CHAPTER XLII.

THE TE DeUM FOR THE VICTORY OF LENS.

The battle which had been observed by Henrietta Maria, and for which she had vainly sought to discover a reason, was occasioned by the battle of Lens, announced by the prince's messenger, the Du
de Chaillot, who had taken such a noble part in the engagement; he was besides charged to hang twenty-five flags taken from the Lorraine party, as well as from the Spaniards, upon the arches of Notre Dame.

This news was decisive: it destroyed, in favor of the court, the struggle commenced with the parliament. The motive given for all the taxes sumptuously imposed, and to which the parliament had made opposition, was the necessity of sustaining the honor of France, and upon the uncertain hope of beating the enemy. Now, since the affair of Nordlingen, they had but experienced reverses; the parliament had a plea for calling Mazarin to account for all the victories—always promised and always deferred; but this time there had really been fighting, there had been a triumph, and a complete one. And all knew so well, that it was a double victory for the court, a victory interior and exterior; so that even when the young king learned the news, he exclaimed, "Ah, gentlemen of the parliament, we shall see what you will say now." Upon which the queen had pressed to her heart the royal child, whose haughty and unmixed sentiments were in such harmony with her own. A council was called the same evening but nothing transpired of what was decided. It was only known that on the following Sunday a "Te Deum" would be sung at Notre Dame in honor of the victory of Lens.

The following Sunday, then, the Parisians arose with joy; at that period a "Te Deum" was a grand affair; this kind of ceremony had not then been made an abuse of, and it produced a great effect. The shops were deserted—the houses closed; every one wished to see the young king with his mother, and the famous Cardinal Mazarin, whom they loved so much, that no one wished to be deprived of his presence. Moreover, great liberty prevailed among this immense crowd; every opinion was openly expressed, and rung out, so to speak, insurrection, as the thousand bells of all the Paris churches rang out the "Te Deum." The police belonging to the city being formed by the city itself, nothing threatening presented itself to disturb the concert of universal hatred, or to freeze words between stabbing lips.

Nevertheless, at eight o'clock in the morning, the regiment of the queen's guards, commanded by Guillon, under whom was his nephew Comminges, marched, preceded by drums and trumpets, to file off from the Palais Royal as far as Notre Dame, a maneuver which the Parisians witnessed tranquilly, delighted as they were with military music and brilliant uniforms.

Froisot had put on his Sunday clothes, under the pretext of hav-
ing a cold, which he had managed to procure momentarily, by intro-
ducing an infinite number of cherry nuts into one side of his
mouth, and had procured a whole holiday from hard. On hearing
Bazin, Fréquet started off to the Palais Royal, where he arrived at
the moment of the turning out of the regiment of guards, and as he
had only gone there for the enjoyment of seeing it, and hearing the
music to which they took their place at their head, beating the drum on
two pieces of slate, and passing from that exercise to that of the trum-
pet, which he counterfeited naturally with his mouth in a manner
which had more than once called forth the praises of amateurs of
initiative harmony.
This amusement lasted from the Barrière des Serges to the place
of Notre Dame; and Fréquet found in it true enjoyment; but when
at last the regiment separated, penetrated to the heart of the city,
and placed itself at the extremity of the Rue St. Christophe, near
the Rue Coeurblanc, in which Broussell lived, then Fréquet remembered
that he had not had breakfast; and after thinking to which side he
had best turn his steps in order to accomplish this important act of
the day, he reflected deeply, and decided that it should be Counselor
Broussell who should hear the cost of his repent.
In consequence he took a start, arrived breathlessly at the Coun-
selor's door, and knocked violently.
His mother, the counselor's old servant, opened it.
"What does this here, good-for-nothing?" she said, "and why
art thou not at Notre Dame?"
"I have been there, mother," said Fréquet, "but I saw things
happen of which Monsieur Broussell ought to be warned, and so with
Monsieur Bazin's permission—you know, mother, Monsieur Bazin
the vengeur—I came to speak to Monsieur Broussell."
"And what hast thou to say, boy, to Monsieur Broussell?"
"I wish to tell him," replied Fréquet, screaming with all his
might, "that there is a whole regiment of guards coming this way.
And, as I hear everywhere that at the court they are ill-disposed to
him, I wish to warn him that he may be on his guard."
Broussell heard the scream of the young cadet; and, enchanted
with this excess of zeal, came down to the first floor, for he was, in
truth, working in his room on the second.
"Well," said he, "friend—what matters the regiment of guards
to us, and art thou not mad to make such a disturbance? Knowest
thou not that it is the custom of these soldiers to act thus, and that
it is usual for the regiment to form themselves into a hedge where
the king passes?"
Fréquet counterfeited surprise—and turning his new cap round his
fingers, said:
"It is not astonishing for you to know it, Monsieur Broussell,
who knows everything; but me, by the holy truth, I do not know
it, and I thought I would give you good advice—you must not be
angry with me for that, Monsieur Broussell."
"On the contrary, my boy; on the contrary, I am pleased with
your zeal. Dame Nanette, see for these apricots which Madame de
Longueville sent to us yesterday from Noyay, and give half-a-dozen
of them to your son, with a crust of new bread."
"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you, Monsieur Broussel," said Priquet: "I am so fond of apricots!"

