come to pass," replied the marquise, with one of her most enticing smiles. "Long before the Emperor Leopold will have exterminated the Turks, we will force him to defend his own territories from the invading armies of France."

"You approve me, then, and think that it is time I began to be aggressive in my warfare," exclaimed Louis, eagerly.

"I am always of the opinion of my lord and sovereign," was the courteous reply of the marquise, who had already forgotten the discussion relating to Avignon. "It remains to be seen if Louvois acquiesces."

"Louvois will do as he is bid," said Louis, frowning.

"Remember, sire, that he said publicly, yesterday, that the French army was not in a condition to open a campaign, and that it could not be equipped before spring."

"Before spring!" echoed the king. "While the generals of Leopold carry every thing before them!—for he has distinguished generals in his service, madame; one of whom is that same Eugene of Savoy whom you pronounced unworthy of a bishopric. Whatever he might have done as a churchman, I would he were an archbishop rather than what he is to-day!"

"Oh, sire!" said the marquise, reproachfully. "True—I never thought Prince Eugene had any vocation for the priesthood; and, knowing his disinclination to the church, I myself advised him to ask for a commission in the army. He did ask it—a mere captaincy—and your majesty well remembers who it was that influenced you to refuse him so small a boon. To Louvois France owes the loss of this great military genius."

"Right, right, you are always right, and I have unwittingly given you another pretext for blaming him."

"Although he is my bitter foe, I would not blame him, sire, were he not culpable."

"Your bitter foe, Françoise? How?"

"Ah, sire, was it not he that opposed our marriage?"

"Forgive him, dear Françoise, he acted according to his own notions of duty. But you see that my love was mightier than his objections, and you are, before God, my own beloved spouse."

"Before God, sire, I am; but the world doubts my right to the name. In the eyes of the court, I am but the mistress of

the king; a humiliation which I owe to Louvois, who bound your majesty by an oath never to recognize me as Queen of France."

"I rejoice to think that he did so," was the king's reply, "for the tie that binds us is sacred in the sight of Heaven, while in the eyes of the world I am spared the ridicule of placing Scarron's widow upon the throne of Charlemagne the Great. In your own reception-room you act as queen, and I am perfectly willing that you should do so, for it proves that you are the wife of the king, and not his mistress. Be magnanimous, then, and forgive Louvois if, above the ambition of Madame de Maintenon, he valued the dignity and honor of the French throne. But the hour of my interview with you is at an end: I hold a levee this morning, and must leave you."

Kissing the hand of the marquise, Louis bowed and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING AND THE PETITIONERS.

WHEN the king entered the audience-chamber, the courtiers, dispersed in groups about the room, were all in eager conversation. So absorbed were they in the subject under discussion, that those who stood at the opposite end of the room were not aware of the royal presence until the grande tournée forced it upon their attention.

The king joined one of these groups. "Gentlemen," said he, "what interests you so deeply to-day? Have you received any important news?"

"Yes, sire," replied the Prince de Conti. "We are speaking of my cousin Eugene. He has been severely wounded, but not until he had materially assisted the Elector of Bavaria to capture Belgrade."

"Ah! you have heard of the fall of Belgrade!" said the king, frowning, as he perceived that Louvois was approaching. "Is it you," asked he, curtly, "that has been in such hot haste to spread the news of the successes of the imperial army?"

"Pardon me, sire," replied Louvois, "I am no gossip; nor do the successes of the Emperor of Austria interest me sufficiently for me to deem them worthy of announcement here."

"Nevertheless, they are for you a cause of no little humiliation; for they remind the world that you were once guilty of a blunder in your statesmanship. If I am not mistaken, it was you who caused me to refuse Prince Eugene a commission in my army—that same Prince Eugene who has turned out to be one of the greatest military geniuses of the age."

"Sire," returned Louvois, reddening with anger, "you yourself were of the opinion that Prince Eugene of Savoy—"

"Sir," interrupted the king, haughtily, "I am of opinion that when you scorned Prince Eugene, you were lamentably deficient in judgment; and that, if he is now shedding lustre upon the arms of Austria, it is because you repulsed him when he would have entered the service of France."

And the king, whose wounded vanity was greatly comforted by a thrust at that of his prime minister, turned on his heel, and addressed himself again to the Prince de Conti:

"Whence came your news of the taking of Belgrade?"

"From the Duke de Luynes, your majesty, who, you may remember, has joined the imperial armies. But Eugene is not the only Frenchman who has distinguished himself at the siege; the Prince de Commercy behaved in a manner worthy of all admiration."

