"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 reverie, he remembered where he had left D'Artagnan and Porthos, and that they must have overheard everything: He knelt his hounds and went direct to the tapestry, which he pushed 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.

"Dedically, 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 Gondy the uproar had ceased as if by enchantment.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

MISFORTUNE REFRESHES THE MEMORY.

Anne of Austria returned to her studies 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 Medicis; 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 these great personages were imprisoned, insulted, and threatened, they said nothing; and now for a Broussel—good God—what then is become of royalty?"

The queen unconsciously touched here upon the exciting question. The people had made no demonstration for the princes, but they had risen for Broussel; they were taking the part of a plebeian, and in defending Broussel, 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, stared all over. "Ah!" he said, "it is sad, I know well, to be forced to
yield thus; but—pshaw—we shall have our revenge; what matters it about Broussel—it is a name, not a thing."

Mazarin, clever politician as he was, was for once mistaken; Broussel was a thing, not a name.

The next morning, therefore, when Broussel made his entrance into Paris in a large carriage, having his son Louviers at his side, and Priest at the head of the vehicle, the people threw themselves in his way, and cried of: "Long live Broussel!" "Long live our father!" resounded from all parts, and was death to Mazarin's ears; and the Cardinal's spies brought bad news from every direction, which greatly agitated the minister, but were calmly received by the queen. The latter seemed to be maintaining in her mind some great stroke—a fact which increased the uneasiness of the Cardinal, who knew the proud princess, and who dreaded much the determination of Anne of Austria.

The Condé returned to parliament more a monarch than the king, queen, and Cardinal were, all three together. By his advice, a decree from parliament had summoned the citizens to lay down their arms, and to demolish the barricades. They now knew that it required but one hour to take up arms again, and only one night to reconstruct the barricades.

D'Artagnan profited by a moment of calm to send away Raoul, whom he had great difficulty in keeping shut up during the riot, and who wished positively to strike a blow for one party or the other. Raoul had offered some opposition at first; but D'Artagnan made use of Count de la Perre's name, and after paying a visit to Madame de Cheveruse, Raoul started to rejoin the army.

Rochefort alone was dissatisfied with the termination of affairs. He had written to the Duc de Beaufort to come, and the duc was about to arrive, and he would find Paris tranquil. He went to the Condé to consult with him whether it were not better to send word to the duc to stop on the road, but Gondy reflected for a moment, and then said:

"'Let him continue his journey.'"

"But all is not yet over?" asked Rochefort.

"Good, my dear count; we have only just begun."

"What induces you to think so?"

"The knowledge that I have of the queen's heart; she will not rest beaten."

"Come, let us see what you know."

"I know that she has written to the prince to return in haste from the army."

"Ah! ah!" said Rochefort, "you are right. We must let Monseur de Beaufort come."

In fact, the evening after this conversation, the report was circulated that the Prince Conde had arrived. It was a very simple and natural circumstance, and yet it created a great sensation. It was said that Madame de Longueville, for whom the prince had more than a brother's affection, and in whom he had confided, had been indiscreet. His confidence had unveiled the sinister projects of the queen.

Even on the night of the prince's return, some citizens, more bold...
than the rest, such as the sheriffs, captains, and the quarter-master, went from house to house among their friends, saying:

"Why do we not take the king, and place him in the Hôtel de Ville? It is a shame to leave him to be educated by our enemies, who will give him evil counsels; whereas, brought up by the Council, for instance, he would imbibe national principles, and love his people."

That night was secretly agitated, and on the morrow the gray and black cloaks, the patrols of armed shop people, and the bands of mendicants had reappeared.

The queen had passed the night in conference alone with the prince, who had entered the oratory at midnight, and did not leave till five o'clock in the morning.

At five o'clock Anne went to the Cardinal's room. If she had not yet taken any repose, he at least was already up. Six days had already passed out of the ten he had asked from Mordant; he was therefore occupied in correcting his reply to Cromwell, when some one knocked gently at the door of communication with the queen's apartments. Anne of Austria alone was permitted to enter by that door. The Cardinal therefore rose to open it.

The queen was in a morning gown, but it became her still; for like Diana, she was more beautiful; notwithstanding, this morning she looked handsomer than usual, for her eyes had all the sparkle which inward satisfaction added to their expression.

"What is the matter, madame?" said Mazarin, uneasily. "You have quite a proud look."

"Yes, Giulio," she said; "proud and happy; for I have found the means of stifling this hydra."

"You are a great politician, my queen," said Mazarin; "let us see the means." And he hid what he had written by sliding the letter under a sheet of white paper.

"You know," said the queen, "that they want to take the king away from me."

"Ain't yes, mad to hang me."

"They shall not have the king."

"Nor hang me."

"Listen. I want to carry off my son from them—with yourself and myself. I wish that this event which, on the day it is known, will completely change the aspect of affairs, should be accomplished without the knowledge of any others but yourself, myself, and a third person."

