

me. I am sure the doctor got the parrot also from her, and for that reason likes the bird so well, although it screeches so horribly, and doubtless disturbs him often in his studies."

"Yes, he got the bird from Mrs. Shaw," replied her mistress, with a smile. "She taught Paperl to whistle three airs from my husband's finest quartets, singing and whistling the music to the bird every day during three or four weeks for several hours, until Paperl could imitate them; and when my husband took leave of her, she gave him the parrot."

"But the bird never whistles the tunes any more. I have only heard Paperl do it once, and that was on the day after the doctor's return from England."

"I know the reason why. The bird hears here every day so much music, and so many new melodies which the doctor plays on his piano, that its head has grown quite confused, and poor Paperl has forgotten its tunes."

"It has not forgotten its English words, though," murmured Catharine. "What may be the meaning of these words which the bird is screaming all the time?"

"That beautiful Mrs. Shaw taught Paperl to pronounce them, Catharine. I do not know their precise meaning, but they commence as follows: 'Forget me not, forget me not—' Good Heaven! the bird has commenced screaming again. I am sure it has not had any sugar to-day. Where is Conrad? He ought to attend to the bird."

"He has gone down town. The doctor has given him several errands."

"Good Heaven! the screams are almost intolerable. Go, Catharine, and give poor Paperl a piece of sugar."

"I dare not, madame; it always snaps at me with its abominable beak, and if the chain did not prevent it from attacking me, it would scratch out my eyes."

"I am afraid of it, too," said the lady, anxiously; "nevertheless we cannot permit the bird to go on in this manner. Just listen to it—it is yelling as though it were going to be roasted. It will disturb my husband, and you know the doctor is composing a new piece. Come, Catharine, we must quiet the bird. I will give him the sugar."

"And I shall take my knitting-needles along, and if it should try to bite, I will hit it on the beak. Let us go now, madame."

And the two women walked boldly across the anteroom, toward the door of the small parlor, in order to commence the campaign against the parrot. The cat followed them gravely and solemnly, and with an air as though it had taken the liveliest interest in the conversation, and thought it might greatly assist them in pacifying the screaming bird.

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

WHILE the parrot's screams had rendered the mistress and her maid so uneasy, the most profound stillness and quiet reigned in the upper rooms of the little house. Not a sound interrupted the silence of this small, elegantly-furnished sitting-room. Even the sun apparently dared only to send a few stealthy beams through the windows, and the wind seemed to hold its breath in order not to shake the panes of the small chamber adjoining, venerated by all the inmates of the house as a sacred temple of art.

In this small chamber, in this temple of art, a gentleman, apparently engaged in reading, was seated at a table covered with papers and music-books, close to an open piano. He was no longer young; on the contrary, beholding only the thin white hair hanging down on his expansive and wrinkled forehead, and his stooping form, it became evident that he was an old man, nearly seventy years of age. But as soon as he raised his eyes from the paper, as soon as he turned them toward heaven with an air of blissful enthusiasm, the fire of eternal youth and radiant joyousness burst forth from those eyes; and whatever the white hair, the wrinkled forehead, the furrowed cheeks and the stooping form might tell of the long years of his life, those eyes were full of youthful ardor and strength—only the body of this white-haired man was old; in his soul he had remained young—a youth of fervid imagination, procreative power, and nervous activity.

This venerable man with the soul, the heart, and the eyes of a youth, was Joseph Haydn, the great composer, whose glory, even at that time, filled the whole world, although he had not yet written his greatest masterpieces—the "Creation" and the "Seasons."

He was working to-day at the "Creation."* The poem, which had been sent to him from England, and which his worthy friend Von Swieten had translated into German, lay before him. He had read it again and again, and gradually it seemed as if the words were transformed into music; gradually he heard whispering—low at first, then louder, and more sublime and majestic—the jubilant choirs of heaven and earth, that were to resound in his "Creation."

As yet he had not written a single note; he had only read the poem, and composed in reading, and inwardly weighed and tried the sublime melodies which, when reduced to time and measure, and combined into an harmonious whole, were to form the new im-

* Haydn commenced the "Creation" in 1797, and finished it in April, 1798.

mortal work of his genius. While thus reading and composing, the aged musician was transformed more and more into a youth, and the glowing enthusiasm which burst forth from his eyes became every moment more radiant, surrounding his massive forehead with a halo of inspiration, and shedding the purple lustre of ecstatic joy upon his furrowed cheeks.

"Yes, yes, it will do. I shall succeed!" he exclaimed suddenly, in a loud and full voice. "God will give me the strength to complete this work; but it must be commenced with Him—strength and inspiration come from Him alone!"

And Joseph Haydn, perhaps not quite conscious of what he was doing, knelt down and with folded hands, and beaming eyes lifted up to heaven, he prayed: "O, Lord God, give me Thy blessing and Thy strength, that I may gloriously and successfully carry out this work, which praiseth Thee and Thy creation. Breathe Thy Holy Spirit into the words which Thou speakest in my work. Speak through me to Thy creatures, and let my music be Thy language!"

