under D'Artagnan's arm, entered and broke a mirror, in which Porthos was complacently admiring himself.

"Dark, dark," 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 Broussel 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 du Vallon, is that your advice? What would you do?"

"I should give up Broussel," said Porthos.

"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.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE RIOT BECOMES A REVOLUTION.

The closet into which D'Artagnan and Porthos 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 Guigliani 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 secured 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 back 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?"
"I think that matters look very gloomy, madame."
"But what step would you propose to me?"
"I could propose one to your majesty—but I dare not."
"You may, you may, sir," said the queen, with a bitter smile;
"you were not so timid once."
The chancellor reddened andammered some words.
"It is not a question of the past, but of the present," said the
queen; "you said you could give me advice—what is it?"
"Madame," said the chancellor, hesitating, "it would be to release
Brissot.
"The queen, although already pale, became visibly paler, and her
face was contracted.
"Release Brissot!" she cried, "never!"
At this moment steps were heard in the ante room, and without
any announcement the Marshal de la Meilleraie appeared at the
door.
"Ah, there you are, maréchal," cried Anne of Austria, joyfully.
"I trust you have brought this rabble to reason."
"Madame," replied the maréchal. "I have left three men on
the Pont Neuf, four at the Halle, six at the corner of the Rue de
l'Arbre-Sec, and two at the door of your palace—fifteen in all. I
have brought away ten or twelve wounded. I know not where I
have left my hat, and in all probability I should have been left with
my hat, had the Constable not arrived in time to rescue me."
"Ah, indeed," said the queen, "it would have astonished me if
that low cur, with his distorted legs, had not been mixed up with
it."
"Madame," said La Meilleraie, "do not say too much against
him before me, for the service he rendered me is still fresh."
"Very good," said the queen, "be as grateful as you like, it does
not implicate me; you are here safe and sound, that is all I wished
for, therefore you are not only welcome, but welcome back."
"Yes, madame, but I only came back on one condition—that I
would transmit to your majesty the will of the people."
"The will!" exclaimed the queen, frowning. "Ooh ooh! Mon-
sieur Maréchal, you must indeed have found yourself in great peril
to have undertaken so strange a commission!"
The irony with which these words were uttered did not escape
the maréchal.
"Pardon, madame," he said, "I am not a lawyer, I am a mere
soldier, and probably, therefore, I do not quite comprehend the value
of certain words; I ought to have said the wishes, and not the will,
of the people. As for what you do me the honor to say, I presume
that you meant that I felt fear."
The queen smiled.
"Well, then, madame, yes, I did feel fear; and though I have
seen twelve pitched battles, and I know not how many fights and
skirmishes, I own that, for the third time in my life, I was afraid.
Yes; and I would rather face your majesty, however threatening
your smile, than face those hell demons who accompanied me hither,
and who sprang from I know not where."
("Bravo," said D'Artagnan, in a whisper to Porthos; "well an-
swered.")
"Well," said the queen, biting her lips, whilst her courtiers looked at each other with surprise, "what is the desire of my people?"

"That Broussel shall be given up to them, madame."

"Never!" said the queen, "never!"

"Your Majesty is mistress," said La Meilliere, retreating a few steps.

"Where are you going, marshal?" asked the queen.

"To give your Majesty's reply to those who await it."

"Stay, marshal; I will not appear to parley with the rebels."

"Madame, I have given my word; and unless you order me to be arrested, I shall be forced to return."

Anne of Austria's eyes shot glances of fire.

"Oh! that is no impediment, sir," said she; "I have had greater men than you arrested—Guilant!"

Mazarin sprang forward.

"Madame," said he, "if I dared in my turn advise—"

"Would it be to give up Broussel, sir? If so, you can spare yourself the trouble."

"No," said Mazarin; "although, perhaps, that is as good a counsel as any other."

"Then what may be best?"

"To call for Monsieur le Condejoutour."

"And, hold, madame," suggested Comminges, who was near a window, out of which he could see; "hold, the moment is a happy one, for there he is now, giving his blessing in the square of the Palais Royal."

The queen sprang to the window.

"It is true," she said; "the arch-hypocrite—seen!"

"I see," said Mazarin, "that everybody kneels before him, although he be but Condejoutur, whilst I—were I in his place—though I be Cardinal, should be torn to pieces. I persist, then, madame, in my wish (he laid an emphasis on the word), that your Majesty should receive the Condejoutur."

