

definiteness the result of his survey; for his glance had seemed to rest upon nothing.

"One cannot make concessions to the abject without derogating from the reverence we owe to the brave."

Valour, these Viennese merchants reflected, was then to this man the Godhead. Valour in battle the last and highest test of merit and man's life? And theirs was gold. Was it surprising that though they had appeared men of importance in the Townhall that morning, merchant-princes even, here they appeared common as dirt, mere sutlers or camp-followers? His ways of life were not theirs; nor his thoughts their thoughts.

Napoleon, as though fatigued by their mere presence, seemed about to quit the room and end the audience. This gave Morsch resolution. The speech which he had prepared he could not deliver; but he jerked out, not without effect, the words:

"Of our walls we all are proud. They are the city's most ancient monument. Venerable are they to every Viennese as our cathedral itself is venerable. Your Majesty cannot——"

But here he stopped.

The peppery little old man, who had no right to speak, reassumed his terrier-like aggressiveness; and seeking by ornate diction to match Napoleon's style, he robbed his words of their effectiveness.

"The trophies are trophies we captured ourselves on the stricken field. And we forged the cannon from the metal of guns abandoned by the Ottoman yonder at Zenta and here before our very walls. Every Viennese values them as though he had shed his own blood in winning them."

But a new order of ideas had arisen in Napoleon's mind and exactly as though no one had spoken he began,—  
"The Sicilians chained the Athenians in their mines. I have in France a hundred-thousand English and German,