```
sed 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 the moment we had no rest till we could find so e trace in contemporary works 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 Paris, a manuscript in folio, endorsed 4772 or
1773, we do not recollect which, having for title, "Memoirs of the Comte de la Fere, Touching Some Events Which Passed in France Toward the End of the Reign of King Louis XIV." It may be easily imagined how great was our
 y when, in turning over this manuscript, our last hope, we found at the twentieth page the name of Aramis. The discovery of a completely unknown manuscript at a period in which historical sciencial sciencial sciencial to such a high degree appeared almost miraculous. We hastened, therefore, to obtain permission to print it, with the view of presenting ourselves someday with the pack of others at the doors of the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, if we should not succeed
a very probable thing, by the by--in gaining admission to the Academie Francaise 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 go rnment but moderately indulgent to men of letters. Now, this is the first part of this precious manuscript which we offer to our readers, restoring it to the title which belongs to it, and entering into an engagement that if (of which we have no doubt) this first part should obtain the state of the state of the precious manuscript which we offer to our readers, restoring it to the title which belongs to it, and entering into an engagement that if (of which we have no doubt) this first part should obtain the state of the state of
   ss it merits, we will publish the second immediately. In the meanwhile, 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 Fere, the pleasure or the ENNUI he may experience. This being understood, let us proceed with
                                                                                                                                                                                g, in which the author of ROMANCE OF THE ROSE was born, appeared to be in as perfect a state of revolution as if the Huguenots had jus doors, hastened to don the cuirass, and supporting their somewhat uncertain courage with a musket or a partisan, directed their surposity. In those times panics were common, and few days passed without some city or other registering in its archives an every contract to the course of the
r history. 1 THE THREE PRESENTS OF D'ARTAGNAN THE ELDER On the first Monday of the month of April, 1625, the market town of Meun
 ade a second La Rochelle of it. Many citizens, seeing the women flying toward the High Street, leaving their children crying at the open
  os toward the hostelry of the Jolly Miller, before which was gathered, increasing every minute, a compact group, vociferous and full of c
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ich made war against the king. Then, in addition to these concealed or public, secret or open wars, there were robbers, me
                                                                                                                                                                                                       undrels, often against nobles or Huguenots, sometimes against the king, but never against cardinal or Spain. It resulte
                                                                                                                                                                                    olves or sco
  en, from this habit that on the said first Monday of April, 1625, the citizens, on hearing the clamor, and seeing neither the red-and-yellow
                                                                                                                                                                                                          the livery of the Duc de Richelieu, rushed toward the hostel of the Jolly Miller. When arrived there, the cause of the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                           rselet, without his coat of mail, without his cuisses; a Don Quixote clothed in a woolen doublet, the blue color of which
 ub was apparent to all. A young man--we can sketch his portrait at a dash. Imagine to yourself a Don Quixote of eighteen; a Don Quixot
                                                                                                                                                                                    e without his co
 had faded into a nameless shade between lees of wine and a heavenly azure; face long and brown; high cheek bones, a sign of sagacity
                                                                                                                                                                                     : the maxillary m
                                                                                                                                                                                                           uscles enormously developed, an infallible sign by which a Gascon may always be detected, even without his cap-
                                                                                                                                                                                                            Il 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
d our young man wore a cap set off with a sort of feather; the eye open and intelligent, the nose hooked, but finely chiseled. Too b
              which, dangling from a leather baldric, hit against the calves of its owner as he walked, and against the rough side of his sto
elve to fourteen years old, yellow in his hide, without a hair in his tail, but not without windgalls on his legs, which, though going with hi
                                                                                                                                                                                                            an his knees, rendering a martingale quite unnecessary, contrived nevertheless to perform his eight leadues a day.