Broussel then proceeded to his wife's room, and asked for breakfast; it was nine o'clock. The counselor placed himself at the window; the street was completely deserted; but in the distance was heard, like the noise of the tide rushing in, the deep hum of the populous waves which increased around Notre Dame.

This noise redoubled, when D'Artagnan, with a company of musketeers, placed himself at the gates of Notre Dame to secure the service of the church. He had told Portos to profit by this opportunity to see the ceremony; and Portos, in full dress, mounted his fine horse, being part of an honorary musketeer, as D'Artagnan had so often done formerly. The servant of this company, an old veteran of the Spanish wars, had recognized Portos, his old companion, and very soon all those who served under him had been placed in possession of startling facts concerning the honor of the ancient musketeers of Treville. Portos had not only been well received by the company, but he was, moreover, looked upon with great admiration.

At ten o'clock the guns of the Louvre announced the departure of the king, and then a movement, similar to that of trees in a stormy wind bending and agitating their tops, ran through the multitude, which was compressed behind the immovable muskets of the guards. At last the king appeared with the queen in a gilded chariot. Ten other carriages followed, containing the ladies of honor, the officers of the royal household, and all the court.

"God save the king!" was the cry in every direction; the young monarch gravely put his head out of the window, looked sufficiently grateful, and even bowed slightly: at which the cries of the multitude were renewed.

Just as the court was being placed in the cathedral, a carriage, bearing the arms of Comminges, quitted the line of the court carriages, and proceeded slowly to the end of the Rue St. Christophe, now entirely deserted. When it arrived there, four guards and a police-officer, who accompanied it, mounted into the heavy machine, and closed the shutters; then, with a judicious admittance of the light, the policeman began to watch the length of the Rue Cocolix, as if he was waiting for some one.

All the world was occupied with the ceremony, so that neither the chariot, nor the precautions taken by those who were within it, had been observed. Priquet, whose eye, always on the alert, could alone have discovered there, had gone to devour his apricots upon the entablature of a house in the square of Notre Dame. Thence, he saw the king, the queen, and Monsieur Manucin, and heard the mass, as well as if he had been on service.

Toward the end of the service, the queen, seeing Comminges standing near her, waiting for a confirmation of the order she had given him before quitting the Louvre, said, in a whisper:

"Go, Comminges, and may God aid you!"

Comminges immediately left the church, and entered the Rue St Christopher. Priquet, seeing this fine officer thus walk away, followed by two guards, amused himself by pursuing them, and did
thus so much the more gladly, since the ceremony ended at that instant, and the king mounted his carriage.

Hardly had the police-officer observed Comminges at the end of the Rue Ooccritix than he said one word to the coachman, who at once put his vehicle in motion, and drove up before Broussel’s door. Comminges knocked at the door at the same moment, and Fréquet was waiting behind Comminges until the door should be opened.

“What dost thou there,ascal?” asked Comminges.

“I want to go into Master Broussel’s house, captain,” replied Fréquet, in that coaxing tone which the ‘gamin’ of Paris know so well how to assume when necessary.

“And on what floor does he live?” asked Comminges.

“In the whole house,” said Fréquet; “the house belongs to him: he occupies the second floor when he works, and descends to the first to take his meals; he must be at dinner now—it is noon.”

“Good,” said Comminges.

At this moment the door was opened, and having questioned the servant, the officer learnt that Master Broussel was at home, and at dinner.

Broussel was seated at the table with his family, his wife opposite to him, his two daughters by his side, and his son, Louis-Vers, whom we have already seen when the accident happened to the counselor—an accident from which he had quite recovered—at the bottom of the table. The worthy man, restored to perfect health, was tasting the fine fruit which Madame de Longueville had sent to him.

At the sight of the officer, Broussel was somewhat moved: but seeing him how politely, he rose and bowed also. Still, in spite of this reciprocal politeness, the countenances of the women betrayed some uneasiness: Louis-Vers became very pale, and waited impatiently for the officer to explain himself.

“Sir,” said Comminges, “I am the bearer of an order from the king.”

“Very well, sir,” replied Broussel, “what is this order?” And he held out his hand.

“I am commissioned to seize your person, sir,” said Comminges, in the same tone, and with the same politeness; “and if you will believe me, you had better spare yourself the trouble of reading that long letter and follow me.”

A thunderbolt falling in the midst of these good people, so peacefully assembled there, would not have produced a more appalling effect. It was a horrible thing at that period to be imprisoned by the enmity of the king. Louis-Vers sprang forward to take his sword, which was on a chair in a corner of the room; but a glance from the worthy Broussel, who in the midst of it all did not lose his presence of mind, checked this action of despair. Madame Broussel, separated by the width of the table from her husband, burst into tears, and the young girls clung to their father’s arms.

“Come, sir,” said Comminges, “make haste, you must obey the king.”

“Sir,” said Broussel, “I am in bad health, and cannot give myself up a prisoner in this state; I ask time.”
"It is impossible," said Comminges: "the order is strict, and must be put into execution this instant."

"Impossible!" said Louvecas: "sit, beware of driving us to despair."

"Impossible!" cried a shrill voice from the bottom of the room. Comminges turned and saw Dame Nanette, her eyes flashing with anger, and a broom in her hand.

"My good Nanette, be quiet, I beseech you," said Broussel.

"He! keep quiet while my master is arrested; he, the support—the liberator—the father of the poor people! Ah! well yes—you have to know me yet. Are you going?" asked she to Comminges.

The latter smiled.

"Come, sir," said he, addressing Broussel, "silence that woman, and follow me."

"Silence me!—me! me!" said Nanette. "Ah! yes, one wants some one beside you for that, my fine king's bird. You shall see." And Dame Nanette sprung to the window, threw it open, and in such a piercing voice that it might have been heard in the square of Notre Dame:

"Help!" she screamed, "my master is being arrested; the Counselor Broussel is arrested—help!"

"Sir," said Comminges, "declare yourself at once; will you obey, or do you intend to rebel against the king?"

"I obey—I obey, sir," cried Broussel, trying to disengage himself from the grasp of his two daughters, and to restrain, by his look, his son, always ready to escape from it.

"In that case," said Comminges, "silence that old woman."

"Ah! old woman!" screamed Nanette.

And she began to shriek loudly, clinging to the bars of the window:

"Help, help! for Master Broussel, who is arrested because he has defended the people—help!"

Comminges seized the servant round the waist, and would have dragged her from her post; but at that instant a treble voice, proceeding from a kind of 'entresol' was heard screaming:

"Murder! first assassin! Master Broussel is being killed—Master Broussel is being strangled."

It was Friquet's voice; and Dame Nanette, feeling herself supported, recommenced with all her strength to make a chorus.

"They want to arrest Master Broussel," he cried; "the guards are in the carriage, and the officer is upstairs!"

The crowd began to murmur, and approached the house. The two guards who had remained in the lane mounted to the aid of Comminges; those who were in the chariot opened the doors and presented arms.

"Don't you see them?" cried Friquet, "don't you see?—there they are!"
The coachman turned round, and gave Fréquet a cut with his whip, which made him scream with pain.

"Ah! devil’s coachman!" cried Fréquet, "you’re meddling too—well?"

And regaining his ‘entretien,’ he overwhelmed the coachman with every profanity he could lay hands on.

The tumult now began to increase; the street was not able to contain the spectators, who assembled from every direction; the crowd invaded the space which the dreaded limes of the guards kept clear, between them, and the carriage. The soldiers, pushed back by these living walls, were about to be crushed against the nuts of the wheels and the panels of the carriages. The cries which the police officer repeated twenty times of "in the king’s name," was powerless against the formidable multitude, and seemed on the contrary to exasperate it still more: when, at the cries, "In the name of the king," an officer ran up, and seeing the uniforms much ill-treated, he sprang into the whiffle sword in hand, and brought unexpected help to the guards. This gentleman was a young man, scarcely sixteen years of age, perfectly pale with anger. He sprang on foot as the other guards, placed his back against the shaft of the carriage, making a rampart of his horse, drew his pistols from their holsters, and fastened them to his belt, and began to fight with the back sword, like a man accustomed to the handling of his weapon.

During ten minutes he alone kept the crowd at bay; at last Commines appeared, pushing Broussel before him.

"Let us break the carriage!" cried the people.

"In the king’s name," cried Commines.

"The first who advances is a dead man!" cried Raoul, for it was in fact he, who, feeling himself pressed and almost crushed by a host of ghosts, pricked him with the point of his sword, and sent him groaning back.

Commines, so to speak, threw Broussel into the carriage, and sprang in after him. At this moment a shot was fired, and a ball passed through the hat of Commines, and broke the arm of one of the guards. Commines looked up, and saw among the smoke the threatening face of Louviers, appearing at the window of the second floor.

"Very well, sir," said Commines, "you shall hear of me again."

"And you of me, too, sir," said Louviers, "and we shall see who can speak the loudest."

Fréquet and Nancie continued to shout; the cries, the noise of the shot, and the intoxicating smell of powder, produced their effect.

"Down with the officer! down with him!" was the cry.

"One step nearer," said Commines, putting down the sabre; that the interior of the carriage might be well seen, and placing his sword on his prisoner’s breast, "one step nearer, and I kill the prisoner; my orders were, to bring him off alive or dead. I will take him dead, that’s all."

A terrible cry was heard, and the wife and daughters of Broussel held up their hands in supplication to the people; the latter knew that this officer, who was as pale, but who appeared so determined, could keep his word: they continued to threaten, but they began to disperse.
"Drive to the palace," said Conmilles to the coachman, more deaf than alive.

The man whipped his animals, which cleaved a way through the crowd; but on arriving on the Quai, they were obliged to stop: the carriage was upset, the horses were carried off, stilled, mangled by the crowd. Raoul, on foot, for he had not time to mount his horse, again, tired, like the guards, of distributing blows with the flat of his sword, had recourse to his point. But this last and dreaded resource served only to exacerbate the multitude. From time to time a shot from a musket, or the blade of a rapier, flashed among the crowd; the projectiles continued to rain from the windows, and some shots were heard, the echo of which, though they were probably fired in the air, made all hearts vibrate. Voices, which are heard but on days of revolution, were distinguished; faces were seen that only appeared on days of bloodshed. Cries of "Death!—death to the guards!—to the Seine with the officer!" were heard above all the noise, deafening as it was. Raoul, his hat ground to powder, and his face bleeding, felt not only his strength, but also his reason going; a red mist covered his sight, and through this mist he saw a hundred threatening arms stretched over him, ready to seize upon him when he fell. The guards were unable to help any one—for each was occupied with his personal preservation. All was over; carriages, horses, guards, and, perhaps, even the prisoner, were about to be torn to shreds, when all at once a voice well known to Raoul was heard, and suddenly a large sword glittered in the air; at the same time the crowd opened—upset,trodden down—and an officer of the Musketeers, striking and cutting right and left, rushed up to Raoul, and took him in his arms just as he was about to fall.

