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# 驴 皮 记

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## 导 读

—— 从《说文解字》到《康熙字典》 ——

随之减少。你整天都要满怀恐惧地看着那块驴皮,看着它不停地缩小,让你有福不能享,等着自己末日的来临!鉴于此,巴尔扎克便向恶人发出诅咒:谁接受了驴皮,必将给自己充当行刑的刽子手!这就是《驴皮记》的呼喊。

正如《驴皮记》里的拉法埃尔,得到六百万遗产后,泰伊番说道:“拉法埃尔先生已成为六百万法郎的富翁,登上了权力的宝座。他是国王,可以像所有的富翁那样为所欲为。对他来说,从今以后,所谓‘法国人在法律面前人人平等’,不过是记载在大宪章里的一句谎言。他不会服从法律,法律倒要服从他。没有为百万富翁而设的断头台,也没有对他们行刑的刽子手。”

## I

## THE TALISMAN

Towards the end of the month of October 1829 a young man entered the Palais - Royal just as the gaming - houses opened, agreeably to the law which protects a passion by its very nature easily excisable. He mounted the staircase of one of the gambling bells distinguished by the number 36, without too much deliberation.

“Your hat, sir, if you please?” a thin, querulous voice called out. A little old man, crouching in the darkness behind a railing, suddenly rose and exhibited his features, carved after a mean design. As you enter a gaming - house the law despoils you of your hat at the outset. Is it by way of a parable, a divine revelation? Or by exacting some pledge or other, is not an infernal compact implied? Is it done to compel you to preserve a respectful demeanor towards those who are about to gain money of you? Or must the detective, who squats in our social sewers, know the name of your hatter, or your own, if you happen to have written it on the lining inside? Or, after all, is the measurement of your skull required for the compilation of statistics as to the cerebral capacity of gamblers? The executive

## 第一部

## 神 符

在 1829 年十月下旬,一个年轻人走进了皇宫市场,那里的赌房已经依照法律规定全都开放了,法律保护这种嗜好,因为它能够很自然地从这里抽税。他没有考虑太多,就走上了通往三十六号赌房的楼梯。

“先生,请你把帽子给我吧?”一个很小的声音从他身后传来,这声音中带着怒气。栏杆后面的阴影中蹲着一个老头,他忽然站了起来,可以看到他的脸就像一幅刻意设计的雕像。走进一间赌房,法律首先会剥夺你的帽子。这难道不是上帝的意思,不是一种神圣的提示吗?或者是以某种方式和你签约那不暗示着一种险恶的契约吗?难道不是逼你对那些将要赢走你的钱的人表示尊敬吗?如果你恰巧将帽商的名字或者是你自己的名字,写到了衬布里,藏在社会角落里的那些侦探,难道不会去打探它们吗?或者,会测量你的头骨,难道这不是为了得到和赌徒们大脑容量有关的数据吗?现任政府在这点上完全保持沉默。但是,一定要相信这,哪怕你向赌

is absolutely silent on this point. But be sure of this, that though you have scarcely taken a step towards the tables, your hat no more belongs to you now than you belong to yourself. Play possesses you, your fortune, your cap, your cane, your cloak.

As you go out, it will be made clear to you, by a savage irony, that Play has yet spared you something, since your property is returned. For all that, if you bring a new hat with you, you will have to pay for the knowledge that a special costume is needed for a gambler.

The evident astonishment with which the young man took a numbered tally in exchange for his hat, which was fortunately somewhat rubbed at the brim, showed clearly enough that his mind was yet untainted; and the little old man, who had wallowed from his youth up in the furious pleasures of a gambler's life, cast a dull, indifferent glance over him, in which a philosopher might have seen wretchedness lying in the hospital, the vagrant lives of ruined folk, inquests on numberless suicides, life-long penal servitude and transportations to Guazacoalco.