                                                                                                                                                                                     s head lower th
  rtunately, the qualities of this horse were so well concealed under his strange-colored hide and his unaccountable gait, that at a
                                                                                                                                                                                     hen everybody
                                         gate of Beaugency--produced an unfavorable feeling, which extended to his rider. And this feeling ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                         painfully perceived by young d'Artagnan-for so was the Don Quixote of this second Rosinante named-from his not be
                                                                                                                                                                                                      erefore, when accepting the gift of the pony from M. d'Artagnan the elder. He was n
                                               the ridiculous appearance that such a steed gave him, good horseman as he was. He had signed
                                                                                                                                                                                                   entleman, in that pure Bearn PATOIS of which Henry IV could never rid himself,
                                                  the words which had accompanied the present were above all price. "My son," said the old Gas
                                                   ars ago, and has remained in it ever since, which ought to make you love it. Never sell it; allow provided you have ever the honor to go there," continued M. d'Artagnan the elder, "--a
                                                                                                                                                                                                it to die tranquilly and honorably of old age, and if you make a campaign with it, take a
                                                                                                                                                                                             n honor to which, remember, your ancient nobility gives you the right--sustain worthily
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ur name of gentleman, wh
ch has been worthily bor
                                  ne by
                                                     your ancestors for five hundred years, both for your own sake and the sake of th
                                                                                                                                                                                                   ose who belong to you. By the latter I mean your relatives and friends. Endure no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                from anyone except Mo
                                he king.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     entleman can make his way nowadays. Whoever hesitates for a s
                                                       t is by his courage, please observe, by his courage alone, that a g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   econd pe
                                                         econd fortune held out to him. You are young. You ought to be b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  econd is th
                                                          es. I have taught you how to handle a sword; you have thews of iron, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                           ccasions. Fight the more for duels being forbidden, since consequently
                                                             my son, but fifteen crowns, my horse, and the counsels you have ju-
                                                                                                                                                                                                            dd to them a recipe for a certain balsam, which she had from a Bohem
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ian and which
                                                                                                                                                                                                             and that is to propose an example to
rtue of curing all wou
                                                                                                  ntage of all, and live happily and long
                                                                                                                                                                                    word to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 you--not mine, for I mys
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             elf have never ap
                                                                as a volunteer; I sp
                                                                                                                                                     rme rly my
have only taken part
                                                                                                  eak of Monsieur de Treville, who was fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                           o had the honor to be, as a child, the pl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ay-fellow of our king
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Louis XIII. who
                                                                                             these battles the king was not always the s tron ger. T he bin his first journey to Paris, five times; from the e d
metimes their play de
                                                                 tles, and in
                                                                                                                                                                                   ows w
                                                                                                                                                                                                            he received increased greatly his esteem a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nd friendsh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ip for Monsieur d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e Treville. Afterward
                                                                                                                                                                                                        th of the late king till the young one came of ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e. without reckoni
                                                                                             present day, a hundred times, perhaps! So that i
                                hat date up to th
                                                                                                                                                                                                     n spite of edicts, ordinances, and decrees, there
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e is, captain of th
                                                                                               he king holds in great esteem and whom the card
                                                                                                                                                                                                 nal dreads--he who dreads nothing, as it is said. S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     till fu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ur de Treville gains ten
                                                                                   om t
                                                                                                                                                                                         is letter, and make him your model in order that you ma
                                                                                               re a great noble. He began as you begin. Go to him with t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   v do
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              has done." Upon which M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             as he
                                                                                                is son, kissed him tenderly on both cheeks, and gave him h
                                                                        ord rou
                                                                                                                                                                                      is benediction. On leaving the paternal chamber, the young
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           n found
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              his mother, who was waiting for him w
                                                                                               st repeated would necessitate frequent employ
th the famous recipe of which the coun
                                                                                                                                                                                     dieux were on this side longer and more tender than th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          been on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              other--not that M. d'Artagnan did not lo
                                                                            M. d'A
                                                                                              gnan was a man, and he would have considered it unworth
                                                                                                                                                                                      of a man to give way to his feelings; whereas Mme. d'Artag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         n was a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                an, and still more, a mother. She wep
                                                                g, but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        wom
ve his son, who was his only offsprin
abundantly; and--let us speak it to t
                                                                 ise of
                                                                            M. ď
                                                                                             rtagnan the younger--notwithstanding the efforts he made to
                                                                                                                                                                                       remain firm, as a future Musketeer ought, nature prevailed, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    hed m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ars, of which he succeeded with a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d he s
                                                       f. The s ame d
                                                                                            the young man set forward on his journey, furnished with the
                                                                                                                                                                                      hree paternal gifts, which consisted, as we have said, of fiftee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   crown s, the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      orse, and the letter for M. de Tre
