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THE THREE
MUSKETEERS

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GROSSET & DUNLAP



PREFACE

In which it is proved that, notwithstanding their names in *os* and *is*, the heroes of the history which we are about to have the honor to relate to our readers have nothing mythological about them.

A SHORT time ago, while making researches in the Royal Library for my History of Louis XIV, I stumbled by chance upon the Memoirs of Monsieur d'Artagnan, printed—as were most of the works of that period, in which authors could not tell the truth without the risk of a residence, more or less long, in the Bastille—at Amsterdam, by Pierre Rouge. The title attracted me; I took them home with me, with the permission of the guardian, and devoured them.

It is not my intention here to enter into an analysis of this curious work; and I shall satisfy myself with referring such of my readers as appreciate the pictures of the period to its pages. They will therein find portraits penciled by the hand of a master; and although these squibs may be, for the most part, traced upon the doors of barracks and the walls of cabarets, they will not find the likenesses of Louis XIII, Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Mazarin, and the courtiers of the period, less faithful than in the history of M. Anquetil.

But, as it is well known, that which strikes the capricious mind of the poet is not always that which affects the mass of readers. Now, while admiring, as others doubtless will admire, the curious details we have to relate, the thing which attracted our attention most strongly is one to which no one before ourselves had given a thought.

D'Artagnan relates that on his first visit to M. de Tréville, captain of the king's Musketeers, he met in the antechamber

three young men, serving in the illustrious corps into which he was soliciting the honor of being received, bearing the names of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

We must confess these three strange names struck us; and it immediately occurred to us that they were but pseudonyms, under which D'Artagnan had disguised names perhaps illustrious, or else that the bearers of these borrowed names had themselves chosen them on the day in which, from caprice, discontent, or want of fortune, they had donned the simple musketeer's uniform.

From that moment we had no rest till we had searched all the contemporary works within our reach for some trace of these extraordinary names which had so strongly awakened our curiosity.

The catalogue alone of the books we read with this object would fill a whole chapter, which, although it might be very instructive, would certainly afford our readers but little amusement. It will suffice, then, to tell them that at the moment at which, discouraged by so many fruitless investigations, we were about to abandon our search, we at length found, guided by the counsels of our illustrious friend, Paulin Pâris, a manuscript in folio, indorsed 4772 or 4773, we do not recollect which, having for title: "Memoir of the Comte de la Fère, touching some Events which passed in France towards the End of the Reign of King Louis XIII and the Commencement of the Reign of King Louis XIV."

It may be easily imagined how great was our joy, when in turning over this manuscript, our last hope, we found at the twentieth page the name of Athos, at the twenty-seventh the name of Porthos, and at the thirty-first the name of Aramis.

The discovery of a completely unknown manuscript at a period in which historical science is carried to such a high degree appeared almost miraculous. We hastened, therefore, to obtain permission to print it, with the view of presenting ourselves some day with the *pack* of others at the doors of

the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, if we should not succeed—a very probable thing, by-the-bye—in gaining admission to the Académie Française with our own proper *pack*. This permission, we feel bound to say, was graciously granted; which compels us here to give a public contradiction to the slanderers who pretend that we live under a government but moderately indulgent to men of letters.

Now, this is the first part of this precious manuscript which we offer to our readers, restoring to it the title which belongs to it, and entering into an engagement that if (of which we entertain no doubt) this first part should obtain the success it merits, we will publish the second incontinently.

In the mean while, as the godfather is a second father, we beg the reader to lay to our account, and not to that of the Comte de la Fère, the pleasure or the *ennui* he may experience.

This being understood, let us proceed with our history.

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CHAPTER I

THE THREE GIFTS OF M. D'ARTAGNAN THE ELDER

ON the first Monday of the month of April, 1626, the market-town of Meung, in which the author of the "Romance of the Rose" was born, appeared to be in as perfect a state of revolution as if the Huguenots had just made a second Rochelle of it. Many citizens, seeing the women flying towards the Grand Street, leaving their children crying at the open doors, hastened to ⁱⁿ don the ^{armor} cuirass, and supporting their somewhat uncertain courage with a musket or ^{an adherent} a partisan, directed their steps towards the ^{an inn} hostelry of the Jolly Miller, before which was gathered, increasing every minute, a ^{many} compact group, ^{noise} vociferous and full of ^{something wonderful} curiosity.

