

"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

the die is cast, I am bold and self-reliant, for I know that I will either conquer or die."

"You think success then a possibility! With thirty-three thousand men, you hope to repulse two hundred thousand?"

"The King of Poland adds forty thousand to our number, the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony are making preparations to re-enforce us, and the other princes of Germany will soon follow their example. The Moslem has put out all his strength for one decisive blow; the longer we avoid an engagement the weaker he grows; while time to us brings accession of numbers, and lessens his chance for reaching Vienna."

The emperor shook his head. "That you are a hero, Carl, I confess: this hour proves you one. But I cannot share your hopefulness. When I look around me at all these men, and think that they are death-doomed, my heart grows faint, and my eyes dim."

"Do not think so much of the number of your troops, sire; look at their countenances. See those stern, resolute faces, and those fiery eyes. Every man of them chafes to march against the infidel—"

"Hurrah for our emperor!" cried out a lusty voice, close by. "Hurrah for our general, Charles of Lorraine!"

"Ah, Christopher III, are you there?" cried the duke, cordially.

"Yes, your highness," replied the cuirassier, while his horse stepped a few paces in front of the ranks. "Yes, your highness, I am here to fight the infidel with a will as good as I had at St. Gotthard's twenty years ago. That was a glorious day; and I thank God that I am alive to see your highness win another victory as great over the insolent Turk."

"You think, then, that we will be victorious, Christopher?"

"Ay, indeed, your highness, for God is with us."

"Bravely spoken," said the emperor, gazing with visible satisfaction at the wrinkled face and snow-white beard of the old cuirassier.

The Duke of Lorraine signed to him to advance. "Your majesty," said he to Leopold, "allow me to present one of your bravest soldiers, Christopher III. In all the army there is not

a man as old as his youngest son, and I venture to say that he is the oldest man in Europe under arms."

"That is a broad assertion," replied Leopold. "How old may you be, Christopher III?"

"Last Thursday I was a hundred and nine years old, please your imperial majesty," said Christopher, bowing to his saddle-bow.

"A hundred and nine years old!" cried Leopold, incredulously. "Nay—that is impossible. No man of that age could sit a horse or carry a sword as you do."

"Your majesty, it is said in Holy Writ, that, when our forefathers were five hundred years old, they were young and lusty; and I can assure my emperor, that when once I am on my horse, with my sabre in hand, I will fight with the best lad of twenty years. I mount rather stiffly, because of a wound I received at Leipsic when we had the ill-luck to be defeated by Gustavus Adolphus."

"Why, man, do you mean to say that fifty-two years ago you were in the army?"

"Yes, sire; and there I received the wound from which I still suffer to-day. The battle of Leipsic was far from being my first: it may have been the twentieth, but I am not quite sure. When first I entered the service, I used to mark our battles with a red cross when we were victorious, and a black one when we were unfortunate; but, after I had been in the army for twenty years, I stopped. There were too many fights to record."

"But you can remember your first battle, can you not?"

"Certainly, sire. I began, as I am likely to end, by fighting the Porte; and we defeated him then, as we assuredly intend to do now."

"When was it?" asked Leopold, with interest.

"Eighty years ago, sire, when the Hungarians and Turks made war upon the Emperor Rudolph the Second. Yes, even then, the dogs were after Vienna, and those mutinous Hungarians were giving trouble to your majesty's forefathers. The Emperor Mathias, who succeeded his brother, made a treaty with them for twenty years, for we had as much on our hands as we could manage, with the rebels of Bohemia. They rose

again and again under the three Ferdinands, but we brought them down at last. I have served under six emperors, and all have vanquished their enemies, even as my last gracious sovereign Leopold shall do. Long live our Leopold, the conqueror of the Turks!"

"Long live our Leopold!" shouted the cuirassiers, delighted with the condescension of the emperor to Christopher. The shout was taken up by the other troops, until it resounded like rolling thunder along the plains of Kitsee.

The emperor greeted his army with something like a reflection of their enthusiasm, and then returned to Christopher.

"Christopher," said he, "you have served under six emperors, and have done more than your duty toward Austria. I give you your discharge, for he who has worked faithfully all day has a right to rest when night sets in. I appoint you castellan of my palace at Innspruck; and, in addition to your salary, bestow upon you a pension of four hundred florins."

