

in return, proposed to call a universal council at Frankfort, and have his claims investigated. This was agreed to, and each sovereign sent his plenipotentiaries. Meanwhile the King of France kept possession of all the lands in dispute, and stationed his troops at Strasburg, and at every other town in Alsatia.

Here was danger enough for the Emperor Leopold, from the west; while, north and south, his horizon darkened also. The ambitious Victor Amadeus, seeing that Austria was encompassed by enemies, now bethought himself of annexing Lombardy to his dominions, while there was every reason to fear that the bold and enterprising Peter the Great would extend his frontiers to the Baltic Sea, and, with quite as much right as Louis ever had to Strasburg, declare Dantzic to be a part of his Russian territories.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPEROR LEOPOLD I.

THE Emperor Leopold had just returned from early mass. Throughout the services, and during the excellent sermon of his celebrated court-preacher Father Abraham, the face of his imperial majesty had worn a troubled aspect; it had not even brightened at the appearance of the Empress Eleonora. But when, in his cabinet, he saw his professor of music, Herr Kircher, Leopold smiled, and his brow cleared at once. The professor was occupied in putting a new string to the emperor's spinet, which the evening before had been broken by his majesty at a concert; and, having his back turned to the door, was not aware of the emperor's entrance until the latter laid his hand upon Kircher's shoulder.

The musician would have risen, but Leopold gently forced him back into his seat, observing that it was unbecoming in a teacher to rise at the entrance of his pupil.

"Of his pupil, your majesty, to whom there remains nothing for a teacher to teach; for in good sooth, if your majesty

felt disposed, you are competent to fill the chair of a musical professorship, or to become the *maestro* of your own imperial chapel."

"I prefer my own position," replied Leopold, laughing, "although there are times when the berth of an emperor is not an easy one. But when as at present I am here with you, then I am truly happy, for your conversation and music awaken in me pleasant thoughts and noble aspirations. Let me enjoy the hour, for indeed, Kircher, I need recreation."

The emperor sighed, and sank slowly into an arm-chair, where, taking off his plumed hat, he threw it wearily down on a tabouret close by.

"Has your majesty any cause for vexation?" asked Kircher.

"Not for vexation, but much for sorrow," returned Leopold. "Let me forget it, and if you have no objection, take up that piece of music on the table, and give me your opinion of it."

Professor Kircher obeyed at once. "Your majesty has been composing, I perceive, and your composition is in strict accordance with the rules of counterpoint."

"I have translated my sorrows into music," returned Leopold. "I could not sleep last night, and there was running through my head the words of a sad and beautiful Latin poem. I rose from my bed, and treading softly so as not to disturb the empress, I came hither, and set the poem to music. It gave me indescribable pleasure, and I wish you would try it, that I may know whether my interpretation has meaning for others as well as for myself."

"My voice will not do it justice, your majesty; let me call Vittorio Carambini to sing it, while I accompany him."

"No," returned Leopold. "Carambini's voice would so beautify my composition, that I would not recognize it. I prefer to hear it from you. So sit you down, dear Kircher, and begin."

Kircher made no further opposition, and commenced the prelude. The emperor leaned back his head, and closed his eyes, as he was accustomed to do, when listening attentively. Reclining among the purple-velvet cushions of his luxurious arm-chair, Leopold presented a handsome picture of imperial

comeliness. His fine figure was set off to advantage by his close-fitting Spanish doublet of black velvet; his short Spanish cloak, looped up with large diamond solitaires, fell in graceful folds from his shoulders, gently stirring with its golden fringe the feathers of his hat that lay beside him. The pale, regular features of the emperor harmonized with the splendid costume which, from the days of Charles V., had been in fashion at the imperial court of Vienna. Leopold had made one modification, however, in his dress. In spite of his dislike to the King of France, and all things French, he wore the long curled wig which Louis XIV. had brought into vogue.

