

## CHAPTER VII.

## Austrian Aristocracy.—Viennese High Life.

THE Austrian oligarchy is now, if not in a state of disgrace with his Majesty, at least nearly approaching to it; and it may justly say, with the Duke of Ormond, "that there could not be any whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers." The power which they enjoyed till the year 1811, was that which the possession of two-thirds of the landed property naturally gave them:—a paramount influence in the councils of war and the policy of the cabinet, with a proper regard to their interest.

The nobility in this empire formed thus the gradual transition by which the prostration of Eastern slavery was linked to the greater freedom of the

western world. The Emperor of Austria in his German and Bohemian hereditary dominions is considered an Autocrat as well as the Russian; but while the latter may deprive the first family of their rank and domains, the Austrian house, whose founder was himself but a nobleman, and who acquired his possessions not by conquest but by marriage-titles and the concurrence of the nobility, is rather checked by them. This is still more the case with Hungary. The present calm state of the Empire was preceded by frequent revolts, in which the highest nobility were engaged. The names of Waldstein, Schlick, Trangiary, &c. are still dreadful recollections to the Imperial family. Such, however, was the influence of these families, that they kept possession of their titles and estates, though the authors of these revolts were punished with death. A prudent management, on the part of the reigning family, has attached them to the Imperial cause; and their interests, blended with that of the House of Austria, are in fact the strongest, and, we may say, the only guarantee for the fidelity of the different kingdoms. The present Emperor, in that thoughtlessness and indifference towards the real state of his Empire, which is the character-

istic feature of his life since 1811, has really cast aside this nobility. Their power is now in the hands of Metternich. Whether an army is to be sent to Naples, or the borders of Poland, Metternich decides, as well as on the policy which is to be pursued, and the degree of power which Ministers and Provincial Governments are to enjoy. They are reduced to a sort of gaudy ornament of the Imperial Court, and instruments with which the pompous splendour and pride of Austria, at home and abroad, is kept up. The consequence of this supremacy was soon and strikingly felt. Hardly was the power, as formerly enjoyed by the whole Austrian oligarchy, viz. by the Hungarian, Bohemian, and German noblemen, engrossed wholly by Metternich, when the Hungarian nobility and nation claimed their rightful Constitution, and put themselves in an attitude which little pleased his Majesty, and still less his Prime Minister.

They resumed in fact their Constitution, which had slept for a considerable time. While this was done in Hungary, the Bohemian noblemen, who cannot do the same, endeavoured gradually to concentrate and to raise the national spirit by those

means still left in their power, such as museums, mathematical, technical, and economical schools. The Emperor and his Prime Minister are well aware of this select but dangerous opposition, and of its tendency. They counteract it with the same design and art which characterize the present Austrian Cabinet. His son, the Archduke Charles, the exact picture of his father, only more pleasing in his appearance, was sent as Vice King to Bohemia, both to conciliate and to watch this people. As Metternich keeps in Vienna a school and court for the education and demoralization of the nobility, so there are in every provincial capital one or more families of the highest rank, who have the double part to counteract the opposition as spies of Metternich, and as stimulating leaders to that dissipation and extravagance which is supposed to draw the attention of the nobility from public affairs and serious occupation.<sup>(14.)</sup>

Of the three hundred families who constitute the oligarchy of this Empire, there are about an hundred and fifty who in compliance with the wishes of the Emperor, arising partly from jealous policy, partly to give a due lustre to his Imperial



head-quarters, reside in Vienna. They may be considered as the representatives of the whole nobility, intimately linked together. The foremost among them are the ducal families, about ten in number; among which those of the Lichtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Lobkowitz, Esterhazy,<sup>(15)</sup> and Czatorysky, distinguish themselves. The heads of these families, or, as they are called, Regents, are born Knights of the Golden Fleece. They have their regular courts; some of them their guards; all their privy and court counsellors, &c. They live in a style little inferior to that of the Emperor himself. To give an adequate idea of the wealth of these powerful vassals, it is sufficient to state that Prince Lichtenstein has not less than 720,000 subjects or peasants on his domains, and rides regularly from his two dukedoms, forming two-thirds of Silesia, through Moravian Austria, a distance of more than a hundred miles on his own estates. Prince Esterhazy, though encumbered with immense debts, has still a revenue equal to that of the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, taken together.

