

All three then grasped each other's hands over the coffin; thus they stood a long while, deeply moved and silent.

All at once this silence was interrupted by the loud, ringing notes of the church clock, announcing the first hour of the new day. The sounds died away, and the chime of the bells now commenced playing in clear and sweet notes the old German hymn, *Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*\*

The king inclined his head, as if in silent prayer; an almost imperceptible, strange smile overspread the noble features of the emperor. The queen, however, glowing with enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"God and the spirit of Frederick the Great give us the motto of our alliance: '*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*' Let us remember it as long as we live!"

"Let us remember it," repeated the two sovereigns, with a firm, manly grasp. They looked at each other, and with their eyes bade each other a last farewell.

Then they turned silently away and left the royal vault.

Five minutes later, the Emperor Alexander of Russia was on his way to Olmütz, in order to join there the Emperor Francis of Austria, who had fled thither from Napoleon and his victorious army.

At Olmütz the plan for the campaign of the third coalition against Napoleon was to be agreed upon.

\* Hölty's beautiful hymn, "Be honest and faithful until they lay thee in thy cool grave."

## THE FALL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

#### EVIL TIDINGS.

It was in the last days of November, 1805. After the victory of Ulm, the Emperor Napoleon had established his headquarters in Brünn, where he seemed to wait for his adversaries to attack him. There was no longer one enemy opposed to him; he had no longer to cope with Austria alone, but also with Russia, whose emperor was now at Olmütz with the Emperor of Austria, for the purpose of agreeing with him on the plan of operations by which Napoleon was to be defeated. The Russian army had already formed a junction with the Austrian forces, and even the Russian life-guards, the *élite* of their army, had left Russia in order to accompany their emperor to the great decisive battle.

But Napoleon had likewise brought his guards along, and these splendid troops were impatient and eager to fight the last decisive battle with the Austrians and with "the hordes of the Russian barbarians."

Napoleon, however, still hesitated; his plans apparently had not been matured, and he seemed undecided whether to advance still further or to content himself with the victories he had already obtained.

This last alternative was urged on him by his generals, who believed the victory of Ulm to be so brilliant a triumph that the French army might repose on its laurels, instead of drawing the sword once more.

Napoleon, however, did not assent to these views of his generals.

"If we had to cope only with the Austrians we might be satisfied, but there are the Russians, too, and it will be necessary for us to send them home. We must give them their passports."

Greatly elated at this idea, the emperor ordered his horse to be brought to him.

"We will examine the country a little," he said to his generals; "accompany me, gentlemen."

And surrounded by his brilliant staff, consisting of the most

illustrious and victorious officers of his army, the emperor rode out far into the plain between Brünn and Vichau, crowned all around with hills and mountains. His bold, searching glances surveyed the country in every direction; not a height, not a tree, not a ravine, escaped his attention; he examined every thing, and seemed to engrave them on his soul. It was near nightfall when he returned with his generals from this long ride to his headquarters. He had all day been taciturn and absorbed, and none of his generals had been permitted to participate in his plans and observations. He had only sometimes directed their attention by a laconic word or by a wave of his hand to some peculiarity of the landscape, and the generals had received these words and gestures like the mysterious hints of an oracle, with the most respectful attention, in order to weigh them in their minds, and to indelibly engrave them in their memory. On his arrival at the door of his headquarters, the emperor turned his pale, grave face once more to the plain which they had just left.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "study that part of the country as closely as possible; you will have to play a rôle in it within a few days. General Suchet, on the left side of your division there is an isolated mound, commanding your entire front. Cause fourteen cannon to be placed on it in the course of the present night."\* He nodded to the gentlemen and entered his cabinet.

He paced his room for a long while with folded arms, compressed lips, and a gloomy air.

"I need a few days more," he muttered. "If they should attack me now, quickly and resolutely, I must succumb; if they give me three days' time, however, I shall defeat them."

