

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-



terminated to follow ; for with him, they fancied, they would find refuge from the terrible Turk.

The retinue of the emperor took the way toward the Danube, and the long train of carriages thundered over its wide bridge. At intervals the people shouted :

"Follow his imperial majesty ! Whither our sovereign travels, we must go for safety !" And for six hours the bridge was thronged with passengers ; some in vehicles, some clinging to vehicles ; ladies and lackeys together in rumbles, or together hanging to the carriage-doors. Never in his life had such a cortège followed the Emperor of Austria ; and certainly a procession more mournful had never accompanied a sovereign before. Leopold's destination was Linz ; but the way was tedious, the roads sandy, and the sun's rays scorching. Poor horses ! they were white with sweat ; but still the drivers urged them on, for relays there were none. Terror had almost depopulated the country. Toward nightfall the fugitives were compelled to halt, for their tired animals were too stiff to travel farther, and themselves were weary and hungry.

They had reached a small village, where Leopold gave orders to have beds and supper prepared for his pale and worn-out empress.

"Ah, yes !" sighed she, "I am hungry and sleepy."

But from some mismanagement, the wagons containing the beds and provisions of the imperial family had either stopped on the way, or had never left Vienna.

The poor empress folded her hands and began to pray. The emperor bowed his head. "My house is sorely in need," said he, sadly, "but we are all in the hands of Almighty God. Whithersoever it be His will to exile us, I am ready to go : and may His holy will be done !"

The imperial pair then left their carriage, and, a bed being made of the cloaks of the pages, they laid them down to sleep under the dark-blue vault of the spangled heavens. But, at the dawn of day, they resumed their journey. The horses had rested, and the gentlemen of the imperial household had procured some homely refreshments for the famished monarch and his family. It consisted of eggs, milk, and black bread ;

but hunger lent it savor, and their majesties ate with more relish, perhaps, than they had ever done before.

They set out again. Their way now lay over cornfields, where the farmers, with their maids and men, were gathering the wheat, and binding it into sheaves. They, too, were in terror of the Turks ; but, when they saw the imperial cortège slowly plodding its way through the sandy road, they stopped their work, and, coming up to the portières, intruded their coarse, brutal faces into the very carriages themselves. They stared at the empress and jeered at the emperor ; inquired how he liked his crown, and why he did not wear it on his head. They added that it was a fine thing to be on a throne, to be sure ; but emperors had a right to their share of trouble in this world, quite as much as other people ; perhaps they deserved a little more than others.

When the officers and pages around heard this insolent scoffing, they drew their swords, and would have made short work of the boors ; but Leopold forbade the use of violence. "Let them alone," said he, mildly. "They are quite right. It is easy to be a monarch while the sun shines, and the empire prospers ; let me hope to prove to my subjects that I can bear my reverses with humility and fortitude. Let these people alone ; for all trials come from above, and in His own good time God will help us, and end our tribulations."

The peasants, ashamed, slunk back into their fields, and the imperial retinue went on to Linz, while for those that had remained in Vienna there ensued a period of danger, hardships, and terrible endurance.

Count Rudiger von Starhemberg, who had been chosen to defend Vienna, entered upon his perilous responsibilities with enthusiasm and energy. Rich and poor, great and small, were called upon to contribute to the general welfare. Nobles of high degree worked on the defences ; ladies brought baskets of provisions to the laborers ; and the mayor of Vienna, by way of setting the example to his inferiors, carried sand all day in a wheelbarrow to the fortifications. But bravely as they worked, each day augmented their danger. The sentinels on St. Stephen's towers could see, by the reddened heavens, that the Turk was approaching. On the 12th of July the sum-



mit of the Kahlenberg was seen to be in flames; and the besieged had no need to be told that a monastery had been destroyed, and its occupants per chance put to the sword. Kara Mustapha invested Vienna, and sent to demand the surrender of the city. It was refused, and the siege was begun.

The Turks pitched their tents at the distance of several miles, and began to mine. Meanwhile a terrible fire broke out in Vienna which threatened destruction to its inhabitants. Driven onward by a high wind, it consumed street after street, and at length approached the arsenal, within whose precincts were a shot-tower and the powder-magazine. Thousands of citizens were at the engines, making despairing efforts to arrest the conflagration; but the licking flames came fast and faster toward the shot-tower. The wretched Viennese had given up every hope of salvation, when Count Guido von Starhemberg, the nephew of the commanding general, rescued Vienna at the risk of his own life. Accompanied by a few soldiers, he entered the tower, and deluged the powder-barrels with water. Animated by the noble devotion of the young count, others followed him with new supplies. The windows of the powder-magazine were then walled up, and the fire extinguished.

