

for what you will do for it. And you shall assist our despised and down-trodden Jews, too, by proving to those who scorn us and contemptuously treat us as aliens, that we feel like natives and children of the country in which we were born, and that we do not seek for our Jerusalem in the distant Orient, but in the fatherland we share with all other Germans. Let us prove to these Christians that we also are good patriots, and that we love our fatherland like them, and are ready to make any sacrifice which it may require from us."

"Yes, I will prove that I am a good patriot as he was a good patriot," said Fanny, enthusiastically. "I will hate whatever he hated; I will love whatever he loved!"

"Amen!" exclaimed Marianne, solemnly. "And now, farewell, Fanny. I go to fulfil the legacy which Prince von Lichtenstein has bequeathed to me. He had taken it upon himself to deliver this letter to Bonaparte, and to see what the Bourbons have to expect from him, and whether Bonaparte is a Monk or a Cromwell. I fear the latter. The Bourbons and Lichtenstein hoped for the former. They believed he would be the Monk of the restoration, and he had only placed himself so near the throne in order to restore the latter to Louis XVIII., as Monk had done in relation to Charles II. Well, we shall see! I will go now and deliver the letter which Prince Lichtenstein has intrusted to me. Farewell, Fanny, and remember your legacy!"

"I shall remember it as long as I live," said Fanny, fervently. "And as I never shall forget my love, I shall never forget my fatherland either. Both shall live indissolubly united in my heart!"\*

\*The history of Baroness Arnstein and the tragic end of Prince Charles von Lichtenstein do not belong to romance, but to reality, and created a great sensation at that time. Every one in Vienna knew that love for Baroness Arnstein had been the cause of the duel and of the death of the Prince von Lichtenstein, but every one knew also that Fanny von Arnstein was not to blame for this event; hence the sympathy and compassion felt for the unhappy lady were universal. The imperial court and the city took pains to do homage to her and to manifest their respect for her. But Baroness Arnstein was not to be consoled by such proofs of public sympathy; the affliction which had befallen her was too terrible, and she did not endeavor to conceal her grief. She caused the cabinet in which he had seen her on the day preceding his death to be hung in black like a death-room; all the souvenirs and every thing reminding her of him were preserved in this room. She spent there every anniversary of his death in deep mourning, and at other times she frequently retired thither to pray for him. Except herself no one was ever permitted to enter this cabinet, consecrated as an altar for the religion of her reminiscences.—Vide Varnhagen von Ense's Miscellanies, vol. i., p. 412.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE FIRST CONSUL.

"THEN you have seen and conversed with our poor, unhappy king?" said Madame Bonaparte to the beautiful and richly-dressed lady who was sitting on the sofa at her side, and who was none other than the Princess Marianne von Eibenberg.

"Yes, madame, I have often had the good fortune to converse long with him," said the princess, heaving a sigh. "I passed a few weeks in his neighborhood, and touched by his resignation, his unflinching patience, and calm greatness, I offered him my mediation; I wished to be the messenger whom the poor unfortunate would send out in order to see whether the shores of his country will never again be visible to him, and whether the great and intrepid pilot who is now steering the ship of France with so firm a hand has no room left for the poor shipwrecked man. The Count de Provence accepted my services; he gave me a letter which I was to deliver to the First Consul himself, and I set out for Paris provided with numerous and most satisfactory recommendations. All these recommendations, however, were useless; even the intercession of Minister Talleyrand was in vain; the First Consul refused to grant me an audience."

"He had been told, perhaps, how beautiful and charming a messenger had been this time sent to him by the Count de Provence," said Josephine, smiling, "and he was, therefore, afraid of you, madame. For Bonaparte, the most intrepid hero in battle, is quite timid and bashful in the presence of beautiful ladies, and not having the strength to withstand your smiles and prayers, he evades you and refuses to see you."

"Oh, madame," exclaimed the princess, quickly, "if the First Consul is unable to resist the smiles of the most beautiful lady, I predict to you an even more brilliant future; for in that case he will lay the whole world at your feet to do you homage. He who has remained at the side of Josephine a hero and a man of iron will, need not fear the beauty of any other woman."

"You know how to flatter," said Josephine, smiling. "You forget, however, that we are in a republic here, and that there is no court with courtiers in the Tuileries, but merely the humble household of a citizen and general, which, I trust, will soon give way to the splendor of royalty."