"Yes, indeed," added the young Duke of Maine (the royal son of De Montespan). "It is such deeds as his that have earned for Frenchmen the title of the 'Knightly Nation.'"

And the little hobbling duke, who had never drawn a sword from its scabbard, struck himself on the breast, as if he had represented in his own person the united chivalry of all France.

"I am curious to hear of the valiant deeds of the Prince de Commercy," said the king, carelessly. "Pray relate them to us, prince."

The prince bowed: "Sire, as the Prince de Commercy was charging a body of Janizaries stationed at one of the gates of Belgrade, a Turk made a sudden dash at his standard-bearer, and captured the regimental flag. The men were disheartened

at their loss, when the prince, crying out, 'Wait a moment, boys, and you shall have another,' galloped right into the enemy's midst, and raised his pistol to bring down the standard-bearer of the Turks. The latter, taking immediate advantage of the position of the prince, thrust a lance into his right side. Without giving the least attention to his wound, Commercy grasped the spear with his left hand and held it fast, while with his right he drew out his sabre, killed the standard-bearer and bore away his flag. Then, withdrawing the lance from his side, he gave the blood-besprinkled banner into the hands of the German ensign, saying, as he did so, 'Pray be more careful of this one than you were of the other.'"

The king slightly bowed his head. "Indeed, the Prince de Commercy does honor to the country that gave him birth. I will take care that he is suitably rewarded."

"Sire," replied the Prince de Conti, "the Emperor of Germany has already done so. He has been promoted; and the flag which was stained with his blood now hangs within the cathedral walls of St. Stephen's; while, with her own hands, the empress is embroidering a new one for the regiment, which, in honor, of the prince, is called the Commercy regiment."

"The Emperor of Germany knows how to reward valor," exclaimed the Duke de la Roche Guyon, "for Eugene of Savoy is only five-and-twenty years of age, and yet he has been created a field-marshal."

The king affected not to have heard this remark, and passed on. His courtiers saw, with consternation, that he was annoyed at something, and every face in the audience-chamber gave back a reflection of the royal discontent. Louis sauntered along, occasionally addressing a word or two to such as he "delighted to honor," until the grande tournée had been made.

When the two Princes de Conti saw that he was disengaged, they advanced with a mien so respectful, that Louis knew perfectly well the nature of their errand, although he little guessed its purport.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "for what new escapade have you come to crave our royal indulgence? I see, by your

demeanor, that you are about to ask a favor of your sovereign."

"Yes, my liege," replied the elder of the two; "we have come to ask a favor, but not such a one as your majesty supposes. We have grown melancholy, and your royal hand can heal us."

"Grown melancholy! You, the boldest, gayest cavaliers in Paris!"

"Yes, sire," sighed De Conti. "We cannot sleep for thinking of the laurels of our kinsman of Savoy, and we humbly crave your royal permission to join the imperial crusade against the Turks."

Louis frowned, but quickly recovered himself. "Of course—of course," replied he, condescendingly; "if the laurels of the little prince disturb your slumbers, you have my full consent to go after him. 'Twere a pity to deny you so small a boon."

And, without giving opportunity to the two princes to thank him, the king turned around and addressed Marshal Créqui:

"Who knows," said he, raising his voice, "whether these two silly boys have not chosen the wiser part? Though they may never earn any laurels, they may fight away some of their folly—which loss would be to them great gain."

"Sire, it is perfectly natural for youth to desire glory," returned the old marshal. "I think that thirst for fame is honorable to a young nobleman, and for this reason I have consented that my son, the Marquis de Blanchefort, should join the imperial crusade, provided he obtains your majesty's consent. I venture to hope that your majesty will not refuse to him what you have conceded to the Princes de Conti."

Louis looked with amazement at the smiling countenance of the old marshal, but he answered as before:

"I certainly will not do less for your son than for the De Contis. He has my consent to accompany them on their journey after glory."

The young Marquis de Blanchefort, who was near at hand, would have expressed his gratitude for the royal permission to leave France, but the king turned coldly away, and darted a peremptory glance at Louvois.

The minister understood, and came forward at once.

De Blanchefort, meanwhile, hurried off to join the De Contis, who, surrounded by a group of young noblemen, were engaged in a low, but earnest conversation.

"I have my discharge," whispered he.

"Then you are the third one upon whom fortune has smiled to-day," sighed the young Duke de Brienne. "I wish I were as far advanced as you."