                                                                              ay
lle--the counsels being thro
                                                       into the
                                                                    barg
                                                                                          ain. With such a VADE MECUM d'Artagnan was morally and ph
                                                                                                                                                                                      sically an exact copy of the hero of Cervantes, to whom we so h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   appil
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            y comp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d him when our duty of an hi
storian placed us under t
                                                                                        of sketching his portrait. Don Quixote took windmills for giants, a
                                                                                                                                                                                      id sheep for armies; d'Artagnan took every smile for an insult, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d every
                                                       cessitv
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               as a provocation-
                                                                                                                                                                                     d yet the fist did not descend upon any jaw, nor did the sword issue
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               rd. It was not that the sign
                                                                                         was constantly doubled, or his hand on the hilt of his sword;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            from i
                                                         ng his
ht of the wretched pony did not exc
                                                                                   merous smiles on the countenances of passers-by; but as against th
                                                                                                                                                                                       side of this pony rattled a sword of respectable length, and as over
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  sword gleamed an eye rather ferod
                                                                                     essed their hilarity, or if hilarity prevailed over prudence, they ende
                                                                                                                                                                                     avored to laugh only on one side, like the masks of the ancients. D'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 gnan, then, remained majestic and
                                                                                                                                                                                     orse at the gate of the Jolly Miller, without anyone--host, waiter, or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ostler--coming to hold his stirrup or tal
                                                                                       is unlucky city of Meung. But there, as he was alighting from his h
                                                                                        he ground floor, a gentleman, well-made and of good carriage, alt
e his horse, d'Artagnan spied, though an open window on t
                                                                                                                                                                                     hough of rather a stern countenance, talking with two persons wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     o appeared to listen to him with respect. d'Artagnan fancie
                                                                                         e object of their conversation, and listened. This time d'Artagna
d quite naturally, according to his custom, that he must be th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    his horse was. The gentleman appeared to be enumerati
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   icient to awaken the irascibility of the young man, the effect
                                                                                          rs seeming to have great deference for the narrator, they ever
produced upon him by this vociferous mirth may be easily ima
                                                                                           gined. Nevertheless, d'Artagnan was desirous of examining ti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nd hose of a violet color, with aiguillettes of the same color, win a portmanteau. d'Artagnan made all these remarks with the ra
 nan of from forty to forty-five years of age, with black and pierci
                                                                                             ng eyes, pale complexion, a strongly marked nose, and a bla
                                                                                               ich the shirt appeared. This doublet and hose, though new
                                                                                                                                                                                     were creased, like traveling clothes for a long time packed
out any other ornaments than the customary slashes, through wh
                                                                                                 eeling that this stranger was destined to have a great influ
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Artagnan fixed his eyes upon the gentleman in the violet doub
 ity of a most minute observer, and doubtless from an instinctive
                                                                                                                                                                                     ence over his future life. Now, as at the moment in which d
                                                                                                 s respecting the Bearnese pony, his two auditors laughed
                                                                                                                                                                                     even louder than before, and he himself, though contrar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          y to his custom, allowed a pale smile (if I may allowed to use such
n expression) to stray over his countenance. This time there could b
                                                                                                   e no doubt; d'Artagnan was really insulted. Full, then, of
                                                                                                                                                                                      this conviction, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nd endeavoring to copy some of the court airs he had picked up in
scony among young traveling nobles, he advanced with one hand on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ery step; and instead of the proper and lofty speech he had prepared
                                                                                                                                                                                     nfortunately, as he advanced, his anger increased at ev
is a prelude to his challenge, he found nothing at the tip of his tongue
                                                                                                      but a gross personality, which he accompanied with a
                                                                                                                                                                                      furious gesture. "I say, sir, you sir, who are hiding yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      urself behind that shutter--yes, you, sir, tell me what you are la
 and we will laugh together!" The gentleman raised his eyes slowly fro
                                                                                                       m the nag to his cavalier, as if he required some time
                                                                                                                                                                                     to ascertain whether it could be to him that such stra
                                                                                                                                                                                     d, he replied to d'Artagnan, "I was not speaking to v
rtain any doubt of the matter, his eyebrows slightly bent, and with an acc
                                                                                                        ent of irony and insolence impossible to be describe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               'But I am speaking to you!" replied the young man, addition
                                                                                                          ss and scorn. The stranger looked at him again wit
                                                                                                                                                                                     h a slight smile, and retiring from the window, cam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e out of the hostelry with a slow step, and placed himself before the hors
                                                                                                           ion of his countenance redoubled the mirth of the
                                                                                                                                                                                     persons with whom he had been talking, and wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                o still remained at the window. D'Artagnan, seeing him approach, drew his
 word a foot out of the scabbard. "This horse is decidedly, or rather has bee
                                                                                                            n in his youth, a buttercup," resumed the strang
him and them. "It is a color very well known in
                                                                                                                                                                                     er, continuing the remarks he had begun, and ad
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               dressing himself to his auditors at the window, without paying the least atte
 on to the exasperation of d'Artagnan, who, however placed himself between
                                                                                                                                                                                     botany, but till the present time very rare amon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            "There are people who laugh at the horse that would not dare to la
 gh at the master," cried the young emulator of the furious Treville. "I do not of
                                                                                                               ten laugh, sir," replied the stranger, "as you m
                                                                                                                                                                                     ay perceive by the expression of my countena
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nce; but nevertheless I retain the privilege of laughing when I please."
