

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.

field between the two armies, the time and hour to be designated by himself, and a cessation of hostilities to take place for the next twenty-four hours. Go!"

"I believe," said the emperor, when he was alone again, "I believe I have gained my second day also, and I only want a third one, in order to be able to vanquish all my enemies. Those arrogant Russians believe, then, that I wish to avoid a battle, and to remain in my present position? I will try to strengthen this opinion of theirs; earthworks shall be thrown up, and the batteries shall be fortified. Every thing must have the appearance of anxiety and timidity."

And Napoleon summoned his generals and gave them aloud these new orders, but, in a whisper, he instructed them to begin the retrograde movement, and to let the troops occupy the positions he had selected for them on the extensive ground he had reconnoitred yesterday.

And the night expired, and half the next day, before General Savary returned from his mission. In the mean time Napoleon had changed his quarters. He had repaired to the camp of his army, and a bundle of straw was now his only couch. He had impatiently looked for Savary, and went to meet him with hasty steps.

"Why so late?" he asked.

"Sire, it was almost impossible for me to reach the emperor. He had left Olmütz. All the night long I was conducted from bivouac to bivouac, in order to find Prince Bagration, who could alone take me to the emperor."

"And you have seen the emperor?" asked Napoleon, impatiently.

"Yes, sire, after overcoming many obstacles and difficulties, I succeeded in penetrating to the emperor. I submitted your majesty's proposition to him. The emperor replied: 'It would afford him the greatest pleasure to see and make the acquaintance of your majesty, but time was too short for it now. Moreover, before entering into such negotiations, he would have to consult the Emperor of Austria, and learn your majesty's views, so as to be able to see whether such an interview would be advisable or not. Hence, he would send one of his confidential advisers with me, and intrust him with a mission to your majesty. The reply which he would bring to him from your majesty would decide the matter.'"

"Ah, and the third day will pass in this manner!" exclaimed Napoleon, joyfully. "Where is the emperor's envoy? and who is it?"

"Sire, the emperor sent his first aide-de-camp, Prince Dolgorouki, with me."

"Where is he?"

"Sire, I left him with the grand-guard; he is waiting there for your majesty's orders."

Napoleon rose hastily from the straw, on which he had been sitting with folded arms.

"My horse!" he shouted; and when Roustan had brought his charger, he vaulted into the saddle and galloped so rapidly forward that his suite were scarcely able to overtake him. On arriving close to the grand-guard, he halted and alighted, and while he sent off Savary to conduct Prince Dolgorouki to him, he muttered: "Only a third day!"

He received the prince with the calmness and composure of a proud *imperator*, of a chieftain accustomed to victory. A wave of his hand caused his suite to stand back; and when the officers had withdrawn, he commenced conversing with Prince Dolgorouki, while walking up and down with him.

The emperor suddenly approached the members of his suite, and they heard him say in a loud and angry voice:

"If that is all you wish to say to me, hasten to inform your emperor that I had not thought at all of such conditions when I applied for an interview with him; I should only have shown him my army; and, as to the conditions, relied on his honesty. He wishes a battle; very well, let us fight. I wash my hands of it!"*

He turned his back to Prince Dolgorouki with a slight wave of his hand; and fixing his flaming eagle-eyes on his generals, he said, shrugging his shoulders:

"Russia will make peace if France will give up Belgium, and, first of all things, cede the crown of Italy to the King of Sardinia. Oh, those men must be crazy! They want me to evacuate Italy, and they will find out soon that they cannot even get me out of Vienna. What would have been their terms, and what would they have made of France, if they had beaten? Well, let things turn out as it may, please God, but in less than forty-eight hours I will pay them well for their arrogance!"†

And instead of mounting again on horseback, he continued walking on the highway, muttering to himself, and with his riding-whip knocking off the small grass-blades he met on the road. He had now reached the first infantry post of his army. The sentinel was an old soldier, who was unconcernedly filling his pipe while holding his musket between his legs.

The gloomy eyes of the emperor turned to him, and pointing over to the position of the enemy, he said, angrily: "Those arrogant fellows believe they can swallow us without further ceremony!"