In those times panics were common, and few days passed without some city or other ^{to make record} enregistering in its ^{public record} archives an event of this kind. There were nobles, who made war against each other; there was the king, who made war against the ^{fundamental} cardinal; there was Spain, which made war against the king. Then, in addition to these ^{secret} concealed or public, secret or open wars, there were robbers, ^{a beggar} mendicants, ^{an adherent} Huguenots, wolves, and ^{a villain} scoundrels, who made war upon everybody. The citizens always took up arms readily against thieves, wolves, or scoundrels, often against nobles or Huguenots, sometimes against the king, but never against the cardinal or Spain. It resulted, then, from this habit that on the said first Monday of the month of April, 1626, the citizens, on hearing the ^{noisy} clamor, and seeing neither the red-and-yellow standard nor the ^{secret uniform} livery of the Duc de Richelieu, rushed towards the ⁱⁿⁿ hostel

of the Jolly Miller. When arrived there, the cause of this ^{loud calls} hubbub was ^{evident} apparent to all.

A young man,—we can sketch his ^{likeness} portrait at a dash. Imagine to yourself a Don Quixote of eighteen; a Don Quixote without his ^{armor} corselet, without his coat-of-mail, without his ^{a thing to put a knife} cuisses; a Don Quixote ^{gray} clothed in a woolen doublet, the blue color of which had faded into a nameless shade between ^{drags} lees of wine and a heavenly ^{sky blue} azure; face long and brown; high cheek-bones, a sign of ^{brave} sagacity; the maxillary muscles ^{vest} enormously developed, an ^{well} infallible sign by which a Gascon may always be detected, even without his cap,—and our young man wore a cap set off with a sort of feather; the eye open and ^{wild} intelligent; the nose hooked, but finely ^{straight} chiseled. Too big for a youth, too small for a grown man, an experienced eye might have taken him for a farmer's son upon a journey, had it not been for the long sword which, ^{hang loosely} dangling from a leathern baldric, hit against the calves of its owner as he walked, and against the rough side of his steed when he was on horseback.

For our young man had a ^{horse} steed which was the observed of all ^{keepers} observers. It was a Béarn pony, from twelve to fourteen years old, yellow in his hide, without a hair in his tail, but not without ^{horse's knee} wind-galls on his legs, which, though going with his head lower than his knees, rendering a ^{to pay back part of horse's gear} martingale quite unnecessary, contrived nevertheless to perform his eight leagues a day. Unfortunately, the qualities of this horse were so well concealed under his strange-colored hide and his ^{from control a walk} unaccountable gait, that at a time when everybody was a connoisseur in horseflesh, the appearance of the aforesaid pony at Meung—which place he had entered about a quarter of an hour before, by the gate of Beaugency—produced an unfavorable feeling, which extended to his rider.

And this feeling had been the more painfully ^{seen} perceived by young D'Artagnan—for so was the Don Quixote of this second Rosinante named—from his not being able to conceal

from a Bohemian, and which has the ^{wonderful energy} miraculous virtue of ^{miraculous} curing all wounds that do not reach the heart. Take ^{advantage} ~~advantage~~ of all, and live happily and long. I have but one word to add, and that is to ^{purpose} ~~propose~~ an example to you,—not mine, for I myself have never appeared at court, and have only taken part in religious wars as a ^{of his own will} volunteer; I speak of M. de Tréville, who was formerly my neighbor, and who had the honor to be, as a child, the playfellow of our king, Louis XIII, whom God preserve! Sometimes their play ^{low} ~~degenerated~~ into battles, and in these battles the king was not always the stronger. The blows which he received increased greatly his ^{valuable} esteem and friendship for M. de Tréville. Afterwards, M. de Tréville fought with others: in his first journey to Paris, five times; from the death of the late king till the young one came of age, without ^{calculation} reckoning wars and ^{beset} sieges, seven times; and from that date up to the present day, a hundred times, perhaps! So that ^{and} ~~in spite of~~ ^{another} edicts, ordinances, and decrees, there he is, captain of the Musketeers; that is to say, chief of a ^{great number} legion of Cæsars, whom the king holds in great esteem, and whom the cardinal ^{handled} dreads,—he who dreads nothing, as it is said. Still further, M. de Tréville ^{get} gains ten thousand crowns a year; he is therefore a great noble. He began as you begin. Go to him with this letter; and make him your model in order that you may do as he has done."

