



三个火枪手

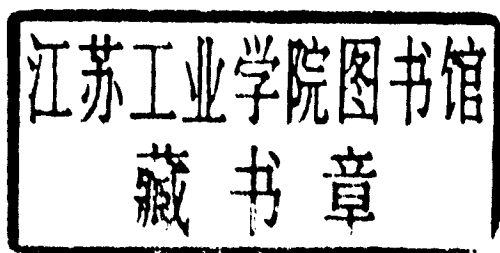
大仲马

by Alexandre Dumas, père

*The Three
Musketeers*

三个火枪手

大仲马



世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

三个火枪手:英文/(法)大仲马(Dumas, A.)著. 上海:上海世界图书出版公司, 2008. 8

ISBN 978 -7 -5062 -9746 -2

I. 三… II. 大… III. ①英语-语言读物②长篇小说-法国-近代 IV. H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2008)第 122676 号

三个火枪手

[法]大仲马 著

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市尚文路 185 号 B 楼

邮政编码 200010

(公司电话:021-63783016 转发行科)

北京兴鹏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题,请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话:010-52052501)

各地新华书店经销

开本:787×1092 1/32 印张:23.25 字数:580 000

2008 年 8 月第 1 版 2008 年 8 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978 -7 -5062 -9746 -2/H·840

定价:29.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

Foreword

Literature masterpieces usually mirror the culture of a country or area in a specific period of time. By reading these masterpieces, we can enjoy the authors' fluent writing styles, vivid and detailed description, which will place us in that specific period's history and culture. For this purpose we present the series of world literature classics to the readers.

The selection was made based on suggestions of many professional literature translators and literary scholars. And these selected translations were edited in accord with the original works. Making no abridgements or changes, we attempt to maintain the original style and flavor of these novels.

By reading them, you will have a better understanding of western history and culture, and your English level will be improved a lot before you realize it.

This series of classics will lead you to the wonderful English world!

前 言

世界文学名著表现了作者描述的特定时代的文化。阅读这些名著可以领略著者流畅的文笔、逼真的描述、详细的刻画，让读者如同置身当时的历史文化之中。为此，我们将这套精心编辑的“名著典藏”奉献给广大读者。

我们找来了专门研究西方历史、西方文化的专家学者，精心挑选了这些可以代表西方文学的著作，并听取了一些国外专门研究文学的朋友的建议，请教了专业的翻译人员，精选英文译本，不删节、不做任何人为改动，让读者能享受纯正的英文。

随着阅读的展开，你会发现自己的英语水平无形中有了大幅提高，并且对西方历史文化的了解也日益深入广阔。

送您一套经典，让您受益永远！

PREFACE

In which it is proved that, notwithstanding their names' ending in OS and IS, the heroes of the story which we are about to have the honor to relate to our readers have nothing mythological about them.

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

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

But, 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 admire, 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 Tréville, captain of the king's Musketeers, he met in the antechamber three young men, serving in the illustrious corps into which he was soliciting the honor of being received, bearing the names of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

We must confess these three strange names struck us; and it

immediately occurred to us that they were but pseudonyms, under which D'Artagnan had disguised names perhaps illustrious, or else that the bearers of these borrowed names had themselves chosen them on the day in which, from caprice, discontent, or want of fortune, they had donned the simple Musketeer's uniform.

From the moment we had no rest till we could find some 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 4773, 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 XIII and the Commencement of the Reign of King Louis XIV.*"

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

The discovery of a completely unknown manuscript at a period in which historical science is carried to such a high degree appeared almost miraculous. We hastened, therefore, to obtain permission to print it, with the view of presenting ourselves 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 government but moderately indulgent to men of letters.

Now, this is the first part of this precious manuscript which we offer to our readers, restoring 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 success 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 boredom he may experience.

This being understood, let us proceed with our history.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1	The Three Presents of D'Artagnan the Elder	1
CHAPTER 2	The Antechamber of M. de Tréville	18
CHAPTER 3	The Audience	29
CHAPTER 4	The Shoulder of Athos, the Baldric of Porthos and the Handkerchief of Aramis	42
CHAPTER 5	The King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards	51
CHAPTER 6	His Majesty King Louis XIII	62
CHAPTER 7	The Interior of "The Musketeers"	83
CHAPTER 8	Concerning a Court Intrigue.....	93
CHAPTER 9	D'Artagnan Shows Himself	102
CHAPTER 10	A Mousetrap in the Seventeenth Century.....	111
CHAPTER 11	In Which the Plot Thickens	122
CHAPTER 12	George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham	142
CHAPTER 13	Monsieur Bonacieux	151
CHAPTER 14	The Man of Meung.....	160
CHAPTER 15	Men of the Robe and Men of the Sword	172
CHAPTER 16	In Which M. Seguier, Keeper of the Seals, Looks More than Once for the Bell, In Order to Ring It, as He Did Before	181
CHAPTER 17	Bonacieux at Home	194
CHAPTER 18	Lover and Husband	208
CHAPTER 19	Plan of Campaign.....	216
CHAPTER 20	The Journey	226
CHAPTER 21	The Countess De Winter	239
CHAPTER 22	The Ballet of La Merlaison	249
CHAPTER 23	The Rendezvous	257

