"Oh! when I leave him! I have, in my stead, a bold fellow, who
aspire to be His Majesty's special guard. I promise you, he keeps
a good watch over the prisoner. During the three weeks that he
has been with me, I have only had to reproach him with one thing
—being too severe with the prisoners."

"And who is this Carberas?"

"A certain Monsieur Grimau, my lord."

"And what was he before he went to Vincennes?"

"He was in the country, as I was told by the person who recom-
meded him to me."

"And who recommended this man to you?"

"The steward of the Duc de Grammont."

"He is not a gossip, I hope?"

"Lord a mercy, my lord! I thought for a long time that he was
dead; he answers only by signs. It seems his former master ac-
customed him to that. The fact is, I fancy he got into some trouble
in the country from his stupidity, and that he wouldn't be sorry in
the royal livery to find impunity."

"Well, dear Monsieur la Ramée," replied the Cardinal, "let him
prove a true and faithful keeper, and we will shut our eyes upon
his rural indiscretions, and put on his back an uniform to make him
respectable, and in the pockets of that uniform some pistoles to drink
to the king's health."

Mazarin was more in his promises—quite different to the virtuous
Monsieur Grimau—so he praised La Ramée; for he said nothing
and did much.

It was now nine o'clock. The Cardinal, therefore, got up, per-
fumed himself, dressed, and went to the queen to tell her what had
detained him. The queen, who was secretly more afraid of Mon-
sieur de Beaufort than almost of the Cardinal himself, and who was
almost as superstitious as he was, made him repeat word for word
all La Ramée's praises of his deputy. Then, when the Cardinal had
ended—

"Ah, sir, why have we not a Grimau near every prisoner?"

"Pardon!" replied Mazarin, with his Italian smile; "that may
happen one day; but in the meantime—"

"Well, in the meantime?"

"I shall still take precautions."

And he wrote to D'Artagnan to hasten his return.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESCRIBES HOW THE DUC DE BEAUFORT AMUSED HIS LEISURE
HOURS IN THE DORMY OF VINCENNES.

The captive, who was the source of so much alarm to the Cardi-
mal, and whose means of escape disturbed the repose of the whole
court, was wholly unconscious of the terror which he caused in the
Paris Royal.

He had found himself so strictly guarded, that he soon perceived
the futility of any attempt at escape. His vengeance, therefore,
consisted in uttering curses on the head of Mazarin; he even tried to
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1. The verses on him, but soon gave up the attempt. For Monsieur de Beaufort had not only not received from Heaven the gift of versifying, but he had even the greatest possible difficulty in expressing himself in prose.

The duke was the grandson of Henry IV. and of Gabrielle d'Estrees—so good-natured, so brave, so proud, and, above all, a Gascon as his ancestor, but less educated. After having been, for some time after the death of Louis XIII., the favorite, the confidant, the first man, in short, at the court, he had been obliged to yield his place to Mazarin, and he became the second in influence and favor; and, eventually, as he was stupid enough to be vexed at this change of position, the queen had had him arrested, and sent to Vincennes, in charge of Guittani, who made his appearance in these pages in the beginning of this history, and whom we shall see again. By the queen, means by Mazarin.

During the five years of his seclusion, which would have improved and matured the intellect of any other man, M. de Beaufort, had he not suffered to brave the Cardinal, to displease princes, and to walk alone, without adherents or disciples, would either have regained his liberty, or made partisans. But these considerations never occurred to the duke, and every day the Cardinal received fresh accounts of him, which were as unpleasant as possible to the minister.

After having failed in poetry, Monsieur de Beaufort tried drawing. He drew portraits, with a piece of coal, of the Cardinal; and as his talents did not enable him to produce a very good likeness, he wrote under the picture, that there might be no doubt of the original—“Portrait of the Illustrious Coxeomb Mazarin.” Monsieur de Chavigny, the governor of Vincennes, waited upon the duke, to request that he would amuse himself in some other way, or that, at all events, if he drew likenesses, he would not put them to them. The next day the prisoner’s room was full of pictures and of mottoes. Monsieur de Beaufort, in common with many other prisoners, was bent upon doing things which were prohibited, and the only resource which the governor had was—once when the duke was playing at tennis, to efface all these drawings, consisting chiefly of profiles. M. de Beaufort did not venture to draw the Cardinal’s face.

The duke thanked Monsieur de Chavigny for having, as he said, cleansed his drawing paper for him; he then divided the walls of his room into compartments, and dedicated each of these compartments to some incident in Mazarin’s life. In one was depicted the “Illustrious Coxeomb” receiving a shower of blows from Cardinal Beaufort, whose servant he had been; another, the “Illustrious Mazarin” acting the part of Ignatius Loyola in a tragedy of that name; a third, the “Illustrious Mazarin” stealing the portfolio of prime minister from Monsieur de Chavigny, who had expected to have it; a fourth, the “Illustrious Coxeomb Mazarin” refusing to give Laporte, the young king’s valet, clean sheets; and saying that it was quite enough, for the King of France to have clean sheets every three months."