When he then stooped musingly before his desk, he suddenly noticed the papers lying on it.

"Ah," he said, hastily seizing a large, sealed letter, "a courier, who has brought dispatches in my absence! From the minister of the navy—news from the fleet!"

He broke the seal hurriedly and unfolded the paper. While reading it his mien became still more gloomy; a cloud of anger settled on his expansive brow, and his cheeks, which had hitherto only been pale, turned livid.

The glance which he now cast toward heaven would have reminded the spectator of the Titans who dared to hurl their missiles even at the Sovereign Deity; the words muttered by his quivering lips were an angry oath.

With this oath he crumpled up the paper in his hand, threw it down and stamped on it; then, as if ashamed of his own violence,

\* Napoleon's own words. Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 160.

he sank down on a chair, and laid his hands slowly, and with a deep sigh, on his trembling, pale face. The modern Titan had now found out for the first time that there was a God enthroned in heaven more powerful than himself; for the first time an invisible hand had stopped him in his hitherto victorious course.

The paper he had just trampled under foot announced to him the first great defeat, the first check his grand schemes had met with.

The French fleet had been completely beaten and almost annihilated by the English at Trafalgar.\* England, the only enemy who had constantly opposed Napoleon in a menacing and fearless manner, detested England had gained a magnificent triumph. She had destroyed the whole naval power of France, and won a brilliant victory; a victory which humiliated France and overwhelmed her with disgrace. It is true it was a dearly-bought victory for England, for Nelson, her greatest naval hero, had paid for his immortal triumph with his life. The French admiral, Villeneuve, who was defeated at Trafalgar, had not even been lucky and wise enough to expiate his ignominy by his death; he had fallen, a despairing prisoner, into the hands of the English, and served as a living trophy to the triumphant conquerors.†

Such were the terrible tidings which Napoleon had just received; it was the first thunderbolt which the God of heaven had hurled down upon the powerful Titan.

But the Titan did not feel crushed by it; the thunderbolt only served to fan the fire in his breast.

He rose from his seat, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"I cannot be everywhere," he said, aloud, "but my enemies shall soon find out that I am here, and I shall know how to avenge the disgrace of Trafalgar by a brilliant victory."‡

The door behind him opened at this moment, and the chief of the imperial cabinet, M. de Bourrienne, entered.

"Sire," he said, "the two Austrian envoys, Count de Giulay and Count Stadion, have returned, and beg your majesty to grant them an audience."

"So late at night!" exclaimed the emperor. "Why did they not come in the daytime?"

"They pretend to have been detained by the impassable state of the roads, but assert to be able to lay before your majesty some

\* October 21, 1806.

† Admiral Villeneuve was released by the English government. Napoleon banished him to Rennes, where he committed suicide on the 26th of April, 1806, by piercing his heart with a pin.

‡ Napoleon's own words.

highly important intelligence, which would seem entirely calculated to bring about the conclusion of peace so longed for by Austria."

"Let the gentlemen come in," said the emperor, after a short reflection, and he placed his foot again on the crumpled paper, as if he wished to choke the secret of its contents, so that it might not betray itself to the Austrians.

Bourrienne had gone out, and the two Austrian envoys, Count Giulay and Count Stadion, now appeared on the threshold.

"You return to me," said the emperor, hastily, to them; "my conditions have been accepted, then? I told you I should not negotiate separately with Austria, but that I should require Russia to participate in the negotiations, and to be included in the treaty of peace on which we might agree. You come, then, in the name of the Emperors of Austria and Russia?"

"No, sire," said Count Stadion, respectfully, "we come only in the name of Austria."

"The emperor, our august master," began Count Giulay—but Napoleon interrupted him quickly.

"I shall listen to you only if you are authorized to speak in the name of the two emperors," said Napoleon. "I already told you so yesterday, and I do not see what should induce me to-day to change my mind. The state of affairs is precisely the same."

"Pardon me, sire, it is not," said Count Giulay, firmly.

