"In the Bastille?"
"And before you went to the Bastille?"
"I will tell you, my lord, on the day when you are willing to hear
my confession."
"Good! at whatever hour of the day, or of the night on which you
present yourself, remember that I shall be ready to give you an-
solution."
"Thank you, my lord," said the mendicant, in a houree voice.
"But I am not yet ready to receive it."
"Very well. Adieu."
"Adieu, your holiness," said the mendicant, opening the door,
and bending low before the prince.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE NIGHT.

It was about eleven o'clock at night. Gondy had not walked a
hundred steps ere he perceived the strange change which had been
made in the streets of Paris.
The whole city seemed peopled with fantastic beings; silent
shadows were seen unpaving the streets, and others dragging and up-
setting great wagons, whilst others again dug ditches large enough
to engulf whole regiments of horsemen. These active beings flitted
here and there like so many demons completing some unknown
labor—these were the beggars of the Court of Miracles—the agents
of the giver of holy water in the Square of St. Eustache—preparing
the barricades for the morrow.

Gondy gazed on these men of darkness—these nocturnal laborers,
with a kind of fear; he asked himself, if, after having called forth
these foul creatures from their dens, he should have the power of
making them retire again. He felt almost inclined to cross himself
when one of these beings happened to approach him. He reached
the Rue St. Honore, and went up it toward the Rue de la Fer-
rriere; there the aspect changed; here it was the tradesmen who
were running from shop to shop; their doors seemed closed like
their shutters, but they were only pushed in such a manner as
to open and allow the men, who seemed fearful of showing what
they carried, to enter, closing immediately. These men were shop-
keepers, who had arms to lend to those who had none.

One individual went from door to door, bending under the weight
of swords, guns, muskets, and every kind of weapon, which he de-
positcd as fast as he could. By the light of a lantern the Coadjutor
recognized Flanchet.

On reaching the Pont-Neuf, the Coadjutor found this bridge
guarded, and a man approached him.

"Who are you?" asked the man; "I do not know you for one
of us."
"Then it is because you do not know your friends, my dear
Monseigneur Louviers," said the Coadjutor, raising his hat.
Louviers recognized him, and bowed.

Gondy continued his way, and went as far as the Tour de Nesle,
There he saw a long line of people gliding under the walls. They might be said to be a procession of ghosts, for they were all wrapped in white cloaks. When they reached a certain spot, these men seemed to be annihilated, one after the other, as if the earth had opened under their feet. Gondy edged into a corner, saw them vanish from the first until the last but one. The last raised his eyes, to ascertain, doubtless, that neither his companions nor himself had been watched; and, in spite of the darkness, he perceived Gondy. He walked straight up to him, and placed a pistol to his throat.

"Hollon, Monsieur de Rochefort," said Gondy, laughing, "do not let us play with fire-arms."

Rochefort recognized the voice.

"Ah, it is you, my lord!" said he.

"Myself. What people are you leading thus into the bowels of the earth?"

"My fifty recruits from the Chevalier d'Élancourt, who are destined to enter the light cavalry, and who have only received for their equipment their white cloaks."

"And where are you going?"

"To one of my friends, a sculptor, only we descend by the trap through which he lets down his marble."

"Very good," said Gondy, shaking Rochefort by the hand, who descended in his turn, and closed the trap after him.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and the Conjurator returned home. He opened a window and leaned out to listen. A strange, incomprehensible, unearthly sound seemed to pervade the whole city; one felt that something unusual and terrible was happening in all the streets, now dark as abysses.

The work of revolt continued the whole night thus. The next morning, on awaking, Paris seemed to be startling at her own appearance. It was like a besieged town. Armed men, shouldering muskets, watched over the barricades with menacing looks; words of command, patrols, arrests, executions, even, were encountered at every step. Those bearing plumed hats and gold awards were stopped and made to cry, "Long live Brissot!" "Down with Mazarin!" and whoever refused to comply with this ceremony was hoisted at, spat upon, and even beaten. They had not yet begun to stay, but it was well felt that the inclination to do so was not waning.

The barricades had been pushed as far as the Palais Royal, and the astonishment of Mazarin and of Anne of Austria was great when it was announced to them that the city, which the previous evening they had left tranquil, had awakened so feverish and in such commotion; nor would either the one or the other believe the reports which were brought to them, and declared that they would rather rely on the evidence of their own eyes and ears. Then a window was opened, and when they saw and heard, they were convinced.

Mazarin shrugged his shoulders, and pretended to despise the populace much; but he turned visibly pale, and ran to his closet trembling all over, locked up his gold and jewels in his caskets, and put his finest diamonds on his fingers. As for the queen, furi
TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

Una and left to her own guidance, she went for the Marchal de la Meilleraye, and desired him to take as many men as he pleased, and to go and see what was the meaning of this perturbation.

