



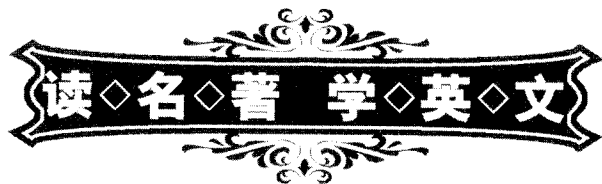
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巴黎圣母院

*The Hunchback of
Notre Dame*

〔法〕雨 果 原著
危 薇 编译

中国书籍出版社



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The Hunchback of Notre Dame

巴黎圣母院



1 Quasimodo

Three hundred and forty-eight years, six months, and nineteen days ago, the Parisians awoke to the sound of all the bells in the triple circuit of the city, the university, and the town ringing a full peal. What put the “whole population of Paris in excitation,” as Jahan de Troyes expresses it, on the sixth of January 1482, was the double meaning, united from time immemorial, of the Epiphany and the Feast of Fools. So the crowd of citizens, male and female, having closed their houses and shops, crowded from every direction, in early morning. The civilians crowded the roads of the law courts in particular, because they knew that the election of the Pope of the Fools, which was to take place in the grand hall.

The little church situated opposite the marble table was selected for the scene of the smiling match. A pane was broken in the pretty rose window above the door, left free a circle of stone through which it was agreed that the competitors could thrust their heads. In order to reach it, it was only necessary to climb upon a couple of buckets, which had been produced from I knew not where, and settled one upon the other, after a fashion. It was settled that each candidate, man or woman (for it was possible to choose a female pope), should, for the sake of leaving the impression of his grimace fresh and complete, cover his face and remain concealed in the little church until the moment of his appearance. In less than an instant, the little church was crowded with competitors, upon whom the door was then closed.

一 加西莫多

自从巴黎的人们被城区、大学区和市区里的一片钟声惊醒以来，迄今已有三百四十八年六个月零十九天了。1482年1月6日，正如雅安·特·特罗亚所说“是巴黎全城居民为之兴奋的日子，”是具有双重意义的。从无法追忆的时日起，那天就是同时纪念主显节和愚人节的日子。于是一大早，成群结队的男男女女就关了房屋和店铺的门，从四面八方涌来。特别是通往法院的街道上聚集的人最多，因为他们知道活动要在这大厅里举行。

大理石台子对面的小教堂被选作了怪笑比赛的舞台。大门顶上美丽的圆花窗上有块玻璃被砸烂了，以便让竞选的人可以从石头窗洞里把头伸出来。为了能爬上去，人们不知从哪儿弄来了两只木桶，并把它们重叠着堆在了一起。只要爬上木桶，就可以到达窗口。规定每个候选人，不论男女（因为也有可能选出个女教皇来）都得蒙着脸躲在教堂等候亮相，为的是使他们的怪相能够留给人们更新鲜、更深刻的印象。不一会儿，小教堂里就已经挤满了竞选者，因此大门又关上了。

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The match began. The first face, which appeared at the hole, with eyelids, turned up to the reds, a mouth opened like a maw. Nevertheless, the grand hall was anything but Olympus. The second and the third grimace followed, then another and another; and the laughter and transports of delight went on increasing. A series of faces presenting successively all geometrical forms, all human expressions, from anger to wickedness; all ages, from the wrinkles of the new-born babe to the wrinkles of the aged and dying; all religious ghosts; coming in turn to stare you in the face with burning eyes; all the masks of the festival passing in succession before your glass, in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

"Noel! Noel! Noel!" Shouted the people on all sides. That was, in fact, a marvelous grimace which was beaming at that moment through the hole in the rose window. After all the odd faces, which had succeeded each other at that hole without realizing the ideal of the absurd which their imaginations, nothing less was needed to win their votes than the great grimace which had just dazzled the assembly. The king Trouillefou, who had been among the competitors (and God knewed what intensity of ugliness his face could attain), confessed himself conquered. We would do the same. We should not try to give the readers an idea of that horseshoe mouth; that little left eye obstructed with a red, bushy, bristling eyebrow, while the right eye disappeared entirely beneath an enormous wart; of those teeth in disorder, broken here and there; of that callous lip, upon which one of these teeth stuck, like the tusk of an elephant; of that forked chin; and above all, of the expression spread over the whole; of that mixture of scorn, amazement, and sadness. Let the reader dream of that whole, if he can.

