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三个火枪手

Alexandre Dumas



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A PACEMAKER CLASSIC: The Three Musketeers

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序

世界图书出版公司北京公司出版的《有声名著精选》乃是很好的泛读及听说材料,适合高中及大学低年级学生学英语之用,对于自学英语的人也非常合适。其特点大致有四:

一、简写本出自西方语言学专家之手,文字流畅,语言规范,用词造句都是经过深思熟虑的,完全合乎现代英语习惯。改写者极为重视词汇、语法及修辞的基本用法,力求文字清新流畅,浅显易懂,准确而且实用。很多句子本身便是某一词汇、语法用法的很好的例句。

二、简写本多为欧美文学经典作品,这些作品在不同程度上反映欧美社会的各个方面。尤其是一些进步作家如:狄更斯、马克·吐温,他们在作品中深刻地剖析了他们自己所处的社会,读这些作品比读西方政治经济学还有益处。文化背景知识不是可有可无的,只有较广泛地了解欧美社会的各个方面,欧美人的生活、风俗、习惯,以及各种价值观念,才有可能在实际工作中得心应手地使用语言,应付裕如。

三、简写本的中文前言分别对原著作者、时代背景、内容梗概及作品特点作了介绍,并附有人物表,相信对读者进一步理解作品会有所帮助。

四、与简写本配套的朗读磁带,语音语调纯正,可以作为学习发音的楷模。

广泛阅读是学习英语的必由之径。精泛并举,“两条腿走路”,方能掌握语言。精读提供理性知识,泛读提供感性知识,二者不可或缺。通过泛读,许多语言现象会被自然而然地吸收、掌握。这些

词汇及语法现象在泛读中重复出现多次,读者不需强记便能正确地掌握它们,而且不会忘记。所以广泛阅读乃是学习外语的重要环节,不可忽视。简写本为泛读提供了方便。

这些简写本的出版非常及时,希望以后还有更多的简写本出版,以飨读者。

上海复旦大学外文系教授

索天章

1997年5月

前 言

本书原著作者大仲马 (Alexandre Dumas père, 1802 ~ 1870) 是 19 世纪法国著名作家。

大仲马的父亲去世时,大仲马只有四岁。父亲的去世使他一家人生活艰难。15 岁那年,大仲马被送到一家公证人事务所当办事员。这一阶段,他阅读了大量书籍,弥补了所受教育的不足。他还结识了几位颇有教养且热爱文学的朋友,并萌发了当作家的愿望。他的文学生涯始自翻译意大利的小说和诗歌。

大仲马参加了法国文学史上的浪漫主义运动。当时进步的浪漫主义流派成为反对封建贵族反动势力的先锋。大仲马写的剧本《亨利第三及其宫廷》(Henry III and His Court) 于 1829 年 2 月在巴黎上演,名噪一时,打响了浪漫戏剧的第一炮。

40 年代后大仲马主要写小说。其作品最著名的就是《三个火枪手》(又译《三剑客》,The Three Musketeers, 1844) 和《基督山伯爵》(The Count of Monte Cristo, 1845)。大仲马还曾创办过《火枪手》晚报,颇受公众欢迎,但是后来因为经费短缺而停刊。

大仲马一生著作颇丰,巨额的稿酬使他成了百万富翁。但是大仲马为人豪爽大方,生活上奢侈放荡,挥金如土,所以他总是入不敷出,欠债累累。临死前,偌大的家产几乎被挥霍一空。

大仲马的长篇历史小说情节曲折、场面惊险,但不拘泥于历史。《三个火枪手》就是以平定新教胡格诺派,巩固皇权的斗争为背景的。1625 年塔尼昂 (D'Artagnan) 来到巴黎,希望当一名国王的卫兵建功立业。国王的火枪队长德·特雷维尔先生 (M. de Tréville) 答应保举他。

