

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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CHICAGO

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# The Monthly Open Court

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QUEEN LOUISE AND HER TWO OLDEST SONS.

From a Fresco in the Aula of the Wilhelm's Gymnasium in Königsberg.  
By the courtesy of the *Photographische Gesellschaft*.

*The Open Court.*

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## QUEEN LOUISE.

BY THE LATE PROF. HERBERT TUTTLE.

IN THE ANNALS of the House of Prussia may be found three famous women, all of whom are remembered with admiration, two with respect and one with a genuine and universal affection; they are the Electress Louise, the Electress Sophia Charlotte, and Queen Louise.

The first Louise was a princess of the Orange family, granddaughter of William the Silent. Her husband, the Great Elector, was a brawny, stalwart, energetic, adroit, and unscrupulous prince, the real founder of the State of Prussia, while his Dutch consort was refined and womanly, who introduced the vegetables, the cheese, and the industry of her own home into the Mark of Brandenburg. Sophia Charlotte, the wife of Elector, afterwards King, Frederic, was a Hanoverian with the sprightliness and audacity of her Gallic sisters. While Frederic was fitting on wigs and planning magnificent pageants, Sophia Charlotte sat in her boudoir with clever wits from all parts of Europe, talked philosophy with Leibnitz, pored over Bayle, and toyed with the most dangerous scepticism of the age. She herself had *esprit* and plenty of it. Her *salon*, though hospitable, was decorous; and though she ridiculed the harmless vanities of her husband and kept her own little court in which he seldom appeared, she respected the marriage tie, and was not unwilling that other people should respect it. But she abhorred prudes, bores, pedants, and weak and dull people generally, and left many short sayings of an incorrigible cynic on record, one of which was a death-bed effort.

Such was Sophia Charlotte,—a reckless, brilliant, accomplished, fascinating woman, who could hold her own in contro-

versy or repartee with the keenest minds of her society, and whose only misfortune it was to have a fop and a prodigal for a consort.

The third figure in the gallery, Queen Louise, the subject of our sketch, is better known than either of the others, not merely because she is more recent, but also because while her virtues were not less, her trials were far greater than theirs. She is especially the object of that peculiar affectionate sympathy which is the homage that humanity pays to a beautiful and noble woman in misfortune. One would no more offer sympathy to Sophia Charlotte than to Voltaire or Talleyrand. The Electress Louise was happy with her Dutch cabbage and her Dutch dairy; and although her lot was not without its dark days, she lived through them with fortitude and success. But Queen Louise's married life was full of darkness, and ended before the light returned. The friends and



QUEEN LOUISE.  
(After Brend'amour.)

companions of her youth, who saw her as a radiant and vivacious maiden, the gallants of the Prussian court who were awed alike by the beauty, the virtue, and the gentleness of the young crown princess, could hardly have foreseen the serene fortitude with which she would bear the misfortunes of a wife, a mother, and a queen, yet this fortitude was in her own estimation her chief claim to remembrance. Posterity, she said, "will not count me among the celebrated women; but it will say that I have borne great trials with patience.

Alas! if it may only add that I gave life to princes who were able to restore the Fatherland." In her earlier years it was her beauty, grace, and amiability, which chiefly attracted notice. Prince Metternich met her at Frankfort-on-the-Main during the coronation festivities of Francis II.; and he writes in his memoirs: "I opened the ball with the young Princess Louise of Mecklenburg, who afterwards, as Queen of Prussia, was distinguished for her beauty and noble qualities. . . . Goethe saw her in the German camp in 1793, and in his "Campagne in Frankreich" he describes the impression made by Louise and her sister in these words: "One might actually have taken the two young ladies for heavenly apparitions, the effect of which I shall never forget." Hufeland, the palace physician, speaks of "the indescribably holy feelings which were always aroused by her presence, as if it were the presence of an angel." The coarse

and bluff Blücher, the cynical Napoleon, and many others have testified in similar language to the charms and the gracious influence of the unfortunate queen, while her courage and fortitude are traits in her character dear to the whole Prussian people. Poetry and prose have celebrated Louise, and if the eulogies of German writers, especially the latest, Dr. Edward Engel, are defaced by turgid sentimentality and exaggeration, a little of these may be



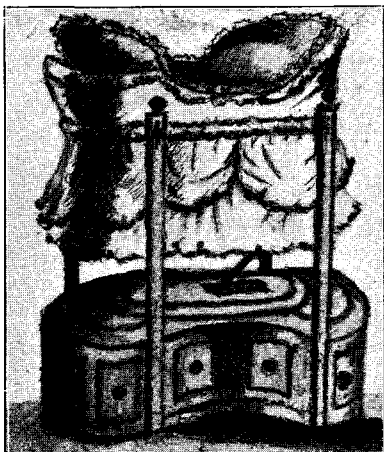
QUEEN LOUISE BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

pardoned to the fervor of patriotic loyalty. We shall, however, strive to present the events in the life and the virtues in the character of the excellent queen in a plain, straightforward, and authentic story.