"Thank your majesty, but indeed I cannot go," replied the old man, resolutely. "I hardly think the Turkish hounds will ever get as far as Innspruck, so I must e'en go forward with the army to fight them wherever they are to be met. My night has not yet set in, sire."

"What!" cried Leopold, laughing, "you refuse?"

"Yes, your majesty. I crave neither pension nor sinecure. I intend to follow the army, and, if God calls me hence, then I shall be willing to rest; but before I go I hope to mow down a few Turks' heads to take to St. Peter, for him to use as balls when he plays ninepins. But, if your imperial majesty will grant it, you might do me a favor."

"What is it, my brave cuirassier? tell me."

"Your majesty, will you allow me to present my sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, and great-great-grandsons? They are all in my regiment."

"The Eleventh Cuirassiers of Herberstein, your majesty," added the Duke of Lorraine.

"Ah," cried the emperor, in a voice intended to be heard by all the men, "that is an old and renowned regiment. Were you in it, Christopher, when it was commanded by the great Dampierre in 1619?"

"Yes, your majesty, I was the first man enrolled. I was there when the regiment rescued the Emperor Ferdinand from a body of insurgents, who had surrounded his imperial palace, and were trying to compel him to abdicate. Just as they were forcing the gates, the trumpets of Dampierre sounded an alarm, and the emperor was saved. The cuirassiers galloped into the midst of the insurgents, and dispersed them like so many cats."

"And to reward their loyalty and opportune aid," cried the emperor, "Ferdinand conferred upon the Eleventh Cuirassiers the privilege of riding through Vienna, trumpet sounding and colors flying, and of pitching their tents on the Burgplatz."*

"Hurrah! Hurrah! The emperor knows our history," shouted Christopher III.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" echoed the regiment, and once more through the plains of Kitsee rang the jubilant cry, "Long live Leopold! Long live our emperor!"

"And now," said the emperor, when the shouts had died away, "now let me see your children, my brave veteran.—Baron Dupin," added Leopold, addressing himself to the colonel of the regiment, "will you permit them to step out of their ranks?"

Baron Dupin bowed, and, riding to the front with drawn sword, he called out: "All the descendants of Christopher III—forward!"

There was a general movement among the cuirassiers, and fifty-four men rode up, and clustered around their common ancestor. There were bronzed faces with white beards—others with gray; there were men in the prime of life, and others in the flower; there were youths approaching manhood, and lads that had scarcely emerged from childhood; but from peeping bud to fruit that was about to fall, they one and all resembled their parent stem; every mother's son of them had Christopher III's aquiline nose, and large, sparkling eyes.

"Your majesty perceives," said the old man, looking proudly around him, "that if I have sabred many a Turk's

* This is historical, and in 1819, on the two hundredth anniversary of the rescue, the privilege was extended to the present time.—See Austrian Plutarch.

head, I have replaced each one by that of a Christian ; so that I owe nothing to humanity for the damage my sword has done.—Now, boys, cry out, 'Long live the emperor !'

So the boys, young and old, echoed the shout ; the regiment took it up, and for the third time Leopold's heart was cheered by the enthusiastic affection of the army.

"Well, Christopher," said he, gayly, "although you reject my pension for yourself, you will not, I hope, reject it for your sons. Let it be divided between them, and long may you live to see them enjoy it !"

With these words, the emperor raised his hat, and waving it in token of adieu, he returned to his tent, far happier than he had left it some hours before.

"Carl," said he to the Duke of Lorraine, "I thank you for presenting Christopher III to my notice. That old man's spirit is catching, and I feel the pleasant infection. I recognize the might of bravery, and it seems as if my small army had doubled its numbers. This veteran, who in his person unites the history of six of my predecessors, has taught me that individuals are nothing in the sight of God. Six emperors have succumbed to the immutable laws of Nature, but the house of Hapsburg is still erect. What, then, if I meet with reverses ? The Lord has given me a son, who, if I should be unfortunate, will prop up our dynasty, and avenge his father's misfortunes."

"We will try to leave him none to avenge, sire. Your men are full of loyalty, and God will preserve your majesty's life until your son is fit to be your successor."

"His holy will be done !" said Leopold, crossing himself ; then, having given orders for an advance upon the fortress of Neuhausel, he changed his dress preparatory to starting for Vienna.