比赛开始了。第一个出现在窗洞上的面孔，眼睛红红的，嘴大得好像食肉动物的嘴，同时整个大厅简直就像一座奥林匹克山。第二个、第三个怪相跟着出来了，一个接着一个，笑声和快乐的踏脚声越来越大。各种奇形怪状的面孔不断地从窗口出现，各种人的表情，从愤怒到邪恶；各种年纪的人，从初生婴儿的皱纹到将死的老者的皱纹；各种宗教的幽灵；他们依次走来用他们炙热的眼睛凝视着你；所有节日的假面接连不断地从你们的眼镜前面走过，一句话，这是一个得以见到人类百态的万花筒。

“好啊！好啊！好啊！”四面八方的人都在欢呼。事实上，此刻在圆花窗的窗口出现的是一个可笑的怪相。在所有一切稀奇古怪的面孔之后，出现了一个出乎观众想象的几何图形的面孔，再不需要什么了，这个卓绝的令人眼花的怪相就赢得了观众的投票。而参加竞选的克罗班·特罗依福（天知道他的脸又有多丑）也甘拜下风，我们也得认输。我们不要妄想能给读者任何概念，关于那马蹄形的嘴巴，那猪鬃似的红眉毛下面的小小的左眼，那完全被一个大瘤遮住了的右眼，那参差不齐的牙齿，那结着厚皮的嘴唇——一颗牙齿就像象牙般地突伸了出来——那分叉的下巴，尤其是那布满全脸的混合了轻蔑、惊奇和悲哀于一体的表情。请读者们想象那整个情景吧，要是你能够想象得到的话。

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The cheering was harmony, people rushed towards the little church. They made the lucky Pope of the Fools come forth in triumph. But it was then that surprise and admiration attained their highest level; the grimace was his face.

Or rather, his whole person was a grimace. A huge head, overgrowing with red hair; between his shoulders an enormous hunchback; large feet, large hands; and, with all this deformity, an indescribable air of energy and courage. Such was the pope whom the fools had just chosen for themselves. One would have pronounced him a giant who had been broken and badly put together again.

When that species of giant appeared on the door of the little church, motionless, and almost as broad as he was tall; with his jacket half red, half violet, and above all, in the perfection of his ugliness, people recognized him on the instant, and shouted with one voice, "It's Quasimodo, the bell ringer! It's Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo, the one-eyed! Quasimodo! Noel! Noel!" It would be seen that the poor fellow had a choice of surnames.

"Let the women with child beware!" Shouted the students.

"Or those who wish to be."

The women did, in fact, hid their faces.

"Oh! The horrible monkey!" said one of them.

"As wicked as he is ugly," answered another.

"He's the devil," added a third.

"I have the misfortune to live near Notre-Dame; I hear him walking up and down round the roofs by night."

"With the cats."

全场人都欢呼起来，人们朝小教堂涌去。他们把幸运的愚人节教皇胜利地抬了出来。此刻，惊奇与赞赏达到了顶点。而那幅怪相只是他本来的面孔而已。

或者说，他整个人就是一幅怪相。一个巨大的头顶上长满着红色头发；两个肩膀之间隆起着一个驼背；双脚肥硕，两手巨大；而且，在这所有的畸形之中，有一种难以形容的精力和勇敢。这就是民众所选出的愚人节教皇。他看起来就好像是一个被打碎了但还没有好好拼凑起来的巨人像。

当这个独眼巨人出现在小教堂门口时，毫无表情，他的身高和体宽是差不多的。一看到他那半红半紫的上衣，特别是他那出奇的丑样，人们立刻认出了他。他们齐声叫喊道：“他是加西莫多，那个敲钟人！是加西莫多，那个巴黎圣母院的驼子！加西莫多，独眼人！加西莫多！好呀！好呀！”可以看出那个可怜人有许多绰号可以任人挑选呢。

“孕妇们当心！”学生们叫着。

“希望有孩子的女人们当心。”

女人们则真的捂住了脸。

“哦！可怕的猴子！”其中一个说道。

“又难看又邪恶，”另一个回答道。

“他是个魔鬼。”第三个人添了一句。

“我真倒霉，住在圣母院附近，整晚都听到他在屋顶上走来走去的声音。”

“和猫一起呢。”

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“He’s always on our roofs.”

