



世界世界

IT

2000年10月10日



英 语 大 书 虫
世界文学名著文库

悲惨世界

(法)雨果 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

(下)

伊犁人民出版社·YILI PEOPLE'S PRESS
柯文出版社·KEWEN PRESS

责任编辑:韩新帮

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选/王惠君,王惠玲译
奎屯:伊犁人民出版社,2001.12

ISBN 7-5374-0291-4

I.世… II.①王… ②王… III.英语——对照读物,
小说—英、汉 IV.H319.4;I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2001)第 082302 号

英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

——世界文学名著英汉对照全译精选

英语学习大书虫研究室 王惠君,王惠玲 主译

伊犁人民出版社 柯文出版社 出版发行

(奎屯北京西路 28 号 邮编 833200)

各地新华书店经销 中牟胶印厂印刷

880×1230 毫米 32 开 650 印张 16640 千字

2001 年 12 月第 1 版 2001 年 12 月第 1 次印刷

印数:1—3000 套

ISBN 7-5374-0291-4/I·247

定价:896.80 元

如有印装问题,请直接同承印厂调换

he contented himself with going at night to gaze upon the red light of the windows. At times he saw shadows flit across them, and his heart began to beat.

On the eighth day, when he arrived under the windows, there was no light in them.

"Hello!" he said, "the lamp is not lighted yet. But it is dark. Can they have gone out?" He waited until ten o'clock. Until midnight. Until one in the morning. Not a light appeared in the windows of the third story, and no one entered the house.

He went away in a very gloomy frame of mind.

On the morrow,—for he only existed from morrow to morrow, there was, so to speak, no to-day for him,—on the morrow, he found no one at the Luxembourg; he had expected this. At dusk, he went to the house.

No light in the windows; the shades were drawn; the third floor was totally dark.

Marius rapped at the porte cochere, entered, and said to the porter:—

"The gentleman on the third floor?"

"Has moved away," replied the porter.

Marius reeled and said feebly:—

"How long ago?"

"Yesterday."

"Where is he living now?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"So he has not left his new address?"

"No."

And the porter, raising his eyes, recognized Marius.

"Come! So it's you!" said he; "but you are decidedly a spy then?"

去仰望玻璃窗上那淡红色的灯光。他不时地看见人影晃过，他的心怦怦直跳。

第八天，当他来到窗下，不再见到灯光了。

"怎么了!"他说，"还没点灯。天已黑了。难道他们出门了?"他等待着，等到十点。等到半夜。等到凌晨一点。四楼的窗口还是没有灯亮，也不见有人回来。

他垂头丧气地走了。

第二天，——因为他现在是老靠第二天过活的，可以说他已无所谓有今天了——，第二天，他又去卢森堡公园，谁也没遇见；他在那儿等下去，傍晚时又到那栋房子下面。

窗子上一点光也没有；板窗也关上了；整个第四层全是黑黑的。

马吕斯敲开大门，进去问那门房：——

"住四楼的那位先生呢?"

"搬家走了。"门房回答。

马吕斯晃了一下，有气无力地问道：——

"什么时候搬的?"

"昨天。"

"现在他住哪儿?"

"不知道。"

"他没有留下新地址吗?"

"没有。"

门房抬起鼻子，认出了马吕斯。

"嘿！是您！"他说，"您肯定是个密探！"

BOOK SEVENTH

—PATRON MINETTE

CHAPTER I

MINES AND MINERS

Human societies all have what is called in theatrical parlance, a third lower floor. The social soil is everywhere undermined, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. These works are superposed one upon the other. There are superior mines and inferior mines. There is a top and a bottom in this obscure sub-soil, which sometimes gives way beneath civilization, and which our indifference and heedlessness trample under foot. The Encyclopedia, in the last century, was a mine that was almost open to the sky. The shades, those sombre hatchers of primitive Christianity, only awaited an opportunity to bring about an explosion under the Caesars and to inundate the human race with light. For in the sacred shadows there lies latent light. Volcanoes are full of a shadow that is capable of flashing forth. Every form begins by being night. The catacombs, in which the first mass was said, were not alone the cellar of Rome, they were the vaults of the world.

Beneath the social construction, that complicated marvel of a structure, there are excavations of all sorts. There is the religious mine, the philosophical mine, the economic mine, the revolutionary mine. Such and such a pick-axe with the idea, such a pick with ciphers. Such another with wrath. People hail and answer each other from one catacomb to another. Utopias travel about underground, in the pipes. There they branch out in every direction. They sometimes meet, and fraternize there. Jean-Jacques lends his pick to Diogenes, who lends him his

第七卷

“猫老板”

第一章

坑道和坑道工

人类社会无不有剧院中所说的“地下第三层”。社会土壤无处不挖了坑道,或为行善,或为逞恶。坑坑道道相互重叠,有上层坑道和下层坑道之分。黑暗的地下层也有高低之分,在文明的重压下往往坍塌,而我们践踏在上面却无动于衷,无忧无虑。上个世纪,百科全书便是个坑道,几乎是露天的。黑暗,这个早期基督教凄惨的孵化器,只待时机成熟,就在恺撒们的宝座下爆炸,将光明普照人类。因为在神圣的黑暗中,潜伏着光明。火山内充满黑暗,却能火光熊熊。一切熔岩都始于黑暗。最初人们是在地下墓道举行弥撒的,那样的地下建筑不仅罗马有,全世界也都有。

在犹如具有复杂结构的破烂房子那样的社会建筑中,存在着各种各样的挖掘工程。有各式各样的坑道:宗教坑道,哲学坑道,政治坑道,经济坑道,革命坑道。有的用思想挖掘,有的用数字挖掘。还有的用愤怒挖掘。各地下墓道间互相呼唤,互相应答。形形色色的乌托邦,在这些地道里缓慢行进。它们将分枝伸向四面八方。有时它们相遇,彼此称兄道弟。让-雅克·卢梭把十字镐借给第欧根尼,第欧根尼则把灯笼借

lantern. Sometimes they enter into combat there. Calvin seizes Socinius by the hair. But nothing arrests nor interrupts the tension of all these energies toward the goal, and the vast, simultaneous activity, which goes and comes, mounts, descends, and mounts again in these obscurities, and which immense unknown swarming slowly transforms the top and the bottom and the inside and the outside. Society hardly even suspects this digging which leaves its surface intact and changes its bowels. There are as many different subterranean stages as there are varying works, as there are extractions. What emerges from these deep excavations? The future.

The deeper one goes, the more mysterious are the toilers. The work is good, up to a degree which the social philosophies are able to recognize; beyond that degree it is doubtful and mixed; lower down, it becomes terrible. At a certain depth, the excavations are no longer penetrable by the spirit of civilization, the limit breathable by man has been passed; a beginning of monsters is possible.

The descending scale is a strange one; and each one of the rungs of this ladder corresponds to a stage where philosophy can find foothold, and where one encounters one of these workmen, sometimes divine, sometimes misshapen. Below John Huss, there is Luther; below Luther, there is Descartes; below Descartes, there is Voltaire; below Voltaire, there is Condorcet; below Condorcet, there is Robespierre; below Robespierre, there is Marat; below Marat there is Babeuf. And so it goes on. Lower down, confusedly, at the limit which separates the indistinct from the invisible, one perceives other gloomy men, who perhaps do not exist as yet. The men of yesterday are spectres; those of to-morrow are forms. The eye of the spirit distinguishes them but obscurely. The embryonic work of the future is one of the visions of philosophy.

A world in limbo, in the state of foetus, what an unheard-of spectre!

Saint-Simon, Owen, Fourier, are there also, in lateral galleries.

Surely, although a divine and invisible chain unknown to themselves, binds together all these sub-

给让-雅克·卢梭。有时不同的乌托邦也相互搏斗。加尔文揪住索齐尼的头发。但是没有什么东西能阻止或中断这一切力量向目标推进的张力和活动,那些活动同时在黑暗中往来起伏,再起,并从下面慢慢改变上面,从里面慢慢改变外面,这是人所未知的大规模的蠕动。社会几乎没有意识到这种给它留下表皮、换掉内脏的挖掘工作。地下有多少层,就有多少不同的工程,就有多少内脏被摘除。从这一系列深深的挖掘中,究竟要挖出什么呢?未来。

越往深挖,挖掘工越神秘。直到社会哲学家能承认的程度,那些活动还是好的;再往下去,那里的活动是好坏混杂的;再往下去,那里的活动就变得骇人了。到了某一深度,文明的精神力量就无法穿透它了,那里已是人的呼吸能力的极界;正是在那里,魔怪开始了自己的活动。

下去的梯子是很奇特的;每一梯级相当于哲学可能立足的一个层面,可以遇见一个工人,有的神圣,有的丑陋。让·胡斯下面有路德;路德下面有笛卡尔;笛卡尔下面有伏尔泰;伏尔泰下面有孔多塞;孔多塞下面有罗伯斯庇尔;罗伯斯庇尔下面有马拉;马拉下面有巴贝夫。这情况还要继续。再往下就模糊了,到了看不清和看不见的分界线,还会另有所见:一些也许尚未存在的黝黯的人影。昨天的已成幽灵;明天的还是鬼魂。慧眼能够隐隐约约看出他们。未来世界的萌芽工程是哲学家梦幻中的一种。

一个处于胎儿未成形状态的世界,它所显示的轮廓是多么神奇呀!

圣西门、欧文、傅立叶,也都在那里的分支坑道中。

所有这些地下开路先锋几乎经常认为他们彼此之间是隔绝的,其实不

terranean pioneers who, almost always, think themselves isolated, and who are not so, their works vary greatly, and the light of some contrasts with the blaze of others. The first are paradisiacal, the last are tragic. Nevertheless, whatever may be the contrast, all these toilers, from the highest to the most nocturnal, from the wisest to the most foolish, possess one likeness, and this is it: disinterestedness. Marat forgets himself like Jesus. They throw themselves on one side, they omit themselves, they think not of themselves. They have a glance, and that glance seeks the absolute. The first has the whole heavens in his eyes; the last, enigmatical though he may be, has still, beneath his eyelids, the pale beam of the infinite. Venerate the man, whoever he may be, who has this sign—the starry eye.

The shadowy eye is the other sign.

With it, evil commences. Reflect and tremble in the presence of any one who has no glance at all. The social order has its black miners.

There is a point where depth is tantamount to burial, and where light becomes extinct.

Below all these mines which we have just mentioned, below all these galleries, below this whole immense, subterranean, venous system of progress and utopia, much further on in the earth, much lower than Marat, lower than Babeuf, lower, much lower, and without any connection with the upper levels, there lies the last mine. A formidable spot. This is what we have designated as the *le troisieme dessous*. It is the grave of shadows. It is the cellar of the blind. Inferi.