He had just been equipped in his black travelling-suit when Prince Louis of Baden entered the tent, followed by a young man whose simple costume presented a striking contrast to the magnificence of the uniforms around. He wore a brown coat buttoned up to the throat, leaving visible merely the ends of his cravat of costly Venetian lace. Ruffles of the same encircled his white hands, which, it was easy to see, had never

been hardened by work, or browned by the sun. His face, though youthful, bore traces of thought and suffering ; and his bearing was self-possessed, although every eye was upon him.

"Whom bring you hither ?" inquired Leopold, with a smile.

"Your majesty, I bring nothing but a young Savoyard : nevertheless I predict that, one of these days, he will be one of the great generals of the world."*

"I am not so presumptuous as to expect that I will ever rival Prince Louis of Baden or Charles of Lorraine," said Eugene. "All I have to ask of your majesty is the favor of being allowed to serve under them."

There was a pause. Everybody looked in amazement at the bold being who, all court etiquette disregarding, had ventured to address the emperor without being spoken to by his majesty ; but he was perfectly unconscious of his blunder. He looked so frank, so modest, and yet so unembarrassed, that the emperor was disarmed, and a smile flickered over his pleasant face.

"I see that he is a stranger," was Leopold's deprecatory remark. "Present him, your highness, that I may welcome him to Austria."

The prince taking the young man by the hand, led him up to the emperor.

"Sire, I have the honor to present you my kinsman, Prince Eugene of Savoy. He has come to Austria to join his brother, and, like him, to serve under the Austrian flag."

"Prince Eugene of Savoy, you are welcome to Austria," said Leopold, graciously.

Eugene answered the salutation by a low bow, and then calmly raised his head. But Prince Louis of Baden whispered in his ear, "The Spanish genuflection—quick ! bend the knee !"

Eugene looked surprised, for he had not understood the warning. But the emperor had overheard, and came once more to the rescue.

* The Margrave of Baden's own words.—See Armath, "Prince Eugene," vol. i., p. 23.

"Never mind the Spanish genuflection," interposed he, with a good-natured laugh. "The prince is not my subject; he has been educated in France, where people know little or nothing of the customs and usages of our court."

But scarcely were the words out of Leopold's mouth before Eugene had approached his arm-chair, and had fallen on one knee.

"Sire," said he, in his soft, melodious voice, whose tones went straight to the emperor's heart, "allow me to consider myself as your subject, and to render you homage according to the usages of your majesty's court. It is my misfortune to have been educated in France, and thereby to have lost twenty years of my life."

"Why lost?" inquired Leopold. "What was wanting in France to make you happy?"

"Every thing, sire!" cried Eugene, warmly. "And the only thing I did not want was thrust upon me."

"What was that?"

"The tonsure, sire. I begged the King of France for an insignificant commission in his army; I was scornfully repulsed. And now that I have shaken the dust of his dominions from my feet, I never wish to return thither unless—"

"Well," said the emperor, as Eugene paused. "Finish your sentence. 'Unless'—"

Eugene raised his magnificent eyes until they met those of the emperor. Then, in a calm voice, he continued:

"Unless I could do so as his majesty's victorious enemy."*

"Your majesty sees that he is the stuff of which heroes are made," observed Louis of Baden.

"You do not love France?" said Leopold.

"Sire, my family and I have suffered persecution at the hands of the French monarch, and I yearn for satisfaction. Your majesty sees how unfit I am to be a priest, for I cannot love my enemies, nor do good to those who spitefully use me."

"Let us hope that you will learn this lesson later. Meanwhile you seem more fitted for the career of a soldier than the vocation of a churchman. Your appearance here reminds me

* Eugene's own words.—See René, "Mazarin's Nicces."

of my own youth. I, too, was destined for the priesthood, and wore the garb of an abbé. I was a younger son, and nothing but an appendage to royalty. But it pleased God of His servant to make a sovereign, and to send as His messenger, death. My brother Ferdinand, the hope of Austria, died, and I stepped forth from my insignificance to become the heir to a mighty empire. Your brother Louis has frequently mentioned you to me, and from him I learned that at the French court you were known as 'the little abbé!' If of me, who was once a novice, Almighty God has made an emperor—of you, little abbé, He may make a great warrior!"

"Sire, my fate is in His hands; but all that lies in my own, I will do to serve your majesty as your loyal subject, hoping to follow from afar in the footsteps of the distinguished models before me." At the same time, Eugene bowed low to the Duke of Lorraine.

