

prisoners retire without molestation, and with all the honors of war."

"Your will shall be done, of course, your excellency," said the count, bowing respectfully. "Deliver your list to the prime minister, and go down-stairs to carry out the wishes of his excellency."

The chief delivered the list of the captured rioters, and left the room, after saluting the two dignitaries in the most respectful manner.

"And we—? may we go likewise, your excellency?" asked Mr. Wenzel, timidly.

"Yes, you may go," said Thugut. "But only on one condition. Mr. Wenzel, you must first recite to me the song which the honorable people were howling when you came here."

"Ah, your excellency, I only know a single verse by heart!"

"Well, then, let us have that verse. Out with it! I tell you, you will not leave this room until you have recited it. Never fear, however; for whatever it may be, I pledge you my word that no harm shall befall you."

"Very well," said Mr. Wenzel, desperately. "I believe the verse reads as follows:

"Triumph! triumph! es siegt die gute Sache!
Die Türkenknechte flieh'n!
Laut tönt der Donner der gerechten Sache,
Nach Wien und nach Berlin."*

"Indeed, it is a very fine song," said Thugut, "and can you tell me who has taught you this song?"

"No, your excellency, I could not do it. Nobody knows it besides. It was printed on a small handbill, and circulated all over the city. A copy was thrown into every house, and the working-men, when setting out early one morning, found it in the streets."

"And did you not assist in circulating this excellent song, my dear Mr. Wenzel?"

"I? God and the Holy Virgin forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Wenzel, in dismay. "I have merely sung it, like all the rest of us, and sung it to the tune which I heard from the others."

"Well, well, you did right, for the melody is really pleasing. Such songs generally have the peculiarity that not a single word of them is true; people call that poetry. Now, you may go, my poeti-

* "Triumph! triumph! the good cause conquers!
The despots' minions flee!
The thunders of the just cause
Reach Vienna and Berlin!"

This hymn was universally sung at that time (1797) in all the German States, not merely by the popular classes, but likewise in the exclusive circles of the aristocracy. It is found in a good many memoirs of that period.

cal Mr. Wenzel, and you others, whom the people sent with this pacific mission to me. Tell your constituents that I will this time comply mercifully with their wishes, and give them peace, that is, I will let them go, and not send them to the calaboose, as they have abundantly deserved. But if you try this game again, and get up another riot, and sing that fine song once more, you may rest assured that you will be taken to jail and taught there a most unpleasant lesson. Begone now!"

He turned his back on the trembling citizens, and took no notice of the respectful bows with which they took leave of him, whereupon they retired with soft but hasty steps, like mice escaping from the presence of the dreaded lion.

"And now, my dear count, as we have finished our breakfast, let us return to my cabinet, for I believe we have to settle some additional matters."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO MINISTERS.

BARON THUGUT took the count's arm and led him back to his cabinet.

"I read a question in your eyes," he said, smiling; "may I know what it is?"

"Why, yes, your excellency," replied Count Saurau.

"Let me ask you, then, what all this means? Why did you excuse the chief of police, who evidently had not done his duty and been guilty of a lack of vigilance? And why did you let these rascals go, instead of having them whipped to death?"

"You were away from Vienna, count? You were absent from the capital because you accompanied their majesties on their trip to Presburg, and have returned only an hour ago. Am I right?"

"Perfectly right, your excellency."

"Then you could not be aware of what has happened meanwhile here in Vienna, and the chief of police could not have informed you of the particulars. Well, then, he came to me and told me that an insurrection had been planned against the two emperors—(I believe you know that the people does us the honor of calling us the two emperors of Vienna), and that the faction hostile to us was going to make an attempt to overthrow us. A great deal of money had been distributed among the populace. Prince Carl von Schwarzenburg himself had dropped some indiscreet remarks. In short, the faction which hates me because I do not deem seditious Belgium a priceless jewel of the crown of Austria, and do not advise the emperor to keep

