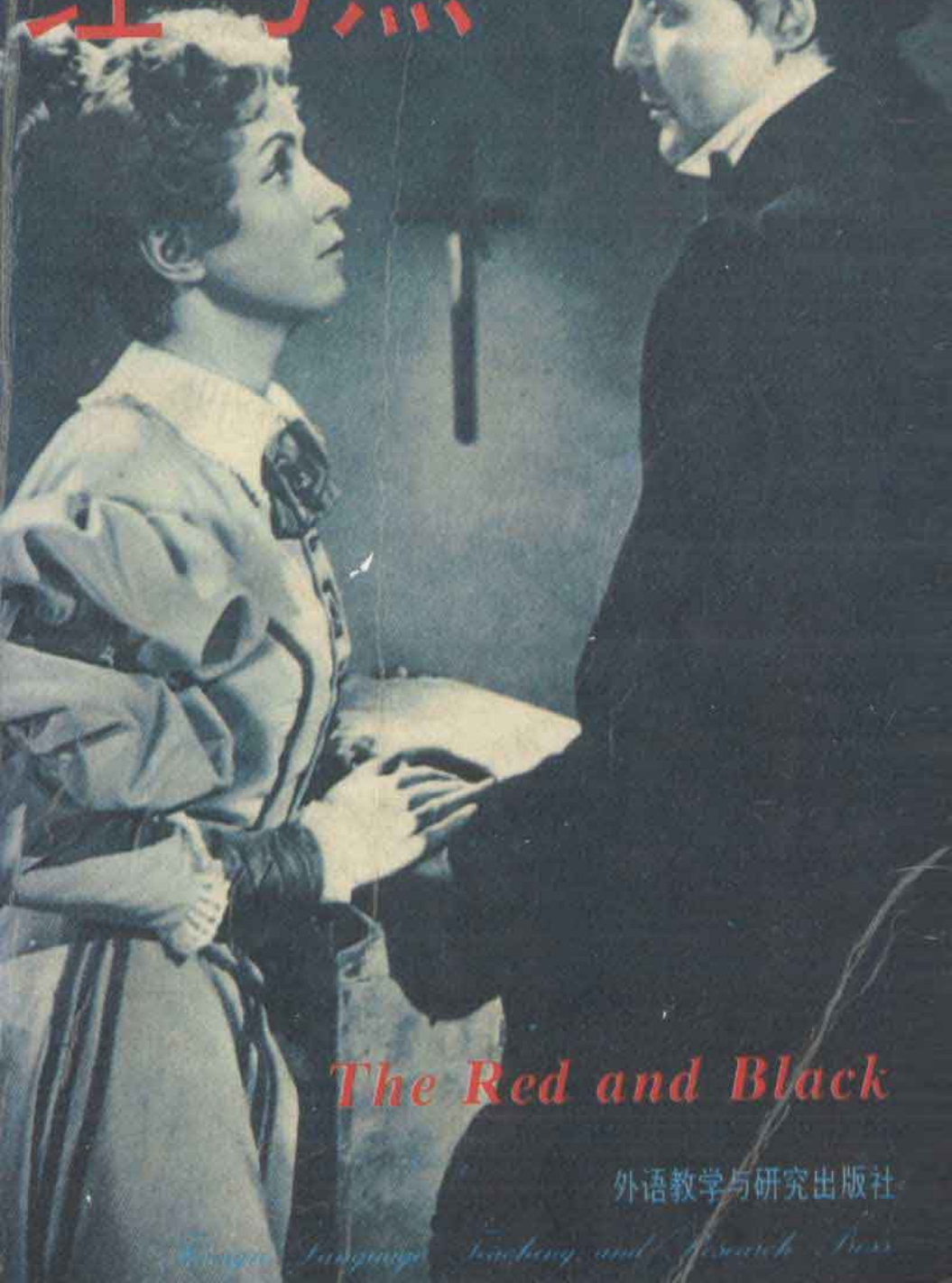


90年代英语系列丛书

世界文学名著系列

# 红与黑



*The Red and Black*

外语教学与研究出版社

*Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press*

# 红与黑



THE RED AND THE BLACK

1830-1835

Henri Beyle Stendhal 原著

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夏祖燧 夏东 评注

九十年代  
英语系列丛书

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Henri Beyle Stendhal

夏祖煜 夏东 评译

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近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