CHAPTER 24	The Pavilion	269
CHAPTER 25	Porthos	280
CHAPTER 26	Aramis and His Thesis	301
CHAPTER 27	The Wife of Athos	319
CHAPTER 28	The Return.....	340
CHAPTER 29	Hunting for the Equipments	356
CHAPTER 30	D'Artagnan and the Englishman	366
CHAPTER 31	English and French.....	374
CHAPTER 32	A Procurator's Dinner	382
CHAPTER 33	Soubrette and Mistress	393
CHAPTER 34	Equipment for Aramis and Porthos	404
CHAPTER 35	A Gascon a Match for Cupid.....	413
CHAPTER 36	Dream of Vengeance	421
CHAPTER 37	Milady's Secret	429
CHAPTER 38	How Athos Got His Equipment without Effort	437
CHAPTER 39	A Vision.....	448
CHAPTER 40	A Terrible Vision	458
CHAPTER 41	The Seige of La Rochelle.....	466
CHAPTER 42	The Anjou Wine	480
CHAPTER 43	The Sign of the Red Dovecot	489
CHAPTER 44	The Utility of Stovepipes	497
CHAPTER 45	A Conjugal Scene.....	506
CHAPTER 46	The Bastion Saint-Gervais	513
CHAPTER 47	The Council of the Musketeers	520
CHAPTER 48	A Family Affair	539
CHAPTER 49	Fatality	555
CHAPTER 50	Chat Between Brother and Sister	564
CHAPTER 51	Officer	572

CHAPTER 52	Captivity: the First Day	584
CHAPTER 53	Captivity: the Second Day	592
CHAPTER 54	Captivity: the Third Day	600
CHAPTER 55	Captivity: the Fourth Day.....	609
CHAPTER 56	Captivity: the Fifth Day	619
CHAPTER 57	Means for Classical Tragedy	635
CHAPTER 58	Escape	642
CHAPTER 59	What Took Place at Portsmouth August 23, 1628..	651
CHAPTER 60	In France	663
CHAPTER 61	The Carmelite Convent at Bethune	669
CHAPTER 62	Two Varieties of Demons	684
CHAPTER 63	The Drop of Water.....	690
CHAPTER 64	The Man in the Red Cloak	705
CHAPTER 65	Trial.....	711
CHAPTER 66	Execution	719
CHAPTER 67	Conclusion	724
Epilogue		733

CHAPTER 1 The Three Presents of D'Artagnan the Elder

On the first Monday of the month of April, 1625, the market town of Meung, 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 just made a second La Rochelle of it. Many citizens, seeing the women flying toward the High Street, leaving their children crying at the open doors, hastened to don the cuirass, and supporting their somewhat uncertain courage with a musket or a partisan, directed their steps toward the hostelry of the Jolly Miller, before which was gathered, increasing every minute, a compact group, vociferous and full of curiosity.

In those times panics were common, and few days passed without some city or other registering in its archives an event of this kind. There were nobles, who made war against each other; there was the king, who made war against the cardinal; there was Spain, which made war against the king. Then, in addition to these concealed or public, secret or open wars, there were robbers, mendicants, Huguenots, wolves, and scoundrels, who made war upon everybody. The citizens always took up arms readily against thieves, wolves or scoundrels, often against nobles or Huguenots, sometimes against the king, but never against cardinal or Spain. It resulted, then, 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 standard nor the livery of the Duc de Richelieu, rushed toward the hostel of the Jolly Miller.

When arrived there, the cause of the hubbub 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 Quixote without his

corselet, without his coat of mail, without his cuisses; a Don Quixote clothed in a woollen doublet, the blue color of which 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 muscles enormously developed, an infallible sign by which a Gascon may always be detected, even without his cap – and our young man wore a cap set off with a sort of feather; the eye open and intelligent; the nose hooked, but finely chiseled. Too big for a youth, too small for a grown man, an experienced eye might have taken him for a farmer's son upon a journey had it not been for the long sword which, dangling from a leather baldric, hit against the calves of its owner as he walked, and against the rough side of his steed when he was on horseback.

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

And this feeling had been more painfully perceived by young D'Artagnan – for so was the Don Quixote of this second Rosinante named – from his not being able to conceal from himself the ridiculous appearance that such a steed gave him, good horseman as he was. He had sighed deeply, therefore, when accepting the gift of the pony from M. D'Artagnan the elder. He was not ignorant that such a beast was worth at least twenty livres; and the words which had accompanied the

present were above all price.

"My son," said the old Gascon gentleman, in that pure Béarn patois of which Henry IV could never rid himself, "this horse was born in the house of your father about thirteen years ago, and has remained in it ever since, which ought to make you love it. Never sell it; allow it to die tranquilly and honorably of old age, and if you make a campaign with it, take as much care of it as you would of an old servant. At court, provided you have ever the honor to go there," continued M. D'Artagnan the elder, "– an honor to which, remember, your ancient nobility gives you the right – sustain worthily your name of gentleman, which has been worthily borne by your ancestors for five hundred years, both for your own sake and the sake of those who belong to you. By the latter I mean your relatives and friends. Endure nothing from anyone except Monsieur the Cardinal and the king. It is by his courage, please observe, by his courage alone, that a gentleman can make his way nowadays. Whoever hesitates for a second perhaps allows the bait to escape which during that exact second fortune held out to him.

