

"Let us not desecrate this solemn moment by any additional words. Every thing for Prussia! Let that be our watchword! and so I bid you farewell for to-day. Every thing for Prussia!"

"Every thing for Prussia!" repeated the two gentlemen, taking leave of the queen.

Louisa sent a long, melancholy look after them; then she turned hastily around and crossed the room with rapid steps; the sudden draught produced by her quick passage blew the music-paper from the piano to the floor; it fell exactly at the queen's feet.

She picked it up; it was the song she had sung an hour ago. A painful smile played on the lips of the queen, and raising her eyes sadly to heaven, she whispered, in a low voice:

"Oh, my God, grant that this may not be an omen, and that I may not be compelled to eat my bread with tears, and to weep through nights of affliction! But if it must be, O God, give me strength to bear my misfortunes uncomplainingly, and to be a comfort to my husband, a mother to my children!"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE OATH AT THE GRAVE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE wishes of the queen had rapidly been fulfilled; public opinion had declared in Berlin with rare energy and emphasis against France, and the people had received the news of the violation of Prussia's neutrality with a unanimous cry of rage and horror. The inhabitants of Berlin, usually so peaceable and addicted to pleasure, seemed all at once transformed into heroes grave and eager for war, who no longer knew any other aim than to avenge as speedily as possible the insult offered to them, and to call France to account for the outrage she had committed against Prussia.

"War! war!" That was the word of jubilee and supplication now resounding on every street, and in every house; like one exulting prayer of the whole nation, it rose to the windows of the royal palace, and seemed to rap gently at them, so that the king might open them and let it penetrate into his heart.

The people spoke everywhere of this one great affair; they asked each other, in conversation: "Shall we take up arms? Shall we declare war against France?"

Those who answered these questions in the negative were treated in the most contemptuous manner; the people turned their backs on them with angry glances and threatening murmurs; to those, how-

ever, who replied in the affirmative, they offered their hands joyfully and greeted them as friends and allies.

Minister von Haugwitz was known to be an adherent of the French and an opponent of the war; the people rushed to his house and broke his windows, shouting loudly and angrily, "We do not want peace! Let all the French and friends of the French perish!"

Minister von Hardenberg, on the other hand, was hailed by the people with the most enthusiastic applause wherever he made his appearance; and on their return from the house of Minister von Haugwitz, they hurried to Hardenberg's humble residence in order to cheer him and to shout, "War! war! We want war with France!"

Not only the people in the streets, however, but also the best classes of the public participated in this general enthusiasm, and did not hesitate to give vent to it in public. Even the royal functionaries found suddenly sufficient energy to show themselves as German patriots, and it was certainly not unintentional that "Wallenstein's Camp," by Schiller, was to be performed at the Royal Theatre during those days of general excitement.

Everybody wished to attend this performance; all Berlin rushed to the Royal Theatre, and the fortunate persons who had succeeded in obtaining tickets were envied by the thousands unable to gain admission. The theatre was crowded; the pit was a surging sea, the gallery was filled to suffocation, and in the boxes of the first and second tiers the aristocratic, elegant, educated, and learned world of all Berlin seemed to have met. All faces were glowing, all lips were smiling, all eyes were sparkling; every one was aware that this was to be a political demonstration, and every one was happy and proud to participate in it.

When Prince Louis Ferdinand made his appearance in the small royal proscenium-box, all eyes turned immediately toward him, and when he bent forward from his box, and seemed to greet the audience with his merry eyes and winning smile, there arose a storm of applause as though a favorite singer had just concluded an *aria di bravura* and received the thanks of the enraptured listeners. Suddenly, however, the loud applause died away, perhaps because the prince had waved his hands as if he wished to calm this roaring sea—perhaps because the attention of the audience was attracted by somebody else. The eyes of the crowd turned from the prince toward an adjoining box. Four gentlemen, in brilliant uniforms, had just entered it; but these uniforms were not those of the Prussian army, and the broad ribbons which these gentlemen wore across their breasts, were not the ribbons of Prussian orders. The newcomers, who had entered the box, were the members of the French



embassy—General Lefèvre, with his attachés, and General Duroc, whom Napoleon had recently again sent to Berlin in order to strengthen the friendly relations of France and Prussia. It was certainly a mere accident that Prince Louis Ferdinand, just at the moment when these gentlemen intended to salute him, turned to the opposite side, and did not see and acknowledge their greetings; it was certainly a mere accident that the audience, which had just now shouted and applauded jubilantly, all at once commenced hissing loudly.

