

that I was but a tool, a wheel in the great machine of state, and the orders were renewed for me to march into Hungary. Well, I will submit again—I will obey again; but I will not do so in silence; I will, at least, tell the emperor that I do it in spite of myself, and will march to Presburg and Raab only if he approves of the generalissimo's orders."

"That is to say, your imperial highness is going to declare openly against the generalissimo?"

"No; it is to say that I am going to inform my sovereign of my doubts and fears, and unbosom to him my wishes and convictions. You smile, my friend. It is true, I am yet a poor dreamer, speculating on the heart, and believing that the truth must triumph in the end. I shall, however, at least be able to say that I have done my duty, and had the courage to inform the emperor of the true state of affairs. I shall repair this very day to his majesty's headquarters at Wolkersdorf. I will dare once more to speak frankly and fearlessly to him. I will oppose my enemies at least with open visor, and show to them that I am not afraid of them. God knows, if only my own personal honor and safety were at stake, I should withdraw in silence, and shut up my grief and my apprehensions in my bosom; but my fatherland is at stake, and so is the poor Tyrol, so enthusiastic in its love, so unwavering in its fidelity; and so are the honor and glory of our arms. Hence, I will dare once more to speak the truth, and may God impart strength to my words!"

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE EMPEROR FRANCIS AT WOLKERSDORF.

THE Emperor of Austria was still at his headquarters at Wolkersdorf. The news of the victory at Aspern had illuminated the Emperor's face with the first rays of hope, and greatly lessened the influence of the peace-party over him. The war-party became more confident; the beautiful, pale face of the Empress Ludovica became radiant as it had never

been seen before; and Count Stadion told the emperor he would soon be able to return to Vienna.

But the Emperor Francis shook his head with an incredulous smile. "You do not know Bonaparte," he said, "if you think he will, because he has suffered a defeat, be immediately ready to make peace and return to France. Now he will not rest before he gains a victory and repairs the blunders he has committed. There is wild and insidious blood circulating in Bonaparte's veins, and the battle of Aspern has envenomed it more than ever. Did you not hear, Stadion, of what Bonaparte is reported to have said? He declared that there was no longer a dynasty of the Hapsburgs, but only the petty princes of Lorraine. And do you not know that he has addressed to the Hungarians a proclamation advising them to depose me without further ceremony, and elect another king, of course one of the new-fangled French princes? Do you not know that he has sent to Hungary emissaries who are calling upon the people to rise against me and conquer their liberty, which he, Bonaparte, would protect? In truth, it is laughable to hear Bonaparte still prating about liberty as though it were a piece of sugar which he has only to put into the mouth of the nations, when they are crying like babies, in order to silence them, and thereupon pull the wool quietly over their eyes. But it is true, the nations really are like babies; they do not become reasonable and wise, and the accursed word 'liberty,' which Bonaparte puts as a flea into their ears, maddens them still as though a tarantula had bitten them. They have seen in Italy and France what sort of liberty Napoleon brings to them, and what a yoke he intends to lay on their necks while telling them that he wishes to make freemen of them. But they do not become wise, and who knows if the Magyars will not likewise allow themselves to be fooled and believe in the liberty which Bonaparte promises to them?"

"No, your majesty," said Count Stadion, "the Magyars are no children; they are men who know full well what to think of Bonaparte's insidious flatteries, and will not permit him to mislead them by his deceptive promises. They received the Archduke John with genuine enthusiasm, and every day volunteers are flocking to his standards to fight against the des-

pot who, like a demon of terror, tramples the peace and prosperity of all Europe under his bloody feet. No, Bonaparte can no longer count upon the sympathies of the nations; they are all ready to rise against him, and in the end hatred will accomplish that which love and reason were unable to bring about. The hatred of the nations will crush Bonaparte and hurl him from his throne."