"God's blood," cried the officer, "have they killed him? Woe to them if it be so!"

And he turned round so stern with anger, strength, and threat, that the most excited rebels hastened back against one another, in order to escape. and some of them even rolled into the Seine.

"Monseigneur D'Artagnan!" murmured Raoul.

"Yes, s'this, in person, and fortunately it seems for you, my young friend. Come on—here—you others," he continued, raising in his stirrups, and raising his sword, and addressing those Musketeers who had not been able to follow his rapid pace, "come, sweep away all that for me—shoulder muskets—present arms—aim——"

At this command the mountains of populace thinned so suddenly that D'Artagnan could not repress a burst of Homeric laughter.

"Thank you, D'Artagnan," said Conmilles, showing half of his body through the window of the broken vehicle, "thanx, my young friend; your name? that I may mention it to the queen."

Raoul was about to reply, when D'Artagnan bent down to his ear.

"Hold your tongue," said he, "and let me answer. Do not lose time, Conmilles," he continued, "get out of the carriage, if you can, and make another draw up; be quick, or in five minutes all the mob will be back with swords and muskets, you will be killed, and your prisoner freed. Hold! there is a carriage coming down there."

Then bending again to Raoul, he whispered: "Above all things, don't tell your name."
"That's right, I will go," said Confluentes; "and if they come back, fire!"

"Not at all—not all," replied D'Artagnan; "let no one move. On the contrary, one shot at this moment would be paid for dearly to-morrow."

Confluentes took his four guards, and as many Musketeers, and ran down the carriages, from which he made the people inside disembark, and brought them to the vehicle which had upset. But when it was necessary to convey the prisoner from one carriage to the other, the people casting sight of him whom they called their liberator, uttered every imaginable cry, and hustled once more against the vehicle.

"Start off," said D'Artagnan. "There are ten men to accompany you. I will keep twenty hold in the melee; go and lose not a moment. Ten men for Monseigneur de Confluentes!"

As the carriages started off the cries were restarted, and more than ten thousand were bawling on the Quai, and cumbered the Pont-Neuf and the adjacent streets. A few shots were fired, and a Musketeer wounded.

"Forward!" cried D'Artagnan, driven to extremities, biting his mustache: and then he charged with his twenty men, and dispersed them in four. One man alone remained in his place, gun in hand.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is them who would have him assassinated!—wait an instant." And he pointed his gun at D'Artagnan, who was tilting toward him at full speed. D'Artagnan bent down to his horse's neck—the young man fired, and the ball severed the feather from the hat. The horse startled—brushed against the impudent man, who thought by his strength alone to stay the tempest, and fell against the wall. D'Artagnan pulled up his horse, and whilst his Musketeers continued to charge, he returned, and bent with drawn sword over the man whom he had knocked down.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Raoul, recognizing the young man as having seen him in the Rue Cocteau—"spare him—it is his son!"

D'Artagnan's arm dropped to his side. "Ah, you are his son!" he said—"that is a different thing."

"Sir, I surrender," said Louviere, presenting his unloosed gun to the officer.

"Eh, not! do not surrender, egad! On the contrary—be off—and quickly, if I take you, you will be hanged!"

The young man waited not to be told twice; but, passing under the horse's head, disappeared at the corner of the Rue Guenesegad.

"I've faith!" said D'Artagnan to Raoul, "you were just in time to stay my hand. He was a dead man; and, by my faith, if I had discovered that it was his son, I should have regretted having killed him."

"Ah! sir," said Raoul, "allow me, after thanking you for that poor fellow, to thank you on my own account. I too, sir, was almost dead when you arrived."

"Well—well, young man, and do not fatigue yourself with speaking. We can talk of it afterward."

Then seeing that the Musketeers had cleared the Quai from the Pont-Neuf to the Quai St. Michael, and that they were returned, he raised his sword for them to double their speed. The Musketeers
trotted up, and at the same time the ten men whom D'Artagnan had
given to Comminges appeared.

"Holloa!" cried D'Artagnan; "has something fresh happened?"

"Eh, sir!" replied the sargent; "their vehicle has broken down a
second time—it is really doomed.

"They are bad managers," said D'Artagnan, shrugging his shoul-
ders. "When a carriage is chosen, it ought to be strong. The car-
rriage in which a Broussel is to be arrested ought to be able to bear
ten thousand men."

"What are your commands, my lieutenant?"

"Take the detachment, and conduct him to his place."

"But you will be left alone?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose I have need of an escort? Go."

The Musketeers set off, and D'Artagnan was left alone with
Raoul.

"Now," he said, "are you in pain?"

"Yes; my head is heavy and burning."

"What's the matter with this head?" said D'Artagnan, raising
the latticed hat. "Ah! ah! a bruise."

"Yes, I think I received a flower-pot upon my head."

"Bruises!" said D'Artagnan. "But were you not on horseback?
— you have spurs."

"Yes, but I got down to defend Monsieur de Comminges, and my
horse was taken away. Here it is, I see."

At this very moment Friquet passed, mounted on Raoul's horse,
waving his party-colored cap, and crying, "Broussel! Broussel!"

"Holloa! stop, rascal!" cried D'Artagnan. "Bring hither that
horse!"

Friquet heard perfectly, but he pretended not to do so, and tried
to continue his road. D'Artagnan felt inclined for an instant to
pursue Master Friquet, but not wishing to leave Raoul alone, he
contented himself with taking a pistol from the holster, and cock-
ing it.

Friquet had a quick eye and a fine ear. He saw D'Artagnan's
movement; heard the sound of the click, and stopped at once.

"Ah! it is you, your honor," he said, advancing toward D'Artag-
nan: "and I am truly pleased to meet you."

D'Artagnan looked attentively at Friquet, and recognized the
little boy of the Rue de la Calandre.

"Ah! 'tis thou, rascal!" said he, "come here; so thou hast changed
thy trade; thou art no longer a chou-bug, nor a tavern-boy; thou
art, then, become a horse-stolen?"

"Ah, your honor, how can you say so!" exclaimed Friquet. "I
was seeking the gentlemen to whom this horse belongs—an officer,
brave and handsome as a Cesar"—then pretending to see Raoul for
the first time.

"Ah! but if I mistake not," continued he, "here he is; you won't
forget the boy, sir."

Raoul put his hand in his pocket.

"What are you about?" asked D'Artagnan.

"To give ten francs to this honest fellow," replied Raoul, taking
a pistole from his pocket.
"Ten kicks on his back!" said D'Artagnan; "be off, you little rascal and forget not that I have your address!"

Piquet, who did not expect to be shot off so cheaply, made but one bound to the Quai à la Rue Dauphine, and disappeared. Raoul mounted his horse, and both leisurely took their way to the Rue Thénardier.

D'Artagnan protected the youth as if he were his own son.

They arrived without accident at the Hôtel de la Chevre d'or. The handsome Mazarin announced to D'Artagnan that Planchet had returned, bringing Musqueton with him, who had heroically borne the extraction of the ball, and was as well as his state would permit.

D'Artagnan desired Planchet to be summoned, but he had disappeared.

"Then bring some wine," said D'Artagnan. "You are much pleased with yourself?" said he to Raoul when they were alone, "are you not?"

"Well, yes," replied Raoul; "it seems to me that I did my duty. I defended the king."

"And who told you to defend the king?"

"The Count de la Fère himself?"

"Yes, the king: but to-day you have not fought for the king, you have fought for Mazarin: it is not the same thing."

"But you yourself?"

"Oh, for me, it is another matter. I obey my captain's orders. As for you, your captain is the prince, understand that rightly, you have no other. But has one ever seen such a wild fellow," continued he, "making himself a Mazarinist, and helping to arrest Brissot! Breathe not a word of that, or the Count de la Fère will be furious."

"You think that the count will be angry with me?"

"Do I think it? I am sure of it; were it not for that, I should thank you, for you have worked for us. However, I send you instead of him, and in his place; the storm will blow over more easily, believe me. And, moreover, my dear child," continued D'Artagnan, "I am making use of the privilege conceded to me by your guardian."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Raoul.

D'Artagnan rose, and taking a letter from his writing-desk, presented it to Raoul. The face of the latter became serious when he had cast his eyes on the paper.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" he said, raising his fine eyes to D'Artagnan, moist with tears, "the count has then left Paris without seeing me?"

"He left four days ago," said D'Artagnan.

"But this letter seems to intimate that he is about to incur danger, perhaps death."

"He—he—incur danger of death! no—he not anxious; he is traveling on business, and will return ere long. I hope you have no repugnance to accept me as a guardian in the interim."

"Oh, no, Monsieur d'Artagnan," said Raoul, "you are such a brave gentleman, and the Count de la Fère has so much affection for you?"

"Eh, gad! love me too; I will not torment you much, but only
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on condition that you become a Frondeist, my young friend, and a hearty Frondeist, too."

"Well, sir, I will obey you, although I do not understand you."

"It is unnecessary for you to understand; hold," continued D'Artagnan, turning toward the door, which had just opened, "here is Monsieur du Vallon, who comes with his coat torn."

"Yes, but in exchange," said Porthos, covered with perspiration, and soiled by dust,—"in exchange, I have torn many skins. These wretches wanted to take away my sword! Duce take 'em, what popular communion!" continued the giant, in his quiet manner: "but I knocked down more than twenty with the hilt of Bazaine—a drop of wine D'Artagnan."

"Oh, I'll answer for you," said the Gascon, filling Porthos' glass to the brim, "but when you have drunk, give me your opinion."

"Upon what?" asked Porthos.

"Look here," resumed D'Artagnan: "here is Monsieur de Bragelonne, who determined, at all risks, to aid the arrest of Brissot, and whom I had great difficulty to prevent defending Monsieur de Commines."

"The devil!" said Porthos; "and the guardian, what would he have said to that?"

"Do you hear?" interrupted D'Artagnan; "be a Frondeist, my friend, belong to the Fronde, and remember that I fill the count's place in everything," and he jingled his money.

"Will you come?" said he to Porthos.

"Where to?" asked Porthos, filling a second glass of wine.

"To present our respects to the Cardinal."

Porthos swallowed the second glass with the same ease with which he had drank the first, took his beaver, and followed D'Artagnan. As for Raoul, he remained bewildered with what he had seen, having been forbidden by D'Artagnan to leave the room until the tumult was over.

CHAPTER XLIII.
THE BEGGAR OF ST. EUSTACIES.

D'ARTAGNAN had calculated that in not going at once to the Palais Royal he would give time to Commines to arrive there before him, and consequently to make the Cardinal acquainted with the eminent services which he, D'Artagnan, and his friend had rendered to the queen's party in the morning.

They were indeed admirably received by Mazarin, who paid them numerous compliments, and announced that they were more than half on their way to obtain what they desired, namely, D'Artagnan his captaincy, and Porthos his barony.

Whilst the two friends were with the Cardinal, the queen sent for him. Mazarin thinking that it would be the means of increasing the zeal of his two defenders if he procured them personal thanks from the queen, motioned to them to follow him. D'Artagnan and Porthos pointed to their dusty and torn dresses, but the Cardinal shook his head.