D'Artagnan was, perhaps, about to reply, when a blow, similar to that of a mallet falling on the head of an ox, was heard; it was Porthos, who had just knocked down his man.

D'Artagnan turned round, and saw the unfortunate man writhing about four steps off.

"Slaagh!" cried he to the coachman. "Spur your horses! whip! get on!"

The coachman bestowed a heavy blow of the whip upon his horses; the noble animals reared; then, cries of men who were knocked down were heard; then a double concussion was felt, and two of the wheels had passed over a round and flexible body. There was a moment's silence—the carriage had cleared the gate.

"To Cours la Reine!" cried D'Artagnan to the coachman; then, turning to Mazarin, he said, "Now, my lord, you can say five peters, and five acres to thank Heaven for your deliverance. You are safe, you are free."

Mazarin replied only by a groan; he could not believe in such a miracle. Five minutes later, the carriages stopped, having reached Cours la Reine.

"Is my lord pleased with his escort?" asked D'Artagnan.

"Enchantable, monsieur," said Mazarin, venturing his head out of one of the windows; "and now do as much for the queen."

"It will be less difficult," replied D'Artagnan, springing to the ground. "Monsieur de Yallon, I commend my Eminence to your care."

"Be quite at ease," said Porthos, holding out his hand, which D'Artagnan took and shook in his.

"Oh!" said Porthos. D'Artagnan looked with surprise at his friend.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked.

"I think I have sprained the wrist," said Porthos.

"The devil! why, you strike like a blind or a deaf man."

"It was necessary—my man was going to fire a pistol at me; but you—how did you get rid of yours?"

"Oh! mine," replied D'Artagnan, "I was not a man."

"What was it, then?"

"It was an apparition."

"And—"

"I charmed it away."

Without further explanation, D'Artagnan took the pistols, which were upon the front seat, placed them in his belt, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, not wishing to enter by the same gate as that by which they had left, he took his way toward the Richelieu gate.

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CHAPTER 1.

THE CARRIAGE OF MONSIEUR LE COIMBUTR.

Instead of returning, then, by the St. Honoré gate, D'Artagnan, who had time before him, walked round and re-entered by the Porte Richelieu. He was approached to be examined; and when it was discovered by his plumed hat, and his laced coat, that he was an officer of the Musketeers, he was surrounded, with an intention to
TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

make him cry. "Down with Mazarin." Their first demonstration did not fail to make him uneasy at first; but when he knew what it concerned, he shouted in such a fine voice, that even the most exciting were satisfied. He walked down the Rue Richelieu, meditating how he should carry off the queen in her turn—for to take her in a carriage bearing the arms of France was not to be thought of—when he perceived an equipage standing at the door of the hotel belonging to Madame de Guencenes.

He was struck by a sudden idea.

"Ah, perseverance!" he exclaimed; "that would be fair play."

And approaching the carriage, he examined the arms on the panels, and the livery of the coachman on his box. This scrutiny was so much the more easy, the coachman being asleep with the reins in his hands.

"It is, in truth, Monsieur le Contiuteur's carriage," said D'Artagnan; "upon my honor, I beg to think that Heaven is prospering us."

He mounted noiselessly into the chariot, and pulled the silk cord which was attached to the coachman's little finger.

"To the Palais Royal," he called out.

The coachman awoke with a start, and drove off in the direction he was desired, never doubting but that the order had come from his master. The porter at the palace was about to close the gates, but seeing such a handsome equipage, he fancied that it was some visit of importance, and the carriage was allowed to pass, and to stop under the porch. It was then only that the coachman perceived that the grooms were not behind the vehicle; he fancied Monsieur le Contiuteur had sent them back, and without leaving the reins he sprang from his box to open the door. D'Artagnan sprang in his turn to the ground, and just at the moment when the coachman, alarmed at not seeing his master, fell back a step, he seized him by his collar with the left, whilst with the right he placed a pistol to his throat:

"Try to pronounce one single word," mumbled D'Artagnan, "and you are a dead man."

The coachman perceived at once, by the expression in the countenance of the man who thus addressed him, that he had fallen into a trap, and he remained with his mouth wide open, and his eyes immediately starting.

Two Musketeers were pacing the court, to whom D'Artagnan called by their names.

"Monsieur Dolbear," said he to one of them, "do me the favor to take the reins from the hands of this worthy man, to mount upon the box, and to drive to the door of the private stair, and to wait for me there; it is on an affair of importance which is for the service of the King."

