

CHAPTER V.

View of Vienna.—Suburbs.—Glacis.—Imperial Castle.—
Imperial Apartments.—Guards.—The Emperor.

THE approach to Vienna, from this side, is truly grand. On the left side, the vast Danube, on the right, the superb Shoenbrunn, and before your eyes the Imperial city; from the midst of which the venerable dome and spire of St. Stephen rises, guarded, as it were, by the proud double eagle. You pass the lines, which surround all the suburbs.

The houses are generally two stories high, and with the gardens, their white, yellow, or green painted walls, nearly resemble English country mansions. They increase, as you advance towards the city, to three stories, and terminate in a huge

palace, or a church, which fronts the city. Between this and the suburbs which surround it, at the distance of about six hundred yards, numerous alleys convey you to any of the twelve gates, only eight, however, of which are open. You enter the Burghthor, whose adjoining ramparts, dismantled by Napoleon's orders, have been laid out in gardens.

There is not in Vienna, as in Paris, the leading hand of a great genius visible, whose architectural beauties are placed with a discerning taste, so as to produce a fine effect.

The Imperial Burg, tainted with the grey hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the Imperial Chancellerie; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here blended in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, show you that you are before the entrance of the Emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first

guard-room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three-cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the Hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaks* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter into that of a sort of Pensionaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *Saal*, or audience-room. The next apartment is that of the Imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the Chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting: they are distinguished by a gold bullion on their back and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body-coachmen, fifty body-footmen, and twenty-five body-servants of the chambers attending his Majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished cham-

ber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seem to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good-humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which four consorts have scarcely left an ounce of flesh, boots dangling about a pair of equally ill-provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen Emperors, and the present Sovereign of Austria. When still Archduke, he followed his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, to Hungary. A certain phlegm, and I may be allowed to say every-day manner, made this Emperor exclaim, in a fit of impatience, “That is a good-for-nothing boy, he will spoil every thing again,” alluding to the reforms Joseph had carried on. The opinion which Prince Kaunitz gave shortly before his death, was little more flattering. “The French Revolution is going to make Europe one large field of battle. I am sorry

my country will be the chief party in the contest, will be the loser, and what has been united during five hundred years, will be dissolved."

This prince has been an instrument in the hands of his subjects during his whole reign, not so much from imbecility, as from a certain wily indolence, which, conscious of its own inefficacy, throws itself on others as long as policy and circumstances seem to dictate it. From his accession to the throne in 1792 till 1811, when he fell into the hands of Metternich, he was entirely guided by the leading and binding features of the Austrian monarchy, its powerful oligarchy, and struggled with the French nation with that slow firmness and unceasing pertinacity which no losses of battles, no treachery nor disasters could weary, and which might have been expected from a powerful aristocracy, who considered their interests and their very existence at stake.

During this whole period, when openly betrayed by his generals, as Mack and A——g, deserted by his Prussian and Russian allies, after the tremendous disasters at Marengo and Ulm, yet Francis never lost, even for a moment, his

phlegm, and that indifference, of which it is almost impossible to give an idea. There was hardly any change in his mien, or in his favourite occupations—seal-wax making, looking after his pigeons, and playing the violin, which he attended to as regularly, when at Vienna, as to his current business. Just as a master, whose servant has broken a dozen of champagne, will tell his butler before dinner, “Now you may look where to get another dozen; so Francis, after the loss of a battle, or capture of an army, would say to his ministers, “Now you may look where you can get an army again.” The issue of the sanguinary battle of Marengo roused the spirits of his subjects, and their desire of revenge, wonderfully. The Austrian, Bohemian, and Moravian youths rose unanimously in arms, and offered themselves for the defence of the country. There were among these troops, called the *Aufgebot* of Prince Charles, six hundred students from the University at Prague, many of whom were noblemen, all of distinguished families. The Emperor was prevailed upon by his brother Charles to review these valiant youths, and to pay them some compliment. The review took place at Budweis, in Bohemia, and Francis expressed his satisfaction.