His pallid, lengthy visage appeared like a haggard embodiment of the passion reduced to its simplest terms. There were traces of past anguish in its wrinkles. He supported life on the glutinous soups at Darcet's, and gambled away his meagre earnings day by day. Like some old hackney which takes no heed of the strokes of the whip, nothing could move him

桌迈进了一步,这时,你的帽子就不再是你的,你也不再是你。赌博占据了你,占据了你的财富,你的帽子、你的手杖和你的大衣。

你出来的时候,赌神会用行动来残酷地挖苦你,他向你表明:他在把一切还给你的时候,还给你留下了一点东西。如果还给你的是一顶新帽子,你就应该知道,作为一个赌徒,应该配一套专用服装。

就在这个年轻人拿着一个标牌换回他的帽子时,他显得很吃惊,幸运的是,他的帽子边上有一点磨损,这足以表明他的思想还没有被玷污;那个小老头,他年轻时过着赌徒那种刺激的生活,向他抛来呆滞的、漠不关心的目光,一位哲学家可以在那里看到躺在医院里的痛苦、完全破产者的流浪生活、对无数自杀者的审讯、一辈子的奴役和加扎科的放逐。

他那苍白的长脸就是憔悴的化身,生活中的激情全都简化到最简单的形式。已往的痛苦在他的皱纹里留下了痕迹。他全靠着达赛熬制的骨胶汤来维持生活了,日复一日,他那可怜的收入都输光了。就像是某些老马,根本不在意鞭子抽打在自己身上,现在,没有一样东西能打动他。那些破



now. The stifled groans of ruined players, as they passed out, their mute imprecations, their stupefied faces, found him impassive. He was the spirit of Play incarnate. If the young man had noticed this sorry Cerberus, perhaps he would have said, 'There is only a pack of cards in that heart of his.'

The stranger did not heed this warning writ in flesh and blood, put here, no doubt, by Providence, who has set loathing on the threshold of all evil haunts. He walked boldly into the saloon, where the rattle of coin brought his senses under the dazzling spell of an agony of greed. Most likely he had been drawn thither by that most convincing of Jean Jacques' eloquent periods, which expresses, I think, this melancholy thought, 'Yes, I can imagine that a man may take to gambling when he sees only his last shilling between him and death.'

There is an illusion about a gambling saloon at night as vulgar as that of a bloodthirsty drama, and just as effective. The rooms are filled with players and onlookers, with poverty-stricken age, which drags itself thither in search of stimulation, with excited faces, and revels that began in wine, to end shortly in the Seine. The passion is there in full measure, but the great number of the actors prevents you from seeing the gambling - demon face to face. The evening is a harmony or chorus in which all take part, to which each instrument in the orchestra contributes his share. You would see there plenty of respectable people

产的赌徒们,在走出来的时候,都带着沉闷的叹息、无声的诅咒、麻木的表情,但他却很冷静。他是赌神精神的具体化。如果那个年轻人注意过这张可怜的脸,他可能会说,“他的心里只有一副扑克。”

陌生人却没有注意到这个用血和肉表现出来的警告,不用怀疑,是上帝把它放在那里的,他在每一个丑恶地方的入口处都标上让人厌恶的标记。他大胆地走进了那个大房间,那里面有金币的响声,对有贪欲的人,这具有很大的诱惑力。很可能是相信了卢梭说的那句最有意义的话,他来到了那个地方,我认为,这个忧郁的思想可以这样表达,“对,我能理解,当一个人看到他和死亡之间只有一块银币时,他可以选择赌博。”

夜晚,每一间大赌场都有一种幻想,这幻想就和一场喜欢流血的戏剧一样庸俗,一样有作用。房间里站满了赌徒和看客,为了寻求刺激,穷困的老头也到了那里,看样子,他很激动,以饮酒开始狂欢,但不久就跳进塞纳河里死了。在那儿,像这样的事情真是太多了,演员们太多了,让你不可能看清那些赌徒的面孔。晚上,那里举行了一场真正的大合唱,所有人都参加了,那时,乐队的各种乐器都奏响了。你还可以看到许多有身份的人到这里花钱寻乐,他们在这儿花钱,就像花钱去看戏、去吃饭,或者去某个顶楼

who have come in search of diversion, for which they pay as they pay for the pleasures of the theatre, or of gluttony, or they come hither as to some garret where they cheapen poignant regrets for three months to come.