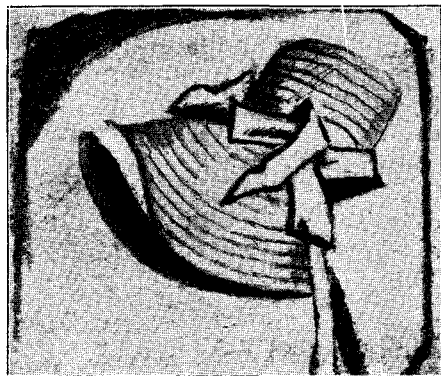
Louise was born at Hanover on the 10th of March, 1776. Her father was Prince Charles, a member of a cadet branch of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and with only the most remote chance, accordingly, of succeeding to the crown of the little prin-

ciality. He lived the greater part of his time at Hanover, then politically far more important than now, but a small, dull, and modest town. His simple house, more simple than that of many a private burgher now, was afterwards torn down to make way for the march of improvement; but it was re-erected near the castle of Herrenhausen, a mile from the city, and the spot is occasionally visited by pious pilgrims, especially of the more emotional sex.

When Louise was six years old her mother died. Dr. Engel relates a number of touching tributes paid years afterwards by the queen to the mother who died when she was about old enough to read the alphabet, and when her capacity to judge of maternal or other personal qualities may reasonably be doubted. It appears,



CRADLE OF QUEEN LOUISE.<sup>1</sup>



LEGHORN BONNET OF QUEEN LOUISE.  
(Kept among her personal belongings.)

however, from the testimony of other witnesses that the Princess Frederika Caroline was an estimable woman, as was her sister, the Princess Charlotte, whom the disconsolate father soon afterwards married. But she also died a year after the marriage and Louise was again motherless. The duke then abandoned ominous Hanover and removed to Darmstadt, where his children were placed under the care of their maternal grandmother, a princess of Hesse Darmstadt. Louise was eight years old when this change took place; and at Darmstadt she remained until her marriage with the Crown Prince Frederic William of Prussia.

<sup>1</sup> The present picture, the pictures of the Leghorn bonnet and of the two bedrooms in the Charlottenburg Palace (page 139), were drawn, with the special permission of the Royal Prussian Marshalcy, by Mrs. Tuttle.



Few modern tourists visit Darmstadt. The place possesses little interest, natural, historical, or artistic. A flat, unimpressive country, pictures of mediocre merit, monotonous streets, a square regular castle, unambitious monuments of an uneventful past,—such things fail, and properly fail, to attract busy travellers who have visited Switzerland and the Rhine and are on their way to Munich or Dresden. But in a modest way the city will have some charms for appreciative persons. The castle grounds are spacious, pretty, and salubrious. Here the Princess Louise and her sisters played as children under the great trees, and grew up from budding girlhood into developed and ample womanhood. Here Goethe composed a good part of “Tasso”; here Schiller meditated the great drama, “Don Carlos,” little thinking that the ingenuous maid, whom he saw playing in the garden, would one day be queen of Prussia, would entertain him with royal hospitality at Berlin, and after his death would mourn as for the loss of a brother. Darmstadt has, therefore, its associations with genius as well as with rank, and for Louise it always retained a pious and grateful charm.

Her residence at Darmstadt was varied by occasional visits to neighboring capitals and courts. Twice she was at Frankfort at imperial coronations, in 1790 of Leopold II. ; in 1792 of Francis II. On both of these occasions she had the felicity of being the guest of the obscure mother of a famous son, of Mrs. Councillor Goethe. The Frau Rath made delectable sweetcakes, and the two sisters, Louise and Frederika, had good appetites. The yard boasted an ancient pump, still standing, and the young princesses paddled in the basin like a pair of untamed plebeians, until the horrified governess found them and put them in the chains of her stringent etiquette. Goethe himself was also present ; and although he has graphically described in “Wahrheit und Dichtung” the coronation ceremonies, the two sisters under his mother’s roof seem to have escaped his observation. The poet, however, was no longer young, had travelled much, and knew many beautiful women.

