TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

over again the note from Madame de Montbazon, which proved to
the prisoner that his friends were concerting plans for his deliver-
ance; but in what way he know not.

But his confidence in Grimaud, whose petty persecutions he now
perceived were only a blind, increased, and he conceived the highest
opinion of his intellect, and resolved to trust entirely to his guid-
ance.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE CONTENTS OF THE PANES MADE BY THE SUCCESS-
OR OF PATRICK MAITNEAU ARE DESCRIBED.

In half an hour La Ramée returned full of joy, like most men
who have eaten, and more especially, drunk to their heart's content.
The pâtes were excellent, and the wine delicious.
The weather was fine, and the game at tennis took place in the
open air.

At two o'clock the tennis balls began, according to Grimaud's
directions, to take the direction of the most, much to the joy of La
Ramée, who marked fifteen whenever the duke sent a ball into the
meat; and very soon balls were wanting, so many had gone over.
La Ramée then proposed to send some one to pick them up,
But the duke remarked that it would be losing time; and going near
the rampart himself, and looking over, he saw a man working in
one of the numerous little gardens cleared out by the peasants on
the opposite side of the meat.

"Hey, friend!" cried the duke.
The man raised his head, and the duke was about to utter a cry
of surprise. The peasant, the gardener, was Rochefort, whom he
believed to be in the Bastile.

"Well? Who's up there?" said the man,

"Be so good as to send us back our balls," said the duke.
The gardener nodded, and began to throw up the balls which
were picked up by La Ramée and the guard. One, however, fell
at the duke's feet; and seeing that it was intended for him, he put
it into his pocket.
La Ramée was in ecstasies at having beaten a prince of the blood.

The duke went in doors, and retired to bed, where he spent, in
deed, the greater part of every day, as they had taken his books
away. La Ramée carried off all his clothes, in order to be certain
that the duke would not sit. However, the duke contrived to hide
the ball under his bolster, and as soon as the door was closed he tore
off the cover of the ball with his teeth, and found underneath the
following letter:

"My Lord,—Your friends watch over you, and the hour of your
deliverance draws near. Ask to morrow to have a pâle made by the
new confectioner opposite the castle, and who is no other than Nour-
mont, your former 'Maitre d'hôtel.' Do not open the pâle till you
are alone. I hope you will be satisfied with its contents.

"Your highness's most devoted servant,

"In the Bastile, as elsewhere,

"COUSIN DE ROCHFORT."
The duke, who had lately been allowed a fire, burned the letter but kept the ball, and went to bed hiding the ball under his bolster. La Ramée entered; he smiled kindly on the prisoner, for he was an excellent man, who had taken a great liking for the captive prince. He endeavored to cheer him up in his solitude. 

"Ah, my friend!" cried the duke, "you are so good; if I could but go as you do, and eat pâtés and drink Burgundy at the home of Esther Martinet's successor!"

"'Tis true, my lord," answered La Ramée, "that his pâtés are famous, and his wine magnificent."

"Good," said the duke to himself; "it seems that one of host La Ramée's seven deadly sins is gluttony."

Then aloud:

"Well, my dear La Ramée! the day after to-morrow is a holy day."

"Yes, my lord, Pentecost."

"Will you give me a lesson the day after to-morrow?"

"In what?"

"In gastronomy?"

"Willingly my lord."

"But lėc-tė trile. The guards shall go to sup in the canton of Monsieur de Chavigny—we'll have a supper here under your direction."

"Hum!" said La Ramée.

The duke watched the countenance of La Ramée with an anxious gaze.

"Well," he asked, "that will do? Will it not?"

"Yes, my lord, on one condition."

"What?"

"That Grimaud should wait on us at table."

Nothing could be more agreeable to the duke; however, he had presence of mind enough to exclaim:

"Send your Grimaud to the devil! he'll spoil my feast. I see you distrust me."

"My lord, the day after to-morrow is Pentecost."

"Well! what of that?"

"I have already told you what that magician had predicted."

"And what was it?"

"That the day of Pentecost would not pass without your highness being out of Vincennes."

"You believe in sorcerers, then, you fool?"

"I care for them, that,—" and he snapped his fingers; "but it is my Lord Guilbeau who cares for them—as an Italian he is superstitious."

The duke shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, then," with a well-natured good humor, "I allow of Grimaud, but of no one else—you must manage it all. "Order whatever you like for supper—the only thing I specify is one of those pies and tell the confidante that I will promise him my custom if he excels this time in his pies—not only now—but when I leave my prison."

"Then you think you shall leave it," said La Ramée.

"The devil!" replied the prince; "surely at the death of Ma-
TWO YEARS AFTER.

In America, 'twas true, one lives faster.—

"My lord," replied La Ramee, "my lord."—

"Or, one dies sooner, so it comes to the same thing."

La Ramee was going out. He stopped, however, at the door for an instant.

"Whom does your highness wish me to send to you?"

"Any one, except Grimaud."

"The officer of the guard, then? with his chess board?"

"Yes."

Five minutes afterward the officer entered, and the duke seemed to be immersed in the sublime combinations of chess.

It was midnight before he went to sleep that evening, and he awoke at daybreak. Wild dreams had disturbed his repose. He dreamed that he had been gifted with wings—he wished to fly away. For a time these wings had supported him; but, when he had reached a certain height, this new aid had failed him. His wings were broken, and he seemed to sink into a bottomless abyss, whereas he awoke, bathed in perspiration, and as much overcome as if he had really fallen. He fell asleep again, and another vision appeared. He was in a subterranean passage by which he was to leave Vincennes. Grimaud was waiting before him with a lantern. By degrees the passage narrowed, yet the duke continued his course. At last it became so narrow, that the fugitive tried in vain to proceed. The sides of the walls seemed to close in, and to press against him. He made fruitless efforts to go on; it was impossible. Nevertheless, he still saw Grimaud with his lantern in front, advancing. He wished to call out to him, but could not utter a word. Then, at the other extremity, he heard the footsteps of those who were pursuing him. These steps came on—they came fast. He was discovered; all hopes of flight were gone. Still the walls seemed to be closing on him; they appeared to be in concert with his enemies. At last he heard the voice of La Ramee. La Ramee took his hand, and laughed aloud. He was captured again, and conducted to the low and vaulted chamber, in which Ornano, Puy-lanens, and his uncle had died. Their three graves were there, rising above the ground, and a third was also there—yawning to receive a corpse.

The duke was obliged to make as many efforts to awaken, as he had done to go to sleep; and La Ramee found him so pale and fatigued, that he inquired whether he was ill.

"What is the matter with your highness?" he asked.

"Tis thy fault, you simpleton," answered the duke. "With your life nonsense yesterday about escaping, you worried me so, that I dreamed that I was trying to escape, and broke my neck in doing so."

La Ramee laughed.

"Come," he said, "tis a warning from Heaven. Never commit such an imprudence as to try to escape, except in your dreams. Listen your supper is ordered."

"Ah! and what is it to be? Monsieur, my major-domo, will there be a pie?"

"I think so, indeed; as high as a tower."
"You told him it was for me?"
"Yes; and he said he would do his best to please your highness."
"Good," exclaimed the duke, rubbing his hands.
"Devil take it, my lord! what a gourmand you are becoming. I haven't seen you with so cheerful a face these five years."

At this moment Grimaud entered, and signified to La Ramee that he had something to say to him.

The duke instantly recovered his composure.
"I forbade that man to come here," he said.
"I'm my fault," replied La Ramee; "but he must stay here whilst I go to see Monsieur de Chavigny, who has some orders to give me."

And La Ramee went out. Grimaud looked after him; and when the door was closed, he drew out of his pocket a pencil and a sheet of paper.
"Write, my lord," he said.
"And what?"

Grimaud dictated.

"All is ready for to-morrow evening. Keep watch from seven to nine o'clock. Have two riding-horses quite ready. We shall descend by the first window in the gallery."
"What next?"
"Sign your name, my lord."

The duke signed.
"Now, my lord, give me, if you have not lost it, the ball—that which contained the letter."

The duke took it from under his pillow, and gave it to Grimaud.

Grimaud gave a grim smile.
"Now," said the duke, "tell me what this famous raised pie is to contain?"
"Two poulards, a knotted rope, and a poire d'angoisse."
"Yes, I understand; we shall take to ourselves the poulards and the rope," replied the duke.
"And make La Ramee eat the pear," answered Grimaud.
"My dear Grimaud, thou speakest seldom, but when thou dost speak, one must do thee justice—they words are of gold."

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CHAPTER XX.

ONE OF MARIE MICHOU'S ADVENTURES.

Whilst these projects were being formed by the Duc de Beaufort and Grimaud, the Comte de la Fere and the Vicomte de Bracelonnes were entering Paris by the Rue du Faubourg Saint Marcel.

They stopped at the sign of the Fox, in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, a tavern known for many years by Athos—and needed for two bedrooms.

"You must dress yourself, Raoul," said Athos. "I am going to

*This poire d'angoisse was a famous pie, in the form of a pear, which, being thrust into the mouth, by the aid of a spring dished, so as to dislodge the teeth from their rootstock within.