"Allow me to give the three lucky knights a bit of advice," whispered the Duke de la Roche Guyon, Louvois's son-in-law. "Make use of the king's permission without delay. Who knows, but when the rest of us prefer our petitions, he may not withdraw his consent from you?"

"My dear friend," said the younger De Conti, "our trunks are packed, and our travelling-carriage awaits us at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré. Nobody knows what may happen; so that we are about to depart without parade, bidding adieu to our friends by notes of farewell."

"You have acted with foresight," replied the duke. "And you, De Blanchefort, when do you start?"

"My father is a soldier, and admires punctuality," answered the marquis. "Yesterday afternoon he presented me with a new travelling-chariot, and this morning he ordered it to be ready for my departure, at the corner of the Garde Meubles. That is even nearer than the Rue St. Honoré, and if you will allow me, I fly to see if it is still there."

"Do so," returned the duke, "and our dear princes would do well to follow your example."

"We were about to take our leave, and now—" began young De Conti.

"Away with you!" was the reply; and the three young men, murmuring, "Au revoir," disappeared behind the portière which led to the antechamber, and sped away from the Louvre to their carriages.

"Messieurs," said the Duke de la Roche Guyon, taking out his watch, "we must give them a quarter of an hour, before we irritate his majesty by preferring our own petitions."

When the quarter of an hour had elapsed, the duke re-

placed his watch, and resumed: "Now let us go and try our luck."

"Shall we go together, or one by one?" inquired the Duke de Liancourt.

"We are four, and the king's good-nature is soon exhausted. The last two petitioners would indubitably be rebuffed, so I think we had better go in a body."

"With yourself as spokesman," said De Brienne.

"Right!" echoed the others, and they are all approached the king. He was engaged in conversation with Louvois, and interrupted himself to stare at the four young men, as if he had been greatly astonished to see them.

"Here is your son-in-law," observed he to Louvois. "What can he want?"

"Indeed, sire, nobody knows his wants less than I. He is my daughter's husband, but no friend of mine."

"Here are De Turenne, De Brienne, and De Liancourt at his heels," replied the king, trying to stare them out of countenance, while the poor young men waited in vain for the royal permission to speak.

At last the Duke de la Roche Guyon gathered courage to begin.

"Your majesty, we come with all respect—"

"*We!*" echoed the king. "Then you represent four petitioners."

"Yes, your majesty, the three here present and myself. May I be permitted to state the nature of our petition?"

The king bowed, and De la Roche Guyon resumed: "Sire, we are all, like the Princes de Conti and the Marquis de Blanchefort, envious of the laurels of Eugene of Savoy. We are athirst for glory."

"And you come to ask if I will not make war to gratify your greed for fame?" asked the king, eagerly.

"Sire!" exclaimed the duke, "can you imagine such assurance on the part of your subjects? No—we merely ask permission to join the imperial army."

"The army of the Emperor of Germany!" cried Louis, in a voice so loud and angry that his courtiers grew pale, and almost forgot to breathe. But the Duke de la Roche Guyon had steeled himself against the bolts of this Jupiter Tonans.

"Yes, sire," replied he, courteously, "the army of the emperor who represents Christendom doing battle with Mohammedanism. It is a holy cause, and we hope that it has your majesty's sympathy and approbation."

"It would appear that the youth of my court are drifting into imbecility," replied the king, with a contemptuous shrug. "They need a physician; and it will be time enough to listen to any request they may have to make, when they shall have returned to their senses."

"Your majesty refuses us!" said the duke, bitterly.

"When the king has spoken, sir," replied Louis, haughtily, "it becomes his subjects to obey and be silent. The court is dismissed! Monsieur de Louvois, you will go with me to Trianon, to inspect the new palace. The court are at liberty to accompany us."

This "at liberty" being a command which nobody dared resist, the king had no sooner left the room than the courtiers hastened to their carriages and gave orders to their various coachmen to join the royal cortége.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINDOW THAT WAS TOO LARGE.

MEANWHILE the king had made his way to the boudoir of his marquise, who advanced joyfully to meet him.

"Madame," said he, "I am about to drive to Trianon; will you accompany me? Decide according to your own judgment; do not inconvenience yourself on my account."

"Your majesty knows that I live in your presence," sighed the marquise, "but—"

"But you dare not leave your room. Well—I am sorry; you would have enjoyed the drive."

"The drive to Trianon," replied the marquise, "where, as an architect, Louvois will be the theme of your majesty's encomiums."

