

most value set on it. It is by these attributes that France is distinguished from Athens; Rome from Byzantium. But Austria? You have in Austria neither law nor justice; your fortresses are full of dungeons and in your dungeons your noblest citizens rot; you have torture; you still retain the rack. But what is your name?" he said suddenly.

The Levantine's face had separated itself from the crowd. Its pallor, its impassivity, its evidence of breed, recalled to him Talleyrand's; inferior indisputably, but more honest.

"Schönthal, your Majesty."

"Schönthal? You have not the look of a German."

"My father was a Greek; I adopted my mother's name."

But Napoleon did not hear the words.

"It is you yourselves who have brought this on yourselves. The citizens who submit to a government are the accomplices of that government. Why did your Emperor make war as soon as he saw me set out for Spain? I could have dethroned him. Instead I restore him to you. Is any price too high for this gift? Value it. He is an amiable, kind-hearted if weak and erring old man. And as for your guns—well, there is a way to recover them, there is a way to repossess these trophies of your armed valour."

A singular evil mocking light scintillated in his eyes.

"What way, Sire?"

It was Morsch who spoke the words, in his quietest, most earnest manner.

"Come to Paris, and wrench them away by force."

Nothing could exaggerate the rapidity of the utterance, the variety of expressions which succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance—impatience, contempt, menace, infinite pride, mockery, yet withal a kind of superhuman heroic might.

All the Suabian in Morsch flamed up.

"Your Majesty may yet compel us to take that way," he said with energy, and stood trembling; for he felt that by