

those words he had ruined a cause which he had deeply at heart.

Napoleon, who from the first had seen in him a German of the Germans—one of those "ideologues" who made on him the same uncomfortable impression always—turned swiftly and seemed about to annihilate him for his boldness.

But annoyed that by his own petulance he had made such a retort possible—"À la bonne heure, monsieur!" he exclaimed. "It will give me a pleasure that fate till now had much denied me—the pleasure of a perfect admiration!"

He made a signal of dismissal.

And stiffly or awkwardly, keeping their faces towards him, the twelve deputies quitted the audience hall.

Exactly four and a half years later the Austrian Schwarzenberg and his white-coats were within the walls of Paris,—and Morsch's sullen threat, torn from him in a moment of exasperated humiliation, was fulfilled to the letter.

## VI

That same afternoon Napoleon set out for Paris, leaving Schönbrunn at five o'clock, and leaving it for ever.

He rode in the State carriage drawn by eight horses; in front and behind along the route glittered a strong detachment of the cuirassiers of the Guard. Crossing the Wien, the cortège struck into the high road which leads past St. Polten and Mölk to Linz; thence, with the Styrian Alps glittering on the northern horizon, to Scharding where the road debouches down the valley of the Inn to Passau.

Napoleon and his escort were not four miles beyond Vienna when a distant and sullen detonation made him turn and glance back towards the city.

Distinctly through the shimmering haze he saw a vertical column of smoke spring to a considerable height and flattening, slowly extend like a roof above the north-western