The members of the French embassy took good care not to refer this hissing to themselves; they took their seats quietly near the balustrade of the box, and seemed to take no notice of the loud murmurs and the threatening glances of the audience.

The band now struck up the overture. It was a skilfully arranged medley of well-known popular war-songs, interlarded with the Dessauer and Hohenfriedberger march, as if the enthusiasm of the audience were to be carried to the highest pitch by brilliant reminiscences of the heroic deeds and imperishable glory of Prussia.

All at once a joyful murmur spread through the pit, the boxes, and the gallery. "The king, the queen!" whispered everybody, and all those hundreds of faces turned toward the small proscenium-box which the royal couple had just entered.

The queen, radiantly beautiful, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, greeted the audience with an enchanting smile; the king, whose brow seemed unusually gloomy and clouded, cast only a hesitating and anxious glance over the house, and then withdrew behind the crimson curtain of the box.

The stage-curtain rose; the performance commenced. The audience followed it with the most ardent sympathy; every word referring to the liberty and independence of Germany, was hailed with thunders of applause, and jubilant shouts resounded at every allusion to foreign tyranny and despotism. The actors had now reached the last part of the piece, the merry, soul-stirring horseman's song concluding the whole. "*Wohlauf, Kameraden, auf's Pferd, auf's Pferd!*" sang the chorus on the stage, and the audience followed every verse, every line, with breathless attention. All at once people looked in great surprise at each other, and then listened with the utmost suspense to the singers, who had added to the merry horseman's song a verse which had not been heard heretofore. And when the last words of this verse had died away, the whole audience shouted and roared, "*Da capo! da capo!*" In the pit, in the boxes, in the gallery, in short, every one rose to their feet, and all eyes again turned to the box in which the members of the French embassy were seated, and thus, standing, in a jubilant tone and

with threatening glances, the whole audience joined the chorus of the actors on the stage; for they knew already the words of the additional verse by heart, and sang in a thundering voice:

"Wohlauf, Kameraden, zur Schlacht, zum Krieg,  
In's Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen.  
Zur blutigen Schlacht, zum rächenden Sieg  
Über den, der uns Freundschaft gelogen!  
Und Tod und Verderben dem falschen Mann,  
Der treulos den Frieden brechen kann!"\*

And the audience repeated once more the last two lines

"Und Tod und Verderben dem falschen Mann,  
Der treulos den Frieden brechen kann!"

All eyes then turned to the royal box. The king was still hidden behind the small curtain. The queen had risen. Folding her hands, as if praying, she had raised her eyes to heaven, and two tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

Prince Louis Ferdinand bent toward Minister von Hardenberg, who had just entered his box. "Do you see the queen?" he said, in a low voice. "Does she not look really like a genius praying for Prussia?"

"Ah, and, perhaps, weeping for Prussia!" whispered Hardenberg. "But let us not give way now to gloomy anticipations. I am the bearer of good and unexpected news. Listen to me. The king and the queen will rise in a few minutes in order to leave the box, and who knows whether the audience will be patient and calm enough to witness the whole ballet, which is just commencing? I see some of my agents already below in the pit, where they have made their appearance in order to circulate my news."

"I beseech your excellency, be here your own agent, and communicate the news to me."

Minister Hardenberg bent closer to the prince's ear. "I suppose you know that, thanks to the influence of the queen, I have induced the king to sign a tolerably warlike and threatening note to the Emperor of the French?"

"But will this note really be forwarded to Napoleon?"

"It has already been forwarded. But I had sent also a messenger to the Emperor of Russia with a copy of this note, and the emperor, it seems, has understood my mission, for— But, just look, my proph-

\* "On, comrades, to battle, to war—let us march into the field and fight for liberty! To bloody battle, to avenging victory over him who has lied friendship to us! And death and destruction to the false man who has perfidiously broken the peace!"

This whole scene is strictly in accordance with history; and the additional verse, if not literally the same, renders at least the sentiment of the lines which were sung on that memorable evening.—Vide "*Mémoires d'un Homme d'État*," vol. viii., p. 496, and "*Napoleon; a Memoir*," by —, vol. ii., p. 73.



ecy commences being fulfilled. The king and the queen rise and leave their box; and notice, too, the migration beginning in the pit, and among the occupants of the orchestra-stalls. The beautiful ballet-girls will soon dance before empty benches."

"But do not let me die with curiosity, your excellency. Tell me at length what has occurred."

"A surprise, prince. The Emperor Alexander will reach Berlin within an hour!"

"Are you not jesting? Do you speak in earnest?"