The king's lip curled. "Scarcely"—said he. "I do not think that Louvois will enjoy his visit to-day. I am not at all pleased with his plans, nor will I be at pains to conceal my displeasure."

The marquise looked inquiringly into the face of the king. It was smiling and significant.

"Sire," said the marquise, "are you in earnest? May I indeed be permitted to accompany you to Trianon?"

"Indeed, you cannot conceive how much I regret your inability to go," returned Louis.

"Oh, sire, my love is mightier than my infirmities; it shall lend me strength, and I shall have the unspeakable bliss of accompanying you."

"I counted upon you," returned Louis. "So let us go at once; the court waits, and punctuality is the politeness of kings."

Without paying the least attention to Louvois, who, as superintendent of the royal edifices, stood close at hand, the king entered his coach, and assisted Madame de Maintenon, as she took her place at his side. Louvois had expected to be invited to ride with the king, and this oversight, he knew, betokened something sinister for him.

And what could it be? "The old bigot has been sowing her tares again," said he to himself. "There is some mortification in store for me, or she would not have exposed herself to this sharp autumn blast to-day." And he ran over all the late occurrences of the court, that he might disentangle the knotted thread of the king's ill-humor. "It must be that accursed business of the Prince of Savoy, and the king is no better than these silly lads; the laurels of the little abbé keep him awake at night, and he vents his spleen upon me. What an oversight it was of mine, to let that Eugene escape! Had I caused him to disappear from this wicked world and given him an asylum in the Bastile, he never would have troubled us with his doings in Germany. *There* was my blunder—my unpardonable blunder. But it cannot be recalled, and the king's vanity is so insatiable, that there is no knowing how it is ever to be appeased. I must succumb for the present, and—Ah!" cried he, interrupting the current of his despondency, "I think

I can repair my error. We must allow his envious majesty to gather a handful of these laurels for which he has such a longing. We must put the Emperor of Germany in check, and—"

Just then the iron gates of Trianon opened to admit the carriage, and the superintendent of the royal edifices made haste to alight and wait the arrival of the king.

For the first time, his majesty condescended to seem aware of Louvois' presence. "Monsieur," said he, to the tottering favorite, "I have come to inspect this château. Madame la marquise, it being intended as a pleasure-house for yourself, you will oblige me by speaking frankly on the subject."

So saying, he gave his arm to madame, and the court, with heads uncovered, came submissively behind.

"Follow us," said the king.

This "us" delighted the marquise, for it was an informal acknowledgment of her right to be considered as the king's consort. With her large eyes beaming with joy, and her face radiant with triumph, she went, hanging on Louis' arm, over the château which his munificence had prepared for her occupation in summer. Immediately behind them walked Louvois; and after him a long procession of nobles, not one of whom dared to utter a word. The central building was pronounced satisfactory; its front and marble colonnade received their due meed of praise, and the king ended by these words:

"I am perfectly satisfied with Mansard; he is really a distinguished architect."

"Sire," returned Louvois, to whom this eulogium had been addressed, "Mansard will be overjoyed to hear of his sovereign's approbation. But your majesty will pardon me if I appropriate some portion of your praise; the ground-plan of the building is mine. I furnished it to Mansard."

The king made no reply to this attempt to extort a word of approval; he merely nodded, and went on his way. They had now reached a point whence the right façade of the building was brought to view.

"Monsieur," said Louis, pointing to the central window, "this window is out of proportion."

"Pardon me, sire," returned Louvois, submissively, "it is

exactly of the size of the central window in front, and only appears larger because of the absence of a colonnade."

"Sir," said the king, indignantly, "I tell you that this window is much too large, and unless it be reduced the entire palace is a failure."

"I must, nevertheless, abide by my judgment, sire," replied Louvois, respectfully. "The two windows are exactly alike; this one being more conspicuous than the other, but not one inch higher."

"Then you have been guilty of some great oversight by *allowing* it to appear higher than the other," returned the king, rudely. "Your plan is ridiculous, and the sooner you set about mending it the better."

"Sire," said Louvois, bitterly, "when praise was to be awarded, the credit of the plan was Mansard's—"

"But as you did not choose to concede it, you must accept the blame of your blunder. Your vision is not acute, sir, a defect that is as unbecoming in an architect as in a war minister. You have been equally blind to the monstrous size of yonder window, and to the great genius of my kinsman, Eugene of Savoy. Unhappily, your want of judgment, as regards the man, is irreparable; the defect in your window you will be so good as to correct."