Scarcely had the Viennese recovered from this threatened catastrophe before danger assailed them from another quarter. The Turkish lines grew closer around the city, and the Duke of Lorraine, who, in the interim, had arrived, and had encamped on an island in the Danube, was forced back to Moravia, there to await the long-promised succor of the King of Poland, and the long-procrastinated re-enforcements of the Elector of Bavaria.

Within the gates their foes were sickness, discouragement, hunger, and mutiny. With these intestine enemies Count von Starhemberg battled manfully. His own spirit and courage were the weapons he used to keep down discontent. Day and night he was in the trenches; and when, by skilful counter-mining, his men had succeeded in taking the lives of a few hundred Turks, Count von Starhemberg embraced the miners, and took the earliest opportunity of rewarding them.

Undaunted by the Turkish bullets, he visited the ramparts three times daily, until finally he was struck by one of the

balls that were constantly aimed at him, and severely wounded in the head. He was picked up insensible, and carried home; but Rudiger von Starhemberg had no time to be sick: so three days after he rose from his bed, and, with his head bound up, mounted his horse, and returned to his post.

His short absence had been productive of much evil in Vienna. It had dispirited the timid and emboldened the insubordinate. But Count Rudiger had an iron will, and no sympathy for weakness that endangered the state. An officer having neglected his watch, and permitted the Turks to intrench themselves in front of a bastion whereof he had the guard, Count von Starhemberg gave him his choice between the gallows and a *sortie* wherein he should meet the death of a soldier. The officer chose the latter alternative, and died after performing prodigies of valor.

Two soldiers had resisted the commands of their captain. Both were arrested, and one of them accused the other of having instigated him to insubordination. In presence of their regiment they were made to throw for their lives, and he who threw the lowest number was taken out and shot.

From the fulfilment of their duty to the country, Count von Starhemberg would exempt neither age nor sex. Two boys of less than twelve years of age were accused of having secret understanding with the enemy, by which, for a rich reward, they were to open the gates at night, and deliver the city into Kara Mustapha's hands. Count von Starhemberg investigated the matter thoroughly, and, the fact having been proved upon the boys, they were executed.

But hunger and disease were fast decreasing the ranks of the besieged. The hospitals were so crowded with patients, that no more could obtain admittance; and the commander, who seemed to have an expedient for every disaster, appealed to the women of Vienna to receive the sufferers in their houses. They responded, as woman does, to the claims of humanity, and, carrying their devotion further than was required, they visited the hospitals, and brought food to the men on the ramparts, to refresh and invigorate them as they worked.

But unhappily, the day came when substantial food was no longer to be gotten. The city was invested, and no supplies



could come from without. The Duke of Lorraine had promised re-enforcements toward the end of the month ; and yet the 30th day of August had dawned, and no help was vouchsafed.

But there was yet another night to pass before they would despair of his coming. Crowds of men assembled on the towers of St. Stephen's, that they might hear from the lips of the sentinels the first tidings of joy ; in the churches women and children were on their knees imploring Heaven to send them succor ; while without the Turks, who had just begun a fresh assault, were thinning the ranks of their defenders, and adding to the mournful numbers of the widows and orphans of Vienna.

By morning the Turks had mined a passage to the stronghold of Ravelin. Thither rushed the men with pikes, sabres, and clubs ; and behind them came their wives and daughters with boiling pitch and oil, with sacks of sand and ashes, to throw upon the invaders as they emerged from their subterranean passage. The expedient was successful ; the enemy was repulsed with loss, and the fall of Vienna averted for another day.

A messenger from the emperor had managed to pass the Turkish lines, promising help to the brave besieged, could they but hold out till the middle of September ; but, after ten weeks of struggle, patient waiting, and hope deferred, two weeks seemed an eternity. Nevertheless the indomitable Starhemberg reanimated their courage, not only by words, but by his noble and unselfish endurance of hardship, his fearless defiance of danger. They had resisted fifteen assaults of the enemy, and had made twenty-one sallies outside of the defences. He knew that, if they chose, their valiant souls would sustain them for two weeks longer, and his burning words prevailed.