* Napoleon's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 196.

†Ibid., p. 198.

The old soldier looked smilingly at the emperor with his shrewd eyes, and quietly continued filling his pipe with the small finger of his right hand.

"Oh, oh, they cannot swallow us so fast! We shall lie down, your majesty!—"

The emperor laughed loudly, and his face became radiant. "Yes," he said, "you are right, we will lie down as soon as they try to swallow us; and then we will choke them!"

He nodded to the soldier, and vaulting into the saddle he returned to headquarters. Night was coming on already, and looking up to the moonlighted sky, the emperor murmured: "Only one more day, and then I shall defeat them!"

And fate gave him that day. It is true, the combined forces of the Austrians and Russians approached his positions, but did not attack them. They drew up in a long line directly in front of the French camp, and so close to it that their movements could be plainly seen.

Napoleon was on horseback all day: he inspected every regiment of his whole army; his eyes beamed with enthusiasm, and a wondrous smile played on his lips.

The Bohemian corps had arrived; the delay of three days had borne fruits; he now felt strong enough to defeat his enemies.

He spoke in a merry tone to the soldiers here and there, and they replied to him with enthusiastic shouts. He inspected the artillery parks and light batteries with searching glances, and then gave the necessary instructions to the officers and gunners.

Only after inspecting every thing in person, after visiting the ambulances and wagons for the wounded, he returned to his bivouac in order to take a frugal meal. He then summoned all his marshals and generals, and spoke to them about every thing they would have to do on the following day, and about what the enemy might do. To each of them he gave his instructions and assigned his position; and already on the evening of this day he issued to his soldiers a proclamation, admonishing them to perform deeds of heroism on the following day.

"Soldiers," he said to them in his proclamation, "the Russian army appears before you to avenge the Austrian defeat of Ulm. They are the same battalions that you beat at Holabrunn, and, that you have since been constantly pursuing to this spot.

"The positions which we occupy are formidable; and while they are marching to turn my right, they will present their flank to me.

"Soldiers, I shall myself direct your battalions. I shall keep out of the fire, if, with your usual bravery, you throw disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But, if the victory should be

for a moment uncertain, you will see your emperor the foremost to expose himself to danger. For victory must not hang doubtful on this day, most particularly, when the honor of the French infantry, which so deeply concerns the honor of the whole nation, is at stake.

"Let not the ranks be thinned upon pretext of carrying away the wounded; and let every one be thoroughly impressed with this thought, that it behooves us to conquer these hirelings of England, who are animated with such bitter hatred against our nation.

"This victory will put an end to the campaign, and we shall then be able to return to our winter quarters, where we shall be joined by the new armies which are forming in France, and then the peace which I shall make will be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself."

The soldiers received this proclamation with jubilant shouts; and when Napoleon, after night had set in, rode once more through the camp, the first soldiers who perceived him, eager to light him on his way, picked up the straw of their bivouac and made it into torches, which they placed blazing on the tops of their muskets. In a few minutes this example was followed by the whole army, and along the vast front of the French position was displayed this singular illumination. The soldiers accompanied the steps of Napoleon with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" promising to prove on the morrow that they were worthy of him and of themselves. Enthusiasm pervaded all the ranks. They went as men ought to go into danger, with hearts full of content and confidence.

Napoleon retired, to oblige his soldiers, to take some rest. With a feeling of the most unbounded satisfaction, he threw himself on the straw in his tent, and smilingly rejecting the services of his *valets de chambre*, Roustan and Constant, who implored him to perim them to wrap him in warmer clothes, he said:

"Kindle a good fire and let me sleep as a soldier who has a hot day before him on the morrow ought to sleep."

He pressed his head into the straw and fell asleep; and he was still sleeping when the marshals and generals at daybreak came to the emperor's tent to awaken him as he had ordered them to do.

They surrounded the open tent in respectful silence and looked at the chieftain who was to fight a great battle to-day, and who was now lying on the straw with a calm, serene face, and with the gentle slumber of a child.

But they durst not let him sleep any longer, for the emperor, who had regulated every movement of the present day by the hour and minute, would have been very angry if any delay had occurred. General Savary, therefore, approached the sleeping emperor and

bent over him. Then his loud and earnest voice was heard to say: "Sire, the fixed hour has come."

Napoleon opened his eyes and jumped up. Sleep had suddenly fallen from him like a thin veil; as soon as he rose to his feet he was once more the great emperor and general. He cast a long, searching look on the gray, moist, and wintry horizon, and the dense mist which shrouded every thing at a distance of ten paces caused his eyes to sparkle with delight.

"That mist is an excellent ally of ours, for it will conceal our movements from the enemy. Issue your orders, gentlemen; let the whole army take up arms as silently as possible."

The emperor then mounted on horseback and rode through the camp to see the infantry and cavalry form in column.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning. The mist began to rise; the first feeble rays of the December sun pierced it and commenced gradually illuminating the landscape.

The emperor placed himself on a small knoll, where his eye embraced the whole field of battle; his marshals were on horseback at his side, anxiously awaiting his order to commence the combat.

Profound silence reigned everywhere; but suddenly it was interrupted by a very brisk fire of artillery and musketry. A radiant flash seemed to light up the emperor's face, and proudly raising his head, he said, in an imperious voice:

"To your posts, gentlemen; the battle is about to commence!"*

CHAPTER XLIX.

"GOTT ERHALTE FRANZ DEN KAISER!"

FOR three days the utmost uneasiness and commotion had reigned in Vienna. Nobody wanted to stay at home. Everybody hastened into the street, as if he hoped there to hear at an earlier moment the great news which the people were looking for, and as if the fresh air which had carried to them three days ago the thundering echoes of the cannon, would waft to them to-day the tidings of the brilliant victory supposed to be achieved by the Emperors Francis and Alexander.

But these victorious tidings did not come; the roar of the cannon had a quicker tongue than the courier who was to bring the news of the victory. He did not come, and yet the good people of Vienna were waiting for him with impatience and, at the same time, with proud and joyful confidence. It is true no one was able to state

* The battle of Austerlitz, Dec. 2, 1805.

positively where the battle had been fought, but the people were able to calculate the spot where the great struggle had probably taken place, for they knew that the allies had occupied the immediate environs of Olmütz, and then advanced toward Brünn and Austerlitz, where the French army had established itself. They calculated the time which the courier would consume in order to reach Vienna from the battle-field, and the obstacles and delays that might have possibly impeded his progress were taken into consideration. But no one felt anxious at his prolonged absence; no one doubted that the allies had obtained a great victory.

For their two armies were by far superior to the French army, and Napoleon himself had not hoped for a victory this time; he had fallen back with his army because he wished to avoid a battle with the superior forces of the enemy; he had even gone so far in his despondency as to write to the Emperor of Russia and to sue for peace.

How could people think, therefore, that Napoleon had won the battle, the thunders of which had filled the Viennese three days ago with the utmost exultation?

No, fate had at length stopped the onward career of the conqueror, and it was on Austrian soil that his eagles were to be struck down and his laurels to wither.

Nobody doubted it; the joyful anticipation of a great victory animated every heart and beamed from every eye. They longed for the arrival of the courier, and were overjoyed to celebrate at length a triumph over those supercilious French, who had latterly humiliated and angered the poor people of Vienna on so many occasions.

It is true the French embassy had not yet left Vienna. But that was only a symptom that it had not yet been reached by a courier from the battle-field; else it would have fled from Vienna in the utmost haste.

But the people did not wish to permit the overbearing French to depart from their city in so quiet and unpretending a manner; they wanted to accompany them at least with loud jeers, with scornful shouts and curses.

Thousands, therefore, surrounded the house of the French embassy, where Talleyrand, Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs, had been staying for some days, and no longer did they swallow their wrath and hatred, but they gave vent to it loudly; no longer did they threaten only with their glances, but also with their fists, which they raised menacingly toward the windows of the French minister.

