

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-

lessly down the road, hoping to behold the longed-for messenger who would announce to them at length the great victory that had been won.

All at once something in the distance commenced stirring on the road; at times glittering objects, resembling twinkling stars, were to be seen, and then motley colors were discerned; it came nearer and nearer. No doubt it must be a column of soldiers; perhaps some of the heroic regiments which had defeated the French army were already on their homeward march.

Ah, the proud and sanguine people of Vienna regretted now exceedingly that there were no longer any French regiments in the capital, and that they had left their city only a week ago and rejoined Napoleon's army. Now there would have been an opportunity for them to take revenge for the hospitality which they had been compelled for the last two weeks to extend to the French. Now they would have chased the French soldiers in the most ignominious manner through the same streets which they had marched hitherto with so proud and confident a step.

The soldiers drew nearer and nearer; the people hastened to meet them like a huge boa constrictor with thousands and thousands of movable rings, and thousands and thousands of flashing eyes.

But all at once these eyes became fixed and dismayed; the joyful hum, which hitherto had filled the air as though it were a vast multitude of gnats playing in the sun, died away.

Those were not the uniforms of the Austrians, nor of the Russians either! Those were the odious colors of France. The soldiers marching toward Vienna were French regiments.

And couriers appeared too, the longed-for couriers! But they were no Austrian couriers; the tri-colored sash was wrapped around their waists, they did not greet the people with German words and with fraternal German salutations. They galloped past them and shouted "*Victoire! victoire! Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!*"

The people were thunderstruck; they did not stir, but stared wildly and pale with horror at the regiments that now approached to the jubilant music of their bands, and treated the Viennese to the notes of the *Marseillaise* and the air of *Va-t-en-guerrier*; they stared at the sullen, ragged men who marched in the midst of the soldiers, like the Roman slaves before the car of the *Triumphator*. These poor, pale men wore no French uniforms, and the tri-colored sash was not wrapped around their waists, nor did they bear arms; their hands were empty, and their eyes were fixed on the ground. They were prisoners, prisoners of the French, and they wore Russian uniforms.

The people saw it with dismay. The good Viennese had sud-

denly been hurled from their proud hopes of victory into an abyss of despair, and they were stunned by the sudden fall, and unable to speak and to collect their thoughts. They stood on the road, pale and breathless, and witnessed the spectacle of the return of the victorious columns with silent despondency.

All at once the brilliant column, which had filed through the ranks of the people, halted, and the band ceased playing. An officer galloped up and exchanged a few words with the colonel in command. The colonel made a sign and uttered a few hurried words, whereupon four soldiers stepped from the ranks, and forcing a passage through the staring crowd, walked directly toward a small house situated solitary and alone on the road, in the middle of a garden.

Every inhabitant of Vienna knew this house and the man living in it, for it was the residence of Joseph Haydn.

When the four soldiers approached the door of the popular and well-known *maestro*, the people seemed to awake from their stupefaction, a unanimous cry of rage and horror resounded, and thousands and thousands of voices shouted and screamed, "Father Haydn! They want to arrest Father Haydn!"

But, no. The four soldiers stopped at the door, and remained there as a guard of honor.

And the band of the next regiment, which had just come up, halted on the road too, and, in stirring notes, the French musicians began to play a melody which was well known to everybody, the melody of the great hymn from the "Creation," "In verdure clad."*

It sounded to the poor Viennese like a cruel mockery to hear a band of the victorious French army play this melody composed by a German *maestro*, and tears of heart-felt shame, of inward rage, filled many an eye which had never wept before, and a bitter pang seized every breast.

The French musicians had not yet finished the tune, when a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and Joseph Haydn's venerable white-haired head appeared. His cheeks were pale, and his lips trembled, for his footman, who had just returned home, had brought him the news that the French had been victorious again, and that Napoleon had defeated the two emperors at Austerlitz.

Joseph Haydn, the *old man*, was pale and trembling, but Joseph Haydn, the *genius*, was courageous, joyful, and defiant, and he was filled with noble anger when he heard that the trumpeters of the French conqueror dared to play his German music.

This anger of the eternally-young and eternally-bold genius now

* Historical.

burst forth from Haydn's eyes, and restored to his whole bearing the vigor and elasticity of youth.

Leaning far out of the window, he beckoned the people with both arms, while they were looking up to him and waving their hats to salute him.

"Sing, people of Vienna!" he shouted, "oh, sing our favorite hymn!"