"In dead earnest, prince. The emperor comprehends that the favorable hour must be improved, and he comes in order to conquer the friendship of Frederick William, and to overcome his indecision, so that they may then vanquish the French invader with their united forces. The emperor is a very sagacious man, and being half a German, he knows doubtless the German proverb, 'Strike while the iron is hot.' Our noble queen, with both of us and our excellent people, will help the emperor to strike the iron. Look, the people commence striking already. They rush from the theatre in order to receive the Emperor Alexander at the gate, and to cheer him while he is riding to the palace. Let us follow the example of the people of Berlin. Let us go to receive the Emperor Alexander—if it please God, our ally—at the gate."\*

Hardenberg's predictions were to be fulfilled this time. Thanks to the powerful allies who were fighting for his policy and for Prussia, the king summoned up sufficient courage to take a decisive resolution. Those allies of Hardenberg and Prussia were now not only the queen, Prince Louis Ferdinand, and public opinion, but they were joined by the Emperor Alexander, who had arrived from Poland, and the Archduke Anthony, whom the Emperor of Austria had sent to Berlin at the same time for the purpose of winning the friendship of the king. But still another ally suddenly and unexpectedly entered the lists for Hardenberg's policy and for the coalition, and this ally was the good fortune and genius of Napoleon.

Dreadful tidings reached Berlin simultaneously with the arrival of Archduke Anthony. Napoleon had gained another victory; he had defeated the Austrians at Ulm; † twenty-three thousand Austrians had laid down their arms at the feet of the Emperor of the French, and then started as prisoners of war for France.

Surrounded by a brilliant staff, Napoleon made the humiliated, vanquished Austrians file off before him, between the French army,

\* The Emperor Alexander arrived in Berlin quite unexpectedly on October 23, 1805; the courier who had announced his arrival had reached the Prussian capital only a few hours previously.

† October 20, 1805.

which was drawn up in two lines. When they laid down their arms, and when this flashing pile rose higher and higher, Napoleon's face, which, amidst the hail of bullets and the dangers of the battle, had preserved its marble, antique calmness, became radiant, as if lighted up by a sunbeam, and he turned with a gracious smile toward the Austrian generals and officers, who approached him humbly and with lowered heads, in order to thank him for giving them permission to return to Austria, and for not compelling them to accompany their soldiers as prisoners of war to France.

But this smile disappeared rapidly from the emperor's countenance, which now became threatening and angry. In a voice rolling like thunder over the heads of the humiliated Austrians, the emperor said: "It is a misfortune that men so brave as you, whose names are honorably mentioned wherever you have fought, should now become the victims of the stupidities of a cabinet which only dreams of senseless schemes, and does not hesitate to endanger the dignity of the state and of the nation. It was an unheard-of proceeding to seize me by the throat without a declaration of war; but it is a crime against one's own people to bring about a foreign invasion; it is betraying Europe, to draw Asiatic hordes into our combats. Instead of attacking me without any good reason whatever, the Austrian cabinet ought to have united with me for the purpose of expelling the Russian army from Germany. This alliance of your cabinet is something unheard of in history; it cannot be the work of the statesmen of your nation; it is, in short, the alliance of the dogs and shepherds with the wolf against the sheep. Had France succumbed in this struggle, you would have speedily perceived the mistake you have committed."\*

Such were the tidings which Archduke Anthony had brought with him from Vienna; such was the new ally Hardenberg had won for his policy and for Prussia.

This new victory, this new conquest Napoleon had made in Germany, loomed up before the king as a danger which menaced himself, and compelled him to take up arms for his own defence. The threatening and defiant language of the French emperor sounded truly revolting to the heart of the German king, and instead of being intimidated by this new and unparalleled triumph, by this threatening language Napoleon had made use of, he was only provoked to offer him resistance; he perceived all at once that he could only be the servant and slave of this powerful man, or his enemy, and that Napoleon never would tolerate any one as an equal at his side. What were those three German princes who had found three crowns on the battle-field of Ulm? Those new Kings of Wur-

\* "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 153.



temberg and Bavaria, that Grand-duke of Baden, were only vassals and servants of the Emperor of France, who had first given, and then *permitted* them to wear these crowns.

King Frederick William needed no such crown. A genius stood at his side and breathed with a heavenly smile into his ear: "It is better to die in an honorable struggle for freedom than to live in splendor and magnificence, but with a stain on your honor."

And the king listened to the voice of his genius: he listened to the voice of his minister, who implored him to defend the integrity of his state for the sake of the honor and welfare of Prussia and Germany; he listened to the voice of his people, who demanded war loudly and ardently; he listened to the voice of the Emperor Alexander, who vowed to him eternal love and eternal friendship; he listened, finally, to the voice of his own heart, which was the heart of a true German, and felt deeply the insult offered to him.