"Will you take him as your pupil?" asked Leopold of his brother-in-law. "No one in Austria can teach him better how to win laurels."

"With your majesty's permission, I accept the task," replied the duke. "But he must expect to find me a hard master, and, as my pupil in war, to have little leisure for aught else."

"You see," said Leopold, gayly, "what a miserable lot you have chosen for yourself. You have fallen from Scylla into Charybdis, my poor youth."

"I have my Ulysses, your majesty, in his highness of Lorraine. I give myself up to his sage guidance."

"If Prince Eugene is as ready with his sword as with his tongue, my enemies will have to look out, methinks," cried Leopold. "So take him along, Duke of Lorraine, and of the little abbé of the King of France make a great captain for the Emperor of Austria."

"With your majesty's permission, I will confer upon him the rank of colonel, and the first vacancy that occurs. Until then, prince, you can accompany me as a volunteer."

"As a volunteer for life, your highness," replied Eugene; "and, although I have already to thank his majesty for much gracious encouragement, I feel more grateful to him for plac-

ing me under your highness's orders, than for any other of the favors he has so kindly bestowed upon me to-day."

"I am glad to know it," returned the emperor. "Follow your leader, then, my young friend; and see that, although you have relinquished the priesthood, you hold fast to Christianity. We part for a time, but we shall meet again before long. Let us hope that it may be to give thanks to God for victory and peace."

The emperor then rose, and, followed by his officers, left the tent. His carriage stood without, and in a few moments, amid the respectful greetings of his staff, and the hurrahs of the army, he disappeared from the plains of Kitsee.

The Duke of Lorraine signed to Eugene to follow him. Laying his hand gently upon the prince's shoulder, he said: "Young man, you have requested me to be your instructor, and I have accepted the office, for you please me, and my heart inclines toward you. Let me then begin at once. I wish to give you some advice."

"I am all attention, your highness."

"Weigh well your words, before you give them utterance. You will find enemies in the Austrian ranks, as well as in those of the Turkish army. You have already gained a few; and by-and-by, if you are not careful, you will have as many as myself."

"What can I have done, your highness, during the half hour I have spent in his majesty's tent, to provoke enmity from the strangers around me? That you should have enemies, I comprehend; for distinction always calls forth envy. But I, an unknown youth! who could envy me?"

"Those who saw how graciously you were welcomed by the Emperor of Austria. But that is not all. You have offended your kinsman, Louis of Baden. It was he who presented you to the king. He is a brave and distinguished officer, and deserved all the compliments you bestowed upon me. Believe me, if you know your own interest, you will select him for your model and master in the art of war. He will be flattered at your preference, and will serve you efficiently. His friendship is worth having."

"I love Louis of Baden from my heart," said Eugene; "and,

after your highness, he has the first place in my consideration and esteem."

"*After* me, say you? Give him the first place, and he will procure you rapid advancement. For myself, I am unpopular, and if you love or respect me, do so in secret. You will not long have been an Austrian officer before you make the discovery that it is not politic to praise Charles of Lorraine."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

WAR had begun. Kara Mustapha advanced into Austria, looking neither to the right nor the left, marching onward, onward to Vienna. Such obstacles as he encountered on his way he removed by the might and strength of his forces, as an elephant lifts his ponderous foot to crush a pigmy lying in his path. His march was through burning villages and devastated fields; the glare of his torch illumined the sky, the blood of his victims reddened the earth. Austria's desponding hopes were concentrated upon the Duke of Lorraine; for the King of Poland had not arrived, and the Elector of Bavaria was yet undecided.

The army of the allied enemies increased daily, while that of the Austrians was decimated partly by contagious diseases, partly by a division of their forces, for the defence of the only fortress which was in a condition to arrest the advance of the Turks.

The duke's army, which now numbered twenty-three thousand men, was encamped in front of the fortress of Raab: for here the Turks would make their first attack, and to possess Raab was to hold the key of Upper Hungary and Central Austria. The army had halted there in the course of the afternoon, but, as night approached, the hum of action gradually ceased, and gloomy silence reigned throughout. No groups of merry soldiers gathered round the camp-fires with laugh, or jest, or mirthful song. Some slept from exhaustion and dis-

couragement, others sat mournfully gazing toward the east, which, unlike the dark horizon around, was lit up with a fiery glow, that marked the advance of the ferocious invaders. In one tent pitched on a hillock that overlooked the camp-ground, a faint light shone through the crevices of the curtain; and this glimmering spark was the only sign of life that was to be seen. The rest of the camp was in utter darkness.

