

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

571

二 京 記

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS 著

伍 光 建 選 譯

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A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By
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二 京 記

A Tale of Two Cities

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原 著 者 Charles Dickens

選 譯 者 伍 光 建

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傳 略

作者是一八一二至一八七〇年間人，生於英國的波茲木 Portsmouth。他父親是海軍的一個小官吏，他是八兄弟姊妹之一。一八二一年他父親遷居倫敦，越鬧越窮，住在極汙穢的地方，不久就因欠債入獄。那時候查理迭更士不過十歲，他有兩年很艱於謀食，在一個大貨倉裏頭，替人在黑靴油瓶子上粘招牌紙。後來他每提及他少年艱苦事，無一次不滴淚。他好在倫敦的小街小巷走，卻總躲避那幾處地方，不忍再見。好在那幾年的閱歷供給他撰小說的極好材料。他大約是在一八二四等年在一個學校裏讀過兩三年書。隨後他當報館的議院訪員。他學減寫，遇有空閒，走去圖書館讀書。他當過狀師的學徒，又當過八九年倫敦幾個報館的訪員，吃盡種種辛苦。他自己卻說他後來當了一個小說家，粗有成就，端賴從前好幾年所吃的辛苦。從一八三三年起，他就撰小說，到了一八三六年三月一日他的第一期披克維克記事錄(Pickwick Papers)出來，立刻享大名，收入始豐。此後他撰了許多小說，很有

幾部傑作。一八六九年他常當衆說書，收入更豐，他爲的是好作事不肯閒下來，並不是因爲貪財；說書卻是很費精力的，大約這就是他致死的一個原因。他最好走路；無論到什麼地方，又無論寒暑陰晴，常是走路；他夜行受寒，左手左脚及頭部得了毛病，這又是致死的一個原因。他是個溫和，誠實，聰明，果決，光明磊落人。他的小說居多主持人道主義，教人愛人。這部『二京記』是一八五九年出版的；在他的著作中，是很特別的：一、比他的別部小說短得多；二、全無令人發笑的人物；三、以關目情節爲重。他自己說道，『我要寫一篇活現如畫的故事，人物要逼真自然，不用各人的說話而用各人的行事，發表各人的性情。』他又說道，『我生平所寫的故事，以這一篇爲最好。』這部小說是寫法國大革命的英京倫敦及法京巴黎幾個人物所做的事，所以稱爲二京記（這部小說的名稱，凡易數次，才定名爲二京記的。——譯者注），卻得力於喀萊爾（Carlyle）的法蘭西大革命史不少。約翰福士達（John Forster）說，『這部小說的長處不在乎善於概念人物，卻在乎表現他有善著杜撰故事的能力，其實是一部奇書。』

民國二十二年癸酉霜降日伍光建記

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BOOK THE FIRST

CHAPTER V

THE WINE-SHOP

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud-embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted¹ themselves to the sodden and

¹devoted 專心致志.

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第一卷 第五回 酒鋪

有一大桶的酒跌在街上，酒桶打碎了。這件偶然的事發生於從一輛車上把酒桶搬下來；不料酒桶滾下來，桶箍散了，如同一個核桃殼子打碎幾塊，躺在酒鋪門外。

在酒鋪附近全數的人，本來正在那裏做事的都不做事了，本來在那裏懶惰的都不懶惰了，全跑過來喝酒。這條街原是無定形的粗石頭砌的，石頭尖子亂向着四面八方，好像專爲使走到這條街的人們的脚步了；這許多不平的石頭砌成許多小窪，都裝滿酒；於是有成羣成堆的人擁擠着，包圍這一窪一窪的酒，窪大的人多些，窪小的人少些。有些人跪下兩手掬酒，吸飲，也有幫助婦女們的，她們彎着身子扒在他們的肩膀上趕快吸飲，若是遲了，所掬的酒就從指縫流走了。也有許多男男女女用破的小瓦罐在窪裏取酒，還有取下女人的裹頭巾放在窪裏取酒，擠入嬰孩的嘴裏，擠得很乾；又有堆泥成小隄，攔住流出的酒；還有許多人在高處的窗子看，指揮地下的人東跑西跑，截住在新方向成爲小溪流去的酒；也有許多專心致志只顧住