Upon which M. d'Artagnan the elder ^{@ girdle} girded his own sword round his son, kissed him ^{off} tenderly on both cheeks, and gave him his ^{bliss} benediction.

On leaving the ^{something belongs to father} paternal chamber, the young man found his mother, who was waiting for him with the famous recipe of which the counsels we have just repeated would necessitate ^{always} frequent employment. The ^{good-bye} adieux were on this side longer and more tender than they had been on the other,—not that M. d'Artagnan did not love his son, who was his only offspring, but M. d'Artagnan was a man, and he would have

considered it ^{invaluable} unworthy of a man to give way to his feelings; ^{since} whereas Madame d'Artagnan was a woman, and still more, a mother. She wept ^{abundantly} abundantly; and—let us speak it to the praise of M. d'Artagnan the younger—^{although} notwithstanding the efforts he made to remain firm, as a future musketeer ought, nature ^{overcame} prevailed, and he shed many tears, of which he succeeded with great difficulty in concealing the half.

The same day the young man set forward on his journey, furnished with the three paternal gifts, which ^{substantial} consisted, as we have said, of fifteen crowns, the horse, and the letter for M. de Tréville,—the counsels being thrown into the ^{contract} bargain. 條 15

With such a ^{hand-book} vade mecum D'Artagnan was morally and physically an exact copy of the hero of Cervantes, to whom we so happily compared him when our duty of an historian ^{writer of history} placed us under the necessity of ^{an outline} sketching his portrait. Don Quixote took windmills for giants, and sheep for armies; D'Artagnan took every smile for ^{insult} an insult, and every look as a ^{cause anger} provocation,—whence it ^{conclusion} resulted that from Tarbes to Meung his fist was ^{always} constantly doubled, or his hand on the ^{hand of sword} hilt of his sword; and yet the fist did not ^{come down} descend upon any jaw, nor did the sword ^{issue} from its ^{dagger} scabbard. It was not that the sight of the wretched pony did not excite numerous smiles on the ^{face appearance} countenances of ^{walk} passers-by; but as against the side of this pony rattled a sword of respectable length, and as over this sword ^{glared} gleamed an eye rather ^{fierce} ferocious than ^{proud} haughty, these passers-by repressed their ^{great laugh} hilarity, or if hilarity ^{spread out} prevailed over ^{careful} prudence, they endeavored to laugh only on one side, like the masks of the ancients. D'Artagnan, then, remained majestic and ^{was governed} intact in his ^{sensitive} susceptibility, till he came to this unlucky city of Meung.

But there, as he was ^{on light} alighting from his horse at the gate of the Jolly Miller, without any one—^{army} host, waiter, or hostler—coming to hold his ^{stirrup} stirrup or take his horse, D'Artagnan ^{to see} spied, through an open window on the ground-floor, a gentleman, well-made and of good carriage, although of rather a

^{severe} stern countenance, talking with two persons who appeared to listen to him with respect. D'Artagnan ^{thought} fancied quite naturally, according to his custom, that he must be the object of their conversation, and listened. This time D'Artagnan was only in part mistaken; he himself was not in question, but his horse was. The gentleman appeared to be ^{to number} enumerating all his qualities to his ^{hearer} auditors; and, as I have said, the auditors seeming to have great deference for the ^{one who call comic} narrator, they every moment burst into fits of laughter. Now, as a half-smile was ^{enough} sufficient to awaken the ^{base to anger} irascibility of the young man, the effect produced upon him by this ^{noisy} vociferous mirth may be easily imagined.)

