

【 插图 · 中文导读英文版 】



The Three Musketeers

三个火枪手

下

[法] 大仲马 著
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

清华大学出版社



014006947

H319.4:I

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728300310
内 容 简 介

《三个火枪手》是世界文学宝库中的经典名篇，它是一部以历史事件为题材的通俗小说。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贵族世家，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，保住了王后的名节。

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。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事内容，书中加入了大量插图。

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

三个火枪手=The Three Musketeers: 插图·中文导读英文版/ (法) 大仲马 (Dumas, A.) 著. 王勋等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2013
ISBN 978-7-302-32235-1

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

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2013) 第 084960 号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 胡伟民

责任印制: 刘海龙

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦 A 座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175

邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市溧源装订厂

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印 张: 51.5

字 数: 1025 千字

版 次: 2013 年 10 月第 1 版

印 次: 2013 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1~3500

定 价: 89.00 元

产品编号: 053355-01



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

1802 年 7 月 24 日，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 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作背景，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》、《二十年后再会》、《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》是他最重要的代表作之一。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、电视剧和电影。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。基于以上原因，我们决定编译本书，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，

前言



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，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、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、刘乃亚、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、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，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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Chapter 32 A Procurator's Dinner



博尔多斯按照约定时间走到了讼师家的大门前，他幻想着能够以表亲的身份好好享受一顿美食，再逗得那老讼师脸上露出微笑，想到这里他脸上不由自主地露出些许笑意。博尔多斯走上了楼梯，闻到过道里有一股难闻的气味，而且二楼的矮门显得很寒酸。博尔多斯敲了敲门，开门的是一个脸色苍白的高个子办事员，很勉强地打了招呼。这里一共有三个办事员，规模已算不小。讼师夫人从房间里走出来，把博尔多斯领了进去，并介绍给大家认识。博尔多斯经过厨房时发现里面一片冷清，丝毫不像是准备美餐的样子。老讼师也没有表现出惊喜，只是上前礼貌地躬了躬身子。博尔多斯打量着眼前的这个瘦老头，他的精神很好，不幸的是被束缚在轮椅上不能自由行走；看上去承认这个表亲也是无可奈何。老讼师总是话中带刺，幸好讼师夫人在一旁不停地解围，才使得博尔多斯不至于那么尴尬。

到了开饭的时间，几个办事员似乎闻到了少有的香味。每个人早早地坐在桌子前面等待着饭菜上桌。等到厨娘端出菜来，博尔多斯发现一大碗汤里根本看不到什么东西，只有几片面包浮在上面；一只鸡瘦得只剩骨头，包着一层结实的皮；再下来是一大盘蚕豆，中间摆放着几个做样子的羊骨头；最后还有兑着水的红酒。但这对那些人却好像是山珍海味，老讼师还不停地夸耀这是特地为表亲所准备的丰盛午餐。博尔多斯象征性地吃了点

东西便起身了，随后讼师夫人拿出了一些难以入口的甜品供餐后享用。饭后，讼师夫人和博尔多斯单独来到房间，两人开始讨论治装费用的问题。博尔多斯告诉她治装费大概需要两千利弗尔，这可是一大笔财产。讼师夫人从马匹、马鞍开始一一计算起来，最后一切谈妥，博尔多斯借口有公务在身，向讼师夫妇告辞。

However brilliant had been the part played by Porthos in the duel, it had not made him forget the dinner of the procurator's wife.

On the morrow he received the last touches of Mousqueton's brush for an hour, and took his way toward the Rue aux Ours with the steps of a man who was doubly in favor with fortune.

His heart beat, but not like D'Artagnan's with a young and impatient love. No; a more material interest stirred his blood. He was about at last to pass that mysterious threshold, to climb those unknown stairs by which, one by one, the old crowns of M. Coquenard had ascended. He was about to see in reality a certain coffer of which he had twenty times beheld the image in his dreams—a coffer long and deep, locked, bolted, fastened in the wall; a coffer of which he had so often heard, and which the hands—a little wrinkled, it is true, but still not without elegance—of the procurator's wife were about to open to his admiring looks.

And then he—a wanderer on the earth, a man without fortune, a man without family, a soldier accustomed to inns, cabarets, taverns, and restaurants, a lover of wine forced to depend upon chance treats—was about to partake of family meals, to enjoy the pleasures of a comfortable establishment, and to give himself up to those little attentions which “the harder one is, the more they please,” as old soldiers say.

To come in the capacity of a cousin, and seat himself every day at a good table; to smooth the yellow, wrinkled brow of the old procurator; to pluck the clerks a little by teaching them bassette, passe-dix, and lansquenet, in their utmost nicety, and winning from them, by way of fee for the lesson he would give them in an hour, their savings of a month—all this was enormously delightful to Porthos.

