

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!”



"By straining a cord too much, you generally break it," said the Italian, thoughtfully. "General Bonaparte, I am afraid, will not consent to any thing derogatory to the honor and dignity of France. Besides, there is another bad feature about him—he is incorruptible, and even the titles and decorations of the Empress Catharine would not have tamed this republican. Let us proceed cautiously and prudently, count. Let us demand much, but yield in time, and be content with something less in order not to lose every thing."

"Austria can only consent to a peace which extends her boundaries, and enlarges her territory," exclaimed Cobenzl, hastily.

"You are right, certainly," replied the Marquis de Gallo, slowly; "but Austria cannot intend to aggrandize herself at the expense of France. What is that so-called Germany good for? Let Austria take from her whatever she wants—a piece of Bavaria, a piece of Prussia—I would not care if she even gave to France a piece of Germany, for instance the frontier of the Rhine. In the name of Heaven, I should think that the so-called German empire is decayed enough to permit us to break off a few of its pieces."

"You are very unmerciful toward the poor German empire," said Count Cobenzl, with a smile, "for you are no German, and owing to that, it seems you are much better qualified to act as Austrian plenipotentiary in this matter. Nevertheless it is odd and funny enough that in these negotiations in which the welfare of Germany is principally at stake, the Emperor of Germany should be represented by an Italian, and the French Republic by a Corsican!"

"You omit yourself, my dear count," said the marquis, politely. "You are the real representative of the German emperor, and I perceive that the emperor could not have intrusted the interests of Germany to better hands. But as you have permitted me to act as your adviser, I would beg you to remember that the welfare of Austria should precede the welfare of Germany. And—but listen! a carriage is approaching."

"It is General Bonaparte," said Count Cobenzl, hastening to the window. "Just see the splendid carriage in which he is coming. Six horses—four footmen on the box, and a whole squadron of lancers escorting him! And you believe this republican to be insensible to flattery? Ah, ha! we will give sweetmeats to the bear! Let us go and receive him."

He took the arm of the marquis, and both hastened to receive the general, whose carriage had just stopped at the door.

The Austrian plenipotentiaries met Bonaparte in the middle of the staircase and escorted him to the dining-room, where the *déjeuner* was waiting for him.

But Bonaparte declined the *déjeuner*, in spite of the repeated and most pressing requests of Count Cobenzl.

"At least take a cup of chocolate to warm yourself," urged the count. "Drink it out of this cup, general, and if it were only in order to increase its value in my eyes. The Empress Catharine gave it to me, and drank from it; and if you now use this cup likewise, I might boast of possessing a cup from which the greatest man and the greatest woman of this century have drunk!"

"I shall not drink, count!" replied Bonaparte, bluntly. "I will have nothing in common with this imperial Messalina, who, by her dissolute life, equally disgraced the dignity of the crown and of womanhood. You see I am a strong-headed republican, who only understands to talk of business. Let us, therefore, attend to that at once."

Without waiting for an invitation, he sat down on the divan close to the breakfast-table, and, with a rapid gesture, motioned the two gentlemen to take seats at his side.

"I informed you of my ultimatum the day before yesterday," said Bonaparte, coldly; "have you taken it into consideration, and are you going to accept it?"

This blunt and hasty question, so directly at the point, disconcerted the two diplomatists.

"We will weigh and consider with you what can be done," said Count Cobenzl, timidly. "France asks too much and offers too little. Austria is ready to cede Belgium to France, and give up Lombardy, but in return she demands the whole territory of Venice, Mantua included."

"Mantua must remain with the new Cisalpine Republic!" exclaimed Bonaparte, vehemently. "That is one of the stipulations of my ultimatum, and you seem to have forgotten it, count. And you say nothing about the frontier of the Rhine, and of the fortress of Mentz, both of which I have claimed for France."

"But, general, the Rhine does not belong to Austria, and Mentz is garrisoned by German troops. We cannot give away what does not belong to us."

"Do not I give Venice to you?" exclaimed Bonaparte—"Venice, which, even at the present hour, is a sovereign state, and whose delegates are at my headquarters, waiting for my reply! The Emperor of Germany has certainly the right to give away a German fortress if he choose."