"And who is this third person?"

"Monseigneur le Prince."

"And you have seen him?"

"He has just left me."

"And will he aid this project?"

"The plan is his own."

"And Paris?"

"He will starve it out, and force it to surrender at discretion."

"The plan is wanting not in grandeur, but I only see one impediment to it."

"What is it?"
"Impossibility."
"A senseless word. Nothing is impossible. Have we money?"
"A little," said Mazarin, trembling, lest Anne should ask to draw upon his purse.
"Have we troops?"
"Five or six thousand men."
"Have we courage?"
"Hush."
"Then the thing is easy. Oh! do think of it, Giulio! Paris, this odious Paris, awaking one morning without queen or king, surrounded, besieged, famished—having as an only resource its stupid parliament, and their Conspirator with crooked limbs?"
"Charming! charming!" said Mazarin. "I see the effect, but I do not see the way to obtain it."
"I will find it out myself."
"You are aware that it will be war—civil war—furious, burning, and implacable."
"Oh! yes, yes. War," said Anne of Austria. "Yes, I will reduce this rebellious city to ashes. I will extinguish the fire by blood! I will perpetuate the crime and the punishment by making a frightful example. Paris!—I hate it—I detest it!"
"Very true, Anne. You are now singularly; but take care. We are not in the time of the Malatesta and the Castruccio Castracani. You will get yourself decapitated, my beautiful queen, and that would be a pity."
"You laugh."
"Patently. It is dangerous to go to war with a whole nation. Look at your brother monarch, Charles I. He is badly off—very badly."
"We are in France, and I am Spanish."
"So much the worse: I would much rather you were French, and myself also, they would hate us both less."
"Nevertheless, you consent?"
"Yes, if the thing be possible."
"It is; it is who tell you so; make your preparations for depart- ure."
"If I am always prepared to go, only you know I never do go; and, perhaps, shall do so this time as little as before."
"In short, if I go, will you go too?"
"I shall try."
"You torment me, Giulio, with your fears; and what are you afraid of then?"
"Of many things."
"What are they?"
Mazarin’s face, smilling as it was, became clouded.
"Anne," said he, "you are but a woman, and as a woman you may insult men at your ease; knowing that you can do it with impunity, you accuse me of fear: I have not so much as you have, since I do not fly as you do. Against whom do they cry out? is it against you, or against myself? Whom would they hang—yourself or me? Well, I can weather the storm: I—whom, notwithstanding, you tax with fear—not with bravado, that is not my way, but I am
firm. Imitate me, make less noise, and do more. You cry very loud, you end by doing nothing; you talk of flying——"

Mazarin shrugged his shoulders, and taking the queen's hand led her to the window.

"Look!" he said.

"Well," said the queen, blushing by her obstinacy.

"Well, what do you see from this window? If I am not mistaken, those are citizens, helmented and mailed, armed with good muskets, as in the time of the League, and whose eyes are so intently fixed on this window, that they will see you if you raise that curtain much; and now come to the other side—what do you see? Creatures of the people, armed with the halberds, guarding your doors. You will see the same at every opening from this palace to which I should lead you. Your doors are grinded, the air-holes of your cellars are guarded, and I could say to you, as that good La Ramee said to me of the Duc de Beaufort, you must be either bird or mouse to get out."

"He did get out, however."

"Do you think of escaping in the same way?"

"I am a prisoner, then?"

"Parbleu!" said Mazarin, "I have been proving it to you this last hour."

And he quietly resumed his dispatch at the place where he had been interrupted.

Anne, trembling with anger, and red with humiliation, left the room, shutting the door violently after her. Mazarin did not even turn round. When once more in her own apartment, Anne fell into a chair and wept; then suddenly struck with an idea:

"I am saved!" she exclaimed, rising; "oh, yes! yes! I know a man who will find the means of taking me from Paris: a man whom I have too long forgotten." Then falling into a reverie, she added, however, with an expression of joy, "Ungrateful woman that I am, for twenty years I have forgotten this man, whom I ought to have made maréchal of France. My mother-in-law expended gold, cresses, and dignities on Conchil, who ruined her; the king made Villars maréchal of France for an assassination; while I have left in obscurity, in poverty, that noble D'Artagnan, who saved me!"

And running to a table, upon which were placed paper and ink, she began to write.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

It had been D'Artagnan's practice, ever since the riots, to sleep in the same room as Porthos, and on this eventful morning he was still there, sleeping, and dreaming that a large yellow cloud had overspread the sky, and was raining gold pieces into his hat, whilst he held it under a spout. As for Porthos, he dreamed that the panels of his carriage were not capacious enough to contain the amoral bearings which he had ordered to be painted upon them. They were both aroused at seven o'clock by the entrance of an unvivified servant, who had brought a letter to D'Artagnan.