"Sire," said Louvois, trembling with anger, "I beg to be discharged from my duties as architect to your majesty. Under the circumstances, I feel myself inadequate to perform its duties."

"You are quite right," replied the king. "You will then have more leisure to devote to the war department, and to devise some means for gratifying the national love of glory, without driving my French nobles to foreign courts for distinction.—Come, madame," added the king, to the marquise, who, all this time, had been standing with eyes cast down; the very personification of humility.—"Let us proceed to Versailles; for this ungainly window has taken away my breath. I must have change of scene for the remainder of the day."

As they took their seat in the coach, the marquise whispered: "Oh, sire! how overwhelming, yet how noble, is your anger! I should die under it, were it directed toward me;

and, in spite of all Louvois' ill-will toward me, I pitied him so sincerely that I could scarcely restrain my impulse to intercede for him."

"You are an angel," was the stereotyped reply.

Meanwhile, the court were preparing to follow the royal equipage. Louvois stood by, but not one of the nobles seemed aware of his presence; he was out of favor, and thereby invisible to courtly eyes.

On the afternoon of the same day the minister of war, with brow serene and countenance unruffled, entered the council-chamber of the king. He had found a remedy for his annoyances at Trianon, and he pretended not to see the marquise, who, as usual, sat embroidering in the deep embrasure of a window, almost concealed from view by its velvet curtains.

"Sire," said Louvois, "I come before your majesty with proposals of great moment, and I await with much anxiety your decision."

"Let us hear your proposals," said the king, languidly. "Have more couriers arrived with news of Austrian successes?"

"No, sire, we have had enough of Austrian victories, and I am of opinion that the emperor must receive his check from the powerful hand of France. It is time that your majesty interposed to change his fortunes."

The king was startled out of his indifference. He raised his head to listen, while the marquise dropped her work, and applied her ear to the opening in the curtains.

"Your majesty has acted toward this arrogant Austrian with a forbearance that is more than human. Well I know that your humane aversion to bloodshed has been in part the cause of your unparalleled magnanimity; but you have been thwarted in your choice of an Elector of Cologne; your claims to Alsatia and Lorraine have been set aside; the dower of her royal highness the Duchess of Orleans has been refused you; and patience under so many affronts has ceased to be a virtue. The honor of France must be sustained, and we must evoke, as a last resort, the demon of war."

"Gracious Heaven!" said the marquise, behind her cur-

tain, "if he rouses the king's ambition, I shall occupy but a secondary position at the court of France, and he will be more influential than ever! Louis has already forgotten me, else he would call me to his side before he decides so weighty a matter."

The marquise was shrewd, and did not err in her speculations: Louis had indeed forgotten her presence. His heart was full of covetousness and resentment at the opposition of that presuming Leopold, who penetrated his designs upon the Rhenish provinces of the empire, and he thirsted for vengeance.

"Yes," replied he, "I have given an example of forbearance which must have astonished all Europe. I would have been glad to settle our differences in a Christian-like manner; but Leopold is deaf to all reason and justice—"

At this moment the king's voice was rendered inaudible by a loud cough which proceeded from the window wherein the marquise had retired from observation.

"My dear Françoise," exclaimed Louis, "come and take your part in this important council of war."

The hangings were parted, and out she stepped; slightly acknowledging the salute of the minister, she passed him by, and took an arm-chair at the side of the king.

"You have heard us discussing, have you not?" asked Louis.

"Yes, sire," sighed she, "I have heard every thing."

"Then you understand that it concerns my honor to make war upon Germany?"

The marquise turned her flashing eyes upon the one that held this royal honor in his keeping. "Sire," said she, "I am slow of comprehension; for it has just occurred to me that your majesty's criticism upon a window at Trianon is to be productive of results most disastrous to the French nation."

"This criticism concerns nobody but Mansard," observed Louvois, carelessly. "I am no longer superintendent of the royal edifices."

"I do not understand you, madame," interposed the king. "What has a window at Trianon to do with the affairs of

the nation? Pray let us be serious, and come to a determination."

"Sire," asked the marquise, "is not this matter already determined?"

The king kissed her hand. "It is—and your inquiry is a new proof of your penetration. How truly you sympathize with my emotions! How clearly you read the pages of my heart! Yes, dear marquise, war is inevitable."

"Then our days of happiness are at an end," returned she, sadly; "and your majesty's heart will descend from the contemplation of heavenly things, to thoughts of strife and cruel bloodshed."