A medium between Sovereign and subject, these families are treated, even by the Emperor,

with a deference which a great influence with their countrymen, especially if they are Hungarians, and a vast income ever wring from a sovereign like Francis. Next to them are the ancient Hungarian, Bohemian, and Austrian Princes and Counts. The Aristocracy of Great Britain excepted, there is none at present which has so undisputed a claim to respectability. The names of the Zinskys, Bothyanis, Nadasdys, Starhembergs, Trona Sternbergs, and Dilrichsteins, are intimately blended with the most brilliant periods of their national existence; and there is not a single ancient family, which derived its titles in the manner in which not only the Italian, but even many of the French nobility originated. <sup>(16)</sup>

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Steadiness and an undeviating adherence to principle deserve esteem, wherever they are to be found; and the pertinacity with which the Austrian oligarchy, so dreaded by Napoleon, advised and fought through the wars against the French demagogues and their leaders, for the maintenance of their rights and principles, is praiseworthy, though their exertions and sacrifices failed of success. They have fought for the

same cause, in common with England. It is not a little honourable to them, that during the period when they advised and influenced their sovereign, Austria's honesty was universally acknowledged and respected, its policy trusted ; the country itself the asylum of the oppressed and persecuted ; while, as soon as their influence was wholly engrossed by Metternich, this power became the abomination of the civilized and moral world. Loyal to their sovereign, the French Revolution acted upon them as a powerful restorative ; and the same families, who fifty years ago sent for their linen to Paris, and fancied themselves no noblemen if their wardrobes came not from the same quarter, are now encouraging their countrymen with a patriotism truly laudable.

If you ask, how they bear their present neglect ? Just as independent and naturally powerful, but discarded noblemen, will do. There is nothing to be seen or to be heard but urbanity and politeness. They visit regularly (though with many exceptions) the saloons of Metternich, and he returns civilly their attentions. No scorn, no hatred, no insinuations regarding an intruding foreigner are to be heard of, save a bitter bill

which he has to digest now and then. Any one who is not a little deeper initiated in the state of things, would suppose all well in the midst of a social warfare conducted in the most polite forms. They act fully as men who know whom they have to deal with: a Minister, who with honey on his lips and *aqua tofana* in his heart, distributes the first himself, and the latter through a master, who, in the most familiar and fatherly tone, will tell you the harshest things in the world, and do them too.

The character of the present Government has led many to be unjust towards every thing Austrian, or, what is still worse, to confound people and Government. There is as great a difference between the needy German Baron, or Count, who cringes to the Prime Minister, as exists between the broken fortune-hunter and the independent English gentleman. The barometer of respectability of the Austrian oligarchy is, in fact, the greater or less dependance upon and connexion with Metternich himself. The Zero of moral worthlessness and absolute voidness of principle and honour are the creatures and hands of Metternich: the A—ys in P—s; the M—c—h de

*appony's Paris*

*Munich*



*although a  
for  
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annitz*


*gents*

 B——n, in F——t; the C——n—, G——tz—, A—g,  
 in Vienna, &c. &c. &c. On the same *niveau*, are  
 the *roués* of Metternich's immediate fraternity;  
 libertines like T—f— K——z, his own brother-in-  
 law, &c. You will find in their circles, that per-  
 fect ease and *sans gêne* of complete political and  
 moral *roués*, who by the *authorité* of sixteen sires,  
 and the *chronique scandaleuse* of the whole of  
 Europe, have got that assurance which will never  
 expose them to a blush or an embarrassment,  
 even if their thoroughly-spoiled blood should ad-  
 mit of it. These circles are in fact the true pic-  
 tures of the French coterie in the times of Louis  
 XV., stained, however, with a grossness and  
 sensuality which characterise an Austrian de-  
 bauchee.