"And wherefore say you not, like the rest, your will?" replied the queen, in a low voice.

Mazarin bowed.

"Monsieur le Marchal," said the queen, after a moment's reflection, "go and find the Condejoutur, and bring him to me."

"And what shall I say to the people?"

"That they must have patience," said Anne, "as I have."

The marshal bowed and went out; and, during his absence, Anne of Austria approached Comminges, and conversed with him in a subdued tone, whilst Mazarin glanced anxiously at the corner occupied by D Ariagman and Fortous. Ere long the door opened, and the marshal entered, followed by the Condejoutur.

"There, madame," he said, "is Monsieur Gondy, who hastens to obey your Majesty's summons."

The queen advanced a few steps to meet him, and then stopped cold, severe, and unmoved, and her lower lip scornfully projected. Gondy bowed respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the queen, "what is your opinion of this riot?"
"That it is no longer a riot, madame," he replied, "but a revolt."

"A revolt is in those who think that my people can revolt," cried Anne, unable to dissimulate before the Condé, whom the king took up—and perhaps with reason—as the promoter of the tumult. "Revolts! thus is it called by those who have wished for this demonstration, and who are, perhaps, the cause of it: hail, hail, wait! the king’s authority will put it all to rights."

"Was it to tell me that, madame," coldly replied Condé, "that your Majesty admitted me to the honor of entering your presence?"

"No, my dear Condé," said Mazarin; "it was to ask your advice in the unhappy dilemma in which we find ourselves."

"Is it true?" asked Condé, feigning astonishment, "that her Majesty summoned me to ask for my opinion?"

"Yes," said the queen, "it was requested."

The Condé bowed.

"Your Majesty wishes then—"

"You to say what you would do in her place," Mazarin hastened to reply.

The Condé looked at the queen, who replied by a sign in the affirmative.

"We are in her Majesty’s place," said Condé, coldly, "I should not hesitate, I should release Broussel."

"And if I do not give him up, what think you will be the result?" exclaimed the queen.

"I believe that not a stone in Paris will remain unturned," said the marshal.

"It was not your opinion that I asked," said the queen, sharply, without even turning round.

"If it is I whom your Majesty interrogates," replied the Condé, in the same calm manner, "I reply that I hold Monsieur le Mareschal’s opinion in every respect."

The color mounted to the queen’s face; her fine blue eyes seemed to start out of her head, and her carmine lips, compared by all the poets of the day to a pomegranate in flower, were white, and trembling with anger. Mazarin himself, who was well accustomed to the domestic outbreaks of this disturbed household, was alarmed.

"Give up Broussel!" she cried; "a good counsel, indeed. Upon my word, one can easily see that it comes from a priest."

"It remained firm; and the abuse of the day seemed to glide over his head as the sarcasms of the evening before had done; but hatred and revenge were accumulating in the depth of his heart, silently, and drop by drop.

"Madame," he said, "if the opinion I have submitted to you does not please you, it is doubtless because you have better counsels to follow. I know too well the wisdom of the queen, and that of her adviser, to suppose that they will leave the capital long in trouble that might lead to a revolution."

"Thus, then, it is your opinion," said Anne of Austria, with a sneer, and biting her lips with rage, "that yesterday’s riot, which, as to day, is already a rebellion, to-morrow might become a revolution."

"Yes, madame," replied the Condé, gravely.
""But, if I believe you, sir, the people seem to have thrown off all restraint,"" said Gondy, shaking his head; ""it is a bad year for kings,"" said Anne, her eyes follow- ing the retreating figures, and, when the last had closed the door, she turned away. It was evident that she was making unnatural efforts to subdue her anger; she fanned herself, smelt at her vinaigrette, and walked up and down. Gondy, who began to feel uneasy, examined the tapestry with his eyes, touched the coat of mail which he wore under his long gown, and felt from time to time to see if the handle of a good Spanish dagger, which was hidden under his cloak, was well within reach of his hand.

And now,"" at last said the queen, ""now that we are alone, repeat your counsel, Monsieur le Condéjurer.""

""It is this, madame; that you should appear to have reflected, and publicly acknowledge an error—which constitutes the strength of a strong government—release Broussel from prison, and give him back to the people.""