This communicates with the abyss.

CHAPTER II

THE LOWEST DEPTHS

There disinterestedness vanishes. The demon is vaguely outlined; each one is for himself. The -I- in the eyes howls, seeks, fumbles, and gnaws. The social Ugolino is in this gulf.

然,有一条他们不知道的神链在他们之间联系着,虽然如此,他们的工作是大不相同的,这一些人的光和另一些人的烈焰形成对比。有的属于天堂,有的属于悲剧。可是,不管反差多大,所有这些劳作者,从最崇高的到最卑微的,从最明智的到最疯狂的,都有一个共同点,那就是:无私忘我。马拉跟耶稣一样忘记自己。他们将自己撂在一边,一笔勾销,丝毫不予考虑。他们看到别的事物而无视自身。他们有眼光,那眼光在寻找绝对真理。前者眼睛里看到整个天空;后者尽管高深莫测,但眉毛下仍有无限的微光。不管是谁,不管他是做什么的,只要具有眸子闪光这个特征,他就应该受到尊敬。

另一个特征是眸子发黑。

恶从它开始。在眼睛阴森的人面前,想想吧,发抖吧。社会秩序有它的黑帮。

有那么一个地方,在那里,挖掘便是埋葬,光明已经绝灭。

在我们刚才所指出的那一切坑道下,在所有那些走廊下,在进步和乌托邦这庞大的地道系统下面,在地下极深极深的地方,在比马拉,比巴贝夫还要低的地方,在很低很低的、与上面各层毫无联系的地方,还有最后一层坑道。那是十分可怕的地方。那就是我们前面所说的“地下第三层”。那是黑暗的坑道。那是瞎子的地窖。地狱。

那里通向深渊。

第二章

底层

在这里,无私的精神已经消失。魔鬼隐隐约约渐露原形;它们各自为己。没有眼睛的自我在吼叫,在寻觅,在摸索,在吞噬。乌戈林在这黑洞里群居。

The wild spectres who roam in this grave, almost beasts, almost phantoms, are not occupied with universal progress; they are ignorant both of the idea and of the word; they take no thought for anything but the satisfaction of their individual desires. They are almost unconscious, and there exists within them a sort of terrible obliteration. They have two mothers, both step-mothers, ignorance and misery. They have a guide, necessity; and for all forms of satisfaction, appetite. They are brutally voracious, that is to say, ferocious, not after the fashion of the tyrant, but after the fashion of the tiger. From suffering these spectres pass to crime; fatal affiliation, dizzy creation, logic of darkness. That which crawls in the social third lower level is no longer complaint stifled by the absolute; it is the protest of matter. Man there becomes a dragon. To be hungry, to be thirsty—that is the point of departure; to be Satan—that is the point reached. From that vault Laccenaire emerges.

We have just seen, in Book Fourth, one of the compartments of the upper mine, of the great political, revolutionary, and philosophical excavation. There, as we have just said, all is pure, noble, dignified, honest. There, assuredly, one might be misled; but error is worthy of veneration there, so thoroughly does it imply heroism. The work there effected, taken as a whole has a name: Progress.

The moment has now come when we must take a look at other depths, hideous depths. There exists beneath society, we insist upon this point, and there will exist, until that day when ignorance shall be dissipated, the great cavern of evil.

This cavern is below all, and is the foe of all. It is hatred, without exception. This cavern knows no philosophers; its dagger has never cut a pen. Its blackness has no connection with the sublime blackness of the inkstand. Never have the fingers of night which contract beneath this stifling ceiling, turned the leaves of a book nor unfolded a newspaper. Babeuf is a speculator to Cartouche; Marat is an aristocrat to Schinderhannes. This cavern has for its object the destruction of everything.

Of everything. Including the upper superior

狰狞的形体在那深层坑道里游荡,近似恶兽,也近似鬼魅,它们不关心普遍的进步;不懂得思想和文字;只想一己的满足。它们几乎没有意识,内里挖空而可怕。它们有两个母亲,全是后娘:愚昧和穷困。它们有一个向导:欲求;而满足的所有形式归结为一个:食欲。它们粗鲁地大嚼大啖,这就是说,凶残到,不是像暴君那样,而是像猛虎。这些鬼怪从受苦走到犯罪,不可避免的传承,令人晕眩的接续,黑区的逻辑。匍匐在这社会地下第三层里的已不是对绝对真理发出那种受到窒息的哀求;而是肉体的抗议。人在那里成了凶神恶煞。饥渴——是出发点;成为撒旦——便是终点。从这个坑道里产生拉斯内尔。

我们在前面的第四卷里已经见过上层坑道的一角,那是政治的、革命和哲学的大坑道。在那里,我们看出,一切都是高尚的、纯洁的、尊贵的、诚实的。在那里,人们可能走错路,但即使走上了歧途,也是值得敬佩的,因为它表现出了牺牲精神。从全局看,那里的工作可以名之曰:进步。

现在是时候了,应当看看别的深度,那丑恶不堪的深层。还要强调指出,只要一天不消除愚昧无知,社会底下巨大的恶窟就存在一天。

这一坑道,在所有的坑道下面,也是所有坑道的敌人。这里只有仇恨。这个坑道没有哲学家;它的匕首从没割过笔。它的黑色与墨水崇高的黑色毫无关系。黑夜的手指头在令人窒息的花板下抽搐,从没翻过一本书或打开过一份报。在卡图什看来,巴贝夫是个剥削者;对施因德汉斯来说,马拉还是个贵族。这窟穴的目的是推翻一切。

一切。包括它所唾弃的那些上层

mines, which it execrates. It not only undermines, in its hideous swarming, the actual social order; it undermines philosophy, it undermines human thought, it undermines civilization, it undermines revolution, it undermines progress. Its name is simply theft, prostitution, murder, assassination. It is darkness, and it desires chaos. Its vault is formed of ignorance.