that remote province at any price—the faction which detests both of us because we do not join its enthusiastic hymns in honor of the French Republic and the republican General Bonaparte—this faction has hired the miserable rabble to represent the people, to break my windows, and frighten me sufficiently to make me ready and willing to adopt its insane policy. The chief of police came to see me yesterday. He gave me an account of the whole affair, and declared himself fully prepared to protect my palace, and to nip the riot in the bud. I begged him not to do any thing of the kind, but to look on passively and attentively, and only come to my palace after the mob had entered it. I was very anxious for once to find out something definite about the strength, courage, and importance of the opposing faction. It is always desirable to know one's adversaries, and to learn as accurately as possible what they are capable of. Besides, it was a splendid opportunity for the police to discover the sneaking demagogues and ringleaders of the mob, and to take down their names for the purpose of punishing them by and by, as we Europeans unfortunately cannot imitate the example of that blessed Queen of Egypt, who took a thousand conspirators by the tails, and, holding them in her left hand, cut off their thousand seditious heads with one stroke of the sword in her right hand. Unfortunately, we have to act by far more cautiously."

"But why did you dismiss all the rioters this time without giving them into custody?" asked the count, moodily.

"Why, we have them all by the tails, anyhow," laughed Thugut, "for have not we got the list of the names here? Ah, my dear little count, perhaps you thought I would have gone in my generosity so far as to tear this list, throw the pieces away, and avert my head, like the pious bishop who found a murderer under his bed, permitted him to escape, and averted his head in order not to see the fugitive's face and may be recognize him on some future occasion? I like to know the faces of my enemies, and to find out their names, and, depend upon it, I shall never, never forget the names I read on this list."

"But for the time being, these scoundrels, having escaped with impunity, will go home in triumph, and repeat the same game as soon as another occasion offers."

"Ah, I see you do not know the people at all! Believe me, we could not have frightened them worse than by letting them go. They are perfectly conscious of their guilt. The very idea of not having received any punishment at our hands fills them with misgivings, and they tremble every moment in the expectation that they will have to suffer yet for their crime. Remorse and fear are tormenting them, and *they* are the best instruments to rule a people with. My

God, what should be done with a nation consisting of none but pure and virtuous men? It would be perfectly unassailable, while its vices and foibles are the very things by which we control it. Therefore, do not blame the people on account of its vices. I love it for the sake of them, for it is through them that I succeed in subjecting it to my will. The idea of acting upon men by appealing to their virtues, is simply preposterous. You must rely on their faults and crimes, and, owing to the latter, all these fellows whom we dismissed to-day without punishment have become our property. The discharged and unpunished criminal is a *sbirro*—the police has only to hand him a dagger, and tell him, 'Strike there!' and he will strike."

"Your excellency believes, then, that even the ringleaders should not be punished?"

"By no means. Of course some of them should be chastised, in order to increase the terror of the others. But for God's sake, no public trials—no public penalties! Wenzel should be secretly arrested and disposed of. Let him disappear—he and the other ringleaders who were bold enough to come up here. Let us immure them in some strong, thick-walled prison, and while the other rioters are vainly tormenting their heavy skulls by trying to guess what has become of their leaders, we shall render the latter so pliable and tame by all kinds of tortures and threats of capital punishment, that when we finally set them free again, they will actually believe they are in our debt, and in their gratitude become willing tools in our hands to be used as we may deem best."

"By *thé* eternal, you are a great statesman, a sagacious ruler!" exclaimed Count Saurau, with the gushing enthusiasm of sincere admiration. "Men grow wise by listening to you, and happy and powerful by obeying you! I am entirely devoted to you—full of affection and veneration—and do not want to be any thing but your attentive and grateful pupil."

"Be my friend," said Thugut. "Let us pursue our career hand in hand—let us always keep our common goal in view, and shrink back from no step in order to reach it."

"Tell me what I am to do. I shall follow you as readily as the blind man follows his guide."

"Well, if you desire it, my friend, we will consider a little how we have to steer the ship of state during the next months in order to get her safely through the breakers that are threatening her on all sides. During the few days of your absence from the capital, various events have occurred, materially altering the general state of affairs. When you departed, I advised the emperor not to make peace with France under any circumstances. We counted at that

time on the regiments of grenadiers whom we had sent to the seat of war, and who, under the command of Archduke Charles, were to defend the defiles of Neumarkt against the advancing columns of the French army. We knew, besides, that the French troops were worn out, exhausted, and anxious for peace, or that General Bonaparte would not have addressed that letter to the Archduke Charles, in which he requested the latter to induce the Emperor of Austria to conclude peace with France. In accordance with our advice, the archduke had to give Bonaparte an evasive answer, informing him that, in case of further negotiations, he would have to send to Vienna for fresh instructions."