Another visit which Louise and her sister made a little later was even more eventful for the hearts and lives of both. The historical reader will recollect that after the rash and inglorious campaign conducted in 1792 by Prussia and Austria against the French Revolution, the Prussian troops and some of their allies went into winter quarters about Mayence and Frankfort. Among the allies was the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel ; and being a gallant man he

invited the Landgravine Maria of Darmstadt, with her two wards to visit the camp. The invitation was accepted. King Frederic William II. of Prussia was present in person, and with him his two sons, Frederic William, the Crown Prince, and Louis, who according to many Prussian writers had distinguished themselves in the preceding campaign by the most heroic deeds of valor, about which impartial history is, however, singularly silent. Be that as it may, the Darmstadt guests arrived in camp, were appropriately entertained, suggested angels to Goethe, and won the hearts of the two princes of Prussia. The young warriors seem to have been simultaneously smitten, the Crown Prince with Louise; his brother with Frederika. And the next summer saw them again



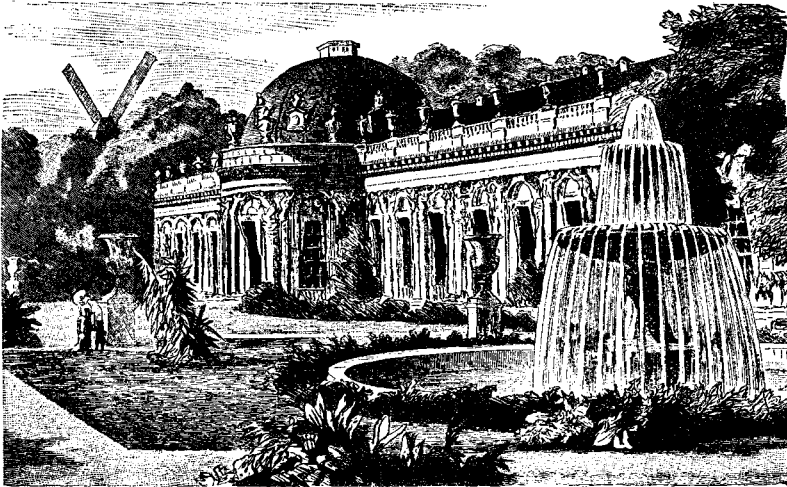
ENTRANCE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE INTO BERLIN. COUNTESS VON VOSS SHOCKED.

on the field of battle emulating each other in achievements which should make them worthy of their mistresses.

The double betrothal was celebrated at Darmstadt on the 24th of April, 1793. On the following Christmas the marriage took place,—that is to say, the marriage of Louise and the Crown Prince, the other pair being united two days later. No detailed report of the festivities has been preserved; but they doubtless conformed to traditional forms of the Berlin court. The bride made her entry in a state carriage escorted by soldiers; the streets and houses were brilliant with flowers, banners, emblems; addresses were presented by the burgomaster and deputations; the customary "Fackeltanz" or torch dance was performed by grave

ministers of state; and after the ceremony the bridal pair were accompanied to their apartments by the King himself and all the great dignitaries of the court. The beauty of the young princess filled the hearts of the people with gallant and loyal enthusiasm. They wrote indifferent odes in her honor, and at night stuffed their windows full of candles. Happy Louise! Her incomparable trials were hidden far away in the distant future; and she gave herself up unreservedly to the modest and innocent delights of the auspicious occasion.

"From your Royal Highness," said good Bishop Sack, who officiated at the ceremony, "the prince to whom you have vowed 'yourself expects what dignity and power cannot give him,—the

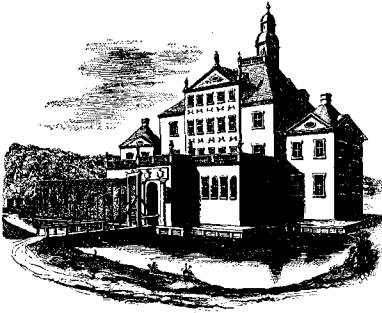


SANSSOUCI. The Royal Prussian Palace at Potsdam.

"holy blessing of love; from you the court and the country expect 'a new and illustrious example.' An example was indeed needed. Virtue and decorum at the court of Berlin had reached their aphe-  
 lio-  
 n. From King Frederic William II. downwards all was disso-  
 luteness, debauchery, corruption. The taint spared almost no  
 household of the upper classes, and of course spread in even a  
 grosser form to the *bourgeoisie* and the working people. To be-  
 lieve in female virtue was to be a contemptible simpleton. To be  
 honest and industrious was held almost to disqualify a man for  
 public employment. The officer who did not gamble, keep his  
 mistress, and whip his men, received slow promotion, and in the

end was dismissed in disgrace. And to crown all the court was thronged with depraved favorites, a tyrannical etiquette shut off the king from the people, and society was divided into classes by severe and impassable gulfs of separation.

Into this modern Babylon the Crown Prince of Prussia introduced his youthful bride. He was himself a man of pure mind and correct tastes ; and his efforts at social reform were at once and ably supported by Louise. So long as the old king lived they could do little except by example, but the example was high and was given consistently, with tact, and without offence. Their palace was a centre of the purest domestic joys. They lived simply, and received their friends without ostentation. Of Louise it is related that she once gave audience to a shoemaker who had come to fit her pretty foot, and left a haughty noble waiting in the ante-room,



ORANIENBURG.

giving as a reason for this unusual precedence that the cobbler had less time to lose than the count. A person at all familiar with the prejudices even of the Prussian court to-day, can imagine what consternation the incident caused among the courtiers and chamberlains of the time.

Louise was considerate, charitable, unaffected. Alms were

distributed among the poor whenever the court celebrated an anniversary. When the young pair drove they used a modest and grotesque vehicle, vastly different from the solemn state coach of the Empress Augusta. When they walked, as they often did, they not seldom found their way to the market places, where Louise would chat with apple women or buy toys of juvenile merchants for the children of the poor. In every respect they set an example of domestic happiness and social decorum, and easily won the hearts of the rough and somewhat cynical Berliners.

The coarse heart even of the King seems to have been touched at times by Louise's transparent purity, though it was in strange contrast with the vulgar favorites who surrounded him and ministered to his pleasures. He made her one considerable gift,—the Castle of Oranienburg, doubly dear to Louise because it had once belonged to her predecessor and namesake, Louise of Orange. Hence the name Oranienburg, or Orangeburg. The Crown Prin-

cess took it, however, with discreet reluctance, and then only on conditions that it be accompanied with a liberal sum for the poor of Berlin. She must have a purse for charity, she said. "How large a purse?" inquired the King. "As large as the heart of the best of kings," was the diplomatic reply. The purse was forthcoming.

The old King died in 1797, and his son followed as Frederic William III. New responsibilities and increased opportunities were the result of course. For Louise also, who, however, as Queen remained the same sincere, kindly, unaffected woman as before. But if her unconventional simplicity shocked the courtiers while she was Crown Princess, what must have been their feelings when they saw a queen defying the code of manners and laughing away all the restrictions of their etiquette? The Countess Voss can answer the question. She was for many years chief lady in waiting; and in her recently published memoirs she gives a distressing account of the trouble which she had in disciplining their majesties, although Louise's goodness seems at times to have shaken even her resolution.

In the meantime children were coming to the royal pair, and to the cares of a wife Louise added those of a mother. Her children were born in the following order: 1795, Frederic William, afterwards King Frederic William IV.; 1797, William, the late Emperor; 1798, Charlotte, afterwards Empress of Russia and mother of the late Czar; 1801, Charles; 1803, Alexandrine, later Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; 1808, Louise, subsequently wife of Prince Frederic of the Netherlands; 1809, Albert. A later son, Ferdinand, died in childhood.

The education and training of these children was personally conducted by the Queen to an extent unusual in women of her station and of her many cares. She seems to have had judgment as well as affection. One of the most interesting records of the young mother is a letter written by her to her father, who in 1794 had become Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, about her little group,



FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

an exhibition of her "gallery" she calls it, with a running characteristic of each child. The reader will be interested to see her account of her son William :

"Our son William," says she, "will be, if I am not deceived, like his father, honest, simple, intelligent. In his outward appearance, also, he has the most resemblance to him, only I think he will not be so handsome. You see, dear father, that I am yet in love with my husband."

Louise certainly deceived herself in regard to the looks of her son William and his father. If one may judge from the standard portraits of Frederic William III. he was far inferior in personal appearance to the stalwart and handsome Kaiser.

Dr. Engel is moved to rapture by an incident from a visit which Louise and the King once paid to Magdeburg. As was usual on such occasions, the pair gave a reception to the leading dignitaries, civil and military ; among the latter was a major of the garrison and his plebeian wife. The Queen passed about from one to another, giving a pleasant word here, asking a sympathetic question there, until she reached the little major's wife, and with a gracious smile inquired what she was by birth, meaning, of course, her family name. Now military society was mostly noble, and the poor woman taking the question in that sense, stammered out that she was nothing by birth, like Topsy, she was not born. The aristocratic bystanders tittered, as was indeed not unnatural. But Louise turned to them with a sharp rebuke, and then addressed to Frau Major a long homily from the rather commonplace text that nobility in a social sense was a merely fictitious distinction ; that true nobility was of the heart and was conferred by God, and that no woman needed to blush for her origin if she only did her duty in the world. Truisms these, of course, and Prussia is probably the only country in the world where they would cause amazement. But in Prussia, and from the mouth of a Prussian Queen, they were considered almost revolutionary, and testify both to Louise's good sense and to her courage.