"Do you believe so, madame?" asked the princess, eagerly. "Do you believe that the hopes which the Count de Provence has built

on the noble and grand spirit of General Bonaparte are not illusory? Oh, let us be frank and sincere toward each other, for I know you sympathize with the sufferings of the royal family, and the terrible misfortunes of the august exiles find an echo in your heart. Hence, when I did not succeed in obtaining an interview with the First Consul, and in delivering my letter to him in person, I applied to you, and the Count de Provence himself authorized me to do so. 'If Bonaparte refuses to hear you,' he said, 'go to Josephine. Bring her the greetings of the Count de Provence; remind her of the happy days of Versailles, where, as Viscountess de Beauharnais, she was always welcome at the court of my lamented brother. Ask her if she still remembers how often we joked and laughed together at that time. Ask her whether my present misfortunes shall last forever, or whether she, who holds my destiny in her hand, will restore me to mirth and joy.'

"Oh!" exclaimed Josephine, bursting into tears, "if I held his destiny in my hand, he would not have to wait long for his throne and for happiness. I should be the first to jubilantly welcome him to France, the first to joyously leave these Tuileries, this royal palace, the grandeur of which frightens me, and in the walls of which it always seems to me as though I were a criminal adorning herself with stolen property, and stretching out her hands toward the holy of holies. And yet I am innocent of this outrage; my conscience is clear, and I am able to say that King Louis XVIII. has no more devoted, faithful, and obedient subject than the wife of the First Consul of France."

"The king knows it, and depends on you," said the princess. "Bonaparte's heart is in your hands; you alone are able to move it."

"But do I know, then, whether he has yet a heart or not?" exclaimed Josephine, passionately. "Do I know, then, if he loves any thing but his glory? Man cannot serve two gods, and his god is glory. He soars aloft with the glance of an eagle, and the radiance of the sun does not dazzle him. Where will he finally rest and build his aerie? I do not know. As yet no rock has been too lofty for him, no summit too steep and sufficiently near the sun. I follow his flight with anxious eyes, but I am unable to restrain him. I can only pray for him, for myself, and for the unhappy king; I can only pray that the bold eagle may not finally conclude that the vacant throne will be an aerie worthy of himself, and occupy it."

"But you believe that he will do so?" asked the princess, quickly.

"Oh, my dear," replied Josephine, with a melancholy smile, "no one is able to know at the present time, nay, even to conjecture, what Bonaparte will do; no one, not even myself. His mind is

impenetrable, and he only speaks of what he has done, not of what he is going to do. His plans lie inscrutable and silent in his breast, and nobody can boast that he is aware of them. He knows that I am a royalist at heart, and he often mocks me for it, but more frequently he is angry with me on this account. Since the French people have elected him First Consul for life, I see him tremble and frown whenever I dare to mention our exiled king, and to call him our master. He has strictly ordered me to receive no stranger unless he has given me permission to do so, and all friends of mine, whom he knew to be enthusiastic royalists, have already been banished by him. I must feign to forget all I owe to friendship and gratitude, and yet all those cherished reminiscences will never be effaced from my heart. But I must obey my master; for Bonaparte is no longer only my husband, but he is also my master. Thus impeded in all her inclinations, the wife of the First Consul must swallow her grief and seem ungrateful, although she is not. State it to those who believe my fate to be an enviable one; state it to the Count de Provence, who deems my influence greater than it really is. He is, and always remains for me, the legitimate king of France, and I call God to witness that I do not long for the crown which is his legitimate property. I call God to witness that I have improved every opportunity to promote the interests of the Count de Provence, and that I have always taken pains to remind Bonaparte of his duty to his legitimate king. But my success has been insignificant, and to-day for the first time since a long while I dare again to entertain a glimmer of hope. Bonaparte knew that I wanted to receive you to-day, and he did not forbid it, although he had already been informed that the Princess von Eibenberg was highly esteemed as a devoted friend at the court of Coblenz, that she had made a journey to Mitau for the express purpose of seeing the Count de Provence, that she had been sent by the latter with letters and messages to Paris, and that the Duke d'Enghien, who some time ago had secretly been at Vienna, had been every day at your house."

"What! The First Consul is aware of all that?" asked Marianne, wonderingly.

