

英汉对照



世界名著

(法) 小仲马 著

# 茶花女



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时代文艺出版社

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## I

IT is my considered view that no one can invent fictional characters without first having made a lengthy study of people, just as it is impossible for anyone to speak a language that has not been properly mastered.

Since I am not yet of an age to invent, I must make do with telling a tale.

I therefore invite the reader to believe that this story is true. All the characters who appear in it, with the exception of the heroine, are still hying.

I would further add that there are reliable witnesses in Pads for most of the particulars which I bring together here, and they could vouch for their accuracy should my word not be enough. By a singular turn of events, I alone was able to write them down since I alone was privy to the very last details without which it would have been quite impossible to piece together a full and satisfying account.

It was in this way that these particulars came to my knowledge.

On the 12th day of March 1847, in the rue Laffitte, I happened upon a large yellow notice announcing a sale of furniture and valuable curios. An estate was to be disposed of, the owner having died. The notice did not name the dead person, but the sale was to be held at 9 rue d'Antin on the 16th, between noon and five o'clock.

The notice also stated that the apartments and contents could be viewed on the 13th and 14th.

I have always been interested in curios. I promised myself I would not miss this opportunity, if not of actually buying, then at least of looking.

The following day, I directed my steps towards 9 rue d'Antin.

It was early, and yet a good crowd of visitors had already gathered in the apartment-men for the most part, but also a number of ladies who, though dressed in velvet and wearing Indian shawls, and all with their own elegant broughams standing at the door, were examining the riches set out before them with astonished, even admiring eyes.

After a while, I quite saw the reason for their admiration and astonishment, for having begun myself to look around I had no difficulty in recognizing that I was in the apartment of a kept woman. Now if there is one thing that ladies of fashion desire to see above all else—and there were society ladies present—it is the rooms occupied by those women who have carriages which spatter their own with mud every day of the week, who have their boxes at the Opera or the Theatre-Italien just as they do, and indeed next to theirs, and who display for all Paris to see the insolent opulence of their beauty, diamonds and shameless conduct.

The woman in whose apartments I now found myself was dead: the most virtuous of ladies were thus able to go every-where, even into the bedroom. Death had purified the air of this glittering den of iniquity, and in any case they could always say, if they needed the excuse, that they had done no more than come to a sale without knowing whose rooms

## 第一章

我认为，如果不对人进行深入细致地研究，是无法创造出艺术人物的，如同一个人必须先掌握某种语言的要领才能会讲它一样。

由于我还不到创造的年龄，所以只能说是讲个故事。

因此我恳请读者相信，这个故事绝对真实。故事中涉及的所有人物，除女主人公外，都仍然健在。

需要赘言的是，我所收集的大部分事实在巴黎都可以找到见证人。如果我的证据尚嫌不足，可叫他们来作证。然而，由于某种特殊情况，只有我能写下这一切，因为只有我能道清这件事情的原委。缺少这些来龙去脉，故事就不可能完整而又引人入胜了。

事情的经过是这样的：

1847年3月12日，我在拉菲特街看到一张黄色大布告，上面通告拍卖家具和珍奇古玩。这次拍卖是在丧事之后进行的，广告没有提到去世人的姓名，只是通知拍卖将于16日中午至下午五点在昂坦路9号进行。

布告上还说，13日和14日允许人们参观死者的寓所。

我一向是古玩爱好者。我决心不能坐失良机，即使不买，也要饱个眼福。

第二天，我驱步朝昂坦路9号走去。

时间还早，可是房子里已经有很多来参观的人了，甚至还有女人，虽然这些女宾穿的是天鹅绒服装，披的是开司米披肩，大门口还有华丽的四轮轿式马车在恭候，却都带着惊讶、甚至赞赏的眼神注视着展现在她们眼前的豪华陈设。

不久，我就懂得了她们赞赏和惊讶的原因了。因为在我也跟着仔细打量了一番以后，不难看出我正置身在一个高级妓女的房间里。然而上流社会的女人——这里正有一些上流社会的女人——想看看的也就是这种女人的闺房，这种女人的穿着打扮往往使这些贵妇人相形见绌，这种女人在大歌剧院和意大利歌剧院里，也像她们一样，拥有自己的包厢，并且就和她们并肩而坐，这种女人恬不知耻地在巴黎街头卖弄她们的姿色，炫耀她们的珠宝，传扬她们的风流韵事。