He paused, but remaining on his knees, continued to look up to heaven. Then he rose slowly, and like a seer or a somnambulist, with eyes opened but seeing nothing, he went to his piano without knowing what he was doing. He sat down on the stool, and did not know it; his hands touched the keys and drew magnificent chords from them, and he did not hear them. He only heard the thousands of seraphic voices which in his breast chanted sublime anthems; he only heard the praise of his own winged soul which, in divine ecstasy, soared far into the realm of eternal harmonies.

Louder and louder rolled the music he drew from the keys; now it burst forth into a tremendous jubilee, then again it died away in melancholy complaints and gentle whispers, and again it broke out into a swelling, thundering anthem.

At length Haydn concluded with a sonorous and brilliant passage, and then with youthful agility jumped up from his seat.

"That was the prelude," he said, aloud, "and now we will go to work."

He hastily threw the white and comfortable dressing-gown from his shoulders and rapidly walked toward the looking-glass which hung over the bureau. Every thing was ready for his toilet, the footman having carefully arranged the whole. He put the cravat with lace trimmings around his neck and arranged the tie before the looking-glass in the most artistic manner; then he slipped into the long waistcoat of silver-lined velvet, and finally put on the long-tailed brown coat with bright metal buttons. He was just going to put the heavy silver watch, which his wife had given him on their wedding-day, into his vest-pocket, when his eye fell upon the blue

ribbon embroidered with silver, which, ever since his visit to the imperial palace, had lain on the bureau.

"I will wear it on this holiday of mine," said Haydn, with great warmth, "for I think the day on which a new work is begun is a holiday, and we ought to wear our choicest ornaments to celebrate it."

He attached the ribbon to his watch, threw it over his neck, and slipped the watch into his vest-pocket.

"If that beautiful Mrs. Shaw could see me now," he whispered, almost inaudibly, "how her magnificent eyes would sparkle, and what a heavenly smile would animate her angelic features! Yes, yes, I will remember her smile—it shall find an echo in the jubilant accords of my *Creation*. But let us begin—let us begin!"

He rapidly walked toward his desk, but stopped suddenly. "Hold on!" said he; "I really forgot the most important thing—my ring. While looking at the precious ribbon of my beautiful English friend, I did not think of the ring of my great king—and still it is the talisman without which I cannot work at all."

Returning once more to the bureau, he opened a small case and took from it a ring which he put on his finger. He contemplated the large and brilliant diamonds of the ring with undisguised admiration.

"Yes," he exclaimed—"yes, thou art my talisman, and when I look at thee, it seems to me as if I saw the eyes of the great king beaming down upon me, and pouring courage and enthusiasm into my heart. That is the reason, too, why I cannot work unless I have the ring on my finger.* But now I am ready and adorned like a bridegroom who is going to his young bride. Yes, yes, it is just so with me. I am going to my bride—to St. Cecilia!"

When he now returned to his desk, his features assumed a grave and solemn expression. He sat down once more at the piano and played an anthem, then he resumed his seat at the desk, took a sheet of music-paper and commenced writing. He wielded his pen with the utmost rapidity, and covered page after page with the queer little dots and dashes which we call notes.

And Haydn's eyes flashed and his cheeks glowed, and a heavenly smile played on his lips while he was writing. But all of a sudden his pen stopped, and a slight cloud settled on his brow. Some passage, may be a modulation, had displeased him, in what he had just composed, for he glanced over the last few lines and shook his head. He looked down sadly and dropped the pen.

* Haydn had dedicated six quartets to Frederick the Great, who acknowledged the compliment by sending him a valuable diamond ring. Haydn wore this ring whenever he composed a new work, and it seemed to him as though inspiration failed him unless he wore the ring. He stated this on many occasions.

"Help me, O Lord God—help me!" he exclaimed, and hastily seized the rosary which always lay on his desk. "Help me!" he muttered once more, and, while hurriedly pacing the room, he slipped the beads of the rosary through his fingers and whispered an *Ave Maria*.

His prayer seemed to have the desired effect, for the cloud disappeared from his forehead, and his eyes beamed again with the fervor of inspiration. He resumed his seat and wrote on with renewed energy. A holy peace now settled on his serene features, and reigned around him in the silent little cabinet.

But all at once this peaceful stillness was interrupted by a loud noise resounding from below. Vociferous lamentations were heard, and heavy footsteps ascended the staircase.

Haydn, however, did not hear any thing—his genius was soaring far away in the realm of inspiration, and divine harmonies still enchanted his ears.

But now the door of the small parlor was opened violently, and his wife, with a face deadly pale and depicting the liveliest anxiety, rushed into the room. Catharine and Conrad, the aged footman, appeared behind her, while the cat slipped in with her mistress, and the parrot ejaculated the most frantic and piercing screams.