The music had just ceased, and Joseph Haydn now commenced singing in a loud, ringing voice, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

And thousands of voices sang and shouted all at once, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

Joseph Haydn stood at the window, and moved his arm as though he were standing before his orchestra and leading his choir.

The people sang their favorite hymn louder and more jubilantly, and to the notes of this prayer of a whole people, of this jubilant hymn, by which the Viennese honored their unfortunate, vanquished emperor in the face of the conquering army, the French marched up the road toward the interior of the city.

Joseph Haydn was still at the window; he led the choir no longer; he sang no more. He had folded his hands and listened to the majestic anthem of the people, and the tears, filling his eyes, glistened like diamonds.

The people continued shouting and singing, in spite of the French, the hymn of "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser, unsern guten Kaiser Franz!*"

And the victorious French marched silently through the opened ranks of the people.

CHAPTER L

PATRIOTISM.

PRINCESS MARIANNE VON EIBENBERG had just returned from a party which the British ambassador, Lord Paget, had given in her honor, and which was to celebrate at the same time the victory which the two emperors, the allies of England, were firmly believed to have achieved over the usurper.

Marianne Eibenberg, therefore, wore a brilliant toilet. She was adorned with diamonds and costly jewelry, and looked as beautiful and proud as a queen. She had now reached the acme of her career. She was still lovely, and besides she had become, as it were, the protectress of the most refined society of Vienna and the centre

of the intellectual as well as aristocratic circles. She had accomplished her purpose. Marianne Meier, the Jewess, was now a noble lady, to whom everybody was paying deference; and Marianne, princess von Eibenberg, felt so much at home in her new position, that she had herself almost forgotten who and what she had been in former times. Only sometimes she remembered it, only when such recollections secured a triumph to her, and when she met with persons who had formerly, at the best, tolerated her with proud disdain in good society, and who did not deem it now beneath their dignity to solicit an invitation to her reception-room as a favor.

This reception-room was now the only resort of good society in Vienna, the only place where people were sure to meet always amidst the troubles and convulsions of the times with the most refined and patriotic men, and where they might rely on never finding any persons of doubtful patriotism, much less any French.

But, it is true, since the imperial family had fled from Vienna, the reception-room of the Princess von Eibenberg had gradually become deserted, for the members of the aristocracy had retired to their estates and castles, and the ministers and high functionaries had accompanied the emperor and the imperial court to Olmütz. The ambassadors, too, were about to repair thither; hence, the party given by the British minister, Lord Paget, to his adored friend the Princess von Eibenberg, was to celebrate not only the supposed victory, but also his departure from the capital.

Marianne, as we stated already, had just returned from this party. With rapid steps, absorbed in profound reflections, she was pacing her boudoir, muttering, now and then, inaudible words, and from time to time heaving deep sighs as if feeling violent pain. When she walked past the large Venetian mirror, she stopped and contemplated the brilliant and imposing form it reflected.

"It is true," she said, mournfully, "the Princess von Eibenberg is a beautiful and charming lady; she has very fine diamonds and a very aristocratic title; she is living in grand style; she has very many admirers; she is adored and beloved on account of her enthusiastic patriotism; she has got whatever is able to beautify and adorn life, and yet I see a cloud on this forehead which artists compare with that of the Ludovisian Juno, and diplomatists with that of Pallas Athene. What does this cloud mean? Reply to this question, you, whom I see there in the mirror; reply to it, proud woman with the precious diadem, how does it come that you look so sad, although the world says that you are happy and highly honored?"

She paused, and looked almost expectantly at her own image in the looking-glass. The clock commenced all at once striking twelve.

"Midnight!" whispered Marianne; "midnight, the hour in

which ghosts walk! I will also call up a ghost," she said, after a short pause; "I will call it up and compel it to reply to me."