A good part of the time of Louise, especially in summer, was passed at the Castle of Charlottenburg ; and the most interesting relics of her are either to be found there or were originally there and have since been removed to the so-called Hohenzollern Museum in the Monbijou palace at Berlin. At the former place are preserved her favorite chapel. Two bed-rooms may also be found, the first being the earlier and usual one, until the entry of the French in 1806, when Napoleon occupied it for a time, and Louise

would never afterwards enter it ; the second being the one fitted up on her return in place of the contaminated one. The greater simplicity of the latter will illustrate the different conditions of the Prussian court before and after Jena.

Prussia had, therefore, her great "Bedchamber Question" like England. But in describing it we have somewhat anticipated the chronological order of events, for between bed-room number one and bed-room number two yawns a terrible chasm in Prussian history. The reader is presumably familiar with the battle of Jena and its results ; but it is necessary to give a brief account of Louise's relation to the great disaster.



THE BEDROOM IN THE CHARLOTTENBURG PALACE, OCCUPIED BY NAPOLEON, WHICH QUEEN LOUISE REFUSED TO ENTER AGAIN.



THE ROOM IN THE CHARLOTTENBURG PALACE MADE READY FOR QUEEN LOUISE AFTER NAPOLEON'S DEPARTURE.

The nature or extent of this relation has always been a subject of controversy. On the one hand we have the assertion of Louise herself, confirmed by the King, that she consistently avoided any interference in affairs of state, and that she was not consulted in regard to the fatal adventure of 1806. On the other hand contemporary opinion steadily assigned her to the war party at the Prussian court ; and she has herself left on record the statement that if she had been consulted she would have favored action. Her judgment was, therefore, at fault in any event, and the only question is whether her known opinions, formally expressed or not, influenced the course of the Government. The King always paid great deference to her views. She was warmly attached to Prince Louis Fer-

dinand, the chief advocate of action at court and in the army, and to Stein, the leading representative of the English or anti-French party in civil life. These facts being admitted, the exact form or degree of her influence becomes a secondary matter. She belonged to the war party, and the foolish campaign of 1806 had her complete sympathy.

"The army of your Majesty contains plenty of generals as good as Monsieur de Bonaparte," said a flippant young officer to the King. It is said the King knew better; that he consented with great reluctance and gloomy forebodings to war. But at any rate the trial was made, and in a few days the State was at the feet of Napoleon. Louis Ferdinand met a soldier's death on the battlefield, but the great Prussian generals failed to make their appearance.

After the catastrophe Louise showed a womanly heroism which half atones for her original error. As is well known, the French marched directly upon Berlin, which they occupied; Napoleon made his headquarters at Charlottenburg, and the Prussian court sought refuge and isolation on the extreme northeastern frontier of the State.

Louise visited the army in camp at Weimar, and left on her return to Berlin the day before the fatal battle. The news of the catastrophe overtook her before she reached the capital; and what might have been a triumphant return was converted into a hurried flight through the city and onward over the dreary plains of the northeast. To her children, whom she hastily assembled in Berlin and prepared for the journey, she cried out in the anguish of her soul: "Thus I see an edifice destroyed in one day on the erection of which great men have labored for two centuries. There is no longer a Prussian State, a Prussian army, Prussian national glory; these have disappeared like the fog which on the fields of Jena and Auerstädt concealed the perils of the unlucky battles." There was little exaggeration in this.

In raw October weather the unhappy Queen, with her children, set out upon the journey to Königsberg. At Küstrin, a fortress which had once marked the eastern frontier of the State, the King, flying from the battlefield, overtook her, and for the rest of the way they travelled together. The State they felt was forever lost, and in their love for each other and for their children they found their only consolation. At Königsberg they halted and hoped to enjoy there some degree of rest and security. Their hopes were vain. The inexorable foe pushed on in pursuit; and as often as



he neared the city hurried preparations were made for further flight. To several false alarms followed in December, 1806, a real one. Dr. Hufeland describes the consequences in the most heart-rending style. "Finally," he says, "the cruel typhus seized our noble Queen, in whom our affection and our confidence were centred. She lay very dangerously ill; and never shall I forget the night of December 22, when I held watch by her, and such a violent storm raged without that it tore off a roof of the old castle. Suddenly the news came the French were approaching. She declared emphatically: 'I would rather fall into the hands of God than the hands of that man'; and so on the 3d of January,



THE ROYAL PALACE AT KÖNIGSBERG.