Once more they rallied, and defended themselves with desperation. Though shells were bursting over their houses and at their feet, though sickness was raging in their hospitals, and hunger was wasting away their kindred, they swore to resist for two weeks longer. So they could but save Vienna, their fatherland, and their emperor, they were willing to endure their sufferings to the bitter end. The Turks pressed closer, but every foot of ground cost them thousands of men ;

and their advance was disputed by heroes whose bodies were weakened with fasting and sickness. Not a morsel of bread or of fresh meat was to be seen ; for a while a cat was esteemed a great delicacy ; and, finally, when the rats were exhausted, the poor, famished Viennese were glad to eat mice.

Meanwhile Kara Mustapha went about in his litter, calling upon his men to exterminate these obstinate starvelings, bestowing rewards upon those who had distinguished themselves, and beheading with his own cimeter such as displeased or offended him. After each one of these visits of the commander to his trenches, the Turks made a fresh assault on the city. Had they made a general attack, the besieged were lost ; for there were within the walls of Vienna but four thousand men capable of bearing arms, and these were so exhausted by hunger, that they might easily have been overpowered. No amount of heroism could supply the want of bodily strength ; and at last Count von Starhemberg himself was forced to acknowledge that they must ere long capitulate.

Every night from the towers of St. Stephen's signal-rockets proclaimed to heaven and earth the distress and despair of the people of Vienna ; while the burning eyes of the brave commander were strained to see a responsive light, and his ears intent to listen for the answering boom of the cannon that was to have announced approaching succor. One week of the two had painfully ebbed away ; in eight days more Vienna would be sacked, and the Crescent would replace the Cross !

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RE-ENFORCEMENTS.

On this same 8th of September—so fraught with discouragement to the suffering inhabitants of Vienna—the Duke of Lorraine held a council of war in his tent with his allies. The King of Poland was there, burning with ardor to rescue the capital of Austria ; the Elector of Bavaria had arrived with heavy re-enforcements, which, added to the troops furnished



by Saxony, Swabia, and Franconia, swelled the army to eighty-four thousand men. Other volunteers from various parts of Germany had joined the standard of Austria, and all were eager to uphold the cause of Christendom against the unbelieving infidel.

For three days the Polish troops had been occupied building a pontoon bridge, upon which, on the 8th day of September, the allied forces began to cross the Danube.

The first to cross were the King of Poland and the Duke of Lorraine. No sooner had they gained the opposite bank than the army broke out into one universal shout of joy.

John Sobiesky's fine face was beaming with exultation. With a triumphant smile he turned to the duke, who, with his usual serious expression of countenance, was watching the troops while they came across.

"The Turks are lost!" said Sobiesky.

"They were lost from the moment your majesty came to our rescue," was the courteous reply. "From the moment that you assumed the chief command, I felt certain of success."

"My dear duke," said the king, warmly, "I am not so dazzled by your generous praise as not to know which of us is the greater general of the two. If I have accepted your highness's gracious relinquishment of the chief command to me, I shall take good care not to exercise it without advice from yourself. But I am in no trouble now as to the issue of our contest with the Turks. They are already beaten. A general who, at the head of two hundred thousand men, suffers us to construct this bridge within five leagues of his camp, is a man of no ability. He is as good as beaten."\*

"Provided we reach Vienna before our poor hungry countrymen will have been forced to surrender."

The king's eyes flashed. "Ay, ay, indeed!" exclaimed he, eagerly; "every thing depends upon that. The main question is, to march to Vienna as quick as possible."

"There are two roads to Vienna," replied the duke.

The king nodded affirmatively. "Yes; the road lying

\* John Sobiesky's own words.—See Kausler, "Prince Eugene of Savoy," vol. i., p. 22.

through the valley of the Danube is level; the one that leads to Vienna by the Kahlenberg is steep and toilsome."

"But much shorter," added the duke.

"Let us then select the route over the Kahlenberg," answered the king. "Your highness understands giving sound advice under the garb of a passing observation."

Their conversation was just then interrupted by the appearance of two young horsemen, who bowed respectfully as they rode by. One wore the rich and becoming uniform of the Polish lancers—this was the crown prince of Poland; the other, more simply attired, was Prince Eugene of Savoy—the youngest colonel in the Austrian service.

At a signal from the King of Poland, the youths reined in their horses.

"My son," said the king, touching the Polish prince on the shoulder, "let me congratulate you that you are about to engage the enemy under the command of one of the most distinguished generals of the age."

The duke shook his head, and smilingly addressed Eugene: "Prince of Savoy," said he, "you see before you a king whose least glory is his crown. Let him be your model, and when you confront the enemy let the thought of John Sobiesky's fame urge you to deeds of prowess."