All the others, those above it, have but one object—to suppress it. It is to this point that philosophy and progress tend, with all their organs simultaneously, by their amelioration of the real, as well as by their contemplation of the absolute. Destroy the cavern Ignorance and you destroy the lair Crime.

Let us condense, in a few words, a part of what we have just written. The only social peril is darkness.

Humanity is identity. All men are made of the same clay. There is no difference, here below, at least, in predestination. The same shadow in front, the same flesh in the present, the same ashes afterwards. But ignorance, mingled with the human paste, blackens it. This incurable blackness takes possession of the interior of a man and is there converted into evil.

CHAPTER III

BABET, GUEULEMER, CLAQUESOUS, AND MONTPARNASSE

A quartette of ruffians, Claquesous, Gueulemer, Babet, and Montparnasse governed the third lower floor of Paris, from 1830 to 1835.

Gueulemer was a Hercules of no defined position. For his lair he had the sewer of the Arche-Marion. He was six feet high, his pectoral muscles were of marble, his biceps of brass, his breath was that of a cavern, his torso that of a colossus, his head that of a bird. One thought one beheld the Farnese Hercules clad in duck trousers and a cotton velvet waistcoat. Gueulemer, built after this sculptural fashion,

坑道。在它那极为丑恶的蠕虫当中,它不仅仅是要钻垮现在的社会秩序,还要钻垮哲学,钻垮科学,钻垮法律,钻垮人类的思想,钻垮文明,钻垮革命,钻垮进步。它的名字,简单说,就叫偷盗,叫邪淫,叫谋害,叫暗杀。它是黑暗的同义词,它想要的是混乱。它的顶棚便是由无知构成的。

在它上面的那些地窖,都只有一个目标——把它消灭掉。就是说,哲学和进步要齐心协力运用全部手段,既通过改善现实又通过憧憬完美,正是要奋力达到这个目标。摧毁愚昧无知窟穴,就是摧毁罪恶渊藪。

让我们把刚才所说的一部分用几个字概括起来。社会的唯一危害,就是黑暗。

人类即同类。人人都是用同样的黏土做成的。毫无差异,至少在人间,人类的命运是没有差异的。生前都是黑暗,活着时都是肉体,死后都化成骨灰。可是,捏人的泥团掺进愚昧无知,就变成黑色了。这种难以根除的黑色侵入人的内心,就产生了罪恶。

第三章

巴伯、海嘴、铁牙和巴纳斯山

一个四人黑帮,巴伯、海嘴、铁牙和巴纳斯山,从一八三〇到一八三五,统治着巴黎的地下第三层。

海嘴是个超级大力士。他的窝在马利容桥拱的暗沟里。他有六英尺高,石胸,铜臂,窟穴里风声似的鼻息,巨无霸的腰身,小鸟的脑袋。人们见了,会把他当成穿上了棉布裤和棉绒裤子的法尔内斯的赫拉克勒斯。海嘴有这种雕像似的身躯,本可以驱魔除怪;但他觉得自己当魔怪更过瘾些。他低低

might have subdued monsters; he had found it more expeditious to be one. A low brow, large temples, less than forty years of age, but with crow's-feet, harsh, short hair, cheeks like a brush, a beard like that of a wild boar; the reader can see the man before him. His muscles called for work, his stupidity would have none of it. He was a great, idle force. He was an assassin through coolness. He was thought to be a creole. He had, probably, somewhat to do with Marshal Brune, having been a porter at Avignon in 1815. After this stage, he had turned ruffian.

The diaphaneity of Babet contrasted with the grossness of Gueulemer. Babet was thin and learned. He was transparent but impenetrable. Daylight was visible through his bones, but nothing through his eyes. He declared that he was a chemist. He had been a jack of all trades. He had played in vaudeville at Saint-Mihiel. He was a man of purpose, a fine talker, who underlined his smiles and accentuated his gestures. His occupation consisted in selling, in the open air, plaster busts and portraits of "the head of the State." In addition to this, he extracted teeth. He had exhibited phenomena at fairs, and he had owned a booth with a trumpet and this poster: "Babet, Dental Artist, Member of the Academies, makes physical experiments on metals and metalloids, extracts teeth, undertakes stumps abandoned by his brother practitioners. Price: one tooth, one franc, fifty centimes; two teeth, two francs; three teeth, two francs, fifty. Take advantage of this opportunity." This Take advantage of this opportunity meant: Have as many teeth extracted as possible. He had been married and had had children. He did not know what had become of his wife and children. He had lost them as one loses his handkerchief. Babet read the papers, a striking exception in the world to which he belonged. One day, at the period when he had his family with him in his booth on wheels, he had read in the Messenger, that a woman had just given birth to a child, who was doing well, and had a calf's muzzle, and he exclaimed: "There's a fortune! my wife has not the wit to present me with a child like