16 我参观的这个公寓的女主人已经故去：因此连最贞洁的女人都可以长驱直入，来到她的卧室。死神已经净化了这个富丽堂皇的藏污纳垢之地的空气，再说，如果有必要的话，她们的托词是，她们要来参加拍卖，不知道来到谁家。她们看到了广告，想来参观一下广告推荐的东西，预先作些挑选而已。没有比这更普通的事

these were. They had read the notices, they had wanted to view what the notices advertised and mark out their selections in advance. It could not have been simpler— though this could not prevent them from looking through these splendid things for traces of the secret life of a courtesan of which they had doubtless been given very strange accounts.

Unfortunately, the mysteries had died with the goddess, and in spite of their best endeavours these good ladies found only what had been put up for sale since the time of death, and could detect nothing of what had been sold while the occupant had been alive.

But there was certainly rich booty to be had. The furniture was superb. Rosewood and Buhl- work pieces, Sevres vases and blue china porcelain, Dresden figurines, satins, velvet and lace, everything in fact.

I wandered from room to room in the wake of these inquisitive aristocratic ladies who had arrived before me. They went into a bedroom hung with Persian fabrics and I was about to go in after them, when they came out again almost immediately, smiling and as it were put to shame by this latest revelation. The effect was to make me even keener to see inside. It was the dressing-room, complete down to the very last details, in which the dead woman's profligacy had seemingly reached its height.

On a large table standing against one wall—it measured a good six feet by three—shone the finest treasures of Aucoc and Odier. It was a magnificent collection, and among the countless objects each so essential to the appearance of the kind of woman in whose home we had gathered, there was not one that was not made of gold or silver. But it was a collection that could only have been assembled piece by piece, and clearly more than one love had gone into its making.

I, who was not the least put out by the sight of the dressing-room of a kept woman, spent some time agreeably inspecting its contents, neglecting none of them, and I noticed that all these magnificently wrought implements bore different initials and all manner of coronets.

As I contemplated all these things, each to my mind standing for a separate prostitution of the poor girl, I reflected that God had been merciful to her since He had not suffered her to live long enough to undergo the usual punishment but had allowed her to die at the height of her wealth and beauty, long before the coming of old age, that first death of courtesans.

Indeed, what sadder sight is there than vice in old age, especially in a woman? It has no dignity and is singularly unattractive. Those everlasting regrets, not for wrong turnings taken but for wrong calculations made and money foolishly spent, are among the most harrowing things that can be heard. I once knew a former woman of easy virtue of whose past life there remained only a daughter who was almost as beautiful as the mother had once been, or so her contemporaries said. This poor child, to whom her mother

——这并不妨碍她们在所有这些奇珍异宝中，寻找这个交际花的生活痕迹，不说，别人已经告诉过她们有关这个交际花的异乎寻常的故事了。

不幸的是，这些神秘伴随着这位女神一起消逝了，尽管这些贵妇们揣着良好的愿望，但她们只能看到她去世后要出售的东西，丝毫领略不到女主人生前挥霍过的奢侈豪华。

不过，这里确实有很多东西值得买。房间的陈设的确十分华丽：布尔雕刻的玫瑰木的家具，塞弗尔和中国的花瓶，萨克森的小塑像，绸缎，天鹅绒和花边绣品，应有尽有。

我跟着那些比我先来的好奇的名门闺秀在住宅里漫步溜达。她们走进了一间张挂着波斯帷幕的房间，我正要跟着进去的当儿，她们却几乎马上笑着退了出来，仿佛对这次新的猎奇感到害臊。我倒反而更想进去看个究竟。原来这是一个梳妆间，里面摆满各种精致的梳妆用品，从这些用品里似乎可以看出死者生前的穷奢极侈。