Haydn started in dismay from his seat and stared at his wife without being able to utter a single word. It was something unheard of for him to be disturbed by his wife during his working hours, hence he very naturally concluded that something unusual, something really terrible must have occurred, and the frightened looks of his wife, the pale faces of his servants, plainly told him that he was not mistaken.

"Oh, husband—poor, dear husband!" wailed his wife, "pack up your papers, the time for working and composing is past. Conrad has brought the most dreadful tidings from the city. We are all lost!—Vienna is lost! Oh, dear, dear! it is awful, and I tell you I am almost frightened out of my senses!"

And the old lady, trembling like an aspen-leaf, threw herself into an arm-chair.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" asked Haydn—"what is it that has frightened you thus? Conrad, tell me what is the news?"

"Oh, my dear master," wailed Conrad, approaching the doctor with folded hands and shaking knees, "it is all up with us! Austria is lost—Vienna is lost—and consequently we are lost, too! Late dispatches have arrived from the army. Ah! what do I say?—army? We have no longer an army—our forces are entirely dispersed—Archduke Charles has lost another battle—old Wurmser has been driven back—and General Bonaparte is advancing upon Vienna."

"These are sad tidings, indeed," said Haydn, shrugging his shoulders, "still they are no reason why we should despair. If the archduke has lost a battle—why, all generals have lost battles—"

"Bonaparte never lost one," replied Conrad, with a profound sigh, "he wins every battle, and devours all countries he wants to conquer."

"We must pack up our things, Joseph," said Mrs. Haydn—"we must bury our money, our plate, and especially your jewels and trinkets, so that those French robbers and cannibals will not find them. Come, husband, let us go to work quickly, before they come and take every thing from us."

"Hush, wife, hush!" said Haydn, mildly, and a gentle smile overspread his features. "Never fear about our few trifles, and do not think that the French just want to come to Vienna for what few gold snuff-boxes and rings I have got. If they were anxious for gold and jewels, coming as they do as enemies, they might simply open the imperial treasury and take there all they want."

"Yes, but they would not find any thing," said Conrad. "The treasury is empty, doctor, entirely empty. Every thing is gone; there is not a single crown, not a single precious stone left in the treasury."

"Well, and where is the whole treasure then, you fool?" asked Haydn, with a smile.

"They have taken it to Presburg, master. I saw the wagons myself—soldiers rode in front of them, soldiers behind them. All streets, all places were crowded with people, and a riot broke out, and oh! such lamentations, such wails!—and finally the people became desperate, and roared and yelled that the government should make peace, and prevent the French from coming to Vienna and bombarding the city; and in their desperation they grew quite bold and brave, and thousands of them marched to the house of Minister Thugut, whom they call the real emperor of Vienna, and tried to compel him to make peace."

"Sad, sad tidings, indeed!" sighed Haydn, shaking his head. "Worse than I thought. The people riotous and rebellious—the army defeated—and the enemy marching upon Vienna. But don't despair—courage, courage, children; let us put our trust in God and our excellent emperor. Those two will never forsake us—they will guard and protect Vienna, and never suffer a single stone to be taken from its walls."

"Ah, husband, don't count any longer upon the emperor," said his wife. "For that is the worst part of the news, and shows that every thing is lost: the emperor has left Vienna."

"What!" exclaimed Haydn, and his face grew flushed with

anger. "What, they dare to slander the emperor so infamously as that! They dare to assert that the emperor has forsaken his Viennese when they are in danger? No, no, the emperor is an honest man and a faithful prince; he will share good and evil days alike with his people. A good shepherd does not leave his flock, a good prince does not leave his people."

"But the emperor has forsaken us," said Conrad; "it is but too true, master. All Vienna knows it, and all Vienna mourns over it. The emperor is gone, and so are the empress and the imperial children. All are gone and off for Presburg."

"Gone! the emperor gone!" muttered Haydn, mournfully, and a deadly paleness suddenly covered his cheeks. "Oh, poor Austria! poor people! Thy emperor has forsaken thee—he has fled from thee!"

He sadly inclined his head, and profound sighs escaped from his breast.

"Do you see now, husband, that I was right?" asked his wife. "Is it not true that it is high time for us to think of our property, and to pack up and bury our valuables?"

"No!" exclaimed Haydn, raising his head again; "this is no time to think of ourselves, and of taking care of our miserable property. The emperor has left—that means, the emperor is in danger; and therefore, as his faithful subjects, we should pray for him, and all our thoughts and wishes should only be devoted to his welfare. In the hour of danger we should not be faint-hearted, and bow our heads, but lift them up to God, and hope and trust in Him! Why do the people of Vienna lament and despair? They should sing and pray, so that the Lord God above may hear their voices—they should sing and pray, and I will teach them how!"