His whole attention was absorbed by Kircher, who, with a wig similar in fashion, but more modest in dimensions, sat playing and singing the "Schmerz-Lied." He sang with great feeling, and he, as well as the composer, felt the power and beauty of the music.

It died away in gentle sighs, and there was a pause. Then the emperor in a low voice said, "Thank you, Kircher; you have given me great pleasure."

"Your majesty, it is I who should thank you. Your composition is a masterpiece; and, instead of criticising my miserable performance, you praise it."

"Do you really like it, then?"

"Like it! It evinces genius, which is something more than a conformity to musical rules. It is a gift from Heaven, whence surely all musical inspiration descends. The man that could listen to your 'Schmerz-Lied' without emotion has no soul; and, to him that could hear it with eyes undimmed, God has denied the gift of tears."

"Kircher," said the emperor, with a delighted smile, "I thank you a thousand times for your approbation. It emboldens me to confess that I felt tears in my eyes while you sang. To you, a musician, I may say as much; for you know that, to write a song of sorrow, a man must have known sorrow himself. I fear that my 'Schmerz-Lied' will have to give place to *embateria*, and our spinet to the discordant drum."

"And will it come to open war with the Porte?" asked Kircher, sadly.

"I fear as much," sighed the emperor. "Is it not singular

that I, a man of peace, and lover of art, should be forever compelled to be at war with the world? And is it not hard that a potentate should be continually forced into measures which he abhors, and stand before his fellow-creatures in a character that is not his own? History will depict me as a heartless and bloodthirsty monarch, while no man has ever more deprecated the shedding of blood than I. My only comfort is, that, if my poor subjects suffer, it is 'ad majorem Dei gloriam.'"

And Leopold, who was not only a disciple but a lay member of the order of Jesuits, bent his head, and made the sign of the cross.

"Your majesty alludes to the bloodshed in Hungary?"

"Yes," said Leopold, mournfully; "for I love those poor Hungarians, though they be heretics and rebels, and I long for the rising of the sun of peace upon their unhappy land. O Kircher, if we could but be at peace abroad and at home, how happily would our days glide by! My court should be the paradise of poetry and love, the home of art, and the temple of all wisdom and science."

"Your majesty is already the patron of all the arts; and artists are proud to hail you as their brother. Are you not both a composer of music and a performer? Do you not rival Hermann, Schilbach, and Hamilton, in painting? And did you not astonish Fisher von Erlach with the suggestions you offered him in the planning of the palace of Schönbrunn? And in all your majesty's dominions, is there a bolder horseman, a more valiant sportsman, a more graceful dancer than yourself?"

"To hear you, Kircher," said Leopold, laughing, "one would suppose that you were describing the attributes of Phœbus-Apollo."

"And so I am," laughed Kircher; "for out of the letters of your majesty's name, *Leopoldus A*, did not Sigismund von Birken compose the anagram, 'Deus Apollo?'"

"It is very easy to make anagrams by misplacing a few letters, my dear Kircher; but to convert a poor terrene German emperor into a Magnus-Apollo, would require the upheaval of mountains by Titan hands, from now until the millennium.

I would be content to be myself, were I regarded as a beneficent and peace-loving monarch. *Consilio et Industria* is the motto of my choice—a motto, which, though inappropriate to a god, is pertinent as the device of a Leopold. I would wish to govern with judgment, and labor industriously for the welfare of my people, accepting with Christian resignation whatever it pleases my Maker to apportion. All I ask of Providence is some little leisure for the cultivation of my favorite art. From music I derive such indescribable enjoyment, that, if I could, I would die within hearing of its delicious melody. And, since I have said so much, Kircher, I will go on to request of you, that when my end draws near, you will attend to the fulfilment of my wish."

"A melancholy duty you assign to me, gracious sovereign," sighed Kircher. "But if I outlive you, it shall be lovingly performed. Let us hope, however, for Austria's sake, that you will survive me by many years."

