

saluted the three gentlemen and his master, said,—“ Good evening, sir; you must have been surprised at my not returning yesterday; but M. De Nogent detained me to repair his silver cabinet.”

“ Ah! you have seen the count?” said Colbert; “ How is he?”

“ Remarkably well, monsieur.”

“ Then,” remarked the governor of Louvre, “ he must have invented some piece of malice against his eminence.”

“ Hasn't he though!” exclaimed Julian, laughing; “ he sang a long ballad for me, against the cardinal.”

“ How! he has dared!” interrupted Dubois.

“ That he has,” replied Julian; “ He had even begun to teach them to me. Listen—I'll sing you the first verse.”

Master Roullard coughed, winked, and made various gestures inculcating silence; but Julian did not understand him, and commenced with a loud, clear voice:—

Hurrah for Mazarin!
The son and heir of Scapin:
He will blindfold France and her kind—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

“ Julian!” cried his master.

“ Don't stop him,” said the governor, who, although from interested motives, a partisan of the cardinal, yet by no means disliked to hear him turned into ridicule; “ I admire good political squibs, and I am making a collection of *Mazarinades*.”

“ Just like our master,” said Noiraud. “ M. de Longueville's valet has given him copies of all that have appeared.”

The goldsmith tried to stammer forth an angry denial, but his words were drowned by shouts of laughter from his three visitors.

Turning angrily therefore towards his clerk, he asked him what the packet contained which he had laid on the counter.

“ Some printed papers, master, sent you by M. de Nogent.”

“ Satires on his eminence, I'll warrant them!” cried the governor.

“ Out of my house!” exclaimed the exasperated Roullard. And taking Julian by the shoulder, he thrust him into the street, flung the packet after him; and, after ordering him never to return, concluded by shouting,—“ Long live Monseigneur Mazarin!”

Greatly astonished, and not less enraged, the young man walked on with the luckless packets in his hand. His dismissal was in itself a matter of little consequence, for he was an excellent workman, and would find it easy to obtain employment; but a rupture with Jeanne's uncle threatened to destroy

his prospects of marriage, and the thought of this he could not endure.

Walking slowly on, he cast his eyes on the packet which he mechanically held.

“ Wicked cardinal!” he said to himself; “ he is the cause of it all! But for him Master Roullard would not have been vexed—I should have still been in his employment, and probably would one day have married Jeanne!”

While thus soliloquizing, he idly opened the packet, and began to examine the pamphlets it contained. They were satirical remarks on the Spanish war, squibs against the Mesdames Mancini, Mazarin's nieces, and finally, a malicious biography of the cardinal. Julian was carelessly casting his eye over the last, when he suddenly started and trembled. He had just read the following sentence:—

“ Before entering into holy orders, Cardinal Mazarin had wielded the sword. He commanded a company in 1625; and the pope's generals, Conti and Bagni, charged him with a mission to the Marquis de Cannus. His eminence met at Grenoble, and sojourned there two months under the name of Captain Juliano.”

Again and again did the young goldsmith read these words with strong emotion. Name, place, and date, precluded all uncertainty: Julian found himself the godson of the great cardinal.

Hastening towards the splendid dwelling of Mazarin, Julian inquired for an old playmate of his, who now filled an office in the cardinal's kitchen. Pierre Chottart received him kindly, but after the first exchange of civilities, asked him what he wanted.

Julian replied that he came to see his eminence.

The sub-cook laughed heartily, and told him that was quite out of the question.

“ I who speak to you,” he said, “ although I minister to Monseigneur's appetite, am never permitted to see him.”

“ Is that the prime minister's chocolate?” said Julian after a pause, looking at a silver pot standing on a stove.

“ Yes,” replied Chottart; “ I am going to pour it into a china cup; then I will ring for a footman, who will reach his eminence's apartments by yonder staircase, and will place the tray in the hands of his own valet.”

Having then prepared the chocolate in all due form Pierre Chottart hastened into an adjoining room to procure a damask napkin. His temporary absence inspired Julian with a sudden