的额头,宽宽的额角,不到四十岁,两只眼角边已经生出了鹅掌纹,毛发粗短,板刷腮帮,野猪胡子;读者由此可想见其人。他浑身的肌肉要求干活,而他愚蠢的脑袋却不愿意。那是个懒惰的大力士,因懒散而成为杀人凶手。有人认为他是克里奥尔人。他可能与布吕讷元帅有点关系,一八一五年在阿维尼翁城当过脚夫。这段见习生活之后,他便改行当了强盗。

巴伯瘦得近乎透明,与海嘴的满身肥肉恰成鲜明对照。巴伯骨瘦如柴,知识渊博。他的身体是透明的,但他的人却难以捉摸。透过他的骨头可以看见日光,但透过他的眼珠却什么也看不见。他自称是化学家。他在波白什戏班里当过丑角,在波比诺戏班里当过小花脸。他在圣米耶尔演过闹剧。这是个装腔作势的人,能言善辩,突出他的笑容,重视他的手势。他的行当是在街头叫卖石膏半身像和“政府首脑”的画片。此外,他还拔牙。他也在市集上展览一些畸形人,并且有一个带有喇叭的售货棚子,棚子上张贴着海报:“巴伯,牙科专家,科学院院士,金属和非金属实验家,连根拔牙,承揽同行弟兄们舍弃的断齿。收费:拔一颗牙,一法郎五十生丁;两颗牙,两法郎;三颗牙,两法郎五十生丁。不要错过机会。”“不要错过机会”这句话的意思是:要尽量多拔牙。他结过婚,也有过孩子。可他却不知道妻子女的下落。他把他们遗失了,就像丢掉一块手帕一样。巴伯看报,这在他所属的黑帮中是杰出的例外。还在家人同他生活在流动货车上的时候,一天,他在《信使报》上读到一则消息,说是有个女人生下一个能成活的长着牛犊嘴脸的畸形儿,他拍案惊叫:“这可是一笔财富!我妻子怎么没想到给我生一个这样的孩子!”

that!"

Later on he had abandoned everything, in order to "undertake Paris." This was his expression.

Who was Claquesous? He was night. He waited until the sky was daubed with black, before he showed himself. At nightfall he emerged from the hole whither he returned before daylight. Where was this hole? No one knew. He only addressed his accomplices in the most absolute darkness, and with his back turned to them. Was his name Claquesous? Certainly not. If a candle was brought, he put on a mask. He was a ventriloquist. Babet said: "Claquesous is a nocturne for two voices." Claquesous was vague, terrible, and a roamer. No one was sure whether he had a name, Claquesous being a sobriquet; none was sure that he had a voice, as his stomach spoke more frequently than his voice; no one was sure that he had a face, as he was never seen without his mask. He disappeared as though he had vanished into thin air; when he appeared, it was as though he sprang from the earth.

A lugubrious being was Montparnasse. Montparnasse was a child; less than twenty years of age, with a handsome face, lips like cherries, charming black hair, the brilliant light of springtime in his eyes; he had all vices and aspired to all crimes. The digestion of evil aroused in him an appetite for worse. It was the street boy turned pickpocket, and a pickpocket turned garroter. He was genteel, effeminate, graceful, robust, sluggish, ferocious. The rim of his hat was curled up on the left side, in order to make room for a tuft of hair, after the style of 1829. He lived by robbery with violence. His coat was of the best cut, but threadbare. Montparnasse was a fashion-plate in misery and given to the commission of murders. The cause of all this youth's crimes was the desire to be well-dressed. The first grisette who had said to him: "You are handsome!" had cast the stain of darkness into his heart, and had made a Cain of this Abel. Finding that he was handsome, he desired to be elegant; now, the height of elegance is idleness; idleness in a poor man means crime. Few prowlers were so dreaded as Montparnasse. At eighteen, he had already numerous

从此,他放弃了一切,去“闯巴黎”。这是他的原话。

铁牙又是什么东西呢?那是个夜猫子。他要等天上涂上黑色才出门。要到晚上他才从在天亮以前钻进去的那个洞里钻出来。这洞在什么地方?没有人知道。即使是在伸手不见五指的黑暗中,对他同伙的人,他也只是在背对着人时才说话。他真的叫铁牙吗?当然不是。如果蜡烛突然在他脸前亮起来,他便蒙上一个面罩。他是一个腹语者。巴伯常说:“铁牙是一部双声夜曲。”铁牙行踪不定,总是东游西荡为非作歹,十分可怕。他是否真有个名字,说不定,“铁牙”是绰号;他是不是能说话,说不定,他用的是腹语,很少用嘴讲话;他是否有一张脸,也很难说,从来没有人看到,只见过他的面具。他忽而不见,仿佛消逝了一般,每次出现,就好像是从地下钻出来的。

还有一个阴森可怕的人,名叫巴纳斯山。巴纳斯山是个毛头小伙子;还不到二十岁,脸蛋儿很漂亮,嘴唇好似樱桃,一头迷人的黑发,眼睛里闪烁着春天的光辉;他身上有各种恶习,渴望干尽恶行。干了坏事还想干更坏的事,胃口越来越大。他从流浪儿变成了流氓,继而又成了强盗。他漂亮,柔美,文雅,健壮,怠惰,凶恶。他左边帽檐儿翘起,露出一绺头发,这是一八二九年流行的式样。他以暴力行劫为生。他那礼服的剪裁是最好的,但是已经磨旧了。巴纳斯山,那是时装画册中的一张图片,是个谋财害命的穷苦人。这青年犯罪的唯一动机是要穿得考究。最先向他说“你真漂亮!”的那个轻佻女人已把罪恶撒在他的心上,于是他成了亚伯的该隐。认为自己漂亮,便追求雅致;而雅致的第一步便是游手好闲;一个穷人如果游手好闲,接下来的便是犯罪。在游手好闲者之中很少有像巴纳斯山那样可怕的。十八岁时,他已丢下了多具尸体。面冲血泊、两臂张开,在黑暗里横

corpses in his past. More than one passer-by lay with outstretched arms in the presence of this wretch, with his face in a pool of blood. Curled, pomaded, with laced waist, the hips of a woman, the bust of a Prussian officer, the murmur of admiration from the boulevard wenches surrounding him, his cravat knowingly tied, a bludgeon in his pocket, a flower in his buttonhole; such was this dandy of the sepulchre.