And with proud steps Haydn went to the piano, and his hands began to play gently, at first, a simple and choral-like air; but soon the melody grew stronger and more impressive. Haydn's face became radiant; instinctively opening his lips, he sang in an enthusiastic and ringing voice words which he had never known before—words which, with the melody, had spontaneously gushed from his soul. What his lips sang was a prayer, and, at the same time, a hymn of victory—full of innocent and child-like piety:

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz,
Lange lebe Franz der Kaiser
In des Glückes hellem Glanz!
Ihm erblühen Lorbeerreiser,
Wo er geht, zum Ehrenkranz!
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"*

* The celebrated Austrian hymn, "God save the Emperor Francis."

Profound silence prevailed while Haydn was singing, and when he concluded with a firm and ringing accord and turned around, he saw that his wife, overcome with emotion, with folded hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, had sunk down on her knees, and that old Catharine and Conrad were kneeling behind her, while the cat stood between them listening to the music as it were, and even the parrot below seemed to listen to the new hymn, for its screams had ceased.

A smile of delight played on Haydn's lips and rendered his face again young and beautiful. "Now, sing with me, all three of you," he said. "Sing loudly and firmly, that God may hear us. I will commence again at the beginning, and you shall accompany me."

He touched the keys vigorously, and sang once more, "God save the Emperor Francis!" and carried away by the melody so simple and yet so beautiful, the two women and the old footman sang with him the tender and artless words.

"And now," said Haydn, eagerly, "now, I will write down the melody on the spot, and then you shall run with it to Councillor von Swieten. He must add a few verses to it. And then we will have it copied as often as possible—we will circulate it in the streets, and sing it in all public places, and if the French really should come to Vienna, the whole people shall receive them with the jubilant hymn, 'God save the Emperor Francis!' And God will hear our song, and He will be touched by our love, and He will lead him back to us, our good Emperor Francis."

He sat down at his desk, and in youthful haste wrote down the music. "So," he said then, "take it, Conrad, take it to Herr von Swieten; tell him it is my imperial hymn. Oh, I believe it will be useful to the emperor, and therefore I swear that I will play it every day as long as I live. My first prayer always shall be for the emperor.* And now run, Conrad, and ask Herr von Swieten to finish the poem quickly, and you, women, leave me. I feel the ideas burning in my head, and the melodies gushing from my heart. The hymn has inspired me with genuine enthusiasm; and now, with God and my emperor, I will commence my *Creation!* But you, you must not despair—and whenever you feel dejected, sing my imperial

* Haydn kept his word, and from that time played the hymn every day. It was even the last piece of music he performed before his death. On the 26th of May, 1809, he played the hymn three times in succession. From the piano he had to be carried to his bed, which he never left again. When Iffland paid him a visit in 1807, Haydn played the hymn for him. He then remained a few moments before the instrument—placed his hands on it, and said, in the tone of a venerable patriarch: "I play this hymn every morning, and in times of adversity have often derived consolation and courage from it. I cannot help it—I must play it at least once a day. I feel greatly at ease whenever I do so, and even a good while afterward."—"Iffland's Theatrical Almanac for 1855," p. 181.

hymn, and pour consolation and courage into your hearts—into the hearts of all Austrians who will sing it. For not only for you, but for Austria, I have sung my hymn, and it shall belong to the whole Austrian people!"

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL BONAPARTE.

At length peace was to be concluded. For several weeks had the three Austrian plenipotentiaries been at Udine; the Austrian court having sent with Count Meerveldt and Count Louis Cobenzl the Marquis de Gallo, who, although Neapolitan ambassador at Vienna, and therefore, not in the imperial service, acted as their adviser.

General Bonaparte was at Passeriano: he alone had been authorized by the great French Republic to conclude peace with Austria, or to renew the war, just as he saw fit.

The eyes of France and Germany, nay of all Europe, were riveted upon this small point on the border of Germany and Italy, for there the immediate future of Europe was to be decided; there the dice were to fall which were to bring peace or war to the world.

Austria wanted peace; it was a necessity for her, because she did not feel strong enough for war, and was afraid of the dangers and losses of continued defeats. But she did not want peace, *coûte qui coûte*; she wanted to derive substantial advantages from it—she intended to aggrandize herself at the expense of Italy, at the expense of Prussia—and, if need be, at the expense of Germany.

But what did France want, or rather, what did General Bonaparte want? None but himself knew. None could read his thoughts in his marble countenance. None could decipher his future actions from his laconic utterances. None could tell what Bonaparte intended to do, and what aim his ambition had in view.

The negotiations with Austria had been going on for months. For several weeks the Austrian plenipotentiaries and General Bonaparte had had daily interviews of many hours' duration, which alternately took place at Udine and at Passeriano, but the work of pacification would not come to a satisfactory conclusion. Austria demanded too much, and France would not yield enough. These conferences had frequently assumed a very stormy character, and often, during the debates, Bonaparte's voice had resounded in thundering tones, and flashes of anger had burst forth from his eyes. But the Austrian plenipotentiaries had not been struck by them. The flashes from the great chieftain's eyes had recoiled powerlessly from their imperturbable smile. When his voice thundered at

them, they had lowered their heads only to raise them slowly again as soon as the general was silent.