Nevertheless, D'Artagnan was ^{desiring} desirous of examining the appearance of this ^{not certain figure} impertinent personage who ridiculed him. He fixed his ^{pride} haughty eye upon the stranger, and ^{laughed} perceived a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, with black and ^{to enter} piercing eyes, pale ^{complexion} complexion, a strongly marked nose, and a black and well-shaped ^{heard} mustache. He was dressed in a doublet and hose of a violet color, with ^{white line} aiguillettes of the same, without any other ^{to give} ornaments than the customary slashes, through which the shirt appeared. This doublet and ^{stockings} hose, though new, were ^{built} creased, like traveling-clothes for a long time packed in a ^{travel bag} portmanteau. D'Artagnan made all these remarks with the rapidity of a most minute observer, and doubtless from an ^{particular instinct} instinctive feeling that this unknown ^{determine} was destined to have a great ^{power} influence over his future life.

Now, as at the moment in which D'Artagnan fixed his eyes upon the gentleman in the violet doublet, the gentleman made one of his most knowing and ^{dear} profound remarks respecting the Béarnese pony, his two auditors laughed even louder than before, and he himself, though contrary to his custom, allowed a pale smile (if I may be allowed to use such an expression) to ^{to go astray} stray over his ^{continuing} countenance. This time there could be no doubt; D'Artagnan was really insulted. Full, then, of this ^{settled} conviction, he pulled his cap down over

his eyes, and endeavoring to copy some of the court airs he had picked up in Gascony among young traveling nobles, he advanced with one hand on the hilt of his sword and the other resting on his ^{hip}. Unfortunately, as he advanced, his anger increased at every step; and instead of the proper and lofty speech he had prepared as a ^{a performance, combat} prelude to his challenge, he found nothing at the tip of his tongue but a ^{great} gross personality, which he accompanied with a ^{vast, rather} furious gesture.

^{one, that, about} "I say, sir, you, sir, who are hiding yourself behind that shutter—yes, you, sir, tell me what you are laughing at, and we will laugh together!"

The gentleman raised his eyes slowly from the nag to his ^{small horse} cavalier, as if he required some time to ascertain whether it could be to him that such strange ^{met, certain} reproaches were addressed; then, when he could not possibly ^{punish} entertain any doubt of the matter, his eyebrows slightly bent, and with an accent of ^{irony} irony and ^{introduces} insolence impossible to be described, he replied to D'Artagnan, "I was not speaking to you, sir."

^{plus} "But I am speaking to you!" replied the young man, ^{angry} additionally exasperated with this mixture of insolence and good manners, of politeness and ^{scold} scorn.

^{take away} The unknown looked at him again with a slight smile, and ^{retiring} retiring from the window, came out of the ⁱⁿⁿ hostelry with a slow step, and placed himself before the horse within two paces of D'Artagnan. His quiet manner and the ^{force} ironical expression of his ^{appearance} countenance redoubled the mirth of the persons with whom he had been talking, and who still remained at the window.

D'Artagnan, seeing him approach, drew his sword a foot out of the ^{scabbard} scabbard.

"This horse is ^{decided} decidedly, or rather has been in his youth, a buttercup," resumed the unknown, continuing the remarks he had begun, and addressing himself to his auditors at the window, without paying the least attention to the ^{exasperation} exasperation of D'Artagnan, who, however, placed himself between

him and them. "It is a color very well known in botany, but till the present time very rare among horses."

"There are people who laugh at the horse that would not dare to laugh at the master," cried the young emulator of the furious Tréville.

"I do not often laugh, sir," replied the unknown, "as you may perceive by the expression of my countenance; but nevertheless I retain the privilege of laughing when I please."

"And I," cried D'Artagnan, "will allow no man to laugh when it displeases me!"

"Indeed, sir," continued the unknown, more calm than ever; "well, that is perfectly right!" and turning on his heel, was about to reënter the hostelry by the front gate, beneath which D'Artagnan on arriving had observed a saddled horse.

But D'Artagnan was not of a character to allow a man to escape him thus who had had the insolence to ridicule him. He drew his sword entirely from the scabbard, and followed him, crying,—

"Turn, turn, Master Joker, lest I strike you behind!"

"Strike me!" said the other, turning on his heels, and surveying the young man with as much astonishment as contempt.

"Why, my good fellow, you must be mad!" Then, in a suppressed tone, as if speaking to himself, "This is annoying," continued he. "What a godsend this would be for his Majesty, who is seeking everywhere for brave fellows to recruit his Musketeers!"