Do you understand all the force and frenzy in a soul which impatiently waits for the opening of a gambling hell? Between the daylight gambler and the player at night there is the same difference that lies between a careless husband and the lover swooning under his lady's window. Only with morning comes the real throb of the passion and the craving in its stark horror. Then you can admire the real gambler, who has neither eaten, slept, thought, nor lived, he has so smarted under the scourge of his martingale, so suffered on the rack of his desire for a coup of trente - et - quarante. At that accursed hour you encounter eyes whose calmness terrifies you, faces that fascinate, glances that seem as if they had power to turn the cards over and consume them. The grandest hours of a gambling saloon are not the opening ones. If Spain has bull - fights, and Rome once had her gladiators, Paris waxes proud of her Palais - Royal, where the inevitable roulettes cause blood to flow in streams, and the public can have the pleasure of watching without fear of their feet slipping in it.

Take a quiet peep at the arena. How bare it looks! The paper on the walls is greasy to the height of your head, there is nothing to bring one reviving thought. There is not so much as

去购买三个月廉价而又令人痛苦的悔恨一样。

你明白,一个灵魂在不耐烦地等着一家赌房开张的时候,会有什么样的压力和愤怒吗?白天的赌徒和夜晚的赌徒之间的差别,就像粗心的丈夫和在爱人窗下徘徊的情人之间的差别一样。只有早上才有真正躁动的激情和极端可怕的渴望。那时,你就会看到一个真正的赌徒,他没有吃饭、没有休息、没有思想、也没有真正的生活,在自己手法的折磨之下,他是那样地懊恼,他怀着能扔出一对三四十点的希望,并为此饱受痛苦。在应该诅咒的时候,你可能会看到一双双眼睛,这眼睛平静得让你感到恐惧,那些迷人的面孔,那些目光,好像拥有足够的能量,能将那张纸牌翻过来,并把它们吃掉。在一间赌房里,最令人激动的时刻就是开门的那一刻。如果说西班牙有斗牛士,罗马过去也有角斗士,巴黎也可以为它的王宫市场而感到自豪,那里一直不停的轮盘赌,能够带给人们血流成河的感觉,人们在看着它时能够得到乐趣,但却没有把双脚滑到里面的危险。

悄悄地偷窥一眼这个竞技场吧。它看上去是多么简陋啊!一人高的墙纸上沾满了油污,但没有任何能让人们的思想变清楚的东西。在它上面,

a nail for the convenience of suicides. The floor is worn and dirty. An oblong table stands in the middle of the room, the tablecloth is worn by the friction of gold, but the straw-bottomed chairs about it indicate an odd indifference to luxury in the men who will lose their lives here in the quest of the fortune that is to put luxury within their reach. This contradiction in humanity is seen wherever the soul reacts powerfully upon itself.

The gallant would clothe his mistress in silks, would deck her out in soft Eastern fabrics, though he and she must lie on a truckle-bed. The ambitious dreamer sees himself at the summit of power, while he slavishly prostrates himself in the mire. The tradesman stagnates in his damp, unhealthy shop, while he builds a great mansion for his son to inherit prematurely, only to be ejected from it by law proceedings at his own brother's instance. After all, is there a less pleasing thing in the world than a house of pleasure? Singular question! Man is always at strife with himself. His present woes give the lie to his hopes; yet he looks to a future which is not his, to indemnify him for these present sufferings; setting upon all his actions the seal of inconsequence and of the weakness of his nature. We have nothing here below in full measure but misfortune.

There were several gamblers in the room already when the young man entered. Three bald-headed seniors were lounging round the green table. Imperturbable as diplomatists, those plaster-cast faces of theirs betokened

也找不到一根利于自杀的钉子。地板很破,也很脏,一张长方形的桌子就放在房间的正中央,桌布因为金币的摩擦,布边已经卷起来了,但是,放在它周围的那些垫着草垫的椅子却表明,到这里寻求财富的那些人,这里的设备并不关心,但他们可能在这里失去了往日生活中的财富。不管在什么地方,只要人们的思想对自身有着强大的反作用,就能看到这种矛盾。

