

中文导读英文版

*La Dame aux Camélias*

# 茶花女

[法] 亚历山大·小仲马 原著

王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社

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## 内 容 简 介

*La Dame aux Camélias*, 中文译名为《茶花女》,是有史以来最经典的爱情巨著,它是法国著名小说家、戏剧家小仲马的代表作。主人公玛格丽特美丽、聪明而又善良,因酷爱茶花,常以茶花为饰,故称“茶花女”。她原本是一位贫穷的乡下姑娘,为谋生来到巴黎,不幸落入风尘,做了妓女,但她依旧保持着一颗纯洁、高尚的心灵。偶遇阿尔芒,玛格丽特被他的一片赤诚之心征服,坠入情网。正当这对热恋中的情人憧憬未来的美好生活时,阿尔芒虚伪、自私的父亲却暗中迫使玛格丽特离开了阿尔芒。阿尔芒不明真相,以为玛格丽特爱慕虚荣变了心,对她万般羞辱。玛格丽特忍辱负重,在疾病和悲痛的双重折磨下,含恨而逝。这段纯真的爱情终以悲剧告终。

该书自出版以来,一直畅销至今,被译成世界上几十种语言。根据小说改编而成的戏剧《茶花女》已成为戏剧史上最经典的名剧之一。无论作为语言学习的范本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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亚历山大·小仲马（Alexandre Dumas fils, 1824—1895），19 世纪法国著名小说家、戏剧家，被誉为法国 19 世纪最伟大的剧作家之一。

小仲马出生于法国巴黎，是法国著名作家大仲马与一名女裁缝的私生子。直到 1831 年，大仲马才承认这个儿子。七岁以前，小仲马与母亲相依为命，靠母亲的微薄收入度日，在贫困屈辱中度过了自己的童年。从含辛茹苦的母亲身上他感受到人世间的的天平，这成了他在以后的创作中对女性同情的一个重要原因。1846—1847 年，小仲马完成了一部以流浪汉的冒险经历为题材的长篇小说《四个女人和一只鸚鵡的奇遇》，还出版了诗集《青年罪孽》；1848 年，出版了小说《茶花女》。

《茶花女》是小仲马根据巴黎当时的一个真实故事撰写而成，是小仲马的代表作。随后，小仲马又写了 20 余部剧作，现实主义倾向更为鲜明。其中著名的作品有：《半上流社会》（1855）、《金钱问题》（1857）、《私生子》（1858）、《放荡的父亲》（1859）、《欧勃雷夫人的见解》（1867）、《阿尔丰斯先生》（1873）、《福朗西雍》（1887）等。小仲马的剧作大多以妇女、婚姻、家庭问题为题材。作为法国现实主义戏剧的先驱者之一，其剧作富有现实的生活气息，以真切自然的情理感人，结构比较严谨，语言通俗流畅。由于在小说、戏剧创作方面取得的巨大成就，小仲马于 1875 年当选为法兰西学院院士。

在小仲马的众多作品中，《茶花女》是其中杰出的代表。《茶花女》可以说是小仲马的自传体小说。1844 年 9 月，小仲马与巴黎名妓玛丽·杜普莱西一见钟情。玛丽出身贫苦，流落巴黎，不幸落入风尘。她珍重与小仲马的真挚爱情，但为了维持生计，仍得同富豪们保持关系。小仲马一气之下给玛丽写了绝情信，并出国旅行。1847 年，小仲马回国后得知只有 23 岁的玛丽已经离开了人世。现实生活的悲剧深深地地震动了小仲马，他满怀悔恨与思念，闭门谢客，开始了创作之程。一年后，这本凝集着永恒爱情的《茶花女》问世了。该书一经问世便产生了强烈的社会反响，小仲马一





举成名。几年以后，他将它改写成五幕话剧，并获得巨大的成功，上演时剧场爆满，万人空巷。小仲马发电报将《茶花女》演出大获成功的消息告诉远在比利时的父亲，电报上写道：“第一天上演时的盛况，足以令人误以为是您的作品。”父亲立即回电：“我最好的作品正是你，儿子！”随后该书又被谱曲成歌剧。一个多世纪以来，《茶花女》被译成数十种文字，风靡世界；其话剧、歌剧、电影形式的演出经久不衰，现在仍然是一些著名剧团的保留节目。茶花女玛格丽特的悲惨命运一直深深地打动着世界各地读者和观众的心。