He had scarcely finished, when D'Artagnan made such a furious lunge at him that if he had not sprung nimbly backwards, it is probable he would have jested for the last time. The unknown, then perceiving that the matter went beyond railery, drew his sword, saluted his adversary, and seriously placed himself on guard. But at the same moment his two auditors, accompanied by the host, fell upon D'Artagnan with sticks, shovels, and tongs. This caused so rapid and complete a diversion from the attack, that D'Artagnan's adversary, while the latter turned round to face this shower

of blows, st ~~sheathed~~ ^{sheathed} his sword with the same ^{decided} precision, and instead of an actor, which he had nearly been, became a ^{who} ~~spec-~~ ^{to set free} tator of the fight,—a part in which he ~~acquitted~~ ^{acquitted} himself with his usual ^{impassible} impassibility, ^{murmured} muttering, ^{always not} nevertheless, “A plague upon these Gascons! Replace him on his orange horse, and let him begone!”

“Not before I have killed you, ^{a coward} ~~poltroon!~~” cried D’Artagnan, making the best face possible, and never retreating one step before his three ^{attack violently} assailants, who continued to shower blows upon him.

“Another gasconade!” ^{muttered} murmured the gentleman. “By my honor, these Gascons are ^{cannot correct} incorrigible! Keep up the dance, then, since he will have it so. When he is tired, he will perhaps tell us that he has enough of it.”

But the unknown knew not the ^{refrains, restrained figure} headstrong personage he had to do with; D’Artagnan was not the man ever to cry for quarter. The fight was therefore ^{prolonged} prolonged for some seconds; but at length D’Artagnan dropped his sword, which was broken in two pieces by the blow of a stick. Another blow full upon his forehead at the same moment brought him to the ground, ^{great} covered with blood and almost fainting.

It was at this moment that people came flocking to the ^{landscape} scene for action from all sides. The host, fearful of ^{always} consequences, with the help of his servants carried the wounded man into the kitchen, where some ^{little} trifling attentions were ^{to him} bestowed upon him.

As to the gentleman, he ^{decided} resumed his place at the window, and ^{inspect} surveyed the crowd with a certain impatience, ^{clearly} evidently annoyed by their remaining ^{undisturbed} undispersed.

“Well, how is it with this madman?” exclaimed he, turning round as the noise of the door announced the entrance of the host, who came to ^{ask} inquire if he was unhurt.

“Your ^{majesty} Excellency is safe and sound?” asked the host.

“Oh, yes! perfectly safe and sound, my good host; and I wish to know what is become of our young man.”

“He is better,” said the host; “he ^{great} fainted quite away.”

"Indeed!" said the gentleman.

"But before he fainted, he collected all his strength to ^{provokes} challenge you, and to defy you while challenging you." ^{combat}

"Why, this fellow must be the Devil in person!" cried the unknown.

"Oh, no, your Excellency, he is not the Devil," replied the host, with a grin of contempt; "for during his fainting we ^{search carefully} rummaged his valise, and found nothing but a clean shirt and twelve crowns,—which, however, did not prevent his saying, as he was fainting, that if such a thing had happened in Paris you should have ^{at once} repented of it, while here you would only have cause to repent of it at a later period."

"Then," said the unknown, coolly, "he must be some prince in disguise." ^{change of appearance}

"I have told you this, good sir," resumed the host, "in order that you may be on your guard."

"Did he name no one in his passion?" ^{passion}

"Yes; he struck his pocket and said, 'We shall see what M. de Tréville will think of this insult' offered to his ^{one who professes by oaths} protégé." ^{settled}

"M. de Tréville?" said the unknown, becoming ^{intent} attentive, "he put his hand upon his pocket while pronouncing the name of M. de Tréville? Now, my dear host, while your young man was ^{no sensible} insensible, you did not fail, I am quite sure, to ^{certain} ascertain what that pocket ^{hold} contained. What was there in it?"

"A letter addressed to M. de Tréville, captain of the Musketeers."

"Indeed!"

"Exactly as I have the honor to tell your Excellency."

The host, who was ^{master} not endowed with great perspicacity, did not observe the expression which his words had given to the physiognomy of the unknown. The latter rose from the front of the window, upon the ^{late} sill of which he had ^{apart} leaned with his elbow, and knitted his brows like a man disquieted. ^{not quiet}

a discovery
of the mind
by fact.

basis
map