"But, your excellency, you were firmly determined not to make peace with France!"

"So I was, and even now I have not changed my mind; but we are frequently compelled to disguise our real intentions, and events have occurred, which, for the present, render peace desirable. You need not be frightened, my dear count—I merely say, for the present. In my heart I shall never make peace with France, and my purpose remains as fixed as ever—to revenge Austria one day for the humiliations we have suffered at her hands. Never forget that, my friend; and now listen to me. Late dispatches have arrived. Massena, after a bloody struggle with our troops, has taken Friesach, and advanced on the next day to attack the fresh regiments of our grenadiers in the gorges of Neumarkt. Archduke Charles had placed himself at the head of these regiments, firing the courage of the soldiers by his own heroic example. But he was confronted by the united French forces from Italy and Germany, and in the evening of that disastrous day the archduke and his grenadiers were compelled to evacuate Neumarkt, which was occupied by the victorious French. The archduke now asked the French general for a cessation of hostilities during twenty-four hours in order to gain time, for he was in hopes that this respite would enable him to bring up the corps of General von Kerpen, and then, with his united forces, drive the enemy back again. But this little General Bonaparte seems to possess a great deal of sagacity, for he rejected the request, and sent a detached column against Von Kerpen's corps, which separated the latter still farther from our main army. Bonaparte himself advanced with his forces as far as Fudenberg and Leoben. In order to save Vienna, there was but one course left to the archduke: he had to make proposals of peace."

"Did he really do so?" asked Count Saurau, breathlessly.

"He did. He sent two of our friends—Count Meerveldt, and the Marquis de Gallo—to Bonaparte's headquarters at Leoben, for the purpose of opening negotiations with him."

"Did your excellency authorize the archduke to do so?" asked the count.

"No, I did not, and I might disavow it now if it suited me, but it does not—it would not promote our interests—and I know but one policy, the policy of interest. We should always adopt those measures which afford us a reasonable prospect of gain, and discard those which may involve us in loss. Power alone is infallible, eternal, and divine, and power has now decided in favor of France. Wherefore we must yield, and don the garb of peace until we secure once more sufficient power to renew hostilities. We must make peace! Our aim, however, should be to render this peace as advantageous to Austria as possible—"

"You mean at the expense of France?"

"Bah!—at the expense of Germany, my dear little count. Germany is to compensate us for the losses which peace may inflict. If we lose any territory in Italy, why, we shall make it up in Germany, that is all."

"But in that case, there will be another terrible hue and cry about the infringement of the rights of the holy German empire," said Count Saurau, smiling; "Prussia will have a new opportunity of playing the defender of the German fatherland."

"My dear count, never mind the bombastic nonsense in which Prussia is going to indulge—we shall take good care that nothing comes of it. Prussia has no longer a Frederick the Great at her head, but the fat Frederick William the Second—"

"But his life," said the count, interrupting him, "I know for certain, will last but a few days, at best for a few weeks; for his disease, dropsy of the chest, you know, does not even respect kings."

"And when Prussia has lost her present fat king, she will have another, Frederick William—a young man twenty-seven years of age, *voilà tout!* He is just as old as General Bonaparte, and was born in the same year as this general whose glory already fills the whole world; but of the young heir of the Prussian throne the world has heard nothing as yet, except that he has a most beautiful wife. He is not dangerous, therefore, and I hope and believe that Austria never will lack the power to humiliate and check this Prussian kingdom—this revolutionary element in the heart of the German empire. The danger, however, that threatens us now, does not come from Prussia, but from France, and especially from this General Bonaparte, who, by his glory and his wonderful battles, excites the wildest enthusiasm for the cause of the revolution, and delights the stupid masses so much that they hail him as a new messiah of liberty. Liberty, detestable word! that, like the fatal bite of the tarantula,

renders men furious, and causes them to rave about in frantic dances until death strikes them down."

"This word is the talismanic charm with which Bonaparte has conquered all Italy, and transformed the Italians into insurgents and rebels against their legitimate sovereigns," said Count Saurau, mournfully.