                                                                                                                     continued the stranger, more calm than e
                                                                                                                                                                                           "well, that is perfectly right!" and turning
                                                                                                                                                                                     us who 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 a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        my good fellow, you must be mad!" Then, in a suppressed tone, as if speaking to
 nself, "This is annoying," continued he. "What a godsend this would be for his Ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        had scarcely finished, when d'Artagnan made such a furious lunge at him that if
 had not sprung nimbly backward, it is probable he would have jested for the last tim
                                                                                                                      e. The stranger, then perceiving that the
                                                                                                                                                                                    matter went beyond raillery, drew his swo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      rd, saluted his adversary, and seriously placed himself on guard. But at the same m
 nent, his two auditors, accompanied by the host, fell upon d'Artagnan with sticks, sh
                                                                                                                       ovels and tongs. This caused so rapid a
                                                                                                                                                                                     nd complete a diversion from the attack
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     that d'Artagnan's adversary, while the latter turned round to face this shower of blov
   sheathed his sword with the same precision, and instead of an actor, which he had n
                                                                                                                         early been, became a spectator of the f
                                                                                                                                                                                     ight--a part in which he acquitted hims
ns! Replace him on his orange horse, and let him begone!" "Not before I have killed you
                                                                                                                            poltroon!" cried d'Artagnan, making
                                                                                                                                                                                     the best face possible, and never retr
                                                                                                                              ible. Keep up the dance, then, sind
                                                                                                                                                                                    e he will have it so. When he is tired
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 he will perhaps tell us that he has had enough of it." But the stranger knew not the hea
 trong personage he had to do with; d'Artagnan was not the man ever to cry for quarter. I
                                                                                                                                                                                     r some seconds; but at length d'Ar
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               agnan dropped his sword, which was broken in two pieces by the blow of a stick. Anoth
 blow full upon his forehead at the same moment brought him to the ground, covered with b
                                                                                                                               lood and almost fainting. It was at
                                                                                                                                                                                     this moment that people came flo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             cking to the scene of action from all sides. The host, fearful of consequences, with the hel
of his servants carried the wounded man into the kitchen, where some trifling attentions we
                                                                                                                                e bestowed upon him. As to the
                                                                                                                                                                                     gentleman, he resumed his place
 remaining undispersed. "Well, how is it with this madman?" exclaimed he, turning round as t
                                                                                                                                  he noise of the door announced
                                                                                                                                                                                      the entrance of the host, who c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Indeed!" said the gentleman. "But before he fainted, he collected all his strength to challeng
 es! Perfectly safe and sound, my good host; and I wish to know what has become of our your
you, and to defy you while challenging you." "Why, this fellow must be the devil in person!" crie found nothing but a clean shirt and eleven crowns--which however, did not prevent his saying, a
                                                                                                                                                                                     Excellency, he is not the devi
                                                                                                                                     d the stranger, "Oh, no, your
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          replied the host, with a grin of contempt; "for during his fainting we rummaged his valise a
                                                                                                                                      s he was fainting, that if suc
                                                                                                                                                                                     a thing had happened in P
  ust be some prince in disguise." "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
k of this insult offered to his protege." "Monsieur de Treville?" said the stranger, becoming attentiv
                                                                                                                                         e, "he put his hand upon
                                                                                                                                                                                     is pocket while pronounci
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ng the name of Monsieur de Treville? Now, my dear host, while your young man was insensible, yo
did not fail, I am quite sure, to ascertain what that pocket contained. What was there in it?
                                                                                                                                           addressed to Monsieur
                                                                                                                                                                                      Treville, captain of the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    isketeers." "Indeed!" "Exactly as I have the honor to tell your Excellency." The host, who was not
 dowed with great perspicacity, did not observe the expression which his words had given to the phy
                                                                                                                                            siognomy of the strand
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                the front of the window, upon the sill of which he had leaned with his elbow, and knitted his brow like
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s a sword thrust, whatever be the age of him who gives it, and a youth is less to be suspected than a
                       'The devil!" murmured he, between his teeth, "Can Treville have set this Gascon upo
                                                                                                                                             n me? He is very youn
                                                                                                                                                                                       but a sword thrust i
   der man." and the stranger fell into a reverie which lasted some minutes. "A weak obstacle is sometin
                                                                                                                                              es sufficient to overth
                                                                                                                                                                                      ow a great design. "H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        "His things and his bag are with him? Has he taken off his doublet?" "On the con
m; and yet," added he, with a coldly menacing expression, "he annoys me. Where is he?" "In my wife's ch
                                                                                                                                                amber, on the first fl
                                                                                                                                                                                      ght, where they are
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        speciable people cannot put up with. Go; make out my bill and notify my servant." "What, monsieur, will yo y may have observed, your horse is in the great gateway, ready saddled for your departure." "That is well; d
ary, everything is in the kitchen. But if he annoys you, this young fool--" "To be sure he does. He causes a
                                                                                                                                                 disturbance in your
u leave us so soon?" "You know that very well, as I gave my order to saddle my horse. Have they not obe
                                                                                                                                                  d me?" "It is done:
                                                                                                                                                                                     as your Excellenc
                                                                          ost to himself. "Can he be afra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ed him short: he bowed humbly and retired. "It is not necessary for Milady* to be s
                                                                                                                                                                                     uld like, howeve
                                                                                                                                                       meet her. I sho
perly used when followed by a family name. But we find it thus in the manuscript, and we do not choose to take
tained no doubt that it was the presence of the young man that drove the stranger from his hostelry, re-ascended
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d the stranger, muttering to himself, directed his steps toward the kitchen. In the meantime, the host, who enter
                                                                                                                                                        upon ourselve