CHAPTER IV

COMPOSITION OF THE TROUPE

These four ruffians formed a sort of Proteus, winding like a serpent among the police, and striving to escape Vidocq's indiscreet glances "under divers forms, tree, flame, fountain," lending each other their names and their traps, hiding in their own shadows, boxes with secret compartments and refuges for each other, stripping off their personalities, as one removes his false nose at a masked ball, sometimes simplifying matters to the point of consisting of but one individual, sometimes multiplying themselves to such a point that Coco-Latour himself took them for a whole throng.

These four men were not four men; they were a sort of mysterious robber with four heads, operating on a grand scale on Paris; they were that monstrous polyp of evil, which inhabits the crypt of society.

Thanks to their ramifications, and to the network underlying their relations, Babet, Gueulemer, Claquesous, and Montparnasse were charged with the general enterprise of the ambushes of the department of the Seine. The inventors of ideas of that nature, men with nocturnal imaginations, applied to them to have their ideas executed. They furnished the canvas to the four rascals, and the latter undertook the preparation of the scenery. They labored at the stage setting. They were always in a condition to lend a force proportioned and suitable to all crimes which demanded a lift of the shoulder, and which

尸于这坏种跟前的行人何止一个。头发烫了弯,上了发蜡,腰身和臀部跟女人一样,胸膛则像普鲁士军官,他走在街头,周围的姑娘都啧啧称赞,上衣扣眼插着一朵鲜花,兜里却装着行凶的短棒;这便是索命的花花公子。

第四章

黑帮的组成

这四个匪徒结成团伙,成了变幻无常的普洛透斯,在警察中间迂回而行,“变出树木、火焰、水泉等各种面孔”,竭力避开维克多克冒失的目光,他们互相借用名字,交流窍门,躲在自己的影子里,那是可以互相使用的秘密窟和避难所,他们就像在化妆舞会上取下自己的假鼻子那样改变他们的个人特征,有时把几个人简化为一人,有时又把一个人分化为几个人,使得可可·拉古尔本人也以为他们是一大群了。

他们绝不仅仅是四个人;他们是一种在巴黎身上生有四个脑袋在做大买卖的神秘大盗;他们是住在人类社会的坑道之内为非做歹的怪章鱼。

巴伯、海嘴、铁牙和巴纳斯山伸展蔓延,结成地下关系网,通常在塞纳省拦路打劫,对过往行人下黑手。在这方面点子多的人,富于黑夜想象的人,往往找他们付诸实施。他们向这四人帮会提供脚本,由他们排练上演。只要是杀人越货,有利可图,需要助一臂之力,他们总能出借相称的合适的人员。一件罪行在寻找帮助,他们就转租帮凶。他们拥有夜间演出的剧团,为一切盗匪悲剧提供服务。

were sufficiently lucrative. When a crime was in quest of arms, they under-let their accomplices. They kept a troupe of actors of the shadows at the disposition of all underground tragedies.

They were in the habit of assembling at nightfall, the hour when they woke up, on the plains which adjoin the Salpetriere. There they held their conferences. They had twelve black hours before them; they regulated their employment accordingly.

Patron-Minette,—such was the name which was bestowed in the subterranean circulation on the association of these four men. In the fantastic, ancient, popular parlance, which is vanishing day by day, Patron-Minette signifies the morning, the same as *entre chien et loup*—between dog and wolf—signifies the evening. This appellation, Patron-Minette, was probably derived from the hour at which their work ended, the dawn being the vanishing moment for phantoms and for the separation of ruffians. These four men were known under this title. When the President of the Assizes visited Lacenaire in his prison, and questioned him concerning a misdeed which Lacenaire denied, “Who did it?” demanded the President. Lacenaire made this response, enigmatical so far as the magistrate was concerned, but clear to the police: “Perhaps it was Patron-Minette.”

A piece can sometimes be divined on the enunciation of the personages; in the same manner a band can almost be judged from the list of ruffians composing it. Here are the appellations to which the principal members of Patron-Minette answered,—for the names have survived in special memoirs.

Panchaud, alias Printanier, alias Bigrenaille.

Brujon. [There was a Brujon dynasty; we cannot refrain from interpolating this word.]

Boulatruelle, the road-mender already introduced.

Laveuve.

Finistere.

Homere-Hogu, a negro.

Mardisoir. (Tuesday evening.)

Depeche. (Make haste.)

Fauntleroy, alias Bouquetiere (the Flower Girl).