To-day, on the thirteenth of October, another interview was to take place, at the hotel of Count Cobenzl, and perhaps that was the reason why General Bonaparte had risen at an unusually early hour in the morning. He had just finished his toilet; the four valets who had assisted him had just concluded their task. As usual, Bonaparte had suffered them to dress and wash him like a child.* With a silent gesture he now ordered the servants to withdraw, and called out, "Bourrienne!"

The door was opened at once, and a tall young man, in the citizen's dress of that period, stepped in. Bonaparte, greeting his youthful secretary with a slight nod of his head, pointed with his hand at the desk.

Bourrienne walked noiselessly to the desk, sat down, took a pen and some blank paper, and waited for what the general would have to dictate.

But Bonaparte was silent. With his hands folded on his back, he commenced rapidly walking up and down. Bourrienne, holding the pen in his hand and momentarily ready to write, enjoyed this pause, this absorbed pondering of the general, with genuine delight; for it afforded him leisure to contemplate Bonaparte, to study his whole appearance, and to engrave every feature, every gesture of the conqueror of Italy upon his mind.

Bourrienne was an old friend of Bonaparte; they had been together at the military academy; they had met afterward at Paris—and poor young Lieutenant Bonaparte had often been glad enough to accept a dinner at the hands of his wealthier friend.

Only a few years had elapsed since that time, and now Lieutenant Bonaparte had become already an illustrious general; while Bourrienne, whom the Terrorists had proscribed, thankfully accepted the protection of his old comrade, and now filled the position of private secretary under him.

He had been with him in this capacity only two days—for two days he had seen Bonaparte every hour, and yet he contemplated with ever new surprise this wonderful countenance, in which he vainly tried to recognize the features of the friend of his youth. True, the same outlines and contours were still there, but the whole face was an entirely different one. No traces of the carelessness, of the harmless hilarity of former days, were left in these features. His complexion was pale almost to sickliness; his figure, which did not rise above the middle height, was slender and bony. Upon look-

* "Mémoires de Constant, premier valet de chambre de l'Empereur Napoléon," vol. i., p. 180.

ing at him, you seemed at first to behold a young man entirely devoid of strength, and hopelessly doomed to an early death. But the longer you examined him, the more his features seemed to breathe vitality and spirit, and the firmer grew the conviction that this was an exceptional being—a rare and strange phenomenon. Once accustomed to his apparent pale and sickly homeliness, the beholder soon saw it transformed into a fascinating beauty such as we admire on the antique Roman cameos and old imperial coins. His classical and regular profile seemed to be modelled after these antique coins; his forehead, framed in on both sides with fine chestnut hair, was high and statuesque. His eyes were blue, but brimful of the most wonderful expression and sparkling with fire, a faithful mirror of his fiery soul, now exceedingly mild and gentle, and then again stern and even harsh. His mouth was classically beautiful—the finely-shaped lips, narrow and slightly compressed, especially when in anger; when he laughed, he displayed two rows of teeth, not faultlessly fine, but of pearly white. Every lineament, every single feature of his face was as regular as if modelled by a sculptor; nevertheless there was something ugly and repulsive in the whole, and in order to be able to admire it, it was necessary first to get accustomed to this most extraordinary being. Only the feet and the small white hands were so surpassingly beautiful that they enlisted at once the liveliest admiration, and this was perhaps the reason why General Bonaparte, who otherwise observed the greatest simplicity in his toilet, had adorned his hands with several splendid diamond rings.*

Bourrienne was still absorbed in contemplating the friend of his youth, when the latter suddenly stood still before him and looked at him with a pleasant smile.

"Why do you stare at me in this manner, Bourrienne?" he asked in his abrupt and hasty tone.

"General, I only contemplate the laurels which your glorious victories have woven around your brow, since I saw you the last time," said Bourrienne.

"Ah, and you find me a little changed since you saw me the last time," replied Bonaparte, quickly. "It is true, the years of our separation have produced a great many changes, and I was glad that you had the good taste to perceive this, and upon meeting me under the present circumstances, to observe a becoming and delicate reserve. I am under obligations to you for it, and from to-day you shall be chief of my cabinet, my first private secretary." †

Bourrienne rose to thank the young general by bowing respect-

* Mémoires de Constant, vol. i., p. 52.

† Mémoires de Monsieur de Bourrienne, vol. i., p. 33.

fully, but Bonaparte took no further notice of him, and walked again rapidly up and down. The smile had already vanished from his face, which had resumed its immovable and impenetrable expression.

Bourrienne quietly sat down again and waited; but now he dared no longer look at Bonaparte, the general having noticed it before.