靠墙有一张宽三尺、长六尺的大桌子，奥科克和奥迪奥制作的各种珍宝在上面闪闪发光。这是一套洋洋大观的收藏，这千百件物品对于置身这间内室的这样的女人来说，是她梳妆打扮必不可少的，其中没有一件不是金器或银器。然而这些收藏显然只能逐渐地罗致，而不是同一个情夫所能搜罗齐全的。

我看到一位妓女的梳妆间并未感到不快，我饶有兴致地仔细观看每件物品，不管它们是什么，我发觉这些精雕细琢的用品上都铭刻着不同人名的开头字母和标志。

我看着这所有的东西，每一件物品都促使我想到那个可怜姑娘的一次肉体买卖。我认为上帝对她还算比较宽容的，没有让她遭受通常的那种惩罚，而是在晚年以前，让她带着美丽的容颜死在豪华奢侈的生活中，对这些妓女来说，衰老就是她们的第一次死亡。

的确，还有什么比放荡生活的晚年，尤其是女人的放荡生活的晚年更悲惨的呢？这种晚年没有一点儿尊严，引不起别人的丝毫同情，这种抱恨终生的心情是我们所能听到的最悲惨的事情，因为她们并不是追悔过去的失足，而是悔恨错打了算盘，滥用了金钱。我认识一位曾经风流一时的老妇人，过去生活遗留给她的只有一个女儿，据她同时代的人说，她女儿几乎同她母亲年轻时长得一样美丽。她母亲从来没对这可怜的孩子说过一句“你是我的女儿”，只是要她养老，就像她自己曾

never said 'You are my daughter' except to order her to keep her now that she was old just as she had been kept when she was young, this wretched creature was called Louise and, in obedience to her mother, she sold herself without inclination or passion or pleasure, rather as she might have followed an honest trade had it ever entered anyone's head to teach her one.

The continual spectacle of debauchery, at so tender an age, compounded by her continuing ill-health, had extinguished in the girl the knowledge of good and evil which God had perhaps given her but which no one had ever thought to nurture.

I shall always remember that young girl who walked along the henlevards almost every day at the same hour. Her mother was always with her, escorting her as assiduously as a true mother might have accompanied her daughter. I was very young in those days and ready enough to fall in with the easy morality of the times. Yet I recall that the sight of such scandalous chaperoning filled me with contempt and disgust.

Add to all this that no virgin's face ever conveyed such a feeling of innocence not any comparable expression of sadness and suffering.

You would have said it was the image of Resignation itself.

And then one day, the young girl's face lit up. In the midst of the debauches which her mother organized for her, it suddenly seemed to this sinful creature that God had granted her one happiness. And after all why should God, who had made her weak and helpless, abandon her without consolation to struggle on beneath the oppressive burden of her life? One day, then, she perceived that she was with child, and that part of her which remained pure trembled with joy. The soul finds refuge in the strangest sanctuaries, Louise ran to her mother to tell her the news that had filled her with such happiness. It is a shameful thing to have to say—but we do not write gratuitously of immorality here, we relate a true incident and one perhaps which we would be better advised to leave untold if we did not believe that it is essential from time to time to make public the martyrdom of these creatures who are ordinarily condemned without a hearing and despised without trial—it is, we say, a matter for shame, but the mother answered her daughter saying that as things stood they scarcely had enough for two, and that they would certainly not have enough for three, that such children serve no useful purpose; and that a pregnancy is so much time wasted.

The very next day, a midwife (of whom we shall say no more than that she was a friend of the mother) called to see Louise, who remained for a few days in her bed from which she rose paler and weaker than before.

Three months later, some man took pity on her and undertook her moral and physical salvation. But this latest blow had been too great and Louise died of the after effects of the miscarriage she had suffered.