'The sound part of the Aristocracy of the Au-  
 strian Empire is the national nobility, certainly  
 respectable. It has not that consciousness of real  
 importance and dignity which characterizes the  
 English, if we except the Hungarians. There is a  
 certain shifting bashfulness, or rather timidity, the  
 result of an oppressive system which never permits  
 any one to raise his head higher than is thought pro-  
 per: but they are not so frivolous, and are better in-

formed than the French. Prince Schwarzenberg was taken from his embassy at Paris, in 1811, to head an army,<sup>(17)</sup> and he commanded the united Austrian, Russian, Prussian, and German armies gloriously. Not less so the Lichtensteins, father and son, the Bubnas, Nostitz, Colloredo, <sup>Manfred</sup> Shanfield, and Sherfields. It is fair to state, that the French, while they execrated the Austrian government, acknowledged the humanity of those Austrian commanding noblemen, at a time when the unceasing emptiness of the Imperial Treasury forced them to imperative measures in the conquered Italian and French provinces. It is easy for us in England to speak of an independent conduct, and of a manly resistance to despotism. But come see and feel, and be horrorstruck, as you certainly will be: your astonishment will not be the less, how this nobility, standing as they are on the alluvial quicksand of a shifting despotism, and beleaguered with all that train of poisoning machinery, have still left a sense of honour and of principle, to resist, partly open, partly silent, the impending completion of their degradation. There is not a monarchy, whose sovereigns, taken in the whole, have done less for arts and sciences, and the nobility more. We cannot expect from

every nobleman the connoisseurship of Goethe, Winkelman, or Böttiger; but there is no capital where the nobility have among them so many, and such beautiful galleries and museums, as the Austrian nobility. The galleries of Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, Lambert, Schwarzenberg, &c., are of the first order.

The Austrian artillery is reckoned one of the best in the world. Its officers are learned, solid, and respectable men. This corps is indebted for its present perfection to one of the Lichtensteins, who, at his own expense, (and it was immense,) undertook and brought about the reform of this corps. He established schools, furnished books and instruments for the whole artillery. The family of Schwarzenberg has an economical and technical establishment at its dukedom, Krumau, in Bohemia, which is supported with a princely liberality. Still more important is the institution of Count Testelitz, of which we shall speak at a subsequent period. What the Sternbergs, Kollowrats, Ditrichsteins, Boaquois, are doing, is well known. The circles of this class of the nobility, even in Vienna, are solid, true imitations of those of the court. As in those too, every thing moves as regularly as

it did in the time of Leopold the First, save a more pompous display of wealth, exhibited in gorgeous show of diamonds and jewels. You will find, in the circles of the nobility, an union of every thing delightful, with that stateliness and solidity which blend the ancient grandeur with modern taste. The picture of Austrian high life is less dazzling than the French, but it is more solid. There is less extravagance, less variety than in Paris, but infinitely more reality. It is this steadiness which has preserved their wealth, even through centuries, little impaired by the late disasters; while the French nobility and that of the German states, are generally more or less impoverished.

The French is still the favourite language, not so much from an indifference to or scorn of the native German, Hungarian, or Bohemian languages, as from the necessity that is felt to speak a tongue which is not understood by their servants, and does not expose them to the danger of every word being betrayed to the secret police.<sup>(18.)</sup>

French manners have, however, lost much of their universal sway, though a tinge of them is still visible throughout Vienna society.



The children of the Austrian nobility are almost universally educated at home. Each family has at least one tutor, generally a lawyer or a divine, who has gone through the course of his studies. This gentleman superintends the education of the young members of the family. While the young ladies take their lessons in religion, writing, drawing, music, or dancing, the youths go through their Latin, or other lessons, under the superintendence of this tutor, or of competent masters, who are sometimes public professors. After the lapse of six months, the youths are publicly examined by the professors of the Government, and advanced into a higher class. Even the philosophical course is frequently completed at home in this manner. Though these tutors cannot impart what they have not themselves acquired, yet as they are generally men of learning, and their fortune depends entirely on the progress of their pupils, young noblemen who are not condemned to the mere learning of their lessons by memory, and who have a free literary range, become more thoroughly instructed than the other classes.