"Your highness," replied Eugene, "not only when I confront the enemy, but every day and every hour of my life, will I look back with emotion to the time when I beheld the two most eminent commanders of the age contemplating each other's greatness without envy, and accepting each other's suggestions without cavil; and I trust that, from the sight, I may receive inspiration as far as lies within my capacity, to emulate their moral as well as their military worth."

"You will ere long have the opportunity of showing us how proximity to John Sobiesky inspires men to valor," replied the duke. "We are about to march to Vienna. Which road would you take, if you had to choose for the army?"

Eugene's large black eyes wandered over the horizon until they rested on the summit of Kahlenberg. "If we gain those heights, we overlook not only our friends, but the entire camp of the enemy."



"Well answered," said John Sobiesky. "You are a military man by intuition, I see, and are destined to make a figure in the world. You are small in person, but would be great in council. Men of your size and build are more frequently gifted with military genius than those of lofty stature. I suppose," continued he, smiling, "that it is because the brain which reasons, and the heart that feels, lie close together, and so can help each other. But," said he, interrupting himself, "here comes the Elector Max Emmanuel. Allow me to bid him welcome."

The Duke of Lorraine followed him with his eyes, as, in company with the crown prince, the king rode forward to meet the handsome Prince of Bavaria.

"The Poles did well," said he to himself, "to prefer John Sobiesky to me; and, if I had known him personally, never would I have been his competitor for a throne. He is better fitted to reign and govern than I."

"Has your highness any commands for me?" asked Eugene.

"Yes, my dear young friend," replied the duke, solemnly. "We draw near to Vienna. Avenge your brother's death, but prize and cherish your own life. Do not wantonly expose your person, nor seek for danger; for he alone is a hero whose valor is restrained by prudence. I shall place you, nevertheless, where danger is imminent, and glory to be earned; so that, when I recommend you for promotion to the emperor, the world may not say that you owe your advancement to favor."

"Your highness's advice shall be followed to the letter," replied Eugene, earnestly. "I will despise danger, that I may avenge my brother; yet will I guard my life, that I may be the protector of his wife and children. But nothing will more inspire me to heroic deeds than the friendship which you so condescendingly evince for me. May God bless and reward you for your sympathy with my suffering heart!"

At the end of three days, the army gained the heights of the Kahlenberg. The men, tired and sleepy, dispersed, and threw themselves down to rest under the trees; their commanders rode farther to the mountain's brow, and there, be-

neath the fiery rays of the setting sun, lay prisoned Vienna and her Turkish jailers. But above was a cloud of smoke and dust, through which ever and anon leaped columns of fire, while the air was heavy with reverberation of cannon. The Turks were storming the city.

The besieged, mindful of their promise, were defending themselves with desperation. With imperturbable calm, Count von Starhemberg headed every sortie, and his quick eye perceived every little advantage that could be taken; while his wise precautions saved many a life, and warded off many a peril. His redoubts were no sooner damaged than repaired; trench after trench was dug; street by street defended with palisades, improvised of rods and beams.

As night came on, the heavy firing of the Turks ceased, and a dead stillness followed the terrible boom of cannon. The streets were ploughed with balls, the ashes of many a consumed building were scattered about by the wind, while here and there a fitful blaze was seen issuing from a shapeless mass that once had been the stately home of some proud Austrian noble. Pale, ghastly figures wandered among the ruins, searching for food, which, alas! they rarely found. But, amid this "abomination of desolation," they still lifted their eyes to heaven for help, and still clung to hope of rescue.

Count Starhemberg, as usual, had ascended the tower of St. Stephen's; while in the city below every form was prostrate in prayer. With his own hand he fired the nightly rocket, and watched its myriads of stars as they shot heavenward, illumined the darkness, and then fell back into nothingness. His heart beat painfully, as the last scintillations went out, and left but the pall of night behind. But he gazed on in silence, and in anguish unutterable. Suddenly he unclasped his rigid hands, for oh! joy! joy! there was light on the summit of the Kahlenberg; the signal darts up into the sky, and from Herman's peak the cannon proclaims that help is nigh!

One cry of rapture burst from the lips of all who stood around the commander; the warder grasped his speaking-trumpet, and cried out to the crowd below, "The signal is answered!"