King Frederick William listened to all these voices, and resolved at length on war against France.

On the 3d of November the Emperor Alexander and King Frederick William signed at Potsdam a *secret* treaty, by which Prussia agreed to intervene between Napoleon and the allies. By virtue of this treaty Prussia was to summon the Emperor of the French to reestablish the former treaties, and to restore the former state of affairs; that is to say, to give up almost all his conquests, to indemnify Sardinia, to recognize the independence of Naples, of the German empire, of Holland, of Switzerland, and to separate the crown of Italy from that of France. If France should not consent to these conditions, Prussia agreed to ally herself openly and unreservedly with the coalition, and take the field with an army of 180,000 men. A Prussian negotiator was to lay these conditions before the Emperor Napoleon, and the term at which Prussia should be obliged to act should expire four weeks after the date of the treaty.\*

The king, who, in his kindness, was anxious to indemnify Minister von Haugwitz for the coldness with which he had been latterly treated, and for his broken windows, had commissioned him to deliver a copy of the treaty of Potsdam to Napoleon, and to negotiate with him. Haugwitz, therefore, left Berlin in order to repair to the emperor's headquarters. It is true, he did not know exactly where to find them, but he was satisfied that Napoleon would take care to make his whereabouts known to him by fresh deeds of heroism and victories, and Count Haugwitz, therefore, set out.

According to the wishes of the King of Prussia, the treaty of Potsdam, for some time at least, was to be kept secret; only those immediately concerned should be informed of its contents, but not

\* Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 652.

the public generally, and no one was to suspect that Prussia had at length given up her policy of neutrality.

This secrecy, however, was distasteful to the Emperor Alexander; moreover, it made Minister von Hardenberg fear lest the king, at the decisive moment, might be once more gained over to his former favorite policy of neutrality by the French party at court. It would be wise, therefore, to force the king so far forward as to render it impossible for him to recede, and to betray so much of the secret of the concluded alliance as was required to fasten the king to it.

Hence, the emperor, at the hour of his departure for Austria, requested the Queen and King of Prussia to accompany him to the grave of Frederick the Great. At midnight, on the 5th of November, they repaired, therefore, to the garrison church at Potsdam, the lower vault of which contains the coffin of the great king. A single torch-bearer accompanied the three august visitors, whose steps resounded solemnly in the silent, gloomy halls.

Arriving at the king's coffin, the emperor knelt down; his face, lighted up by the glare of the torch, was radiant with enthusiasm. On the other side of the dark vault stood the king and the queen, both with folded hands; the king with a gloomy and reserved air, he queen with her eyes turned to heaven, and her face beaming with pious emotion and joy.

Alexander, still remaining on his knees, now raised his folded hands toward heaven. "At the grave of the most heroic king," he said in a loud and solemn voice—"at the grave of Frederick the Great, I swear to my ally, the King of Prussia, an oath of everlasting love and constancy; I swear an oath of everlasting constancy and love to the sacred cause which has united us for the most exalted purpose. Never shall my constancy waver; never shall my love grow cold! I swear it!"

He kissed the coffin and rose from his knees; his eyes, glistening with tears, then turned toward the king, as he said:

"It is your turn now, my brother, to swear the oath."

The king hesitated.

The queen laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and bent her beautiful face so close to him that he felt her breath, like the kiss of an angel, on his cheek.

"Swear the oath, my friend, my beloved," she whispered; "swear to be faithful to the holy alliance against the French tyrant; swear everlasting constancy and love to our noble ally."

The king hesitated no longer; he raised his head resolutely and approached the coffin. Laying his hand upon it, he repeated in a grave and calm voice the words which the queen had uttered before, and which she now whispered with trembling lips.



All three then grasped each other's hands over the coffin; thus they stood a long while, deeply moved and silent.

All at once this silence was interrupted by the loud, ringing notes of the church clock, announcing the first hour of the new day. The sounds died away, and the chime of the bells now commenced playing in clear and sweet notes the old German hymn, *Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*"\*

The king inclined his head, as if in silent prayer; an almost imperceptible, strange smile overspread the noble features of the emperor. The queen, however, glowing with enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"God and the spirit of Frederick the Great give us the motto of our alliance: '*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*' Let us remember it as long as we live!"

"Let us remember it," repeated the two sovereigns, with a firm, manly grasp. They looked at each other, and with their eyes bade each other a last farewell.