""Oh!"" cried Anne, ""to humble myself thus! Am I, or am I not, the queen? This screaming mob, are they, or are they not, my subjects? Have I friends? Have I guards? Ah! by Notre Dame, as Queen Catherine used to say,"" continued she, excited by her own words, ""rather than give up this infamous Broussel to them, I will strangle him with my own hands!"

And she sprang toward Gondy, whom assuredly at that moment she hated more than Broussel, with outstretched arms. The Condéjurer remained immovable, and not a muscle of his face was discomposed; only his glance flashed like a sword, in returning the furious looks of the queen.

""He were a dead man,"" said the Gascon, ""if there were still a Vitré at the court, and if Vitré entered at this moment; but for my part, before he could reach the good prelate I would kill Vitré at once; the Cardinal would be infinitely pleased with me."

""Hush!"" said Portieux, ""and listen."

""Yes; but fortunately we have no Oliver Cromwell in France,"" replied the queen.

""Who knows?"" said Gondy; ""these men are like thunderbolts—one recognizes them only when they have struck.""

Every one shouldered, and there was a moment of silence, during which the queen pressed her hand to her side, evidently to still the beatings of her heart. At last she made a sign for everyone except Mazarin, to quit the room; and Gondy bowed, as if to leave with the rest.

""Stay, sir,"" said Anne to him.

""Good,"" thought Gondy, ""she is going to yield."""
"Madame," cried the Cardinal, seizing hold of Anne and drawing her back. "Madame, what are you about?"

Then he added in Spanish, "Anne, are you mad? You a queen, and quarrelling thus like a shopwoman! And do you not perceive that in the person of this priest is represented the whole people of Paris, and that. It is dangerous to insult him at this moment, and that if this priest wishes it, in an hour you would be without a crown? Come then, on another occasion you can be firm and strong; but to-day is not the proper time; to-day, you must flatter and caress, or you will be but an ordinary person."

This rough appeal, marked by the eloquence which characterized Mazarin when he spoke in Italian or Spanish, and which he lost entirely in speaking French, was uttered with such impenetrable expression that Gondy, clever physiognomist as he was, had no suspicion of its being more than a simple warning to be more subdued. The queen, on her part, thus replied, somewhat immediately, and sat down, and in an almost weeping voice, letting her arms fall by her sides, said:

"Pardon me, sir, and attribute this violence to what I suffer. I am alarmed at the idea of civil war; a queen—and accustomed to be obeyed—I am excited at the first opposition."

"Madame," replied Gondy, bowing, "your Majesty is mistaken in qualifying my sincere advice as opposition. Your Majesty has none but submissive and respectful subjects. It is not the queen whom the people are displeased; they ask for Broussel, and are only too happy, if you release him to them, to live under your government."

Mazarin, who at the words, "It is not the queen whom the people are displeased," had pricked up his ears, thought that the Count Jointor was about to speak of the cries, "Down with Mazarin," and pleased with Gondy's suppression of this fact, he said with his sweetest voice, and his most gracious expression:

"Madame, believe the Count Jointor, who is one of the most able politicians that we have; the first vacant Cardinal's hat seems to belong to his noble head."

"All how much you have need of me, cunning rogue!" thought Gondy.

("And what will he promise me?" said D'Artagnan. "Piste, if he is giving away hats like that, Porthos, let us look out, and each ask a regiment tomorrow. Cortés, let the civil war last but one year, and I will have a constable's sword gift for me."

"And for me!" said Porthos.

"For you! I will give you the baton of the Marshal de la Meilleraie, who does not seem to be much in favor just now."

"And so, sir," said the queen, "you are seriously afraid of a public tumult?"

"Seriously," said Gondy, astonished at not having further advanced; "I fear that when the torrent has broken down his embankment it will cause fearful destruction."

"And I," said the queen, "think that in such a case new embankments must be raised to oppose it. Go—I will reflect."

Gondy looked at Mazarin astonished, and Mazarin approached
TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

The queen, to speak to her, but at this moment a frightful tumult arose from the square of the Palais Royal. Gondy smiled, the queen's color rose, and Mazarin became very pale.

"What is that again?" he asked.

At this moment Conventicles rushed into the room.

"Pardon, your Majesty," he cried, "but the people have dashed the sentences against the gates, and they are now forcing the doors; what are your commands?—for time presses."