The tent whence beamed this solitary light was that of the commander-in-chief, to whom his scouts had just brought intelligence which necessitated prompt action. He had sent for General Caprara and Prince Louis of Baden; and when his interview with them was at an end, he dispatched his adjutant for Prince Eugene of Savoy.

In a few moments Eugene raised the hangings of the tent and silently saluted his commander. The latter seemed not to have perceived his entrance. He stood before a table, leaning over a map on which he was tracing and retracing lines with his fingers. Eugene stepped closer, and followed the motions of the duke with his eyes. He seemed to understand them; for his countenance expressed anxiety and astonishment.

A long pause ensued, after which the duke raised his head and spoke:

"You have been here for some time?"

"Yes, your highness; I came as soon as I received your orders."

"I saw the shadow of your head on the map. You were watching my fingers attentively. I was glad to see that you were interested. What did you infer from your inspection of the map?"

"I will try to tell your highness as well as I can," was the modest reply. "You began by drawing a line from Stuhlweissenburg with three fingers. This represented the Turkish army, composed of three columns. Your forefinger represented the left wing, your third the right wing, and your middle finger the main body of the army. The two wings were then detached, and made a circuitous march to capture the fortress of Wesgrin. They again joined the main army, and I saw, with astonishment, that the consolidated forces had flanked

Raab, Comorn, and Leopoldstadt, had passed by the shores of the Neusidler Sea, and were now encamped on the banks of the Leitha."

"You have guessed most accurately," cried the duke, who had listened in amazement to Eugene's reply.

"It was not difficult to do," remarked the latter. "Since I have had the honor of serving under your highness, I have studied this map daily. I know every thicket, every forest, every stream laid down upon it. The whole country which it comprises is as familiar to me as if I surveyed it all at a glance. It is not, then, surprising that I should understand the movements of your highness's fingers."

"You think it quite natural—I consider it extraordinary. But you have raised my curiosity to know whether you also were able to interpret what followed."

"After accompanying the enemy to the banks of the Leitha, your highness stopped, raised your hand, and laid your finger upon the fortress of Raab. This, of course, denotes the position of our own army, and the direction in which we are to move."

"Move? We came here to defend this stronghold."

"We have been flanked, and have nothing to gain by a defence of Raab. With your finger, then, upon Raab, you were deliberating as to the route we are to take; since it is evident that, if we are not prompt, we will be cut off from Vienna. You made two divisions of *your* army. One finger traced a line across the island of Schütt to Presburg, and thence to Vienna; this, I presume, denotes the march of the infantry. The other finger, on the left bank of the Danube, drew a line from Wieselburg to Hainburg, and this route would be for our cavalry—it is too rough for foot-soldiers."

The duke listened with growing interest, and when Eugene ceased, he put his arm affectionately around the neck of the young officer, and exclaimed, "I congratulate you, Eugene. You will be a great captain. You will be a better general than I. Let us hope that you will also be a more fortunate one—that you will complete what I have begun—avenge Austria's wrongs on France, and restore her to her place as one of the four great powers. You have not only the instincts of a

soldier, but the quickness and penetration which constitute military genius. My pupil, I think, will ere long become my master."

"Ah!" replied Eugene, "unless you keep me as a pupil, I shall never become a master."

"The little that I know you shall learn from me, Eugene. I have predicted for you a glorious career, and, as far as lies in my power, I will contribute to your success. But success is as much the fruit of policy as of genius. You must not proclaim your preference for me to the world; it will impede your advancement. To obtain promotion you must be an ostensible adherent of my enemies; and for this reason I shall give you some command near the persons of General Caprara and Louis of Baden."

"Your highness, Louis of Baden is not—"

"My enemy, you would say? Believe me, I know human nature better than you do; but I have no resentment against Louis on account of his animosity. He is young, ambitious, and capable; it is therefore but natural that he should covet my position. He will obtain it, for all my enemies will give him their suffrages, and chief among them all is the Margrave Herman. I, on the contrary, have but one friend—the emperor."