                                                                                                                                                                                     s to alter it. An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    found d'Artagnan just recovering his senses. Giving him to understand that the police would deal with him prett
y severely for having sought a quarrel with a great lord--for the opinion of the host the stranger could be nothing l
                                                                                                                                                          ess than a g
                                                                                                                                                                                    reat lord--he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  insisted that notwithstanding his weakness d'Artagnan should get up and depart as quickly as possible. D'Artag
nan, half stupefied, without his doublet, and with his head bound up in a linen cloth, arose then, and urged by the h
                                                                                                                                                                                    o descend
                                                                                                                                                                                                                he stairs; but on arriving at the kitchen, the first thing he saw was his antagonist talking calmly at the step of a hea
                                                                                                                                                           ost, began t
                                                                                                                                                                                                            om twenty to two-and-twenty years. We have already observed with what rapidity d'Artagnan seized the expression cibly from its being totally different from that of the southern countries in which d'Artagnan had hitherto resided. Sh
vy carriage, drawn by two large Norman horses. His interlocutor, whose head appeared through the carriage windo
                                                                                                                                                            w, was a w
                                                                                                                                                                                    oman of fr
of a countenance. He perceived then, at a glance, that this woman was young and beautiful; and her style of beauty s
                                                                                                                                                                                     more for
was pale and fair, with long curls falling in profusion over her shoulders, had large, blue, languishing eyes, rosy lips, urn instantly to England, and to inform him as soon as the duke leaves London." "And as to my other instructions?" as
                                                                                                                                                                                                           baster. She was talking with great animation with the stranger. "His Eminence, then, orders me--" said the lady. "To re
                                                                                                                                                               and han
                                                                                                                                                                                    ds of ala
                                                                                                                                                                 ked the
                                                                                                                                                                                     fair tra
                                                                                                                                                                                                            eler. "They are contained in this box, which you will not open until you are on the other side of the Channel.'
; and you--what will you do?" "I--I return to Paris." "What, without chastising this insolent boy?" asked the lady. The stra
d of the door. "This insolent boy chastises others," cried he; "and I hope that this time he whom he ought to chastise wil
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ut to reply; but at the moment he opened his mouth, d'Artagnan, who had heard all, precipitated himself over the thresl
                                                                                                                                                                                    as abo
                                                                                                                                                                  nger
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Will not escape him?" replied the stranger, knitting his brow. "No; before a woman you would dare not
                                                                                                                                                                                    escap
" "Y
                                                                                                                                                                    not
                                                                                                                                                                    ing.
d, t
ly, I presume?" "Remember," said Milady, seeing the stranger lay his hand on his sword, "the least delay may ruin everyth
r, sprang into his saddle, while her coachman applied his whip vigorously to his horses. The two interlocutors thus separate
norse; and the man, after throwing two or three silver pieces at the foot of mine host, galloped after his master. "Base coward
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ou are right," cried the gentleman; "begone then, on your part, and I will depart as quickly on mine." And bowing to the lac
                                                                                                                                                                                    aki
                                                                                                                                                                                                    ng opposite directions, at full gallop. "Pay him, booby!" cried the stranger to his servant, without checking the speed of his
                                                                                                                                                                                                  se gentleman!" cried d'Artagnan, springing forward, in his turn, after the servant. But his wound had rendered him too weak
o support such an exertion. Scarcely had he gone ten steps when his ears began to tingle, a faintness seized him, a cloud of bl
                                                                                                                                                                                                      passed over his eyes, and he fell in the middle of the street, crying still, "Coward! coward! coward!" "He is a coward, inde
 l," grumbled the host, drawing near to d'Artagnan, and endeavoring by this little flattery to make up matters with the young ma
but she--she was very beautiful." "What she?" demanded the host. "Milady," faltered d'Artagnan, and fainted a second time. "Ah
                                                                                                                                                                                               n, as the heron of the fable did with the snail he had despised the evening before. "Yes, a base coward," murmured d'Artagnan, it's all one," said the host; "I have lost two customers, but this one remains, of whom I am pretty certain for some days to com
 There will be eleven crowns gained." It is to be remembered that eleven crowns was just the sum that remained in d'Artagnan's p
                                                                                                                                                                                            urse. The host had reckoned upon eleven days of confinement at a crown a day, but he had reckoned without his guest. On the fo
 owing morning at five o'clock d'Artagnan arose, and descending to the kitchen without help, asked, among other ingredients the li
                                                                                                                                                                                           st of which has not come down to us, for some oil, so me wine, and some rosemary, and with his mother's recipe in his hand com
sed a balsam, with which he anointed his numerous wounds, replacing his bandages himself, and positively refusing the assistance
his rosemary, this oil, and the wine, the only expense the master had incurred, as he had preserved a strict abstinence--while on the c
                                                                                                                                                                                         of any doctor, d'Artagnan walked about that same evening, and was almost cured by the morrow. But when the time came to pay fo
                                                                                                                                                                                           ntrary, the yellow horse, by the account of the hostler at least, had eaten three times as much as a horse of his size could reasona
y supposed to have done--d'Artagnan found nothing in his pocket but his little old velvet purse with the eleven crowns it contained; for
                                                                                                                                                                                        as to the letter addressed to M. de Treville, it had disappeared. The young man commenced his search for the letter with the greatest |
                                                                                                                                                                                     his purse; but when he found that he had come to the conviction that the letter was not to be found, he flew, for the third time, into such
 tience, turning out his pockets of all kinds over and over again, rummaging and rerummaging in his valise, and opening and reopening
                                                                                                                                                                                     ated and threaten to destroy everything in the establishment if his letter were not found, the host seized a spit, his wife a broom handle,
a rage as was near costing him a fresh consumption of wine, oil, and rosemary-for upon seeing this hot-headed youth become exasper
and the servants the same sticks they had used the day before. "My letter of recommendation!" cried d'Artagnan, "my letter of recomm
                                                                                                                                                                                      endation! or, the holy blood, I will spit you all like ortolans!" Unfortunately, there was one circumstance which created a powerful obs
                                                                                                                                                                                        d which he had entirely forgotten. Hence, it resulted when d'Artagnan proceeded to draw his sword in earnest, he found himself pure
cle to the accomplishment of this thréat; which was, as we have related, that his sword had been in his first conflict broken in two, an
 and simply armed with a stump of a sword about eight or ten inches in length, which the host had carefully placed in the scabbard.