The sound was caught up by the eager multitude, the blessed tidings were borne from street to street, and the people with one accord knelt down and thanked God. Noble and simple, aged and young, all hastened to St. Stephen's. Men clasped hands; and strangers that had never met before, embraced one another like friends and kinsmen. Hope had softened all hearts, joy's electric touch had made a thousand interests one: men were no longer segregate, their lives were blended into one great emotion.

Count von Starhemberg was so overcome, that for some moments his tongue refused him utterance. When he spoke, his voice, so accustomed to command, trembled and grew soft—soft and gentle as that of a young maiden.

"Will some one fetch me pen and paper?" said he. And when a portfolio was brought for him to write upon, he could scarcely command his hand while it traced these few words:

"Lose no time; in Heaven's name, be quick, or we are lost!"

"Who will venture to swim across the Danube, and deliver this paper to the Duke of Lorraine?" added he.

Three young men volunteered at once. Count von Starhemberg chose the one that seemed the strongest, and gave it to him.

"Promise me that you will deliver it or die!"

"I promise," was the reply of the young man, who, without tarrying another moment, sprang down the steps and disappeared.

In a few hours, another rocket from the mountain-top announced the safe arrival of the messenger, and promised speedy relief.

Yes, deliverance was at hand. At gray dawn, the army were ready to march, and the King of Poland, the Duke of Lorraine, and Louis of Baden were in the saddle. When all were assembled, John Sobiesky dismounted, and kneeling before the altar of Leopold's chapel, addressed a prayer to Heaven for a blessing on the approaching struggle. In his priestly robes, within the chancel, stood Marcus Avianus, the inspired Capuchin whom the pope had sent to Germany to preach

this new crusade. His burning words had done as much for the cause of Christianity as the stalwart arms of Austria's best warriors; and now, as he raised his hands on high, and eighty thousand men knelt to receive his blessing, their hearts throbbed with joy, for they felt that the God of battles would be with them that day.

The rites done, John Sobiesky bestowed the honor of knighthood upon his son, "thereby commemorating the proudest day of their lives;" and at the conclusion of the ceremony, he addressed the Polish army, exhorting them to fight as became a Christian host in a cause "where death was not only the path to glory, but the way to heaven."

"I have but one command to give my men," said he, in conclusion. "Let them follow their king, and wherever he is to be seen, there let them know that the battle rages fiercest."

A tumultuous shout was the answer to this exhortation. It gathered strength as it passed along the ranks, until it awoke a thousand echoes from the mountain-tops around; while the rays of the sun, like a consecrating fire, glistened from the point of every bayonet, and flashed from the blade of every waving sword.

The cheers of the Christians were borne on the summer air, until the sound reached the very camp of the Turks. It sent consternation to the heart of Kara Mustapha, as he lay smoking his hookah under a tent of silk and velvet. For sixty days he had besieged Vienna with his hundreds of thousands. Against its obstinate defenders warfare had failed; and now that hunger was about to do what he had vainly tried—to paralyze their valor, here came succor, to render his victory doubtful. For he well knew that the Christians were full of ardor, while his Turks were tired of fighting. That he might excite their thirst for blood, he assembled all his prisoners, men, women, and children, together, and, within view of his army, ordered them all to be massacred. The work of death began, and the expiring cries of his victims were the Paynim's answer to the shouts of the Christians, that were raising their hearts to God.

That fearful wail was heard, too, by the belcaguered men



of Vienna ; and the thought of their butchered kindred gave strength to their famished bodies. They hungered no longer for food ! they thirsted for blood.

And now the bells, which for sixty days had been silent, rang out their alarum, calling all to the last great struggle. The sick raised their heads, and felt the glow of health thrilling through their fevered veins ; the aged worked like youths—the youths like demi-gods. And full of hope, full of valor, the brave citizens of Vienna awaited the coming of their liberators.

The main body of the allied army was commanded by the Electors of Bavaria and of Saxony ; the right wing, by John Sobiesky ; the left, by the Duke of Lorraine and Louis of Baden. The plan of the attack had been made according to the suggestions of the King of Poland.

At the side of Louis of Baden rode Eugene of Savoy, his sorrows all forgotten in the excitement of the occasion. His countenance beamed with animation, his eyes darted fire. His black war-horse, too, partook of his enthusiasm : he pranced, leaped into the air, and neighed as if in defiance of the barbs that were to bear his enemies into battle that morning.

"My dear cousin," said Eugene to Louis, "I implore you let me go early into action. Give me something to do as soon as we are in sight of the enemy, and thereby prove me your love."