The Musketeer could not forget the evil reports which then prevailed, and which indeed have survived them, of the procurators of the period—meanness, stinginess, fasts; but as, after all, excepting some few acts of economy which Porthos had always found very unseasonable, the procurator's wife had been tolerably liberal—that is, be it understood, for a procurator's wife—he hoped to see a household of a highly comfortable kind.

And yet, at the very door the Musketeer began to entertain some doubts. The approach was not such as to prepossess people—an ill-smelling, dark passage, a staircase half-lighted by bars through which stole a glimmer from a neighboring yard; on the first floor a low door studded with enormous nails, like the principal gate of the Grand Chatelet.

Porthos knocked with his hand. A tall, pale clerk, his face shaded by a forest of virgin hair, opened the door, and bowed with the air of a man forced at once to respect in another lofty stature, which indicated strength, the military dress, which indicated rank, and a ruddy countenance, which indicated familiarity with good living.

A shorter clerk came behind the first, a taller clerk behind the second, a stripling of a dozen years rising behind the third. In all, three clerks and a half, which, for the time, argued a very extensive clientage.

Although the Musketeer was not expected before one o'clock, the procurator's wife had been on the watch ever since midday, reckoning that the heart, or perhaps the stomach, of her lover would bring him before his time.

Mme. Coquenard therefore entered the office from the house at the same moment her guest entered from the stairs, and the appearance of the worthy lady relieved him from an awkward embarrassment. The clerks surveyed him with great curiosity, and he, not knowing well what to say to this ascending and descending scale, remained tongue-tied.

"It is my cousin!" cried the procurator's wife. "Come in, come in, Monsieur Porthos!"

The name of Porthos produced its effect upon the clerks, who began to laugh; but Porthos turned sharply round, and every countenance quickly recovered its gravity.

They reached the office of the procurator after having passed through the

antechamber in which the clerks were, and the study in which they ought to have been. This last apartment was a sort of dark room, littered with papers. On quitting the study they left the kitchen on the right, and entered the reception room.

All these rooms, which communicated with one another, did not inspire Porthos favorably. Words might be heard at a distance through all these open doors. Then, while passing, he had cast a rapid, investigating glance into the kitchen; and he was obliged to confess to himself, to the shame of the procurator's wife and his own regret, that he did not see that fire, that animation, that bustle, which when a good repast is on foot prevails generally in that sanctuary of good living.

The procurator had without doubt been warned of his visit, as he expressed no surprise at the sight of Porthos, who advanced toward him with a sufficiently easy air, and saluted him courteously.

"We are cousins, it appears, Monsieur Porthos?" said the procurator, rising, yet supporting his weight upon the arms of his cane chair.

The old man, wrapped in a large black doublet, in which the whole of his slender body was concealed, was brisk and dry. His little gray eyes shone like carbuncles, and appeared, with his grinning mouth, to be the only part of his face in which life survived. Unfortunately the legs began to refuse their service to this bony machine. During the last five or six months that this weakness had been felt, the worthy procurator had nearly become the slave of his wife.

The cousin was received with resignation, that was all. M. Coquenard, firm upon his legs, would have declined all relationship with M. Porthos.

"Yes, monsieur, we are cousins," said Porthos, without being disconcerted, as he had never reckoned upon being received enthusiastically by the husband.

"By the female side, I believe?" said the procurator, maliciously.

Porthos did not feel the ridicule of this, and took it for a piece of simplicity, at which he laughed in his large mustache. Mme. Coquenard, who knew that a simple-minded procurator was a very rare variety in the species, smiled a little, and colored a great deal.

M. Coquenard had, since the arrival of Porthos, frequently cast his eyes with great uneasiness upon a large chest placed in front of his oak desk. Porthos

comprehended that this chest, although it did not correspond in shape with that which he had seen in his dreams, must be the blessed coffer, and he congratulated himself that the reality was several feet higher than the dream.

M. Coquenard did not early his genealogical investigations any further; but withdrawing his anxious look from the chest and fixing it upon Porthos, he contented himself with saying, "Monsieur our cousin will do us the favor of dining with us once before his departure for the campaign, will he not, Madame Coquenard?"

This time Porthos received the blow right in his stomach, and felt it. It appeared likewise that Mme. Coquenard was not less affected by it on her part, for she added, "My cousin will not return if he finds that we do not treat him kindly; but otherwise he has so little time to pass in Paris, and consequently to spare to us, that we must entreat him to give us every instant he can call his own previous to his departure."