After a lengthy pause, Bonaparte stood still close to the desk. "Have you read the dispatches which the Directory sent me yesterday through their spy, M. Botot?" asked the general, abruptly.

"I have, general!"

"They are unreasonable fools," exclaimed Bonaparte, angrily, "they want to direct our war from their comfortable sofas in the Luxembourg, and believe their ink-stained hands could hold the general's *bâton* as well as the pen. They want to dictate to us a new war from Paris, without knowing whether we are able to bear it or not. They ask us to conclude peace with Austria without ceding Venice to her as compensation for Belgium. Yes, Talleyrand is senseless enough to ask me to revolutionize the whole of Italy once more, so that the Italians may expel their princes, and that liberty may prevail throughout the entire peninsula. In order to give them liberty, they want me to carry first war and revolution into their midst. These big-mouthed and ignorant Parisians do not know that Italy will not belong to us in reality until after the restoration of peace, and that the Directory, even at the first dawn of peace, will rule her from the mountains of Switzerland to the capes of Calabria. Then, and only then, the Directory will be able to alter the various governments of Italy, and for this very reason we have to attach Austria to our cause by a treaty of peace. As soon as she has signed it, she will no longer molest us: first, because she is our ally; and principally because she will apprehend that we might take back from her what we generously gave, in order to win her over to our side. The war party at Vienna, however, will not submit without hoping for some counter-revolution—a dream which the *émigrés* and the diplomacy of Pillnitz still cherishes with the utmost tenacity.* And these unreasonable gentlemen of the Directory want war and revolution, and they dare to accuse me of selfish motives. Ah, I am yearning for repose, for retirement—I feel exhausted and disgusted, and shall for the third time send in my resignation, which the Directory twice refused to accept."

He had said all this in a subdued and rapid voice, apparently only talking to himself—the only man worthy of learning the most secret thoughts of his soul—and still with proud disdain toward him

* Bonaparte's own words. See "Mémoires d'un Homme d'État," vol. iv., p. 578.

who could overhear every word he said. He felt as though he were alone, and he only spoke and consulted with himself, notwithstanding the secretary's presence.

Another long pause ensued, Bonaparte pacing the room once more with rapid steps. Violent and impassioned feelings seemed to agitate his breast; for his eyes became more lustrous, his cheeks were suffused with an almost imperceptible blush, and he breathed heavily; as if oppressed by the closeness of the room, and in want of fresh air, for he stepped up to the window and opened it violently.

An expression of amazement escaped from his lips, for the landscape, which yesterday was clad in the gorgeous hues of autumn, now offered an entirely different aspect. Hoar-frost, dense and glittering, covered the trees and the verdure of the meadows; and the Noric Alps, which crowned the horizon with a majestic wreath, had adorned themselves during the night with sparkling robes of snow and brilliant diadems of ice.

Bonaparte looked at the unexpected spectacle long and thoughtfully. "What a country!" He then whispered, "Snow and ice in the first part of October! Very well! we must make peace!" *

He closed the window and returned to the desk.

"Give me the army register," he said to Bourrienne, and took a seat at his side.

Bourrienne laid the books and papers in succession before him, and Bonaparte read and examined them with close attention.

"Yes," he then said, after a long pause, "it is true, I have an army of nearly eighty thousand men; I have to feed and pay them, but, on the battle-field, I could not count on more than sixty thousand men. I should win the battle, but lose again twenty thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. How, then, should I be able to resist the united Austrian forces, which would hasten to the assistance of Vienna? It would take the armies on the Rhine more than a month to come up in supporting distance, and in the course of two weeks the snow will have blocked up all roads and mountain-passes. I am determined, therefore, to make peace. Venice must pay for the war, and the frontier of the Rhine. The Directory and the learned lawyers may say what they please. † Write, Bourrienne, I will now dictate my reply."

Bourrienne took his pen; Bonaparte arose from his seat, and folding his arms on his breast, he resumed his promenade across the room, dictating slowly and clearly, so that every word dropped from his lips like a pearl, until gradually the course of his speech grew

* Bonaparte's own words. Bourrienne, vol. i., p. 313.

† Bonaparte's own words.—"Mémoires d'un Homme d'État," vol. iv., p. 558.

more rapid and rolled along in an unbroken, fiery, and brilliant torrent.

"We shall sign the treaty of peace to-day," he dictated, in his imperious tone, "or break off the negotiations altogether. Peace will be advantageous to us—war with Austria will injure us; but war with England opens an extensive, highly important and brilliant field of action to our arms."

And now he explained to the Directory the advantages of a treaty of peace with Austria, and of a war with England, with logical acuteness and precision. His words were no less pointed and sharp than the edge of his sword, and as brief, stern, and cold as the utterances of a Cato.

He then paused for a moment, not in order to collect his thoughts, but only to give his secretary a few seconds' rest, and to get a breathing-spell for himself.