                                                                                                                                                                                          As to the rest of the blade, the master had slyly put that on one side to make himself a larding pin. But this deception would pr
                                                                                                                                                                                          But, after all," said he, lowering the point of his spit, "where is this letter?" "Yes, where is this letter?" cried d'Artagnan. "In the first
onot have stopped our fiery young man if the host had not reflected that the reclamation which his guest made was perfectly just.
 lace, I warn you that that letter is for Monsieur de Treville, and it must be found, he will know how to find it." His threat comp
                                                                                                                                                                                             the inlimidation of the host. After the king and the cardinal, M. de Treville was the man whose name was perhaps most frequently
 epeated by the military, and even by citizens. There was, to be sure, Father Joseph, but his name was never pronounced but with
                                                                                                                                                                                              a subdued voice, such was the terror inspired by his Gray Eminence, as the cardinal's familiar was called. Throwing down his sp
 t, and ordering his wife to do the same with her broom handle, and the servants with their sticks, he set the first example of com
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  "Does the letter contain anything valuable?" demanded the host, after a few minutes o
                                                                                                                                                                                   en
                                                                                                                                                                                               It contained my fortune!" "Bills upon Spain?" asked the disturbed host. "Bills upon his Majesty's private treasury," answered onewhat hazardous reply without telling of a falsehood. "The devil!" cried the host, at his wit's end. "But it's of no importance
  eless investigation. "Zounds! I think it does indeed!" cried the Gascon, who reckoned upon this letter for making his way at c
                                                                                                                                                                       our
Artagnan, who, reckoning upon entering into the king's service in consequence of this recommendation, believed he could ma
' continued d'Artagnan, with natural assurance; "it's of no importance. The money is nothing; that letter was everything. I wo
                                                                                                                                                                                   is s
                                                                                                                                                                      ke th
                                                                                                                                                                    uld ra
                                                                                                                                                                                   ther h
                                                                                                                                                                                                  ave lost a thousand pistoles than have lost it." He would not have risked more if he had said twenty thousand; but a certain
 enile modesty restrained him. A ray of light all at once broke upon the mind of the host as he was giving himself to the devi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                "That letter is not lost!" cried he. "What!" cried d'Artagnan. "No, it has been stolen from you." "Stolen? By whom'
                                                                                                                                                                  I upon
                                                                                                                                                                                   finding
 'By the gentleman who was here yesterday. He came down into the kitchen, where your doublet was. He remained there so
                                                                                                                                                                                                     would lay a wager he has stolen it." "Do you think so?" answered d'Artagnan, but little convinced, as he knew better than a ants, none of the travelers present, could have gained anything by being possessed of this paper. "Do you say," resumed
                                                                                                                                                                 me time
                                                                                                                                                                                   alone.
nyone else how entirely personal the value of this letter was, and was nothing in it likely to tempt cupidity. The fact was th
                                                                                                                                                                at none o
                                                                                                                                                                                   f his serv
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ship was the protege of Monsieur de Treville, and that you even had a letter for that illustrious gentleman, he appeared to Then that's my thief," replied d'Artagnan. "I will complain to Monsieur de Treville, and Monsieur de Treville will complain
d<sup>′</sup>Artagnan, "that you suspect that impertinent gentleman?" "I tell you I am sure of it," continued the host. "When I inform
                                                                                                                                                              ed him tha
                                                                                                                                                                                   t your lord
be very much disturbed, and asked me where that letter was, and immediately came down into the kitchen, where he kn
                                                                                                                                                            ew your dou
                                                                                                                                                                                  blet was."