"But the emperor is a host within himself," cried Eugene.

"If you think so, it is because you are unacquainted with the intrigues of the Austrian court. The privy council has more power than Leopold; and the veritable ruler of Austria is the minister of war, who, from his green-covered table, plans our battles and commands our armies. What do you suppose are my instructions from the war department? I must first, with my thirty-three thousand men, hold the entire Turkish army in check; I must garrison Raab, Comorn, and Leopoldstadt; I must defend fifty miles of frontier between the pass of Jublunkau and Pettau; I must oppose the passage of the enemy to Vienna; and having accomplished all these impossibilities, I must end by giving him battle wherever and whenever I meet him."*

"Impossible, indeed!" cried Eugene, indignantly.

* Kausler, "Life of Eugene of Savoy."

"And, for that very reason, assigned to me as my duty. For, as I shall certainly not accomplish it, there will be an outcry at my incapacity, and a pretext for my removal. I shall fulfil my obligations nevertheless, as conscientiously to foes as to friends. I have borne arms for the emperor against France, Sweden, Hungary, and Turkey; if it serve his interests or those of Austria, I am ready to struggle with his enemies at home; but, if my championship is to be dangerous to my sovereign or to my country, I shall resign without a protest. As for you, my son, the path of glory is open to you; perhaps before another sun has set, you may flesh your maiden sword in the blood of the infidel. You have anticipated my intentions. We are about to march to Vienna. Do you hear the signal? The men are being awakened; and in one hour we must be on our way. I sent for you to bid you farewell. So far, you have been attached to my person, and I have learned to esteem and love you. But the opportunity for you to distinguish yourself is at hand, and I must no longer retain you by me. I assign you to your brother's regiment of dragoons. It belongs to the brigade of Prince Louis, and the division of General Caprara. I part from you reluctantly, but I do it for your own good; and I hope soon to make honorable mention of my favorite officer to the emperor."

"My dear lord," answered Eugene, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "I will do all that I can to deserve your approval. I care for naught else in this world; and if after a battle you say that you are satisfied with me, I shall be richly rewarded for any peril, any sacrifice."

At this moment the curtain of the tent was drawn aside, and the duke's staff entered. He waved his hand in token of adieu to Eugene, at the same time saying:

"And now, colonel, Prince of Savoy, you will join your brother's regiment. It has received its orders, and is in readiness to depart."

Eugene bowed low and left the tent.

The Austrian camp was now alive and in motion, but the men were spiritless and taciturn. Conscious of the immense superiority of the enemy, they advanced to meet him with more of resignation than of hope. Not only were they out-

numbered, but their foe was one whose every step was marked by incendiarism and murder. The zest, the incentive to gallantry, was gone; and, believing that they were going forth to death, they went like victims to an inevitable doom. Far different were the feelings with which Eugene mounted his horse, and crossed the field to join the division of General Caprara. He found Prince Louis of Savoy already in the saddle, awaiting his arrival. The brothers greeted each other with fondest affection.

"Dear Eugene," said Louis, "my heart is joyous, since I know that we are to go in company. How sweet and homelike it is to have you with me! By-and-by, we shall see you cutting off Turks' heads as if they were poppies."

"For each one that I send to his account, I mean to claim a kiss from my beautiful sister-in-law."

"You are welcome if you can get them," laughed Louis. "But Urania is not prodigal of her kisses, Eugene; I never was able to obtain a single one until she became my wife. But let us not speak of her. Love is any thing but an incentive to valor; and just now I almost envy you who have never loved. If you intend to be a soldier, twine no myrtle with your laurels until you shall have attained renown."

Eugene's brow darkened, and a gleam of anguish shot athwart his countenance. "I shall never," began he—

But just at that moment the trumpet's peal was heard, and Prince Louis, galloping off, gave the word of command to move on.

And now was heard the roll of the drum, the clang of arms, the stamp of horses, and the measured tread of men. The infantry took the left, the cavalry the right bank of the Danube. When morning dawned, the camp lay far behind them, but the road was long that led to Vienna.

The two Princes of Savoy rode together. Little had been said by either one, but whenever their eyes met, each read in the glance of the other that he was dearly loved, and then they smiled, and relapsed into silence. After riding in this way for several miles, Prince Louis spoke.

"I wish to ask you something, Eugene. But promise not to ridicule me."

