

painful interview which their arrival had interrupted?" thought the Greek, studying that singular being whom he could never observe enough, in whom he never saw twice the same man. "Or some intelligence from Paris or Madrid?"

Visibly before his eyes, Napoleon's brow became clearer. Its commanding and desolate power returned. Now he seemed to be aware of their presence, and stopping in his rapid walk, exactly, Collin thought, like some forest king might stop, he looked at them, and almost instantly he began to speak, his voice sounding curiously shrill, raucous and ineffective in this huge empty room; speaking in a French which was not that of Vienna, and could hardly be that of Paris.

It seemed, indeed, extraordinary to Schönthal that this man should speak at all, unless with war-drums, in the silver blare of trumpets, or in the thunder of artillery and charging horsemen.

"You are come to demand the preservation of your walls and of your bastions?" the Emperor began. "You wish me to restore your cannon and your trophies of victory? Honour can be purchased only on the battlefield. Is it perhaps for sale in the markets of Vienna? Of what value are the memorials of victory to a thrice-vanquished nation? And those obsolete fortifications—why do you desire to retain them? Defend your city they cannot. Of this you twice have had proof."

There was a kind of scoffing reasonableness in his voice and bearing; and when he had spoken the last words he glanced from Morsch, prominently in the middle of the group, to Collin on his right, to Biederkampf and to the Brunn wheat-merchant, as though in search of a human face upon which his eyes might rest and feel the presence of an intellect or a will.

Napoleon's next words summed up with astonishing