“He throws spells down our chimneys.”

“The other evening, he came and made a face at me through my window. I thought that it was the man. Such a fright as I had!”

“Oh! What the displeasing hunchback’s face!”

The men, on the contrary, were delighted and applauded. Quasimodo, the object of the noise, still stood on the door of the little church, grey and serious, and allowed them to admire him.

In the meantime, all the beggars, all the servants, all the thieves, joined with the students, had sought the cardboard crown, and the mocking robe of the Pope of the Fools. Quasimodo allowed them to array him in them without drawing back, and with a sort of proud obedience. Then they made him seat himself on a chair, twelve men raised him on their shoulders; and a sort of bitter and prideful joy lighted up the gloomy face of the giant, when he saw beneath his deformed feet all those heads of handsome, straight, well-made men. Then the noisy procession set out on its march, according to custom, around the inner galleries of the Courts, before making the circuit of the streets and squares.

“他经常在我们的房顶上。”

“他从烟囱向我们扔符咒。”

“有一个晚上，他从我家的窗户上朝我扮鬼脸，我想就是这个人。可把我吓坏了！”

“哦！驼背的脸看了就让人想发火！”

男人们则相反，他们非常高兴，并且鼓着掌。加西莫多，那个引起哄闹的人，仍旧站在小教堂的门口，神情阴沉而又严肃，听任人们赞赏他。

这时，所有的乞丐，所有的仆从，所有的扒手，和学生们一起去寻找愚人王用的纸板做的王冠和可笑的袍子。加西莫多任由他们给他穿戴打扮，态度既骄傲又顺从。人们让他坐上一顶轿子，由十二个人把他抬在肩头，当他看见自己畸形的脚下那些漂亮、端正、健康的人们的脑袋时，独眼巨人阴郁的脸上显现出一种痛苦和傲慢交织在一起的表情。于是，这个喧闹的队伍开始出发了，他们按照习俗，在法院的走廊上绕了一圈，然后才到大街和广场上去游行。

2 Esmeralda

Night comes on early in January. The streets were already dark when Pierre Gringoire issued forth from the Courts.

"I'm cold and I'm hungry," said Gringoire, "and I haven't any money to buy my supper. No one wants the poems and the plays that I've written, and no one wants me. I must give up being a writer," he said, "I shall die of hunger if I do not." He pushed his hands into his empty pockets and walked towards the square called the place de Greve. "Look at that crowd! They seem to be warm enough; I'll join them round their fire. At least," he said to himself, "I shall there have a fire of joy wherewith to warm myself. "

When Pierre Gringoire arrived on the place de Greve, he had been paralyzed. Hence he made haste to draw near the fire, which was burning magnificently in the middle of the Place. But a considerable crowd formed a circle around it.

On looking more closely, he perceived that the circle was much larger than was required simply for the purpose of getting warm at the king's fire, and that this people had not been attracted solely by the beauty of the hundred woods which were burning.

In a vast space left free between the crowd and the fire, a young girl was dancing. Whether this young girl was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, is what

二 爱斯梅拉达

正月的夜晚来得很早。当比埃尔·甘果瓦走出法院时，街上已经完全黑了。

“我又冷又饿，”甘果瓦说道，“我连买晚饭的钱都没有。没人想要我写的诗和剧本，没人想要我。我得放弃当作家了，”他说着“如果再不这么做，我要饿死了。”他把手插进空空如也的口袋，朝着名叫格雷夫的广场走去。“瞧那群人！他们似乎非常暖和，我要和他们一起去围火堆。至少，”他自言自语道，“我在那里能有一堆火取暖。”

比埃尔·甘果瓦到达格雷夫广场的时候已经冻僵了。因此他急急忙忙朝广场中央烧得很旺的篝火走去。但是篝火周围已经围了很多人了。

再走近些看，他才看出那里的人比实际上还要多，他们不仅仅是为了在国王的篝火旁取暖，这一大群的人并不只是被那百来根燃烧的柴火吸引来的。

在篝火与人群的一块空地上，有个少女正在跳舞。作为哲学家和讽刺诗人的甘果瓦被这灿烂的景象迷住了，不能一下子确定这个姑娘究竟是凡人，

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Gringoire, philosopher and ironical poet that he was, could not decide at the first moment, so fascinated was he by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, though she seemed so, so boldly did her slender form dart about. She danced, and whirled rapidly about on an old Persian rug, spread fast under her feet; and each time that her beautiful face passed before you, as she whirled, her great black eyes darted a flash of lightning at you.