经把她从小养到大一样，这个可怜的小姑娘名叫路易丝，她违心地顺从了母亲的旨意，既无情欲又无乐趣地委身于人，就像是有人想要她去学一种职业，她就去从事这种职业一样。

连续不断地耳濡目染堕落的生活，而且过早地沉湎于堕落生活，加之这个姑娘常年不断病歪歪的身子要维持这种生活，这一切毁掉了她身上对善与恶的理解，天主也许给了她这种理解能力，但是没有人想过要发展它。

我总是回想起这位年轻姑娘，她每天几乎在同一个时刻从林荫大道上走过。她的母亲一直陪伴着她，就像一位真正的母亲陪伴着心爱的女儿。我那时非常年轻，但已经准备接受我所处时代的浮浅道德。然而回想起这种丑恶的监视，我便从心底产生蔑视和厌恶。

没有哪一张处女的脸上会流露出这样一种天真无邪的感情和这样一种忧郁苦恼的表情。

她就好像是委屈女郎的塑像一般。

一天，姑娘的脸孔变了个样。在其母亲一手促成的这一切淫秽堕落之间，仿佛上帝仍留给她一丝欢乐。上帝既造出弱小无依的她，却为什么又不在她生命悲惨的重荷之下留给她一丝安慰呢？一天，当她意识到自己要有孩子了时，心中残存的纯洁情感令她欢乐无比。她的灵魂奇妙地得到了抚慰，路易丝跑去告诉母亲这个让她充满快乐的好消息。这事说起来真可耻——但我们并不是在讲什么风流韵事，而是在讲述事实，对此，也许保持缄默更好一些，但我以为，有必要不时披露一些人遭受的苦难。他们未经审问就被定罪，未经判决就遭蔑视——真是可耻，那母亲回答女儿说她们两个人已生活得很拮据，三个人就更养不活了；这样的孩子一无用处，而十月怀胎又荒度时光。

第二天，一个产婆（我们只需要说明她是作为母亲的朋友来的）来看路易丝，她在床上躺了几天，下床后脸色比以往更苍白，身体比以往更虚弱了。

三个月后，有个男子对她心生怜悯，设法要恢复她的身心健康。可是这最后一次打击太厉害了，路易丝由于流产，后果严重，不治而逝。

The mother still lives. How? God alone knows.

This story had come back to me as I stood examining the sets of silver toilet accessories, and I must have been lost in thought for quite some time. For by now the apartment was empty save for myself and a porter who, from the doorway, was eyeing me carefully lest I should try to steal anything.

I went up to this good man in whom I inspired such grave anxieties.

‘Excuse me,’ I said, ‘I wonder if you could tell me the name of the person who lived here?’

‘Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier.’

I knew this young woman by name and by sight.

‘What!’ I said to the porter. ‘Marguerite Gautier is dead?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘When did it happen?’

‘Three weeks ago, I think.’

‘But why are people being allowed to view her apartment?’

‘The creditors thought it would be good for trade. People can get the effect of the hangings and the furniture in advance. Encourages people to buy, you understand.’

‘So she had debts, then?’

‘Oh yes, sir! Lots of ’em.’

‘But I imagine the sale will cover them?’

‘Over and above.’

‘And who stands to get the balance?’

‘The family.’

‘She had a family?’

‘Seems she did.’

‘Thank you very much.’

The porter, new reassured as to my intentions, touched his cap and I left.

‘Poor girl,’ I said to myself as I returned home, ‘she must have died a sad death, for in her world, people only keep their friends as long as they stay fit and well, And in spite of myself, I lamented the fate of Marguerite Gautier.

All this will perhaps seem absurd to many people, but I have a boundless forbearance towards courtesans which I shall not even trouble to enlarge upon here.

One day, as I was on my way to collect a passport from the prefecture, I saw, down one of the adjacent streets, a young woman being taken away by two policemen. Now I have no idea what she had done. All I can say is that she was weeping bitterly and clasping to her a child only a few months old from which she was about to be separated by her anast. From that day until this, I have been incapable of spurning any woman on sight.

那母亲仍旧活着。生活得怎么样？只有上帝知道。

我在浏览银制梳妆用具时，一下子想起了这件事，而在我沉思之际，已过了一段时间。因为此时别人都走了，只有我和一个看门人在这儿，他站在门边，仔细审视着我，看我是否顺手牵羊。

我走近这个正直的人，他因为我而十分不安。

“对不起，”我说，“您可以告诉我住在这里的人叫什么名字吗？”

“玛格丽特·戈蒂耶小姐。”

我听说过她的名字，也见过她。

“怎么！”我对看门人说。“玛格利特·戈蒂耶死了？”

“是的，先生。”

“什么时候死的？”

“大概三个礼拜以前吧。”