The governor, of course, thought proper to threaten his prisoner that if he did not give up drawing such pictures, he should be obliged to deprive him of all the means of amusing himself in that manner.
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To this Monsieur de Beaufort replied, that since every opportunity of distinguishing himself in arms was taken from him, he wished to make himself celebrated in the arts; since he could not be a Boyard, he would become a Raphael, or a Michael Angelo. Nevertheless, one day when Monsieur de Beaufort was walking in the meadow, his life was put out, his soul taken away, and the means of drawing completely destroyed.

The poor duke aware, fell into a rage, yelled, and declared that they wished to move him to death as they had moved the Maréchal, Ornano, and the Grand Prior of Vendome, but he refused to promise that he would not make any more drawings, and remained without any fire in the room all the winter.

His next act was to purchase a dog from one of his keepers. With this animal, which he called Pistache, he was often shut up for hours alone, superintending, as every one supposed, his education.

At last, when Pistache was sufficiently well trained, Monsieur de Beaufort invited the governor and officers of Vincennes to attend a representation which he was going to have in his apartment.

The party assembled. The room was lighted with wax-lights, and the prisoner, with a bit of plaster he had taken out of the wall of his room, had traced a long white line, representing a cord, on the floor. Pistache, on a signal from his master, placed himself on this line, raised himself on his hind paws, and holding in his front paws a wand with which clothes used to be beaten, he began to dance upon the line with as many contortions as a rope-dancer. Having been several times up and down it, he gave the wand back to his master, and began, without hesitation, to perform the same evolutions over again.

The intelligent creature was received with loud applause.

The first part of the entertainment being concluded, Pistache was desired to say what o'clock it was; he was shown Monsieur de Chavigny's watch, it was then half-past six; the dog raised and dropped his paw six times; the seventh he let it remain upraised. Nothing could be better done; a sun-dial could not have shown the hour with greater precision.

Then the question was put to him who was the best jailer in all the prisons of France.

The dog performed three evolutions round the circle, and laid himself, with the deepest respect, at the feet of Monsieur de Chavigny, who, at first, seemed inclined to like the joke, and laughed loud, but a brown soon succeeded, and he bit his lips with vexation.

Then the duke put to Pistache this difficult question, who was the greatest thief in the world?

Pistache went again round the circle, but stopped at no one; and, at last, went to the door and began to scratch and bark.

"See, gentlemen," said M. de Beaufort, "this wonderful animal, not finding here what I asked for, seeks it out of doors; you shall, however, have his answer. Pistache, my friend, come here. Is not the greatest thief in the world, Monsieur (the king's secretary) La Canvas, who came to Paris with twenty francs in his pocket, and who now possesses six million?"

The dog shook his head.
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"Then is it not," resumed the duke, "the Superintendent Emery, who gave his son, when he was married, three hundred thousand francs and a house compared to which the Tuileries are a heap of ruins, and the Louvre a paltry building?"

"The dog again shook his head as if to say "no."

"Then," said the prisoner, "let's think what it can be. Can it be, can it possibly be, the illustrious coxcomb Mazarin de Piscina, hey?"

Pistache made violent signs that it was, by raising and lowering his head eight or ten times successively.

"Gentlemen, you see," said the duke to those present, who did not even smile, "that it is the illustrious coxcomb who is the greatest thief in the world; at least, according to Pistache."

"Let us go on to another of his exercises."

"Gentlemen!—there was a profound silence in the room when the duke again addressed them—"do you not remember that the Due de Guise taught all the dogs in Paris to jump for Mademoiselle de Pons, whom he styled 'the fairest of the fair'? Pistache is going to show you how superior he is to all other dogs. Monsieur de Chavigny, be so good as to lend me your cane. Now, Pistache, my dear, jump the height of this cane for Madame de Montespan."" But, "interposed M. de Chavigny, "it seems to me that Pistache is only doing what other dogs have done when they jumped for Mademoiselle de Pons."

"Stop," said the duke; "Pistache, jump for the queen." And he raised his cane six inches higher. The dog sprang, and in spite of the height, jumped lightly over it. "And now," said the duke, raising it still six inches higher, "jump for the king."

The dog obeyed, and jumped quickly over the cane. "Now, then," said the duke, and as he spoke, lowered the cane almost level with the ground; "Pistache, my friend, jump for the illustrious coxcomb Mazarin de Piscina."

The dog turned his back to the cane. "What?" asked the duke, "what do you mean?" and he gave him the cane again, first making a semicircle from the head to the tail of Pistache. "Jump, then, Monsieur Pistache."

But Pistache, as at first, turned round on his legs, and stood with his back to the cane. Monsieur de Beaufort made the experiment a third time; but this time Pistache rushed furiously on the cane and broke it with his teeth.

Monsieur de Beaufort took the pieces out of his mouth, and presented them with great formality to Monsieur de Chavigny, saying that for that evening the entertainment was ended, but in three months it should be repeated, when Pistache would have learned some new tricks.

Three days afterward Pistache was poisoned.

Then the duke said openly that his dog had been killed by a drug which they meant to poison him; and one day after dinner he went to bed, calling out that he had pains in his stomach, and that Mazarin had poisoned him.