"His spies serve him well," said Josephine, heaving a sigh, "and Bonaparte has got spies everywhere, even here in the Tuileries, here in my own rooms—and I should not wonder if he should learn even within the next quarter of an hour what we have conversed about here, although it may have seemed to us as though we were alone."

"But if the First Consul learns that the Count de Provence wants to avail himself of my services for the purpose of promoting his interests here in Paris, and if he has, nevertheless, permitted you to

receive me, it seems to me a favorable symptom," said Marianne Eibenberg, musingly.

"Of course, he has some object in view in permitting it," replied Josephine, sighing, "but who knows what? I am unable to fathom his intentions; I content myself with loving him, admiring him, and endeavoring cautiously to lead him back to the path of duty. But hush!" she interrupted herself all at once, "I hear steps in the small corridor. It is Bonaparte! He comes hither. He will see that I have wept, and he will be angry with me!"

And after breathing into her handkerchief in anxious haste, Josephine pressed it against her eyes, and whispered tremblingly, "Can it be seen that I have wept?"

Marianne was about replying to her, when quick steps were heard in the adjoining room. "He is coming," whispered Josephine, and she rose from the sofa for the purpose of going to meet her husband.

He just opened the door by a quick pressure of his hand and appeared on the threshold. His eyes swept with a quick glance over the room and seemed to pierce every corner; a slight cloud covered his expansive marble forehead; his thin lips were firmly compressed, and did not show the faintest tinge of a smile.

"Ah, I did not know that there was a visitor with you, Josephine," he said, bowing to Marianne, who returned his salutation by a deep and reverential obeisance, and then fixed her large dark eyes upon him with an air of admiration.

"My friend," said Josephine, with a fascinating smile, "the Princess von Eibenberg has been recommended to me by persons of the highest distinction, and I confess that I am very grateful to those who gave me an opportunity to make the acquaintance of this beautiful and agreeable lady. It is true, I hear that the princess is a native of Germany, but she has got the heart of a Frenchwoman, and speaks our language better than many of the ladies whom I hear here in the Tuileries."

"Ah, she doubtless speaks that language of ancient France, which always pleases you so well," exclaimed Bonaparte; and now there appeared on his finely formed lips a smile, illuminating and beautifying his face like sunshine. "I suppose, madame," he said, suddenly turning to Marianne, "you have come hither in order to bring to my dear Josephine greetings from a cavalier of that ancient France which has forever fallen to ruins?"

"No, general," said Marianne, whose radiant eyes were constantly and fearlessly fixed on Bonaparte—"no, general, I have come hither in order to admire the New France, and never shall I be able to thank Madame Bonaparte sufficiently for the happiness she has

procured me at this moment. It is the first time in my life that I have been able to see a great man, a hero!"

"And yet you were in London and Mitau and there saw the Counts d'Artois and Provence," replied Bonaparte, sitting down in an arm-chair by Marianne's side, and requesting the ladies by a wave of his hand to resume their seats on the sofa.

"And in London, in Mitau, in Coblenz, everywhere they admire the hero who has risen like a new sun with the young century!" said Marianne, with irresistible grace.

"Those gentlemen of ancient France spoke of me, then?" asked Bonaparte. "You see, madame, I speak without circumlocution. I am nothing but a good soldier, and always strike directly at my aim. I have been told that you have come hither as an emissary of the Bourbons, and I confess to you that to-day for the first time I feel grateful to those gentlemen, for they have made a very beautiful selection. The emissaries sent hither heretofore were less beautiful and less amiable. Those Bourbons know the *foibles* of the male heart better than anybody else, and they want to fascinate me in order to seduce me afterward the more surely."

"Pardon me, general, they were not so bold as that," said the princess, smiling. "Let me say that I am not gifted with the magic power of Armida, nor are you with the sentimental weakness of Rinaldo."

"You do not deem me worthy to be compared with Rinaldo?" asked Bonaparte, casting so glowing a glance on the fair emissary that Josephine almost regretted having brought this fascinating beauty in contact with her husband.

"I do not deem Rinaldo worthy to be compared with Bonaparte," said the princess, with a charming smile. "Rinaldo did not conquer any countries; he did not cross the bridge of Arcole, holding aloft the waving colors; he did not see the pyramids of Egypt; he did not conquer at Marengo!"

"Ah, madame, you seem to have a good memory," exclaimed Bonaparte, merrily, "and you do not only know ancient France, but are also quite familiar with her recent history."

