

fications; Collin here of the restoration of guns and trophies; Biederkampf of the danger of the simultaneous blowing-up of the bastions; Schönthal, if he will be so kind, of the general position—the glory of temperance and mildness in conquerors, the past of Vienna, and of what is due from a conqueror to so ancient a city. Not another man is to say a word, unless of course Bonaparte" (speaking the name very low after the style usual amongst the Viennese nobility) "address him personally. Even in that case it will be wise to answer as thus—That I myself, Herr Morsch, or Dr. Schönthal, or Herr Collin, 'can answer Your Majesty's question better than I can.'"

"Well, it is as God wills," the Moravian answered, "but if he asks my name, as my wife's father told me he did on a former occasion when the keys of our city were the dispute, or my age, or how many children I have, shall I not answer for myself? Shall I say that Herr Collin or yourself know such things better than I do?"

"Well, even in that case it would be wiser and safer to refer the matter to me," Morsch answered. "Is it understood?"

"It is as God—" he began, but trembling he interrupted himself—"Mother of Christ, yonder he comes!"

Instinctively the twelve men drew closer together, exactly as men do when confronted by some unexpected danger. There they stood, their twelve heads rising one above the other, as if thus jostled they could better see or better understand the portent.

Napoleon, without vouchsafing them so much as a glance, walked straight to the chair of state, sat down, rose again, and with a step which to Collin at least and to Schönthal suggested a tiger's stealthy powerful glide, began to walk to and fro in front of it. Something had evidently disturbed him extremely; his step was irregular and violent; his brow was like a thunder-cloud, yet it did not seem anger. "Some