在中国，《茶花女》是读者最熟悉、最喜爱的外国文学名著之一。早在1898年，我国近代著名翻译家林纾就将该书翻译并引入国内，以《茶花女遗事》为名出版。从此，玛格丽特和阿尔芒的爱情故事在中国的读者群中迅速流传，深入人心。中国舞台上也经常上演《茶花女》歌剧。时至今日，这部被世界公认的文学名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。目前，在国内数量众多的《茶花女》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文素材更为有利。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《茶花女》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、李智能、李鑫、熊红华、傅颖、乐贵明、王婷婷、熊志勇、聂利生、傅建平、蔡红昌、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、胡武荣、贡东兴、张镇、熊建国、张文绮、王多多、陈楠、彭勇、王婷婷、邵舒丽、黄福成、冯洁、熊红华、王晓旭、王业伟、龚桂平、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、曹、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

第 1 章	Chapter 1	1
第 2 章	Chapter 2	8
第 3 章	Chapter 3	14
第 4 章	Chapter 4	21
第 5 章	Chapter 5	29
第 6 章	Chapter 6	36
第 7 章	Chapter 7	44
第 8 章	Chapter 8	53
第 9 章	Chapter 9	60
第 10 章	Chapter 10	70
第 11 章	Chapter 11	80
第 12 章	Chapter 12	90
第 13 章	Chapter 13	99
第 14 章	Chapter 14	108
第 15 章	Chapter 15	117
第 16 章	Chapter 16	125
第 17 章	Chapter 17	134
第 18 章	Chapter 18	141
第 19 章	Chapter 19	150
第 20 章	Chapter 20	156
第 21 章	Chapter 21	162
第 22 章	Chapter 22	171
第 23 章	Chapter 23	178
第 24 章	Chapter 24	186
第 25 章	Chapter 25	198
第 26 章	Chapter 26	206
第 27 章	Chapter 27	219

# 第 1 章

## Chapter 1



这个故事里所叙述的事情都是真实的。我搜集了很多的资料，还有巴黎的人证，我希望通过自己对这件事情始末的深入了解，真实地向大家讲述一个动人的故事。

在 1847 年的一天，我看到街头上一张巨幅拍卖死者家具和珍玩的广告。按照指定的地点和时间我来到拍卖物品的现场，那里已经聚集了很多穿着华丽的贵妇人。我浏览了这位死者的家具和摆设，可以肯定这是一个高级妓女的住处。那些贵妇人似乎也对此很感兴趣，她们凭借参观拍卖品的理由，仔细地打量着妓女的日常生活。我看着那些名贵的梳妆用品，没有一件不是真金白银的，足可以想象这位妓女生前生活的奢侈。我想起了以前认识的一个女孩，她的母亲从没有给过她关爱，只是一心想着让她养老，直到有一天，女孩在母亲的操纵下开始了堕落的妓女生活，偶然的一次怀孕，作为母亲她竟然反对女儿生下孩子，女儿只好打掉了孩子，身体也变得特别虚弱，最后因为后遗症死了，而那位母亲却依然活着。

我向旁边的看守人打听这些东西的主人名字，原来是我也见过的玛格丽特。由于生前所欠的债务没有还清，那些债务人打算通过拍卖家具和珍玩来收回债务。我突然对这位姑娘生前的命运产生了怜悯之情。

*I*n my opinion, it is impossible to create characters until one has spent a long time in studying men, as it is impossible to speak a language until





it has been seriously acquired. Not being old enough to invent, I content myself with narrating, and I beg the reader to assure himself of the truth of a story in which all the characters, with the exception of the heroine, are still alive. Eye-witnesses of the greater part of the facts which I have collected are to be found in Paris, and I might call upon them to confirm me if my testimony is not enough. And, thanks to a particular circumstance, I alone can write these things, for I alone am able to give the final details, without which it would have been impossible to make the story at once interesting and complete.

This is how these details came to my knowledge. On the 12th of March, 1847, I saw in the Rue Lafitte a great yellow placard announcing a sale of furniture and curiosities. The sale was to take place on account of the death of the owner. The owner's name was not mentioned, but the sale was to be held at 9, Rue d'Antin, on the 16th, from 12 to 5. The placard further announced that the rooms and furniture could be seen on the 13th and 14th.

I have always been very fond of curiosities, and I made up my mind not to miss the occasion, if not of buying some, at all events of seeing them. Next day I called at 9, Rue d'Antin.

It was early in the day, and yet there were already a number of visitors, both men and women, and the women, though they were dressed in cashmere and velvet, and had their carriages waiting for them at the door, gazed with astonishment and admiration at the luxury which they saw before them.

I was not long in discovering the reason of this astonishment and admiration, for, having begun to examine things a little carefully, I discovered without difficulty that I was in the house of a kept woman. Now, if there is one thing which women in society would like to see (and there were society women there), it is the home of those women whose carriages splash their own carriages day by day, who, like them, side by side with them, have their boxes at the Opera and at the Italiens, and who parade in Paris the opulent insolence of their beauty, their diamonds, and their scandal.

This one was dead, so the most virtuous of women could enter even her bedroom. Death had purified the air of this abode of splendid foulness, and if more excuse were needed, they had the excuse that they had merely come to a sale, they knew not whose. They had read the placards, they wished to see what

the placards had announced, and to make their choice beforehand. What could be more natural? Yet, all the same, in the midst of all these beautiful things, they could not help looking about for some traces of this courtesan's life, of which they had heard, no doubt, strange enough stories.

Unfortunately the mystery had vanished with the goddess, and, for all their endeavours, they discovered only what was on sale since the owner's decease, and nothing of what had been on sale during her lifetime. For the rest, there were plenty of things worth buying. The furniture was superb; there were rosewood and buff cabinets and tables, Sevres and Chinese vases, Saxe statuettes, satin, velvet, lace; there was nothing lacking.

I sauntered through the rooms, following the inquisitive ladies of distinction. They entered a room with Persian hangings, and I was just going to enter in turn, when they came out again almost immediately, smiling, and as if ashamed of their own curiosity. I was all the more eager to see the room. It was the dressing-room, laid out with all the articles of toilet, in which the dead woman's extravagance seemed to be seen at its height.

On a large table against the wall, a table three feet in width and six in length, glittered all the treasures of Aucoc and Odiot. It was a magnificent collection, and there was not one of those thousand little things so necessary to the toilet of a woman of the kind which was not in gold or silver. Such a collection could only have been got together little by little, and the same lover had certainly not begun and ended it.

Not being shocked at the sight of a kept woman's dressing-room, I amused myself with examining every detail, and I discovered that these magnificently chiselled objects bore different initials and different coronets. I looked at one after another, each recalling a separate shame, and I said that God had been merciful to the poor child, in not having left her to pay the ordinary penalty, but rather to die in the midst of her beauty and luxury, before the coming of old age, the courtesan's first death.

Is there anything sadder in the world than the old age of vice, especially in woman? She preserves no dignity, she inspires no interest. The everlasting repentance, not of the evil ways followed, but of the plans that have miscarried, the money that has been spent in vain, is as saddening a thing as one can well

meet with. I knew an aged woman who had once been “gay,” whose only link with the past was a daughter almost as beautiful as she herself had been. This poor creature to whom her mother had never said, “You are my child,” except to bid her nourish her old age as she herself had nourished her youth, was called Louise, and, being obedient to her mother, she abandoned herself without volition, without passion, without pleasure, as she would have worked at any other profession that might have been taught her.

The constant sight of dissipation, precocious dissipation, in addition to her constant sickly state, had extinguished in her mind all the knowledge of good and evil that God had perhaps given her, but that no one had ever thought of developing. I shall always remember her, as she passed along the boulevards almost every day at the same hour, accompanied by her mother as assiduously as a real mother might have accompanied her daughter. I was very young then, and ready to accept for myself the easy morality of the age. I remember, however, the contempt and disgust which awoke in me at the sight of this scandalous chaperoning. Her face, too, was inexpressibly virginal in its expression of innocence and of melancholy suffering. She was like a figure of Resignation.

One day the girl’s face was transfigured. In the midst of all the debauches mapped out by her mother, it seemed to her as if God had left over for her one happiness. And why indeed should God, who had made her without strength, have left her without consolation, under the sorrowful burden of her life? One day, then, she realized that she was to have a child, and all that remained to her of chastity leaped for joy. The soul has strange refuges. Louise ran to tell the good news to her mother. It is a shameful thing to speak of, but we are not telling tales of pleasant sins; we are telling of true facts, which it would be better, no doubt, to pass over in silence, if we did not believe that it is needful from time to time to reveal the martyrdom of those who are condemned without bearing, scorned without judging; shameful it is, but this mother answered the daughter that they had already scarce enough for two, and would certainly not have enough for three; that such children are useless, and a lying-in is so much time lost.