"Well, Austria is not indisposed to cede the frontier of the Rhine to France," remarked the Marquis de Gallo. "Austria is quite willing and ready to form a close alliance with France, in order to resist the ambitious schemes of Prussia."



"If Austria should acquire new territory in consequence of an understanding with France, she must be sure that no such right of aggrandizement should be granted to Prussia," said Count Cobenzl, hastily.

"France and Austria might pledge themselves in a secret treaty not to permit any further aggrandizement of Prussia, but to give back to her simply her former possessions on the Rhine," said De Gallo.

"No digressions, if you please!" exclaimed Bonaparte, impatiently. "Let us speak of my ultimatum. In the name of France, I have offered you peace, provided the territories on the left bank of the Rhine with their stipulated boundaries, including Mentz, be ceded to France, and provided, further, that the Adige form the boundary-line between Austria and the Cisalpine Republic, Mantua to belong to the latter. You cede Belgium to France, but, in return, we give you the continental possessions of Venice; only Corfu and the Ionian Islands are to fall to the share of France, and the Adige is to form the frontier of Venetian Austria."

"I told you already, general," said Count Cobenzl, with his most winning smile, "we cannot accept the last condition. We must have Mantua, likewise; in return, we give you Mentz; and not the Adige, but the Adda, must be our frontier."

"Ah! I see—new difficulties, new subterfuges!" exclaimed Bonaparte, and his eyes darted a flash of anger at the diplomatist.

This angry glance, however, was parried by the polite smile of the count. "I took the liberty of informing you likewise of *our* ultimatum, general," he said, gently, "and I am sorry to be compelled to declare that I shall have to leave this place unless our terms be acceded to. But in that case, I shall hold *you* responsible for the blood of the thousands which may be shed in consequence."

Bonaparte jumped up, with flaming eyes, and lips quivering with rage.

"You dare to threaten me!" he shouted, angrily. "You resort to subterfuge after subterfuge. Then you are determined to have war? Very well, you shall have it."

He extended his arm hastily and seized the precious cup which the Empress Catharine had given to Count Cobenzl, and, with an impetuous motion, hurled it to the ground, where it broke to pieces with a loud crash.

"See there!" he shouted in a thundering voice. "Your Austrian monarchy shall be shattered like this cup within less than three months. I promise you that."

Without deigning to cast another glance upon the two gentlemen, he hurried with rapid steps to the door, and left the room.



NAPOLÉON AND COUNT COBENZL.



Pale with anger and dismay, Count Cobenzl stared at the *débris* of the precious cup, which so long had been the pride and joy of his heart.

"He is leaving," muttered the Marquis de Gallo. "Shall we let him go, count?"

"How is that bear to be kept here?" asked the count, sighing, and shrugging his shoulders.

At this moment Bonaparte's powerful voice was heard in the anteroom, calling out:

"An orderly—quick!"

"He calls out of the window," whispered the marquis. "Let us hear what he has got to say."

The two plenipotentiaries slipped on tiptoe to the window, cautiously peeping from behind the curtains. They saw a French lancer galloping up below, and stopping and saluting under the window of the adjoining room.

Again they heard Bonaparte's thundering voice. "Ride over to the headquarters of Archduke Charles," shouted Bonaparte. "Tell him on my behalf that the armistice is at an end, and that hostilities will recommence from the present hour. That is all. Depart!"

Then they heard him close the window with a crash, and walk with loud steps through the anteroom.

The two plenipotentiaries looked at each other in dismay. "Count," whispered the marquis, "listen! he leaves and has threatened to shatter Austria. He is the man to fulfil his threat. My God, must we suffer him to depart in anger? Have you been authorized to do that?"

"Will you try to command the storm to stand still?" asked Count Cobenzl.

"Yes, I will try, for we must not break off the negotiations in this way and recommence hostilities. We must conciliate this terrible warrior!"

He rushed out of the room, and hastened through the anteroom and down-stairs to the front door.