"Provided the princes of the Rhenish Confederation do not support him, or provided the Emperor Alexander of Russia does not catch him in his arms," said Francis, shrugging his shoulders. "I have no great confidence in what you call the nations; they are really reckless and childish people. If Bonaparte is lucky again, even the Germans will idolize him before long; but if he is unlucky, they will stone him. Just look at my illustrious brother, the generalissimo. After the defeats of Landshut and Ratisbon, and the humble letter which he wrote to Bonaparte, you, Count Stadion, thought it would be good for the Archduke Charles if we gave him a successor, and if we removed him, tormented as he is by a painful disease, from the command-in-chief of the army. We, therefore, suggested to the archduke quietly to present his resignation, which would be promptly accepted. But the generalissimo would not hear of it, and thought he would have first to make amends for the defeats which he had sustained at Landshut and Ratisbon. Now he has done so; he has avenged his former defeats and achieved a victory at Aspern; and after this brilliant victory he comes and offers his resignation, stating that his feeble health compels him to lay down the command and surrender it to some one else. But all at once my minister of foreign affairs has changed his mind: the victory of Aspern has converted him, and he thinks now that the generalissimo must remain at the head of the army. If so sagacious and eminent a man as Count Stadion allows success to mould his opinion, am I not right in not believing that the frivolous fellows whom you call 'the nations' have no well-settled opinions at all?"

"Pardon me, sire," said Count Stadion, smiling; "your majesty commits a slight error. Your majesty confounds principles with opinions. An honorable man and an honor-

able nation may change their opinions, but never will they change their principles. Now the firmer and more immovable their principles are, the more easily they may come to change their opinions; for they seek for instruments to carry out their principles; they profit to-day by the services of a tool which seems to them sufficiently sharp to perform its task, and they cast it aside to-morrow because it has become blunt, and must be replaced by another. This is what happens to the nations and to myself at this juncture. The nations are bitterly opposed to France; the whole German people, both north and south, is unanimous in its intense hatred against Napoleon. The nations do not allow him to deceive them; they see through the Cæsarean mask, and perceive the face of the tyrant, despot, and intriguer, lurking behind it. They do not believe a word of his pacific protestations and promises of freedom and liberal reforms; for they see that he always means war when he prates about peace, that he means tyranny when he promises liberty, and that he gives Draconic laws instead of establishing liberal institutions. The nations hate Napoleon and abhor his despotic system. They seek for means to annihilate him and deliver at length the bloody and trembling world from him. If the princes were as unanimous in their hatred as the nations are, Germany would stand as one man, sword in hand; and this sublime and imposing spectacle would cause Napoleon to retreat with his host beyond the Rhine, the German Rhine, whose banks would be guarded by the united people of Germany."

"You speak like a Utopian, my dear count," said the emperor, with a shrug. "If the united people of Germany are alone able to defeat and expel Bonaparte, he will never be defeated and expelled, for Germany will never be united; she will never stand up as one man, but always resemble a number of rats grown together by their tails, and striving to move in opposite directions. Let us speak no more of a united Germany; it was the phantom that ruined my uncle, the Emperor Joseph, whom enthusiasts call the Great Joseph. But I do not want to be ruined, and therefore I do not want to hear any thing of a united Germany. Thank God, since 1806, I am no longer Emperor of Germany, but only Emperor of Austria,

and that is enough for me. I do not care what the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine are doing, nor what intrigues Prussia is entering into in order to rise from its humiliating prostration; I fix my eyes only on Austria, and think only whether Austria will be able to cope with Bonaparte, or whether she may not ultimately fare as badly as Prussia did. We have unfortunately experienced already one Austerlitz; if we should suffer another defeat like it, we would be lost; hence we must be cautious, and I ask you, therefore, why you do not want me now to accept the resignation of the generalissimo, when, only a fortnight ago, you advocated his removal from the command-in-chief of the army?"