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《九十年代英语系列丛书》

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## 作者简介

斯丹达尔(Stendhal),原名马里—昂利·贝尔,生于1783年,死于1842年。父亲是法国东部格勒诺布尔的律师,保皇派、教会的拥护者。外祖父思想开放,服膺伏尔泰的学说,是共和派和自由主义者。斯丹达尔幼年丧母,常住在外祖父家,阅读了卢梭、布丰及莎士比亚等人的大量作品。在中学时期受到法国大革命思潮的影响。1799年,他到巴黎准备报考工科学学校,因畏惧考试艰苦而进入拿破仑的龙骑兵为下级军官,随军征意大利,受到意大利优秀文化艺术影响。从1806年至1814年他返回拿破仑“大军”,随军转战欧陆,1812年在莫斯科目睹一场大火把名城化为灰烬并从此使拿破仑走上败亡的道路。1814年波旁王朝第一次复辟后,他长期侨居米兰,因反对法国的复辟王朝并同情意大利的爱国者及烧炭党人而受到奥地利警探的监视。1817年以后,他发表了《意大利绘画史》及游记《罗马、那不勒斯和佛罗伦萨》,后者开始使用斯丹达尔这一笔名。1821年意大利革命形势逆转,爱国志士纷纷下狱,斯丹达尔也被奥国警察驱逐,返巴黎后陆续发表一些论集、散文及小说等。1830年被任为法驻的里雅斯特领事,不被奥国当局承认,又改任驻教皇管辖的奇维塔韦基亚小城的领事。《红与黑》系于1829年动笔,1830年完稿的一部长篇小说。1834年以后他写的小说、自传及中短篇小说集有的在他死后的1855年出版,有的



甚至拖到本世纪初年才得以出版。1838年,他口授的长篇小说《巴马修道院》是他的又一杰作,在53天内写完,翌年出版。1841年,他因病离职返巴黎,次年病逝。

## 内 容 介 绍

于连是一个卑贱的锯木场老板的儿子，性好读书，耽于幻想，不喜劳动，为父亲和两个哥哥所鄙视。一个偶然的机，他被市长德·勒那尔先生看中，聘请为家庭教师，脱离了苦海。他把诱骗女主人当成对自己意志力的考验，使这位善良而意志薄弱的女子成为他的情妇。事情被发觉后，他进了神学院，在充满阴险和伪善的宗教牢笼里过了一段全凭机智才保全自己的生活，又博得詹森主义者的院长比拉德的器重，推荐他代替自己到巴黎的政界要人德·拉·莫尔侯爵府邸去为侯爵担任秘书。在这个充满贵族的势利观念和优越感的最上层社会里，他放弃了原来曾有过的在教会中揣度形势攀登高级教职的想法，一面学习贵胄子弟的高傲冷酷、目空一切的玩世作风，一面以过目不忘、机敏干练的才华赢得侯爵等人的青睐与重用。与此同时，他的孤高自赏又引起了对周围纨绔子弟厌倦了的德·拉·莫尔侯爵小姐的好奇与欣赏。于连以征服侯爵小姐的高傲并使她自动以身相许作为自己的又一考验和鞭策。其后，他又以欲擒故纵的手段使她舍弃一切自尊，请求侯爵允诺这桩门第悬殊的亲事。侯爵万般无奈，答应了她的要求，并授銜于连轻骑兵中尉，还制造出于连是某大贵族的私生子的传闻，作为日后进身之阶。正当于连为他的野心不断得逞而陶醉的时候，性格懦弱而诚心悔改的勒那尔夫人受她的忏悔牧师的鼓动，写信

给侯爵，揭发了于连过去的行径。侯爵大怒，强迫女儿同他断绝关系。于连由于野心与希望的破灭，怨恨已极，便买了一把手枪赶到教堂，把正在祈祷的勒那尔夫人击伤，并承认蓄谋杀人，拒绝上诉，被送上了断头台。于连服刑之后，侯爵小姐表现了戏剧性的忠贞，亲手把于连的头颅和他的尸体葬在一起；而勒那尔夫人则在三天之后因哀伤过度，拥抱着孩子们逝去了。