to the king." He then drew two crowns majestically from his purse and gave them to the host, who accompanied him, c
                                                                                                                                                            ap in hand, to
                                                                                                                                                                                                            remounted his yellow horse, which bore him without any further accident to the gate of St. Antoine at Paris, where his
                                                                                                                                                                                   the gate, and
owner sold him for three crowns, which was a very good price, considering that d'Artagnan had ridden him hard durin
us sum for him on the account of the originality of his color. Thus d'Artagnan entered Paris on foot, carrying his little
                                                                                                                                                                                                            ler to whom d'Artagnan sold him for the nine livres did not conceal from the young man that he only gave that enorm
                                                                                                                                                                                    Thus the dea
                                                                                                                                                         a the last stage
                                                                                                                                                                                  s arm, and walke
                                                                                                                                                                                                             d about till he found an apartment to be let on terms suited to the scantiness of his means. This chamber was a sort
                                                                                                                                                         packet under h
of garret, situated in the Rue des Fossoyeurs, near the Luxembourg. As soon as the earnest money was paid, d'Arta
                                                                                                                                                                                                              g, and passed the remainder of the day in sewing onto his double, and hose some ornamental braiding which his m
                                                                                                                                                      gnan took posses
                                                                                                                                                                                  sion of his lodgin
other had taken off an almost-new doublet of the elder M. d'Artagnan, and which she had given her son secretly. N
                                                                                                                                                     ext he went to the
                                                                                                                                                                                  Quai de Feraille to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                nave a new blade put to his sword, and then returned toward the Louvre, inquiring of the first Musketeer he met for
the situation of the hotel of M. de Treville, which proved to be in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier; that is to say, in the
                                                                                                                                                                                  f the chamber hired
                                                                                                                                                                                                                by d'Artagnan--a circumstance which appeared to furnish a happy augury for the success of his journey. After thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e retired to bed and slept the sleep of the brave. This sleep, provincial as it was, brought him to nine o'clock in th NTECHAMBER OF M. DE TREVILLE M de Troisville, as his family was still called in Gascony, or M. de Treville, as
satisfied with the way in which he had conducted himself at Meung, without remorse for the past, confident in th
                                                                                                                                                 e present, and full of
                                                                                                                                                                                  hope for the future, h
 morning; at which hour he rose, in order to repair to the residence of M. de Treville, the third personage in the
                                                                                                                                                kingdom, in the patern
he has ended by styling himself in Paris, had really commenced life as d'Artagnan now did; that is to say, with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ity, shrewdness, and intelligence which makes the poorest Gascon gentleman often derive more in his hope fr
                                                                                                                                              out a sou in his pocket,
                                                                                                                                                                                  but with a fund of audac
om the paternal inheritance than the richest Perigordian or Berrichan gentleman derives in reality from his. Hi
                                                                                                                                             s insolent bravery, his sti
                                                                                                                                                                                  Il more insolent success
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      at a time when blows poured down like hall, had borne him to the top of that difficult ladder called Court Favor
which he had climbed four steps at a time. He was the friend of the king, who honored highly, as everyone k
                                                                                                                                                                                 ther, Henry IV. The father o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     f M. de Treville had served him so faithfully in his wars against the league that in default of money--a thing to
                                                                                                                                           nows, the memory of his fa
 which the Bearnais was accustomed all his life, and who constantly paid his debts with that of which he ne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         wit--in default of money, we repeat, he authorized him, after the reduction of Paris, to assume for his arms
                                                                                                                                                                                 ng, that is to say, with ready
a golden lion passant upon gules, with the motto FIDELIS ET FORTIS. This was a great matter in the way of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           illustrious companion of the great Henry died, the only inheritance he was able to leave his son was his s
                                                                                                                                         honor, but very little in the w
                                                                                                                                                                                 av of wealth: so that when the
vord and his motto. Thanks to this double gift and the spotless name that accompanied it, M. de Treville
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          made such good use of his sword, and was so faithful to his motto, that Louis XIII, one of the good blad-
                                                                                                                                      was admitted into the househol