The emperor fixed a piercing glance on him, as if he wished to read in the innermost recesses of his heart.

"And why is it not the same?" he asked, while his eye slowly turned toward the foot, under which he concealed the sinister dispatch.

"Your majesty was yesterday pleased to say that Austria, although she might boast of the active support of Russia, could never count on the assistance of Prussia, and that Prussia's neutrality was as useful to France as Russia's active support to Austria."

"Why do you repeat the words I uttered yesterday?" asked the emperor, impetuously.

"Sire, because Prussia is no longer neutral," said Count Stadion, solemnly.

"Because Prussia is ready to become, like Russia and England, the active ally of Austria," added Count Giulay.

Napoleon's flashing, gloomy eyes looked alternately at the two Austrian envoys.

"How did you obtain that information?" he asked at last.

"Sire, from his majesty the Emperor of Russia. He has concluded a treaty with the king at Potsdam, by which Frederick William III. declares his readiness to participate in the campaign

and to assist Austria, unless your majesty should condescend to accept the conditions which the King of Prussia is to propose as mediator between the coalition and France."

"Ah, the King of Prussia is going to propose conditions to me?" exclaimed Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders. "Do you know those conditions?"

"The King of Prussia will propose to your majesty to surrender the crown of Italy, not to disturb the princes of Italy in their possessions and independence, to recognize the independence of the German empire, of Holland, of Switzerland, to—"

"Enough!" said Napoleon, impatiently. "The Emperor Alexander has taken the liberty to tell you a story, and your credulity must have greatly delighted him. Can you seriously believe that the King of Prussia would in his infatuation go so far as to hope that I should accept propositions of so ridiculous a description? Truly, even if I were a vanquished and humiliated emperor, I should stab myself with my own sword rather than submit to such a disgrace. It seems I have not yet engraved my name deeply enough into the marble tablets of history, and I shall prove to these overbearing princes, who believe their legitimacy to be the Gorgon's head they only need show in order to crush me—I shall prove to them *who I am, and to whom* the future belongs, whether to *them* or to *me!* However, it is unnecessary to say so much about things which do not exist."

"Sire, the treaty of Potsdam *does* exist," said Count Stadion. "The envoy whom the King of Prussia has sent off to lay its stipulations before your majesty would have reached your headquarters already if he had travelled as rapidly as the Emperor Alexander, who left Potsdam simultaneously with him."

"Well, let him come; I shall see, then, whether you have told me a story or not," replied Napoleon. "If the King of Prussia has dared to do this, by God, I will pay him for it!\* But this does not change my resolutions and plans in any respect. I shall enter into negotiations with Austria only on condition that Russia participates in them. State it to those who have sent you, and now farewell."

He nodded to the two gentlemen, and turning his back to them, stepped to the window. Only when a slight jarring of the door told him that they had withdrawn, the emperor turned around and commenced again, his hands folded behind his back, slowly pacing the room.

He then stopped before the large table in the middle of the room, and unrolled one of the maps lying on it. It was a map of

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide Hormayer, vol. i., and Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 680.

southern Germany. After spreading it on the table, the emperor commenced marking it with pins, the variously-colored heads of which designated the different armies of the Russians, Austrians, and French.

The emperor was engaged all night in this task, in studying the map, and in measuring and calculating the distances some of his troops would have to march before reaching the field of action. The wax-candles in the silver chandelier burned down, but he did not notice it; the fire in the fireplace had gone out, but he did not feel it; the door of his cabinet was softly opened from time to time, and the pale face of his *valet de chambre* Constant, who was evidently exhausted with long waking, appeared, but the emperor did not heed it. His soul was concentrated on one idea, on one aim, viz., to pursue the glorious course of his victories, to humiliate Germany as he had humiliated Italy, and to drown the echoes of Trafalgar by a brilliant triumph.

Morning was already dawning, when Napoleon at length rose from the table and commenced again slowly pacing the room.