“Oh ! you look very handsome ; I could not have believed it : but I am glad I don't want you. We have now peace, and you may go home again.” As a proof of his Imperial satisfaction, he ordered the distribution of a new-coined florin (two shillings) to each of these gentlemen. The incensed youths threw this acknowledgment of high favour unanimously into the river.

It is difficult to conceive how by so little encouragement, and with so few shining qualities as a sovereign, Francis could have carried on a war such as that of 1809. It is certainly the most splendid period in the modern history of Austria, and shows more than any thing what this power may perform when roused and properly managed.

More than 60,000 soldiers were raised, trained, and led to the field of battle by the nobility alone of the different provinces, and at their own expense. Immense were their exertions, as well as those of the people in general.

The ornaments of the churches ; the plate of the noblemen ; the trinkets of the wealthy ; the

76my
silver spoons and forks of the middle classes, all went the same way, to defray the expenses of this war, without murmuring or repining. The battle of Regens, far from damping the spirits of the people, only augmented their exertions, which were crowned by the glorious battle at Aspern. It inspired the whole empire with an incredible enthusiasm, and Francis went even so far as to acknowledge the exertions of his army in an address of thanks. The battle of Wagram succeeded. The plan of the Archduke Charles for this battle is well known. With the united armies under his own and Archduke John's commands, he resolved to enfold Napoleon and to crush him. The contest began with fury on both sides. The right wing under Charles was victorious, and kept advancing. The left, which was to be joined by Archduke John, was hard pressed and retreating. Every eye was anxiously turned towards the road to Presburg, whence Prince John was expected. Francis, then at his head-quarters at Wolkersdorf, sat quietly at his dinner, when one of the adjutants came with the bad tidings of the non-appearance of Archduke John, and the retreat of the army. "Have I not told you," said the Emperor to his Aid-de-camp, B—n D—, rising at the same time, "that John will leave us

to fight our battle alone, and that we shall have again to pay the reckoning? Now we may look for the hole which the carpenter has left open!" (Hab ichs nicht gesagt das uns Johan, wird sitzen lassen, aud das wir wieder dic zecke werden bezahlen müssen. Ietzt können wir shauen wo der Zimmermann das Loch offen gelassen hat.) So saying, his Majesty rose, and stepped into his calash, with a phlegm which astounded every one.

Certain hints respecting the secret views of his brother, the Archduke Charles, determined Francis to deprive him of his command immediately after the battle, and to conclude a disadvantageous peace. The same person who gave him these hints, was appointed his minister of foreign affairs. Being on good terms with Napoleon, he wanted neither army nor nobility any longer, and he acknowledged their services in a manner which alone would be sufficient to stifle the most enthusiastic valour. The licences for trafficking with tobacco and snuff, enjoyed by some thousands of old women and plebeians, were recalled, and given to those officers who had distinguished themselves throughout this campaign. The nobility, if they were not entirely cast aside, were at least treated

in a manner that damped their spirits more effectually than all their former sacrifices and losses. From the moment Francis put himself into the hands of Metternich, not a trace was to be found of that frankness and uprightness which, notwithstanding the vacillating inexperience of his youth, had guided him through the different stages and storms of his political life. His subserviency to the views of his son-in-law was disgusting even to the latter himself ; but poor Napoleon was too little of a courtier to penetrate his father-in-law and his counsellor. When at Dresden with his son-in-law, the latter paid him a visit the next day after his arrival. Short and quick as he was in all his doings, he instantly proposed Silesia in exchange for Poland, then in the possession of Austria. Metternich was called from the next room. The discussion grew warmer, and Francis told his Minister in German—"Metternich, no ! that won't do ; I don't want his Silesia ; nor will I give up Poland ; and tell him that I don't like this way : he will give us to-day Silesia, and take it in a fortnight, as he does now from the poor d—l the King of Prussia. He has not kept his word and returned to us Trieste and other places as he promised to me."

