

简易英汉对照读物

The Three Musketeers

三个火枪手

(简写本)

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三个火枪手

一 父亲的三件礼物

法兰西国王路易十三^①自认为是国内最好的剑手之一。然而人们常听他说：“如果我的哪位朋友要去决斗^②，需要副手，我就劝他首先选我，其次选特雷维尔——也许首先选特雷维尔。”

特雷维尔是国王最亲密的，当然也是最忠实的朋友之一。在那时候，由特雷维尔这样可靠的人在身边是非常必要的，因此，路易十三登上王位后，一有机会就派特雷维尔做了宫廷卫队——火枪队——的队长^③。

国王的宰相红衣主教^④黎塞留^⑤，和国王一样受人尊敬，而且确实比国王更加令人畏惧。他看到特雷维尔带着一支精选的强大卫队保护国王，决心象国王拥有火枪队那样，也要有自己的卫队。这两支勇士组成的对立卫队争相罗致技艺精熟、大胆勇敢的剑手。

在那个时代天天发生吵架、斗殴之类的事，一日数惊。傲慢的贵族彼此不和，明争暗斗。盗贼、乞丐、冒险家和流氓闹得人人不得安宁。市民们经常拿起武器，反对这些流浪汉，也时常反对贵族，但从不反对红衣主教。

默恩镇^⑥的市民听到齐利·米勒（意即：“快活的磨坊主”）客店附近的喧闹声自然会产生好奇心。他们抄起随便什么可以当作武器的家伙，急忙朝小客店跑去。客店门前，很快聚集了一大群人，人人都在喊叫、谈论。要弄清这场乱子的原因是不难的。

The trouble-maker was a young man. He was a Gascon without doubt, as could be easily seen by the open and intelligent eye and the finely cut nose. He was too big for a youth and yet too small for a grown man. An experienced eye might have taken him for² a farmer's son upon a journey, if it had not been for the long sword hanging at his side.

His horse, however, attracted everybody's attention. It was between twelve and fourteen years old, with a yellow coat and a completely hairless tail. The horse had the habit of going with its head lower than its knees, nevertheless it managed to travel its eight leagues a day.

D'Artagnan—for this was the young man's name—was unable to hide from himself the ridiculous appearance he made on such a horse, good horseman as he was. He had sighed deeply, therefore, on accepting the gift from his father that morning.

"My son," said the old Gascon gentleman, "this horse was born in my stables some thirteen years ago and has served me faithfully ever since. This fact ought to make you glad to own it."

"Now that you are going to make your own way³ in the world," continued D'Artagnan's father, "guard carefully your name of gentleman. Accept criticism from no one except the Cardinal and the King. Never fear quarrels, but seek adventure. I have taught you how to use the sword. Fight on all occasions."

"As soon as you reach Paris," added the old man, "take this letter personally to M. de Tréville. This gentleman was formerly my neighbour, and had the honour of being the chosen companion of our King before his accession to the throne. He is now a captain of the Musketeers—that is to say, chief of the King's personal guards. Moreover, M. de Tréville gains ten thousand crowns a year and is, therefore, a great noble. He began as you begin. Go to him with this letter and make him your model so that you may be as successful as he has been. I have nothing to give you, my son, but fifteen crowns, my horse and the advice that you have just heard. Take advantage of all, live happily and long."

M. d'Artagnan then hung his own sword at his son's side, kissed

肇事者是个年轻人。他那聪明的大眼睛和端正漂亮的鼻子，使人们很容易看出，他一定是个加斯科尼人^⑦。说他是少年，他长得太大；说他是成年人，却又太小。要不是他身边佩带着一柄长剑，有经验的人也会把他当作一个出门旅行的农家子。

不过他的马引起了大家的注意。那是一匹十二到十四岁口尾巴都秃了的老黄马，走起路来总是把头低到膝盖以下，但一天却能走八里格路^⑧。

这个青年名叫达特安^⑨，象他这样的好骑手，骑在这样一匹马上，那样滑稽可笑的样子，他自己也是知道的。所以，那天早晨他父亲把这匹马送给他时，他深深地叹了一口气。

“我的孩子，”那位加斯科尼老先生^⑩说，“这四马是十三年前在我的马厩里出生的，从那时候起，一直忠实地为我服务。为此，你应当为得到它而感到高兴。”

“如今你要到世上自谋前程了，”达特安的父亲接着说，“注意维护你作为一个有身分的人的名誉。除了红衣主教和国王，不要接受旁人的批评。别害怕争吵，要去冒险。我已经教你怎样使剑，有机会就战斗。”

“你一到巴黎，”老人又说，“就把这封信交给特雷维尔先生本人。这位先生是我从前的邻居。在国王登基以前，他就有幸被选去陪伴国王。他现在是火枪队队长，也就是说，他是国王卫队长。而且，特雷维尔每年的收入有一万克郎^⑪，所以他也是一个大贵人。他开头同你现在一样。你带着这封信去找他，把他作为你的榜样，你也有可能象他那样有成就。孩子，我没有什么东西给你，只有十五个克郎、我的马和你刚才听到的嘱咐。抓住一切时机，愿你永远幸福。”

达特安老先生随后把自己的剑佩带在儿子身上，吻了他的

him on both cheeks, and gave him his blessing.