"Time, time!" he said, "I only need three days for moving up the third corps, which is already on the march from Bohemia. Time! And yet I must gain a great and brilliant victory before Prussia allies herself openly with Austria and Russia against France. If I should not succeed in doing so, the army of my enemies would be increased by one hundred and fifty thousand men. Hence," he said, after a pause, quite merrily and hopefully, "hence, I must succeed."

He returned to the map and pointed his finger at it.

"The Austrians are over there at Olmütz," he said, quickly. "Here, the Russian guards; there, the united corps of Kutusof and Buxhowden; farther on, the vanguard under Prince Bagration. If they should advance now rapidly, resolutely, directly toward my front, the odds would be too overwhelming; if they should tarry, or if I should succeed in causing them to hesitate until I have got my Bohemian corps in line, I should defeat them. Let us try it, therefore; let us feign inactivity and timidity, so that they may not become active. Cunning is the best ally of a general; let us try to deceive them."

He went to his desk, and taking some gilt-edged paper, commenced writing rapidly.

Fifteen minutes later an orderly requested General Savary to repair to the emperor's cabinet.

Napoleon received the general with a kindly smile, but he was silent, and looked almost irresolutely at the letter he held in his hand. Suddenly, however, he seemed to come to a firm resolution,

and handing the letter to Savary, he said: "Take this letter to Olmütz; deliver it to the Emperor of Russia, and tell him that, having learned that he had arrived at the headquarters of his army, I had sent you to welcome him in my name. If he should converse with you, and put questions to you, you know the replies that should be made under such circumstances. Go."\*

"And now," said the emperor, when Savary had left him, "now we will sleep a little. Constant!"

The door opened immediately, and the *valet de chambre* entered.

"Ah, I am afraid you have had a bad night of it," said the emperor, kindly.

"Sire, your majesty has again been awake all the night long, and—"

"And consequently," said Napoleon, interrupting him—"consequently you have been awake, too. Well, console yourself; we shall soon have more quiet nights; console yourself, and do not report me to the Empress Josephine when we have returned to Paris. My dear Josephine hates nothing so much as sleepless nights."

"Sire, the empress is right; she ought to hate them," said Constant, respectfully. "Your majesty, taking no rest whatever in the daytime, needs repose at least in the night. Your majesty sleeps too little."

"By doing so I am better off than the sluggards, inasmuch as my life does not only consist of days, but also of nights," replied Napoleon, good-humoredly. "I shall have lived eighty years then in the space of forty. But be quiet, Constant, I will now comply with your wishes and sleep."

Constant hastened to open the door leading to the bedroom. "Oh, no," said the emperor, "if I say I will sleep, I do not mean that I will go to bed. Beds are, on the whole, only good for old women and gouty old men. When I was second lieutenant, I once made the experiment not to go to bed for six months, but to sleep on the floor or on a chair, and it agreed very well with me. Give me the handkerchief for my head, and my coat, Constant."

Constant hurried with a sigh to the bedroom in order to fetch the articles Napoleon had ordered; and while he was wrapping the silken handkerchief around the emperor's head, and assisted him in putting on his gray, well-lined, and comfortable cloth-coat instead of the uniform, the emperor softly whistled and hummed an air.

He then snugly stretched himself in his arm-chair, and kindly nodding to Constant, he said: "As soon as General Savary has returned, let him come in."

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 171.

Constant softly glided into the anteroom. He met there some of his acquaintances.

"I have important news for you, gentlemen," he said. "We shall fight a battle in two or three days."

"Did the emperor tell you so?"

"No, he is not in the habit of speaking of such things. But during the night-toilet he whistled Marlborough's air, and he does so only when there is to be a battle."\*

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### BEFORE THE BATTLE.

FIVE hours later General Savary reëntered the emperor's cabinet; he was still lying on his arm-chair and sleeping; but when the general accosted him in a low voice, Napoleon opened his eyes and asked eagerly: "Well, did you see the czar?"