对女人献殷勤的男人,会让他的情人穿着丝绸和柔软的东方织品,但他却和她睡在很硬的床上。野心的梦想家期望自己处在权力的最高阶层,可是,他却被迫陷入了奴隶般的境地。那些商人们却住在潮湿的、对健康不利的商店里,不声不响地做着小本生意,同时又过早地为他的儿子,即他的继承人建起了大厦,最后他兄弟却依照法律程序,将他驱逐出去。总之,在这个世界上,还有什么事情比赌房里发生的事情更令人快乐?这真是一个奇怪的问题!人类一直都喜欢与自己作斗争,他自己现在的痛苦对他的希望撒谎;然而,他并不属于自己的未来,来弥补现在的苦难;他所有的行为都印上了互相矛盾和天生软弱的痕迹。在这里,除了不幸,就没有比这更完整的了。

这个年轻人走进来的时候,房间里已经有好几个赌客了。三个秃头的老年人,懒散地坐在绿色的桌子旁。他们像石膏一样的脸,和外交官的脸一样毫无表情,这暗示着他们的灵魂

blunted sensibilities, and hearts which had long forgotten how to throb, even when a woman's dowry was the stake. A young Italian, olive-hued and dark-haired, sat at one end, with his elbows on the table, seeming to listen to the presentiments of luck that dictate a gambler's 'Yes' or 'No.' The glow of fire and gold was on that southern face.

Some seven or eight onlookers stood by way of an audience, awaiting a drama composed of the strokes of chance, the faces of the actors, the circulation of coin, and the motion of the croupier's rake, much as a silent, motionless crowd watches the headsman in the Place de Greve. A tall, thin man, in a threadbare coat, held a card in one hand, and a pin in the other, to mark the numbers of Red or Black. He seemed a modern Tantalus, with all the pleasures of his epoch at his lips, a hoardless miser drawing in imaginary gains, a sane species of lunatic who consoles himself in his misery by chimerical dreams, a man who touches peril and vice as a young priest handles the unconsecrated wafer in the white mass. One or two experts at the game, shrewd speculators, had placed themselves opposite the bank, like old convicts who have lost all fear of the hulks; they meant to try two or three coups, and then to depart at once with the expected gains, on which they lived. Two elderly waiters dawdled about with their arms folded, looking from time to time into the garden from the windows, as if to show their insignificant faces as a sign to passers-by.

已经麻木不仁,他们的心已经有好久没有激动了,哪怕将他女人的嫁妆当作赌注,也不会激动。一个意大利小伙子,橄榄色面孔,长着深色的头发,他坐在桌子一头,把胳膊支在桌子上,看上去像是在听运气的预言,一个赌徒在说“是”或者“不是”。在那张南方人的面孔上,闪耀着激情和黄金。

那里有七八个旁观者站成了一排,等待着由各种机会组成的戏剧,演员们的脸色,硬币的流转,还有主持人手中耙子的动作,很大程度上就像是一个静止的人群,静静地看着刽子手在沙滩广场上行刑。一个高个子的瘦男人,穿着一身破旧的衣服,一只手里拿着卡片,另一只手里拿着别针,记着那些红色的或者黑色的数字。他像是一个现代的坦塔罗斯,嘴里说着上个世纪中的所有快乐,他是一个没钱却一直在想象中增加赌注的守财奴,他完全是一个疯子,他那些幻想来安慰自己的痛苦,像是一个年轻的牧师在主持普通弥撒时接触的恶人。在这场赌局中,有一两个专家和精明的投机者,他们坐在庄家的对面,像那些已经忘了船上所有恐惧的老囚犯;他们只打算碰碰运气,接下来,就带着他们所期望的收入离开了,他们依靠这些钱来维持生活。两个上了年纪的侍者,抱着胳膊在那里走着,时不时地从窗口处向花园里面看着,他们露出了毫无表情的脸,好像是对路过的人展示标牌。

The croupier and banker threw a ghastly and withering glance at the punters, and cried, in a sharp voice, 'Make your game!' as the young man came in. The silence seemed to grow deeper as all heads turned curiously towards the new arrival. Who would have thought it? The jaded elders, the fossilized waiters, the onlookers, the fanatical Italian himself, felt an indefinable dread at sight of the stranger. Is he not wretched indeed who can excite pity here? Must he not be very helpless to receive sympathy, ghastly in appearance to raise a shudder in these places, where pain utters no cry, where wretchedness looks gay, and despair is decorous? Such thoughts as these produced a new emotion in these torpid hearts as the young man entered. Were not executioners known to shed tears over the fair-haired, girlish heads that had to fall at the bidding of the Revolution?