And raising her arm toward the glittering, radiant image in the looking-glass, she said in a loud and solemn voice: "Marianne Meier, rise from your grave and come hither to reply to my questions! Marianne Meier, rise and walk; it is the Princess von Eibenberg who is calling you! Ah, I see you—it is you, Marianne; you are looking at me with the melancholy eyes of those days when you had to bear so much contumely and disgrace, and when you were sitting mournfully by the rivers of Babylon and weeping. Yes, I recognize you; you still wear the features of your ancestors of the tribe of Levi; men pretend not to notice them any longer, but I see them. Marianne Meier, now listen to what I am going to tell you, and reply to me: tell me what is the matter with the Princess von Eibenberg? What is the reason she is not happy? Look around in her house, Marianne Meier; you will behold there such opulence and magnificence as you never knew in the days of your childhood. Look at her gilt furniture, her carpets and lustres; look at the beautiful paintings on the walls, and at the splendid solid plate in her chests. Look at her velvet and silk dresses, adorned with gold and silver embroidery; look at her diamonds, her other precious stones and jewelry. Do you know still, Marianne Meier, how often, in the days of your childhood and early youth, you have longed, with scalding tears, for all those things? Do you know still, Marianne Meier, how often you have wrung your hands and wailed, 'Would to God I were rich! For he who is rich is happy!' The Princess von Eibenberg is rich, Marianne Meier; why, then, is she not happy? If it had been predicted to you at that time, when you were only sighing for wealth, Marianne Meier, that you would be a princess one day, and carry your Jewish head proudly erect in the most aristocratic society, would you not have believed that this was the acme of happiness, and that your boldest wishes had been fulfilled? Ah, Marianne Meier, I have reached this acme, and yet it seems to me that I am much more remote from happiness than you ever were at that time! You had then something to struggle for; you had a great aim. But what have I got? I have reached my aim, and there is nothing for me to accomplish and to struggle for! That is the secret of my melancholy; I have nothing to struggle for. I have reached the acme of my prosperity, and every step I advance is a step down-hill toward the grave, and when the grave closes over me nothing will remain of me, and my name will be forgotten, while the name of the hateful usurper will resound through all ages like a golden harp! Oh, a little glory, a little immortality on earth; that, Marianne Meier, is what the ambitious heart of the

Princess von Eibenberg is longing for; that is the object for which she would willingly sacrifice years of her life. Life is now so boundlessly tedious and empty; it is nothing but a glittering phrase; nothing but a smiling and gorgeous but dull repetition of the same thing! But, hark! What is that?" She suddenly interrupted herself. "It seemed to me as if I heard steps in the small corridor. Yes, I was not mistaken. Somebody is at the door. Oh, it is he, then; it is Gentz."

She rushed toward the door, and opening it hastily, she said, "Is it you, my beloved friend?"

"If you apply this epithet to me, Marianne, yes, it is I," replied Gentz, entering the room.

"And to whom else should I apply it, Frederick?" she asked, reproachfully. "Who but you has got a key to my house and to this door? Who but you is allowed to enter my house and my room at any hour of the day or night?"

"Perhaps Lord Paget, my powerful and fine-looking rival," said Gentz, carelessly, and without the least shade of bitterness, while he sat down on the sofa with evident symptoms of weariness and exhaustion.

"Are you jealous of Lord Paget?" she asked, taking a seat by his side, and placing her hand, sparkling with diamond-rings, on his shoulder. "Remember, my friend, that it was solely in obedience to your advice that I did not reject the attentions of the dear lord and entered into this political *liaison*."

"I know, I know," said Gentz, deprecatingly; "nor have I come to quarrel with you about such trifles. I have not come as a jealous lover who wishes to upbraid his beloved with the attentions she has shown to other men, but as a poor, desponding man who appears before his friend to pour his lamentations, his despair into her bosom, and to ask her for a little sympathy with his rage and grief."

"My friend, what has occurred?" asked Marianne, in dismay. "Where have you been during the week, since I have not seen you? You took leave of me in a hurried note, stating that you would set out on an important journey, although you did not tell me whither you were going. Where have you been, Frederick?"

"I was in Olmütz with the emperor and with the ministers," sighed Gentz. "I hoped to promote there the triumph of the good cause and of Germany; I hoped to witness a brilliant victory, and now—"

"And now?" asked Marianne, breathlessly, when Gentz paused.

"Now I have witnessed a disgraceful defeat," groaned Gentz.

Marianne uttered a cry, and her eyes flashed angrily. "He has conquered again?" she asked, in a husky voice.

"He has conquered, and we have been beaten," exclaimed Gentz, in a loud and bitter tone. "The last hope of Germany, nay, of Europe, is gone; the Russians were defeated with us in a terrible battle. The disaster is an irretrievable one, all the armies of Prussia being unable to restore the lost prestige of the coalition!* The Russians have already retreated, and the Emperor Alexander has set out to-night in order to return to his dominions."

