

中文导读英文版

The Three Musketeers

三个火枪手

[法] 大仲马 著

清华大学出版社



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内 容 简 介

The Three Musketeers, 中文译名为《三个火枪手》, 也译作《三剑客》, 由法国著名通俗小说家、戏剧家大仲马编著。故事以法国国王路易十三与红衣主教黎塞留的矛盾为背景, 穿插群臣、派系的明争暗斗, 围绕宫廷里的秘史轶闻展开。主人公达达尼昂出身世家, 经引见加入了国王路易十三的火枪队, 并与另外三个火枪手结成了莫逆之交。黎塞留有意于安娜王后, 但一直得不到垂青。安娜与英国年轻英俊的白金汉公爵有私情, 并将国王赠送给她的钻石坠饰送给了白金汉。黎塞留知道此事后, 便怂恿国王举行舞会, 并要王后戴上坠饰出席。危急之中, 达达尼昂与三个火枪手出手相助, 他们赶赴英国从白金汉手中取回坠饰, 在舞会举行之际及时送到安娜王后手中, 解救了王后的燃眉之急。

该书自出版以来, 一直畅销至今, 已被译成世界上几十种文字, 并曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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亚历山大·大仲马（Alexandre Dumas, 1802—1870），19 世纪法国著名小说家、戏剧家。

大仲马出生于巴黎附近的一座小城。大仲马的祖父是一位侯爵，与黑奴结合生下其父；他的父亲受洗时用母姓仲马。法国大革命爆发后，他的父亲屡建奇功，成了共和政府将军。大仲马 3 岁时父亲病故，20 岁只身闯荡巴黎，曾当过书记员、国民自卫军指挥官。拿破仑三世发动政变时，他因为反对复辟帝制拥护共和而流亡。虽然出身贵族，但混血却使他饱尝种族歧视，心中受到创伤，这也使大仲马形成了反对不平、追求正义的叛逆性格。大仲马自学成才，1829 年发表了浪漫主义历史剧《亨利第三及其宫廷》，并一举成名。

大仲马一生共创作各类作品达 300 余部，但主要以通俗小说和戏剧闻名。他的通俗小说多以真实的历史为背景，以主人公的奇遇为内容，情节曲折生动，处处出人意外，堪称历史惊险小说。比较著名的小说有：《三个火枪手》、《基督山伯爵》、《二十年后》、《布拉日罗纳子爵》、《玛尔戈王后》、《王后的项链》、《昂日·皮图》和《沙尔尼伯爵夫人》等。他的通俗小说在艺术上有极高的成就，其风格独一无二，他因此又被誉为“通俗小说之王”，别林斯基称他为“一名天才的小说家”，他也是马克思“最喜欢”的作家之一。随着时间的推移，大仲马小说的读者群还在扩大。也正因为如此，在大仲马去世 132 年之后，法国为他补办了国葬仪式，将他安葬在巴黎的先贤祠。

在大仲马的众多作品中，《三个火枪手》是他的代表作之一。该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成世界上几十种文字。曾经先后多次被改编成戏剧、电影。时至今日，这部被世界公认的通俗小说名著仍然散发着永恒的魅力。目前，在国内数量众多的《三个火枪手》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。其中的英文原版越



来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英语的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《三个火枪手》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

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



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第一章 老达达尼昂先生的三件礼物

Chapter 1 The Three Presents of D'Artagnan the Elder



在动荡不安的十七世纪，法国牟恩镇难得有平静的日子。不是各个领主之间你争我夺，就是国王和红衣主教开战，或是国家之间的战争；除了这些公开的战争之外，社会上不同人群之间也纷争不断。居民们几乎天天动刀动枪，对付不同的人群和敌人。

在一六二五年四月的第一个星期一，镇上的居民听到喧闹声后都习惯性地跑到骚乱地点。那里有一个穿着紧身羊毛短上衣的年轻人，从他的外表就可以断定是加斯柯尼人。这位年轻人骑着一匹浑身黄毛的矮种马，正是这匹马的古怪颜色和难看的走路姿势引起了人们的围观，也害得骑马人成为了大家的笑柄。