The Musketeer, who knew that his lieutenant was incapable of joaling with regard to the service, obeyed without saying a word, although he thought the order strange. Then, turning toward the second Musketeer, D'Artagnan said:

"Monsieur de Verger, help me to place this man in a place of safety."

The Musketeer thinking that his lieutenant had just arrested some
prince in disguise, bowed, and drawing his sword, signified that he was ready. D'Artagnan mounted the staircase, followed by his prisoner, who in his turn was followed by the soldier, and entered Mazarin's ante-room. Bernouin was waiting there, impatient for news of his master.

"Well, sir?" he said.

"Everything goes on capitally, my dear Monsieur Bernouin, but here is a man whom I must beg you to put in a safe place."

"Where, then, sir?"

"Where you like, provided that the place which you shall choose has shutters secured by padlocks, and a door which can be locked."

"We have that, sir," replied Bernouin; and the poor coachman was conducted to a closet, the windows of which were barred, and which looked very much like a prison.

"And now, my good friend," said D'Artagnan to him, "I must invite you to deprive yourself, for my sake, of your last and only cloak."

The coachman, as we can well understand, made no resistance; in fact, he was so astonished at what had happened to him that he staggered and reeled like a drunken man; D'Artagnan deposited his clothes under the arm of one of the valets.

"And now, Monsieur Verger," he said, "shut yourself up with this man until Monsieur Bernouin returns to open the door. Your office will be tolerably long, and not very amusing. I know; but," added he, seriously, "you understand, it is in the king's service."

"At your command, Monsieur," replied the Musketeer, who saw that the business was a serious one.

"By-the-bye," continued D'Artagnan, "should this man attempt to fly, or to call out, pass your sword through his body."

The Musketeer signaled by a nod that the command should be obeyed to the letter, and D'Artagnan went out, followed by Bernouin; midnight struck.

"Lead me into the queen's oratory," said D'Artagnan, "announce to her I am there, and put this parcel, with a well-loaded musket, under the seat of the carriage which is waiting at the foot of the private stair."

Bernouin conducted D'Artagnan to the oratory, where he sat down pensively. Everything had gone on as usual at the Palais Royal. As we said before, at ten o'clock almost all the guests were dispersed; those who were to fly with the court had the word of command, and they were each severally desired to be from twelve o'clock to one at Cours la Reine.

At ten o'clock Anne of Austria had entered the king's room. Mme. Armand was just retired, and the youthful Louis remaining the last, was amusing himself by placing some lead soldiers in a line of battle, a game which delighted him much. Two royal pages were playing with him.

"Laporte," said the queen "It is time for his Majesty to go to bed."

The king asked to remain up; having, he said, no wish to sleep; but the queen was firm.

"Are you not going to-morrow morning at six o'clock, Louis, to bathe at Condé? I think you asked to do so yourself."
"You are right, madame," said the king, "and I am ready to retire to my room when you have kissed me. Laporte, give the light to Monsieur the Chevalier de Coligny.

The queen touched with her lips the white, smooth brow which the royal child presented to her with a gravity which already partook of etiquette.

"Go to sleep soon, Louis," said the queen, "for you must be awake very early."

"I will do my best to obey you, madame," said the youthful king, "but I have no inclination to sleep."

"Laporte," said Anne of Austria, in an undertone, "find some very dull book to read to his Majesty, but do not undress yourself."

The king went out, accompanied by the Chevalier de Coligny bearing the candlestick, and then the queen returned to her own apartment. Her ladies—that is to say Madame de Brézé, Madeleine de Beaumont, Madame de Motteville, and Sceyvigne, her sister, so called on account of her sense—had just brought into her dressing room the remains of the dinner, upon which, according to her usual custom, she supped. The queen then gave her orders, spoke of a banquet which the Marquis de Villeroy was to give to her on the day after the morrow, indicated the persons whom she should admit to the honor of being at it, announced another visit on the following day to Val-de-Grâce, where she intended to pay her devotions, and gave her commands to her senor valet to accompany her. When the ladies had finished their supper, the queen fainted from extreme fatigue and passed into her bedroom. Madame de Motteville, who was on especial duty that evening, followed to aid and undress her. The queen then began to read, and after conversing with her affectionately for a few minutes, dismissed her.