"Let us go on now," he said, after a short interval, and dictated in an enthusiastic voice, and with flaming eyes: "If I have been mistaken in my calculations, my heart is pure, and my intentions are well meaning. I have not listened to the promptings of glory, of vanity and ambition; I have only regarded the welfare of the country and government. If they should not approve of my actions and views, nothing is left to me but to step back into the crowd, put on the wooden shoes of Cincinnatus, and give an example of respect for the government, and of aversion to military rule, which has destroyed so many republics, and annihilated so many states." *

"Are you through?" asked Bonaparte, drawing a long breath.

"Yes, general, I am."

"Then take another sheet, my friend. We are going to write now to the sly fox who generally perceives every hole where he may slip in, and who has such an excellent nose that he scents every danger and every advantage from afar. But this time he has lost the trail and is entirely mistaken. I will, therefore, show him the way. 'To Citizen Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs.' Did you write the address?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, go on."

And without stopping a single time, and even without hesitating, Bonaparte dictated the following letter:

"In three or four hours, citizen minister, every thing will be decided—peace or war. I confess that I shall do every thing to make peace, in consequence of the advanced season and the slim prospect of achieving important successes.

"You know very little about the nations of the peninsula; they

* Bonaparte's own words.—"Mémoires d'un Homme d'État," vol. iv., p. 558.

do not deserve that forty thousand French soldiers should be killed for their sake. I see from your letter that you always argue from unfounded premises. You fancy that liberty would make a great impression upon a lazy, superstitious, cowardly, and degraded people.

"You ask me to do miracles, and I cannot perform them. Ever since I came to Italy, the nation's desire for liberty and equality was not my ally, or at best it was but a very feeble one. Whatever is merely good to be mentioned in proclamations and printed speeches is worth no more than a novel.

"Hoping that the negotiations will have a favorable issue, I do not enter upon further details to enlighten you about many matters which apparently have been misunderstood. Only by prudence, sagacity, and determination we are able to realize great objects and surmount all obstacles; otherwise all our efforts will prove unavailing. Frequently there is but a single step from victory to ruin. In highly critical times, I have always noticed that a mere nothing decided the most important events.

"It is characteristic of our nation to be too rash and fiery in prosperity. If we adopt a sagacious policy, which is nothing but the result of the calculation of combination and chances as a base for our operations, we shall long remain the greatest nation and most powerful state in Europe—nay, more, we shall hold the balance of power, we shall make it incline wherever we desire, and if it were the will of Providence, it would be no impossibility to achieve in the course of a few years those great results which a glowing and excited imagination perhaps foresees, but which only a man of extraordinary coolness, perseverance, and prudence is able to accomplish if—"

Bonaparte paused suddenly as if he had been about to betray a profound secret, and stopped exactly when it was not yet too late to keep it buried within his own breast.

"It is enough," he then said, "erase the last word and close the letter. What makes you look at me so strangely, Bourrienne?"

"I beg your pardon, general, I had a vision. It seemed to me as if an oriflamme were burning on your head, and I believe if all nations and all men could behold you as I saw you just now, they would believe once more in the fables of pagan mythology, and feel satisfied that Jove the Thunderer had deigned to descend once more into our human world."

Bonaparte smiled, and this smile lighted up his face, previously so stern and rigid.

"You are a flatterer and a courtier," he said, playfully pinching

* "Mémoires d'un Homme d'État," vol. iv., p. 581.

Bourrienne's ear so violently that the latter was scarcely able to conceal a shriek of pain under a smile. "Yes, indeed, you are a regular courtier, and the republic has done well to banish you, for flattery is something very aristocratic, and injurious to our stiff republican dignity. And what an idea, to compare me to Jove appearing on earth! Don't you know, then, you learned scholar and flatterer, that Jove, whenever he descended from Olympus, was in pursuit of a very worldly and entirely ungodly adventure? It would only remain for you to inform my Josephine that I was about to transform myself into an ox for the sake of some beautiful Europa, or drop down in the shape of a golden rain to gain the love of a Danae."

"General, the sagacious and spirited Josephine would believe the former to be impossible, for even if you should succeed in performing all the miracles of the world, you could never transform yourself into an ox."

"What! you compared me a minute ago with Jove, and now you doubt already whether I could accomplish what Jove has done!" exclaimed Bonaparte, laughing. "Ah, flatterer, you see I have caught you in your own meshes. But would my Josephine believe, then, that I could transform myself into a golden rain for the purpose of winning a Danae, you arrant rogue?"

"Yes, general, but she always would take good care to be that Danae herself."

"Yes, indeed, you are right," replied Bonaparte, laughing even louder than before. "Josephine likes golden rains, and should they be ever so violent, she would not complain; for if they should immerse her up to the neck, in the course of a few hours she would have got rid of the whole valuable flood."

"Your wife is as liberal and generous as a princess, and that is the reason why she spends so much money. She scatters her charities with liberal hands."