"General, it is owing to you that the history of France is that of the whole world, and that the victories of France signify the defeat of the remainder of Europe. But you have brought about an even greater miracle, for those whom you have vanquished do not hate you for it, but they admire you, and while cursing their own misfortune, they are astonished at your heroism and surpassing greatness as a military chieftain. There is no one who does not share this feeling of admiration, and there is no one who entertains it in

a livelier manner than the two men who have reason to complain most of France, and who do so least!"

"Ah, you skilfully return to the charge," exclaimed Bonaparte, smiling. "You would make a good general: you make a short cut on the field of flattery and so reach the more rapidly the straight road on which you want to meet the Counts de Provence and Artois in order to praise them before me."

"No, Bonaparte," said Josephine, hastily, "the princess, on the contrary, wishes to tell you how those gentlemen praise you, and with how much admiration they speak of you.—Oh, pray, madame, repeat to Bonaparte what the Count d'Artois told you the other day, and mention the honors and distinctions he would like to confer on my husband."

"Well, I should really like to know the honors and distinctions which that little *émigré*, M. de Bourbon, is able to confer on the First Consul of France," said Bonaparte, with a sarcastic smile. "Tell me, madame, what did the Count d'Artois say, and what that statement of yours is that has filled the ambitious heart of Madame Bonaparte with so much delight?"

"Oh, you want to mock me, my friend," said Josephine, reproachfully.

"By no means, I am in dead earnest, and should like to know what the pretenders did say about me. State to us, then, madame, with your seductive voice, the tempting promises of the Bourbons."

"General, there was no talk of promises, but of the admiration the Count d'Artois felt for you," said Marianne, almost timidly, and with downcast eyes. "We conversed about politics in general, and Madame de Guiche, in her charming innocence, took the liberty to ask the Count d'Artois how the First Consul of France might be rewarded in case he should restore the Bourbons."

"Ah, you conversed about this favorite theme of the *émigrés*, about the restoration question!" said Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders. "And what did the prince reply?"

"The Count d'Artois replied: 'In the first place, we should appoint the first consul *Connétable* of France, if that would be agreeable to him. But we should not believe that that would be a sufficient reward; we should erect on the *Place du Carrousel* a lofty and magnificent column to be surmounted by a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons!'"\*

"Is not that a beautiful and sublime idea?" exclaimed Josephine, joyfully, while the princess searchingly fixed her eyes on Bonaparte's face.

\* Las Cases, "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène," vol. i., p. 337.

"Yes," he said, calmly, "it is a very sublime idea; but what did you reply, Josephine, when this was communicated to you?"

"What did I reply?" asked Josephine. "Good Heaven! what should I have replied?"

"Well," said Bonaparte, whose face now assumed a grave, stern expression, "you might have replied, for instance, that the pedestal of this beautiful column would have to be the corpse of the First Consul."\*

"Oh, Bonaparte, what a dreadful idea that is!" exclaimed Josephine, in dismay—"dreadful and withal untrue, for did not the Count d'Artois say the Bourbons would appoint you *Connétable* of France?"

"Yes, just as Charles II. of England conferred the title of duke on Monk. I am no Monk, nor am I a Cromwell. I have not injured a single hair on the head of the Bourbons, and my hand has not been stained by a drop of the blood of the unfortunate king who had to atone for the sins of his predecessors. He had ruined France, I saved her; and the example of Monk teaches me to be cautious, for the English people had confided in him, and he gave them a king who made them unhappy and oppressed them for twenty years, and finally caused a new revolution; I want to preserve France from the horrors of a new revolution, hence I do not want to become another Monk."

"And who should dare to compare you with Monk or Cromwell, general?" exclaimed Marianne. "If there is a man worthy to be compared with the first consul of France, it is only the great Washington, the liberator of America."

"Ah, you think so because we are both presiding over a republic," replied Bonaparte, with a sarcastic smile. "As I do not want to be a Monk, it is hoped that I shall be a Washington. Words cost nothing, and those who utter them so easily do not consider whether the circumstances of the two nations, the time and occasion may be as well compared with each other as those two names. If I were in America, it would be my highest glory to be another Washington, and I should deserve but little credit for it, after all, for I do not see how one could reasonably pursue there any other course. But if Washington had been in France, with its convulsions within and an invasion from abroad, I should not have deemed it advisable for him to be himself; if he had insisted upon remaining himself, he would have been an idol, and only prolonged the misfortunes of France instead of saving the country."