"All Italy? Not yet, my friend. A portion of it still stands firm. The lion of St. Mark has not yet fallen."

"But he will fall. His feet are tottering already."

"Well, then, we must try to make him fall in a manner which will entitle us to a portion of the spoils. And now, my dear little count, we have reached the point which claims our immediate attention. The preliminaries of the peace have been concluded at Leoben, and until peace itself is established, we should pursue such a policy that the peace, instead of involving Austria in serious losses, will give her a chance to increase her strength and enlarge her territory. We must keep our eyes on Bavaria—for Bavaria will and must be ours as soon as a favorable opportunity offers. If France should object and refuse to let us seize our prey, why, we will be sure to revive the old quarrel about Belgium, which will render her willing and tame enough."

"But what shall we do if Prussia should support the objections of France? Shall we satisfy her, too, by giving her a piece of Germany?"

"On the contrary, we shall try to take as much as possible *from* her; we shall try to humiliate and isolate her, in order to deprive her of the power of injuring us. We shall endeavor so to arrange the peace we are going to conclude with France as to benefit Austria, and injure Prussia as much as we can. In the north, we shall increase our territory by the acquisition of Bavaria; in the south, by the annexation of Venice."

"By the annexation of Venice!" ejaculated Count Saurau, greatly astonished at what he had heard. "But did you not just tell me that Venice still stood firm?"

"We must bring about her fall, my dear count; that is our great task just now; for, I repeat, Venice is to compensate us on our southern frontier for our losses elsewhere. Of course, we ought to receive some substantial equivalent for ceding Belgium to France, and if it cannot be Bavaria, then let it be Venice."

"Nevertheless, I do not comprehend—"

"My dear count, if my schemes were so easily fathomed, they could not be very profound. Everybody may guess the game I am playing now; but the cards I have got in my hand must remain a secret until I have played them out, or I would run the risk of losing

every thing. But this time I will let you peep into my cards, and you shall help me win the game. Venice is the stake we are playing for, my dear count, and we want to annex her to Austria. How is that to be brought about?"

"I confess, your excellency, that my limited understanding is unable to answer that question, and that I cannot conceive how a sovereign and independent state is to become an Austrian province in the absence of any claims to its territory, except by an act of open violence."

"Not exactly, my dear count. Suppose we set a mouse-trap for Venice, and catch her, like a mouse, in it? Listen to me! We must encourage Venice to determine upon open resistance against the victor of Lodi, and make war upon France."

"Ah, your excellency, I am afraid the timid signoria will not be bold enough for that, after hearing of our late defeats, and of the new victories of the French."

"Precisely. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that the signoria should hear nothing of it, but believe exactly the reverse, viz., that our troops are victorious; and this task, my friend, devolves upon you. Pray dispatch, at once, some reliable agents to Venice, and to other parts of the Venetian territory. Inform the signoria that the French have been defeated in the Tyrol and in Styria, and was now in the most precarious position. Through some other confidential messenger send word to Count Adam Neipperg, who, with some of our regiments occupies the southern Tyrol in close proximity to the Venetian frontier, that Venetia is ready to rise and needs his assistance, and order him to advance as far as Verona. The Venetians will look upon this advance as a confirmation of the news of our victories. The wise little mice will only smell the bait, and, in their joy, not see the trap we have set for them. They will rush into it, and we shall catch them. For a rising in Venice will be called nowadays a rebellion against France, and France will hasten to punish so terrible a crime. The Venetian Republic will be destroyed by the French Republic, and then we shall ask France to cede us Venice as a compensation for the loss of Belgium."

"By the Eternal! it is a splendid—a grand scheme!" exclaimed Count Saurau—"a scheme worthy of being planned by some great statesman. In this manner we shall conquer a new province without firing a gun, or spilling a drop of blood."

"No. Some blood will be shed," said Thugut, quietly. "But it will not be Austrian blood—it will be the blood of the Venetian insurgents whom we instigate to rise in arms. This bloodshed will glue them firmly to us, for no cement is more tenacious than blood."