It was at this moment that D'Artagnan entered with the Condé's carriage into the courtyard of the palace, and a few seconds later the carriage of the ladies in waiting drove out, and the gates were shut after them.

A few minutes after twelve o'clock, Berounin knocked at the queen's bedroom door, having come by the Cardinal's secret corridor. Anne of Austria opened the door herself. She was undressed—that is to say, she had drawn on her stockings again, and was wrapped in a long dressing-gown.

"It is you, Bernouin," she said. "Is Monsieur D'Artagnan there?"

"Yes, madame, in your oratory; he is waiting till your majesty is ready."

"I am. Go and tell Laporte to wake and dress the king, and then pass on to the Maréchal de Villeroi and summon him to me."

Bernouin bowed and retired.

The queen entered her oratory, which was lighted by a single lamp of Venetian crystal. She saw D'Artagnan, who stood expectantly looking her.

"Is it you?" she said.

"Yes, madame."

"Are you ready?"

"I am."

"And his Eminence, the Cardinal?"
"Has got off without any accident. He is waiting your Majesty at Comra la Reine."

"But in what carriage do we start?"

"I have provided for everything—a carriage is waiting below for your Majesty."

"Let us go to the king."

D’Artagnan bowed and followed the queen. The young Louis was already dressed, with the exception of his shoes and doublet; he had allowed himself to be dressed in great astonishment, over-whelming with questions Laporte, who replied only in these words, "Sire, it is by the queen’s command."

The door was open, and the sheets were so worn that holes could be seen in some places—another evidence of the stinginess of Mazarin.

The queen entered, and D’Artagnan remained at the door. As soon as the child perceived the queen he escaped from Laporte, and ran to meet her. Anne then motioned to D’Artagnan to approach, and he obeyed.

"My son," said Anne of Austria, pointing to the Musketeer, calm, standing uncovered, "here is Monsieur d’Artagnan, who is as brave as one of those ancient heroes of whom you like so much to hear from me women. Remember his name well, and look at him well, that his face may not be forgotten, for this evening he is going to render us a great service."

The young king looked at the officer with his large-formed eye, and repeated:

"Monseur d’Artagnan,"

"That is it, my son."

The young king slowly raised his little hand, and held it out to the Musketeer; the latter bent on his knee and kissed it.

"Monseur d’Artagnan," repeated Louis; "very well, madame."

At this moment they were startled by a noise as if a tumult were approaching.

"What is that?" exclaimed the queen.

"Oh, oh!" replied D’Artagnan, straining both at the same time his quick ear and his intelligent glance, "it is the sound of the people revolting."

"We must fly," said the queen.

"Your Majesty has given me the control of this business; we must wait and see what they want."

"Monseur d’Artagnan!"

"I will answer for everything."

Nothing is so catching as confidence. The queen, full of strength and courage, was quickly alive to these two virtues in others.

"Do as you like," she said, "I rely upon you."

"Will your Majesty permit me to give orders in your name in this whole business?"

"Command, sir."

"What do the people want again?" asked the king.

"We are about to know, sire," replied D’Artagnan, as he rapidly left the room.

The tumult continued to increase, and seemed to surround the Palace Royal entirely. Cries were heard from the interior, of which
they could not comprehend the sense. It was evident that there was unner and solitude.

The king half-dressed, the queen and LaPorte remained each in the same state, and almost in the same place, where they were listening and waiting. Comminges, who was on guard that night, at the Palais Royal, ran in. He had about two hundred men in the courts and stables, and he placed them at the queen's disposal.

"Well," asked Anne of Austria, when D'Artagnan reappeared.

"What is it?"

"It is, madame, that the report has spread that the queen has left the Palais Royal, carrying off the king, and the people ask to have proof to the contrary, or threaten to demolish the Palais Royal."

"Oh, this time it is too much," exclaimed the queen, "and I will prove to them that I have not left."

D'Artagnan saw from the expression of the queen's face that she was about to issue some violent command. He approached her, and said, in a low voice:

"Has your Majesty still confidence in me?"

This voice startled her. "Yes, sir," she replied, "every confidence—speak."

"Will the queen deign to follow my advice?"

"Speak."

"Let your Majesty dismiss M. de Comminges, and desire him to shut himself up with his men, in the guard-house, and in the stables."

Comminges glanced at D'Artagnan, with the envious look with which every courtier sees a new favorite spring up.