可是怎么就允许人们来参观她的寓所了呢？

“债主们认为这样可以抬高售价。人们可以事先看到帷幔和家具，心中有数。您明白，这样可引起他们购买的兴趣。”

“这么说她欠了债？”

“噢，当然，先生！欠了不少债呢。”

“不过我想拍卖所得应该足够偿还了吧？”

“还有得剩呢。”

“那么谁有权继承这部分遗产呢？”

“她的家属。”

“她有家属吗？”

“好象有。”

“多谢了。”

看门人摸清了我的来意后放心了，对我行了个礼，我走了出去。

“可怜的姑娘，”在回家的路上我自言自语，“她死得一定很悲惨，因为，对她这种女人来说，只有身体健康无恙时才有朋友。”我不由地为玛格利特·戈蒂耶的命运感到忧伤。

也许有人会认为这很可笑，可是我对风情女子一向是无限宽容的，甚至我也不想为这种宽容的态度跟别人进行辩论。

一天，在去警察局取护照时，我看见邻近的一条街上两个警察带着一个姑娘。我不知道这个姑娘干了什么。我只看见她热泪滚滚地哭着亲吻一个只有几个月大的婴儿，她的被捕就要使母子离散。从这天起，我就再也不能随便轻视一个女人了。

## II

THE sale was due to be, held on the 16th.

An interval of one day had been left between the viewing and the sale in order to give the upholsterers enough time to take down the hangings, curtains and so forth.

I was at that time recently returned from my travels. It was quite natural that no one had told me about Marguerite's death, for it was hardly one of those momentous news-items which friends always rush to tell anybody who has just got back to the capital city of Paris. Marguerite had been pretty, but the greater the commotion that attends the sensational lives of these women, the smaller the stir once they are dead. They are like those dull stars which set as they have risen: they are unremarkable. News of their death, when they die young, reaches all their lovers at the same instant, for in Paris the lovers of any celebrated courtesan see each other every day. A few reminiscences are exchanged about her, and the lives of all and sundry continue as before without so much as a tear.

For a young man of twenty-five nowadays, tears have become so rare a thing that they are not to be wasted on the first girl who comes along. The most that may be expected is that the parents and relatives who pay for the privilege of being wept for are indeed mourned to the extent of their investment.

For my own part, though my monogram figured on none of Marguerite's dressing-cases, the instinctive forbearance and natural pity to which I have just admitted led me to dwell on her death for much longer than it perhaps warranted.

I recalled having come across Marguerite very frequently on the Champs-Elysees, where she appeared assiduously each day in a small blue brougham drawn by two magnificent bays, and I remembered having also remarked in her at that time an air of distinction rare in women of her kind and which was further enhanced by her truly exceptional beauty.

When these unfortunate creatures appear in public, they are invariably escorted by some companion or other.

Since no man would ever consent to flaunt by day the predilection he has for them by night, and because they abhor solitude, they are usually attended either by less fortunate associates who have no carriages of their own, or else by elderly ladies of refinement who are not the least refined and to whom an interested party may apply without fear, should any information be required concerning the woman they are escorting.

It was not so with Marguerite. She always appeared alone on the Champs-Elysees, riding in her own carriage where she sat as unobtrusively as possible, enveloped on winter days in a large Indian shawl and, in summer, wearing the simplest dresses. And

## 第二章

拍卖会定于16日举行。

在参观和拍卖之间有一天的空隙时间，这是留给地毯商拆卸帷幔、壁毯等墙上饰物用的。

那时节，我刚刚旅行归来。一个人回到消息灵通的首都时，他的朋友们总是会告诉他一些重要新闻，但是没有人把玛格利特的去世当作要闻告诉我，这也是相当自然的。玛格利特风致楚楚，可是，这些女人讲究的生活越是引起街谈巷议，她们死后便越是无声无息。她们犹如某种星球，黯淡无光地升起又落下：她们是无足轻重的。倘若她们年纪轻轻便夭折了，她们所有的情人便会同时获悉，因为在巴黎，一位名妓的所有情人几乎都融洽无间。你一言我一语地回忆起她的事，彼此照旧继续生活下去，这件事丝毫不会打乱他们的生活，他们甚至不洒一滴眼泪。