And now, my dear count, as you know and approve of my plans, I pray you to carry them out as rapidly as possible. Dispatch your agents without delay to Venice and to the Tyrol. We have no time to lose, for the preliminaries of Leoben only extend to the eighteenth of April, and until then Venice must have become a ripe fruit, which, in the absence of hands to pluck it, will spontaneously fall to the ground."

"In the course of an hour, your excellency, I shall have executed your orders, and my most skilful spies and agents will be on their road."

"Whom are you going to send to the Venetian signoria?"

"The best confidential agent I have—Anthony Schulmeister."

"Oh, I know him; he has often served me, and is very adroit, indeed. But do not forget to pay him well in order to be sure of his fidelity, for fortunately he has a failing which renders it easy for us to control him. He is exceedingly covetous, and has a pretty wife who spends a great deal of money. Pay him well, therefore, and he will do us good service. And now, farewell, my dear count. I believe we understand each other perfectly, and know what we have to do."

"I have found out once more that the Austrian ship of state is in the hands of a man who knows how to steer and guide her, as no other ruler does," said Count Saurau, who rose and took his hat.

"I have inherited this talent, perhaps, my dear count. My father, the ship-builder, taught me all about the management of ships. *Addio, caro amico mio.*"

They cordially shook hands, and Count Saurau, with a face radiant with admiration and affection, withdrew from the cabinet of the prime minister. A smile still played on his features when the footman in the anteroom assisted him in putting on his cloak, whereupon he rapidly descended the magnificent marble staircase which an hour ago had been desecrated by the broad and clumsy feet of the populace. But when the door of his carriage had closed behind him, and no prying eyes, no listening ears were watching him any longer, his smile disappeared as if by magic, and savage imprecations burst from his lips.

"Intolerable arrogance! Revolting insolence!" said he, angrily. "He thinks he can play the despot, and treat all of us—even myself—worse than slaves. He dares to call me 'his little count!' His little count! Ah, I shall prove to this ship-builder's son one day that little Count Saurau is, after all, a greater man than our overbearing and conceited prime minister. But patience, patience! My day will come. And on that day I shall hurl little Thugut from his eminent position!"

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE IN THE GUMPENDORFER SUBURB.

VIENNA was really terribly frightened by the near approach of the French army, and the conviction of their dangerous position had excited the people so fearfully that the Viennese, generally noted for their peaceful and submissive disposition, had committed an open riot—for the sole purpose, however, of compelling the all-powerful prime minister to make peace with France. Archduke Charles had been defeated—the emperor had fled to Hungary.

None of all these disastrous tidings had disturbed the inmates of a small house on the outskirts of the Gumpendorfer suburb, in close proximity to the Mariahilf line. This little house was a perfect image of peace and tranquillity. It stood in the centre of a small garden which showed the first tender blossoms of returning spring on its neatly arranged beds. Dense shrubbery covered the white walls of the house with evergreen verdure. Curtains as white and dazzling as fresh snow, and, between them, flower-pots filled with luxuriant plants, might be seen behind the glittering window-panes. Although there was nothing very peculiar about the house, which had but two stories, yet nobody passed by without looking up to the windows with a reverential and inquisitive air, and he who only thought he could discover behind the panes the fugitive shadow of a human being, made at once a deep and respectful bow, and a proud and happy smile overspread his features.

And still, we repeat, there was nothing very peculiar about the house. Its outside was plain and modest, and the inside was equally so. The most profound silence prevailed in the small hall, the floor of which had been sprinkled with fresh white sand. A large spotted cat—a truly beautiful animal—lay not far from the front door on a soft, white cushion, and played gracefully and gently with the ball of white yarn that had just fallen from the woman sitting at the window while she was eagerly engaged in knitting. This woman, in her plain and unassuming dress, seemed to be a servant of the house, but at all events a servant in whom entire confidence was reposed, as was indicated by the large bunch of keys, such as the lady of the house or a trusted housekeeper will carry, which hung at her side. An expression of serene calmness rendered her venerable features quite attractive, and a graceful smile played on her thin and bloodless lips as she now dropped her knitting upon her lap, and, with her body bent forward, commenced watching the merry play of the cat on the cushion. Suddenly the silence was

interrupted by a loud and shrill scream, and a very strange-sounding voice uttered a few incoherent words in English.