“What does he say?” asked Napoleon, angry at the broad sounds of the Austrian tongue. “Oh nothing,” said Metternich, with a courteous bow, “but the most sincere assurances of inviolable attachment to your Imperial Majesty.” A few hours afterwards, his Austrian Majesty laughed heartily, telling his confidant, “My Metternich is a clever fellow for making an X for a Y;” and with a cunning nod, “I hope we shall succeed.” According to this promise of a faithful alliance, Prince Schwarzenberg was sent with the stipulated 30,000 men to Poland, and behaved so valiantly, that from the 500,000 troops who composed the invading French army and their auxiliaries, he alone returned with his 30,000 men, having, in reality, more assisted the Russians than Napoleon.

Never was there a monarch engaged in a more important question than Francis in the year 1813. When Alexander and Frederick-William arrived at Prague, their armies were beaten at Grosbern and Bautzen; their armaments scarcely begun; the fortresses of the whole of Prussia, even Dantzic, in the hands of Napoleon, to whose victorious army of 150,000, they could not oppose 50,000. Favourable

as the season was, Prussia and Russia must have fallen. On the other hand, with the Duke of Wellington advancing in Spain, Francis dissatisfied, Germany fomenting and anxious to break its yoke, Napoleon's situation was not less desperate, and he who would have disdained under any other circumstances to stoop to Francis, submitted. The fate of Europe lay in his hands. Whatever party he chose, if he acted on firm principles, it was almost impossible not to bind with the strongest ties of a lasting gratitude to him, and to his empire. It was in his power to show himself, his family, and his empire, as the bulwark of Europe, and the interest of every one to see its strength undiminished.

Nothing more was necessary than to pursue with England the path which he trod for twenty years. England itself would have honoured him as a noble ally, the Bourbons of France and Prussia as their saviour, Russia as a firm empire. Francis had a man who was honest and firm enough to propose this course to his master; it was the excellent, but too little known, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, Prince Schwarzenberg. His bad genius prevailed, and he gave himself up to Metternich and his gui-

dance, and then became, from the head of the Alliance, the instrument of Alexander. This monarch played a submissive part to Francis till Paris was conquered ; then he thought it no longer necessary, and Napoleon was dethroned before Francis dreamed of it. Russia earned, in fact, the whole fruit of these wars ; crushed a powerful rival, exhausted its neighbours and allies, England, Austria, and Prussia, beyond imagination, and thus prepared its way to universal monarchy. Thus we see Francis, who duped his son-in-law, sacrificed his child and grandchild, was duped in the same manner by Alexander, but not pitied ; for Philip of Macedon's saying at Olympia will always stand good. As he had now lost every security against the encroachments of Russia, his minister, always ready in expedients, drew up the Holy Alliance. Alexander, who laughed with his ministers in his heart at the folly of an eternal Holy Alliance, found, however, this plaything useful, and put himself at the head of it. Francis is not fond of John Bull, whose sturdy and refractory temper corresponds so ill with his notions of respect due to his Imperial dignity ; and while Alexander and Frederic-William were going to pay their respects to this omnipotent personage, he went home to make preparation for the reception of his guests

in that style of *Saus and Braus* for which the German princes are so justly celebrated.

There is certainly nothing more ungenerous than to see a monarch with his brother sovereigns feasting for six months at the expense of a people exhausted by a twenty-five years' war; but his Majesty was never much troubled with scruples of delicacy. On the contrary, the unexpected success in his plans, and the hoped-for extension of his dominions, filled him with a pride which forthwith manifested itself in new court-dresses, in splendid carriages, and in the reform of the whole pageantry, at the expense of several millions. He himself grew stern, and his dictates were delivered in the characteristic expression, "I will." — Even his own subjects felt this change, and though far from expressing their discontent, not all of them concurred in his predilections for unlimited power. The first who spoke were the Tyrolese. There is in these mountaineers a simplicity, a strength of mind, a true loftiness which elevates them far above the modern Swiss. When Andreas Hofer, a name whose sound elicits tears from every Tyrolian eye, was in Innsbruck, after the glorious defeat of the Bavarians at Schwegingen, the stu-

dents with the inhabitants assembled before his hotel to bring him, as they said, a serenade.