"Your majesty, because a fortnight ago he had been repeatedly defeated, and because he has now gained a brilliant victory. This shows your majesty again the difference between opinions and principles. Opinions change and are influenced by success. After the battle of Ratisbon, the generalissimo was looked upon with distrust and anxiety by his army, nay, by the whole people of Austria, who turned their eyes to the Archduke John, the victor of Sacile and St. Boniface, and wanted to see at the head of the army a victorious general, instead of the defeated Archduke Charles; but the latter has acted the hero, and been victorious at Aspern, and the love and confidence of the army and people are restored to him; all look upon him as the liberator of the fatherland, and will stand by him until—"

"Until he loses another battle," interrupted the emperor, sneeringly. "My dear count, one swallow does not make a summer, and— Well, what is it, Leonard?" said the emperor, turning quickly to his footman, who entered the room at this moment.

"Your majesty, his imperial highness the Archduke John has just arrived, and requests an audience."

"Let the archduke come in," said the emperor; and when the footman had withdrawn, Francis turned again to the minister. "He is the second swallow in which the childish people here are hoping," he said. "But two swallows do not make a summer either; there may still be a frost under which

John's young laurels of Sacile and St. Boniface will wither.— Ah, here is my brother."

The emperor advanced a few steps to meet the Archduke John, who had just crossed the threshold, and stood still at the door to bow deeply and reverentially to his imperial brother.

"No ceremonies, brother, no ceremonies," said the emperor, smiling; "we are here not in the imperial palace, but in the camp; my crown is in Vienna, and my head is therefore bare, while yours is wreathed with laurels."

The emperor said this in so sarcastic a tone that the archduke gave a start, and his cheeks crimsoned with indignation. But he restrained his anger, and fixed his eyes calmly on the sneering face of the emperor.

"Your majesty condescends to jest," he said, composedly, "and I am glad to see from this that my brother, the victor of Aspern, has gladdened your majesty's heart."

"Your majesty," said Count Stadion, in a low, pressing tone, "will you not graciously permit me to withdraw?"

"Ah, you think your presence would be inconvenient during our interview, and might hinder the free exchange of our confidential communications? But I do not believe that I and my brother have any special secrets to communicate to each other, so that the presence of my minister would be inconvenient to us. However, let the archduke decide this point. Tell me therefore, brother, is it necessary that you should see me alone and without witnesses?"

"On the contrary, your majesty," said John, calmly, "it will be agreeable to me if the minister of foreign affairs is present at our interview; for, as your majesty deigned to observe, we never have confidential communications to make to each other, and as we shall speak only of business affairs, the minister may take part in the conversation."

"Stay, then, count. And now, my esteemed brother, may I take the liberty of asking what induced the commanding-general of my army of Upper Austria, now stationed at Comorn, to leave his post and pay me a friendly visit here at Wolkersdorf?"

"Your majesty, I come to implore my sovereign to gra-

ciously fulfil the promise which your majesty vouchsafed to me at Vienna. Your majesty promised me that I should succor with the forces intrusted to me the Tyrolese in their heroic struggle for deliverance from the foreign yoke, and that I might devote all my efforts to aiding this noble and heroic people, which has risen as one man in order to be incorporated again with Austria. It was I who organized the insurrection of the Tyrol, who appointed the leaders of the peasants, and fixed the day and hour when the insurrection was to break out."

"Yes, yes, it is true," interrupted the emperor; "you proved that you were a skilful and shrewd revolutionist, and it was really fortunate for me that you availed yourself of your revolutionary talents, not *against* me, but *for* me. If I shall ever recover full possession of the Tyrol, I shall be indebted for it only to the revolutionary skill of my brother John; and I shall always look upon it as an act of great disinterestedness on your part to leave me the Tyrol, and not keep it for yourself; for it is in your hands, and it is you whom the Tyrolese in their hearts call their real emperor."

"Your majesty is distrustful of the love of the faithful Tyrolese," said John, mournfully, "and yet they have sealed it with their blood since the insurrection broke out; it was always the name of their Emperor Francis with which they went into battle, the name of the Emperor Francis with which they exulted triumphantly when God and their intrepidity made them victorious."