And while thousands had gathered around the embassy building, other thousands strolled out toward Möhringen, and stared breath-

lessly down the road, hoping to behold the longed-for messenger who would announce to them at length the great victory that had been won.

All at once something in the distance commenced stirring on the road; at times glittering objects, resembling twinkling stars, were to be seen, and then motley colors were discerned; it came nearer and nearer. No doubt it must be a column of soldiers; perhaps some of the heroic regiments which had defeated the French army were already on their homeward march.

Ah, the proud and sanguine people of Vienna regretted now exceedingly that there were no longer any French regiments in the capital, and that they had left their city only a week ago and rejoined Napoleon's army. Now there would have been an opportunity for them to take revenge for the hospitality which they had been compelled for the last two weeks to extend to the French. Now they would have chased the French soldiers in the most ignominious manner through the same streets which they had marched hitherto with so proud and confident a step.

The soldiers drew nearer and nearer; the people hastened to meet them like a huge boa constrictor with thousands and thousands of movable rings, and thousands and thousands of flashing eyes.

But all at once these eyes became fixed and dismayed; the joyful hum, which hitherto had filled the air as though it were a vast multitude of gnats playing in the sun, died away.

Those were not the uniforms of the Austrians, nor of the Russians either! Those were the odious colors of France. The soldiers marching toward Vienna were French regiments.

And couriers appeared too, the longed-for couriers! But they were no Austrian couriers; the tri-colored sash was wrapped around their waists, they did not greet the people with German words and with fraternal German salutations. They galloped past them and shouted "*Victoire! victoire! Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!*"

The people were thunderstruck; they did not stir, but stared wildly and pale with horror at the regiments that now approached to the jubilant music of their bands, and treated the Viennese to the notes of the *Marseillaise* and the air of *Va-t-en-guerrier*; they stared at the sullen, ragged men who marched in the midst of the soldiers, like the Roman slaves before the car of the *Triumphator*. These poor, pale men wore no French uniforms, and the tri-colored sash was not wrapped around their waists, nor did they bear arms; their hands were empty, and their eyes were fixed on the ground. They were prisoners, prisoners of the French, and they wore Russian uniforms.

The people saw it with dismay. The good Viennese had sud-

denly been hurled from their proud hopes of victory into an abyss of despair, and they were stunned by the sudden fall, and unable to speak and to collect their thoughts. They stood on the road, pale and breathless, and witnessed the spectacle of the return of the victorious columns with silent despondency.

All at once the brilliant column, which had filed through the ranks of the people, halted, and the band ceased playing. An officer galloped up and exchanged a few words with the colonel in command. The colonel made a sign and uttered a few hurried words, whereupon four soldiers stepped from the ranks, and forcing a passage through the staring crowd, walked directly toward a small house situated solitary and alone on the road, in the middle of a garden.

Every inhabitant of Vienna knew this house and the man living in it, for it was the residence of Joseph Haydn.

When the four soldiers approached the door of the popular and well-known *maestro*, the people seemed to awake from their stupefaction, a unanimous cry of rage and horror resounded, and thousands and thousands of voices shouted and screamed, "Father Haydn! They want to arrest Father Haydn!"

But, no. The four soldiers stopped at the door, and remained there as a guard of honor.

And the band of the next regiment, which had just come up, halted on the road too, and, in stirring notes, the French musicians began to play a melody which was well known to everybody, the melody of the great hymn from the "Creation," "In verdure clad."*

It sounded to the poor Viennese like a cruel mockery to hear a band of the victorious French army play this melody composed by a German *maestro*, and tears of heart-felt shame, of inward rage, filled many an eye which had never wept before, and a bitter pang seized every breast.

The French musicians had not yet finished the tune, when a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and Joseph Haydn's venerable white-haired head appeared. His cheeks were pale, and his lips trembled, for his footman, who had just returned home, had brought him the news that the French had been victorious again, and that Napoleon had defeated the two emperors at Austerlitz.

Joseph Haydn, the *old man*, was pale and trembling, but Joseph Haydn, the *genius*, was courageous, joyful, and defiant, and he was filled with noble anger when he heard that the trumpeters of the French conqueror dared to play his German music.