2. AN INSULT AND A CHALLENGE

On arriving at Meung, D'Artagnan dismounted at the "Jolly Miller". As he did so he noticed a sternlooking gentleman standing at a half-open window on the ground floor. He was talking to two other persons behind him in the room and they appeared to be listening to him with unusual respect. D'Artagnan naturally thought that he must be the object of the conversation, as the man looked steadily in his direction, and so he listened to what was being said.

In fact, he was only partly mistaken. The gentleman appeared to be discussing the horse's qualities, and the listeners broke frequently into fits of laughter. Now, as even a half-smile was sufficient to arouse the hasty temper of the young man, the effect produced upon him may easily be imagined.

Just at that moment the gentleman made a particularly humorous remark about the horse. The two others laughed even louder than before and he himself, though it seemed unusual, allowed a faint smile to appear on his face. This time there was no doubt; D'Artagnan had been insulted. Convinced of this, he advanced with one hand on the hilt of his sword and the other resting on his hip.

"I say,⁴ sir, you, sir, who are hiding yourself behind that shutter. Tell me what you are laughing at and we will laugh together."

The gentleman turned his eyes slowly from the horse to its master, as if he required some time to make sure whether it could possibly be to him that such remarks were being addressed. Then when he could not possibly doubt the fact, he frowned, and with an insolent air replied to D'Artagnan, "I was not talking to you."

"But I am speaking to you!" replied the young man, made still

两颊，为他祝福。

二 受辱和挑战

到了默恩，达特安在齐利·米勒客店门口下了马。这时，他看到底层有扇窗户半开着，窗口站着一位脸色严厉的先生^①。他在那间屋子里和身后另外两个人说话，看来那两个人在恭恭敬敬地听着。那个人一直在朝达特安这个方向看，所以达特安当然以为自己就是被议论的对象，于是留心听他讲些什么。

事实上，他只猜对了一部分。那位先生好象在谈他这匹马的好坏，听的人不时哈哈大笑。此刻，哪怕只是微微一笑，也会使这个脾气急躁的年轻人恼火，一阵阵的笑声会对他产生什么影响就可想而知了。

这时候，那位先生说了一句特别幽默的有关这匹马的话。另外两个人笑得比以前更响了，而说话者本人脸上也浮现出一丝淡淡的微笑，尽管他平素似乎是不大笑的。这一回没有什么可疑的了，达特安受了侮辱。他深信这一点，就一手按着剑柄，一手叉着后腰，走上前去。

“喂！先生！就是你，躲在窗板后头的那位先生！告诉我，你们在笑什么，我们好一块儿笑笑。”

那位先生慢慢地把目光从马身上转到马的主人身上，好象需要一些时间来判断这样的话是不是对他说的。后来，当他对此已无可怀疑时，便皱起眉头，以傲慢的神情回答达特安道：

“我没有跟你说话！”

“可我在跟你说话！”年轻人答道，对方部种又有礼貌又

more angry by this mixture of politeness and scorn.

The unknown looked at him again with a faint smile and left the window. Coming out of the inn, he placed himself before the horse within two paces of D'Artagnan.

"This horse is decidedly, or rather was in his youth, a buttercup," resumed the unknown. He addressed his remarks to the two men still at the window and completely ignored D'Artagnan. "It is a colour very well known among flowers, but until now very rare among horses."

"There are people who laugh at a horse, but would not dare to laugh at the master," cried the young man in his fury.

"I do not often laugh, sir," said the unknown, "as you may have noticed, but nevertheless, I laugh when it pleases me to do so."

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

"Is that so, sir?" continued the gentleman calmly. He turned on his heel to re-enter the inn.

"Turn! Turn, Mr. Joker, or I will strick you from behind!"

"Strike me!" said the other, turning and looking at the young man with as much astonishment as scorn. "Why! My good fellow, you must be mad." Then, in a low tone as if speaking to himself. "This is most annoying."