"No, archduke, I know better!" exclaimed the Emperor, vehemently. "They did not confine themselves to rendering homage to me, but when the peasants had taken Innsbruck, they placed the Archduke John's picture on the triumphal arch by the side of my own portrait, surrounded it with candles, and rendered the same homage to it as to that of the emperor."

"It is true, the honest peasants know nothing of etiquette," said John, sadly. "They believed in their simplicity that they might love a little their emperor's brother, who had been sent to their assistance by his majesty, and that they might place his picture without further ceremony by the side of that

of the emperor. But that they nevertheless knew very well how to distinguish the emperor from the archduke, and that they granted to the emperor the first place in their hearts, and deemed him the sole object of their loyalty, is proved by the song which the Tyrolese sang with enthusiastic unanimity on fastening the Austrian eagle to the imperial palace at Innsbruck. As such full particulars of the events in the Tyrol were sent to your majesty, I am sure this beautiful song was likewise communicated to you."

"No, it was not," said the emperor, carelessly. "What song is it?"

"Your majesty, it is a hymn of joy and triumph which, ever since that day, is sung by all Tyrolese, not only by the men, but also by the women and children, and which resounds now as the spring-hymn of the new era both in the valleys and on the summits of the mountains. I am sorry that I do not know the words by hearts, but I shall have the honor of sending them to your majesty. I remember only the refrain of every verse, which is as follows:

"Ueberall lebt'st sch treu und bieder,  
Wo der Adler uns angeschaut,  
Und nu' haben wir unsern Franzel wieder,  
Weil wir halt auf Gott und ihn vertraut."\*

"That is quite pretty," said the emperor, smiling. "And is that the song they are singing now in the Tyrol?"

"Your majesty, they not only sing it, but they believe in it too. Yes, the Tyrolese confide in your majesty; they believe implicitly in the promises which your majesty has made to them, and they would punish as a traitor any one who should dare to tell them that these promises would not be fulfilled."

"And who asserts that they will not be fulfilled?" asked the emperor.

"Your majesty, the facts will unfortunately soon convince the Tyrolese that they must not look for the fulfilment of these

\* "Far reaching as the eagle's view,  
Are beating loyal hearts and true;  
Once more our Francis can we claim,  
Because we trust in God's great name!"

promises," said the archduke, sighing. "At the very moment when the Tyrol is being threatened by two hostile armies, those of the Viceroy of Italy and the Duke of Dantzic, and when the Tyrol, therefore, if it is not to succumb again to such enormous odds, urgently needs assistance and succor, I receive orders to leave the Tyrol and march to Hungary. That is to say, I am to give up Salzburg, which is occupied by the French; I am not to succor Innsbruck, which is menaced by Baraguay d'Hilliers. Not only am I not to lend any assistance to the Tyrolese, but I am to break their moral courage and paralyze their energy, by showing to them by my retreat that the emperor's promises will not be fulfilled, and that the army of Upper Austria abandons the Tyrol to succor Hungary."

"Well, the Tyrol is not yet abandoned, even though the Archduke John is no longer there," said the emperor, shrugging his shoulders. "We have two generals with corps there, have we not? Are not the Marquis of Chasteler and Count Buol there?"

"They are, your majesty; but the Marquis of Chasteler is morally paralyzed by the sentence of outlawry which Napoleon has issued against him, and Count Buol has too few troops to oppose the enemy's operations, which are not checked by any corps outside the Tyrol."

"Ah, you wish to give me another proof of the fraternal love reigning between you and the Archduke Charles?" asked the emperor sarcastically. "You wish to oppose the orders of your generalissimo?"

"I wish to ask the emperor, my sovereign, whether I am to give up the Tyrol or not; I wish to ask him if he orders me to march my army to Presburg, unite with the insurgent forces, and operate there against the enemy."

"Are these the generalissimo's orders?"

"They are, your majesty."

"And what else does he command?"