年轻人是来自加斯柯尼的达达尼昂，他无法忍受人们的嘲笑。当初他从父亲手里接受这匹坐骑时已经哀叹不已。老达达尼昂先生在年轻人离开家的时候再三叮嘱，并赠送给儿子三件礼物：第一件就是这匹黄色毛发的马匹，第二是十五个埃居，第三是写给火枪营总统领德·特雷威尔的一封信；另外还让达达尼昂的母亲拿出了具有神奇疗效的外伤药膏。老达达尼昂先生嘱咐儿子要勇敢地面对一切，同时千万不要卖掉坐骑，要以总统领为榜样，争取成为一个有出息的人。

达达尼昂带着父亲的礼物和嘱托以及母亲的不舍离开了家乡，一路上他高度紧张，认为人们对他的关注都出于恶意，他的拳头一直没有松开过；

人们看到那匹奇怪的马后都忍不住想大笑，但看到马背上表情严肃且佩剑的达达尼昂，都把笑声憋了回去。

达达尼昂来到牟恩镇的一家客店门口，但没有人上前招呼他。他偷听到旁边一位绅士模样的人正和另外两个人谈论他的马，那两位听客哈哈大笑。达达尼昂看清楚了奚落自己的陌生人，那人穿着皱巴巴的紧身短上衣和短裤。三个人依然在数落达达尼昂的马，这下火爆脾气的达达尼昂忍不住了。他怒火冲天，走上前斥责那几个人，但陌生人却摆出一副傲慢不屑的神态，这让达达尼昂更加气愤。陌生人并没有理会达达尼昂的愤怒，而是向另外两个听客继续表达他对于那匹奇怪毛色的马的看法；尽管达达尼昂在一旁火冒三丈，但陌生人丝毫没有反应，说完之后便打算上马离开。达达尼昂拔出剑跟在那人后面，狠命地向他刺去，陌生人快速地拔剑出鞘，很快便摆好了架势。可客店老板、那群听客以及一些伙计都快速抡起了各种工具朝达达尼昂打去，趁达达尼昂被牵制的时候，陌生人收起了剑，在一旁镇定自若地观看着。陌生人认为达达尼昂是一个不知天高地厚的加斯柯尼人。最终达达尼昂筋疲力尽，剑被打断了半截，头上也挂了彩，被客店伙计抬进了厨房。

客店老板将了解到的达达尼昂的情况都告诉了陌生人，特别是达达尼昂提到了德·特雷威尔先生，这引起了陌生人的注意，同时陌生人知道达达尼昂的口袋里竟然有一封写给火枪营统领的信件。陌生人结账离开了客店，客店老板看到达达尼昂已经清醒过来，他奉劝达达尼昂千万不要和一个貌似爵爷的人再纠缠闹事。达达尼昂在被老板推着下楼的时候，看到门口正停着一辆马车，陌生人正和车上的漂亮女人说话。陌生人交代那位女子即刻赶往英国，等到过了海峡才能打开主教给的指令。就在此时，达达尼昂走了出来，陌生人和女子分别朝不同的方向离开了。达达尼昂试图追上去，但眼前一黑从马上栽了下来。老板知道达达尼昂身上还有些钱，便收留他住在客店里。

达达尼昂第二天清晨起床，按照母亲的方子配置了药膏，果然不到一天身体便基本康复了。他在口袋里找到了父亲给的一些钱，但那封信却不翼而飞。达达尼昂极其耐心地寻找了各个地方，最后他确信信真的不见了的时候，便怒冲冲地找到老板，恫吓老板交出信件；老板听到达达尼昂提到德·特雷威尔先生的名字，有点儿害怕，他赶紧吩咐伙计们到处帮忙找信，但到处都没有。老板突然想到了陌生人，只有他去过放着达达尼昂短上衣的厨房。达达尼昂听完老板的话，装出气派的模样结账离开了客店。

当他到达巴黎的时候，他以三个埃居的价钱卖掉了黄毛马，找到了一个便宜且离卢浮宫很近的客店住了下来。达达尼昂一觉睡醒已是第二天早晨九点，他赶紧收拾整理一番赶去拜见德·特雷威尔先生。

*O*n 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 woolen 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 be 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