"And *he*," muttered Marianne, "*he* is celebrating another triumph over us! He is marching onward proudly and victoriously, while we are lying, crushed and humiliated, in the dust of degradation. Is it Thy will that it should be so, God in heaven?" she asked, turning her eyes upward with an angry glance. "Hast Thou no thunderbolt for this Titan who is rebelling against the laws of the world? Wilt Thou permit this upstart to render all countries unhappy, and to enslave all nations?"

"Yes, God permits him to do so," exclaimed Gentz, laughing scornfully. "God has destined him to be a scourge to chastise us for our own impotence. We do not succumb owing to his greatness, but owing to our weakness. The Austrian cabinet is responsible for our misfortunes! I have long since perceived the utter lack of ability, the contemptible character, nay, the infamy of this cabinet; in former times I used to denounce our Austrian cabinet to the other cabinets of Europe as the real source of the calamities of our period, and to unveil to them the whole terrible truth. Oh, if they had heeded *my* warnings, when I wrote last June, and as late as in the beginning of August, to many prominent men, 'Beware with whom you enter into a coalition! Do not be deceived by an illusory semblance of improvement. They are the same as ever! With them no great undertaking, either in the cabinet or in the field, will succeed; their rejection is the *conditio sine qua non* of the preservation of Europe. It was all in vain! Finally, I was left alone with my warnings; every one deserted me!" †

"I did not desert you, Frederick," said Marianne, reproachfully, "and I compelled Lord Paget, too, to support your views. Thanks to our united efforts, that stupid Count Colloredo, at least, was forced to withdraw from the cabinet."

"That is a consolation, but no hope," said Gentz. "So long as the other ministers will retain their positions, every thing will be in vain. Every thing is so diseased and rotten that, unless the whole be thrown away, there is no reasonable hope left. I hoped the Emperor of Russia would boldly denounce the incapacity of the cabinet,

* Gentz's own words.—Vide Gentz's "Correspondence with Johannes von Müller," p. 150.

† Gentz's "Correspondence," etc., p. 144.

and by his powerful influence succeed in cleansing our Augean stable, but he is too gentle for such an undertaking, and has no man of irresistible power and energy at his side. He beheld our misery; he greatly deplored it, but refused to meddle with the domestic affairs of Austria. Thus every thing was lost, and he was himself disgracefully defeated."

"And now we have submitted altogether?" asked Marianne. "We have made peace with the usurper?"

"We have *begged* him to make peace with us, you mean, and he will dictate the terms in which we shall have to acquiesce. Oh, Marianne, when I think of the events of the last few days, I am seized with rage and grief, and hardly know how I shall be able to live henceforward. Just listen *how* we have begged for peace! Yesterday, two days after the battle, the Emperor Francis sent Prince John of Lichtenstein to Napoleon, who had established his headquarters at Austerlitz, in a mansion belonging to the Kaunitz family, to express to the conqueror his wish to have an interview with him at the advanced posts. Napoleon granted it to him, and the Emperor of Germany went to his conqueror to beg for peace. He was accompanied by none but Lamberti to the meeting, which was to take place in the open field. Bonaparte received him, surrounded by all his generals, chamberlains, and masters of ceremonies, and with the whole pomp of his imperial dignity." ‡

"Oh, what a terrible disgrace and humiliation!" exclaimed Marianne, bursting into tears, while she tore the diadem with a wild gesture from her hair and hurled it to the floor. "Who dares to adorn himself after events so utterly ignominious have occurred?" she ejaculated—"who dares to carry his head erect after Germany has been thus trampled under foot! The Emperor of Germany has begged the invader to make peace; he has humbly solicited it like a beggar asking alms! And has the conqueror graciously granted his request? Oh, tell me every thing, Frederick! What took place at that interview? What did they say to each other?"

"I can tell you but little about it," said Gentz, shrugging his shoulders, "for the two emperors conversed without witnesses. Bonaparte left his suite at the bivouac fire kindled by his soldiers, and Lamberti also went thither. The two emperors then embraced each other like two friends who had not met for years." †

"And the Emperor Francis had not sufficient strength to strangle the fiend with his arms?" asked Marianne, trembling with wrath and grief.

* This account of the interview of the two emperors may be found verbatim in a letter from Gentz to Johannes von Müller. Vide "Correspondence," etc., p. 154.

† Historical.

"He had neither the strength nor the inclination, I suppose," said Gentz, shrugging his shoulders. "When Napoleon released the unfortunate Emperor Francis from his arms, he pointed with a proud glance toward heaven and said: 'Such are the palaces which your majesty has obliged me to inhabit for these three months.'