于连这一角色的原型，是斯丹达尔在《审判汇刊》报上看到的案例中的一个凶手，但于连的内心世界却完全是作者斯丹达尔的创作。书名《红与黑》中，“红”指纵横欧陆所向无敌的拿破仑大军的红色军衣；而“黑”则指教士的黑袍，亦即当时无所不在地窒息着欧陆各国社会生活的一切方面的反动教会势力。象于连这样出身卑微的青年，欲求扩充自我，则只能从军或从教。于连的堕落不始于他天性如何卑鄙，或在小市民家庭中所遇到的虐待与凌辱如何使他仇视一切人类，而在于他的品性已被黑暗的时世所扭曲而形成的。他并不懂得什么是爱情，因为他所见到的无非是权势者占有女性作为玩物和高级陈设。直到他冲动地击伤勒那尔夫人之后，他才恢复了本阶级的荣誉感；而在勒那尔夫人探狱之后，他才痛饮了真正爱情的美酒，被践踏于污泥中的善的本性得以复萌。他在法庭上的自白是被压迫者声讨压迫者的檄文，而出自曾经刻意攀龙附凤以求飞黄腾达的人之口，就越是能发人深省了。

# BOOK I



*Truth, bitter truth*  
—Danton



## CHAPTER I A Small Town

t thousands together \*  
Less bad,  
t the cage less gay.  
—Hobbes

THE LITTLE TOWN of Verrières may be regarded as one of the most attractive in Franche-Comté. Its white houses, with their steep red tile roofs, are spread over the slope of a hill whose slightest irregularities are marked by clumps of sturdy chestnut trees. The Doubs flows past several hundred feet below its fortifications, built long ago by the Spaniards and now in ruins.

Verrières is sheltered on the north by a chain of high mountains, a spur of the Jura range. The jagged peaks of the Verras become covered with snow during the first cold days of October. A torrent, rushing down the mountainside, passes through Verrières before plunging into the Doubs and provides the motive power for a large number of sawmills. It is an extremely simple industry, but it gives a certain affluence to most of the inhabitants, who are more closely allied to the peasantry than to the bourgeoisie. However, it is not the sawmills that have made the little town rich. The manufacture of the printed cotton cloth known as Mulhouse calico is responsible for the general prosperity which, since the fall of Napoleon, has given a new façade to nearly every house in Verrières.

As soon as one enters the town, one is deafened by the uproar of a noisy machine of terrifying appearance. Twenty massive hammers, which make the pavement quiver when they come crashing down, are raised by a wheel turned by the water of the torrent. Each one of them makes I know not how many nails daily. Fresh, pretty girls place under these enormous hammers the little pieces of iron that are quickly transformed into nails. This work, apparently so arduous, is one of the things which most astonish the traveler making his first visit to the mountains that separate France from Switzerland. If, on entering Verrières, he asks who owns the fine nail factory which deafens everyone passing along the main street, he will be told in a drawling\* accent, "Oh, it belongs to the mayor."

If the traveler stops for a few moments in that main street of Verrières, which slopes upward from the bank of the Doubs toward the top of the hill, the odds are a hundred to one that he will witness the appearance of a tall man with a busy, important air.

All hats are quickly raised at the sight of him. His hair is turning gray, and he is dressed in gray. He wears a number of decorations, he has a high forehead and an aquiline nose and, on the whole, his face does not lack a certain regularity; at first sight, in fact, it seems to combine the dignity of a village mayor with that kind of attractiveness which may still be found in a man of forty-eight or fifty. But soon the Parisian traveler is displeased by a certain air of self-satisfaction and smugness mingled with an impression of narrow-mindedness and lack of imagination. Finally one feels that this man's ability is limited to making sure that others pay their debts to him promptly and in full, and to postponing the payment of his own debts as long as possible.

Such is the Mayor of Verrières, Monsieur de Rênal. After crossing the street with a solemn tread, he enters the town hall and disappears from the traveler's sight. If the latter continues his stroll, a hundred yards up the street he will notice a rather impressive-looking house and, through the iron bars of a gate next to this house, he will see some magnificent gardens. Farther on, there is a horizon, formed by the hills of Burgundy, which seems to have been created expressly to delight the eye. This view makes the traveler forget the foul atmosphere of petty financial interests which was beginning to stifle him.