"Yes, sire, I saw him and conversed with him."

"Ah," exclaimed Napoleon, quickly, "tell me all about it; do not omit any thing. How did he look when he read my letter?"

"Sire, when I had delivered your letter to the Emperor Alexander, he went with it into an adjoining room, from which he returned only half an hour later, with a reply in his hand."

"Give me the letter, Savary!"

"Sire, here it is."

Napoleon took it hastily; but when he fixed his eyes on the address, he frowned.

"Ah, this emperor 'by the grace of God' believes he need not address me with the title conferred upon me by the French nation," he said, hastily. "He does not write to the Emperor of the French, but 'to the chief of the French government.'† Did you read the address, Savary?"

"The Emperor Alexander called my attention to it himself, sire. I remember his words distinctly. They were as follows: 'The address does not contain the title which your chief has assumed since then. I do not set any great value on such trifles; but it is a rule of etiquette, and I shall alter it with pleasure as soon as he has given me an opportunity for doing so.'‡

"And what did you reply to him?"

"Sire, I replied, 'Your majesty is right. This can only be a

\* "Mémoires de Constant," vol. iv., p. 109.

† Historical.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.

‡ Alexander's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.

rule of etiquette, and the emperor will not judge it in any other way. When he was general-in-chief of the Italian army he already gave orders and prescribed laws to more than one king; contented with the homage of the French, he only deems it a satisfaction for them to be recognized."\*

"Your reply was fitting and to the point," said Napoleon, with a pleasant nod, while he opened the emperor's letter and glanced over it. "Phrases, empty words," he then exclaimed, throwing the letter contemptuously on the table. "Talleyrand was right when he said language was given to us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts. Those men use it for that purpose."

"Sire, the emperor did not conceal his thoughts during our interview," replied the general. "I conversed with him long and freely, and I may say that he uttered his opinions very frankly. The Emperor Alexander said: 'Peace was only to be thought of if your majesty should stipulate reasonable terms which would not hurt anybody's feelings, and which would not be calculated to weaken the power and importance of the other princes and to increase that of France. France was a power already large enough; she needed no aggrandizement, and the other powers could not tolerate such a one.'"

"Ah, I shall teach them to tolerate it nevertheless; I shall prove to all of them that France is at the head of all monarchies, and compel them to recognize the Emperor of France with bowed heads!"

He paced the room hastily with angry eyes and panting breast. His steps, however, became gradually more quiet, and the furrows disappeared from his forehead.

"I need two days more," he muttered to himself—"two days, and I must have them, Savary." He then said aloud, turning to the general: "Did you make no further observations? Did you not notice the spirit animating the Russian camp?"

"Sire, the whole youth of the highest Russian nobility were at the emperor's headquarters, and I conversed with many of them; I heard and observed a great many things."

"Well, and what do they think of us?"

Savary smiled. "Sire," he said, "those young men did not breathe any thing but war and victory, and they seemed to believe that your majesty wished to avoid active hostilities since the Russians had formed a junction with the Austrians."

"Ah, did they seem to believe that?" exclaimed Napoleon, joyfully. "Well, we will try to strengthen their belief. General, take a bugler along and return to the headquarters of the emperor. Tell him that I propose to him an interview for to-morrow in the open

\* Historical.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 187.

field between the two armies, the time and hour to be designated by himself, and a cessation of hostilities to take place for the next twenty-four hours. Go!"

"I believe," said the emperor, when he was alone again, "I believe I have gained my second day also, and I only want a third one, in order to be able to vanquish all my enemies. Those arrogant Russians believe, then, that I wish to avoid a battle, and to remain in my present position? I will try to strengthen this opinion of theirs; earthworks shall be thrown up, and the batteries shall be fortified. Every thing must have the appearance of anxiety and timidity."