This anger of the eternally-young and eternally-bold genius now

* Historical.

burst forth from Haydn's eyes, and restored to his whole bearing the vigor and elasticity of youth.

Leaning far out of the window, he beckoned the people with both arms, while they were looking up to him and waving their hats to salute him.

"Sing, people of Vienna!" he shouted, "oh, sing our favorite hymn!"

The music had just ceased, and Joseph Haydn now commenced singing in a loud, ringing voice, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

And thousands of voices sang and shouted all at once, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

Joseph Haydn stood at the window, and moved his arm as though he were standing before his orchestra and leading his choir.

The people sang their favorite hymn louder and more jubilantly, and to the notes of this prayer of a whole people, of this jubilant hymn, by which the Viennese honored their unfortunate, vanquished emperor in the face of the conquering army, the French marched up the road toward the interior of the city.

Joseph Haydn was still at the window; he led the choir no longer; he sang no more. He had folded his hands and listened to the majestic anthem of the people, and the tears, filling his eyes, glistened like diamonds.

The people continued shouting and singing, in spite of the French, the hymn of "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

And the victorious French marched silently through the opened ranks of the people.

CHAPTER L

PATRIOTISM.

PRINCESS MARIANNE VON EIBENBERG had just returned from a party which the British ambassador, Lord Paget, had given in her honor, and which was to celebrate at the same time the victory which the two emperors, the allies of England, were firmly believed to have achieved over the usurper.

Marianne Eibenberg, therefore, wore a brilliant toilet. She was adorned with diamonds and costly jewelry, and looked as beautiful and proud as a queen. She had now reached the acme of her career. She was still lovely, and besides she had become, as it were, the protectress of the most refined society of Vienna and the centre

of the intellectual as well as aristocratic circles. She had accomplished her purpose. Marianne Meier, the Jewess, was now a noble lady, to whom everybody was paying deference; and Marianne, princess von Eibenberg, felt so much at home in her new position, that she had herself almost forgotten who and what she had been in former times. Only sometimes she remembered it, only when such recollections secured a triumph to her, and when she met with persons who had formerly, at the best, tolerated her with proud disdain in good society, and who did not deem it now beneath their dignity to solicit an invitation to her reception-room as a favor.

This reception-room was now the only resort of good society in Vienna, the only place where people were sure to meet always amidst the troubles and convulsions of the times with the most refined and patriotic men, and where they might rely on never finding any persons of doubtful patriotism, much less any French.

But, it is true, since the imperial family had fled from Vienna, the reception-room of the Princess von Eibenberg had gradually become deserted, for the members of the aristocracy had retired to their estates and castles, and the ministers and high functionaries had accompanied the emperor and the imperial court to Olmütz. The ambassadors, too, were about to repair thither; hence, the party given by the British minister, Lord Paget, to his adored friend the Princess von Eibenberg, was to celebrate not only the supposed victory, but also his departure from the capital.

Marianne, as we stated already, had just returned from this party. With rapid steps, absorbed in profound reflections, she was pacing her boudoir, muttering, now and then, inaudible words, and from time to time heaving deep sighs as if feeling violent pain. When she walked past the large Venetian mirror, she stopped and contemplated the brilliant and imposing form it reflected.

"It is true," she said, mournfully, "the Princess von Eibenberg is a beautiful and charming lady; she has very fine diamonds and a very aristocratic title; she is living in grand style; she has very many admirers; she is adored and beloved on account of her enthusiastic patriotism; she has got whatever is able to beautify and adorn life, and yet I see a cloud on this forehead which artists compare with that of the Ludovisian Juno, and diplomatists with that of Pallas Athene. What does this cloud mean? Reply to this question, you, whom I see there in the mirror; reply to it, proud woman with the precious diadem, how does it come that you look so sad, although the world says that you are happy and highly honored?"

She paused, and looked almost expectantly at her own image in the looking-glass. The clock commenced all at once striking twelve.

"Midnight!" whispered Marianne; "midnight, the hour in