"1807—her condition had in the meantime slightly improved—in a fearful cold, in a violent snow-storm, she was carried to a wagon and driven one hundred miles along the coast to Memel. We consumed three days and nights on the way, the days now in the waves of the sea, now in ice, the nights in the most wretched hovels. The first night the Queen lay in a room without windows, the snow beating in upon her bed, and no nourishment to be found." Thus relates the good Dr. Hufeland, a man doubtless not much inclined to pathos or hyperbole.

Previously to this a chance to make a favorable peace with the conqueror had been rejected, chiefly, according to the statement of the Countess Voss, through Louise's influence. In the battle of

Eylau between a remnant of Prussian troops and a pursuing detachment of French the former fought unexpectedly well, and even won some slight advantage, which, say German writers, disposed Napoleon to conclude an arrangement with Prussia before other enemies should arise in his rear. But there was a species of theoretical alliance between Prussia and Russia which could be held to bind the former not to enter into negotiations in the absence of the



QUEEN LOUISE ABOUT THE TIME OF THE MEETING WITH NAPOLEON AT TILSIT.

latter. Louise enforced this view with passionate arguments. "She begged the King most warmly," writes the Countess Voss, "to remain firm, and not to conclude peace yet"; and this account agrees with the Queen's own words written to her father: "This policy will bring Prussia good fortune, I firmly believe." It brought Prussia the peace of Tilsit!

Frederic William and Louise waited long and anxiously for

the Russian alliance to take a tangible form, but it proved to be a frail support even after it was realised. On the 14th of June, 1807, Napoleon defeated the combined Russians and Prussians at Friedland. Nothing now remained except peace on the victor's terms.

The negotiations were held at Tilsit ; and here took place the memorable interview between Louise and Napoleon,—an interview in which a beautiful queen, descended from a long line of aristocratic ancestors, pleaded with a military *parvenu*, coarse, vulgar, heartless, and pleaded in vain. Louise had always felt an abhorrence of Napoleon, an abhorrence almost unsuited to her gentle nature. Even his surpassing military genius, which charmed all men, even his enemies, had no attraction for her. She saw in him only a monster ; and his talents made him even the more loathsome, since they enlarged his opportunities and facilities for mischief. It was natural, therefore, that she should regard the prospect of an interview with dismay, especially an interview in which she would have the character of suppliant. Nothing but a sense of duty nerved her for the trial. "If any one sincerely believes that I can save even a single village by such a step, it becomes for me an imperative duty," were the Queen's own words.



QUEEN LOUISE RECEIVING THE EMPEROR  
NAPOLEON AT TILSIT.

On the 4th of July, 1807, she set out for Tilsit, where she arrived two days later. An hour afterwards she received the initial visit of Napoleon. "How could you be so foolish as to begin war with me?" inquired the Emperor with his characteristic tact. The blood rushed to Louise's face at the rude question. A sharp retort was on her lips, but she remembered that she was there to intercede for her husband and fatherland ; and, as she wrote in her journal, she was used to making sacrifices. She composed herself by a resolute effort and replied with dignity : "Sire ! The glory

of Frederic permitted us to deceive ourselves, if indeed we have been deceived." "What a beautiful dress," said the Emperor, feeling its texture, "is it India gauze or crêpe?" Thus spoke the vulgar *parvenu*, and Louise in disgust begged that the conversation might be turned to more serious topics.

She had come down-stairs to meet Napoleon in a white toilet which gave a radiant and almost angelic beauty to her appearance. Even his cynical indifference was moved by the sight. Writing to Josephine some days later, he says: "The Queen of Prussia is 'really a charming woman, and is very amiable to me. But you 'need not be jealous. I am like wax-cloth, over which such things 'glide without affecting my internal feelings. And indeed it would 'cost me too much to play the gallant on such an occasion."

Several interviews took place between Louise and Napoleon, and each time she pleaded with all the fervid eloquence of a devoted wife, mother, and queen. She wished especially to save Magdeburg and Dantzic,—Magdeburg, the great fortress on the Elbe, Dantzic, the ancient Baltic port, which had offered a heroic resistance to the French. Napoleon promised once to consider the matter. The next day she renewed her entreaties. The Emperor was come to take his leave; and abandoning Dantzic she concentrated all her efforts upon Magdeburg, which she fondly believed would be restored to Prussia. But to her amazement Napoleon cried in an outburst of unmanly impatience, "Madame! Magdeburg is worth more to me than a hundred queens." That ended the negotiations. "Sire!" replied Louise, "you have cruelly deceived me," and with a heavy heart she returned to Königsberg.

It was on the following day that Napoleon wrote the letter to Josephine to which reference has been made. Another passage deserves, however, also to be cited: "At the very moment at which you read this letter," says the tender spouse, "peace is concluded with Prussia and Russia, and Jerome is King of Westphalia with three million subjects." This was the Emperor's curt account of a transaction which robbed the Prussian crown of half its territory and half its subjects, imposed upon it a heavy contribution in money, and set up a bastard kingdom, with a Bonaparte as its head, in the most flourishing part of Germany.