"He commands me, further, to make myself master of the two islands of Schütt in front of Presburg, take Altenburg by a *coup de main*, and garrison, supply, and provision the two fortresses of Raab and Comorn for six months."

A sarcastic expression overspread the emperor's face. "Well, these are excellent and most energetic orders," he said. "Carry them out, therefore."

"But, your majesty, it is not in my power to do so. These orders look very fine on paper, but they cannot be carried into effect. I have neither troops nor supplies enough to garrison, supply, and provision Raab and Comorn, and hold Presburg, even after effecting a junction with the troops of the Archduke Palatine and the Hungarian volunteers. And the generalissimo is well aware of it, for I have always acquainted him with what occurred in my army; he knows that my forces and those of the Archduke Palatine together are scarcely twenty-five thousand strong, and that one-half of these troops consists of undisciplined recruits. He knows that the enemy is threatening us on all sides with forty thousand veteran troops. The generalissimo is so well aware of this, that he spoke of the weakness of the remnants of my army in the dispatches which he addressed to me only a few days ago. But the victory of Aspern seems suddenly to have made the generalissimo believe that, inasmuch as he himself has performed extraordinary things, he may demand of me what is impossible."

"What is impossible!" said the emperor, with mischievous joy. "So brave and heroic a soldier as you, archduke, will not deem impossible what his chief orders him to do. The Archduke Charles is your chief, and you have to obey him. He orders you to hold Raab and Presburg. Go, then, and carry out the orders of your commander-in-chief."

"As your majesty commands me to do so, I shall obey," said John, calmly; "only I call your majesty's attention to the fact that, if the enemy accelerates his operations and compels me soon to give battle, I shall be unable to hold Raab, for which so little has been done hitherto, and that I shall lose the battle unless the generalissimo sends a strong corps to my assistance."

"It is your business to come to an understanding with the generalissimo as to that point. He possesses my full confidence, for he showed excellent generalship at Aspern. There is no reason why I should distrust him."

"And God forbid that I should wish to render you distrustful of him!" exclaimed John, vehemently. "I hope my brother Charles will remain yet a long while at the head of the army, and give many successors to the victory of Aspern."

"But you doubt if he will, do you not?" asked the emperor, fixing his small light-blue eyes with a searching expression on John's face. "You do not rejoice much at the brilliant victory of Aspern? You do not think that Bonaparte is entirely crushed and will hasten to offer us peace?"

"Your majesty, you yourself do not believe it," said John, with a smile. "Napoleon is not the man to be deterred by a defeat from following up his plans; he will pursue them only the more energetically, and he will attain his ends, though, perhaps, somewhat less rapidly, unless we adopt more decisive measures."

"Look, Stadion," exclaimed the emperor, smiling, "I am glad that the Archduke John agrees with me. He repeats only what I said to you about Bonaparte."

"But, your majesty, the archduke added something to it," said Count Stadion, quickly; "he said Austria ought to adopt more decisive measures."

"Ah, and now you hope that the archduke will say to me what you have already said so often, and that he will make the same proposals in regard to more decisive measures as you did, minister?"

"Yes, I do hope it, your majesty."

"Well, let us see," exclaimed the emperor, with great vivacity. "Tell me, therefore, archduke, what more decisive measures you referred to."

"Your majesty," replied John, quickly, "I meant that we should strive to get rid of our isolated position, and look around for allies who will aid us not only with money, as England does, but also with troops."

"And what allies would be most desirable for Austria, according to your opinion, archduke?"

The archduke cast a rapid, searching glance on the face of the minister, who responded to it by a scarcely perceptible nod of his head.

"Your majesty," said Archduke John, quickly, "Prussia would be the most desirable ally for Austria."