A solid family of the high nobility will rise

early,—between six and eight o'clock,—if a ball or a party of the preceding night has not encroached on the morning. A cup or two of coffee, with a small white roll (semmel), is the usual breakfast, which is taken *en famille*, with the exception of the youths, who breakfast and dine separately with their tutors. The subsequent hours are dedicated to business. The lord is engaged with his privy or court-counsellor, or director of his domains, in the current business, which takes from two to three hours: the reading of English, French, and German newspapers.<sup>(19)</sup> The lady is all the while busy in her apartments with the supreme regulations of the household; reading, writing, drawing, and dressing. At twelve o'clock the visiting hours begin. The lady either pays or receives visits, in which, however, her husband seldom participates. Their apartments are generally separate. As they keep separate carriages, the lady takes her ride at two o'clock, either in the company of her husband, or of her lady companion, in the Augarten, the Prater, or on the Glacis. At three o'clock dinner is served, attended by the whole family, except the youths, who are only permitted to join them on a Sunday, with their tutor.

After dinner the regular ride is taken, and this is followed by the tea-party, and fruits at six. The theatre, or an evening party, for which the dress is again changed, concludes the day. A court gala, or a grand party, alters, of course, the order of the day. The common hour of set dinners is three. You are invited by cards; and the invitation is sent according to your rank, either eight or two days before the dinner itself. On entering the mansion of the nobleman, a Swiss will ring the bell:—if you are a prince, thrice; if a count or baron, twice; and if a simple nobleman or gentleman, but once. On the staircase, two jagers (footmen) in rich liveries, with broad hangers and epaulettes, are waiting. They open the doors. One of them takes your hat and conducts you through an enfilade of splendid rooms to the boudoir of the lady, announcing your name and your character. You are received by her sitting, with a bow, and the four words, “*N—, sie sind wohl kommen!*” (N—, you are welcome,) and if you are on terms of intimacy with the family, you are allowed to kiss her hand. You enter into conversation with the gentlemen or ladies present for some minutes. The doors open, and the steward announces dinner. The party generally consists of an equal number

of each sex; the gentleman takes his partner, with whom he walks to the dining-room. There may be twelve, twenty, or forty guests; but the party is never *thirteen*. The first place at the round table is occupied by the hostess. Each guest has assigned his place, so that a lady is always between two gentlemen, and so *vice versa*. The number of courses after soup, is three. The first consists regularly of a haunch of deer, followed by sausages and some stimulating delicacies; boiled beef succeeds, with fricassees, puddings, and fish. The second course consists of roasted pheasants, roe, and fowls: the third, of the dessert. It is fashionable to eat quick; and the twelve or fifteen dishes which compose the three courses, disappear in three quarters of an hour. Carving and helping is, of course, wholly done by the servants. The beverages are exquisite. At the beginning of the dinner, you are asked what sort of wine you prefer. Generally a light Rhenish, or Hungarian Buda wine, mixed with water, is the common table beverage. When beef is served, a glass of Malaga is handed round; at the beginning of the second course, old Johannisberger, Rudesheim, or Steinwein; the third course is accompanied by a tumbler of Champagne; and the



dessert itself is crowned by a liqueur glass of the emperor of wines, the spirited Tokay. Toasts or healths are not fashionable, except on public occasions. The whole dinner takes not more than one hour, after which the company rise; each guest pays the usual respect to the hostess and each member of the company, with a bow; and the same partners conduct the ladies to the next room, where coffee, with liqueurs of Trieste and Italy, is served round: the ladies sitting, the gentlemen standing, or as they choose. A conversation of a quarter of an hour ensues; and those not invited for the evening party disappear *incogniti*, without bidding farewell to host or hostess.