如今，到了二十五岁，眼泪就变得特别珍贵，不可随意轻弹了。如果父母出钱去换取孩子的眼泪，他们最多也就只能指望得到与所付出代价相抵的泪水，一滴也不会多。

而对于我来说，虽说玛格利特的每件用品上都找不到我姓名的开头字母，但是我刚刚承认过的那种本能的宽容和那种生来的怜悯之心，使我长时间地不能忘记她的去世，可能她不值得我这样怀念。

我记得经常在香榭丽舍大街上遇见玛格利特，她每天都必定乘坐一辆由两匹棕色骏马拉着的蓝色双座四轮轿式小马车来到这里，我注意到她身上有一种与她的同类人所不同的风韵，这使她超群的美貌更加楚楚动人。

当这些不幸的人儿在公众场合露面时，身边总有个同伴陪着。

因为没有一个人愿意把他们和这种女人的暧昧关系公开化，而她们又不堪寂寞，因此总是随身带着女伴，这些陪客有些是因为境况不如她们，自己没有车子，有些是怎么打扮也好看不了的老妇人，如果有人要想知道她们陪同的那位马车女主人的任何私情秘事，那么尽可以放心大胆地向她们去请教。

玛格利特却不是这样。她总是独自坐车到香榭丽舍大街，冬天裹着一条开司米大围巾，夏天穿着非常素雅的连衣裙，尽量不惹人注目。尽管在这条她喜欢散步的大道上有不少熟人，她也只是偶尔对他们莞尔一笑。唯有这些人才能看到这种

though there were many she knew along her favourite route, when she chanced to smile at them, her smile was visible to them alone. A Duchess could have smiled no differently.

She did not ride from the Rond-Point down to the entrance to the Champs-Elysees as do—and did—all her sort. Her two horses whisked her off smartly to the Bois de Boulogne. There she alighted, walked for an hour, rejoined her brougham and returned home at a fast trot.

These, circumstances, which I had occasionally observed for myself, now came back to me and I sorrowed for this girl's death much as one might regret the total destruction of a beautiful work of art.

For it was impossible to behold beauty more captivating than Marguerite's.

Tall and slender almost to a fault, she possessed in the highest degree the art of concealing this oversight of nature simply by the way she arranged the clothes she wore. Her Indian shawl, with its point reaching down to the ground, gave free movement on either side to the flounced panels of her silk dress, while the thick muff, which hid her hands and which she kept pressed to her bosom, was encompassed by folds so skilfully managed that even the most, demanding eye would have found nothing wanting in the lines of her figure.

Her face, a marvel, was the object of her most fastidious attentions. It was quite small and, as Musset might have said, her mother had surely made it so to ensure it was fashioned with care.

Upon an oval of indescribable loveliness, place two dark eyes beneath brows so cleanly arched that they might have been painted on; veil those eyes with lashes so long that, when lowered, they cast shadows over the pink flush of the cheeks; sketch a delicate, straight, spirited nose and nostrils slightly flared in a passionate aspiration towards sensuality; draw a regular mouth with lips parting gracefully over teeth as white as milk; tint the skin with the bloom of peaches which no hand has touched—and you will have a comprehensive picture of her entrancing face.

Her jet-black hair, naturally or artfully waved, was parted over her forehead in two thick coils which vanished behind her head, just exposing the lobes of her ears from which hung two diamonds each worth four or five thousand francs.

Exactly how the torrid life she led could possibly have left on Marguerite's face the virginal, even childlike expression which made it distinctive, is something which we are forced to record as a fact which we cannot comprehend.

Marguerite possessed a marvellous portrait of herself by Vidal, the only man whose pencil strokes could capture her to the life. After her death, this portrait came into my keeping for a few days and the likeness was so striking that it has helped me to furnish details for which memory alone might not have sufficed.