We have already said that Mazarin was in his closet, putting his little affairs into order. He called for D'Artagnan, but in the midst of such tumult he little expected to see him. D'Artagnan not being on service. In about ten minutes D'Artagnan appeared at the door, followed by his inseparable Porthos.

"Ah, come—come in, Monsieur d'Artagnan," cried the Cardinal, "and be welcome, as well as your friend. But what is going on in them in this cursed Paris?"

"What is going on, my lord? nothing good," replied D'Artagnan shaking his head; "the town is in open revolt, and just now as I was crossing the Rue Montorgueil with Monsieur du Valois, who is here, and in your humble servant, they wanted, in spite of my uniform, or, perhaps, because of my uniform, to make us cry. 'Long live Brunsel!' and must I tell you, my lord, what they wished us to cry as well?"

"Speak, speak."

"Down with Mazarin," said the Cardinal, "the big word is out now."

Mazarin smiled, but became very pale.

"And you did cry?" he asked.

"I! faith, no," said D'Artagnan; "I was not in voice: Monsieur du Valois has a cold, and did not cry either. Then, my lord—"

"Then, what?" asked Mazarin.

"Look at my hat and cloak."

And D'Artagnan displayed four gun-shot holes in his cloak and two in his breast. As for Porthos' coat, a blow from a halberd had cut it open on the flank, and a pistol-shot had cut his feather in two.

"Dehors!" said the Cardinal, pensively, gazing at the two friends, with lively admiration; "I should have cried, I should."

At this moment the tumult was heard nearer.

Mazarin wiped his forehead and looked around him. He had a great desire to go to the window, but he dared not.

"See what is going on, Monsieur D'Artagnan," said he.

D'Artagnan went to the window with his habitual composure.

"Oh, oh!" said he, "what is this? Marchal de la Meilleraye returning without a hat—Porthos with his arm in a sling—wounded guards—horses bleeding—eh, then, what are the sentiments about they are aiming—they are going to fire?"

They have received orders to fire on the people if the people approach the Palais Royal!" exclaimed Mazarin.

"But if they fire, all is lost!" cried D'Artagnan.

"We have the gates."

"The gates! to hold for five minutes—the gates, they will be torn down, bent, ground to powder! God's death, don't fire!" screamed D'Artagnan, throwing open the window.

In spite of this recommendation, which, owing to the noise, could not have been heard, two or three musket shots, resounded, which was succeeded by a terrible discharge. The balls might be heard peppering the façade of the Palais Royal, and one of them, passing
CARDINAL MAZARIN.
under D'Artagnan's arm, entered and broke a mirror, in which Portos was completely admiring himself.

"Aack, aack;" cried the Cardinal; "a Venetian glass!"

"Oh, my lord," said D'Artagnan, quietly shutting the window,

"It is not worth while weeping yet, for probably an hour hence there will not be one of your mirrors remaining in the Palais Royal, whether they be Venetian or Parisian."

"But what do you advise, then?" asked Mazarin, trembling.

"Eh, egal, to give up Brossard as they demand! What the devil do you want with a member of the parliament? He is of no use for anything."

"And you, Monsieur de Vallon, is that your advice? What would you do?"

"I should give up Brossard," said Portos.

"Come, come with me, gentlemen," exclaimed Mazarin. "I will go and discuss the matter with the queen."

He stopped at the end of the corridor, and said:

"I can count upon you gentlemen, can I not?"

"We do not give ourselves twice over," said D'Artagnan; "we have given ourselves to you—command, we shall obey."

"Very well, then," said Mazarin; "enter this closet and wait there."

And turning off he entered the drawing-room by another door.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RIOT BECOMES A REVOLUTION.

The closet into which D'Artagnan and Portos had been ushered was separated from the drawing-room where the queen was, by tapestried curtains only, and this thin partition enabled them to hear all that passed in the adjoining room, while the aperture between the two hangings, small as it was, permitted them to see.

The queen was standing in the room, pale with anger; her self-control, however, was so great that it might have been supposed that she was calm. Comminges, Villequier and Guibert were behind her, and the women again were behind the men. The Chancellor Sequier, who twenty years previously had persecuted her so violently, was before her, relating how his carriage had been broken, how he had been pursued, and had rushed into the Hôtel d'O——. That the hotel was immediately invaded, pillaged, and devastated; happily he had time to reach a closet hidden behind tapestry, in which he was secreted by an old woman, together with his brother the Bishop of Meaux. Fortunately, however, he had not been taken; the people, believing that he had escaped by some other entrance, had retired and left him to retreat at liberty. Then, disguised in the clothes of the Marquis d'O—— he had left the hotel, stumbling over the bodies of an officer and those of two guards who were killed whilst defending the street door.

During the recital Mazarin entered and glided noiselessly up to the queen to listen.

"Well," said the queen, when the chancellor had finished speaking; "what do you think of it all?"