"I promise, with all my heart."

"Then tell me—do you believe in dreams and presentiments?"

Eugene reflected for a while and then said, "Yes—you know that our family have every reason to believe in dreams. Mine have often been realized; and often too, I must confess, that they have deceived me—but still I am a believer."

"Well, then," said his brother, "I shall meet my death to-day."

Eugene shuddered. "Meet your death!" exclaimed he. "This is a grim jest, dear Louis."

"No jest, brother; a serious prediction. Last night I saw myself mortally wounded, and I heard the wailing of my wife and children, when the news of my death was brought to them. It was so vivid that it awakened me. Dear Eugene, if I fall, be a brother to my Urania, a father to my children."

"I will, I will, Louis, but God forbid that they should need protection from me! Were you to die, I should lose my only friend, for whom have I to love in this world besides yourself, dear brother?"

"Nay, Eugene," returned Louis, "I cannot be your only or your dearest friend, for you do not trust me. From our cousins, the Princes de Conti, I learned that you had endured some great sorrow at the hands of Louvois, the French minister of war. I have waited for you to confide your troubles to me, but—Great God! What is the matter?"

Eugene had reined in his horse with such force, that it seemed to be falling back upon its haunches. His face was deadly pale, and his hand raised imploringly.

"My head reels," murmured he, in return. "I dare not think of the past, much less speak of it. Dear, dear brother, do not exact it of me. Be content to know that, for three days of my life, I was happy beyond the power of man to express—but for three days only. What followed almost cost me my reason; and the mere mention of my misfortune unsettles it to-day. Give me your hand, and let us drop this subject forever, Louis. I have *no* past; futurity is everything to me."

"So be it," replied Louis, grasping his brother's hand with fervor. "From this day we are comrades for life!"

Their hands remained clasped for a few seconds: then, as by a simultaneous impulse, the brothers struck spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped swiftly onward. The troops were allowed to halt but once during the day; they went on and on until sunset, when they arrived within sight of the market-town of Petronelle. Between the city and the tired troopers was a wide plain, whose uniformity was broken here and there by the ruins of ancient Roman fortifications.

Suddenly there was a cry, a clash of swords, and a clang of trumpets uttering strange sounds; and, as the regiment of the Princes of Savoy was defiling along a passage between the ruins, a troop of Tartars that had been in ambuscade behind, sprang out, uttering the most hideous yells.

"Forward!" cried Prince Louis, brandishing his sword.

"Forward!" echoed Eugene, joyfully, spurring his horse into their very midst. For a while the brothers fought side by side, Louis with calm intrepidity, Eugene with the instinct, the enthusiasm, the inspiration of genius. His sword mowed down the Tartars as the reaper's scythe sweeps away the grass; but unhappily the attack had been so sudden, and the cries which had accompanied it so frightful, that the Austrians became panic-stricken, and their ranks disorderly.

In vain the elder Prince of Savoy tried to rally them; in vain Eugene, followed by a few veterans, called upon them to charge; his reckless gallantry availed him nothing. Finally his arm with its unsheathed sword, dropped discouraged at his side.

"Lost, lost!" cried he to his brother. "Lost and disgraced!"

"Yes, by Heaven, they are flying!" was the despairing reply. But as he spoke the words, he saw that he was in error. The galloping horses were coming nearer and nearer, and now they saw that re-enforcement was at hand. The Duke of Lorraine with his cavalry was flying to their rescue, and the fight was resumed. The dragoons, encouraged by the sight of their commander-in-chief, now charged the Tartars, and they in their turn began to fly.

Prince Louis was eager to pursue them, and, calling his men, the chase began. His horse outstripped the others, and unhappily was so conspicuous a mark, that the arrow of a Calmuck, hidden behind the ruins of a triumphal arch, pierced his breast. Maddened by pain, the animal leaped so high in the air that his rider was thrown to the ground; and while the horse rushed on, his master was trodden down by his own dragoons, who, in the eagerness of pursuit, trampled their unfortunate commander to death.

The enemy had been repulsed, and the troops were in better spirits. Eugene rode from rank to rank, repeating the same words, "Where is my brother? Where is the Prince of Savoy?"

Not a man there could answer his questions, for not one had seen his leader fall. At length, it was remembered that a wounded horse had been seen madly rushing over the plain, but the excited troopers had given no heed to the circumstance; it was an occurrence too common in an engagement, to arrest them for a moment from their pursuit of an enemy.