This fresh impertinence reached the ears of the Cardinal, and
alarmed him much. The dungeon of Vincennes was considered very unhealthy, and Madame de Rimbeville had said that the room in which the Maréchal Ormone and the Groom Prior de Vaudemont had died was worth its weight in arsenic—a bon mot which had great success. So the prisoner was henceforth to eat nothing that was not previously tasted, and La Roche was, in consequence, placed near him as fast as.

Every kind of revenge was practiced upon the duke by the governor, in return for the insults of the innocent Pistache. De Chavigny, who, according to report, was a son of Richelieu’s, and had been a creature of the late cardinal’s, understood tyranny. He took from the duke all the steel knives and silver forks, and replaced them with silver knives and wooden forks, pretending that, as he had been informed that the duke was to pass all his life at Vincennes, he was afraid of his prisoner attempting suicide. A fortnight afterward, the duke, going to the tennis court, found two rows of trees about the size of his little finger planted by the roadside; he asked what they were for, and was told that they were to shade him from the sun on some future day. One morning the gardener went to him and told him, as if to please him, that he was going to plant a bed of asparagus for his use. Now, as every one knows, asparagus takes four years in coming to perfection, this civility infuriated Monsieur de Beaufort.

At last his patience was exhausted. He assembled his keepers, and, notwithstanding his well-known difficulty of utterance, addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen! will you permit a grandson of Henry IV, to be overwhelmed with insults and incivilities?"

"Odds fish! as my grandfather used to say—I once reigned in Paris! do you know that? I had the king and monsieur the whole of one day in my care. The queen at that time liked me, and called me the most honest man in the kingdom. Gentlemen and citizens, set me free; I shall go to the Louvre, and strangle Mazarin. You shall be my body guard. I will make you all captains, with good pensions! Odds fish! On; march forward!"

But, eloquent as he might be, the eloquence of the grandson of Henry IV did not touch those hearts of stone; not one man stirred, so Monsieur de Beaufort was obliged to be satisfied with calling them rascals, and cruel foes.

Sometimes, when Monsieur de Chavigny paid him a visit, the duke used to ask him what he should think if he saw an army of Parisians, all fully armed, appear at Vincennes to deliver him from pris' on.

"My lord," answered De Chavigny, with a low bow, "I have on the marquises twenty pieces of artillery, and in my casemates thirty thousand guns. I should command the troops as well as I could."

"Yes—but after you had fired off your thirty thousand guns, they would take the dungeon; the dungeon being taken, I should be obliged to let them hang you—for which I should be very unhappy, certainly."

And, in his turn, the duke lowest low to Monsieur de Chavigny, "For myself, on the other hand, my lord," returned the governor, "the first rebel that should pass the threshold of my postern door..."
I should be obliged to kill you with my own hand, since you were connected peculiarly to my care, and as I am obliged to give you up—dead or alive."

And he bowed low again to his highness.

These bitter and sweet pleasantries lasted ten minutes, or sometimes longer; but always finished thus:

"Allo! La Ramée!"

La Ramée came into the room.

"La Ramée, I recommended Monsieur le Duc to you, particularly: treat him as a man of his rank and family ought to be treated; therefore never leave him alone an instant."

La Ramée became therefore the duke’s dinner guest, by compulsion: his eternal keeper—the shadow of his person; but La Ramée—gay, frank, convivial, fond of play, a great hand at cards—had one defect in the duke’s eyes—he was insatiable.

One may be a father or a keeper, and at the same time a good father and husband. La Ramée adored his wife and children, whom now he could only catch a glimpse of from the top of the wall, when, in order to please him, they used to walk on the opposite side of the mount. "Twas too brief an enjoyment; and La Ramée felt that the gaiety of heart which he had regarded as the cause of that health (of which it was perhaps, rather the result) would not long survive such a mode of life.

He accepted, therefore, with delight, an offer made to him by his friend the steward of the Duc de Grammont, to give him a substitute; he also spoke of it to Monsieur de Chavigny, who promised that he would not oppose it in any way—that is, if he approved of the person proposed.

We consider it as useless to draw a physical or moral portrait of Grimaud: if—as we hope—our readers have not wholly forgotten the first part of this work, they must have preserved a clear idea of that estimable individual—who is wholly unchanged—except that he is twenty years older, an advance in life that has made him only more silent; although, since the alteration that had been working in himself, Adieu had given Grimaud permission to speak.

But Grimaud had for twelve or fifteen years preserved an habitual silence, and a habit of fifteen or twenty years’ duration becomes a second nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GRIMAUD REGAINS HIS FUNCTIONS.

Grimaud thereupon presented himself with his smooth exterior at the door of Vincennes. Now Monsieur de Chavigny placed himself on his infallible penodium; for that which almost proved that he was the son of Richelieu was his everlasting pretension; he examined attentively the countenance of the applicant for place, and fancied that the contracted eyebrows, thin lips, hooked nose, and prominent cheek-bones of Grimaud, were favorable signs. He addressed about twelve words to him: Grimaud answered in four.

"There’s a promising fellow, and I have found out his merits,"