He had hardly finished when D'Artagnan made a furious attack. If the gentleman had not sprung quickly backward, it is probable that he would have joked for the last time. Then, seeing that the youth was really serious, the unknown drew his sword, and placed himself on guard. But at the same moment the two from the inn, together with the innkeeper, fell upon^s D'Artagnan with heavy sticks. When D'Artagnan turned round to face this shower of blows, the unknown calmly sheathed his sword, and, instead of being actively engaged in a fight, he became a spectator.

He remained cool and undisturbed, muttering nevertheless to himself, "Curse these Gascons! Put him on his yellow horse and send him away."

表示轻蔑的语气使他更加恼怒。

那位陌生人淡淡一笑，看了他一眼，就离开窗口。他从客店里走出来站在马前，离达特安不到两步远。

“这匹马显然是，更确切地说，在它岁口还轻的时候，是一匹毛茛花色的马。”那个陌生人不理会达特安，仍对那两个站在窗口的人发议论，“在花卉当中，这种颜色是很有名的，不过现在这种颜色的马很少见了。”

“有人会笑马，可他未必敢笑马的主人！”年轻人怒气冲冲地嚷道。

“我是不常笑的，先生，”陌生人说，“也许你已经注意到了。不过，我高兴笑的时候，我就笑。”

达特安大声说：“而我，谁要是笑得让我不高兴，我就不许他笑！”

“是吗，先生？”那位先生镇静地接着说，转身往客店去。

“回来！回来！爱开玩笑的先生，不然我就从背后刺你！”

“刺我！”对方回过身来，又吃惊又轻蔑地望着这个年轻人说，“嗨！我的好朋友，你一定是疯了吧。”随后好象喃喃自语似地说：“讨厌极了！”

他话音刚落，达特安就凶猛地向他进攻，要不是那位先生很快地往后一跳，这可能就是他最后一次开玩笑。陌生人看出这个青年当真要打，便拔出剑来，准备自卫。这时，那两个人和客店老板一起跑出客店，举着沉重的棍子向达特安冲来。当达特安转身抵挡这一阵打击时，那个陌生人倒从客地把剑插入鞘内，他没有积极参加战斗，却在一旁观战。

他还是那样冷静和镇定，仍低声咕哝着：“这些该死的加斯科尼人！把他放在他的黄马上，打发他走吧！”

"Not before I have killed you, coward!" cried D'Artagnan bravely. He stood his ground⁶ before his three assailants, who continued to shower blows upon him.

"By my honour," murmured the gentleman, "these Gascons are hot-headed! Keep up the dance then, since that seems to be what he wants. When he is tired, he will perhaps say that he has had enough of it."

But the unknown did not know the determined person with whom he had to deal. D'Artagnan was not the man ever to cry for quarter.⁷ The fight therefore continued for a few more moments until D'Artagnan dropped his sword, which was broken in two by a blow from a stick. Another blow upon his now defenceless head brought him to the ground, covered with blood and almost fainting.

It was at this moment the people came crowding to the scene from all sides. Fearful of consequences, the innkeeper carried the wounded man into the kitchen, where he ordered his wounds to be washed and bandaged.

3. MILADY MEETS THE UNKNOWN AND RECEIVES INSTRUCTIONS

The gentleman returned to his room and watched the crowd from the window with impatience. He was clearly annoyed at their not going away.

"Well, how is this madman?" he demanded of the innkeeper, who had come to enquire whether his guest had been hurt.

"I hope your Excellency is safe and sound?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Perfectly safe and sound. What has become of the young fool?"

"He is better," said the innkeeper. "He only fainted."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman.

"But before he fainted, he gathered all his strength to challenge you, and to defy you. He said that if such a thing had happened in Paris you would quickly have repented of it."

“我不干掉你，我是不走的！胆小鬼！”达特安勇敢地大声喊道。他面对着三个不停进攻的对手，没有后退一步。

“我敢说，”那位先生低声说，“这些加斯科尼人真莽撞。既然他要这样，那就继续跳舞吧，等他累了，他也许会说够了。”

不过，那个陌生人并不了解同他打交道的人倔强的性格。达特安是个从不求饶的人，所以这场战斗又持续了好一会儿，后来，达特安的剑被棍子打成两截，他把断剑扔下，又有一棍打在他那失去保护的头上，把他打倒在地，流出血来，几乎晕过去。

这时，人们从四面八方朝这里走来。客店老板怕出事，就把受伤的人抬进厨房里，让人给他洗过伤口，包扎起来。

三 米莱蒂会见陌生人接受指示

那位先生回到房间里，从窗口看着人群，很不耐烦，显然，因人们不散去而生气。

“喂，那个疯子怎么样了？”他问客店老板。客店老板是进来问候他的客人被打伤了没有的。

“大人是否平安无事？”他问道。

“哦，是的！完全平安无事。那个傻小子怎么样啦？”

“好一些了，”客店老板说，“他只是晕过去了。”

“真的！”那位先生说。

“不过他晕过去以前，还尽力向您挑衅，公然不把您放在眼里。他说，这样的事要是发生在巴黎，您马上就会后悔的。”

"Then," said the gentleman coolly, "he must be a prince in dis-
guise. Did he mention anybody's name in his anger?"