A deputation went in to inform Hofer of their intention. Hofer stepped out, uncovered his head, and addressed the multitude. "Hear, my beloved countrymen. This is not a time for vain glory. Do not let us sing and play the fiddle, but let us fall on our knees, and pray for strength in our desperate struggle;" and his rosary in his hand he knelt down, and the assembled thousands with him. Never was there, perhaps, a prayer more fervent or more sincere.

The distant thunder of the cannon, which they heard a few hours afterwards, told them that Hofer was again engaged with the enemy. The Bavarians treated the Tyrolese, after their return to obedience, in a generous manner, and tried by every means to reconcile them. When they fell again into the hands of Austria, contributions, taxes, a host of *douaniers*, and the conscription, made them aware of their mistake, and feel the difference between the Bavarian sceptre and the Austrian yoke. To pray for an alleviation and their ancient constitution, a deputation consisting of two prelates, two lords, and two com-

moners, went over to Vienna. These latter still exercise their privilege to address the Emperor in the first person. Francis received them frowning, the mere name of a constitution being, indeed, the only thing which will affect his phlegm.

The answer which he gave them is worth preserving in the constitutional annals of the present times. "So you want a constitution, do ye?"—"Yes, Francis," answered the two commons with a firm voice, while the lords and prelates bowed.—"Now look ye," replied he, "I don't care; I will give you a constitution; but let me tell you, the soldiers are mine, and if I want money, I shan't ask you twice; and as to your tongues, I would advise you not to let them go too far:" to which Imperial *impromptu* the Tyrolese replied, "If thou thinkest so, we are better without any."—"I think so myself," concluded his Majesty.

Of a rather more serious nature were the petitions or rather demands of the Hungarians. Francis was never a favourite with this lofty nation of noblemen. His plainness and common manner, so much admired among his German subjects, and so well calculated to make them forget taxes and oppression, they do not hesitate

to call vulgarity. With a growing discontent, since the reign of Joseph the Second, they watched over their rights, joined but coldly in the wars of Austria, and were even, during the eventful period of 1809, with difficulty prevailed upon to furnish more troops than their stipulated contingent. Though they refused the offer of Napoleon to choose a king of their own, yet to see their king subservient, as Francis showed himself to Napoleon, and then to act so perfidious a part, mortified them exceedingly. During the time of the wars, and while the Emperor was guided by the counsels and influence of their nobility, they overlooked the encroachments attempted at different times, and even the suspension of the sittings of their Diet. Repeated petitions were presented, yet they never complained loudly. Things have, however, changed, and assumed a rather serious aspect, since Metternich was placed at the head of affairs. Repeated encroachments on their constitution, and, above all, the engrossing of the sole power, formerly possessed by the whole body of the aristocracy, by their sovereign, roused the indignation of this nation, in a manner which alarmed even the phlegm of his Majesty. Francis himself is little fond of his lofty Hungarians, with whom his broad and short way, "I

will," would not do ; and though he flattered them, apparently in every manner he could, yet he did every thing in his power to retaliate on them for their indifference and stubborn neglect of his Imperial dignity. They are excluded from trade with the rest of the empire, and considered, in fact, as strangers.