"The abode in them,' replied the Austrian monarch, 'makes you so thriving that you have no right to be angry with me for it.'

"I only ask your majesty,' said Napoleon, hastily, 'not to renew the war against France.'

"I pledge you my word as a man and a sovereign that I shall do so no more,' replied Francis, loudly and unhesitatingly. The conversation then was continued in a lower tone, and neither Lamberti nor the French marshals were able to understand another word.*

"The interview lasted two hours, and then the two emperors parted with reiterated demonstrations of cordiality. The Emperor Francis returned silently, and absorbed in his reflections to his headquarters at Austerlitz. Hitherto he had not uttered a word; but when he saw the Prince von Lichtenstein, he beckoned him to approach, and said to him in a low voice, and with suppressed anger, 'Now that I have seen him, he is more intolerable to me than ever.' † That was the only utterance he gave to his rage; as for the rest, he seemed contented with the terms he obtained."

"And were the terms honorable?" asked Marianne.

"Honorable!" said Gentz, shrugging his shoulders. "Napoleon demanded, above all, that the Russian army should retire speedily from the Austrian territories, and the emperor promised this to him. Hence, the Emperor Alexander has departed; the Russian army is retreating; one part of it is going to Prussia, while the other is returning to Poland. The cabinet of Vienna, therefore, is free; that is to say, it is left to its own peculiar infamy without any bounds whatever, and thus peace will be made soon enough. Those contemptible men will submit to any thing, provided he gives up Vienna. Finance-minister Fichy said to me in Olmütz yesterday, 'Peace will be cheap, if we have merely to cede the Tyrol, Venice, and a portion of Upper Austria, and we should be content with such terms.' Ah, if *they* could only be got rid of, what a splendid thing the fall of the monarchy would be! But to *lose* the provinces, honor, Germany, Europe, and to *keep* Fichy, Ungart, Cobenzl, Collenbach, Lamberti, Dietrichstein—no satisfaction, no revenge—not a single one of the dogs hung or quartered,—it is impossible to digest *that!*" ‡

* "Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo," vol. ii., p. 215.

† Häusser's "History of Germany," vol. ii., p. 690.

‡ Gentz's own words.—Vide his "Correspondence with Johannes von Müller," p. 155.

"It is true," said Marianne, musingly, and in a low voice, "this is a boundless disgrace; and if men will submit to it, and bow their heads, it is time for women to raise theirs, and to become lionesses in order to tear the enemy opposing them! And what do you intend doing now, my friend?" she then asked aloud, forcibly dispelling her painful emotions. "What are your prospects? What plan of battle will you draw up for us?"

"I have no prospects at all, and I have given up drawing plans of battle," said Gentz, sighing. "After exhausting my last strength for five days during my sojourn in Olmütz, I am done with every thing, and I have withdrawn weary and satiated *ad nauseam*. Our ministers have gone to Presburg, for the purpose of negotiating there with the plenipotentiaries of Bonaparte about the terms of peace."

"And where is *he* at present—where is the proud *triumphator*?" asked Marianne, hastily.

"He left Austerlitz to-night, and will reside again at Schönbrunn until peace has been concluded."

"Ah, in Schönbrunn!" said Marianne, "that is to say, here in Vienna. And you, Frederick, will you remain here, too?"

"After making peace, they will banish me, of course, from Vienna; for Bonaparte knows my hatred against him, and moreover, he knows it to be implacable. Hence, I prefer going voluntarily into exile, and shall repair to Breslau, where I shall find plenty of friends and acquaintances. There I will live, amuse myself, be a man like all of them, that is to say, gratify nothing but my egotism, and take rest after so many annoyances and struggles."

"That cannot be true—that cannot be possible!" exclaimed Marianne, ardently. "A patriot, a man like you, does not repose and amuse himself, while his country is plunged into misery and disgrace. I repeat to you what Arnauld said to his friend Nicole, when the latter, tired of the struggle for Jansenism, declared to him that he would retire and repose: '*Vous reposer! Eh! n'avez-vous pas pour vous reposer l'éternité toute entière?*' If those men were filled with so undying an enthusiasm for an insipid quarrel about mere sophistries, how could you take rest, since eternity itself, whether it be repose or motion, offers nothing more sublime than a struggle for the liberty and dignity of the world?"

"God bless you for these words, Marianne!" exclaimed Gentz, enthusiastically, while he embraced his friend passionately, and imprinted a glowing kiss on her forehead. "Oh, Marianne, I only wished to try you; I wanted to see whether, with the ardor of your love for me, the ardor of the holy cause represented by me, had also left you; I only wanted to know whether, now that you love me no longer—"

"And how can you say that I love you no longer?" she interrupted him. "Have I deserved so bitter a reproach?"

"It is no reproach, Marianne," said Gentz, mournfully; "you have paid your tribute to the vacillating, changeable, and fickle organization peculiar to every living creature; and so have I, perhaps. We are all perishable, and hence our feelings must be perishable also. Above all, love is a most precious, fragrant, and enchanting rose; but its life lasts but a day, and then it withers. Happy are those, therefore, who have improved this day and enjoyed the beauty of the rose, and passionately inhaled its fragrance. We did so, Marianne; and when we now look back to our day of blissful love, we may say, 'It was delightful and intoxicating, and with its memories it will shed a golden, sunny lustre over our whole life.' Let us not revile it, therefore, for having passed away, and let us not be angry with ourselves for not being able to prolong it. The rose has faded, but the stem, from which it burst forth, must remain to us; it is our immortal part. That stem is the harmony of our sentiments; it is the consonance of our ideas; in short, the seeds of friendship have ripened in the withered flower of our love. I have not, therefore, come to you, Marianne, to seek for my beloved, but to find my friend—the friend who understands me, who shares my views, my grief, my despair, and my rage, and who is ready to aspire with me to one goal, and to seek with me for it in one way. This goal is the deliverance of Germany from the chains of slavery."

"Above all, the annihilation of the tyrant who wants to enslave us!" exclaimed Marianne, with flashing eyes. "Tell me the way leading to that goal; I will enter it, even if it should be necessary for me to walk on thorns and pointed swords!"

"The goal lies before us clearly and distinctly," said Gentz, sadly; "but the way leading to it is still obstructed, and so narrow and low that we are compelled, for the time being, to advance very slowly on our knees. But we must take spades and work, so that the way may become wider and higher, and that we may walk on it one day, not with bowed heads, but drawn up to our full height, our eyes flashing, and sword in hand. Let us prepare for that day; let us work in the dark shaft, and other laborers will join us, and, like us, take spades and dig; and in the dead of night, with curses on our lips and prayers in our hearts, we will dig on, dig like moles, until we have finally reached our goal, and burst forth into the sunshine of the day which will restore liberty to Germany. At the present time, SECRET SOCIETIES may become very useful. I always hated and despised whatever bore that name; but necessity knows no law, and now I am obliged to hail them as the harbingers of a

blessed future.* Like the first church, the great secret society of Germany ought to be enthusiastic, self-reliant, and thoroughly organized; its aim ought to be the destruction of Bonaparte's tyranny, reconstruction of the states, restoration of the legitimate sovereigns, introduction of a better system of government, and, last, everlasting resistance to the principles which have brought about our indifference, prostration, and meanness. And now, Marianne, I come to ask you as the worthiest patriot, as the most intrepid and generous *man* I know and revere—Marianne, will you join this secret society?"

He gave her his hand with a glance full of the most profound emotion; and she returned his glance with her large, open eyes, warmly grasping his hand.

"I will, so help me God!" she said, solemnly; "I will join your secret society, and I will travel around and win over men to our league. I will seek for catacombs where we may pray, and exhort, and encourage each other to struggle on with unflagging zeal. I will enlist brethren and adherents in all circles, in the highest as well as in the lowest; and the peasant as well as the prince, the countess as well as the citizen's wife, shall become brethren and sisters of the holy covenant, the aim of which is to be the deliverance of Germany from the tyrant's yoke. My activity and zeal to promote the good work you have begun shall prove to you, my friend, whether I love you still, and whether my mind has comprehended you."

"I counted on your mind, Marianne, after I ceased building my hopes on your heart!" exclaimed Gentz, "and I was not mistaken. Your mind has comprehended me; it is the same as mine. Let us, therefore, go to work with joyful courage and make our first steps forward. The time when there was still a hope that the sword might save our cause is past; the sword lies broken at our feet. Now we have two weapons left, but they are no less sharp, cutting, and fatal than the sword."

"These weapons are the tongue and the pen?" said Marianne, smiling.

"Yes, you have understood me," said Gentz, joyfully, "these are our weapons. You, my beautiful comrade, will wield one of these weapons, the tongue, and I shall wield the other, the pen. And I have already commenced doing so, and written in the sleepless nights of these last few days a pamphlet which I should like to flit, like a pigeon, over Germany, so that everywhere it may be seen, understood and appreciated. The title of this pamphlet is *Germany in her Deepest Degradation*. It is an outcry of my grief, by which

* Gentz's own words.—Vide "Correspondence," etc., p. 163.

I intend arousing the German people, so that they may wake up at last from their long torpor, seize the sword and rise in the exuberance of their vigor for the purpose of expelling the tyrant. But, alas! where shall I find one who will dare to print it; a censor who will not expunge its most powerful passages; and, finally, booksellers who will venture to offer so bold a work to their customers?"

"Give your manuscript to me!" exclaimed Marianne, enthusiastically; "I will cause it to be printed, and if there should be no booksellers to circulate it, I will travel as your agent throughout the whole of Germany, and in the night-time secretly scatter your pamphlet in the streets of all the German cities, so that their inhabitants may find it in the morning—a manna fallen from heaven to nourish and invigorate them. Give your manuscript to me, Frederick Gentz; let it be the first solemn act of our secret league!"

"Just see how well I understood you, and how entirely I counted on your coöperation, Marianne," said Gentz, drawing a small package from his side pocket and placing it in her hands. "Here is my manuscript; seek for a printer and for a bookseller to publish it; give it the blessing of your protection, and promote its general circulation to the best of your ability."

"I shall do so most assuredly," replied Marianne, placing her hand on the package, as though she were taking an oath. "In less than a month's time the German people shall read this pamphlet. It shall be only the first comet which the secret league of which we are now members causes to appear on the dark firmament. Count on me; your manuscript will be published."

Gentz bent over her hand and kissed it. He then rose.

"My purpose is accomplished," he said; "I came to Vienna only to see you and enlist you as a member of my secret society. My purpose is accomplished, and I shall set out within an hour."

"And why are you in such a hurry, my friend? Why depart in so stormy and wintry a night?" asked Marianne. "Remain with me for another day."

"It is impossible, Marianne," said Gentz, deprecatingly. "Friends like ourselves must have no secrets from each other, and are allowed fearlessly to tell each other every thing. The Countess of Lankoronska is waiting for me; I shall set out with her for Breslau."

"Ah," exclaimed Marianne, reproachfully, "Lord Paget, too, is going to leave Vienna, but I do not desert you in order to accompany him; I remain."

"You are the sun around which the planets are revolving," said Gentz, smiling; "but I am nothing but a planet. I am revolving around my sun."

"You love the Countess of Lankoronska, then?"

"She is to me the quintessence of all womanly and of many manly accomplishments!" exclaimed Gentz, enthusiastically.

"And she will also join our secret society?" asked Marianne.

"No," said Gentz, hastily. "My heart adores her, but my mind will never forget that she is a Russian. Next to cold death and the French, I hate nothing so cordially as the Russians."

"Still you have lived for a month with a Russian lady, of whom you are enamoured."

"And precisely in this month my hatred has increased to an astonishing extent. I despise the Austrians; I am indignant at their weakness, but still I also pity them; and when I see them, as was the case this time, trampled under foot by the Russian barbarians, my *German* bowels turn, and I feel that the Austrians are my brethren. During the last few days I have frequently met Constantine, the grand-duke, and the other distinguished Russians; and the blind, stupid, and impudent national pride with which they assailed Austria and Germany generally, calling our country a despicable part of earth, where none but traitors and cowards were to be found, cut me to the quick. I know very well that we are at present scarcely allowed to maintain our dignity as Germans; our government has reduced us to so degrading a position: but when we keep in mind what the *Russians* are, compared with *us*; when we have mournfully witnessed for two months that they are unable, in spite of the bravery of their troops, to make any headway against the French, and that they have injured rather than improved our condition; when we see those insulting and scorning us who cannot even claim the merit of having saved us, only then we become fully alive to the consciousness of our present degradation and abject misery!"*

"God be praised that such are your thoughts!" exclaimed Marianne, "for now I may hope at least that the Countess of Lankoronska, even though every thing should fail here, will not succeed in enticing you to Russia. I am sure, Gentz, you will not accompany her to the cold, distant north!"

"God forbid!" replied Gentz, shuddering. "If every thing should fail, I shall settle somewhere in the southern provinces of Austria, in Carinthia or in the Tyrol, where one may hear the people speak German, and live there with the plants and stars which I know and love, and with God, in some warm nook, no matter what tyrant or proconsul may rule over me.† And now, Marianne, let us part. I do not promise that our meeting will be a joyful one, for I hardly

* Gentz's own words.—"Correspondence," pp. 159, 167.

† *Ibid.*, p. 167.

count on any more joyful days, but I say that we will meet at the right hour. And the right hour will be for us only the hour when we shall have reached the goal of our secret league; when we shall have aroused the German people, and when they will rise like a courageous giant whom no one is able to withstand, and who will expel the invader with his hordes from the soil of Germany! Farewell!"

"Farewell," said Marianne, feelingly. "My friend will always be welcome, and cordial greetings will be in store for him whenever he comes. Remember that, my friend; I say no more 'my beloved,' for the Countess of Lankoronska might be jealous!"

"And she might inform Lord Paget of it," said Gentz, smiling. He then kissed Marianne's hand, and took his hat and overcoat. "Farewell, Marianne, and do not forget our league and my manuscript."

"I shall not forget any thing, for I shall not forget you," she replied, giving him her hand.

Thus, hand in hand, they walked to the door; then they nodded a last silent greeting to each other, and Gentz left the room.

Marianne listened to his steps until they had died away. She then drew a deep breath, and commenced once more slowly pacing the room.

The tapers on the silver chandeliers had burned down very low, and their liquid wax trickled slowly and lazily on the marble table. Whenever Marianne passed them, the draught fanned them to a blaze; then they shed a lurid light on the tall, queenly form in the magnificent dress, and grew dim again when Marianne stepped back into the darker parts of the long room.

Suddenly she exclaimed in a joyful voice: "Yes, I have found it at last! That is the path leading to the goal; that is the path I have to pursue." With rapid steps she hastened back to the looking-glass. "Marianne Meier," she cried aloud—"Marianne Meier, listen to what I am going to tell you. The Princess von Eibenberg has discovered a remedy to dispel her weariness and dull repose—a remedy that will immortalize her name. Good-night, Marianne Meier, now you may go to sleep, for the Princess von Eibenberg will take care of herself!"

CHAPTER LI.

JUDITH.

MARIANNE was awakened after a short and calm slumber by the low sound of stealthy steps approaching her couch. She opened her eyes hastily, and beheld her mistress of ceremonies, who stood at

her bedside, holding in her hand a golden salver with a letter on it.

"What, Camilla," she asked, in terror, "you have not yet dispatched the letter which I gave you last night? Did I not instruct you to have it delivered by the footman early in the morning?"

"Yes, your highness, and I have faithfully carried out your orders."

"Well, and this letter?"

"Is the major's reply. Your highness ordered me to awaken you as soon as the footman would bring the answer."

Marianne hastily seized the letter and broke the seal.

"He will come," she said, loudly and joyfully, after reading the few lines the letter contained. "What o'clock is it, Camilla?"

"Your highness, it is just ten o'clock."

"And I am looking for visitors already at eleven o'clock. Quick, Madame Camilla, tell my maid to arrange every thing in the dressing-room. Please see to it yourself that I may find there an elegant, rich, and not too matronly, morning costume."

"Will your highness put on the dress which Lord Paget received the other day for you from London?" asked Madame Camilla. "Your highness has never yet worn it, and his lordship would doubtless rejoice at seeing your highness in this charming costume."

"I do not expect Lord Paget," said Marianne, with a stern glance; "besides, you ought to confine your advice to matters relating to my toilet. Do not forget it any more. Now bring me my chocolate, I will take it in bed. In the mean time cause an invigorating, perfumed bath to be prepared, and tell the cook that I wish him to serve up a sumptuous breakfast for two persons in the small dining-room in the course of an hour. Go."

Madame Camilla withdrew to carry out the various orders her mistress had given her, but she did not do so joyfully and readily as usual, but with a grave face and careworn air.

"There is something going on," she whispered, slowly gliding down the corridor. "Yes, there is something going on, and at length I shall have an opportunity for spying and reporting what I have discovered. Well, I get my pay from two men, from the French governor of Vienna and from Lord Paget. Would to God I could serve both of them to-day! As for Lord Paget, I have already some news for him, for Mr. von Gentz was with her last night, and remained for two hours; my mistress then wrote a letter to Major von Brandt, which I had to dispatch early in the morning. And this is exactly the point, concerning which I do not know whether it ought to be reported to my French customer or to the English lord. Well, I will consider the matter. I will watch every step