Then they turned silently away and left the royal vault.

Five minutes later, the Emperor Alexander of Russia was on his way to Olmütz, in order to join there the Emperor Francis of Austria, who had fled thither from Napoleon and his victorious army.

At Olmütz the plan for the campaign of the third coalition against Napoleon was to be agreed upon.

\* Hölty's beautiful hymn, "Be honest and faithful until they lay thee in thy cool grave."

## THE FALL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

#### EVIL TIDINGS.

It was in the last days of November, 1805. After the victory of Ulm, the Emperor Napoleon had established his headquarters in Brunn, where he seemed to wait for his adversaries to attack him. There was no longer one enemy opposed to him; he had no longer to cope with Austria alone, but also with Russia, whose emperor was now at Olmütz with the Emperor of Austria, for the purpose of agreeing with him on the plan of operations by which Napoleon was to be defeated. The Russian army had already formed a junction with the Austrian forces, and even the Russian life-guards, the *élite* of their army, had left Russia in order to accompany their emperor to the great decisive battle.

But Napoleon had likewise brought his guards along, and these splendid troops were impatient and eager to fight the last decisive battle with the Austrians and with "the hordes of the Russian barbarians."

Napoleon, however, still hesitated; his plans apparently had not been matured, and he seemed undecided whether to advance still further or to content himself with the victories he had already obtained.

This last alternative was urged on him by his generals, who believed the victory of Ulm to be so brilliant a triumph that the French army might repose on its laurels, instead of drawing the sword once more.

Napoleon, however, did not assent to these views of his generals.

"If we had to cope only with the Austrians we might be satisfied, but there are the Russians, too, and it will be necessary for us to send them home. We must give them their passports."

Greatly elated at this idea, the emperor ordered his horse to be brought to him.

"We will examine the country a little," he said to his generals; "accompany me, gentlemen."

And surrounded by his brilliant staff, consisting of the most



illustrious and victorious officers of his army, the emperor rode out far into the plain between Brünn and Vichau, crowned all around with hills and mountains. His bold, searching glances surveyed the country in every direction; not a height, not a tree, not a ravine, escaped his attention; he examined every thing, and seemed to engrave them on his soul. It was near nightfall when he returned with his generals from this long ride to his headquarters. He had all day been taciturn and absorbed, and none of his generals had been permitted to participate in his plans and observations. He had only sometimes directed their attention by a laconic word or by a wave of his hand to some peculiarity of the landscape, and the generals had received these words and gestures like the mysterious hints of an oracle, with the most respectful attention, in order to weigh them in their minds, and to indelibly engrave them in their memory. On his arrival at the door of his headquarters, the emperor turned his pale, grave face once more to the plain which they had just left.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "study that part of the country as closely as possible; you will have to play a rôle in it within a few days. General Suchet, on the left side of your division there is an isolated mound, commanding your entire front. Cause fourteen cannon to be placed on it in the course of the present night."\* He nodded to the gentlemen and entered his cabinet.

He paced his room for a long while with folded arms, compressed lips, and a gloomy air.

"I need a few days more," he muttered. "If they should attack me now, quickly and resolutely, I must succumb; if they give me three days' time, however, I shall defeat them."

When he then stooped musingly before his desk, he suddenly noticed the papers lying on it.

"Ah," he said, hastily seizing a large, sealed letter, "a courier, who has brought dispatches in my absence! From the minister of the navy—news from the fleet!"

He broke the seal hurriedly and unfolded the paper. While reading it his mien became still more gloomy; a cloud of anger settled on his expansive brow, and his cheeks, which had hitherto only been pale, turned livid.

The glance which he now cast toward heaven would have reminded the spectator of the Titans who dared to hurl their missiles even at the Sovereign Deity; the words muttered by his quivering lips were an angry oath.

With this oath he crumpled up the paper in his hand, threw it down and stamped on it; then, as if ashamed of his own violence,

\* Napoleon's own words. Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 169.

he sank down on a chair, and laid his hands slowly, and with a deep sigh, on his trembling, pale face. The modern Titan had now found out for the first time that there was a God enthroned in heaven more powerful than himself; for the first time an invisible hand had stopped him in his hitherto victorious course.

The paper he had just trampled under foot announced to him the first great defeat, the first check his grand schemes had met with.