You are young. You ought to be brave for two reasons: the first is that you are a Gascon, and the second is that you are my son. Never fear quarrels, but seek adventures. I have taught you how to handle a sword; you have thews of iron, a wrist of steel. Fight on all occasions. Fight the more for duels being forbidden, since consequently there is twice as much courage in fighting. I have nothing to give you, my son, but fifteen crowns, my horse, and the counsels you have just heard. Your mother will add to them a recipe for a certain balsam, which she had from a Bohemian and which has the miraculous virtue of curing all wounds that do not reach the heart. Take advantage of all, and live happily and long. I have but one word to add, and that is to propose an example to you – not mine, for I myself have never appeared at court, and have only taken part in religious wars as a volunteer; I speak of Monsieur de Tréville, who was formerly my neighbor, and who had the

honor to be, as a child, the play-fellow of our king, Louis XIII, whom God preserve! Sometimes their play degenerated into battles, and in these battles the king was not always the stronger. The blows which he received increased greatly his esteem and friendship for Monsieur de Tréville. Afterward, Monsieur de Tréville fought with others: in his first journey to Paris, five times; from the death of the late king till the young one came of age, without reckoning wars and sieges, seven times; and from that date up to the present day, a hundred times, perhaps! So that in spite of edicts, ordinances, and decrees, there he is, captain of the Musketeers; that is to say, chief of a legion of Caesars, whom the king holds in great esteem and whom the cardinal dreads – he who dreads nothing, as it is said. Still further, Monsieur de Tréville gains ten thousand crowns a year; he is therefore a great noble. He began as you begin. Go to him with this letter, and make him your model in order that you may do as he has done.”

Upon which M. D’Artagnan the elder girded his own sword round his son, kissed him tenderly on both cheeks, and gave him his benediction.

On leaving the paternal chamber, the young man found his mother, who was waiting for him with the famous recipe of which the counsels we have just repeated would necessitate frequent employment. The adieux were on this side longer and more tender than they had been on the other – not that M. D’Artagnan did not love his son, who was his only offspring, but M. D’Artagnan was a man, and he would have considered it unworthy of a man to give way to his feelings; whereas Mme. D’Artagnan was a woman, and still more, a mother. She wept abundantly; and – let us speak it to the praise of M. D’Artagnan the younger – notwithstanding the efforts he made to remain firm, as a future Musketeer ought, nature prevailed, and he shed many tears, of which he succeeded with great difficulty in concealing the half.

The same day the young man set forward on his journey, furnished

with the three paternal gifts, which consisted, as we have said, of fifteen crowns, the horse, and the letter for M. de Tréville – the counsels being thrown into the bargain.

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

But there, as he was alighting from his horse at the gate of the Jolly Miller, without anyone – host, waiter, or hostler – coming to hold his stirrup or take his horse, D'Artagnan spied, through an open window on the ground floor, a gentleman, well-made and of good carriage, although of rather a stern countenance, talking with two persons who appeared to listen to him with respect. D'Artagnan fancied quite naturally, according to his custom, that he must be the object of their conversation, and listened. This time D'Artagnan was only in part mistaken; he himself was not in question, but his horse was. The gentleman appeared to be enumerating all his qualities to his auditors; and, as I have said, the auditors seeming to have great deference for the narrator, they every moment burst into fits of laughter. Now, as a

half-smile was sufficient to awaken the irascibility of the young man, the effect produced upon him by this vociferous mirth may be easily imagined.

Nevertheless, D'Artagnan was desirous of examining the appearance of this impertinent personage who ridiculed him. He fixed his haughty eye upon the stranger, and perceived a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, with black and piercing eyes, pale complexion, a strongly marked nose, and a black and well-shaped mustache. He was dressed in a doublet and hose of a violet color, with aiguillettes of the same color, without any other ornaments than the customary slashes, through which the shirt appeared. This doublet and hose, though new, were creased, like traveling clothes for a long time packed in a portmanteau. D'Artagnan made all these remarks with the rapidity of a most minute observer, and doubtless from an instinctive feeling that this stranger was destined to have a great influence over his future life.

Now, as at the moment in which D'Artagnan fixed his eyes upon the gentleman in the violet doublet, the gentleman made one of his most knowing and profound remarks respecting the Béarnese pony, his two auditors laughed even louder than before, and he himself, though contrary to his custom, allowed a pale smile (if I may allowed to use such an expression) to stray over his countenance. This time there could be no doubt; D'Artagnan was really insulted. Full, then, of this conviction, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and endeavoring to copy some of the court airs he had picked up in Gascony among young traveling nobles, he advanced with one hand on the hilt of his sword and the other resting on his hip. Unfortunately, as he advanced, his anger increased at every step; and instead of the proper and lofty speech he had prepared as a 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 yourself behind that shutter – yes,