"Life and death are in the hands of God," returned Leopold, reverently. "And now let us speak of matters less serious. Here is the score of a new opera, lately sent to me from Rome. It is called 'La Principessa Fidèle,' and is composed by Scarlatti, who, as you know, is winning a great reputation."

"Yes," growled Kircher, "he is winning reputation by tickling the ears with soft strains which convey no meaning to the heart."

"Well, well, maestro, let us hear, before we decide," replied Leopold, laughing.

Kircher placed the score upon the desk of the spinet, and began to play. The emperor threw himself back again into his arm-chair, and, closing his eyes, listened with an expression of great satisfaction.

But his pleasure was of short duration. Scarcely had Kircher finished the first grand aria, before the door opened, and the chamberlain of the day presented himself. Leopold frowned, and, raising his head, asked somewhat impatiently, "Well,—what is it?"

"The members of your imperial majesty's council of war are in the anteroom, and solicit an audience."

"Ask them to assemble in the small council-chamber, and I will join them in a moment." Then, turning to Kircher, the emperor shook his head. "Something unusual must have happened for the council to assemble at such an early hour. You see, Kircher, that in these troublous times an emperor can have no leisure hours; and, however I may yearn to remain, I must leave you."

"Shall I return to-morrow morning?" asked Kircher.

"Happy is the man who can dispose of the morrow," sighed Leopold. "It is more than an Emperor of Germany dare do. I must first ascertain what news my council bring me; but, under any circumstances, come, Kircher; for if I am not here, some distant strain of your music may reach my ear to lighten my cares of state."

Resuming his hat, the emperor left the cabinet, and joined his ministers in the council-chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE president, vice-president, and three members of the council, awaited the entrance of the emperor. The president, the Margrave of Baden, stood in the embrasure of a window, engaged in a whispered conversation with the vice-president, General Count von Starhemberg, whose eyes were continually wandering to the spot where the Duke of Lorraine was profoundly engaged in the contemplation of a full-length portrait of Charles V. Beyond, in the recess of another window, stood the Counts von Kinsky and Portia, conversing in low but earnest tones; both from time to time glancing at the Duke of Lorraine with an expression of aversion which neither attempted to disguise from the other.

"Do you think his majesty will bestow the chief command upon his brother-in-law?" asked General Count Portia.

"Yes," replied Count Kinsky, with a shrug. "The emper-

or is so inordinately fond of the Duke of Lorraine that he fancies him endowed with military genius."

"General," whispered the Margrave of Baden to Count Starhemberg, "I wish to say something to you in private. Can I rely upon your discretion?"

"Your highness does me honor," was the reply, "and I promise absolute silence as regards any thing you may be pleased to communicate."

"Then I will go to the point at once. The Duke of Lorraine must not have the command of the Austrian army. Do you sustain me?"

"Ah! Your highness, too, hates him."

The margrave smiled. "My dear general, that little word 'too' proves that we are of one mind. Yes, I hate the Duke of Lorraine, not *per se*, nor for any evil quality that I know of. I hate him as one dangerous to the welfare of the state, and too influential with its ruler, the emperor. Though he has the reputation of being a great general, he longs for peace and retirement among his books and maps at home; and he would rather submit to be humbled by foreign powers than declare war against their aggressions, however insolent. In other words, he hates bloodshed, and, if he is a soldier, he is one that loves the pen far more than he does the sword."

"Your highness is right," returned Count Starhemberg; "the duke is no soldier, and his appointment to the chief command of her armies would be a misfortune for Austria. And, worse yet, he is so opiated that he never will listen to advice."

"Therefore we must work together to avert his appointment. We need a young commander, brave, ambitious, and eager for renown."

"Like Prince Louis of Baden?" asked Von Starhemberg, smiling.