一天,塔尼昂的房东博纳希厄先生 (M. Bonacieux) 来求他帮助找回被红衣大主教黎塞留 (Richelieu) 抓走的妻子,塔尼昂答应

了,但是不久博纳希厄先生自己也被抓走了。

第二天,塔尼昂发现红衣大主教的几个卫士在他的楼下折磨一位妇女。塔尼昂奋不顾身冲下去抢救。原来正是博纳希厄夫人。塔尼昂对她一见钟情。

与此同时,黎塞留从罗什福尔(Rochefort)处得知王后与英国白金汉公爵(The Duke of Buckingham)有私情,王后还把国王赏赐的钻石项链转赠给了情人。红衣大主教黎塞留立即写信给他在英国的间谍温特夫人(Lady de Winter),要她从项链上偷下两粒钻石为证。红衣大主教告诉国王王后的不忠。他建议国王举行一场舞会,并要求王后务必佩带钻石项链。

在无计可施的情况下,王后通过博纳希厄夫人委托塔尼昂从英国取回项链。塔尼昂冒着生命危险冲破了红衣大主教布下的重重罗网,两渡英吉利海峡,到伦敦会见白金汉公爵。塔尼昂带着修复完整的钻石项链,历尽千难万险回到了巴黎。王后戴着项链出现在舞会上,红衣大主教的阴谋破产了。

不久,博纳希厄夫人再次被绑架。塔尼昂和三个火枪手朋友阿多斯(Athos)、阿拉密斯(Aramis)、波尔朵斯(Porthos)被派到法国南部平乱。温特夫人毒死了博纳希厄夫人。塔尼昂在格斗中重伤了红衣大主教的卫士罗什福尔。四个朋友押解温特夫人到里尔接受了正义的审判。

塔尼昂最后如愿以偿成了国王火枪队的副队长。他的三个朋友决定各奔前程。

在《三个火枪手》中,大仲马不仅营造了耐人寻味的故事情节,还无情地揭露了法国宫廷中的腐朽和伪善,反映了当时社会的风貌。大仲马笔下的人物个性鲜明,对话妙趣横生;故事情节曲折而又合理,层次分明,让读者爱不释手。

北京外国语学院英语系 景珑

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Contents

	Introduction	
1	The Man in Meung	1
2	D'Artagnan Meets M. de Tréville	6
3	Dueling with Musketeers	17
4	A Job at Hand	24
5	To the Rescue	29
6	The Cardinal's Plot	38
7	Journey to London	46
8	The King's Ball	52
9	Milady	57
10	Justice Done	64

Cast of Characters

D'Artagnan	A young man of 18 — fierce, proud, an expert swordsman — who journeys to Paris to become a Musketeer
Athos	A Musketeer of noble family
Porthos	A giant of a Musketeer
Aramis	An unusually handsome Musketeer
M. de Tréville	The head of the King's Musketeers
Cardinal Richelieu	The virtual ruler of France; a master of politics and a great schemer; De Tréville's rival
Louis XIII	France's nominal ruler, a weak man
Queen Anne	His wife is in love with the Duke of Buckingham.
The Duke of Buckingham	The prime minister of England
M. Bonacieux	D'Artagnan's landlord
Constance Bonacieux	His pretty wife serves the Queen.
Lady de Winter	An agent for Richelieu who is beautiful, but cruel; also called Milady
Rocheport	A skilled swordsman who is also Richelieu's agent
Planchet	D'Artagnan's servant

The Man in Meung

On the first Monday in April of the year 1625, an eighteen-year-old man left home and rode toward Paris, France, to find his fortune. His name was D'Artagnan. His clothes were old and worn. And so was his horse. It was an old farm horse, yellow in color. It didn't have a single hair on its tail. But if you were to laugh at this country boy or his horse, it would have been a bad mistake.

D'Artagnan, for all his country looks, was no farmer. His father had been a brave soldier who served the King of France for many years. He had taught his son all he knew about sword fighting. He had even given D'Artagnan his old sword. And the young man knew how to use it well.