"You shall have your wish, Eugene. Your division is to open the engagement. As soon as you hear the discharge of the cannon from the heights of the Kahlenberg, you advance."

With a joyful wave of the hand, Eugene sprang forward, and placed himself at the head of his dragoons, where, rigid as a statue, he stood with his eyes raised to the summit of the Kahlenberg.

The first shot rolled like thunder through the valley gorges. The men grasped their muskets, the horses pawed the ground. The second, the third, followed, and every eye glistened, and every heart throbbed. The fourth—the fifth!

"*En avant !*" cried Eugene ; and the dragoons galloped

forward. They were to drive the enemy from the valley of the Nussberg, and force the pass of Heiligenstadt. But the Turks disputed every inch of the ground, making breastworks of every hillock, trenches of every hollow. They defended the way with such desperation that the Austrian cavalry began to waver.

An exclamation of fury was heard from the lips of Eugene. "Victory or death !" cried he ; and with these words the intrepid youth struck spurs into his horse, and sprang through the pass ; his sabre, flashing like lightning through the air, as right and left it dealt destruction to the Janizaries that disputed his passage.

Amazed at such prowess, the dragoons gave one simultaneous cheer, and leaped into the enemy's midst. From that moment they moved on like a granite wall ; onward in the track of their gallant commander, all peril disregarding, they fought their way, until, inspired by his heroism, encouraged by the soul-stirring tones of his blithe young voice, they won the pass, and forced the enemy back.

Meanwhile the imperial and Saxon forces had advanced from the Kahlenberg, in one dense column, the sight of which had sorely shaken the confidence of Kara Mustapha in his power to resist them.

On swept the mighty mass, and in a few moments the deep thunder of the cannon reverberated along the mountain gorges ; the clashing of swords and the rattling of musketry mingled with the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying ; while all above was fire and smoke. The passes were reddened with blood, which drop by drop flowed down their declivities, until it met another life-destroying current on its way ; and both glided onward to the Danube, empurpling its waters with the mingled gore of Christian and Paynim.

The battle raged, without any decisive advantage, until long after noon. At four o'clock, however, the Ulans of the King of Poland were about to be overpowered by superior numbers, when re-enforcement came in the form of a charge on the right wing of the Turks, by the troops under Charles of Lorraine. Those flying squadrons, beneath whose horses' hoofs the ground is trembling as if upheaved by an earth-



quake, are headed by Eugene—the indomitable Eugene. On his foam-flecked steed, with a sword in his hand that is gory to the hilt, comes the “little abbé,” who was too much of a weakling to obtain a commission in the army of the King of France. If his mother could see him now, she would confess that he was no fit aspirant for a scarlet hat.

Side by side rode Eugene and Louis of Baden, both heading that bloody chase. Over heaps of corpses, over struggling horses, falling timbers, through smoke and fire, they dashed toward the gates of Vienna. Count Starhemberg was there with his handful of braves, making gallant resistance to the Janizaries. But for the mad charge of Eugene, the little garrison would soon have been cut to pieces. But the attack on their rear surprised the Janizaries; they fell back, only to be confronted by the Duke of Lorraine, and, believing resistance to be useless, they fled.

The King of Poland meanwhile was within the gates engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy in the streets. He was not left long to struggle without help. Once more Eugene and his cavalry came to the rescue; and now the Turkish legions are flying for their lives, while the Christians are shouting for joy and victory!

Kara Mustapha, who was to have made his seat of empire at Vienna, has suddenly become a panic-stricken adventurer. With that singular absence of fortitude which so often distinguishes tyrants in adversity, he fell to weeping like a child, and went whining for protection to the Khan of Tartary.

“Save me, save me!” was his cowardly cry.

The khan shook his head. “We know the King of Poland too well,” said he. “Nobody can withstand him.”

And from this moment nothing was thought of, in the Turkish camp, but flight. Kara Mustapha’s war-horse, with its housings of purple velvet worked in pearls, was too heavy to bear him away from Vienna; he mounted a fleet-footed Arabian, and sped away without thought of the treasures he was leaving behind. His costly tent, his girdles of diamonds, his cimeters inlaid with rubies and sapphires, his six hundred sacks of piastres, all fell into the hands of John Sobiesky.

While joy and jubilee prevailed throughout the streets of

Vienna, Eugene of Savoy was on his way to the dwelling of his widowed sister: but, while he sorrowed with Urania and her orphans, his name was being borne upon the trumpet-blast of fame, as chief among the heroes that rescued Vienna from the infidel.