他们习惯在傍晚时分,他们醒来的时刻,在妇女救济院附近的草地上集合。他们在那里商议计策。他们前面有十二小时的黑暗;这足够供他们安排利用。

“猫老板”,——这是在地下流传的人家送给这四人帮会的名称。在日趋消失的那种怪诞的古老民间语言中,“猫老板”的意思是早晨,正如“犬狼之间”的词义是傍晚一样。这名称,“猫老板”,也许是指他们活计结束的时候天刚蒙蒙亮,正是鬼魂消散,匪徒分手之时。这四个家伙也以这个称号而闻名。有一天,重罪法庭的庭长到监狱里去找拉色内尔,问拉色内尔某某案子是什么人干的。当时,拉色内尔回答了这样一句法官不懂、警察却明白的话:“也许是‘猫老板’。”

有时,我们能从一张出场人物名单看出一个剧本的内容,同样,从匪徒名单几乎也能看出一个匪帮。下面这些名字由特别讼状保存下来,是“猫老板”主要同伙相应的称号:

邦灼,别号春生儿,又名比格纳耶。

普吕戎。(有一个普吕戎家族;有机会我们还会提到)。

布拉特吕埃尔,前面出现过的养路工。

寡妇。

菲尼斯太尔。

荷马-奥居,黑人。

星期二晚。

快报。

弗宛恩勒洛瓦,又名卖花姑娘。

Glorieux, a discharged convict.

Barrecarrosse (Stop-carriage), called Monsieur Dupont.

L'Esplanade-du-Sud.

Poussagrive.

Carmagnolet.

Kruideniers, called Bizarro.

Mangedentelle. (Lace-eater.)

Les-pieds-en-l'Air. (Feet in the air.)

Demi-Liard, called Deux-Milliards.

Etc., etc.

We pass over some, and not the worst of them.

These names have faces attached. They do not express merely beings, but species. Each one of these names corresponds to a variety of those misshapen fungi from the under side of civilization.

Those beings, who were not very lavish with their countenances, were not among the men whom one sees passing along the streets. Fatigued by the wild nights which they passed, they went off by day to sleep, sometimes in the lime-kilns, sometimes in the abandoned quarries of Montmartre or Monttrouge, sometimes in the sewers. They ran to earth.

What became of these men? They still exist. They have always existed. Horace speaks of them: Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolae, mendici, mimae; and so long as society remains what it is, they will remain what they are. Beneath the obscure roof of their cavern, they are continually born again from the social ooze. They return, spectres, but always identical; only, they no longer bear the same names and they are no longer in the same skins. The individuals extirpated, the tribe subsists.

They always have the same faculties. From the vagrant to the tramp, the race is maintained in its purity. They divine purses in pockets, they scent out watches in fobs. Gold and silver possess an odor for them. There exist ingenuous bourgeois, of whom it might be said, that they have a "stealable" air. These men patiently pursue these bourgeois. They experience the quivers of a spider at the passage of a stranger or of a man from the country.

These men are terrible, when one encounters

光荣汉,被释放了的苦役犯。

拦车汉子,又名杜邦先生。

南苑。

普萨格利弗。

小褂子。

克吕铜钱,又名皮查罗。

吃花边。

脚朝天。

半文钱,又名二十亿。

等等,等等。

还有些我们没有列举,不属于最坏的。这些名字都是比喻。它们不只是表达一些人,而且表达一些种类。每个名字都与文明底层的一种奇形怪状的毒菌相呼应。

这些人是不轻易露面的,并不是人们在街头巷尾看见走过的那些。他们在黑夜里狠狠地干了一晚上以后,疲乏了,白天便去睡觉,有时睡在石灰窑里,有时睡在蒙马特或蒙鲁日一带废弃不用的采石场里,有时睡在下水道里。他们把自己掩埋起来。

这些人存在着,而且一直存在着。但你到哪里去找他们?贺拉斯曾指出:他们可以充当吹笛人、卖艺人、小丑、江湖郎中;只要未来的社会还是今天的模样,他们将来也还是今天这个样子。在他们窟穴的黑顶下面,他们永远潜伏在社会的渗水的缝隙中生存着。他们变鬼之后仍旧回到这里,仍然是原来的样子;只是改了个名,换了层皮。个人被铲除了,部族仍然存在。

他们始终保持原来的技能。从流浪汉到剪径强人,一直保持纯种。他们能猜出衣兜里的钱包,能嗅出背心兜里的怀表。对他们来说,金银都有气味。一些有产者挺天真,可以说一看样子就值得一偷。那些人总是耐心地看着这些有产者。他们见到一个外国人或外省人走过,便会突然惊觉,像个蜘蛛。

那些人,当人们夜半在荒凉的大路

them, or catches a glimpse of them, towards midnight, on a deserted boulevard. They do not seem to be men but forms composed of living mists; one would say that they habitually constitute one mass with the shadows, that they are in no wise distinct from them, that they possess no other soul than the darkness, and that it is only momentarily and for the purpose of living for a few minutes a monstrous life, that they have separated from the night.

What is necessary to cause these spectres to vanish? Light. Light in floods. Not a single bat can resist the dawn. Light up society from below.