Bonaparte had already entered his carriage; his escort had formed in line, the driver had seized the reins and whip in order to give the impatient horses the signal to start.

At this moment, the pale and humble face of the Marquis de Gallo appeared at the carriage door. Bonaparte did not seem to see him. Leaning back into the cushions, he gloomily looked up to heaven.

"General," said the marquis, imploringly, "I beseech you not to depart!"

"Marquis," replied Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders, "it does



not become me to remain peaceably among my enemies. War has been declared, for you have not accepted my ultimatum."

"But, general, I take the liberty to inform you that the Austrian plenipotentiaries have resolved to accept your ultimatum."

Bonaparte's marble countenance did not betray the slightest emotion of surprise and joy; his large eyes only cast a piercing glance upon the marquis.

"You accept it without subterfuge or reserve?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes, general, precisely as you have stated it. We are ready to sign the treaty of peace, and accept the ultimatum. Just be kind enough to alight once more, and continue the conference with us."

"No, sir," said Bonaparte, "*nulla vestigia retrorsam!* Being already in my carriage, I shall not return to you. Besides, the delegates of the Venetian Republic are waiting for me at Passeriano, and I believe it is time for me to inform them too of my ultimatum. At the end of three hours, I ask you, marquis, and Count Cobenzl to proceed to my headquarters at Passeriano. There we will take the various stipulations of the treaty into consideration, and agree upon the public and secret articles."

"But you forget, general, that your orderly is already on the way to the Austrian headquarters in order to announce the reopening of hostilities."

"That is true," said Napoleon, quietly. "Here, two orderlies. Follow the first orderly, and command him to return. You see, marquis, I believe in the sincerity of your assurances. In three hours, then, I shall expect you at Passeriano for the purpose of settling the details of the treaty. We shall sign it, however, on neutral ground. Do you see that tall building on the horizon?"

"Yes, general, it is the decayed old castle of Campo Formio."

"Well, in that castle, the treaty shall be signed. In three hours, then. Until then, farewell."

He nodded carelessly to the marquis, who, as humble as a vassal, at the feet of the throne, stood at the carriage door, constantly bowing deeply, and waving his plumed hat.

"Forward!" shouted Bonaparte, and the carriage, followed by a brilliant suite, rolled away. Bonaparte, carelessly leaning into the corner, muttered, with a stealthy smile: "It was a *coup de théâtre*, and it had evidently great success. They had to accept peace at my hands as a favor. Ah, if they had guessed how much I needed it myself! But these men are obtuse; they cannot see any thing. They have no aim; they only live from minute to minute, and whenever they find a precipice on their route, they stumble over it, and are lost beyond redemption. My God, how scarce real men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have scarcely found two

men among them. I want to save these two men, but the rest may fulfil their destiny. The Republic of Venice shall disappear from the earth—this cruel and bloodthirsty government shall be annihilated. We shall throw it as a prey to hungry Austria; but when the latter has devoured her, and stretched herself in the lazy languor of digestion, then it will be time for us to stir up Austria. Until then, peace with Austria—peace!"

Three hours later the treaty between Austria and France was signed at the old castle of Campo Formio. France, by this treaty, acquired Belgium, the left bank of the Rhine, and the fortress of Mentz. Austria acquired the Venetian territory. But to these acquisitions, which were published, secret articles were added. In these secret articles, France promised, in case Prussia should demand an enlargement of her dominions, like Austria, not to consent to it.

The Emperor of Austria, on his part, pledged himself to withdraw his troops, even before the conclusion of the treaty with the German empire, to be agreed upon at Rastadt, from all the fortresses on the Rhine—in other words, to surrender the German empire entirely to its French neighbors.

Austria had enlarged her territory, but, for this aggrandizement, Germany was to pay with her blood, and finally with her life. Austria had made peace with France at Campo Formio, and it was stipulated in the treaty that the German empire likewise should conclude peace with France. For this purpose, a congress was to meet at Rastadt; all German princes were to send their ambassadors to that fortress, in order to settle, jointly, with three representatives of the French Republic, the fate of the empire.