                                                                                                                                                                                 d of the young prince where he
s of his kingdom, was accustomed to say that if he had a friend who was about to fight, he would advise
                                                                                                                                    him to choose as a second, hims
                                                                                                                                                                                 elf first, and Treville next--or eve n, perhaps, before himself. Thus Louis XIII had a real liking for Treville--a royal liking, a self-interested li
 g, it is true, but still a liking. At that unhappy period it was an important consideration to be surrounded
                                                                                                                                                                                 ight take for their device the epith et STRONG, which formed the second part of his motto, but very few gentlémen could lay claim to the
                                                                                                                                    by such men as Treville. Many m
                                                                                                                                                                                 ntelligence like that of the dog; with a blind valor, a quick eye, and a prompt hand; to whom sight appeared only to be given to see if the ki
AÏTHFUL, which constituted the first. Treville was one of these latter. His was one of those rare organiz 🛚 ations, endowed with an obedient i
ng were dissatisfied with anyone, and the hand to strike this displeasing personage, whether a Besme,a Maurevers, a Poltiot de Mere, or a
                                                                                                                                                                                  Vitry. In short, up to this period nothing had been wanting to Treville but opportunity; but he was ever on the watch for it, and he faithfully
 romised himself that he would not fail to seize it by its three hairs whenever it came within reach of his hand. At last Louis XIII made Trevill
                                                                                                                                                                                 e the captain of his Musketeers, who were to Louis XIII in devotedness, or rather in fanaticism, what his Ordinaries had been to Henry III, an
d his Scotch Guard to Louis XI. On his part, the cardinal was not behind the king in this respect. When he saw the formidable and chosen bo dy with which Louis XIII had surrounded himself, this second, or rather this first king of France, became desirous that he, too, should have h
s guard. He had his Musketeers therefore, as Louis XIII had his, and these two powerful rivals vied with each other in procuring, not only fro m all the provinces of France, but even from all foreign states, the most celebrated swordsmen. It was not uncommon for Richelieu and Louis XIII to dispute over their evening game of chess upon the merits of their servants. Each boasted the bearing and the courage of his own pe ople. While exclaiming loudly against duels and brawls, they excited them secretly to quarrel, deriving an immoderate satisfaction or genuin
e regret from the success or defeat of their own combatants. We learn this from the memoirs of a man who was concerned in some few of the se defeats and in many of these victories. Treville had grasped the weak side of his master; and it was to this address that he owed the lon
and constant favor of a king who has not left the reputation behind him of being very faithful in his friendships. He paraded his Musketeers before the Cardinal Armand Duplessis with an insolent air which made the gray moustache of his Eminence curl with ire. Treville understood
dmirably the war method of that period, in which he who could not live at the expense of the enemy must live at the expense of the enemy must live at the expense of his compatriots. His soldiers formed a legion of devil-may-care fellows, perfectly undisciplined toward all but himself. Loose, half-drunk, imposing, the king's Musketeers, or rather M. de Treville's, spread themselves about in the cabarets, in the public sports, shouting, twisting their mustaches, clanking great pleasure in annoying the Guards of the cardinal whenever they could fall in with
h them; then drawing in the open streets, as if it were the best of all possible sports; sometimes killed, but sure in that case to be both wept and avenged; often killing others, but then certain of not rotting in prison, M. de Treville being there to claim them. Thus M. de Treville was pr aised to the highest note by these men, who adored him, and who, ruffians as they were, trembled before their master, obedient to his least word, and ready to sacrifice themselves to wash out the smallest insult. M de Treville employed this powerful weapon
for the king, in the first place, and the friends of the king--and then for himself and his own friends. For the rest, in the memoirs, one does not find this worthy gentleman blamed even by his enemies; and he had many such among memoirs, one does not find this worthy gentleman blamed even by his enemies; and he had many such among memoirs of the king--and then for himself and his own friends.
n of the pen as well as among men of the sword. In no instance, let us say, was this worthy gentleman accused of deriving personal advantage from the cooperation of his minions. Endowed with a rare genius for intrigue which rendered him the equal of the ablest intriguers, he rer
lined an honest man. Still further, in spite of sword thrusts which weaken, and painful exercises which fatigue, he had become one of the most insinuating lady's men, one of the softest whisperers of interesting nothings of his day; the
BONNES FORTUNES of de Treville were talked of as those of M. de Bassompierre had been talked of twenty years before, and that was not saying a little. The captain of the Musketeers was therefore admired, feared, and loved; and this constitutes the zenith of human fortune. Louis XIV absorbed all the smaller stars of his court in his own vast radiance; but his father, a sun PLURIBUS IMPAR, left his personal splendor to each of his courtiers. In addition to the leeves of the king and the cardinal, there might be reckoned in Paris at that time more than two hundred smaller but still noteworthy leeves. Among these two hundred leeves, that of Treville was one of the most sought. The court of his hotel, situated in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier, resembled a camp from by six o'clock in the morning in
summer and eight o'clock in winter. From fifty to sixty Musketeers, who appeared to replace one another in order always to present an imposing number, paraded constantly, armed to the teeth and ready for anything. On one of those immense staircases, upon whose space mod
 civilization would build a whole house, ascended and descended the office seekers of Paris, who ran after any sort of favor-gentlemen from the provinces anxious to be enrolled, and servants in all sorts of liveries, bringing and carrying messages between their masters and M. de
Treville. In the antechamber, upon long circular benches, reposed the elect; that is to say, those who were called. In this apartment a continued buzzing prevailed from morning till night, while M. de Treville, in his office contiguous to this antechamber, received visits, listened to co
mplaints, gave his orders, and like the king in his balcony at the Louvre, had only to place himself at the window to review both his men and arms. The day on which d'Artagnan presented himself the assemblage was imposing, particularly for a provincial just arriving from his provi
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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 reders 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 Nanne of Austria, Richelieu, Mazarin, and the courtiers of the period, less faithful than in the history of M. Anquetil. But, it is well known, what strikes the capricious mind of the poet is not always what affects the mass of readers. Now, while admiring, as others doubtless will adm the details we have to relate, our main preoccupation concerned a matter to which no one before ourselves had given a thought. D'Artagnan relates that on his first visit to M. de Treville, captain of the king's Musketeers, he met in the antechamber three young men, serving in the ustrious 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 disc