"Yes, Josephine has a noble and magnanimous heart," exclaimed Napoleon, and his large blue eyes assumed a mild and tender expression. "She is a woman just as I like women—so gentle and good, so childlike and playful, so tender and affectionate, so passionate and odd! And at the same time so dignified and refined in her manners. Ah, you ought to have seen her at Milan receiving the princes and *noblesse* in her drawing-room. I assure you, my friend, the wife of little General Bonaparte looked and bore herself precisely like a queen holding a levee, and she was treated and honored as though she were one. Ah, you ought to have seen it!"

"I *did* see it, general. I was at Milan before coming here."

"Ah, yes, that is true. I had forgotten it. You lucky fellow,

you saw my wife more recently than I did myself. Josephine is beautiful, is she not? No young girl can boast of more freshness, more grace, innocence, and loveliness. Whenever I am with her, I feel as contented, as happy and tranquil as a man who, on a very warm day, is reposing in the shade of a splendid myrtle-tree, and whenever I am far from her—"

Bonaparte paused, and a slight blush stole over his face. The young lover of twenty-eight had triumphed for a moment over the stern, calculating general, and the general was ashamed of it.

"This is no time to think of such things," he said, almost indignantly. "Seal the letters now, and dispatch a messenger to Paris. Ah, Paris! Would to God I were again there in my little house in the *Rue Chantreine*, alone and happy with Josephine! But in order to get there, I must first make peace here—peace with Austria, with the Emperor of Germany. Ah, I am afraid Germany will not be much elated by this treaty of peace which her emperor is going to conclude, and by which she may lose some of her most splendid fortresses on the Rhine."

"And the Republic of Venice, general?"

"The Republic of Venice is about to disappear," exclaimed Bonaparte, frowning. "Venice has rendered herself unworthy of the name of a republic—she is about to disappear."

"General, the delegates of the republic were all day yesterday in your anteroom, vainly waiting for an audience."

"They will have to wait to-day likewise until I return from the conference which is to decide about war or peace. In either case, woe unto the Venetians! Tell them, Bourrienne, to wait until I return. And now, my carriage. I cannot let the Austrian plenipotentiaries wait any longer for my ultimatum."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TREATY OF CAMPO FORMIO.

THE Austrian plenipotentiaries were at the large Alberga of Udine, waiting for General Bonaparte. Every thing was prepared for his reception; the table was set, and the cooks were only looking for the arrival of the French chieftain in order to serve up the magnificent *déjeuner* with which to-day's conference was to begin.

Count Louis Cobenzl and the Marquis de Gallo were in the dining-room, standing at the window and looking at the scenery.

"It is cold to-day," said Count Cobenzl, after a pause in the conversation. "For my part, I like cold weather, for it reminds me of

the most memorable years of my life—of my sojourn at the court of the Russian Semiramis. But you, marquis, are probably reminded by this frosty weather even more sensibly of your beautiful Naples and the glowing sun of the south. The chilly air must make you homesick."

"That disease is unknown to me, count," said the marquis. "I am at home wherever I can serve my king and my country."

"But to-day, my dear marquis, you have to serve a foreign prince."

"Austria is the native country of my noble Queen Caroline," said the marquis, gravely, "and the empress is my king's daughter. The Austrian court, therefore, may command my whole power and ability."

"I am afraid that we are going to have hard work to-day, marquis," remarked Count Cobenzl, gloomily. "This French general is really a *sans-culotte* of the worst kind. He is entirely devoid of noblesse, *bon ton*, and refinement."

"My dear count, for my part I take this Bonaparte to be a very long-headed man, and I am sure we must be greatly on our guard to be able to wrest a few concessions from him."

"Do you really believe that, marquis?" asked the count, with an incredulous smile. "You did not see, then, how his marble face lighted up when I handed him the other day that autograph letter from his majesty the emperor? You did not see how he blushed with pleasure while reading it? Oh, I noticed it, and, at that moment, I said to myself: 'This republican bear is not insensible to the favors and affability of the great.' Flattery is a dish which he likes to eat; we will, therefore, feed him with it, and he will be ours, and do whatever we may want without even noticing it. The great Empress Catharine used to say: 'Bears are best tamed by sweetmeats, and republicans by titles and decorations.' Just see, marquis, how I am going to honor him! I let him drink his chocolate to-day from my most precious relic—from this cup here, which the great empress gave to me, and which you see contains the czarina's portrait. Ah, it was at the last festival at the *Ermitage* that she handed me the cup with chocolate, and, in order to give it its real value, she touched the rim of the cup with her own sublime lips, sipped of the chocolate, and then permitted me to drink where she had drunk. This cup, therefore, is one of my most cherished reminiscences of St. Petersburg, and little General Bonaparte may be very proud to be permitted to drink from Catharine's cup. Yes, yes, we will give sweetmeats to the bear, but afterward he must dance just as we please. *We* will not yield, but *he* must yield to *us*. Our demands ought to be as exorbitant as possible!"