And Napoleon summoned his generals and gave them aloud these new orders, but, in a whisper, he instructed them to begin the retrograde movement, and to let the troops occupy the positions he had selected for them on the extensive ground he had reconnoitred yesterday.

And the night expired, and half the next day, before General Savary returned from his mission. In the mean time Napoleon had changed his quarters. He had repaired to the camp of his army, and a bundle of straw was now his only couch. He had impatiently looked for Savary, and went to meet him with hasty steps.

"Why so late?" he asked.

"Sire, it was almost impossible for me to reach the emperor. He had left Olmütz. All the night long I was conducted from bivouac to bivouac, in order to find Prince Bagration, who could alone take me to the emperor."

"And you have seen the emperor?" asked Napoleon, impatiently.

"Yes, sire, after overcoming many obstacles and difficulties, I succeeded in penetrating to the emperor. I submitted your majesty's proposition to him. The emperor replied: 'It would afford him the greatest pleasure to see and make the acquaintance of your majesty, but time was too short for it now. Moreover, before entering into such negotiations, he would have to consult the Emperor of Austria, and learn your majesty's views, so as to be able to see whether such an interview would be advisable or not. Hence, he would send one of his confidential advisers with me, and intrust him with a mission to your majesty. The reply which he would bring to him from your majesty would decide the matter.'"

"Ah, and the third day will pass in this manner!" exclaimed Napoleon, joyfully. "Where is the emperor's envoy? and who is it?"

"Sire, the emperor sent his first aide-de-camp, Prince Dolgorouki, with me."

"Where is he?"

"Sire, I left him with the grand-guard; he is waiting there for your majesty's orders."

Napoleon rose hastily from the straw, on which he had been sitting with folded arms.

"My horse!" he shouted; and when Roustan had brought his charger, he vaulted into the saddle and galloped so rapidly forward that his suite were scarcely able to overtake him. On arriving close to the grand-guard, he halted and alighted, and while he sent off Savary to conduct Prince Dolgorouki to him, he muttered: "Only a third day!"

He received the prince with the calmness and composure of a proud *imperator*, of a chieftain accustomed to victory. A wave of his hand caused his suite to stand back; and when the officers had withdrawn, he commenced conversing with Prince Dolgorouki, while walking up and down with him.

The emperor suddenly approached the members of his suite, and they heard him say in a loud and angry voice:

"If that is all you wish to say to me, hasten to inform your emperor that I had not thought at all of such conditions when I applied for an interview with him; I should only have shown him my army; and, as to the conditions, relied on his honesty. He wishes a battle; very well, let us fight. I wash my hands of it!"\*

He turned his back to Prince Dolgorouki with a slight wave of his hand; and fixing his flaming eagle-eyes on his generals, he said, shrugging his shoulders:

"Russia will make peace if France will give up Belgium, and, first of all things, cede the crown of Italy to the King of Sardinia. Oh, those men must be crazy! They want me to evacuate Italy, and they will find out soon that they cannot even get me out of Vienna. What would have been their terms, and what would they have made of France, if they had beaten? Well, let things turn out as it may, please God, but in less than forty-eight hours I will pay them well for their arrogance!"†

And instead of mounting again on horseback, he continued walking on the highway, muttering to himself, and with his riding-whip knocking off the small grass-blades he met on the road. He had now reached the first infantry post of his army. The sentinel was an old soldier, who was unconcernedly filling his pipe while holding his musket between his legs.

The gloomy eyes of the emperor turned to him, and pointing over to the position of the enemy, he said, angrily: "Those arrogant fellows believe they can swallow us without further ceremony!"

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 196.

† Ibid, p. 198.

The old soldier looked smilingly at the emperor with his shrewd eyes, and quietly continued filling his pipe with the small finger of his right hand.

"Oh, oh, they cannot swallow us so fast! We shall lie down, your majesty!"

The emperor laughed loudly, and his face became radiant. "Yes," he said, "you are right, we will lie down as soon as they try to swallow us; and then we will choke them!"