"Yes. He struck his pocket and said, 'We shall see what M. de Tréville will think of this insult offered to his protégé.' "

"M. de Tréville?" said the unknown, becoming attentive. "He put his hand upon his pocket while pronouncing the name of M. de Tréville! Now, while the young man was insensible, surely you did not fail to find out what was in the pocket. What was there in it?"

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

"I wonder if Tréville can have set this young Gascon on to⁸ me?" murmured the man to himself. "He is very young, but a sword-thrust is a sword-thrust whatever may be the age of him who gives it. Besides, a youth is less to be suspected than an older man."

He remained in deep thought for some moments.

"Could you not manage to get rid of this mad boy for me?" he said. "In truth I cannot kill him, and yet he annoys me. Where is he?"

"In a room on the first floor where his wounds are being dressed."

"Are his things and his bag with him? Has he taken off his doublet?"

"Everything is in the kitchen. But if he annoys you, this young fool—I"

"Most certainly he does. He causes a disturbance at your inn and respectable people do not like it. Go, make out my bill,⁹ and inform my servant."

"What, Excellency, will you leave us so soon?"

"You knew that I was going as I had already given orders for my horse to be saddled. Have they not been obeyed?"

“那么，”那位先生冷冷地说，“他一定是个化了装的王子咯。他在发怒的时候提到什么人的名字吗？”

“提到过。他拍着衣袋说：‘咱们看看特雷维尔先生对受他庇护的人遭到这样的侮辱会怎么想吧。’”

“特雷维尔先生？”陌生人开始注意起来，他说，“他提到特雷维尔先生的名字时，把手放在衣袋上！噢，在这个年轻人失去知觉的时候，你当然不会不去翻他的衣袋，看看有什么东西吧。里头有什么东西呢？”

“一封给火枪队队长特雷维尔先生的信。”

“不知特雷维尔会不会派这个年轻的加斯科尼人来袭击我？”那个人轻声自语，“他很年轻，不过刺一剑就是一剑，不管使剑的人年纪多大。况且，同成年人相比，人们对于少年总是不大怀疑的。”

他沉思一会儿。

“你能不能设法使我摆脱掉这个疯小子？”他说，“我的确不能杀他，可是他碍我的事。他在哪儿？”

“在二楼一个房间里，在那儿给他包扎伤口。”

“他的东西和小包裹在他身边吗？他脱下紧身上衣了吗？”

“所有的东西都在厨房里。不过，要是他叫您生气，这个傻小子——！”

“他的确叫我恼火，他在你的客店里闹出了一场乱子，有身分的人是不喜欢这种事的。去吧，把我的账开出来，通知我的用人。”

“什么，大人，您这么快就走吗？”

“你知道，我要走了，我已经吩咐备马了。他们没有照办吗？”

"Your orders have been carried out. As your Excellency may have noticed, your horse is in the gateway already saddled."

"Get my bill then."

At a commanding glance from the gentleman, the innkeeper bowed humbly and left the room.

"It is unnecessary for Milady to be seen by this fellow", muttered the stranger to himself. "She will soon be here. She is already late. I had better get on horseback and go to meet her, but I should like to know what is in this letter addressed to M. de Tréville." He then walked slowly towards the kitchen.

In the meantime the innkeeper had gone up to D'Artagnan, where he found him just recovering consciousness. Telling him that the police would deal with him severely for having quarrelled with a great lord—the unknown could be nothing less than a great lord—he insisted that D'Artagnan should go as quickly as possible. Still only half-conscious, and with his head bandaged, D'Artagnan went downstairs to a room on the ground floor. Then, as he looked from the window, he saw the unknown gentleman talking calmly to someone in a carriage drawn by two fine horses.

The person to whom he was speaking could be seen clearly through the carriage window. It was a lady of about twenty-two years of age. D'Artagnan saw at a glance that this young woman was beautiful. She was pale and fair, with long curls falling over her shoulders. Her eyes were large, blue, and dreamy; her lips rosy, and her hands soft and white. She was talking in an excited manner with the unknown.

"His Eminence, then, orders me—?" said the lady.

"To return instantly to England and inform him immediately the Duke of Buckingham leaves London."

"And with regard to my other instructions?" asked the fair traveller.

"They are contained in this box which you will not open until you have reached England."

"Very well; and you? What are you going to do?"