"You hear, Comminges?" said the queen.

D'Artagnan went up to him; with his usual quickness he caught the anxious glance.

"Monseigneur de Comminges," he said, "pardon me: we are both the queen's servants, are we not? It is my turn to be of use to her, do not cury me this happiness."

Comminges bowed and left.

"Come," said D'Artagnan to himself, "that is one more enemy for me there."

"And now," said the queen, addressing D'Artagnan, "what is to be done? for you hear that, instead of becoming calmer, the noise increases."

"Madame," said D'Artagnan, "the people want to see the king, and must see him."

"How! they must see him! where, on the balcony?"

"Not at all, madame, but here, sleeping in his bed."

"Oh, your Majesty," exclaimed LaPorte, "Monseigneur D'Artagnan is right."

The queen became thoughtful and smiled, like a woman to whom duplicity is no stranger.

"Without doubt," she murmured.

"Monseigneur LaPorte," said D'Artagnan, "go and announce to the people through the grating, that they are going to be satisfied, and that in five minutes they shall not only see the king, but they shall
see him in bed; and that the king sleeps, and that the queen begs that they will keep silence, so as not to awaken him."

"But not everyone, madame."

"Every one, madame."

"But reflect, they will keep us here till daybreak."

"It shall take but a quarter of an hour, I answer for everything, madame; believe me, I know the people; they are like a great child, who only wants amusing. Before the sleeping king, they will be mute, gentle, and timid as lambs."

"Go, Laporte," said the queen.

The young king approached his mother and said, "Why do as these people ask?"

"It must be so, my son," said Anne of Austria.

"But then if they say, 'It must be to me, am I no longer king?'"

The queen remained silent.

"Sir," said D'Artagnan, "will your Majesty permit me to ask you a question?"

Louis XIV. turned round, astonished that any one should dare to address him. But the queen pressed the child's hand.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Does your Majesty remember when playing in the park of Fontainebleau, in the palace courts at Versailles, to have seen the sky suddenly become dark, and have heard the sound of thunder?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then, this noise of thunder, however much your Majesty may have wished to play on, has said, 'Go in, sir.' You must do so."

"Certainly, sir; but they tell me that the noise of thunder is the voice of God."

"Well then, sir," continued D'Artagnan, "listen to the noise of the people, and you will see that it resembles that of thunder."

"In truth at that moment a terrible murmur was wafted to them by the night breeze; then all at once it ceased."

"Hold, sir," said D'Artagnan, "they have just told the people that you are asleep; you see that you are still king."

The queen looked with surprise at this strange man, whose brilliant courage had made him the equal of the bravest, and who was, by his fine and ready intelligence, the equal of all.

Laporte entered.

"Well, Laporte," asked the queen.

"Madame," he replied, "Monseigneur d'Ariagman's prediction has been accomplished: they are calmed as if by enchantment. The doors are about to be opened, and in five minutes they will be here."

"Laporte," said the queen, "suppose you put one of your sons in the king's place; we might be off during the time."

"If your Majesty desires it," said Laporte, "my sons, like myself, are at the queen's service."

"Not at all," said D'Artagnan; "for should one of them know his Majesty, and find out the substitute, all would be lost."

"You are right, sir—always right," said Anne of Austria. "Laporte, place the king in bed."

Laporte placed the king, dressed as he was, in the bed, and then
covered him as far as the shoulders with the sheet. The queen bent
over him, and kissed his brow.

"Pretend to sleep, Louis," said she.

"Yes," said the king, "but I wish not to be touched by one of
those men."

"Sir, I am here," said D'Artagnan, "and I give you my word,
that if a single man has the audacity, his life shall pay for it."

"And now what is to be done?" asked the queen, "for I hear
them."

"Monseur Laporte, go to them, and again recommence silence.
Madame, wait at the door, whilst I shall be at the head of the king's
bed, ready to die for him."

Laporte went out; the queen remained standing near the hang-
ings, whilst D'Artagnan glided behind the curtains.

Then the heavy and collected steps of a multitude of men were
heard, and the queen herself raised the tapestry hangings, and put
her finger on her lips.

On seeing the queen, the men stopped short, respectfully.

"Enter, gentlemen; enter," said the queen.