The gamblers saw at a glance a dreadful mystery in the novice's face. His young features were stamped with a melancholy grace, his looks told of unsuccess and many blighted hopes. The dull apathy of the suicide had made his forehead so deadly pale, a bitter smile carved faint lines about the corners of his mouth, and there was an abandonment about him that was painful to see. Some sort of demon sparkled in the depths of his eye, which drooped, wearied perhaps with pleasure. Could it have been dissipation that had set its foul mark on the proud face, once pure and bright, and now brought low? Any doctor see-

庄家和赌房总管用无情的目光看那些赌客,尖声叫道:“开始吧!”这时,那个年轻人走了进来。这里好像变得安静了,所有人都好奇地向着那个新来者转过头去。谁想过这样的事呢?那个疲惫的老年人和侍者都愣了,旁观者们,一看到这位陌生人,也都感觉到了说不清的恐惧,就连那位意大利小伙子也是这样。一个人,能够在这里得到别人的同情,难道他不是真正的可怜吗?要想得到别人的同情,不是必须显得软弱无能吗?要想使这里的人灵魂受到震动,不是必须有一副凄凉可怕的外表么?当这个年轻人走进来的时候,像这样的种种想法,已经在这些麻木的心中制造出了新的感情。难道那个刽子手,在按照革命的命令,不得不砍掉长着金黄色头发的漂亮女孩子的头时,就不会为她们落下同情的泪水吗?

赌徒们一眼就从那位新来者脸上就看出了某种可怕的神秘。他年轻的面孔中,带着一种忧郁的高雅,他的表情在诉说着种种失败和被毁灭的希望!决定自杀的人所拥有的那种阴暗的冷漠,使他的前额显得非常苍白,一丝痛苦的微笑在他嘴角处刻下了浅浅的皱纹,他脸上有一种放弃的表情,这种表情看上去非常痛苦。他目光深处闪着一种神秘的光,可能是因为寻找作乐而变得有些萎靡不振。是不是因为以前的放纵,这张高傲的脸曾经是那么单纯、快乐,现在却堕落了,是不是放荡生活在上面打下了肮

ing the yellow circles about his eyelids, and the color in his cheeks, would have set them down to some affection of the heart or lungs, while poets would have attributed them to the havoc brought by the search for knowledge and to night - vigils by the student's lamp.

But a complaint more fatal than any disease, a disease more merciless than genius or study, had drawn this young face, and had wrung a heart which dissipation, study, and sickness had scarcely disturbed. When a notorious criminal is taken to the convict's prison, the prisoners welcome him respectfully, and these evil spirits in human shape, experienced in torments, bowed before an unheard - of anguish. By the depth of the wound which met their eyes, they recognized a prince among them, by the majesty of his unspoken irony, by the refined wretchedness of his garb.

The frock - coat that he wore was well cut, but his cravat was on terms so intimate with his waistcoat that no one could suspect him of underlinen. His hands, shapely as a woman's were not perfectly clean; for two days past indeed he had ceased to wear gloves. If the very croupier and the waiters shuddered, it was because some traces of the spell of innocence yet hung about his meagre, delicately - shaped form, and his scanty fair hair in its natural curls. He looked only about twenty - five years of age, and any trace of vice in his face seemed to be there by accident. A young constitution still resisted the inroads of lubricity. Darkness and light, annihilation and exist-

脏的烙印?有些医生看到他的眼圈周围的黄晕和他面颊上的红晕,就会认为这是由于心脏或者肺部的一些疾病造成的,然而,诗人们则会归因于钻研学问和灯下苦读。

但是,一种情欲比任何一种疾病都严重,一种疾病比学习和研究更无情,它们损害了这张年轻的脸,还损害了那颗沉醉于放纵、研究和几乎没有受过打扰的心。当一个声名败坏的罪犯被带到罪人的监狱时,那里面的囚犯都热情地欢迎他,这些藏在人体内的邪恶的灵魂,受尽了折磨,在一种不明不白的痛苦面前弯下了腰。他们看到了伤口的深度,通过他那无声的讽刺所带来的权威,和他身上那件精致的破衣服,他们认出了他们中间的王子。