"The war is a holy one," interrupted Louvois, "and God Himself holds a monarch responsible for the honor of his people."

"Well spoken, Louvois," replied the king, approvingly. "The cause is just, and the Lord of hosts will battle for us. You, marquise, will be our intercessor with Heaven."

"But your majesty will not be nigh to pray with me," said the marquise, in regretful tones.

The king made no reply to this affectionate challenge; he continued to speak with Louvois, enjoining upon him to hasten his preparations.

"Sire, my plans are laid," replied Louvois.

"Already!" cried Louis, joyfully.

"Already!" echoed De Maintenon, affrighted.

"Sire," continued Louvois, "as soon as your majesty has approved my plan, the couriers, who are waiting without, will transfer your royal commands to the army. It is my design to march at once upon the Rhenish provinces, and to take possession of the Palatinate."

"Good! but will our army be strong enough to fight the emperor and the Germanic confederation at once?"

"Sire, the emperor shall have occupation elsewhere, and the princes of the empire must be terrified into submission."

"But how, now?"

"Both ends may be reached by one stroke. The Rhenish provinces, Alsatia, and the Palatinate, must be transformed

into a waste. We must wage against Germany a war of destruction, whose fearful consequences will be felt there for a century to come."

"Oh, sire," exclaimed De Maintenon, such a war is contrary to the laws of God and man! Shall France, the most refined country on the globe, set to civilized Europe an example of barbarity only to be equalled by the atrocities of the Huns and Vandals?"

"My dear marquise," cried Louis, fretfully, "do be silent.—Go on, Louvois, and let me hear your plans."

"Sire, they are very simple. We have only to march on the German towns, sack and burn them, and put to the sword all those that presume to defy the power of France. We must spread consternation throughout all Germany, that your majesty's name may cause every cheek to pale, and every heart to sink with fear. The enemy shall provision our army, and forage our horses. We will take possession of their magazines, stores, and shambles; and to every house that refuses us gold, we will apply the devouring torch. Thus we will make it impossible for the emperor to advance to Lorraine; and the wide desert that intervenes between us will become French territory."

"I approve your mode of warfare, Louvois; it is good. If the emperor had ratified my choice of an Elector of Cologne, and had sustained my claims to Lorraine and Alsatia, I would have conceded him as many triumphs as he chose in Transylvania. As he opposes me, let him take the consequence—war with all its horrors!"

"Your majesty empowers me, then, to dispatch my couriers?" said Louvois.

"I do, my dear marquis," was the gracious reply, while the royal hand was held out to be kissed.

Louvois pressed it to his lips, as a lover does the rosy fingers of his mistress, and, hastening away with the agility of a young man, sprang into his carriage, and drove off. "'My dear marquis,'" murmured he, with a smile of complacency. "He called me his dear marquis, and the storm of his displeasure has passed away. I came very near being struck by its lightning, nevertheless. That De Maintenon is a shrewd woman,

and found me out at once. Yes!—yes, your majesty! Had you admired my window at Trianon, I should not have been obliged to involve you in a war with Germany."

CHAPTER V.

THE IMPERIAL DIET AT REGENSBURG.

In 1687 the imperial Diet assembled at Regensburg, to examine the claims of the King of France to Alsatia, Lorraine, the Palatinate, and other possessions, which his majesty longed to appropriate out of the domains of his neighbors.

On the 2d of October, 1689, a travelling-carriage might have been seen standing in front of the large, antiquated building occupied by Count Spaur, the envoy of the Emperor Leopold.

The postilion sounded his horn, and cracked his whip with such vehemence, that here and there an inquiring and angry face might be seen at the neighboring windows, peering out upon the untimely intruders, who were making dawn hideous by their clattering arrival. The footman sprang from his board, and thundered with all his might at the door, while, between each interval of knocking, the postilion accompanied him by a fanfare that stirred up the sleeping echoes of that dull old town in a manner that was astonishing to hear.

Finally, their zeal was rewarded by the appearance of a man's head at the window on the ground floor, and the sound of his voice inquiring who it was that was making all this uproar.

"Who we are?" echoed the footman. "We are individuals entitled to make an uproar, and shall continue to make it until we obtain admission to the presence of Count Spaur for his excellency Count von Crenneville, who comes on important business from his imperial majesty the emperor."

This pompous announcement had the desired effect; it awed the porter into civility, and he hastened to inform the footman of his excellency, that Count Spaur being in bed, he