There was then amongst that crowd a moment's hesitation, which
looked like shame. They had expected resistance—they had ex-
pected to be thwarted—to have to force the gates, and to overturn
the guards. The gates had opened of themselves; and the king,
extremely at least, had no other guard at his bed head but his
mother. The foremost of them stammered, and attempted to fall
back.

"Enter, then, gentlemen," said Laporte, "since the queen per-
mits you to do so."

Then one more bold than the rest ventured to pass the door, and
to advance on tip toe. This example was imitated by the rest, until
the room filled silently, as if these men had been the most humble
and devoted courtiers. Far beyond the door the heads of those who
were not able to enter could be seen, all rising on the tips of their
feet.

D'Artagnan saw it all through an opening that he had made in
the curtain, and in the first man who had entered he had recog-
nized Panchet.

"Sir," said the queen to him, thinking that he was the leader of
the band, "you wished to see the king, and therefore I determined
to show him to you myself. Approach and look at him, and say if
we have the appearance of people who wish to escape."

"No, certainly," replied Panchet, rather astonished at the unex-
pected honor conferred upon him.

"You will say, then, to my good and faithful Parisians," con tin-
ued Anne, with a smile, the expression of which did not deceive
D'Artagnan, "that you have seen the king in bed and asleep, and
the queen also ready to retire."

"I shall tell them, madame, and those who accompany me will
say the same thing; but—"

"But what?" asked Anne of Austria.

"May your Majesty pardon me," said Panchet, "but is it really
the king who is lying there?"

Anne of Austria started. "If," she said, "there is one among
you who know the king, let him approach, and say whether it is really his Majesty lying there."

A man wrapped in a cloak, in the folds of which his face was hidden, approached, and bent over the bed and looked.

For our second D'Artagnan thought the man had some evil design, and he put his hand to his sword; but in the movement made by the man in stooping a portion of his face was uncovered, and D'Artagnan recognized the Compteur.

"It is certainly the king," said the man, rising again. "God bless his Majesty!"

"Yes," repeated the leader in a whisper. "God bless His Majesty!" and all these men who had entered furiously, passed from anger to pity, and blessed the royal infant in their turn.

"Now," said Planchet, "let us thank the queen. My friends, retire."

They all bowed, and retired by degrees, as noiselessly as they had entered. Planchet, who had been the first to enter, was the last to leave. The queen stopped him.

"What is your name, my friend?" she said.

Planchet, much surprised at the inquiry, turned back.

"Yes," continued the queen, "I think myself as much honored to have received you this evening as if you had been a prince, and I wish to know your name."

"Yes," thought Planchet, "to treat me as a prince. No, thank you."

D'Artagnan trembled lest Planchet, seduced, like the crow in the fable, should say his name, and that the queen, knowing his name, would discover that Planchet had belonged to him.

"Madame," replied Planchet, respectfully, "I am called Dularier, at your service."

"Thank you, Monsieur Dularier," said the queen, "and what is your business?"

"Monsieur, I am a clothier in the Rue Bourdonnais."

"That is all that I wished to know," said the queen. "Much obliged to you, Monsieur Dularier. You will hear again from me."

"Come, come," thought D'Artagnan emerging from behind the curtain, "decidedly Monsieur Planchet is no fool and it is evident he has been brought up in a good school."

The different actors in this strange scene remained facing one another, without uttering a single word; the queen standing near the door—D'Artagnan half out of his hiding-place—the king raised on his elbow, ready to fall down on his bed again at the slightest sound which would indicate the return of the multitude, but, instead of approaching, the noise became more and more distant, and finished by dying away entirely.

The queen breathed more freely. D'Artagnan wiped his damp forehead, and the king slid off his bed, saying, "Let us go."

At this moment Laporte re-appeared.

"Well?" asked the queen.

"Well, madame," replied the valet, "I followed them as far as the gates. They announced to all their comrades that they had seen the king, and that the queen had spoken to them; and, in fact they have gone off quite proud and happy."
"Oh, the miserable wretches!" murmured the queen, "they shall pay dearly for their boldness, and it is I who promise it to them."

Then turning to D'Artagnan, she said:

"Sir, you have given me this evening the best advice that I have ever received. Continue, and say what we must do now."

"Monseur Laporte," said D'Artagnan, "finish dressing his Majesty."

"We may go then?" asked the queen.

"When your Majesty pleases. You have only to descend by the private stairs, and you will find me at the door."

"Go, sir," said the queen, "I will follow you."