The French fleet had been completely beaten and almost annihilated by the English at Trafalgar.\* England, the only enemy who had constantly opposed Napoleon in a menacing and fearless manner, detested England had gained a magnificent triumph. She had destroyed the whole naval power of France, and won a brilliant victory; a victory which humiliated France and overwhelmed her with disgrace. It is true it was a dearly-bought victory for England, for Nelson, her greatest naval hero, had paid for his immortal triumph with his life. The French admiral, Villeneuve, who was defeated at Trafalgar, had not even been lucky and wise enough to expiate his ignominy by his death; he had fallen, a despairing prisoner, into the hands of the English, and served as a living trophy to the triumphant conquerors.†

Such were the terrible tidings which Napoleon had just received; it was the first thunderbolt which the God of heaven had hurled down upon the powerful Titan.

But the Titan did not feel crushed by it; the thunderbolt only served to fan the fire in his breast.

He rose from his seat, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"I cannot be everywhere," he said, aloud, "but my enemies shall soon find out that I am here, and I shall know how to avenge the disgrace of Trafalgar by a brilliant victory."‡

The door behind him opened at this moment, and the chief of the imperial cabinet, M. de Bourrienne, entered.

"Sire," he said, "the two Austrian envoys, Count de Giulay and Count Stadion, have returned, and beg your majesty to grant them an audience."

"So late at night!" exclaimed the emperor. "Why did they not come in the daytime?"

"They pretend to have been detained by the impassable state of the roads, but assert to be able to lay before your majesty some

\* October 21, 1806.

† Admiral Villeneuve was released by the English government. Napoleon banished him to Rennes, where he committed suicide on the 26th of April, 1806, by piercing his heart with a pin.

‡ Napoleon's own words.



highly important intelligence, which would seem entirely calculated to bring about the conclusion of peace so longed for by Austria."

"Let the gentlemen come in," said the emperor, after a short reflection, and he placed his foot again on the crumpled paper, as if he wished to choke the secret of its contents, so that it might not betray itself to the Austrians.

Bourrienne had gone out, and the two Austrian envoys, Count Giulay and Count Stadion, now appeared on the threshold.

"You return to me," said the emperor, hastily, to them; "my conditions have been accepted, then? I told you I should not negotiate separately with Austria, but that I should require Russia to participate in the negotiations, and to be included in the treaty of peace on which we might agree. You come, then, in the name of the Emperors of Austria and Russia?"

"No, sire," said Count Stadion, respectfully, "we come only in the name of Austria."

"The emperor, our august master," began Count Giulay—but Napoleon interrupted him quickly.

"I shall listen to you only if you are authorized to speak in the name of the two emperors," said Napoleon. "I already told you so yesterday, and I do not see what should induce me to-day to change my mind. The state of affairs is precisely the same."

"Pardon me, sire, it is not," said Count Giulay, firmly.

The emperor fixed a piercing glance on him, as if he wished to read in the innermost recesses of his heart.

"And why is it not the same?" he asked, while his eye slowly turned toward the foot, under which he concealed the sinister dispatch.

"Your majesty was yesterday pleased to say that Austria, although she might boast of the active support of Russia, could never count on the assistance of Prussia, and that Prussia's neutrality was as useful to France as Russia's active support to Austria."

"Why do you repeat the words I uttered yesterday?" asked the emperor, impetuously.

"Sire, because Prussia is no longer neutral," said Count Stadion, solemnly.

"Because Prussia is ready to become, like Russia and England, the active ally of Austria," added Count Giulay.

Napoleon's flashing, gloomy eyes looked alternately at the two Austrian envoys.

"How did you obtain that information?" he asked at last.

"Sire, from his majesty the Emperor of Russia. He has concluded a treaty with the king at Potsdam, by which Frederick William III. declares his readiness to participate in the campaign

and to assist Austria, unless your majesty should condescend to accept the conditions which the King of Prussia is to propose as mediator between the coalition and France."

"Ah, the King of Prussia is going to propose conditions to me?" exclaimed Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. "Do you know those conditions?"

"The King of Prussia will propose to your majesty to surrender the crown of Italy, not to disturb the princes of Italy in their possessions and independence, to recognize the independence of the German empire, of Holland, of Switzerland, to—"

"Enough!" said Napoleon, impatiently. "The Emperor Alexander has taken the liberty to tell you a story, and your credulity must have greatly delighted him. Can you seriously believe that the King of Prussia would in his infatuation go so far as to hope that I should accept propositions of so ridiculous a description? Truly, even if I were a vanquished and humiliated emperor, I should stab myself with my own sword rather than submit to such a disgrace. It seems I have not yet engraved my name deeply enough into the marble tablets of history, and I shall prove to these overbearing princes, who believe their legitimacy to be the Gorgon's head they only need show in order to crush me—I shall prove to them *who I am, and to whom the future belongs, whether to them or to me!* However, it is unnecessary to say so much about things which do not exist."