仿佛出自一位公爵夫人露出的微笑。

她不像其他人那样，在圆形广场和香榭丽舍大街之间坐着车来回走。她直接去布洛涅森林。在那儿，她走下马车，散步一个小时，又回到车内，很快地驶回家。

直到现在，我对这些亲眼目睹的情景仍然记忆犹新，我很惋惜这个姑娘的早逝，就像人们惋惜一件精致的艺术品被毁坏了一样。

因为，不可能再见到比玛格利特更迷人的美貌了。

她身材颀长苗条稍许过了点分，可她有一种超凡的才能，只要在穿着上稍稍花些功夫，就把这种造化的疏忽给掩饰过去了。她披着长可及地的开司米大披肩，两边露出绸子长裙的宽阔的镶边，她那紧贴在胸前藏手用的厚厚的暖手笼四周的褶裥都做得十分精巧，因此无论用什么挑剔的眼光来看，线条都是无可挑剔的。

她的脸异常秀美，经过精心修饰，显得小巧玲珑，就像缪塞所说的那样，她的母亲似乎有意把它生成这样，便于细心打扮。

她优雅至极的鹅蛋脸上嵌了一双黑眼睛，两道弯眉，如画出一般；睫毛美丽动人，垂下时暗影就落在玫瑰色双颊上；鼻子细巧、笔直，鼻孔微张，仿佛期盼去体验情欲的生活；口形端正，双唇张开就露出一口乳白色的牙齿；皮肤上淡淡的一层汗毛，犹如没被人碰过的桃子——这样描述一下，你就能对这张迷人的脸略知一二了。

她的头发呈黑玉色，不知是天然形成的还是梳理成的，像大波浪一样卷曲着，在前额分梳成两大辮，一直拖到脑后，露出两个耳垂儿，耳垂上闪耀着两颗各价值四五千法郎的钻石耳环。

玛格利特穷奢极欲的生活如何会在她的脸上留下她特有的纯真，甚至稚气的表情，这正是我们不得不了解但又无法弄明白的问题。

玛格利特有一幅她自己的画像，是维达尔的杰作，也唯有他的画笔才能把玛格利特画得如此惟妙惟肖。在她去世以后，有几天，这幅画在我手里，这幅画画得跟真人一样，它弥补了我记忆力的不足。

Some of the particulars contained in the present chapter did not become known to me until some time later, but I set them down here so as not to have to return to them once the narrative account of this woman's life has begun.

Marguerite was present at all first nights and spent each evening in the theatre or at the ball. Whenever a new play was performed, you could be sure of seeing her there with three things which she always had with her and which always occupied the ledge of her box in the stalls: her operaglasses, a box of sweets and a bunch of camellias.

For twenty-five days in every month the camellias were white, and for five they were red. No one ever knew the reason for this variation in colour which I mention but cannot explain, and which those who frequented the theatres where she was seen most often, and her friends too, had noticed as I had.

Marguerite had never been seen with any flowers but camellias. Because of this, her florist, Madame Barjon, had finally taken to calling her the Lady of the Camellias, and the name had remained with her.

Like all who move in certain social circles in Paris, I knew further that Marguerite had been the mistress of the most fashionable young men, that she admitted the fact openly, and that they themselves boasted of it. Which only went to show that lovers and mistress were well pleased with each other.

However, for some three years previously, ever since a visit she had made to Bagneres, she was said to be living with just one man, an elderly foreign duke who was fabulously wealthy and had attempted to detach her as far as possible from her old life. This she seems to have been happy enough to go along with.

Here is what I have been told of the matter.

In the spring of 1842, Marguerite was so weak, so altered in her looks, that the doctors had ordered her to take the waters, she accordingly set out for Bagneres.

Among the other sufferers there, was the Duke's daughter who not only had the same complaint but a face so like Marguerite's that they could have been taken for sisters. The fact was that the young Duchess was in the tertiary stage of consumption and, only days after Marguerite's arrival, she succumbed.

One morning the Duke, who had remained at Bagneres just as people will remain on ground where a piece of their heart lies buried, caught sight of Marguerite as she turned a corner of a gravel walk.

It seemed as though he was seeing the spirit of his dead child and, going up to her, he took both her hands, embraced her tearfully and, without asking who she was, begged leave to call on her and to love in her person the living image of his dead daughter.

Marguerite, alone at Bagneres with her maid, and in any case having nothing to lose by compromising herself, granted the Duke what he asked.