An invitation for spending the day with the family, is succeeded by a party to the Prater. If you arrive in a hackney coach,—viz. if you have no carriage of your own,—you ride out in the carriage of the host, who follows that of his wife. In whatever part of the town you may have dined, if it be on a Sunday, you must drive to the Graben, or St. Stephen's Church, in order to join the immense line of carriages which runs from thence, through the Prater to the town. To go out or to go into this line, of not less than

three miles in length, is impossible, and against the order. Even the Imperial family move slowly on in this Corso, behind a hackney-coachman or an honest burgher, who drives his cabriolet filled with viands of every sort, to this paradise of worldly pleasure. A more imposing, entertaining, and varied sight than this scene cannot be imagined. Close behind the magnificent state coach of the Empress, drives a Vienna Zieselwagen, a sort of ludicrous and favourite conveyance with the lower classes of Vienna. This is a strange specimen of locomotion, loaded with no less strange occupants, and hams, wine-flaggons, and every thing necessary to the Viennese. This is followed again by an elegant phaeton, or a light carriage of an Hungarian or Bohemian nobleman, with his hussars or jagers in their gorgeously splendid liveries; while the Emperor, with his worthy grand-chamberlain, the Count of Wobna, drives in a simple unassuming calèche. Behind him you see a foreign ambassador, who is again succeeded by a wealthy Mussulman merchant, a grave, proud, and immoveable personage, surrounded by Moors. The whole moves on in a solemn manner, and with a magnificence far surpassing every other spectacle of the kind. The alleys to the right and left are filled with horse-

men, among whom you may distinguish the Hungarians out of thousands, by their noble carriage, and by their being very superior riders. The alleys adjoining these two are filled with a well-fed sort of burghers, inferior officers, and tradesmen of the lower classes, who, since their meal, which they took at twelve o'clock and which lasted till two, have again during half an hour's walk got an appetite; which may sufficiently account for the 80,000 head of cattle, 67,000 calves, 120,000 lambs, and 72,000 hogs, which are annually swilled down by these 300,000 people, with the assistance of 200,000 pipes of Austrian wine. Unconcerned about the jokes of the fashionables, and even of the Emperor, who takes a sort of pride in the *sans gêne* of his subjects on this occasion, they will sit down on the green grass-plots on the lawns, and enjoy their hearty *luncheon*, with an appetite as if they had not seen any food for two days. On both sides of the fine alleys, circuses and numberless *restaurateurs*, with groups of wandering musicians, enliven the scenery, while hundreds of merchants' clerks and burghers' sons betake themselves, with their paramours, to the lawns and the defiles of this beautiful park, in order to get out of sight of the thousands whom

fair weather, a good vintage, and, above all, the presence of their dearly beloved *Kayser*,\* has assembled here; a motley crew of unthinking people, who will fly to arms with the same thoughtlessness as they now sit quietly about their masticating affairs. At six o'clock you return from the promenade with your host to his mansion, where your *fiacre*, in case you have no carriage of your own, is waiting to carry you back to your lodgings. The time between six and eight, is filled up with your toilette for the ensuing ball. A black frock, with silk breeches, stockings of the same colour and material, maroquin shoes, and very small golden buckles, are your dress. You repair to the noble entertainer's at eight o'clock. Again the same ringing of the bell, the same reception by the stately Swiss, with his gold fringed hat and great coat. Two servants are posted at the foot of the staircase, holding flambeaux, whose flickering light, together with that of a vast lamp, shows you the way to the apartments. Your servant delivers in the antechamber your hat and your *cabotte* or great coat, for which he receives a billet with a number, the same which is affixed to your deposited goods. Again you pass through

\* Emperor.