"Yes, like Prince Louis of Baden, said the margrave, emphatically. "He is quite as brave and skilful as the duke; but he is modest, is willing to listen to advice, and to be guided by the experience of good counsellors. Instead of ruling the war department, he will be ruled by it, and thus we will have unanimity both in field and council. It is to your interest,

therefore, to defeat the Duke of Lorraine, and secure the appointment of my nephew."

"Your highness can count on me; but I am not very sanguine of success."

"It may be easier of accomplishment than you think; at all events let us make the attempt. We must represent war as inevitable; and, having given an account of the formidable preparations making by the enemy, we must counterbalance it all by a glowing exposition of our own strength and resources. This will arouse the duke's spirit of opposition, and he will forthwith discourse on the horrors of war. I will take advantage of his disinclination to fight, to suggest that, with such sentiments, he had better not aspire to command our armies. In your quality of vice-president you come forward to sustain my— Chut! Here comes the emperor."

All the members of the council bowed low, except the Duke of Lorraine, who, having his back to the door, had not perceived the entrance of the emperor. Leopold crossed the room, and the thickness of the carpet so muffled his footfall that he had his hand on his brother-in-law's shoulder before the latter had become aware of his presence.

"What are you thinking of?" asked he, with an affable smile. "You appear to be absorbed in admiration of our great ancestor."

"Yes, your majesty," replied the duke. "I was admiring the beauty of his noble countenance, and thinking of the pride you must feel when you remember that you are his descendant, and that his blood flows in your veins."

Leopold bent his head in token of assent. "You are right; I am proud of my descent. Such an ancestry as mine should inspire a man to noble deeds; and if I encourage pride of birth in my subjects, it is because I believe it to be an incentive to virtue and honor. Remembering, then, with mingled gratulation and humility, that we are the posterity of Charles V., let us determine to-day to act in a manner worthy of our great progenitor; for, by your haste to assemble here this morning, I judge that we have weighty matters to discuss. Be seated, and let us proceed to business."

So saying, the emperor glided into his arm-chair, which

stood behind a semicircular table, immediately under the portrait of Charles V., and his five counsellors occupied the tabourets around.

"And now, my lords," exclaimed Leopold, "let me hear what it is that brings you hither at an hour so unusual."

"Dispatches from General Count Caprara, your majesty," replied the Margrave Herman of Baden.

"And from France and Poland, likewise," added the Duke of Lorraine.

"Let us hear from General Caprara. We sent him to Turkey to make a last effort at pacification. Our propositions, through him, were such as must have proved to the Porte our earnest longing for peace. Why did the general not present his dispatches in person?"

"Your majesty, it is out of his power to do so," was the reply. "Your majesty's proposals were haughtily rejected, and, in their stead, conditions were made which the general could not accept. The grand-vizier was so incensed, that he arrested your envoy, and forced him to accompany the Turkish embassy back to Constantinople. He then marched his army to our frontiers, carrying along your majesty's legation as prisoners of war. At Belgrade one of the secretaries managed to make his escape, and to conceal on his person the letters and documents of the general, which he has ridden day and night to deliver into your majesty's hands."

"What is the purport of these documents?" said Leopold, who had listened with perfect calmness to this extraordinary recital.

"First, your majesty, they contain an account of the general's peace negotiations. They were all rejected, and the grand-vizier has refused to renew the truce which has just expired. He requires new conditions."

"Name them," said Leopold.

The margrave drew from his portfolio a document, and began to read.

"Austria shall pay yearly tribute to the Porte. She shall raze every fortress she has erected on the Turkish frontier. She shall recognize Count Tököly as King of Hungary. She shall deliver to him the island of Schutt, the fortress of Co-

morn, and all other strongholds in Hungary, and place him on an equal footing with the Prince of Transylvania."

"Which means neither more nor less than a declaration of war," cried the emperor; "and General Caprara would have been a traitor had he listened to such insulting proposals. My patience with this arrogant Moslem is exhausted, and further forbearance would be a disgrace. We have no alternative: we must go to war, trusting in God to defend the right. Our cause is a holy one; and perhaps, with the blessing of Heaven, it may be granted us to drive the infidel from Europe forever. Go on, margrave. What other news have you?"