Next day a midwife, of whom all we will say is that she was a friend of the

mother, visited Louise, who remained in bed for a few days, and then got up paler and feebler than before.

Three months afterward a man took pity on her and tried to heal her, morally and physically; but the last shock had been too violent, and Louise died of it. The mother still lives; how? God knows.

The story returned to my mind while I looked at the silver toilet things, and a certain space of time must have elapsed during these reflections, for no one was left in the room but myself and an attendant, who, standing near the door, was carefully watching me to see that I did not pocket anything.

I went up to the man, to whom I was causing so much anxiety. "Sir," I said, "can you tell me the name of the person who formerly lived here?"

"Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier."

I knew her by name and by sight.

"What!" I said to the attendant; "Marguerite Gautier is dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did she die?"

"Three weeks ago, I believe."

"And why are the rooms on view?"

"The creditors believe that it will send up the prices. People can see beforehand the effect of the things; you see that induces them to buy."

"She was in debt, then?"

"To some extent, sir."

"But the sale will cover it?"

"And more too."

"Who will get what remains over?"

"Her family."

"She had a family?"

"It seems so."

"Thanks."

The attendant, reassured as to my intentions, touched his hat, and I went out.

"Poor girl!" I said to myself as I returned home; "she must have had a sad death, for, in her world, one has friends only when one is perfectly well." And



in spite of myself I began to feel melancholy over the fate of Marguerite Gautier.

It will seem absurd to many people, but I have an unbounded sympathy for women of this kind, and I do not think it necessary to apologize for such sympathy.

One day, as I was going to the Prefecture for a passport, I saw in one of the neighbouring streets a poor girl who was being marched along by two policemen. I do not know what was the matter. All I know is that she was weeping bitterly as she kissed an infant only a few months old, from whom her arrest was to separate her. Since that day I have never dared to despise a woman at first sight.

## 第 2 章

### Chapter 2



我在拍卖的那一天从外地回来，现在关于玛格丽特的消息根本没有人提。这种女人生前的生活人人皆知，但死后却没有人关心。以前我经常看到玛格丽特独自坐车到香榭丽舍大街去，她总是很优雅地向熟人微笑；她经常去郊外散步，这些景象经常浮现在我面前，但玛格丽特——一个绝色美女，就这样离开了人世。

她总是披着开司米披肩，头饰很精美，鹅蛋脸上精致的五官、粉嫩的皮肤，总让你觉得像是不能触碰的神仙一样。她过着放荡奢侈的生活，但是脸上却依然透出处女般的神态，这是别的妓女无法比拟的。玛格丽特总会出现于剧场的首场演出上，总会带着望远镜、蜜饯和茶花三样东西。她所带的茶花颜色会变化，但谁也弄不清楚到底是遵循什么规律，所以人们也称她为“茶花女”。人们传诵她和一位老公爵有染，老公爵因为失去女儿很心痛，看到极像自己女儿的玛格丽特，便把全部身心投入到玛格丽特身上，外人认为这是老公爵贪图女色包养情妇，谁也不知道他们的关系到底是怎样。

The sale was to take place on the 16<sup>th</sup>. A day's interval had been left between the visiting days and the sale, in order to give time for taking down the hangings, curtains, etc.

I had just returned from abroad. It was natural that I had not heard of

Marguerite's death among the pieces of news which one's friends always tell on returning after an absence. Marguerite was a pretty woman; but though the life of such women makes sensation enough, their death makes very little. They are suns which set as they rose, unobserved. Their death, when they die young, is heard of by all their lovers at the same moment, for in Paris almost all the lovers of a well-known woman are friends. A few recollections are exchanged, and everybody's life goes on as if the incident had never occurred, without so much as a tear.

Nowadays, at twenty-five, tears have become so rare a thing that they are not to be squandered indiscriminately. It is the most that can be expected if the parents who pay for being wept over are wept over in return for the price they pay.

As for me, though my initials did not occur on any of Marguerite's belongings, that instinctive indulgence, that natural pity that I have already confessed, set me thinking over her death, more perhaps than it was worth thinking over. I remembered having often met Marguerite in the Bois, where she went regularly every day in a little blue coupe drawn by two magnificent bays, and I had noticed in her a distinction quite apart from other women of her kind, a distinction which was enhanced by a really exceptional beauty.