"Sire, the treaty of Potsdam *does* exist," said Count Stadion. "The envoy whom the King of Prussia has sent off to lay its stipulations before your majesty would have reached your headquarters already if he had travelled as rapidly as the Emperor Alexander, who left Potsdam simultaneously with him."

"Well, let him come; I shall see, then, whether you have told me a story or not," replied Napoleon. "If the King of Prussia has dared to do this, by God, I will pay him for it!\* But this does not change my resolutions and plans in any respect. I shall enter into negotiations with Austria only on condition that Russia participates in them. State it to those who have sent you, and now farewell."

He nodded to the two gentlemen, and turning his back to them, stepped to the window. Only when a slight jarring of the door told him that they had withdrawn, the emperor turned around and commenced again, his hands folded behind his back, slowly pacing the room.

He then stopped before the large table in the middle of the room, and unrolled one of the maps lying on it. It was a map of

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide Hormayer, vol. i., and Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 680.



southern Germany. After spreading it on the table, the emperor commenced marking it with pins, the variously-colored heads of which designated the different armies of the Russians, Austrians, and French.

The emperor was engaged all night in this task, in studying the map, and in measuring and calculating the distances some of his troops would have to march before reaching the field of action. The wax-candles in the silver chandelier burned down, but he did not notice it; the fire in the fireplace had gone out, but he did not feel it; the door of his cabinet was softly opened from time to time, and the pale face of his *valet de chambre* Constant, who was evidently exhausted with long waking, appeared, but the emperor did not heed it. His soul was concentrated on one idea, on one aim, viz., to pursue the glorious course of his victories, to humiliate Germany as he had humiliated Italy, and to drown the echoes of Trafalgar by a brilliant triumph.

Morning was already dawning, when Napoleon at length rose from the table and commenced again slowly pacing the room.

"Time, time!" he said, "I only need three days for moving up the third corps, which is already on the march from Bohemia. Time! And yet I must gain a great and brilliant victory before Prussia allies herself openly with Austria and Russia against France. If I should not succeed in doing so, the army of my enemies would be increased by one hundred and fifty thousand men. Hence," he said, after a pause, quite merrily and hopefully, "hence, I must succeed."

He returned to the map and pointed his finger at it.

"The Austrians are over there at Olmütz," he said, quickly. "Here, the Russian guards; there, the united corps of Kutusof and Buxhowden; farther on, the vanguard under Prince Bagration. If they should advance now rapidly, resolutely, directly toward my front, the odds would be too overwhelming; if they should tarry, or if I should succeed in causing them to hesitate until I have got my Bohemian corps in line, I should defeat them. Let us try it, therefore; let us feign inactivity and timidity, so that they may not become active. Cunning is the best ally of a general; let us try to deceive them."

He went to his desk, and taking some gilt-edged paper, commenced writing rapidly.

Fifteen minutes later an orderly requested General Savary to repair to the emperor's cabinet.

Napoleon received the general with a kindly smile, but he was silent, and looked almost irresolutely at the letter he held in his hand. Suddenly, however, he seemed to come to a firm resolution,

and handing the letter to Savary, he said: "Take this letter to Olmütz; deliver it to the Emperor of Russia, and tell him that, having learned that he had arrived at the headquarters of his army, I had sent you to welcome him in my name. If he should converse with you, and put questions to you, you know the replies that should be made under such circumstances. Go."\*

"And now," said the emperor, when Savary had left him, "now we will sleep a little. Constant!"

The door opened immediately, and the *valet de chambre* entered.

"Ah, I am afraid you have had a bad night of it," said the emperor, kindly.

"Sire, your majesty has again been awake all the night long, and—"

"And consequently," said Napoleon, interrupting him—"consequently you have been awake, too. Well, console yourself; we shall soon have more quiet nights; console yourself, and do not report me to the Empress Josephine when we have returned to Paris. My dear Josephine hates nothing so much as sleepless nights."

"Sire, the empress is right; she ought to hate them," said Constant, respectfully. "Your majesty, taking no rest whatever in the daytime, needs repose at least in the night. Your majesty sleeps too little."

"By doing so I am better off than the sluggards, inasmuch as my life does not only consist of days, but also of nights," replied Napoleon, good-humoredly. "I shall have lived eighty years then in the space of forty. But be quiet, Constant, I will now comply with your wishes and sleep."