他穿的那件上衣非常漂亮,他的领结很巧妙地连着马甲,因此没有人知道他是不是穿着衬衣。他的手和一个女人的手一样修长,但不是十分干净;已经过去两天了,他确实没有戴过手套。如果每一位赌场管理人员和侍者都发抖,那是因为在这位年轻人漂亮的身材上,还有他那稀薄、自然弯曲的黄头发中,带着的那种纯真的气息把他们迷住了。他看起来约有二十五岁,他脸上那种恶习的痕迹,看着像是偶然形成的。那个年轻的身体仍然在想和侵袭到身体中的邪恶作斗争。黑暗和光明,消失与存在,看起来就是在他身上进行着的斗争,所以就造成了

tence, seemed to struggle in him, with effects of mingled beauty and terror. There he stood like some erring angel that has lost his radiance; and these emeritus - professors of vice and shame were ready to bid the novice depart, even as some toothless crone might be seized with pity for a beautiful girl who offers herself up to infamy. The young man went straight up to the table, and, as he stood there, flung down a piece of gold which he held in his hand, without deliberation. It rolled on to the Black; then, as strong natures can, he looked calmly, if anxiously, at the croupier, as if he held useless subterfuges in scorn.

The interest this coup awakened was so great that the old gamblers laid nothing upon it; only the Italian, inspired by a gambler's enthusiasm, smiled suddenly at some thought, and punted his heap of coin against the stranger's stake.

The banker forgot to pronounce the phrases that use and wont have reduced to an inarticulate cry - - 'Make your game... The game is made... Bets are closed.' The croupier spread out the cards, and seemed to wish luck to the newcomer, indifferent as he was to the losses or gains of those who took part in these sombre pleasures. Every bystander thought he saw a drama, the closing scene of a noble life, in the fortunes of that bit of gold; and eagerly fixed his eyes on the prophetic cards; but however closely they watched the young man, they could discover not the least sign of

美丽和恐怖混合的效果。他站在那儿,像是一个做错了事、失去自身光泽的天使;这些在恶习和丑行方面退休的行家同情这个小伙子,就像一位没有牙齿的老太婆同情一个快要堕落的漂亮姑娘一样,他们想让这个刚出道的小伙子离开。这个年轻人直接来到桌子旁,他站在那里,不假思索地将他手里拿着的一块金币扔到了桌子上。它滚到了黑点上;接着,他就像一个强手一样,平静地看了看赌房的管理人员,就是不安也没有用,好像他不屑使用这无用的托词。

这出乎意料的行动极大影响了老赌徒们的利益,他们都不再向上压赌注了;只有那个意大利人,被赌徒的狂热激动着。突然因为一些想法而微笑了,他将成堆的金币都放到了陌生人的对家。

庄家竟忘了宣布他经常说的习语,因为长期的叫喊,他的声音变得嘶哑了——“开始赌吧——局已经摆好了——不能后悔啊。”管理人员开始发牌了,他好像希望这位新赌徒能够走运,对参与这种不光彩的获利行为的那些人,他根本不会去关心他们。每一位旁观者都认为自己能看到一场戏,想看到一种贵族式的生活因为这一小块金币而结束时的情景;着急地把他们的眼睛盯在能够预言的扑克上面;但是,不管他们多么接近地看着那个年轻人,除了他那一张冰冷的、毫

feeling on his cool but restless face.

‘Even! red wins,’ said the croupier officially.

A dumb sort of rattle came from the Italian’s throat when he saw the folded notes that the banker showered upon him, one after another. The young man only understood his calamity when the croupiers’ rake was extended to sweep away his last napoleon. The ivory touched the coin with a little click, as it swept it with the speed of an arrow into the heap of gold before the bank. The stranger turned pale at the lips, and softly shut his eyes, but he unclosed them again at once, and the red color returned as he affected the airs of an Englishman, to whom life can offer no new sensation, and disappeared without the glance full of entreaty for compassion that a desperate gamester will often give the bystanders. How much can happen in a second’s space; how many things depend on a throw of the die!