He nodded to the soldier, and vaulting into the saddle he returned to headquarters. Night was coming on already, and looking up to the moonlighted sky, the emperor murmured: "Only one more day, and then I shall defeat them!"

And fate gave him that day. It is true, the combined forces of the Austrians and Russians approached his positions, but did not attack them. They drew up in a long line directly in front of the French camp, and so close to it that their movements could be plainly seen.

Napoleon was on horseback all day; he inspected every regiment of his whole army; his eyes beamed with enthusiasm, and a wondrous smile played on his lips.

The Bohemian corps had arrived; the delay of three days had borne fruits; he now felt strong enough to defeat his enemies.

He spoke in a merry tone to the soldiers here and there, and they replied to him with enthusiastic shouts. He inspected the artillery parks and light batteries with searching glances, and then gave the necessary instructions to the officers and gunners.

Only after inspecting every thing in person, after visiting the ambulances and wagons for the wounded, he returned to his bivouac in order to take a frugal meal. He then summoned all his marshals and generals, and spoke to them about every thing they would have to do on the following day, and about what the enemy might do. To each of them he gave his instructions and assigned his position; and already on the evening of this day he issued to his soldiers a proclamation, admonishing them to perform deeds of heroism on the following day.

"Soldiers," he said to them in his proclamation, "the Russian army appears before you to avenge the Austrian defeat of Ulm. They are the same battalions that you beat at Holabrunn, and, that you have since been constantly pursuing to this spot.

"The positions which we occupy are formidable; and while they are marching to turn my right, they will present their flank to me.

"Soldiers, I shall myself direct your battalions. I shall keep out of the fire, if, with your usual bravery, you throw disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks. But, if the victory should be

for a moment uncertain, you will see your emperor the foremost to expose himself to danger. For victory must not hang doubtful on this day, most particularly, when the honor of the French infantry, which so deeply concerns the honor of the whole nation, is at stake.

"Let not the ranks be thinned upon pretext of carrying away the wounded; and let every one be thoroughly impressed with this thought, that it behooves us to conquer these hirelings of England, who are animated with such bitter hatred against our nation.

"This victory will put an end to the campaign, and we shall then be able to return to our winter quarters, where we shall be joined by the new armies which are forming in France, and then the peace which I shall make will be worthy of my people, of you, and of myself."

The soldiers received this proclamation with jubilant shouts; and when Napoleon, after night had set in, rode once more through the camp, the first soldiers who perceived him, eager to light him on his way, picked up the straw of their bivouac and made it into torches, which they placed blazing on the tops of their muskets. In a few minutes this example was followed by the whole army, and along the vast front of the French position was displayed this singular illumination. The soldiers accompanied the steps of Napoleon with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" promising to prove on the morrow that they were worthy of him and of themselves. Enthusiasm pervaded all the ranks. They went as men ought to go into danger, with hearts full of content and confidence.

Napoleon retired, to oblige his soldiers, to take some rest. With a feeling of the most unbounded satisfaction, he threw himself on the straw in his tent, and smilingly rejecting the services of his *valets de chambre*, Roustan and Constant, who implored him to permit them to wrap him in warmer clothes, he said:

"Kindle a good fire and let me sleep as a soldier who has a hot day before him on the morrow ought to sleep."

He pressed his head into the straw and fell asleep; and he was still sleeping when the marshals and generals at daybreak came to the emperor's tent to awaken him as he had ordered them to do.

They surrounded the open tent in respectful silence and looked at the chieftain who was to fight a great battle to-day, and who was now lying on the straw with a calm, serene face, and with the gentle slumber of a child.

But they durst not let him sleep any longer, for the emperor, who had regulated every movement of the present day by the hour and minute, would have been very angry if any delay had occurred. General Savary, therefore, approached the sleeping emperor and

bent over him. Then his loud and earnest voice was heard to say : "Sire, the fixed hour has come."