Eugene's heart was bounding with joy, and he had been seeking his brother to give and receive congratulations. His countenance, which had been glowing with pride, became suddenly disturbed; his flashing eyes grew dull and leaden, and so for one moment he sat, stricken and motionless. But he started from his lethargy, and crying out to his men, "Follow me!" they galloped away to the spot where the dying and the dead were heaped together near the ruined arch where the Tartars had been concealed.

In an instant the unfortunate youth saw the body of his brother. He flung himself from his horse, and knelt down by his side. Gracious Heaven! was that bruised and shapeless mass all that remained of the comeliness and grace of Louis of Savoy!

Eugene bent down, and, lovingly as a mother lifts her newborn infant, he raised his brother's mangled head, and rested it upon his arm. The hot tears that fell upon that poor, bleeding face, awoke the small remnant of life that was pulsating in the dying prince's heart, and his filmy eyes unclosed. Their light was almost extinguished, but Eugene saw that he was

recognized, for the feeble spark kindled, and the pale lips fluttered.

"My dream!" were the words he uttered, "my dream!"

"No, no!" cried Eugene, in piercing tones of anguish, while with his trembling hand he stroked his brother's hair and wiped the death-dew from his brow.

"Eugene," murmured Louis, "my wife—my child—"

"Oh! they shall be mine—mine, beloved," was the passionate reply.

"Kiss me, brother, and—bear the kiss to my Urania."

Eugene stifled his sobs, and kissed the pale, cold lips. A shudder crossed the frame of the dying man, a torrent of blood gushed from his lips, and moving his head so that it rested close to his brother's heart, he expired.

With a groan, Eugene fell upon his lifeless body. How long he had lain there he knew not, when he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder. He looked up, and beheld the Duke of Lorraine.

"Prince Eugene," said he, "war has claimed from you a terrible sacrifice. You have lost a brother whom you most tenderly loved. But a soldier must conquer grief; and who more than he should remember that death, however painful, cancels all human woes?"

Eugene rose slowly to his feet, and raised his hand all purple with his brother's gore. "See," said he, "my brother has given me the baptism of war, and now I dedicate myself to strife. This blood-besprinkled hand shall smite the Turk, shall ruin his fields, shall devastate his towns.—Ah, Louis! Ambition has hitherto been my incentive to glory, but revenge is stronger than ambition, and revenge shall lift me to greatness!"

The setting sun poured down a stream of light upon the speaker, who, small, delicate, and insignificant, seemed transfigured into the genius of war. The dragoons around looked upon him with awe; and, long years after, they were accustomed to relate the circumstance of Prince Louis's death, and Prince Eugene's vow.

CHAPTER X.

VIENNA.

"THE Turks, the Turks! The Tartars are coming! The Duke of Lorraine has been defeated! We are lost!"

Such were the cries in Vienna, on the morning of the 8th of July, 1683. A courier from the Duke of Lorraine had brought news of the unfortunate skirmish near Petronelle, and had warned the emperor of the approach of the enemy. Leopold had acted upon the information at once, and preparations were making by the royal family to evacuate Vienna.

This fact was no sooner known throughout the city, than thousands of its inhabitants prepared to follow. If the emperor deserted his capital, it was because he knew that it must fall; and those who loved their lives were determined to fly. From palace to hut there was but one common feeling—a frenzied desire to go elsewhere—anywhere rather than remain to be butchered by the infidel.

Whosoever possessed a carriage, a wagon, a cart, was an object of greater envy than he who counted his treasures by millions. Incredible prices were offered and received for the roughest of conveyances. Before every house stood vehicles of every kind, crowded with fugitives, upon whom the poorer classes gazed with longing eyes; many of them, by dint of tears and prayers, obtaining liberty to hang on the wagons as they drove away.

And now amid the throng arose a cry. "The emperor! the emperor!"

Yes—he sat in his imperial carriage, pale, mournful, silent. And at his side, sorrowful as he, was the Empress Eleanor. Behind them, in another carriage, came the archduchess, with the crown prince of Austria in her arms. Alas! not even for that innocent babe was there safety to be found in the doomed city.

The people, like madmen, rushed through the streets behind the imperial cortège. Whither their sovereign went, they de-