"How many men have you about the Palais Royal?"

"Six hundred men.""Place a hundred men round the king, and with the remainder sweep away this mob for me."

"Madame," cried Mazarin, "what are you about?"

"Go," said the queen.

At this moment a terrible crash was heard. One of the gates began to yield.

"Oh! madame," cried Mazarin, "you have lost us all; the king, yourself, and me."

At this cry from the soul of the frightened Cardinal, Anne became alarmed in her turn, and would have recalled Conventicles.

"It is too late," said Mazarin, tearing his hair, "too late!"

The gate had given way, and shouts were heard from the mob. D'Artagnan put his hand to his sword, meaning to Porthos to follow his example.

"Save the queen!" cried Mazarin to the Conjuror.

Gondy sprang to the window and threw it open; he recognized Louvières at the head of a troop of about three or four thousand men.

"Not a step further," he shouted, "the queen is signing!"

"What are you saying?" asked the queen.

"The truth, madame," said Mazarin, placing a pen and a paper before her: "you must;" then he added: "Sign, Anne, I implore you—I command you."

The queen fell into a chair, took the pen and signed.

The people, kept back by Louvières, had not made another step forward; but the awful murmuring, which indicateth an angry people, continued.

The queen had written, "The keeper of the prison at St. Germain will put Counselor Broussel at liberty;" and she had signed it.

The Conjuror, whose eyes devoured her slightest movements, seized the paper immediately the signature had been affixed to it, returned to the window, and waved it in his hand.

"This is the order," he said.

All Paris seemed to shout with joy; and then the air resounded with the cries of "Long live Broussel!" "Long live the Conjuror!" "Long live the queen!" cried Gondy; but the cries which replied to his were poor and few; and perhaps he had but uttered it to make Anne of Austria sensible of her weakness.

"And now that you have obtained what you want, go," said she, "Monsieur de Gondy."

"Whenever her Majesty has need of me," replied the Conjuror, bowing, "her Majesty knows that I am at her command."
"Ah, cursed priest!" cried Anne, when he had retired, stretching out her arm to the scarcely closed door, "one day I will make you drink the remains of the gall which you have poured out on me to-day."

Mazarin wished to approach her. "Leave me!" she exclaimed;
"you are not a man!" and she went out of the room.
"It is you who are not a woman," muttered Mazarin.

Then, after a moment of reverence, he remembered where he had left D'Artagnan and Porthos, and that they must have overheard everything. He knelt his knees and went direct to the tapestry, which he paused aside. The closet was empty.

At the queen's last word, D'Artagnan had dragged Porthos into the gallery. Thither Mazarin went in his turn, and found the two friends walking up and down.

"Why did you have the closet, Monsieur d'Artagnan?" asked the Cardinal.
"Because," replied D'Artagnan, "the queen desired every one to leave, and I thought that this command was intended for us as well as for the rest."
"And you have been here since—"
"About a quarter of an hour," said D'Artagnan, motioning to Porthos not to contradict him. Mazarin saw the sign, and remained convinced that D'Artagnan had seen and heard everything; but he was pleased with his falsehood.

"Dedeezily, Monsieur d'Artagnan, you are the man I have been seeking, and you may reckon upon me, as may your friend, too."

Then bowing to the two friends with his most gracious smile, he re-entered his closet more calmly, for on the departure of De Guady the uproar had ceased as if by enchantment.

CHAPTER XLVII.
MISFORTUNE REFRESHES THE MEMORY.

Anne of Austria returned to her oratory furious.
"What!" she cried, wringing her beautiful hands, "what! the people have seen Monsieur de Conde, a prince of the blood royal, arrested by my mother-in-law, Maria de Medici; they saw my mother-in-law, their former regent, expelled by the Cardinal; they saw Monsieur de Vendome, that is to say, the son of Henri IV., a prisoner at Vincennes; and whilst those great personages were imprisoned, insulted and threatened, they said nothing; and now for a Brussel—good God—what then is become of royalty?"

The queen insensibly touched here upon the exciting question. The people had made no demonstration for the princes, but they had risen for Brussel; they were taking the part of a plebeian, and in defending Brussel, they instinctively felt that they were defending themselves.

During this time Mazarin walked up and down the study, glancing from time to time at his beautiful Venetian mirror, started all over. "Ah!" he said, "it is sad. I know well, to be forced to