D'Artagnan had a quick temper. He was from a part of France called Gascony. The people from Gascony are known for two things: being brave and not taking anything from anybody . . . at any time.

D'Artagnan was a Gascon from his cap, with a long feather in it, to the bottoms of his well-worn boots. He was brown from the sun, and he had a big Gascon nose. But he was as quick to laugh as he was to fight. He didn't have much besides his



sword, his horse, and his pride. His father had given him fifteen gold coins and a letter.

The letter was to M. de Tréville, the man in charge of the King's Musketeers. The King's Musketeers were the best fighters in France, and D'Artagnan's father had served them well. Young D'Artagnan wanted to join the Musketeers, and the letter would help him.

D'Artagnan was tired. He had been on the road a long time. Paris was still many miles away. So,

when he came to the town of Meung, he thought he'd stay at the inn there. As he rode up to the inn, he saw three men through the ground-floor window. One of them seemed to be the head man. He was well dressed, and he had a scar on his left brow. The men were talking and laughing.

Now, D'Artagnan knew how silly he looked, with his funny horse and farmer's clothes. When he heard the men laughing, he thought they were making fun of him. His Gascon temper ran hot. He walked up to the window, with his hand on his sword.

"You . . . behind the shutter," he said. "What's so funny? If it's a joke, we can all laugh together."

The well-dressed man looked at D'Artagnan as if he were dirt. He came out from the inn, and D'Artagnan got a better look at him. He was in his late thirties, the boy guessed. And he looked mean, with the scar on his face.

"That's some horse," the man said in a nasty tone. "I've seen many yellow flowers, but never a yellow horse. Was its father a buttercup?"

He was going to say more, but he didn't get the chance. D'Artagnan had his sword out in a flash. The man jumped back, or he would have been stuck like a frog. He drew his own sword. D'Artagnan stood ready to fight.

But the man's two friends had come out of the inn, unseen by D'Artagnan. They came up behind

him with sticks and a shovel. One of them caught D'Artagnan on the side of the head. He reeled, but it didn't drop him. D'Artagnan fought like a tiger. But in the end, three against one was too much for him.

When he woke up, he was in a bed inside the inn. There was a bandage on his head, and he hurt all over. Even though it was hard, he got out of bed. The first thing he did was check his money bag. The fifteen gold coins were still there. But his letter to M. de Tréville was gone!

"My letter!" he cried. "I must find my letter!"

He made his way down the stairs to the kitchen. The man who ran the inn was there with his wife.

"Ah, thank God you are better!" the man cried.

"Where is my letter?" demanded D'Artagnan. He reached to his side. It was then he noticed his sword was gone. "And where is my sword?"

"It was broken by the men you fought," the man replied. "And they took your letter, too."

"But who were they?" cried D'Artagnan. "They will pay for this. In blood!"

"They did not give their names," the man answered. "I am a poor keeper of an inn. They paid me well, and I didn't ask any questions. But they went toward Paris."

"Then, so will I," said D'Artagnan. "And when I find them . . ."



2 D'Artagnan Meets M. de Tréville

When D'Artagnan reached Paris, the first thing he did was sell his ugly horse. Until he got a job with the King's Musketeers, he would need all the money he could get. He already had spent some of his gold on a new sword. For a fighting man in those days would never be without a blade.

The next thing he did was look for a place to live. He found a cheap two-room apartment. All it had was a bed, a table, and a chair. But the price was right. He gave the landlord M. Bonacieux, enough rent for a month. Then he went off to the royal palace to find M. de Tréville, the head of the King's Musketeers.

As he walked the streets of Paris, D'Artagnan realized why the man with the scar had laughed. The young man had never seen so many finely dressed people. They were everywhere, rushing back and forth, and in and out of buildings. And the buildings were taller than any D'Artagnan had ever seen.

When he finally found the palace, he asked for M. de Tréville. The guard at the gate laughed. "You must be a country boy," the guard said. "M. de