These unfortunate creatures whenever they go out are always accompanied by somebody or other. As no man cares to make himself conspicuous by being seen in their company, and as they are afraid of solitude, they take with them either those who are not well enough off to have a carriage, or one or another of those elegant, ancient ladies, whose elegance is a little inexplicable, and to whom one can always go for information in regard to the women whom they accompany.

In Marguerite's case it was quite different. She was always alone when she drove in the Champs-Elysees, lying back in her carriage as much as possible, dressed in furs in winter, and in summer wearing very simple dresses; and though she often passed people whom she knew, her smile, when she chose to smile, was seen only by them, and a duchess might have smiled in just such a manner. She did not drive to and fro like the others, from the Rond-Point to the end of the Champs-Elysees. She drove straight to the Bois. There she left her

carriage, walked for an hour, returned to her carriage, and drove rapidly home.

All these circumstances which I had so often witnessed came back to my memory, and I regretted her death as one might regret the destruction of a beautiful work of art.

It was impossible to see more charm in beauty than in that of Marguerite. Excessively tall and thin, she had in the fullest degree the art of repairing this oversight of Nature by the mere arrangement of the things she wore. Her cashmere reached to the ground, and showed on each side the large flounces of a silk dress, and the heavy muff which she held pressed against her bosom was surrounded by such cunningly arranged folds that the eye, however exacting, could find no fault with the contour of the lines. Her head, a marvel, was the object of the most coquettish care. It was small, and her mother, as Musset would say, seemed to have made it so in order to make it with care.

Set, in an oval of indescribable grace, two black eyes, surmounted by eyebrows of so pure a curve that it seemed as if painted; veil these eyes with lovely lashes, which, when drooped, cast their shadow on the rosy hue of the cheeks; trace a delicate, straight nose, the nostrils a little open, in an ardent aspiration toward the life of the senses; design a regular mouth, with lips parted graciously over teeth as white as milk; colour the skin with the down of a peach that no hand has touched, and you will have the general aspect of that charming countenance. The hair, black as jet, waving naturally or not, was parted on the forehead in two large folds and draped back over the head, leaving in sight just the tip of the ears, in which there glittered two diamonds, worth four to five thousand francs each. How it was that her ardent life had left on Marguerite's face the virginal, almost childlike expression, which characterized it, is a problem which we can but state, without attempting to solve it.

Marguerite had a marvellous portrait of herself, by Vidal, the only man whose pencil could do her justice. I had this portrait by me for a few days after her death, and the likeness was so astonishing that it has helped to refresh my memory in regard to some points which I might not otherwise have remembered.

Some among the details of this chapter did not reach me until later, but I write them here so as not to be obliged to return to them when the story itself



has begun.

Marguerite was always present at every first night, and passed every evening either at the theatre or the ball. Whenever there was a new piece she was certain to be seen, and she invariably had three things with her on the ledge of her ground-floor box: her opera-glass, a bag of sweets, and a bouquet of camellias.

For twenty-five days of the month the camellias were white, and for five they were red; no one ever knew the reason of this change of colour, which I mention though I can not explain it; it was noticed both by her friends and by the habitue's of the theatres to which she most often went. She was never seen with any flowers but camellias. At the florist's, Madame Barjon's, she had come to be called "the Lady of the Camellias," and the name stuck to her.

Like all those who move in a certain set in Paris, I knew that Marguerite had lived with some of the most fashionable young men in society, that she spoke of it openly, and that they themselves boasted of it; so that all seemed equally pleased with one another. Nevertheless, for about three years, after a visit to Bagneres, she was said to be living with an old duke, a foreigner, enormously rich, who had tried to remove her as far as possible from her former life, and, as it seemed, entirely to her own satisfaction.

This is what I was told on the subject. In the spring of 1842 Marguerite was so ill that the doctors ordered her to take the waters, and she went to Bagneres. Among the invalids was the daughter of this duke; she was not only suffering from the same complaint, but she was so like Marguerite in appearance that they might have been taken for sisters; the young duchess was in the last stage of consumption, and a few days after Marguerite's arrival she died.

One morning, the duke, who had remained at Bagneres to be near the soil that had buried a part of his heart, caught sight of Marguerite at a turn of the road. He seemed to see the shadow of his child, and going up to her, he took her hands, embraced and wept over her, and without even asking her who she was, begged her to let him love in her the living image of his dead child. Marguerite, alone at Bagneres with her maid, and not being in any fear of compromising herself, granted the duke's request. Some people who knew her,