The emperor started back, and then turned almost angrily to Stadion. "In truth," he said, "it is just as I thought; the archduke repeats your own proposals. It seems, then, that the formerly so courageous war-party at my court suddenly droops its wings, and thinks no longer that we are able to cope single-handed with Bonaparte. Hence, its members have agreed to urge me to conclude an alliance with Prussia, and now come the besieging forces which are to overcome my repugnance. The minister himself was the first to break the subject to me; now he calls the Archduke John to his assistance, and takes pains to be present at the very hour when the archduke arrives here to second his efforts in attacking me. Half an hour later, and the empress will make her appearance to assist you, and convince me that we ought to secure, above all things, the alliance of Prussia."

"Pardon me, your majesty," said Count Stadion, earnestly; "I have, unfortunately, not the honor of being one of the archduke's confidants, and I pledge you my word of honor that I did not know at all that his royal highness was coming hither."

"And I pledge your majesty my word of honor that neither the empress nor Count Stadion ever intimated to me, directly or indirectly, that they share my views, and have advocated them already before your majesty."

"Then you have come quite independently, and of your own accord, to the conclusion that we ought to form an alliance with Prussia?"

"Yes, your majesty; I believe that this has now become a necessity for us."

"But Prussia is a humiliated and exhausted state, which exists only by Bonaparte's grace and the intercession of the Emperor of Russia."

"Your majesty speaks of Prussia as it was in 1807," said Count Stadion, "after the defeats of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. But since then two years have elapsed, and Prussia has risen again from her prostration; she has armed secretly, rendered her resources available, and found sagacious and ener-

getic men, who are at work silently, but with unflagging zeal, upon the reorganization of the army, and preparing every thing for the day of vengeance."

"Let us ally ourselves with regenerated Prussia, which is longing for vengeance!" cried John, ardently; "let us unite with her in the struggle against our common foe. Prussia and Austria should be harmonious, and jointly protect Germany."

"No," said the emperor, almost angrily, "Prussia and Austria are natural enemies; they have been enemies ever since Prussia existed, for Prussia, instead of contenting herself with her inferior position, dared to be Austria's rival; and, moreover, Austria can never forgive her the rapacious conquest of Silesia."

"Oh, your majesty," exclaimed John, impetuously, "let us forget the past, and fix our eyes on the present and future! France is the common enemy of all Europe; all Europe ought to unite in subduing her, and we will not even solicit the cooperation of our neighbor! But an alliance between Austria and Prussia will render all Germany united, and Germany will then be, as it were, a threatening rock, and France will shrink from her impregnable bulwarks, and retire within her natural borders."

"Words, words!" said the emperor, shrugging his shoulders. "You enthusiasts always *talk* of a united Germany, but in reality it has never existed yet."

"But it will exist when Prussia and Austria are allied; only this alliance must be concluded soon, for we have no time to lose, and every delay is fraught with great danger. France is intent on establishing a universal monarchy; Napoleon does not conceal it any longer. If France really succeeds in keeping the German powers at variance and enmity, and uniting with Russia against them, our last hour will strike; for these two powers, if united, will easily come to an understanding as to the division of Europe; and even though Russia did not entertain such an intention, France would communicate it to her.\* Hence, Russia should likewise be gained, and its alli-

\* The archduke's own words.—See "Letters from the Archduke John to Johannes von Müller," p. 81.

ance, by Russia's intercession, be secured, so that Germany, in days of adversity, might count upon her."

"You believe then, archduke, that days of adversity are yet in store for us?" asked the emperor.

"Your majesty, I am afraid they are, if we stand alone. All is at stake now, and all must be risked. We are no longer fighting for provinces, but for our future existence. We shall fight well; but even the best strength is exhausted in the long run, and he who holds out longest remains victorious. Which side has better chances? Austria, so long as she opposes France single-handed, has not; but Austria and Prussia, if united, assuredly have. If Austria falls now, the best adversary of France falls, and with her falls Prussia, and Germany is lost."

"And what would you do, archduke, if Austria, as you say, were lost?"

"Your majesty, if Austria should sink into ruin, I should know how to die!"