"Important information, your majesty, as to the strength of the enemy's forces. The Sultan, at Belgrade, reviewed an army of two hundred thousand men, all fully equipped, and anxious to retrieve their losses at St. Gotthard. They have carried their fanaticism to such an extent that they talk of planting the Crescent where the Cross now looms from the towers of St. Stephen's in Vienna. Kara Mustapha himself told General Caprara that, in a few weeks from now, a Sultan of the West would seat himself on the throne of the Emperors of Germany."

"God will punish his blasphemous boasting," returned Leopold. "God will not suffer the Christian to perish before the might of the Paynim. The die is cast for war, for war! At least, such is my conviction; but if any one here be of opposite mind, let him speak boldly. Freedom of speech in this chamber is not only his right, but his solemn duty."

"War! war!" echoed the councillors, four of them vociferously, the Duke of Lorraine deliberately, and so slowly, that his voice came as an echo of the words that were spoken by his colleagues.

The emperor was a little surprised. "Your highness is then of our opinion?" asked he.

"I am, your majesty. War is inevitable, and we must risk our meagre forces against the two hundred thousand men of the Sultan."

"True, we are not so numerous as the enemy," observed the Margrave of Baden, "but our men are as well equipped and as enthusiastic as those of the Porte, and, under the leadership

of such a hero as the Duke of Lorraine, we are certain of victory."

The duke shook his head. "The greatest general that ever led an army into battle cannot hope for victory, when, to forces immensely superior to his own, he opposes troops neither well armed nor well provided."

"Happily," replied the margrave, "this is not the case with our men. Without counting the auxiliaries that will be furnished by the princes of the empire, we shall oppose a hundred thousand men to the Turks. Moreover, we have been preparing for war, and for several months have taken measures to arm our troops and provision them for a campaign."

"Permit me to dispute your last assertion," replied the duke, whose mild countenance kindled, and whose soft eyes began to glow. "It is my duty to speak the truth to his majesty, and I shall do it fearlessly. No, my liege, we have not a hundred thousand men, and our soldiers are ill equipped and ill provided. As regards the auxiliaries of the princes of the German empire, your majesty knows that their deputies have been in Frankfort for months without having yet held one single council to deliberate on the expediency of sending or not sending re-enforcements to our army. I grieve to say so, but the truth must be spoken. We have an insignificant army, which, of itself, is inadequate to repel the Turkish hordes; and, should they march to Vienna, our capital must fall, for I regret to say that no measures have been taken for its defence. There are but ten guns on the bastions; the trenches are so dry that they can be crossed by foot-passengers, and the garrison consists of our ordinary city guard, and one thousand troops of the line. For Vienna to withstand a siege in this defenceless condition is impossible; and, should the Turks be allowed to march hither, your majesty would have to surrender."

"Your majesty," interrupted Count Starhemberg, vehemently, "leave to me the defence of Vienna, and I swear that, sooner than deliver your capital to the Turks, I will perish under its ruins."

"And I," added the margrave, "solemnly adjure your majesty not to confide the chief command of your forces to the

Duke of Lorraine, for it is evident that he does not desire so perilous an appointment. His highness has no confidence in our ability to prosecute the war successfully; and no general can lead his soldiers to victory who beforehand is convinced that they are destined to suffer defeat."

"No general can lead his soldiers to victory who refuses to contemplate the possibilities of defeat," exclaimed the Duke of Lorraine, whose handsome face began to show traces of anger. "To estimate his strength at its real value, he must at least learn something of the size and condition of his army. It is the duty of a commander-in-chief to see with his own eyes, and decide from his own observation; for him, the men and stores that are exhibited to view on the green cloth of a table within the walls of a council-chamber have no significance whatever."