All around her, all glances were fixed, all mouths open; and in fact, when she danced thus, to a little drum with bells on it, which her two pure, rounded arms raised above her head, slender, fine and lively as a bee, with her dress of gold without a fold, her bare shoulders, her delicate limbs, which her skirt revealed at times, her black hair, her eyes of flame, she was a supernatural creature.

At that moment, one of the fairy's braids of hair became unfastened, and a piece of yellowcopper which was attached to it, rolled to the ground.

"No!" Said he, "she is a gypsy!" All illusions disappeared.

She began her dance once more; she took from the ground two swords, whose points she rested against her brow, and which she made to turn in one direction, while she turned in the other; it was a purely gypsy effect. Though Gringoire was unhappy, the whole effect of this picture was not without its charm and its magic; the fire lighted, with a red burning light, which trembled, all alive, over the circle of faces in the crowd, on the brow of the young girl.

Among the thousands of faces that the light with red, there was one which seemed, even more than all the others, absorbed in watch of the dancer. It was the face of a man, serious, calm and gray. That man, whose coat was concealed by the

仙女还是天使。

虽然她看上去个儿不高，但优美的身材亭亭玉立，十分显眼。她在一条随意铺在脚下的旧波斯地毯上舞着，快速地旋转着。当她急速旋转的时候，每次她美丽的脸庞经过你的面前，她那朝着你的乌黑的大眼睛里就会闪过一道光。

她周围所有的人都像被钉牢了似的目不转睛地、张大着嘴望着她。她两只纯洁浑圆的胳膊把一面带铃的小鼓高举到头顶，她于是伴着鼓声跳着舞，窈窕、纤细、活泼得像一只蜜蜂，她那毫无皱褶的金色衣裙，那裸露的双肩，那不时从裙子里露出来的一双漂亮的腿，那乌黑的头发，闪亮的眼睛，她真是一个不可思议的妙人儿。

这时，这个仙女的一条发辫松开了，别在辫子上的一根黄铜别针滚落到了地上。

“不对！”他说，“她是个吉卜赛姑娘！”所有的幻象一下子消失了。

她又开始跳起舞来。她从地上拿起两把剑，把剑的尖头抵在额上，让它们向一边旋转，自己朝另一边旋转，她的确是一个吉卜赛姑娘，一点不错。甘果瓦虽然有些不高兴，但这整幅画面还是相当的迷人，并且带有一种不可思议的力量。篝火的红光照耀着她，跳动闪耀在周围观众的脸上和这少女的额头上。

在这被火光照得红红的成千张脸孔中，有一张脸孔似乎比其余的脸孔更加注意那位跳舞的姑娘。那是一张严肃、平静、阴沉的脸庞。那人顶多不过三十五岁，他的衣服被周围的人群遮住看不清楚，他是一个秃头，只在鬓角

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crowd which surrounded him, did not appear to be more than five and thirty years of age; nevertheless, he was bald; he had merely a few tufts of thin, gray hair on his temples; his broad, high forehead had begun to wrinkle, but his deep-set eyes sparkled with extraordinary youthfulness, an crazy life, a profound passion. He kept them fixed on the gypsy, and, while the giddy younggirl of sixteen danced and whirled, for the pleasure of all, his illusion seemed to become more and more dim. From time to time, a smile and a sigh met upon his lips, but the smile was sadder than the sigh.

The young girl, stopped at length, breathless, and the people applauded her lovingly.

“Djali!” Said the gypsy.

Then Gringoire saw come up to her, a pretty little white goat, alert, wide-awake, with gilded horns, gilded feet, and gilded collar, which he had not hitherto felt, and which had remained lying curled up on one corner of the carpet watching its mistress dance.

“Djali!” Said the dancer, “it is your turn.”

And, seating herself, she gracefully presented her the little drum to the goat.

“Djali,” she continued, “what month is this?”

The goat lifted its fore foot, and struck one blow upon the little drum. It was the first month in the year, in fact.

“Djali,” pursued the young girl, turning her the little drum round, “what day of the month is this?”

Djali raised his little gilt foot, and struck six blows on the little drum.