"You confess, then, that France ought not to remain a republic?" asked Josephine, joyfully. "You want to restore the monarchy?"

\* Bonaparte's own words.—Ibid., vol. ii., p. 337.

"Wait for the things to come," said Bonaparte, gravely. "To ask me prematurely to do things incompatible with the present state of affairs would be foolish; if I should announce or promise them it would look like charlatanry and boasting, and I am not addicted to either."

"But you give us hopes, at least, that you will do so one day, when the time has come, I suppose, my friend?" said Josephine, tenderly. "You will not let this beautiful lady depart from Paris without a kind and comforting reply? She will not have entered the Tuileries, the house of the kings, in order to be obliged to inform on her return those to whom it justly belongs that there is no longer any room for them under the roof which their fathers have built. I am sure, Bonaparte, you will not send such a reply to the legitimate King of France from *his own* rooms."

Josephine, glowing with excitement, had risen from her seat; stepping close up to Bonaparte, she encircled his neck with her beautiful arms, and laid her charming head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Josephine, what are you doing?" ejaculated Bonaparte, angrily. "Will not the princess tell the Count de Provence that the Tuileries are now inhabited by a downright *bourgeois* and hen-pecked husband, who treats his wife sentimentally even in the presence of other persons, and in return for her caresses has always to comply with her wishes? And shall we not be laughed at, my child?"

"I should like to see the Titan who would dare to laugh at the First Consul!" exclaimed Marianne, eagerly. "You would do like Jove; you would hurl down the audacious scoffer into the abyss with a flash from your eyes."

Bonaparte fixed so long and glowing a look on the princess that Marianne blushed, while the jealous heart of Josephine began to ache.

"Bonaparte, state the reply you are going to make to the Count de Provence," she said, anxious to withdraw his attention from the contemplation of this fascinating beauty.

"A reply?" asked Bonaparte. "What shall I reply to?"

"General, to this letter, which the Count de Provence has intrusted to me, and which I have solemnly pledged myself to deliver to you personally," said Marianne, handing Bonaparte a sealed paper, with an imploring glance.

Bonaparte did not take it at once, but looked sternly at the two ladies who stood before him, turning their beautiful and deeply moved faces toward him with an air of supplication.

"It is a perfect conspiracy, then, ladies? A complete surprise of the fortress?" he asked. "You want to compel me forcibly to open

the gates of my eyes to you? Do you not know, then, Josephine, that I have sworn not to accept any letters from the Pretender, in order not to be obliged to make a harsh reply to him?"

"Keep your oath, then," said Josephine, smiling; "do not accept the letter, but permit me to do so, and let me read the contents of the letter to you."

"Oh, women, women!" exclaimed Bonaparte, smiling. "They are born sophists, and I believe they would be able to outwit the devil himself! Well, I will comply with your request; take the letter and read it to me."

Josephine uttered a joyful cry, and took the letter from Marianne's hands. While she broke the seal and unfolded the paper, Bonaparte had risen from his arm-chair, and commenced slowly pacing the room. He knew, perhaps, that Marianne's eyes were fixed upon him with a searching expression, and her glances were disagreeable to him.

Josephine read as follows:

"Men like you, sir, never inspire suspicion and uneasiness, whatever their conduct may be. You have accepted the exalted position which the French people offered to you, and I am grateful to you for so doing. You know better than anybody else how much strength and power are required to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own fury, and you will have fulfilled the foremost and greatest desire of my heart; restore her king to her, and future generations will bless your memory. But you hesitate very long to give my throne back to me, and I almost fear you will allow the opportunity to pass by unimproved. Hasten, therefore, and designate the positions you desire for yourself and for your friends. You will always be too indispensable to the state for me ever to be able to discharge the obligations of my ancestors and my own, even by means of the most influential positions. My character, as well as motives of sound policy, will induce me to pursue a liberal course. We are able to secure the happiness of France. I say *we*, for you cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I cannot do any thing for France without you. General, Europe has fixed her eyes on you, and immortal glory awaits you."\*

"Always the same strain," muttered Bonaparte, "always the story of the column surmounted by the statue of the First Consul crowning the Bourbons, while his bleeding corpse is to be the foundation of the column!"