"Does your highness accuse me of an intention to deceive his majesty?" cried the margrave, haughtily. "Do you—"

"Peace, gentlemen, peace!" interrupted the emperor. "We are here to war with the stranger, not with our own flesh and blood. Every man present shall speak his mind without censure from his colleagues; and he who prevaricates is no true subject of mine. You are all free to discuss our difficulties; it remains for me to decide in what manner they shall be met. I beg to recall this fact to Count Starhemberg, who unsolicited has offered to take upon himself the defence of Vienna. My heartfelt thanks are due to the Duke of Lorraine for his frank exposition of our disabilities; he is now, as ever, the champion of truth and right. Has the Margrave of Baden any further dispatches to lay before us?"

"No, your majesty," answered the margrave, pale with anger.

"Then let us have those of his highness of Lorraine," returned Leopold, with an affectionate glance at his brother-in-law.

"I have couriers, your majesty, from Count von Mansfeld and from Count von Waldstein."

"Let us hear the news from Paris first," replied Leopold, slightly frowning. "Let us hear from our hereditary foe, who, under pretence of coming to our rescue, pillages our

property while the house is on fire. We know full well that this fair-spoken Louis is in secret league with our foes at home and abroad, and we confess that when he invited us to be sponsor to his grandson, we accepted the honor with an ill grace. By-the-by, has the young dauphin been baptized?"

"Yes, your majesty, and Count von Mansfeld was your imperial majesty's proxy. After the ceremony the king held a long and gracious conversation with your majesty's representative, in which he expressed his great sympathy with your majesty, and requested Count Mansfeld to say that he remembered you night and morning in his prayers."

"The King of France will deceive neither the Lord of heaven nor His servant the ruler of Austria, with his prayers," exclaimed Leopold, with some show of warmth. "He merely means to say that he intends to give us nothing more substantial. Would he but content himself with cold neutrality, we would be willing to accept his prayers instead of his works. But while he prays for us, he gives aid and comfort to our enemies, who are less our enemies than such a sanctimonious friend. But, enough of the King of France! To such an offensive message I have no answer to return."

"Count von Mansfeld left Paris at once, your majesty, and proceeded to Spain to urge the claims of his imperial highness, the Archduke Charles, to the Spanish succession."

"Now let us hear from Count von Waldstein and Warsaw."

"Count von Waldstein was received with distinguished consideration. The King of Poland, at least, is your imperial majesty's friend. You remember that his wife is a French woman?"

"Yes," replied Leopold, shaking his head, "and a woman whose birth is not illustrious enough for her station."

"She is, nevertheless, Queen of Poland, my liege, and is recognized as such by the Poles. When the grandson of the King of France was born, he purposely sent notification of the event to the King of Poland, ignoring in his dispatches the queen. This omission of a courtesy, customary among royal heads, offended the queen; and to her resentment we are to attribute the gracious reception given to our ambassador. My liege, our alliance with Poland is a fixed fact. A

treaty has been concluded, by which John Sobiesky pledges himself to sustain Austria against Turkey, furnishing at once forty thousand men who are ready for action as soon as needed."

"To what are we pledged in return for this?" asked Leopold.

"Merely to furnish on our part sixty thousand men, and to consult with his majesty as to our operations."

"To consult with him!" repeated the emperor. "This looks as though he expected to take part in our plans for the prosecution of this war, instead of recognizing us as commander-in-chief."

"To exact such recognition from him would be unseemly," replied the duke. "The King of Poland is a great captain as well as a crowned head; and it would ill become us to dictate to a warrior, from whom we should all regard it as a privilege to receive advice. Moreover, as a crowned head, John Sobiesky is entitled to the first rank in the field as well as in the cabinet."

"He is nothing more than an elected ruler," observed Leopold, with a shrug. "For want of a better alliance, I must content myself with that of John Sobiesky; but I put the question to you—suppose he were to come to Vienna, how should I receive or entertain an elected king?"