Exports and imports are subject to the same duties as coming from a foreign country. His policy, with respect to the Greeks, who confess the same religion with, at least, 4,000,000 of Hungarians, contributed, with the fluctuating value of the depreciated currency, not a little to augment their indignation. The freedom with which they proceed in their parliamentary discussions offended his Majesty more than any thing ; and when he complained that they were sitting four weeks without deciding any thing, one of the Magnates, Count P——, rose and said, " His Majesty has been seated thirty years on the throne of Hungary, and has not done any thing for us." A certain respect for his age, and a habit of obeying, during a reign of thirty-four years, will keep this nation in proper bounds as long as Francis lives ; but his successor will have all the indignities and bad humours, collected during fifty years, to con-

tend with. But even in the rest of the empire, the German hereditary dominions, every thing is not as his Majesty wishes it to be. There is not a monarchy whose interior relations are both so intricate and delicate. The titles of possession by which the House of Austria acquired their dominions, are, with the exception of Austria Proper, Italy, and Poland, marriage titles; the ties by which these 20,000,000 were kept in obedience, were not so much military power as affection; the principle of honour and good faith on the part of the subjects; and a certain respect towards the rooted habits of the people; and the establishment of an economical management of the treasures, and honesty on the part of the monarchs.

It was this principle of honour and good faith which saved Ferdinand the IV. and caused the defeat of the plans of the Duke of Waldstein. The same also roused the Hungarians, and saved Maria Theresa. The neglect of respect towards rooted prejudices and old establishments had cost Joseph II. nearly his finest kingdom, Hungary. Though the Austrian monarchs never encouraged arts and sciences to a great extent, yet, with the exception of Bohemia,

they did not so openly oppress them ; and when Ferdinand II. did so, he was severely punished for it. They divested the states of several kingdoms of their obnoxious powers, as in Hungary and Bohemia ; but in the former the constitution was left entire, in the latter the form, and both kingdoms might have resumed their national independence, without any change in the administration.

There was never a secret police before, and Joseph II. being informed of a placard fixed on the Castle walls, rather too high to be legible, caused it to be placed under the very eyes of his subjects. The Government itself was far from being a despotic one. The provincial tribunals, with their governors at their head, represented the sovereign, appointed their respective officers, who were confirmed by the Emperor, and exercised under him a proper authority. The courts of justice were entirely independent. The universities, colleges, and gymnasiums had, till 1811, a shadow left of their own jurisdiction, under the superintendence of the provincial Government ; which, small as the influence was which it exercised, flattered the pride of the nations.

Maria Theresa, had recourse to the church treasures during the seven years' war, but refunded this loan most religiously. The taxes were insignificant, comparatively with those of other countries, and those raised during a war were reduced as soon as it was over. There was throughout an honesty, a good faith, a paternal hand visible, which if it inflicted wounds, also cured them. It became a general axiom, *Bella gerant alia tu felix Austria nube*. Though the Austrian monarchy kept not pace with the rest of the world, yet its nations were not unhappy: though it was the happiness of still life. Since the year 1811, the Emperor, they say, has broken his Imperial word of honour not less than twenty times, and not kept his promise a single time. Notwithstanding a repeated bankruptcy, which reduced the paper currency, at first to a fifth and then to a third, the Austrians have still only paper currency, which, in spite of the appellation, (metaliquis,) has only a paper value. "The taxes," they say, "which were, as the Emperor promised, to be reduced after the war, continue in the same manner, and more oppressive than ever." In trade there is an absolute stagnation, as the strange policy of Metternich closes the roads to Hungary and Germany. The

12 26 47

treasures of their churches, which the Emperor promised to restore in the most solemn manner, are gone for ever; they see themselves watched by thousands of spies, and, to open their eyes more completely, they see the Turks, whom they call the Erbfeind, (the hereditary enemies of Christendom,) favoured and protected against Christian brethren, in spite of the religious profession and devotedness of his Majesty. Where personal affection and religious faith are the only ties which bind nations to their sovereign, as is the case in Austria, it is certainly not a trifling matter to see all these things so grossly violated. The successor of Francis will execrate the blindness with which this ill-fated monarch chimes in with the blighting, withering policy of his Prime Minister. It is a painful idea to be thought more *sot* than one really is, but to be made more *sot*, and to feel the degrading hand, and not to hate it, is impossible. To affirm that the nations which compose the Austrian Empire are insensible or indifferent about their treatment, shows a want of understanding. We must not judge of the state of this Empire from the Austrian observers, or tourists, who have gathered their information in some taverns, watched by a dozen spies.

The Bohemians, Moravians, Hungarians, and Poles, are not Englishmen, nor even Germans, in point of enlightened information; but they have infinitely more strength of mind and national feeling than the latter. The silence which reigns throughout Austria is compulsory; but the "*aqua tofana*" of Metternich's system is too complicated not to excite the attention and the indignation even of the most stolid human being. To reduce the youth of an empire of thirty millions to that low degree of idiotism which befits the views of his Majesty, it is not sufficient to write school-books in Vienna, by Messrs. Trint and Co., and to send them to the different universities and colleges: there have been, and still are, men upright and learned; they must be removed and replaced by faithful slaves. This has been done with the universities of Prague, Vienna, Olmutz, Laybach, &c.

Of the horror which this measure spread all over the empire we know nothing; but it will never be forgotten. The consequence was the revolt of these universities, and the sending of the youths to the regiments on the Dannat. It has made the Emperor Francis more hated than

all his taxes. To insure a complete obedience, the Emperor has divested the provincial governments and tribunals of their authority. The sole and absolute power is now in his own and his minister's hands, and the Governments are not allowed to dispose of a sum above two and a half pounds sterling; but, instead of concentrating business and of insuring obedience, this measure had no other end than to disaffect the nobility and the provinces, and to create abuses; notwithstanding new hosts of fresh officers, and a confusion of which it is almost impossible to form a competent idea. There were, during my stay at Vienna, not less than 6000 *exhibits*, as they are called, laid up for the Imperial decision.

The reasoning even of the peasants is simple but true. They are still able to read, and to peruse the Imperial patents and decrees, of which, they say, not one has kept its promises. Though they are not financiers, and are ignorant of Metternich's shameful bartering with Rothschild and his brethren, yet they feel the effects of it: "The silver," the simple Austrian says, "of our churches is gone. We pay still the taxes which were levied only for the term of two years. Our currency changes every day—every

hour: we have now a florin in our hands; to-morrow, perhaps, three-quarters; and after to-morrow, a third." As to the Austrian proper, he loves his Emperor with that heartiness with which the German tribes are attached to their princes and their faults; but still he will tell you, "Yes, our Frauzl is a good man; but he has belied us very often: and if I were he," turning his neck with a cunning sudden jerk, "I would place Metternich still higher—on the gallows!" In Moravia, where his familiarity is already less known, and where they appreciate his Majesty more from the tenor of his decrees, they will speak very indifferently, or not at all of him; and in Bohemia, the beloved Frauzl has lost all credit. They dare not call him names, but they think and hate him as a downright faithless tyrant.

Francis is well aware what is going on, and so are the principal characters; and therefore the thousands of secret spies, watching, not the foreigners, but his own subjects; his repeated visits to Bohemia and Hungary; his remission of the outstanding taxes and contributions to both kingdoms; and his endeavours to secure the succession to his beloved son Archduke Francis Charles,—whom he thinks more able to master

the impending storm than the Crown Prince:—but, with all his endeavours, he will not be able to lay the rising ghost. Silent, deep, but embittered, this people go on: Francis has instructed them in the art of dissimulation and treachery, and the successor of Francis will reap the fruits of it. The deep-rooted habit of obeying, a certain reverence towards his age, and, above all, the well-known omniscience of the Emperor and his designs, will keep them in obedience as long as he lives, and as long as he is able to pay his spies and his army of officers; but the load of the public debt, the financial confusion, is too great, and the resources of the German hereditary dominions are too exhausted, to permit a long continuance of this system. Opposed as the Hungarians are with their whole and unexhausted strength, and only waiting for the favourable moment, they will raise the standard of opposition and the rest will follow. The ties of honour and good faith which bound the Austrian subjects to their Emperor are entirely broken, and the death of Francis will disclose scenes of which we never dreamed.