"He is reflecting," whispered Josephine to the princess. "That shows, at least, that he has not yet made up his mind to reject the offer of the Count de Provence."

\* This letter is historical.—Vide "Mémoires d'un Homme d'État," vol. vii., p. 393.

At this moment Bonaparte turned toward the two ladies and approached them rapidly.

"Are you authorized to receive my reply?" he asked, turning his gloomy eyes toward the princess.

"I shall feel happy and honored by any message you may be pleased to intrust to me," said Marianne.

Bonaparte nodded to her.

"Will you permit me to write a letter here, Josephine?" he asked.

Instead of making a reply, Josephine hastened to her desk, in order to take out some paper, to draw a chair to the table, and then to hand the pen to Bonaparte, with a fascinating smile. When he commenced writing, she supported herself in breathless suspense on the back of his arm-chair and looked over the Consul's shoulder, while the Princess von Eibenberg, standing not far from them, looked at both with sparkling eyes.

Bonaparte hastily wrote a few lines, threw the pen aside, and turning around to Josephine, he handed her the letter.

"There, read it," he said, "and read it aloud, so that the beautiful emissary of your M. de Bourbon may learn my reply, and know the contents of the message she is to deliver to him."

Josephine took the paper, and read, in a tremulous voice, frequently interrupted by her sighs:

"I have received the letter of your royal highness; I have constantly felt a lively sympathy for you and for the misfortunes of your family. But your royal highness must not think of coming to France; you would have to pass over a hundred thousand corpses before reaching it. In other respects, I shall constantly take pains to do whatever will be calculated to alleviate your condition and to make you forget your misfortunes."

"Well, Josephine, you are silent?" asked Bonaparte, when she ceased reading. "You are dissatisfied with my letter? And you, too, madame, have a dark shadow on your beautiful face! How could you expect another answer from me?"

"General, I believe the royal princes really hoped for another answer," said Marianne, heaving a sigh.

"And what justified such a hope?" asked Bonaparte, sternly. "What have I done to give rise to such chimeras?"

"General, the favorable answer you gave to Prussia—"

"Ah!" said Bonaparte, shrugging his shoulders, "the wind is blowing in that direction, then? Prussia asked me if she would cause us any trouble by tolerating the French princes within her boundaries. I replied in the negative; and when Prussia went further and asked whether we should feel offended or not, if she paid an annual pension to the Bourbons, I permitted even that on condi-

tion that the princes remained quiet and did not carry on any intrigues. They believed, then, that because I suffered distressed persons to be relieved and an asylum to be granted to the homeless, I should be ready, also, to make the beggars masters again, and to lay France at the feet of the exiles!"

"Bonaparte, your words are very harsh and very unjust," exclaimed Josephine, sadly.

"They may be harsh, but they are true," he said, sternly. "I will not permit them to entertain any illusions concerning myself; hence I have spoken so long and plainly. It would be harsh and cruel to hold out hopes to the Bourbons which I shall never fulfil. France is lost to them, and they will never recover her. State that to the princes who have sent you to me, madame. Let the Bourbons be on their guard, for France is wide awake and keeps her eyes and ears open. I am willing to forgive that little Duke d'Enghien for not considering me a great general, and for criticising my exploits, but I should neither forgive him nor either of his uncles in case they should try to trouble France with their senseless schemes. I know that the Bourbons have long been trying to find means and ways to reconquer the sceptre of St. Louis. So long as their schemes are floating in the air like cobwebs, I forgive them; but if they intend to act, let them weigh the consequences! He who menaces France is a traitor, whatever may be his name, and traitors will be punished to the full extent of the law. State that to the Bourbons, madame; state it especially to the Duke d'Enghien. And now be kind enough to deliver my reply to the Count de Provence. When do you intend to start?"

"In a few days, general."

"Oh, that will not do. That poor Count de Provence will be eager to get a reply," said Bonaparte, "and it would be very cruel not to transmit it to him as soon as possible. You especially will not wish to make him wait, and I therefore advise you to set out to-day, within the next hour! I shall issue orders that horses be kept in readiness for you; and in order that you may not be detained anywhere, I shall instruct two officers to escort you to the frontier. Hasten, therefore, madame; in half an hour everything will be ready for your departure."

He nodded to her, and left the room.