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lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. . . . When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away, to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been

被酒浸透及被酒渣染透的破桶碎塊，在那裏吮，甚至還有嚼被酒浸壞的小碎塊，吮得嚼得極有滋味。這條街上無溝讓酒流去，不獨所有流出來的酒全在街上，還攪上許多泥；也許有過一個打掃夫掃街，但是無論什麼人深曉得這個地方情形的，都不能相信有過這樣的奇蹟。

當搶酒爲戲的時候，男人，女人，孩子，樂到了不得，滿街上都是他們的尖利的笑聲。這樣的嬉戲，卻很少粗的舉動，居多不過是玩耍。……

等到酒全喝光的時候，存酒最多的地方，被他們用手指挖，挖成縱橫交加的樣子，等到酒全吃完就不挖了，他們來得很驟，散得很驟。剛才把鋸插在柴縫就跑來的，現在回去又鋸柴啦；有幾個女人餓到手指腳指都痛了，本來在那裏用小鍋裝熱灰在那裏熨她們自己的及兒女們的手腳，把小鍋放在門口的台階就跑去喝酒，現在也回來了；有許多男人，光着膀子，紅髮久已不梳，結成一團，面帶死色，剛才從地窖裏跑出冬天的光亮中，也走開了，又走下地窖；剛才變作很熱鬧的地方現在又是一片黑暗，好像這片地方是應該黑暗的，不該有日光的。

葡萄酒是紅色的，在那裏流出來，把巴黎郊外的聖安托唔(St.Antoine 這是最窮苦的人所住的地方，後來大革命先從此發難。——譯者注)的一條小街染紅了。染紅了許多人的手，許多人的臉，許多人的赤腳，還有許多木屐。鋸木的人把許多木片染紅了；一個女人乳哺她的嬰孩，額也染紅了，是一塊破布染的，她又把破布裹她的頭。凡是

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greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there. . . .

"The door is locked then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"¹

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But, by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room-door,

¹ retired 退隱; 深藏。

貪酒嚼桶板的人們，把嘴染汙了，染得同老虎那樣可怕；有一個身高好開頑笑的，也塗得很可怕，他頭上戴了一件很長的破袋作睡帽，只披了一點在頭上，他用手指蘸攪了許多泥的酒渣，在牆上寫一個血字。（法國大革命就是這羣人發難。——譯者注）

將來有一天，這種酒也要流在街石上，那時候，許多人的手都是染了紅血的。……

〔一個銀行的老幫手姓羅爾里名查維斯（Jarvis Lorry）帶了一位小姐名洛雪（Lucie）從英國渡海到巴黎，找着剛纔所說的酒舖，求店東狄花治（Defarge）帶去找她的父親。他帶他們到後院的高樓上，從衣袋取出一把鎖匙來。——譯者注〕

羅爾里很詫異的問道，『我的朋友，原來房門是鎖了的麼？』

狄花治的兇惡答復說道，『是的，是的。』

羅爾里問道，『你以為必得把這個不幸的人收藏得這樣深密麼？』

狄花治一面眉頭縐得很緊的，附耳低聲答道，『我以為必得鎖門。』

羅爾里問道，『為什麼？』

狄花治答道，『為什麼！因為他過了很久很久的被人鎖禁的日子，倘若打開這道門，他會受驚的，會發狂的，會把他自己撕毀成碎塊的，會尋死的——我不曉得他會怎樣傷害他自己。』

羅爾里說道，『能夠變到這樣麼？』

狄花治很痛恨的也說道，『能夠變到這樣呀！能夠的。能夠變到這樣的時候，到了還有其他許多事都能夠做得出來的時候，我們所住的世界是一個好世界，你看呀，不獨是能夠，而且果然做出來啦，你看呀，在那一片天底下，那一天不做！我祝魔鬼長壽。我們往前走吧。』

這兩個人是附耳很低聲說的，那位少年小姐一字也不會聽見。但是到了這個時候，她被激烈的情緒所動，渾身發抖，她的臉上發現很深的着急，及畏懼與恐怖，羅爾里覺得必要說一兩句安慰的話。

他於是說道，『小姐，大膽些！大膽些！辦事要緊！只有一會子工夫，最難受的事就過去了；只要過了房門，最難

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and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"I think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall.