At the same time a door was opened hastily, and another woman appeared—just as old, just as kind-looking, and with as mild and serene features as the one we have just described. Her more refined appearance, however, her handsome dress, her beautiful cap, her well-powdered *toupet*, and the massive gold chain encircling her neck, indicated that she was no servant, but the lady of the house.

However, peculiarly pleasant relations seemed to prevail between the mistress and the servant, for the appearance of the lady did not cause the latter to interrupt her merry play with the cat: and the mistress, on her part, evidently did not consider it strange or disrespectful, but quietly approached her servant.

"Catharine," she said, "just listen how that abominable bird, Paperl, screams again to-day. I am sure the noise will disturb the doctor, who is at work already."

"Yes, Paperl is an intolerable nuisance," sighed Catharine. "I cannot comprehend why the *Kapellmeister*—I was going to say the doctor—likes the bird so well, and why he has brought it along from England. Yes, if Paperl could sing, in that case it would not be strange if the *Ka*—, I mean the doctor, had grown fond of the bird. But no, Paperl merely jabbars a few broken words which no good Christian is able to understand."

"He who speaks English can understand it well enough, Catharine," said the lady, "for the bird talks English, and in that respect Paperl knows more than either of us."

"But Paperl cannot talk German, and I think that our language, especially our dear Viennese dialect, sounds by far better than that horrid English. I don't know why the doctor likes the abominable noise, and why he suffers the bird to disturb his quiet by these outrageous screams."

"I know it well enough, Catharine," said the doctor's wife, with a gentle smile. "The parrot reminds my husband of his voyage to England, and of all the glory and honor that were showered upon him there."

"Well, as far as that is concerned, I should think it was entirely unnecessary for my master to make a trip to England," exclaimed Catharine. "He has not returned a more famous man than he was already when he went away. The English were unable to add to his glory, for he was already the most celebrated man in the whole world when he went there, and if that had not been the case, they would not have invited him to come and perform his beautiful music before them, for then they would not have known that he is such a splendid musician."

"But they were delighted to see him, Catharine, and I tell you they have perfectly overwhelmed him with honors. Every day they gave him festivals, and even the king and queen urged him frequently to take up his abode in England. The queen promised him splendid apartments in Windsor Castle, and a large salary, and in return my husband was to do nothing but to perform every day for an hour or so before her majesty, or sing with her. Nevertheless, he had the courage to refuse the brilliant offers of the king and queen, and do you know, Catharine, why he rejected them?"

Catharine knew it well enough; she had frequently heard the story from her mistress during the two years since the doctor had returned from England, but she was aware that the lady liked to repeat it, and she liked it very much, too, to hear people talk about her beloved master's fame and glory, having faithfully served him already for more than twenty years. Hence she said, with a kind-hearted smile:

"No, indeed, I don't know it, and I cannot comprehend why the doctor said *no* to the king and queen of England."

"He did so for *my* sake, Catharine!" said the lady, and an expression of joyful pride shed a lustre of beauty and tenderness over her kind old face. "Yes, I tell you, it was solely for my sake that my husband came home again. 'Remain with us!' said the king to him. 'You shall have every thing the queen has offered you. You shall live at Windsor, and sing once a day with the queen. Of you, my dear doctor, I shall not be jealous, for you are an excellent and honest German gentleman.' And when the king had told him that, my husband bowed respectfully, and replied: 'Your majesty, it is my highest pride to maintain this reputation. But just because I am an honest German, I must tell you that I cannot stay here—I cannot leave my country and my wife forever!'"

"'Oh, as far as that is concerned,' exclaimed the king, 'we shall send for your wife. She shall live with you at Windsor.' But my husband laughed and said: 'She will never come, your majesty. She would not cross the Danube in a skiff, much less make a trip beyond the sea. And, therefore, there is nothing left to me but to return myself to my little wife.' And he did so, and left the king, and the queen, and all the noble lords and ladies, and came back to Vienna, and to his little wife. Say, Catharine, was not that well done of him?"

"Of course it was," said Catharine; "the fact was, our good doctor loved his wife better than the queen, and all the high-born people who treated him so well in England. And, besides, he knew that people hereabouts treat him with as much deference as over there, and that if he only desired it, he could hold daily intercourse

with the emperor, the princes, and the highest dignitaries in the country. But he does not care for it. The fact is, our master is by far too modest; he is always so quiet and unassuming, that nobody, unless they knew him, would believe for a single moment that he is so far-famed a man; and then he dresses so plainly, while he might deck himself with all the diamond rings and breast-pins, the splendid watches and chains, which the various sovereigns have given to him. But all these fine things he keeps shut up in his desk, and constantly wears the same old silver watch which he has had already God knows how long!"

"Why, Catharine, that was the wedding-present I gave him," said the good wife, proudly; "and just for that reason my husband wears it all the time, although he has watches by far more beautiful and valuable. At the time I gave him that watch, both of us were very poor. He was a young music-teacher, and I was a hair-dresser's daughter. He lived in a small room in my father's house, and as he often could not pay the rent, he gave me every day a lesson on the piano. But in those lessons, I did not only learn music—I learned to love him, too. He asked me to become his wife, and on our wedding-day, I gave him the silver watch, and that is just the reason why he wears it all the time, although he has by far better ones. His wife's present is more precious to him than what kings and emperors have given to him."

"But he might wear at least a nice gold chain to it," said Catharine. "Why, I am sure he has no less than a dozen of them. But he never wears one of them, not even the other day when the Princess Esterhazy called for him with her carriage to drive with him to the emperor. The doctor wore on that occasion only a plain blue ribbon, on which his own name was embroidered in silver."

"Well, there is a story to that ribbon," said the mistress, thoughtfully. "My husband brought it likewise from London, and he got it there on one of his proudest days. I did not know the story myself, for you are aware my husband is always so modest, and never talks about his great triumphs in London, and I would not have learned any thing about the ribbon if he had not worn it the other day when he accompanied the princess to the emperor. Ah, Catharine, it is a very beautiful and touching story!"

Catharine did not know this story at all; hence she asked her mistress with more than usual animation to tell her all about the ribbon.

The doctor's wife assented readily. She sat down on a chair at Catharine's side, and looked with a pleasant smile at the cat who had come up to her, and, purring comfortably, lay down on the hem of her dress.

"Yes," said she, "the story of that ribbon is quite touching, and I do not know really, Catharine, but I will have to shed a few tears while telling it. It was in London, when my husband had just returned from Oxford, where the university had conferred upon him the title of Doctor of—"

"Yes, yes, I know," grumbled Catharine, "that is the reason why we now have to call him doctor, which does not sound near as imposing and distinguished as our master's former title of *Kapellmeister*."

"But then it is a very high honor to obtain the title of doctor of music in England, Catharine. The great composer Handel lived thirty years in England without receiving it, and my husband had not been there but a few months when they conferred the title upon him. Well, then, on the day after his return from Oxford, he was invited to the house of a gentleman of high rank and great wealth, who gave him a brilliant party. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present, and when my husband appeared among them they rose and bowed as respectfully as though he were a king. When the doctor had returned the compliment, he perceived that every lady in the room wore in her hair a ribbon of blue silk, on which his name had been embroidered in silver. His host wore the same name in silver beads on his coat-facings, so that he looked precisely as if he were my husband's servant, and dressed in his livery. Oh, it was a splendid festival which Mr. Shaw—that was the gentleman's name—gave him on that day. At length Mr. Shaw asked the doctor to give him a souvenir, whereupon he presented him with a snuff-box he had purchased in the course of the day for a few shillings; and when my husband requested the lady of the house, whom he pronounces the most beautiful woman on earth, to give him likewise a souvenir; Mrs. Shaw thereupon took the ribbon from her head and handed it to him; and my husband pressed it to his lips, and assured her he would always wear that ribbon on the most solemn occasions. You see, Catharine, he keeps his promise religiously, for he wore the ribbon the other day when he was called to the imperial palace. But my story is not finished yet. Your master called a few days after that party on Mr. Shaw, when the latter showed him the snuff-box he had received from my husband. It was enclosed in a handsome silver case, a beautiful lyre was engraved on the lid, with an inscription stating that my great and illustrious husband had given him the box.* How do you like my story, Catharine?"

"Oh, it is beautiful," said the old servant, thoughtfully; "only, what you said about that beautiful Mrs. Shaw did not exactly please

* The inscription was: "Ex dono celeberrimi Josephi Haydn."

me. I am sure the doctor got the parrot also from her, and for that reason likes the bird so well, although it screeches so horribly, and doubtless disturbs him often in his studies."

"Yes, he got the bird from Mrs. Shaw," replied her mistress, with a smile. "She taught Paperl to whistle three airs from my husband's finest quartets, singing and whistling the music to the bird every day during three or four weeks for several hours, until Paperl could imitate them; and when my husband took leave of her, she gave him the parrot."

"But the bird never whistles the tunes any more. I have only heard Paperl do it once, and that was on the day after the doctor's return from England."

"I know the reason why. The bird hears here every day so much music, and so many new melodies which the doctor plays on his piano, that its head has grown quite confused, and poor Paperl has forgotten its tunes."

"It has not forgotten its English words, though," murmured Catharine. "What may be the meaning of these words which the bird is screaming all the time?"

"That beautiful Mrs. Shaw taught Paperl to pronounce them, Catharine. I do not know their precise meaning, but they commence as follows: 'Forget me not, forget me not—' Good Heaven! the bird has commenced screaming again. I am sure it has not had any sugar to-day. Where is Conrad? He ought to attend to the bird."

"He has gone down town. The doctor has given him several errands."

"Good Heaven! the screams are almost intolerable. Go, Catharine, and give poor Paperl a piece of sugar."

"I dare not, madame; it always snaps at me with its abominable beak, and if the chain did not prevent it from attacking me, it would scratch out my eyes."

"I am afraid of it, too," said the lady, anxiously; "nevertheless we cannot permit the bird to go on in this manner. Just listen to it—it is yelling as though it were going to be roasted. It will disturb my husband, and you know the doctor is composing a new piece. Come, Catharine, we must quiet the bird. I will give him the sugar."

"And I shall take my knitting-needles along, and if it should try to bite, I will hit it on the beak. Let us go now, madame."

And the two women walked boldly across the anteroom, toward the door of the small parlor, in order to commence the campaign against the parrot. The cat followed them gravely and solemnly, and with an air as though it had taken the liveliest interest in the conversation, and thought it might greatly assist them in pacifying the screaming bird.

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

WHILE the parrot's screams had rendered the mistress and her maid so uneasy, the most profound stillness and quiet reigned in the upper rooms of the little house. Not a sound interrupted the silence of this small, elegantly-furnished sitting-room. Even the sun apparently dared only to send a few stealthy beams through the windows, and the wind seemed to hold its breath in order not to shake the panes of the small chamber adjoining, venerated by all the inmates of the house as a sacred temple of art.

In this small chamber, in this temple of art, a gentleman, apparently engaged in reading, was seated at a table covered with papers and music-books, close to an open piano. He was no longer young; on the contrary, beholding only the thin white hair hanging down on his expansive and wrinkled forehead, and his stooping form, it became evident that he was an old man, nearly seventy years of age. But as soon as he raised his eyes from the paper, as soon as he turned them toward heaven with an air of blissful enthusiasm, the fire of eternal youth and radiant joyousness burst forth from those eyes; and whatever the white hair, the wrinkled forehead, the furrowed cheeks and the stooping form might tell of the long years of his life, those eyes were full of youthful ardor and strength—only the body of this white-haired man was old; in his soul he had remained young—a youth of fervid imagination, procreative power, and nervous activity.

This venerable man with the soul, the heart, and the eyes of a youth, was Joseph Haydn, the great composer, whose glory, even at that time, filled the whole world, although he had not yet written his greatest masterpieces—the "Creation" and the "Seasons."

He was working to-day at the "Creation."* The poem, which had been sent to him from England, and which his worthy friend Von Swieten had translated into German, lay before him. He had read it again and again, and gradually it seemed as if the words were transformed into music; gradually he heard whispering—low at first, then louder, and more sublime and majestic—the jubilant choirs of heaven and earth, that were to resound in his "Creation."

As yet he had not written a single note; he had only read the poem, and composed in reading, and inwardly weighed and tried the sublime melodies which, when reduced to time and measure, and combined into an harmonious whole, were to form the new im-

* Hadyn commenced the "Creation" in 1797, and finished it in April, 1798.