Louise's letters from this time onward breathe the anguish of a broken heart. At intervals she soars into a strain of almost inspired prophecy, and the expression of her complete confidence in God never wavers; but she invariably adds that she will not survive the return of good fortune and prosperity. Thus to her father

in the spring of 1808: "With us it is all over, for the present, at least. During my life I hope for nothing more." And again: "Certainly it will some day be better; that is guaranteed by our faith in the most perfect Being. But it can become better in this world only through the good. For that reason I do not believe that the Emperor Napoleon is firm and secure on his throne, brilliant as it now is. Only truth and justice are firm and secure, and he is only politic, that is, cunning; and he governs himself not by eternal laws but by circumstances as they may happen to shape themselves." Still again, to her friend and *confidante*, Frau von Berg. After giving the leading provisions of the Treaty of Tilsit, she adds: "Such is our fearful condition of universal prostration. All strength is fast leaving me also. It is frightfully, terribly hard, especially since it is undeserved. My future is of the very gloomiest. If we only succeed in keeping Berlin; but often my heart has an ominous foreboding that he will take even that, and make it the capital of a new empire. Then I have only a single wish,—for us to go into exile far away to live as private persons, and, if possible, to forget, oh, God! to what is Prussia come? Abandoned from weakness, persecuted by arrogance, prostrated by misfortune—thus must we fall!"

The poor woman was indeed ill, in body and heart; and the angel of death was hovering over her in confident expectation.

Early in the year 1809 the King and Queen made a visit to the Russian court at St. Petersburg,—a brief but agreeable diversion from the sad monotony of their life at Königsberg. They were warmly received by the Czar and the people. Here Louise was much impressed by the benevolent institutions founded by the Russian Empress; and the so-called Luisenstift, a charitable foundation, instituted by her on her return to Berlin, is still in existence and flourishing.

Toward the end of 1809 the French finally evacuated Berlin, and the royal exiles could then think seriously of returning to their unfortunate capital. They began their homeward journey early in December and arrived on the 22d of that month. The population received them with humble festivities, with sober and thoughtful enthusiasm; and Louise drove from the gate of the city to the palace in a tiny carriage, which was trimmed in lavender, her favorite color, and had been especially prepared and offered to her as the gift of the citizens of Berlin. Three years' absence had made the Queen richer in one species of earthly treasures,—she left the city with five and returned with seven children. The mother had,

therefore, her compensations. But for the Queen all intervals of joy were brief. Her prophetic sense assured her that she would never recover from the fatigue and exposure, from the sorrow and anguish of the long exile, and that her memory but not her presence might stimulate and direct the work of national vengeance. Nay, she had even imposed upon her sons, in a famous harangue, the duty of thus honoring their mother. It was during the flight from Berlin. "You have reached the age, my sons," said she, "at which you can appreciate this heavy affliction. In the future, when your mother and Queen no longer lives, recall this unhappy hour to your minds. Offer tears to my memory, as I in this terrible crisis, offer them to my prostrate country. But do not be content with tears alone. Act, develop your forces! Perhaps Prussia's protecting spirit will descend upon you; then free your people from the debasement in which it now groans. Strive to recover from France the glory, at present obscured, of your fathers; as your ancestor, the Great Elector, avenged on the Swedes the defeat and shame of his fatherland. Oh! my sons, do not let yourselves be corrupted by the demoralisation of this age. Be men, heroes! worthy to be called princes and kinsmen of the great Frederic. And if you cannot restore the deeply depressed State, then seek death like Louis Ferdinand."

Thus Louise to her sons, the late Emperor among them. In the words uttered by him during the war of 1870-71, "The cause of German unity is an inheritance from my blessed mother," lies the secret of a century of Prussian history.

On the 10th of March, 1810, Louise celebrated her thirty-fourth birthday. "It is probably the last time that I shall observe that anniversary *here*," said she. "I am thankful for the many expressions of love and sympathy, but I do not know how it is with me; I can no longer feel happy as formerly."

It had long been her anxious desire to visit once more her beloved friends in Mecklenburg, and in June of 1810 an opportunity offered. As she passed the frontier of Prussia gloomy shadows, which the Countess Voss describes, settled over the Queen's heart, and it was only by a great effort that her strength carried her to Strelitz, her journey's end. There, in her father's arms, she found rest, but not health. She was sent for restoration to the baths of Hohen-Zieritz; but the waters of the springs and the skill of the doctors were all useless. She sank rapidly. The King was summoned, and, though ill himself, hastened to the bedside of his dying wife, arriving only on the morning of July 19, the day of

her death. The journal of the Countess Voss describes the last scene :

“Finally, about five o'clock, the King came, but death was already written on the Queen's brow. And yet what a reception ! With what joy she embraced and kissed him ! And he wept bitterly. The Crown Prince and Prince William were come with him. As well as she could, the Queen tried to speak. She would so gladly have talked with the King, but alas ! she was speechless. So the time passed away, and she grew every minute weaker. The King sat on the edge of the bed, and I kneeled before it. He tried to warm the Queen's hands, then held one

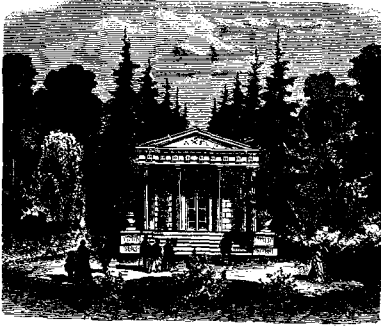


HOHENZIERITZ. The place of Queen Louise's death.

“and gave the other to me to rub. It was about nine o'clock. The Queen's head was inclined gently to one side, and her eyes were fixed firmly on heaven. Opening her great eyes a last time, she said : ‘I am dying. O ! Jesus, make it short.’”

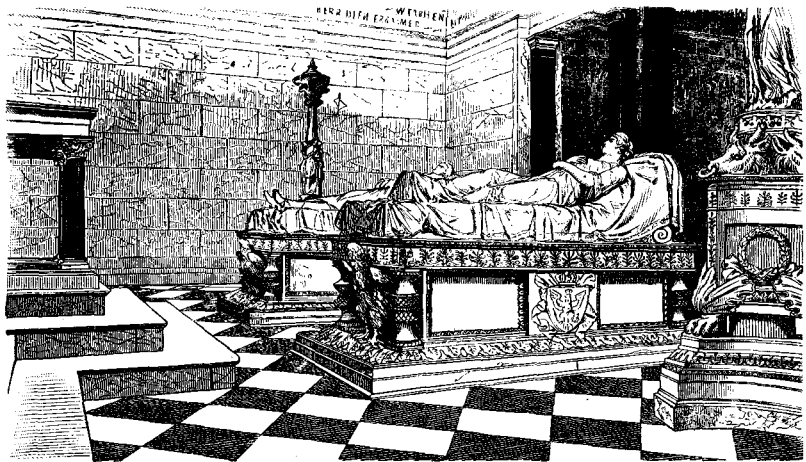
The Queen was dead. A few months afterwards, on the 22d of December, anniversary of the day on which, in the full bloom of her youthful beauty she had made her bridal entry into Berlin, a long funeral train escorted the remains of Louise from Berlin to Charlottenberg, wound among the shaded avenues of the old park, and left them to rest in the tomb prepared for them by a husband's love. This was, however, but a temporary receptacle. Years afterwards the filial affection of King Frederic William IV. suggested

a more imposing tomb for his mother and father ; and the genius of Schinkel produced the mausoleum which our illustration represents. Here repose the bones of Louise, who died of a broken



THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.  
From without.

heart before the reawakening of Prussia, and Frederic William III. who profited from that reawakening, and then basely broke faith with the people who had come to his deliverance. Side by side, in chaste marble effigies, the pair are pictured by the chisel of Rauch. The humble page in whom Louise had discovered the fire of genius, whom she had sent to Rome, where he was encouraged by Canova and Thorwaldsen, lived to reproduce with the most affectionate fidelity the figure of his mistress. Few modern works of art affect one so keenly as the reclining statue of Queen Louise in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG. From within.

Of other monuments or mementos, one must mention the Louise Island in the Thiergarten at Berlin. If the mausoleum belongs to the royal family, this belongs to the people. Quite close



to the favorite Thiergartenstrasse, the fashionable promenade of Berlin, opposite the house once occupied by one of the most famous authors and most profound scholars whom the American Government has ever sent abroad to represent it at a foreign court, the historian of his country, Mr. Bancroft, the Louise Island is a modest little green mound, hardly noticeable on ordinary days except for the stumpy stone tablet on which is inscribed the name "Louisa." But on every 10th of March it is brilliant with the choicest and rarest flowers. That is the birthday of Louisa; and early in the morning the people, especially of the poorer classes, gather piously about, some bringing modest tributes of their own, others curious to see the gardener's boat round the point with the offerings of the palace, but all touched, even the roughest of them, for one day in the year, by the reminiscence of a beautiful and noble woman who had suffered.



THE ETERNAL REST.