受的事就過去了。隨後你所帶來給他的全數好處，全數解救，你所帶來給他的全數歡樂，就起首了。讓我們的好朋友走過去，在那一邊扶你。狄花治朋友，好的。來呀，辦事，辦事。』

他們輕輕的慢慢的上樓。樓梯不長，不久就到了梯頂。因為這裏忽然有個拐灣，他們忽然看見三個人（這三個人是狄花治的祕密黨羽——譯者注）。三個人都低頭緊靠着一扇門邊，很用心往裏看，從牆洞或牆縫往裏看。這三個人聽見腳步聲來得很近，掉過臉站起來，原來就是剛才在酒鋪吃酒的三個人。

狄花治說道，『因為你們忽然來探望我，我竟把這三個人忘記了。我們在這裏有事，好孩子們，你們走吧。』

三個人溜在一邊，靜悄悄的下了樓。

在這一層樓上別無其他房門，開酒鋪的東家，等到那三個人走了，就一直向這一個房門走，羅爾里低聲附耳問他，還帶着一點憤怒腔調，說道，『你把曼尼特先生（Manette）當作一件怪物，任人來看麼？』

狄花治答道，『我只給我所挑選過的不多幾個人看，就是你剛才所看見的那樣看法。』

羅爾里說道，『這樣任人看，好嗎？』

『我以爲是好的。』

『不多的幾個是誰？你怎樣挑選他們？』

狄花治答道，『我所挑選的都是實在人，與我同名——我名查克斯（Jacques）（據說一個組織法蘭西大革命的祕密黨，以查克斯作口號。——譯者注）——讓他們看看，也許與他們有益。夠了；你是英國人；這又當別論。請你站在那裏等一會子。』

他用警告的態度，叫他們不要往前來，他蹲下來，從牆縫往裏看。不久他又抬起頭來，在門上敲兩三下——顯

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Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He sat her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it

然并無其他目的，不過做點聲響。他同一用意把鎖匙在門上橫劃三四次，然後笨笨的把匙放在鎖裏，儘他的能力轉鎖匙。

那扇門在他手下慢慢向裏開，他向屋裏看，說一句話。有很衰弱的聲音答他。一問一答，都不過是單音的字。

他回頭看，示意叫他們進來。羅爾里一手抱住那個女兒的腰，抱得緊緊的；因為他曉得她快要暈倒了。

他滿臉都是汗，這並不是爲辦事急出來的汗，他力勸她道，『辦事，辦事！進來，進來！』

她渾身發抖答道，『我害怕。』

『你怕什麼。』

『我怕他，我怕我的父親。』

他看她的情形，又因領路的人示意叫他們進去，使他無法可想，只好把放在他肩膀上的發抖的手拉過來，稍微舉起她，催她走進屋子。他叫她坐在門裏，扶住她，她抱住他。

狄花治把鎖匙拉出來，在裏面把門鎖好，又拉出鎖匙來，拿在手上。他按步就班的做這幾件事，儘他的能力做得很響。最後他一步一步的走過屋子，走到窗子的所在。他停住了，掉過臉來。

這是一個金字閣頂，原是堆柴及其他物件的，是黑暗的：因爲是屋背的窗子，其實是屋頂的一扇門，上面有一架小的起重機器，把街上的貨物拉上來。酒鋪的主人看着

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for the hoisting up of stores from the street with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

CHAPTER VI

THE SHOEMAKER

"Good day!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller,