manners) before dinner, presented her with a beautiful rose, she at first refused it, but immediately took it with a smile, adding at the same time, "Yes! but at least with Magdeburg." "I must observe to your Majesty," replied Bonaparte, "that it is I who give, and you only who must receive." And he remarked to one of his friends—"After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state," and the treaty was signed, whilst the queen's request was not granted.

The events which followed are matters of history. As month after month and year after year went by, and each changing period brought a new humiliation and sorrow to her country, Louisa saw her husband becoming more care-worn; the continued strain undermined her powers; weaker and weaker she became, until at length, in 1810, surrounded by her sorrowing family, she left this world without living to see Ger-

many awake from its trance at the trumpet-call of freedom, and shake off the shackles which had been so long imposed by Bonaparte.

It may not be out of place to give the following incident, which is related by Mrs. Richardson in her "Memoirs of Louisa Queen of Prussia," and pleasantly illustrates an agreeable trait in the character of the Queen and that of her royal consort:—

"The King of Prussia," we are told, "was accustomed to take his breakfast in the Queen's apartments, however busy he might be, even if he had but a moment to take that meal, which generally was composed of fresh fruit or other simple viands. On one occasion, as he entered, he saw lying on her work-table a very pretty head-dress, which seemed to him to be quite new. He asked her, jestingly, the price of this pretty cap. 'It is not always right,' said the Queen, also in a tone of pleasantry, 'that men should know the price of women's toilettes; they don't understand them, and they always find something too dear.' 'Well, but you can tell me the price of this cap; and I should like to know it.' 'Oh, certainly I can. I bought it a great bargain; I only gave four dollars for it.' 'Only! a horrible price for such a thing; what a large sum of money!' Whilst he continued to run on satirically on the subject, he was standing at the window, and an old veteran of the guard, an invalid highly respected, passed by. The King beckoned him to come in, and as he entered the room the King said, 'The lady who is sitting on that sofa has a great deal of money. Now, what ought she to pay for that little cap that lies on the table? You must not be dazzled by the beautiful pink ribands, but say what you think it is worth.' The old soldier, of course knowing nothing of such things, said, after shrugging his shoulders, and pausing to think, 'Why, I suppose it may cost some groschen.' 'There now,' said the King, 'do you hear that? Groschen indeed! that thing cost four dollars. She can afford to give you as much as she can afford to pay for that.' Smiling, the Queen opened her purse, and presented the good old veteran with four dollars most cheerfully; kindly adding a few condescending words. 'And now,' continued the Queen, with an arch look, still imitating the King's tone of merry satire, 'you see that noble gentleman standing at the window. He has much more money than I have. All I have I receive from him, and he gives very freely. Now, go to him and ask him for double what you have received from me; he can afford to give you eight dollars.' The King laughed, acknowledged he was caught in his own trap, gave the sum she had so playfully forced him to give through her extravagance, as he called it, and heartily wished the old invalid good luck with his present. The affair was, of course, repeated in the antechamber, and was received with peals of laughter. The veteran's name was Christian Brandes, who told this anecdote to Bishop Egbert himself. He also added, that when the King returned to Potsdam, after the death of the Queen, he saw his royal master, who remembered his features perfectly, and whilst making him a little present, said, with a countenance of sorrow, 'Brandes, dost thou remember?' and then turned quickly away."

Additional Notes to December.

THE "IRISH NIGHT."

(11).—When, on the 11th of December, 1688, James II. abdicated the throne of England—and in flying from London threw the Great Seal into the Thames—a terrible moment in history arrived, for the mob of London, which had for weeks previous shown a disposition to turbulence and rapine, broke out into ungovernable fury, and riot and rapine prevailed. In addition to these unruly spirits, there were thousands of armed men who were freed from the restraints of military discipline, and being destitute, must either plunder or starve. No wonder, then, that upon being joined by thousands of idle and dissolute persons, who came out of every den of vice, and who merely wished for the excitement of a riot, that awful outrages ensued; whilst the arrest of the infamous Judge Jeffries had added fuel to the flames. "The morning of the 12th of De-