The two ladies were alone again and looked at each other with mournful eyes. Marianne's face was pale; a gloomy fire was burning in her eyes, and a contemptuous smile was visible on her lips. Josephine seemed greatly embarrassed, and her gentle eyes were filled with tears.

"I am to be transported beyond the frontier like a criminal!"

ejaculated Marianne at last, in a voice trembling with anger. "I am to be treated like a dangerous intriguer, and yet I have only delivered a letter which had been intrusted to me by the king."

"Forgive him," said Josephine, imploringly. "He has been prejudiced against you, and the numerous plots and conspiracies, which have already been discovered, cause him to deem rigorous precautions altogether indispensable. But I beg you especially not to be angry with me, and pray beseech the Count de Provence not to hold me responsible for the deplorable message you are to deliver to him. I have opened my heart to you, and you know it to be filled with the most faithful devotion and with the most reverential affection for the unfortunate prince, but I am not strong enough to change his fate; I—"

Just then the door opened; M. de Bourrienne, chief of the cabinet of the First Consul, made his appearance and approached the princess with a respectful bow.

"Madame," he said, "the First Consul sends you word that every thing is ready for your departure, and he has instructed me to conduct you to your carriage."

Josephine uttered a groan, and, sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her handkerchief in order to conceal her tears.

Marianne had now recovered her proud and calm bearing, and a bold and defiant smile played again on her lips. She approached Josephine with soft and quiet steps.

"Farewell, madame," she said. "I shall faithfully report to the Count de Provence every thing I have seen and heard here, and he will venerate and pity you as I shall always do. May the First Consul never regret what he is doing now, and may he not be obliged one day to leave France in the same manner as he compels me to depart from Paris! Come, sir, accompany me, as it cannot be helped!"

And drawing herself up to her full height and as proud as a queen, Marianne, princess of Eibenberg, walked toward the door.

Josephine followed her with her tearful eyes, which she then raised to heaven. "Oh, my God, my God," she whispered, "ordain it in Thy mercy that my worst forebodings may not be fulfilled! Guide Bonaparte's heart and prevent him from going on in his ambition, from stretching out his hand for the crown of the Bourbons, and from staining his glory with the blood of—Oh, Thou knowest my fears; Thou knowest what I mean, and what my lips dare not utter. Protect Bonaparte, and guide his heart!"

## CHAPTER XLI.

## TWO GERMAN SAVANTS.

A POST-CHAISE, drawn by four horses, had just driven up to the hotel of *The German Emperor*, the first and most renowned inn in the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The porter rang the door-bell as loudly and impetuously as he only used to do on the arrival of aristocratic and wealthy guests. Hence the waiters rushed to the door in the greatest haste, and even the portly and well-dressed landlord did not deem it derogatory to his dignity to leave the dining-room, for the purpose of welcoming the stranger in the post-chaise, drawn by the four horses.

In this post-chaise he perceived a gentleman of prepossessing and jovial appearance, and with a handsome and tolerably youthful face. His large blue eyes looked gayly and boldly into the world; a genial smile was playing on his broad and rather sensual-looking lips; and his voice was clear, strong, and sonorous.

"May I find here with you comfortable rooms, and, above all, a good supper?" he asked the landlord, who, pushing aside his waiters and the stranger's footman, stepped up to the carriage, in order to open the door.

"Sir," replied the landlord, proudly, "*The German Emperor* is noted for its good rooms and excellent table!"

The stranger laughed merrily. "Truly," he said, gayly, "these are splendid prospects for Germany. If *The German Emperor* furnishes good rooms and an excellent table, I am sure Germany would be unreasonable to ask for any thing else! Well, my dear landlord, give me, then, good rooms and a supper."

"Do you want rooms on the first or on the second floor?" asked the landlord, respectfully walking behind the stranger, who had just entered the hall.

"Of course, on the first floor; Heaven forbid that I should have to climb two flights of stairs!" replied the stranger. "I like to live in comfortable and elegant rooms. Give me, therefore, three fine rooms on the first floor."

"Three rooms!" said the landlord, hesitatingly. "I must observe to you, sir, that all the rooms on the first floor have been reserved for the Duke of Baden, who will arrive here to-morrow or day after to-morrow, and stop at *The German Emperor*, like all princes coming to our city. I do not know if I can spare three rooms."

"Oh, you surely can, as the duke will only arrive to-morrow or day after to-morrow, while I am here to-day," said the stranger.