Constant hastened to open the door leading to the bedroom. "Oh, no," said the emperor, "if I say I will sleep, I do not mean that I will go to bed. Beds are, on the whole, only good for old women and gouty old men. When I was second lieutenant, I once made the experiment not to go to bed for six months, but to sleep on the floor or on a chair, and it agreed very well with me. Give me the handkerchief for my head, and my coat, Constant."

Constant hurried with a sigh to the bedroom in order to fetch the articles Napoleon had ordered; and while he was wrapping the silken handkerchief around the emperor's head, and assisted him in putting on his gray, well-lined, and comfortable cloth-coat instead of the uniform, the emperor softly whistled and hummed an air.

He then snugly stretched himself in his arm-chair, and kindly nodding to Constant, he said: "As soon as General Savary has returned, let him come in."

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 171.



Constant softly glided into the anteroom. He met there some of his acquaintances.

"I have important news for you, gentlemen," he said. "We shall fight a battle in two or three days."

"Did the emperor tell you so?"

"No, he is not in the habit of speaking of such things. But during the night-toilet he whistled Marlborough's air, and he does so only when there is to be a battle."\*

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

#### BEFORE THE BATTLE.

FIVE hours later General Savary reëntered the emperor's cabinet; he was still lying on his arm-chair and sleeping; but when the general accosted him in a low voice, Napoleon opened his eyes and asked eagerly: "Well, did you see the czar?"

"Yes, sire, I saw him and conversed with him."

"Ah," exclaimed Napoleon, quickly, "tell me all about it; do not omit any thing. How did he look when he read my letter?"

"Sire, when I had delivered your letter to the Emperor Alexander, he went with it into an adjoining room, from which he returned only half an hour later, with a reply in his hand."

"Give me the letter, Savary!"

"Sire, here it is."

Napoleon took it hastily; but when he fixed his eyes on the address, he frowned.

"Ah, this emperor 'by the grace of God' believes he need not address me with the title conferred upon me by the French nation," he said, hastily. "He does not write to the Emperor of the French, but 'to the chief of the French government.'† Did you read the address, Savary?"

"The Emperor Alexander called my attention to it himself, sire. I remember his words distinctly. They were as follows: 'The address does not contain the title which your chief has assumed since then. I do not set any great value on such trifles; but it is a rule of etiquette, and I shall alter it with pleasure as soon as he has given me an opportunity for doing so.'‡

"And what did you reply to him?"

"Sire, I replied, 'Your majesty is right. This can only be a

\* "Mémoires de Constant," vol. iv., p. 109.

† Historical.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.

‡ Alexander's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.

rule of etiquette, and the emperor will not judge it in any other way. When he was general-in-chief of the Italian army he already gave orders and prescribed laws to more than one king; contented with the homage of the French, he only deems it a satisfaction for them to be recognized."\*

"Your reply was fitting and to the point," said Napoleon, with a pleasant nod, while he opened the emperor's letter and glanced over it. "Phrases, empty words," he then exclaimed, throwing the letter contemptuously on the table. "Talleyrand was right when he said language was given to us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts. Those men use it for that purpose."

"Sire, the emperor did not conceal his thoughts during our interview," replied the general. "I conversed with him long and freely, and I may say that he uttered his opinions very frankly. The Emperor Alexander said: 'Peace was only to be thought of if your majesty should stipulate reasonable terms which would not hurt anybody's feelings, and which would not be calculated to weaken the power and importance of the other princes and to increase that of France. France was a power already large enough; she needed no aggrandizement, and the other powers could not tolerate such a one.'"

"Ah, I shall teach them to tolerate it nevertheless; I shall prove to all of them that France is at the head of all monarchies, and compel them to recognize the Emperor of France with bowed heads!"

He paced the room hastily with angry eyes and panting breast. His steps, however, became gradually more quiet, and the furrows disappeared from his forehead.

"I need two days more," he muttered to himself—"two days, and I must have them, Savary." He then said aloud, turning to the general: "Did you make no further observations? Did you not notice the spirit animating the Russian camp?"

"Sire, the whole youth of the highest Russian nobility were at the emperor's headquarters, and I conversed with many of them; I heard and observed a great many things."

"Well, and what do they think of us?"

Savary smiled. "Sire," he said, "those young men did not breathe any thing but war and victory, and they seemed to believe that your majesty wished to avoid active hostilities since the Russians had formed a junction with the Austrians."

"Ah, did they seem to believe that?" exclaimed Napoleon, joyfully. "Well, we will try to strengthen their belief. General, take a bugler along and return to the headquarters of the emperor. Tell him that I propose to him an interview for to-morrow in the open

\* Historical.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.