Napoleon opened his eyes and jumped up. Sleep had suddenly fallen from him like a thin veil ; as soon as he rose to his feet he was once more the great emperor and general. He cast a long, searching look on the gray, moist, and wintry horizon, and the dense mist which shrouded every thing at a distance of ten paces caused his eyes to sparkle with delight.

"That mist is an excellent ally of ours, for it will conceal our movements from the enemy. Issue your orders, gentlemen ; let the whole army take up arms as silently as possible."

The emperor then mounted on horseback and rode through the camp to see the infantry and cavalry form in column.

It was now seven o'clock in the morning. The mist began to rise ; the first feeble rays of the December sun pierced it and commenced gradually illuminating the landscape.

The emperor placed himself on a small knoll, where his eye embraced the whole field of battle ; his marshals were on horseback at his side, anxiously awaiting his order to commence the combat.

Profound silence reigned everywhere ; but suddenly it was interrupted by a very brisk fire of artillery and musketry. A radiant flash seemed to light up the emperor's face, and proudly raising his head, he said, in an imperious voice :

"To your posts, gentlemen ; the battle is about to commence !" \*

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

"GOTT ERHALTE FRANZ DEN KAISER !"

FOR three days the utmost uneasiness and commotion had reigned in Vienna. Nobody wanted to stay at home. Everybody hastened into the street, as if he hoped there to hear at an earlier moment the great news which the people were looking for, and as if the fresh air which had carried to them three days ago the thundering echoes of the cannon, would waft to them to-day the tidings of the brilliant victory supposed to be achieved by the Emperors Francis and Alexander.

But these victorious tidings did not come ; the roar of the cannon had a quicker tongue than the courier who was to bring the news of the victory. He did not come, and yet the good people of Vienna were waiting for him with impatience and, at the same time, with proud and joyful confidence. It is true no one was able to state

\* The battle of Austerlitz, Dec. 2, 1805.

positively where the battle had been fought, but the people were able to calculate the spot where the great struggle had probably taken place, for they knew that the allies had occupied the immediate environs of Olmütz, and then advanced toward Brünn and Austerlitz, where the French army had established itself. They calculated the time which the courier would consume in order to reach Vienna from the battle-field, and the obstacles and delays that might have possibly impeded his progress were taken into consideration. But no one felt anxious at his prolonged absence ; no one doubted that the allies had obtained a great victory.

For their two armies were by far superior to the French army, and Napoleon himself had not hoped for a victory this time ; he had fallen back with his army because he wished to avoid a battle with the superior forces of the enemy ; he had even gone so far in his despondency as to write to the Emperor of Russia and to sue for peace.

How could people think, therefore, that Napoleon had won the battle, the thunders of which had filled the Viennese three days ago with the utmost exultation ?

No, fate had at length stopped the onward career of the conqueror, and it was on Austrian soil that his eagles were to be struck down and his laurels to wither.

Nobody doubted it ; the joyful anticipation of a great victory animated every heart and beamed from every eye. They longed for the arrival of the courier, and were overjoyed to celebrate at length a triumph over those supercilious French, who had latterly humiliated and angered the poor people of Vienna on so many occasions.

It is true the French embassy had not yet left Vienna. But that was only a symptom that it had not yet been reached by a courier from the battle-field ; else it would have fled from Vienna in the utmost haste.

But the people did not wish to permit the overbearing French to depart from their city in so quiet and unpretending a manner ; they wanted to accompany them at least with loud jeers, with scornful shouts and curses.

Thousands, therefore, surrounded the house of the French embassy, where Talleyrand, Napoleon's minister of foreign affairs, had been staying for some days, and no longer did they swallow their wrath and hatred, but they gave vent to it loudly ; no longer did they threaten only with their glances, but also with their fists, which they raised menacingly toward the windows of the French minister.

And while thousands had gathered around the embassy building, other thousands strolled out toward Möhringen, and stared breath-