BOOK EIGHTH

—THE WICKED POOR MAN

CHAPTER I

MARIUS, WHILE SEEKING A GIRL IN A BONNET, ENCO- UNTERS A MAN IN A CAP

Summer passed, then the autumn; winter came. Neither M. Leblanc nor the young girl had again set foot in the Luxembourg garden. Thenceforth, Marius had but one thought, — to gaze once more on that sweet and adorable face. He sought constantly, he sought everywhere; he found nothing. He was no longer Marius, the enthusiastic dreamer, the firm, resolute, ardent man, the bold defier of fate, the brain which erected future on future, the young spirit encumbered with plans, with projects, with pride, with ideas and wishes; he was a lost dog. He fell into a black melancholy. All was over. Work disgusted him, walking tired him. Vast nature, formerly so filled with forms, lights, voices, counsels, perspectives, horizons, teachings, now lay empty

上遇到或瞧见了,那模样是可怕的。他们不像是人,而是有生命的雾所构成的形相,他们好像经常和黑暗合成一体,是看不清的,除了阴气以外没有旁的灵魂,并且他们是为了过上几分钟的鬼域生活才和黑夜暂时分离一下的。

如何才能清除这些幽灵呢? 这里需要光明。需要大量的光明。蝙蝠无力抗拒朝曦。应该让光明照亮那个地下社会。

第八卷

坏 穷 人

第一章

马吕斯寻觅一个戴帽子的姑娘 却遇到一个戴鸭舌帽的男子

夏季和秋季相继过去;冬天来临了。无论白先生还是那年轻姑娘,都没有再步入卢森堡公园。马吕斯心中只有一个念头:——再见到那张温柔可爱的脸蛋儿。他一直寻找,到处寻找;却一无所获。他已不再是马吕斯,那个满怀激情的梦想者,那个果断、热烈和坚定的人,不再是大胆向命运挑战的人,不再是构筑空中楼阁的幻想家,不再是满怀计划、打算、豪情、思想和意愿的年轻人;而是成了无可救药的狗。他变得忧心忡忡。他完了。他厌烦工作,厌倦散步,厌恶孤独。从前,广袤的自然界充满了形态、光明、声音、建议、远景、见识和教育,现在在他眼里竟成了一片空

before him. It seemed to him that everything had disappeared.

He thought incessantly, for he could not do otherwise; but he no longer took pleasure in his thoughts. To everything that they proposed to him in a whisper, he replied in his darkness: "What is the use?"

He heaped a hundred reproaches on himself. "Why did I follow her? I was so happy at the mere sight of her! She looked at me; was not that immense? She had the air of loving me. Was not that everything? I wished to have, what? There was nothing after that. I have been absurd. It is my own fault," etc., etc. Courfeyrac, to whom he confided nothing, — it was his nature, — but who made some little guess at everything, — that was his nature, — had begun by congratulating him on being in love, though he was amazed at it; then, seeing Marius fall into this melancholy state, he ended by saying to him: "I see that you have been simply an animal. Here, come to the Chaumiere."

Once, having confidence in a fine September sun, Marius had allowed himself to be taken to the ball at Sceaux by Courfeyrac, Bossuet, and Grantaire, hoping, what a dream! "that he might, perhaps, find her there. Of course he did not see the one he sought. — "But this is the place, all the same, where all lost women are found," grumbled Grantaire in an aside. Marius left his friends at the ball and returned home on foot, alone, through the night, weary, feverish, with sad and troubled eyes, stunned by the noise and dust of the merry wagons filled with singing creatures on their way home from the feast, which passed close to him, as he, in his discouragement, breathed in the acrid scent of the walnut-trees, along the road, in order to refresh his head.

He took to living more and more alone, utterly overwhelmed, wholly given up to his inward anguish, going and coming in his pain like the wolf in the trap, seeking the absent one everywhere, stupefied by love.

On another occasion, he had an encounter which produced on him a singular effect. He met, in the narrow streets in the vicinity of the Boulevard des

虚。他仿佛觉得一切全消失了。

他老在想,因为他不能不想;但是他已不能再感到想的乐趣。对他的思想向他不断低声建议的一切,他都黯然回答说:"有什么用呢?"

他百般责备自己。"为什么我要跟随她呢?当时只要看见她,我就满心欢喜了!她不时瞧我一眼;难道这不已经很可观了吗?看她那神气是爱我。这不已经足够了么?我还要怎么样呢?到此为止,不会再有什么。我也太荒唐了。是我的过错,"等等,等等。他什么都不向古费拉克吐露,——这是他的性格,——可古费拉克也猜个差不离,——这也是他的性格,——起初,古费拉克为他有了心上人而深感高兴,同时也不胜惊讶;后来,看见马吕斯郁郁寡欢,终于对他说:"瞧你那样,简单得像只动物。来,咱们到茅庐走走。"

一次,马吕斯见九月的阳光温和而美丽,便满怀信心,跟着古费拉克、博絮埃和格朗泰尔去参加索城的舞会,希望——多美的梦!——能有机会在那里遇见她。当然,他没有见到他寻找的人儿。——"在此能找到所有丢了的女人!"格朗泰尔独自嘟囔着。马吕斯把他的朋友甩在舞会里,孤孤单单地走回家去了,摸着黑路,浑身疲倦,脑子发烧,眼睛朦胧忧郁,一辆一辆从舞会回来的车辆满载着尽情歌唱的人从他身边经过,他听到那种欢乐的声音,嗅到车轮卷起的尘土,感到非常烦乱,他吸着路边核桃树发出的苦涩气息,以便使自己清醒一下。

他越来越感到孤独了,彷徨,沮丧,内心无限痛苦,像一只笼中困狼,悲戚地东突西撞,定睛四望意中人一点身影,爱情已搞得他神魂颠倒。

还有一次,他遇见一个人,立即产生异样的感觉。当时,他走在残废军人院大道旁边的小街上,迎面碰见一个头