"Oh, my legs, my poor legs! where are you?" murmured Coquenard, and he tried to smile.

This succor, which came to Porthos at the moment in which he was attacked in his gastronomic hopes, inspired much gratitude in the Musketeer toward the procurator's wife.

The hour of dinner soon arrived. They passed into the eating room—a large dark room situated opposite the kitchen.

The clerks, who, as it appeared, had smelled unusual perfumes in the house, were of military punctuality, and held their stools in hand quite ready to sit down. Their jaws moved preliminarily with fearful threatenings.

"Indeed!" thought Porthos, casting a glance at the three hungry clerks—for the errand boy, as might be expected, was not admitted to the honors of the magisterial table, "in my cousin's place, I would not keep such gourmands! They look like shipwrecked sailors who have not eaten for six weeks."

M. Coquenard entered, pushed along upon his armchair with casters by Mme. Coquenard, whom Porthos assisted in rolling her husband up to the table. He had scarcely entered when he began to agitate his nose and his jaws after the example of his clerks.

"Oh, oh!" said he; "here is a soup which is rather inviting."

"What the devil can they smell so extraordinary in this soup?" said Porthos, at the sight of a pale liquid, abundant but entirely free from meat, on the surface of which a few crusts swam about as rare as the islands of an archipelago.

Mme. Coquenard smiled, and upon a sign from her everyone eagerly took his seat.

M. Coquenard was served first, then Porthos. Afterward Mme. Coquenard filled her own plate, and distributed the crusts without soup to the impatient clerks. At this moment the door of the dining room unclosed with a creak, and Porthos perceived through the half-open flap the little clerk who, not being allowed to take part in the feast, ate his dry bread in the passage with the double odor of the dining room and kitchen.

After the soup the maid brought a boiled fowl—a piece of magnificence which caused the eyes of the diners to dilate in such a manner that they seemed ready to burst.

"One may see that you love your family, Madame Coquenard," said the procurator, with a smile that was almost tragic. "You are certainly treating your cousin very handsomely!"

The poor fowl was thin, and covered with one of those thick, bristly skins through which the teeth cannot penetrate with all their efforts. The fowl must have been sought for a long time on the perch, to which it had retired to die of old age.

"The devil!" thought Porthos, "this is poor work. I respect old age, but I don't much like it boiled or roasted."

And he looked round to see if anybody partook of his opinion; but on the contrary, he saw nothing but eager eyes which were devouring, in anticipation, that sublime fowl which was the object of his contempt.

Mme. Coquenard drew the dish toward her, skillfully detached the two great black feet, which she placed upon her husband's plate, cut off the neck, which with the head she put on one side for herself, raised the wing for Porthos, and then returned the bird otherwise intact to the servant who had brought it in, who disappeared with it before the Musketeer had time to examine the variations which disappointment produces upon faces, according to the

characters and temperaments of those who experience it.

In the place of the fowl a dish of haricot beans made its appearance—an enormous dish in which some bones of mutton that at first sight one might have believed to have some meat on them pretended to show themselves.

But the clerks were not the dupes of this deceit, and their lugubrious looks settled down into resigned countenances.

Mme. Coquenard distributed this dish to the young men with the moderation of a good housewife.

The time for wine came. M. Coquenard poured from a very small stone bottle the third of a glass for each of the young men, served himself in about the same proportion, and passed the bottle to Porthos and Mme. Coquenard.

The young men filled up their third of a glass with water; then, when they had drank half the glass, they filled it up again, and continued to do so. This brought them, by the end of the repast, to swallowing a drink which from the color of the ruby had passed to that of a pale topaz.

Porthos ate his wing of the fowl timidly, and shuddered when he felt the knee of the procurator's wife under the table, as it came in search of his. He also drank half a glass of this sparingly served wine, and found it to be nothing but that horrible Montreuil—the terror of all expert palates.

M. Coquenard saw him swallowing this wine undiluted, and sighed deeply.

“Will you eat any of these beans, Cousin Porthos?” said Mme. Coquenard, in that tone which says, “Take my advice, don't touch them.”

“Devil take me if I taste one of them!” murmured Porthos to himself, and then said aloud, “Thank you, my cousin, I am no longer hungry.”

There was silence. Porthos could hardly keep his countenance.

The procurator repeated several times, “Ah, Madame Coquenard! Accept my compliments; your dinner has been a real feast. Lord, how I have eaten!”

M. Coquenard had eaten his soup, the black feet of the fowl, and the only mutton bone on which there was the least appearance of meat.

Porthos fancied they were mystifying him, and began to curl his mustache and knit his eyebrows; but the knee of Mme. Coquenard gently advised him to be patient.