"With open arms, if he come to deliver us from our foes,"* was the prompt reply. "Welcome are all who visit us as true friends, but doubly welcome those who come in time of need. The King of Poland has been the first prince to respond to our offers of alliance, the first to co-operate with us in our struggle with the infidel."

"But he will not be the last," interposed the Margrave of Baden. "I, too, have good news for you, my liege. The Elector of Bavaria, to whom I wrote for aid in your majesty's approaching troubles, has promised not only a considerable body of troops, but offers to command them in person. The Elector of Saxony, too, I think, will co-operate with us. The council of the states of the German empire also are in session at Frankfurt, to consult as to the expediency of joining your majesty's standard."

* The duke's own words.—See Armath, "Prince Eugene of Savoy," vol. i.

"And before the electors equip their men, and the council make up their mind, the Turks will have marched to Vienna, unless we make a junction with the King of Poland and intercept them on their way. Each day of delay increases the peril, for they are already on this side of Belgrade. Unless we can oppose them now, we are lost, and all Bavaria, Saxony, and the states of the empire, cannot avert our doom."

"Then, in God's name, let us act at once," cried the emperor, rising from his seat. "President of the war department, let your troops be in readiness to march, and see that our men are equipped and provisioned."

"Your majesty's commands shall be obeyed."

"Duke of Lorraine," continued Leopold, "I appoint you to the chief command of my forces. Go forth, and, with the blessing of God, do battle for Christendom and Germany."

"I accept, your majesty," returned the duke, solemnly bending his head. "Victory is in the hands of Almighty God; but bravery, loyalty, and struggle unto death, I promise, on behalf of your majesty's army."

"Count Rudiger von Starhemberg," resumed the emperor, "your petition is granted. To you I commit the defence of my capital."

"Thanks, your majesty," exclaimed Von Starhemberg fervently. "I will defend it with the last drop of my blood; and if Vienna fall into the hands of the infidel, he shall find nothing left of her stateliness, save a heap of ruins and the lifeless bodies of her defenders."

"To you, Counts Portia and Kinsky, I commit the direction of the war department, in conjunction with your colleague, the Margrave of Baden. Let couriers be dispatched to all the European courts with information of our declaration of war against the Porte. Let it be announced to the world that, for the good of Christendom, Leopold has grasped the sword; and, in this new crusade, may he confound the unbelieving Turk, and glorify the standard of the Christian, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And may the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Christ, vouchsafe her protection and her prayers!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLAINS OF KITSEE.

ON the first of May, 1683, the Emperor Leopold reviewed his troops on the plains of Kitsee, not far from Presburg. To this review, all who had promised to sustain Austria were invited. Her appeals had at last roused the German princes to action; but they had been so dilatory in their councils, that not one of them was prepared for war.

The army assembled on the plains of Kitsee was not numerous. There were thirty-three thousand men in all, who, with their faded uniforms and defective weapons, made no great show.

The emperor, as he emerged from his tent, looked discouraged. Sternly he rode forth on his richly-caparisoned gray horse, and, when his men greeted him with enthusiastic shouts, he bowed his head in silence, and sighed heavily.

He turned to Charles of Lorraine, who rode a few paces behind him, and said:

"Come hither, Carl." The duke obeyed at once, and at one bound was at the emperor's side. "Tell me, Carl," said he, anxiously, "how many infantry are there here?"

"Twenty-two thousand, your majesty."

"And cavalry?"

"Twelve thousand mounted troops."

"About what may be the strength of the enemy?"

"Your majesty, our scouts report that the combined forces of Turkey and Hungary amount to more than two hundred thousand."

Leopold raised his eyes to the calm, self-possessed face of his brother-in-law. "You say that, as quietly as if it were a pleasant piece of news; and yet methinks we are in a critical position."

"Your majesty, I have known this for so long a time that I am accustomed to contemplate it with equanimity. Before our decision was made, I was timid and irresolute; but since