He is told that this house belongs to Monsieur de Rênal. The profits from his great nail factory have enabled the Mayor of Verrières to build his fine freestone residence, whose construction is just being completed. He is said to be from an old Spanish family which supposedly settled in the region long before it was conquered by Louis XIV.

Since 1815 he has been embarrassed by the fact that he is in business; it was in 1815 that he became Mayor of Verrières. The retaining walls supporting the various parts of that magnificent garden which descends to the Doubs in a series of terraces are also a reward of his skill in the iron business.

Do not expect to find in France those picturesque gardens which surround the manufacturing towns of Germany, such as Leipzig, Frankfurt and Nuremberg. In Franche-Comté, the more

walls a man builds, the more he makes his property bristle with stones piled on top of each other, the more he becomes entitled to the respect of his neighbors. Monsieur de Rênal's gardens, filled with walls, are also admired because of the high price he paid for some of the small plots of land they occupy. For example, that sawmill whose singular position on the bank of the Doubs struck you when you entered Verrières, and on which you noticed the name "Sorel" painted in gigantic letters on a sign towering above the roof—six years ago it occupied the ground on which the wall of the fourth terrace of Monsieur de Rênal's gardens is now being built.

In spite of his pride, the mayor was forced to carry on long negotiations with old Sorel, a stern, obstinate peasant, and he had to pay him good gold louis to make him move his sawmill elsewhere. As for the "public" stream which supplied power to the mill, Monsieur de Rênal obtained permission to have its course diverted, thanks to his influence in Paris. He was granted this favor after the elections of 182—.

He gave Sorel four acres in exchange for one. And, even though this new location, five hundred yards farther down on the bank of the Doubs, was much more advantageous for his trade in fir planks, Père Sorel, as he has been known since he became rich, managed to squeeze six thousand francs out of the impatience and "property madness" of his neighbor.

It is true that this transaction was criticized by the local ~~people~~. One Sunday, four years ago, as Monsieur de Rênal was coming back from church in his mayor's attire, he saw old Sorel look at him with a smile as he stood some distance away with his three sons around him. This smile cast a painful flash of light into the mayor's mind; since then he has thought that he could have made the exchange on better terms.

In order to win public esteem in Verrières, it is essential, while building many walls, not to adopt some plan imported from Italy by one of those masons who, in spring, come through the passes of the Jura range on their way to Paris. Such an innovation would give the rash builder an undying reputation as a nonconformist, and he would be damned forever in the eyes of the wise and sober people who dole out public esteem in Franche-Comté.

The fact is that these wise people exercise the most irritating kind of *despotism*; it is because of this ugly word that those who



- \* have lived in the great republic known as Paris find it intolerable to live in small towns. The tyranny of public opinion—and what public opinion!—is as stupid in the small towns of France as it is in the United States of America.

## CHAPTER 2

### A Mayor

Social importance! Is it nothing, sir? It earns the respect of fools, the wonderment of children, the envy of the rich and the contempt of the wise.

—Barnave

FORTUNATELY FOR Monsieur de Rênal's reputation as an administrator, an enormous retaining wall was required for the public promenade which skirts the hillside a hundred feet above the waters of the Doubs. This admirable location gives it one of the most beautiful views in France. But, every spring, torrents of rainwater flowed across the promenade, washing out deep ruts in it and making it nearly impassable. This disadvantage, which affected everyone, placed Monsieur de Rênal under the fortunate obligation to immortalize his administration by erecting a wall twenty feet high and seventy or eighty yards long.

The parapet of this wall—for which Monsieur de Rênal had to make three trips to Paris, because the Minister of the Interior had declared himself a mortal enemy of the Verrières promenade—now rises four feet above the ground. And, as though to defy all ministers, past and present, it is now being finished off with slabs of polished stone.

How often, thinking of the Paris ballrooms I had forsaken the night before, have I stood with my chest pressed against those huge blocks of bluish-gray stone and gazed down into the valley of the Doubs! Beyond the river, on the left bank, there are five or six winding valleys at the bottom of which one can clearly see little streams emptying into the Doubs after tumbling down one waterfall after another.

The sun is extremely hot in these mountains; when it is shining directly overhead, the traveler's reverie is sheltered by magnificent plane trees. Their rapid growth and their beautiful bluish-green foliage are due to the rich soil which the mayor ordered to be put behind his enormous retaining wall; for, despite the opposition of the town council, he widened the prome-