D'Artagnan went down, and found the carriage at its post and the Musketeer on the box. D'Artagnan took out the parcel, which he had desired Bernouin to place under the seat. It may be remembered that it was the hat and cloak belonging to Monseur de Gometz's coachman.

He placed the cloak on his shoulders and the hat on his head, whilst the Musketeer got off the box.

"Sir," said D'Artagnan, "you will go and release your companion, who is guarding the coachman. You must mount your horse, and proceed to the Rue Triquetièonne, Hotel de la Chevre, whence you will take my house, and that of Monseur du Valion, which you must saddle and equip as if for war, and then you will leave Paris, bringing them with you to Cours la Reine. If, when you arrive at Cours la Reine, you find no one, you must go on to St. Germain. On the king's service."

The Musketeer touched his cap, and went away to execute the orders he had received.

D'Artagnan mounted on the box, having a pair of pistols in his belt, a musket under his feet, and a naked sword behind him.

The queen appeared, and was followed by the king and the Duke d'Anjou, his brother.

"Monseur the Commissar's carriage!" she exclaimed, falling back.

"Yes, madame," said D'Artagnan; "but get in fearlessly, for I drive you."

The queen uttered a cry of surprise and entered the carriage, and the king and monsieur took their places at her side.

"Come, Laporte," said the queen.

"How, madame!" said the valet, "in the same carriage as your Majesties."

"It is not a matter of royal etiquette this evening, but of the king's safety. Get in, Laporte." Laporte obeyed.

"Pull down the blinds," said D'Artagnan.

"But will this not excite suspicion, sir?" asked the queen.

"Your Majesty's mind may be quite at ease," replied the officer.

"I have my answer ready."

The blinds were pulled down, and they started at a gallop by the Rue Richelieu. On reaching the gate, the captain of the post advanced at the head of some ten men holding a lantern in his hand.

D'Artagnan signed to them to draw near.

"Do you recognize the carriage?" he asked the sergeant.
"No," replied the latter.
"Look at the arms."

The sergeant put the lantern near the panel.
"They are those of Monseur le Conditeur," he said.
"Hush; he is enjoying a ride with Madame de Guermessac."

The sergeant began to laugh.
"Open the gate," he cried. "I know who it is!" Then, putting
by face to the lowered blinds, he said:
"I wish you joy, my lord!"
"Impudent fellow!" cried D'Artagnan, "you will get me turned
off!"

The gate groaned on its hinges, and D'Artagnan, seeing the way
cleret, whipped on his horses, who started at a canter, and five
minutes later they had rejoined the Cardinal.
"Musqueton!" exclaimed D'Artagnan, "draw up the blinds of
his majesty's carriage."
"It is he!" cried Porthos.
"As a condamin!" exclaimed Mazarin.
"And with the Condutor's carriage!" said the queen.
"Corpo di Dio! Monseur D'Artagnan!" said Mazarin, "you are
worth your weight in gold."

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CHAPTER LII.

HOW D'ARTAGNAN AND PORTHOS EARNED BY THE SELL OF STRAW,
THE ONE TWO HUNDRED AND NINETEEN, AND THE OTHER TWO
HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN LOUIS D'OR.

Mazarin was desirous of settling out instantly for St. Germain;
but the queen declared that she should wait, for the people whom
she had appointed to meet her. However, she offered the Cardinal
Laporte's place, which he accepted, and went from one carriage to
the other.

It was not without foundation that a report of the king's intend-
ing to leave Paris by night had been circulated. Ten or twelve
persons had been in the secret since six o'clock, and how great so-
ever their prudence might be, they could not issue the necessary
orders for the departure without the thing transpiring a little. Be-

sides, each individual had some one or two others interested in him;
and, as there could be no doubt but that the queen was leaving
Paris full of terrible projects of vengeance, every one had warned
parents and friends of what was going to happen, so that the news
of the approaching exit ran like a train of ignited gunpowder
through the streets.

The first carriage which arrived after that of the queen was that
of the Prince de Condé, who with the princess, and dowager prin-
cess, was in it; both these ladies had been awakened in the middle
of the night, and did not know what it was all about. The second
contained the Duke and Duchess of Orléans, the tall young Made-

nevis, and the Abbé de la Rivière; and the third, the Duke de
Longueville, and the Prince de Conti, brother and brother-in-law of
Condé. They all alighted, and hastened to pay their respects to the