Francis is thought to be a mere instrument in the hands of Metternich. This is not the case. It is a

similarity of characters and views which exists between himself and his prime-minister ; he has found out his man, and therefore he adopts his measures and adheres to them. That baneful offspring of a bad conscience, the secret police, is entirely in his hands : he is the chief director of it, and it forms great part of the immense load which lies on his shoulders. So well known is his fondness for secret information, that the vilest of his subjects, who would not dare to pass the threshold of a respectable citizen, approaches, unhesitatingly, his Majesty, provided he brings this venomous stuff. This species of information extends over his whole Empire,—the cottage of the peasant, the dwelling of the citizen, the tavern of the landlord, the palace of the nobleman : no place is exempt from his hirelings. He keeps a regular account of his civil, military, and ecclesiastical officers and dignitaries, from the governor down to the clerk. His excellent memory assists him a great deal. According to these secret informations, his officers are nominated. Attachment to his Imperial person is the first requisite, which is always expressed as the reason of the appointment in the diploma.*

* Out of regard to his sincere attachment to our Imperial person, H—— is hereby appointed to this office, &c.

Of the 60,000 public officers, he himself nominates the principal ministers, presidents, governors, counsellors, assessors, directors; as well as generals, colonels, archbishops, bishops, and canons,—and all the directors and professors of universities and colleges. In case of a vacancy, the department in which it happens proposes three members. Their merits are weighed according to the prevalent notions, and they are laid before the higher tribunal; there they are again investigated, and either confirmed or changed; and finally laid before the Emperor. Till the year 1816, the Emperor generally chose the first proposed: an exception was a thing unheard of. This is, of course, changed at present. If he has the necessary information respecting the proposed candidates, he appoints one of them to the vacancy; if not, he sends for secret information into the province, where the officer to be appointed lives. If the tidings respecting the public and private character of the individual do not answer the views of his Majesty, one of his ready kept favourites is nominated to the vacancy. The number of these public officers is infinite, and certainly three times greater than that of any other country, owing to the tedious, and even ridiculous, manner in which public business is car-

ried on. Not an old bench in a school-room can be repaired 800 miles from the capital, without its being approved of by the captain of the circle, an account sent from thence to the government of the province, then to the Aulic Tribunal, farther on to the State Council, which lays it before his Majesty. This egregious manner of doing business has caused such an immense number of writings and writers, or public officers, as amount to a large army. Every one of his subjects is of course anxious to share the public money, and this zeal has seconded the expected subserviency and anxiety to comply with the wishes of the Emperor. Francis may be said to have trained his subjects, during the thirty-four years of his reign, to a blind obedience, which has absorbed principle, honour, and all noble sentiments. One is really horror-struck at the sight of the moral havoc caused by the short-sighted simplicity of a prince who, in order to bear down all dispute of his right and supremacy, has, in fact, overturned honour, morality, religion, and principles. Right is in Austria what pleases the Emperor,—his will ; wrong, what displeases him.

If the Austrians have not yet become what, if this system should continue ten years longer, they

must necessarily be,—the vilest and most perfidious people on the face of the earth, it is certainly not the fault of Francis. The education of the youth, public stations, secret policy, every thing combines here, to produce political and moral degradation. And this system of degradation he carries on in that plain, coarse, and downright matter-of-fact manner with which a cross master disposes of his house affairs. Compared with the roughness with which Francis handles his subjects, by the mere plainness of his manner, the tyranny of Napoleon was a trifle. He incarcerates bishops, as well as princes and counts, just as he pleases; and should his students murmur or rise against their professors, they are sent as private soldiers to the frontiers of Turkey,—all in the most parental manner. There is in this prince a strange mixture of unassuming simplicity and of despotic haughtiness, of a truly jesuitical craftiness with an apparent frankness, of the coarsest and most ungrateful egotism with an apparently kind-hearted indulgence. If you see him driving his old-fashioned, green calèche and two, dressed in a brown, shabby cabotte, with a corresponding hat, nodding friendly to his right and left, or good-humouredly speaking to his Grand Chamberlain, Count Wobna, you would