the enfilade of rooms to the boudoir of the hostess, where you find part of the company already assembled. It is not fashionable to arrive too soon; it is good manners to be too late. The number of the fair dancing candidates will be between thirty and forty, with an equal number of gentlemen. These, with the steady old people who form the whist and *ombre* parties, are assembled in the boudoir and the adjoining rooms. Refreshments, consisting chiefly of fruits, are served up, and before a quarter of an hour elapses, the door of the dancing saloon is thrown open, and a profusion of lights, with a powerful salute from the orchestra, fill your eyes and ears, and give the signal for the ball. Each party is arranged, and in case you should be an entire stranger, the hostess will introduce you to a fair companion, under the auspices of the *marshal de danse*. It is generally the dancing-master of the house who holds this office. The partners proceed through the rooms to the saloon, which with the adjoining apartments is splendidly lighted. The orchestra is placed on a gallery in the background of the saloon, consisting of from fifteen to twenty instruments. It opens with a polonaise, followed by a cotillon, which is repeated twice. It was at

the ball given by C——t F——n that I first saw the beautiful chain-dance. On a sudden three powerful notes burst from the orchestra, the signal for this inimitable dance. A pause of about half a minute is occupied by the sound of a dozen *castagnettes*, and by the stamping and clapping of the hands of the partners, the signal for the forming of the chain, which with its windings continues unbroken till each gentleman finds his partner. A quick stamping and clapping of the hands, accompanied again by the *castagnettes* from the orchestra, and a powerful *accord*, changes the chain into the slow waltz; after which the dance grows quicker, and changes into the waltz, and finally into the German or Dutch figure.<sup>(20)</sup> The whole is performed with such inimitable grace, lightness, and absence of every studied air, and with such an elegance as made it indeed one of the finest specimens of a dance I ever witnessed. The ball continues with waltzes and cotillons. The rooms from the dancing saloon to the boudoir, are occupied with card-tables, where whist and *ombre* are played. Splendid buffets with the most exquisite dainties, decorated with a profusion of flowers, spring up from the corners of the adjoining room.

At twelve o'clock supper is served. The ladies are led in a polonaise by their partners to the dining-room, and occupy their chairs according to the cards on which their names are put. A cup of soup is handed round by the servants, after which, the usual *fricassées* and roasted varieties of every description follow : the whole in a splendid style. The dance is resumed at one o'clock and continues till three. At this time the crowd begins to thin. The card-tables lose their occupants, and the fair dancers are enveloped by their *jagers* and hussars in their shawls and pelisses, and conveyed, under the superintendence of their papa and mamma, or an aunt, to the carriages in waiting. Only the intimate acquaintance hold out till four, and these take formal leave of each other ; the whole is conducted with the greatest propriety.

Nothing, however, is more delightful than an evening party in a private circle. You assemble for this occasion immediately after tea, which is regularly taken at six o'clock. Some refreshments, such as pine-apples, grapes, &c. are handed round. The whist, quadrille, or *ombre* tables, are arranged, and the company sit down to play.

During the play a band performs tunes of Mozart's, Weber's, and Rossini's operas; and if there are daughters in the family, whom their friends are coming to see, a dance is arranged before you are aware. There is in every house not only the music-master, but at least two or three servants, who are excellent performers. Their rooms not being carpeted, but *parquetted* and polished with wax, are at any time ready for this occasion. It is in these evening parties, that the amiable and fascinating character of the high classes of the Austrian empire shines out in all its charms. The *sans gêne*, the modesty, the true nobleness and simplicity which develop themselves in these circles and occasional dances, show that these people are more fitted than any other to enjoy the pleasures of life. They give happiness to their guests, and try to make every one round them happy too. It is impossible for any one to be more at his ease and at home than in these circles, especially those of the Hungarian nobles. There is no suspicion, no constraint, no fear—nothing of this kind; for the Hungarian feels, and he feels justly, what he is; and that his ancient constitution and personal liberty are not only written on paper, but in