‘That was his last cartridge, of course,’ said the croupier, smiling after a moment’s silence, during which he picked up the coin between his finger and thumb and held it up.

‘He is a cracked brain that will go and drown himself,’ said a frequenter of the place. He looked round about at the other players, who all knew each other.

‘Bah!’ said a waiter, as he took a pinch of snuff.

无表情的脸以外,不能发现一点感情的痕迹。

赌房管理人员正式宣布:“偶数!红点赢。”

当意大利人看到成捆的票子,被赌房管理人员一沓接一沓地扔到他面前的时候,他喉咙中发出了咕咕的声音,但却没有把话说出来。那个年轻人,在那个赌房管理人员将把子伸到他面前,将他最后的拿破仑金币一扫而空的时候,他才明白了自己的不幸。随着一种清脆的响声,那个象牙似的东西碰到了金币,就像离弦的箭一样,把它扫到庄家面前的金币堆里。那个陌生人的嘴唇变白了,他慢慢地闭上了眼睛,但是,他立即睁开了双眼,可是,他好像受到了英国人所具有的那种气质的影响,英国人的生活中没有耸人听闻的新奇事。他脸上的红色又恢复了,走的时候,他不像平时那些绝望的赌徒,给予观众的是一种渴求同情的目光。在一秒钟内,有多少的事情会发生啊;就在这一块骰子抛出的时候,又会发出多少事啊!

“这显然是他最后的弹药了,”在一阵沉默后,赌房管理人员微笑着说话了,他用大拇指和食指从中间夹住一块金币,把它举了起来。

一个常来这里的人说:“这个人的大脑受到了损害,他一定会跳水自杀的。”他看了看周围的人,这里的人彼此都认识。

“呸!”一个侍者说,同时往鼻孔里抹了点鼻烟。



‘If we had but followed HIS example,’ said an old gamester to the others, as he pointed out the Italian.

Everybody looked at the lucky player, whose hands shook as he counted his bank - notes.

‘A voice seemed to whisper to me,’ he said. ‘The luck is sure to go against that young man’s despair.’

‘He is a new hand,’ said the banker, ‘or he would have divided his money into three parts to give himself more chance.’

The young man went out without asking for his hat; but the old watch - dog, who had noted its shabby condition, returned it to him without a word. The gambler mechanically gave up the tally, and went downstairs whistling *Di tanti Palpiti* so feebly, that he himself scarcely heard the delicious notes.

He found himself immediately under the arcades of the Palais - Royal, reached the Rue Saint Honore, took the direction of the Tuileries, and crossed the gardens with an undecided step. He walked as if he were in some desert, elbowed by men whom he did not see, hearing through all the voices of the crowd one voice alone - - the voice of Death. He was lost in the thoughts that benumbed him at last, like the criminals who used to be taken in carts from the Palais de Justice to the Place de Greve, where the scaffold awaited them reddened with all the blood spilt here since 1793.

There is something great and terrible about

“如果我们能学着他的样子就好了,”一位赌徒伸手指着那个意大利人,对其他人说。

人人都在看那个走运的赌徒,他在数着赢来的钱,双手还在不停地颤抖。

他说:“像是有一个声音在小声地对我说,运气肯定会与那个年轻人的失望作对。”意大利人说。

“他是一个新手,”庄家说,“不然的话,他就会将他的钱分成三部分,给自己更多的机会。”

那个年轻人走了出去,也没有要他的帽子;但是,那个看门的老头,看到帽子破旧的样子,一句话也没有说,就还给了他。这个赌徒机械地还了标牌,接着无力地吹起了‘笛·唐提·帕尔朴提’,吹得那么轻,连他自己都听不到那美妙的曲调,就这样,他走下了楼梯。

他马上发现自己站在王宫市场的拱廊底下,他来到圣奥诺雷街,向着杜依勒里公园走去,以并不稳定的步子从公园中走过。他走路的时候,就像是走在沙漠里一样,他并没有注意到身边走过的人,在各种声音中间,他只听到一种声音,那是死神的声音。他完全陷入了沉思,最后,他也因此变得完全麻木了,就像是过去被囚车带到沙滩广场的犯人,自从1973年以来,被鲜血染红了的断头台就是这里等着他们。

关于自杀,这是一件很重要也很