"You would, like Brutus of old, throw yourself upon your sword, would you not? Well, I hope we shall not fare so badly as that, for you have pointed out to me a way of saving the country. You have proved to me that Austria can be saved by an alliance with Prussia. Fortunately, I have sometimes ideas of my own, and even a head of my own. I had this morning a long interview with the Prince of Orange, who has just arrived from Königsberg, where he saw the King of Prussia. He laid before me a detailed report of what he had seen there, and I made up my mind before I had heard your advice.—Count Stadion, be so kind as to take the paper lying on the desk. Do you know the handwriting?"

"I believe it is your majesty's handwriting," said Count Stadion, who, in accordance with the emperor's order, had taken the paper from the desk.

"Yes, it is my handwriting; for, though not as learned as my brother John, I am at least able, if need be, to write a letter. Be so kind, minister, as to read my letter aloud."

Count Stadion bowed, and read as follows:

"To his majesty, King Frederick William of Prussia :

"HEADQUARTERS, WOLKERSDORF, June 8, 1809.

"SIR, MY BROTHER : The Prince of Orange, who has arrived at my headquarters here, has told me unreservedly, and with full confidence, of the repeated conversations he had with your majesty during his recent sojourn at Königsberg. You left no doubt in his mind as to your firm conviction that the existence of our two monarchies can be protected from the rapacious system of the Emperor Napoleon only by an active and cordial alliance. For a long time past, aware of the opinions and wisdom of your majesty, I could foresee that your majesty would not refuse to take a step, justified not less by the logic of events than the loyalty of the nations which Providence has confided to our care.

"The bearer, Colonel Baron Steigentesch, a distinguished staff-officer of my army, will confer with your majesty's government as to the questions which may arise in regard to an alliance between the two countries : he is authorized to regulate the proportions of the forces to be employed on both sides, and the other arrangements not less salutary than indispensable for the security of the two states. For the same reasons I shall speedily send instructions to my ambassador at Berlin in conformity with the overtures made by Count von der Goltz.

"Your majesty will permit me to assure you that I remain as ever,

Your most obedient,

"FRANCIS, Emperor of Austria."\*

While Count Stadion was reading the letter, the emperor closely watched the effect it produced upon the archduke. He saw that John was at first surprised, that his eyes gradually brightened, that his face crimsoned with joy, and that a smile played round his lips.

When Count Stadion was through, the archduke stepped up to the emperor with an expression of profound emotion and intense gratitude.

"Your Majesty," he cried, "you have filled me both with shame and ecstasy. Oh, give me your hand, let me press it to

\* "Lebensbilder," vol. iii., p. 266.

my lips ; let me thank you for this gracious punishment ! I am grateful, too, for the gracious confidence with which you initiate me into your plans."

"That is unnecessary," said the emperor, without giving him his hand ; "you need not thank me. Nor was it my intention to give you a special proof of my confidence. I did not cause the letter to be read to you in order to have you participate in my plans, but only to prove to you that I can make up my mind without your advice, and to request you not to molest me henceforth with any such suggestions. Now, brother, we have nothing further to say to each other. Return to Comorn, and carry out the generalissimo's order, as behooves a good officer, promptly, carefully, and without grumbling. Fortify and hold Raab, defend Presburg, take Altenburg by a *coup de main* ; in short, do all that the generalissimo wants you to do. If I should need your advice and wisdom, I shall send for you ; and when Baron Steigentesch returns from his mission to Prussia, you shall be informed of the results. Farewell, brother, and let me soon hear of new victories !"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE REPLY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

TWO weeks after this interview between the Archduke John and the emperor, the archduke, at the request of the emperor, repaired again to the imperial headquarters at Wolkersdorf, and sent in his name to his brother.

"You come just in time, brother," said the emperor, when John entered his cabinet. "I knew that Baron Steigentesch would arrive here to-day, hence I sent for you, for I promised to let you hear the reply of the King of Prussia to my proposal. The colonel did arrive a few minutes ago, and waits in the anteroom for an audience."

"Before admitting him, your majesty, pray listen to me," said John, in a grave, tremulous voice.