the hearts of 10,000,000 of countrymen, fearless of the Emperor and his Metternich. The conversation during dinner turns on every subject: politics, anecdotes, a little of the *chronique scandaleuse*—especially if the prime minister is its object, who is treated here with much less ceremony than any where else. The anecdotes are mostly relating to the Hungarians themselves; and the noble, unsuspecting, and undissembling character of this most interesting and least of all known nations, makes them sometimes commit blunders, which partake very much of the Irish character. Among the many which were dished up one may suffice. An Hungarian wished to see the prospect of Vienna from the steeple of St. Stephen. Seven hundred steps lead to the second gallery. The turnkey was not at home; and his wife being pregnant, begged him to stay awhile for the return of her husband. “What time,” asked the Hungarian, in broken German, and with a significant look at the woman, “will it take?” (meaning to ascend the steeple.) The woman, referring his question to the peculiar state of her corpulency, replied “Five days.” “Five days!” exclaimed the Hungarian; G——d d——n! “in five days I must be in Ketschemet!” and away

he flew, glad not to have satisfied his curiosity at five days' expense.

To all these stories our landlord himself, an Hungarian nobleman, listened with the best humour in the world. At last, half smiling, half serious, he said: "Why wonder that we are not what we could and should be? On one side we see the Turks, on the other the Austrians: how can it be otherwise? My countryman was right not to look from the steeple top." The joke was well received, except by the stately, but respected and honest Colonel of an Hungarian regiment, who was obliged to frown *ex officio*. The Hungarian, however, cares nothing about frowns or smiles even those of the Emperor. We had an instance of it in our hotel, the Swan.

Young pork with horse radish, and sausages with mustard, and Austrian wine, is a favourite breakfast in Vienna, called *Grenfleish*. We took it every day, and went for this purpose down into the coffee-room. It was the very day when public festivities, in honour of the restoration of the Emperor, were celebrated. Three Hungarian noblemen stalked in, attired in their national

costume — crimson-coloured corsets, with light breeches, hussar-boots with tassels of gold bullion, and the pelisse hanging from their shoulders. They took off their sabres and halpachs, and demanded three bottles of Rhenish, and six of Austrian wine. The humble vintner was rather startled at their demand; but obeyed with an Austrian obsequiousness. “A basin!” said an elderly stern-looking cavalier. It was brought. “Pour the six bottles of Austrian wine into the basin!” proceeded the same gentleman. It was done. “Put the three bottles of Hungarian wine into the water!” “But, your grace!” replied the trembling vintner, “it is not water; it is the best Bisamberger wine, from the growth of 1811!” “Put it in,” said he, “and get you gone!” Every eye was turned towards the bold cavaliers, who, in one of the first hotels, dared thus to show their contempt for Austria. A few minutes afterwards three more joined them; and now they brought out the healths. ‘Maria Theresa!’ was roared out; ‘Vivat! Vivat!’ replied the five others. ‘To our King!—Constitutional!’ added the next. ‘Constitutional!’ echoed the other five. The whole was transacted in so serious a manner, and with such a dignity, or rather

severity, as it is impossible to describe. Not a smile, not a glance at the present guests; alone they sat—alone they spoke; silently they paid for their breakfast and bottles, six of which remained in the basin; and away they went, with that firm, martial, and measured step, which shook the tables, tumblers, and windows of the massive building.

It is in the circles of the nobility, and the wealthier class of bankers, that you will find a certain degree of political freedom and liberty of speech, newspapers, and, as they are called, "*Verbotene Bücher*," (prohibited books,) in every tongue. There are no political saloons of liberals, as there are in Paris, except the very highest families of the nobility; where, however, none but the most intimate and confidential friends are admitted: but during a dancing, a dining, or whist party, some couples of gentlemen will loose themselves from the table, and step just occasionally into the next room; or a letter received from Paris or London—of course not through the post—will glide from hand to hand, in that imperceptible way which Metternich has taught them. That is the way to concert in



Austria, measures, plans, and even something more—in the midst of pleasures and gaiety. They are forced into this ; as the Emperor, though far from being a Cæsar, acts fully on his principle with respect to his subjects,—and thinks himself and his family secure as long as his subjects are dancing and singing.