1/121/17

think it impossible that in him there is the least pride. Again, when you see sovereigns and princes approaching him with that awe and shyness which mark a decided distrust, and he himself just as plain, even as gross, as if he spoke to the least of his subjects, you feel convinced that there is occasion for being on your guard, against an openness which might send you in the plainest way into the dungeons of Munkatsch, Komom, or Spielperg. He is certainly not a hypocrite, but there is a wiliness and an innate deceit in him, which baffles the keenest eye, and really deceived Napoleon. Even his own family trust him little; and though his intercourse with them is plain, and they mix on familiar terms, yet they always keep their distance. Neither his brother nor the Crown Prince is allowed the least interference in public business, except what is allotted to them.

Of his brothers, he likes the Archduke Rainer, Vice-king of Italy, best; of Charles he is jealous; John is too learned for him; the Palatine too impetuous. When this latter prince requested his permission to marry his present (third) wife, the Emperor replied to him, half frowning: "You may take her; but I shall

myself pray for her long life, for I presume your next would be a Jewess." Though he is very fond of his Empress, and is frequently heard saying, "Now I am happy !" yet she has no political influence. When he saw her first, he whispered to his Grand Chamberlain, "That is one who will stand a *puff*. I am glad of it. I shall not have a burial again in a fortnight."

He rises commonly at six o'clock, takes breakfast an hour afterwards, and transacts public business till one o'clock, or gives public audiences. At two o'clock he takes a ride, sometimes with his Empress, but oftener with his favourite Grand Chamberlain, the excellent Count Wobna, or his aide-camp, Baron Rutscherd. At four o'clock he dines, commonly on five dishes with a dessert : his beverage is water, and a liqueur-tumbler filled with Tokay. (11) After dinner he takes a peep at his plants, in the Paradise Garth ; or looks whether any of his pigeons have strayed away or have been captured, a circumstance which makes him always angry ; and at six o'clock he takes coffee, made in the new Imperial Garden Pavilion by the Empress herself, who, dressed in a plain suit, delights to be cook and landlady in person. The time till supper is filled out with *térzettos*, which

he performs on the violin with his favourite aide-camp, Baron K——a, and another nobleman or prince. As father of a family, he deserves praise: there is not a more decent and respectable family in the empire than his own. Besides the higher branches of education, every member of it is obliged to learn a mechanic occupation; and the Archdukes are carpenters and cabinet-makers, and the Crown Prince himself a weaver. Gallantries are entirely excluded: and a celebrated beauty who from an opposite box in the Imperial theatre had the audacity to wish his son-in-law, the Prince of S——o, a good evening, was sent to prison, and the prince himself severely reprimanded. His second son, Francis Charles, is his favourite, a clever young man, of a prepossessing appearance. He is universally spoken of as his successor. Whether this violation of the Pragmatic Sanction, even caused by the absolute stupidity of the Crown Prince, would not be productive of even more serious consequences than the reign of the latter, we doubt very much. Hungary is absolutely against this; and this alone is an impediment which never can nor will be overcome.

Of all the members of his family, the Duke

of Reichstadt experiences the most marked tenderness. It seems as if he wished to obliterate the wrong he had inflicted on the father by his double dealing. He is, indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked plain and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His Lord Chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the Prince stepped out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with his governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing at the same time figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, "*Des Prussiens ?*" demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse.

It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather, and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye, which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an Imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand-duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above 20,000*l.* sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the Imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed "*Euer Durchlaucht*," (*Votre Altesse*.) His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the Imperial princes: he has his *Obersthofmeister*, his Lord Chamberlain, aids-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination.