

英 语 大 书 虫
世界文学名著文库

包 法 利 夫 人

(法)古斯塔夫·福楼拜 著
英语学习大书虫研究室 译

伊犁人民出版社·YILI PEOPLE'S 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,2001.3

ISBN 7-5425-0570-X

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 15738 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
王惠君,王惠玲 译

伊犁人民出版社出版发行

(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 450 印张 10000 千字

2001 年 4 月第 1 版 2001 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印数:1—3000 套

ISBN 7-5425-0570-X/I·230

定价:588.80 元

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导 读

古斯塔夫·福楼拜于一八二一年十二月十三日出生于法国诺曼底的鲁昂城一个世代为医的家庭里。他父亲是鲁昂市立医院外科主任医师,后任院长,家庭生活较为富裕。他自幼偏好文学,他的童年在浪漫主义风靡法国社会的时期度过,使他受到极深的影响。他特别喜欢莎士比亚、塞万提斯、拉伯雷、司各特、拜伦和雨果等作家的作品,醉心于浪漫主义。然而给他的创作定音的,却是十九世纪中叶在法国开始流行的实证科学。他把小说看作“生活的科学形式”,要求作家像自然科学家对待大自然那样,以冷静、客观的态度描绘一切,解剖一切。在福楼拜看来,“美就意味着真实,虽说真实的东西不一定都美,可是最美的东西,永远是真实的”,“丧失了真实性,也就丧失了艺术性。”因此,他赋予观察、分析、理解以十分重要的意义。认为“透彻地理解现实,通过典型化的手段忠实地反映现实”,是小说家应当遵循的一条基本原则。这一观点使得他另辟蹊径,形成了自己独特的艺术风格,丰富和发展了十九世纪的现实主义。

福楼拜的最大建树,是创造了所谓的“纯客观”艺术。这种艺术后来被左拉等自然主义作家向“纯科学”的方向发展了,因而法国文学史上一般把福楼拜看作浪漫主义与自然主义之间承上启下的人物。尽管他不承认自己属于任何流派。而且对人们封给他的“现实主义”或“自然主义”称号感到恼火,但根据我们对现实主义的理解,根据福楼拜作品的时代感、真实感和对社会现实隐而不露的批判精神,我们仍有足够的理由把他列为继巴尔扎克、司汤达之后出现的十九世纪法国批判现实主义文学的第三位杰出代表。

一八五一年九月,他开始写《包法利夫人》,直到一八五六年四月,才有定稿。《包法利夫人》的创作,是受了生活中一件真事的启发:一八四八年,福楼拜父亲生前工作过的医院,有个叫德拉马尔的医生自

杀了，在社会上引起了很大震动。大家都认为这是他续弦妻子的不淑造成的。那女人生性浪漫，追求奢侈，先后找了两个情夫，又先后被情夫抛弃，最后因债台高筑，感情失落而先丈夫自杀。福楼拜的朋友路易·布耶建议他将此事写成小说。福楼拜接受了。可是，小说写出来后，他却否认道：“这完全是一个虚构的故事。”显然他并不愿意人们将这部深入挖掘、精心提炼、放开想象，在艺术上作了大量集中、浓缩工作的小说视为一般的纪实性作品。

《包法利夫人》写的是一场爱情和婚姻的悲剧，其故事梗概如下：

夏尔·包法利是一位生性羞怯、愚钝木讷的乡村医生。一次，在给鲁俄老爹疗腿的过程中，他被鲁俄老爹的女儿爱玛所吸引。一待他那又老又丑的寡妇妻子过世，他便和爱玛办了婚事。婚后，爱玛来到包法利设在托斯特的诊所。她整日无事可做，沉浸于对过去修道院里学到的关于情人、婚姻和宗教的回忆之中。渐渐地她发现婚姻带给她的并不是她所憧憬的幸福。包法利因循守旧、谈吐平庸、见解庸俗，使她大为失望。附近一位侯爵举办的舞会无疑使爱玛寂静的生活掀起了波澜。在宴会上，她对那些暗传情书的贵妇和老贵族十分羡慕，对舞会的豪华也十分向往，当然最不能忘记的是同她跳舞的一位子爵。出于对爱玛健康的关心，包法利把诊所迁到了气候较好、也较繁华的荣镇。这时她已生下一个女儿。在公证人手下实习的见习生莱昂对爱玛表示好感，但由于他太年轻，行动难免畏缩，始终把对爱玛的爱埋在心底，直至离开荣镇去巴黎之前都没敢有什么越轨行为。爱玛的生活变得更加烦闷了。她发现自己就如关在笼中的鸟一样，受到家庭习俗的禁锢。有一天，乡绅罗多夫带车夫看病，见爱玛长得漂亮，又发现包法利很木讷，便想勾引爱玛。罗多夫是风月场上的老手，他先领着爱玛在农业展览会上转悠，后又教她骑马散心，最终让她屈从于他的欲望的支配。他们频繁幽会，爱玛也更加注重生活享受。布商勒乐投其所好，为她送来各种各样的巴黎货，并向她提供借贷。爱玛觉得生活越来越平淡无奇，她要罗多夫带她远走他乡，但罗多夫哪肯为自己添上这个累赘。在给她写了一封信后就离开了荣镇。爱玛心痛至极，病了一个多月。对爱玛这种感情的转移，迟钝的包法利并不知道个中原因。为了让她散心，他领她去鲁昂看戏，凑巧在剧场碰到莱昂。分别

三年，莱昂已今非昔比了，他决定抓住这次机会，向爱玛求爱，他们俩又私通了一段时日。勒乐发现了她的秘密，上门逼债，要她以房产清偿。她大肆挥霍，债台高筑，面临上法庭的威胁，于是爱玛去找公证人纪尧曼帮忙。纪尧曼也是好色之徒，想利用机会占爱玛的便宜，遭到爱玛拒绝。绝望之中，她去找罗多夫，向他借三千法郎，可罗多夫嘴上承认他还爱着爱玛，但是没有钱借给她。最后一线希望破灭后，爱玛服砒霜自杀。爱玛死后，诊所破产，包法利伤心至死。他们的女儿只得投奔亲戚，后被送进纱厂。

《包法利夫人》是福楼拜的代表作，它再现了十九世纪中叶法国的外省生活场景，是十九世纪中叶法国社会的一幅现实主义的画卷，作者对形形色色的资产阶级的“精华”作了淋漓尽致、无情的鞭挞和嘲弄，并通过形形色色的人物对整个资本主义社会的各个方面展开了有力的批判。

这本书的出版为福楼拜引来了官司，他被指控为“亵渎宗教”和“伤风败俗”而受到法院传讯。出版商和发行人也都受到株连。公诉状要求法官“必须从严惩办主犯福楼拜！”这在法国文学史上是一起骇人听闻的文字狱。后由于舆论压力和律师辩护，才被宣告无罪。现在看来，官方控告《包法利夫人》的作者，实在不足为奇。统治者本身岌岌可危，处处小心提防，这暂且不论。我们只从小说方面来说，例如，我们提出这样一个问题：女主人公是怎样走上服毒自杀的道路的？随便一个读者都会看出：统治阶级和它的社会制度要在这里负重大责任。福楼拜仰仗辩护律师塞纳的声望和词令，免却处分，但是祸兮福所依，福兮祸所伏，《包法利夫人》的划时代的历史地位却因而更加确定下来。

福楼拜的作品，无论篇幅大小，都像是一气呵成，自然流畅，没有与主题无关的多余的情节，没有一处累赘的字句，他是文学语言的巨匠。他追求语言的最大限度的表现力和准确性。他认为“一个现象只能用一种方式来表达，只能用一个名词来概括，只能用一个形容词来修饰，只能用一个动词来使它生动。”有时为了寻求一个理想的字词，竟至汗流浹背。文字锤炼到几乎不能增减一字的程度。写完一部分，他要吟诵一番，听听是否和谐优美。他的书稿总要经过反复推敲、修

改,以求词章、结构、意境尽可能完美。

福楼拜突出的艺术手法之一,就是客观描写。作者完全置身于作品之外,以局外人的口气描写事件的过程,对所描写的一切不置一词,只让事实本身说话,让读者自己去感悟,领会作者的意图。他认为,作者所能做的,只是“忠实地去观察生活的实质,并且尽最大努力去描绘它”,即使“作品流露出什么有教育意义的结论,也应是由那些最恰当的事实描写自然表现出来的。”

《包法利夫人》出版之后,在文学界如同发生了一场革命。这种异常完美的风格——福楼拜像考勒律治一样,认为散文应当能朗朗上口,和诗一样具有节奏和韵律的美:“如果文句读起来能适合呼吸的要求,才能说文句是活的,如果文句可以高声朗诵,这文句才是好的。”——还有其观察与分析的奇异的力量,其结合科学论文的有诗意的形式,其作者个性完全隐匿的情况,而全部人物又都是现实的,哪怕最小的人物也是一个有血肉的、有嘘息的生命:凡此种种在帝国当时都是新颖的。因为福楼拜有才能、有勇气描绘了一个妇女的生活习惯,他马上被人列为自然主义者。

法国当代小说家兼评论家蒙泰朗说得好:“法国当代所有作家,至少像我这种年龄的作家,都从福楼拜那里得到了一些什么。”“人们感激他塑造了一个典型——包法利夫人的典型。”一百多年来,人们对《包法利夫人》的研究、评价和借鉴,说明这部作品成了现代小说名副其实的經典。

译 者

二〇〇一年二月

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Chapter 1

WE were in the prep.-room when the Head came in, followed by a new boy in ordinary day clothes, and a beadle carrying a big desk. The sleepers aroused themselves, and we all stood up, putting on a startled look, as if we had been buried in our work.

The Head motioned to us to sit down.

‘Monsieur Roger,’ said he in a quiet tone to the prep. master, ‘I’ve brought you a new boy. He’s going into the second. If his conduct and progress are satisfactory, he will be put up with the boys of his own age.’

The new boy had kept in the background, in the corner behind the door, almost out of sight. He was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was clipped straight across the forehead, like a village choir-boy’s. He seemed a decent fellow enough, but horribly nervous. Although he was not broad across the shoulders, his green cloth jacket, with its black buttons, looked as if it pinched him under the arms. Protruding well beyond the cuffs, he displayed a pair of raw, bony wrists, obviously not unaccustomed to exposure. His legs, encased in blue stockings, issued from a pair of drab-coloured breeches, very tightly braced. He had on a pair of thick clumsy shoes, not particularly well cleaned and plentifully fortified with nails.

The master began to hear the boys their work. The newcomer listened with all his ears, drinking it in as attentively as if he had been in church, not daring to cross his legs or to lean his elbows on the desk, and when two o’clock came and the bell rang for dismissal, the master had to call him back to earth and tell him to line up with the rest of us.

第一章

我们正在上自习,这时校长进来了,后面跟着一个学生,没穿制服,还有一个校工,扛着一张大书桌。正在打瞌睡的学生立即惊醒了,我们全体起立,带着一副莫名惊诧的表情,仿佛刚才正全神贯注于功课似的。

校长示意我们坐下。

“罗杰先生,”他低声对班主任说,“我给你带来一位新同学。让他上二年级吧。如果他品学兼优的话,可以让他跟他的同龄孩子一样上高班。”

新生站在屋角里,几乎给门挡得看不见了。他是一个乡下孩子,年龄在十五岁左右,个子比我们所有的人都高。头发剪得平平的,就像乡下教堂里合唱队的孩子。他看来很规矩,但显得十分局促不安。他穿一件绿布黑钮扣的短上衣,尽管他肩膀不宽,这衣裳在胳膊窝附近却像绷得很紧似的。从袖子开口的地方可以看见他那常年裸露在外的红红的腕子。背带把浅黄裤子吊得过高,使得穿蓝袜的小腿露了出来。他穿一双很少擦油的结实钉鞋。

大家开始背课文。他全神贯注,像听传道一样专心,腿都不敢跷起来,胳膊肘也不敢支起来。两点钟时,下课铃响了,班主任不得不提醒他一声,让他和我们一起整队。

It was our custom, when we came in to class, to throw our caps on the floor, in order to have our hands free. As soon as ever we got inside the door, we 'buzzed' them under the form, against the wall, so as to kick up plenty of dust. That was supposed to be 'the thing'. Whether he failed to notice this manoeuvre or whether he was too shy to join in it, it is impossible to say, but when prayers were over he was still nursing his cap. That cap belonged to the composite order of head-gear, and in it the heterogeneous characteristics of the busby, the Polish shapska, the bowler, the otterskin toque and the cotton nightcap were simultaneously represented. It was, in short, one of those pathetic objects whose mute unloveliness conveys the infinitely wistful expression we may sometimes meet on the face of an idiot. Ovoid in form and stiffened with whalebone, it began with a sort of triple line of sausage-shaped rolls running all round its circumference; next, separated by a red band, came alternate patches of velvet and rabbit-skin; then a kind of bag or sack which culminated in a stiffened polygon elaborately embroidered, whence, at the end of a long, thin cord, hung a ball made out of gold wire, by way of a tassel. The cap was brand new, and the peak of it all shiny.

'Stand up,' said the master.

He stood up; and down went his cap. The whole class began to laugh.

He bent down to recover it. One of the boys next him jogged him with his elbow and knocked it down again. Again he stooped to pick it up.

'You may discard your helmet,' said the master, who had a pretty wit.

A shout of laughter from the rest of the class quite put the poor fellow out of countenance, and so flustered was he that he didn't know whether to keep it in his hand, put it on the floor or stick it

我们平时有一个习惯，一进教室，就拿制帽扔在地上，腾空了手好做功课；必须一到门槛，就拿制帽扔到凳子底下，还要恰好碰着墙，扬起一片尘土；这是规矩。可是不知道是他没有注意到这种做法，还是不敢照着做，祷告完了，新生还拿他的鸭舌帽放在他的两个膝盖上。这是一种混合式的帽子，看不出到底是皮帽、军帽、圆顶帽、尖嘴帽还是睡帽，反正是便宜货，说不出的难看，好像哑巴吃了黄连后的苦脸。帽子是鸡蛋形的，里面用铁丝支撑着，帽口有三道滚边；往上是交错的菱形丝绒和兔皮，中间有条红线隔开；再往上是口袋似的帽筒；帽顶是多边的硬壳纸，纸上蒙着复杂的彩绣，还有一根细长的饰带，末端吊着一个金线结成的小十字架作为坠子。帽子是新的，帽檐还闪光呢。

"起立。"班主任叫道。

他站起来，帽子掉到地上，引得全班哈哈大笑。

他弯下身子捡起帽子。旁边一个同学用胳膊一捅，帽子又掉了下去，他又把它捡起来。

"收好你的战盔吧。"班主任打趣地说。

全班学生哄堂大笑，可怜的孩子很不自然，他不知道应该拿着帽子好，还是把它放在地上好，抑或是戴在脑袋上

on his head. He sat down, and deposited it on his knees.

‘Stand up,’ said the master again, ‘and tell me your name.’

In mumbling tones the new boy stammered out something quite unintelligible.

‘Again!’

Again came the inarticulate mumble, drowned by the shouts of the class.

‘Louder!’ rapped out the master sharply; ‘speak up!’

Whereupon the boy, in desperation, opened his jaws as wide as they would go and, with the full force of his lungs, as though he were hailing somebody at a distance, fired off the word: ‘Charbovari’.

In an instant the class was in an uproar. The din grew louder and louder, a ceaseless ‘crescendo’ crested with piercing yells—they shrieked, they howled, they stamped their feet, bellowing at the top of their voices: ‘Charbovari! Charbovari!’ Then, after a while, the storm began to subside. There would be sporadic outbreaks from time to time, smothered by a terrific effort, or perhaps a titter would fizz along a whole row, or a stifled explosion sputter out here and there, like a half-extinguished fuse.

However, beneath a hail of ‘impots’, order was gradually restored. The master—who had had it dictated, spelled out and read over to him—had at length succeeded in getting hold of the name of Charles Bovary, and forthwith he ordered the hapless wretch to go and sit on the dunce’s stool, immediately below the seat of authority. He started to obey, stopped short and stood hesitating.

‘What are you looking for?’ said the master.

好,于是他重新坐下,把它放在腿上。

班主任又叫住他:“起立!报一下你的名字。”

新生嘴里不知嘟囔什么,说出一个模糊不清的名字。

“再说一遍。”

他吞吞吐吐又说了一遍,引得全班哗然大笑,还是一个字母也听不清。

“大声点儿!”老师喊道,“大声点儿!”

于是,新生下了最大决心,口张得大大的,像喊人似的,扯开嗓门,嚷出这样几个字:“夏包法里。”

整个课堂轰的一下子吵嚷开了,越闹越凶,夹杂着夸张的尖叫,有人乱吼,有人学着狗叫,有人跺脚起哄,有人冲他不停叫喊着:“夏包法里!夏包法里!”。吵嚷了一大会儿,才变成零星的嘘叫,最后终于平静下来。但一排学生之中,还有人不时地禁不住笑出声,就像没有燃尽的鞭炮,时不时地从这儿或那儿响起来。

在班主任一再喊叫要加重作业来惩罚他们时,班上的秩序才慢慢恢复。班主任让新生重说他的名字,让他拼读出来,再说一遍,最后总算听清楚他的名字是“夏尔·包法利”。然后他让这可怜的家伙坐到讲台前那张懒孩子坐的板凳上去。这孩子站起身来,但在走开时又犹豫了一下。

“找什么?”班主任问。

‘My ca—’ began the new boy timidly, casting an anxious glance around him.

An angry shout of ‘Five hundred lines for the whole class,’ checked, like the ‘Quos ego’, a fresh outburst. ‘Stop your noise, then, will you?’ continued the master indignantly, mopping his brow with a handkerchief which he had produced from the interior of his cap. ‘And you, new boy there, just copy out twenty times the words *ridiculus sum!*’

‘There,’ he went on in a milder tone, ‘you’ll get your cap back all right; no one has stolen it.’

Calm reigned once more, and again the heads were bent over their books. For two hours the new boy maintained an exemplary attitude, despite that, every now and again, a paper pellet flicked from the point of a pen would flatten itself against his cheek. He just wiped the place with his hand, sitting stock-still, his eyes riveted to the ground.

At night, in the schoolroom, he took his cuff-protectors out of his desk, put his belongings in order, and ruled up his paper with meticulous exactitude. We watched him pursuing his conscientious task, looking up every word in the dictionary and taking tremendous pains. He doubtless owed it to this anxiety to get on that he was not put down into a lower class; for, although he knew his grammar fairly well, his composition was not exactly a model of elegance. It was the village ‘cure’ who had started him in Latin, his parents, to save expense, having put off sending him to school till the last possible moment.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartholome Bovary, ex-deputy-surgeon-major, who, somewhere about the year 1812, had been mixed up in some more or less shady conscription affair which had involved his resignation from the service, did, at this crisis in his fate, make such good use of his

新生左顾右盼,战战兢兢地回答:“我的鸭……”

班主任生气地喊着:“全班罚抄五百行诗!”一声怒吼,就像海神一样,刹住了新起的狂风:“不许吵!”班主任从瓜皮帽底下取出他的手绢,一边揩额头的汗,一边气冲冲接下去道:“至于你,新生,罚你给我抄二十遍动词 *ridiculus sum*。”

然后声音变柔和一些:“哎!你的鸭舌帽,你回头会找到的;没有人偷你的!”

一切恢复平静。头都低下来做练习了。新生端端正正坐了两个钟头,虽然说不定什么时候,不知道什么人的笔尖就会弹出一个小纸团来,溅他一脸墨水。他只用手擦擦脸,依然一动不动,也不抬头看一眼。

上晚自习的时候,他从书桌里拿出袖套来,把文具摆得整整齐齐,细心地用尺在纸上划线。我们看他真用功,个个词都不厌其烦地查词典。大概也正是凭着这股刻苦劲,他才没有降级。因为他即使弄懂了语法,造起句来也是佶屈聱牙。他的拉丁文是村里的神父教的。他父母舍不得钱,挨得不能再挨才送他上学。

他父亲查理·德尼·巴多诺梅·包法利先生做过助理军医。一八一二年前后,他在一起征兵事件上受了牵连,被迫退伍。当时他凭自己的模样,获得一家帽店老板千金的爱

personal attractions as to net a dowry of sixty thousand francs, and with it a haberdasher's daughter, who had fallen in love with his manly bearing. A fine figure of a man, a braggart and a bully, with mustachios that made common cause with his side-whiskers, fingers laden with rings, and clothes you could see a mile off, he combined the dash of the military man with the insinuating aplomb of the commercial traveller. Once safely married, he lived for two or three years on his wife's money, feeding like a fighting-cock, lying in bed till noon, smoking great porcelain pipes, never coming home till the theatres closed, a great frequenter of cafes. His father-in-law died, leaving but little behind him, whereat he waxed indignant, started a cloth workers' business, dropped a good deal of money and finally retired into the country resolved to show them a thing or two in farming. But as he knew as much about agriculture as he did about textiles, rode his horses instead of working them, drank his cider instead of selling it, ate the fattest chicken in his yard and greased his shooting-boots with his own prime bacon-fat, it was soon borne in upon him that he might as well dismiss the idea of making a fortune. At this juncture he came across a place on the borders of Caux and Picardy, a sort of half-farm, half-villa, which was to be had for two hundred francs a year. He took it, and there, a disgruntled, disappointed man, cursing his luck, at daggers drawn with the world, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, disgusted, as he said, with his fellow men and determined to live to himself.

Time was when his wife had doted on him. The slavishness of her adoration had but served to complete his estrangement from her. Once cheerful kind-hearted and wholly affectionate, she became, as she grew older (as wine left uncorked will turn into vinegar), morose, shrewish, and irritable. It

情,轻轻松松地捞得了六万法郎的陪嫁。他是个美男子,说大话,故意让马刺发出响亮的声音,络腮胡须连着髭,手指总是带着戒指,穿着鲜艳的衣服,外表倒像个勇士,言谈轻快却像个旅行推销员。结婚后前两三年,他靠他妻子的财产过活,吃得好,起得晚,抽大瓷烟斗,夜里看过戏才回家,常到咖啡馆走动。岳父死了,留下很少的遗产,他生了气,一头扎进办工厂的事儿,赔了些钱,然后退居乡野,想开发土地,但他既不明白耕地,也不明白织布,他不是打发马去犁地,反而骑马到处游逛。苹果酒一瓶瓶喝光,而不一桶桶运去贩卖,最肥的鸡鸭都宰来吃掉,用猪油擦打猎穿的靴子。这样,他很快就发现,一切碰运气发财的念头最好从此打消。他每年出二百法郎,在克饿和庇卡底两地区交界的一个村子里,租了一座半像农庄半像住宅的房子。从四十五岁起,他就守在家里不出门,闷闷不乐,懊恼万分,抱怨上天,见人就妒忌,声称自己厌恶尘世,决心清静地过日子。

他妻子过去很爱他,百依百顺,结果却使他变得没有兴趣。她早年性格活泼,充满爱心,感情丰富,上了岁数,脾气变得古怪(像酒走了气,变酸了一样),唠唠叨叨,喜怒无常。

had given her a lot of pain, though, for a time, she bore it uncomplainingly, when she saw him running after all the drabs of the village and coming home night after night, bleary-eyed and smelling of drink. Finally her pride revolted. She ceased to upbraid, smothering her rage in a stoical silence which she maintained to the end of her days. She was always on her feet, always busy, hurrying off to see the lawyers or to interview the chairman of the bench, knew exactly when the bills fell due and got them renewed. Indoors she was for ever at work, ironing, sewing, washing, keeping an eye on the men, paying them their wages, while her lord and master, blissfully regardless of everything and perpetually plunged in a sort of ill-humoured torpor from which he only roused himself to give her the rough side of his tongue, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the grate.

When she had a child, it must needs be put out to nurse, and when the time came for it to be restored to the parental roof, the brat was doted upon as if he had been a prince. His mother fed him on sweets; his father let him run about without shoes or stockings, saying, to show what a philosopher he was, that it would be a good thing to let him go naked, as the animals did their offspring. In contrast to the mother's ideas, he entertained certain manly notions regarding the upbringing of children. He believed in hardening them off, like the Spartans, so as to make them tough and wiry. He made his son undress in the cold, taught him to drink neat rum and to jeer at church processions. But the child, being a harmless little urchin, made no great progress in these truculent accomplishments. His mother always kept him tied up to her apron-strings; she cut out scraps for him, told him stories, and made up countless tales full of wistful gaiety and playful prattle. She sought solace for the loneliness of her

她常见他和村野的浪荡女人鬼混,夜里经常从一个又一个下流地方,被人送回家来,酒气薰天,烂醉如泥。开始她心里很难受,但并不抱怨,后来她再也忍不下去了,就干脆不言不语,忍气吞声,直到死去。她东奔西跑,劳碌一生,今天忙着去找律师,明天又匆匆去见商会会长,还得去交涉缓付到期的欠款,在家里缝补洗烫,又要监督雇工,开发工钱。而老包法利却无所事事,始终负气似的,昏天黑地地挺尸醒转来只对她说不情不义的话,一个人躲在炉火角落里吸烟,往灰烬里吐痰。

她生了一个男孩子,必须交人别人乳养。小把戏断奶回到家,又把他惯得好像一个王子。母亲喂他蜜饯,父亲叫他光脚满地跑,甚至于冒充哲学家,说他可以学学小畜牲,全身光着走路。父母对孩子的想法背道而驰,父亲对教育儿童有一种男性理想,所以努力排斥母亲的影响,试图按照这种理想搞家教,用斯巴达方式,从严管教,好让他有强健的体格。他叫他睡觉不生火,教他大口喝甘蔗酒和侮辱教堂游行的队伍。可是小孩子天性驯良,总是辜负了他的一片苦心。母亲整天把他带在自己身边,给他剪硬纸块,讲故事,在他面前谈个没完,有说不完的轻快闲话,欢快中夹着忧戚,在寂寞的岁月中,她

life by lavishing on her child all her own shattered and forsaken ambitions. She dreamed of making a celebrity of him. She pictured him a tall, handsome, clever man, high up in the Civil Service or holding an important magisterial position. She taught him to read, and even made him sing—while she accompanied him on her own old, worn-out piano—one or two little drawing-room ballads. But this sort of thing Monsieur Bovary, who held culture in small esteem, pronounced so much waste of time. How were they ever going to afford to educate him for a Government job, buy him a practice or set him up in business? But there! a man could always make his way in the world, if he had cheek enough. Madame Bovary bit her lip, and the child was allowed to run wild about the village.

He went about with the farm labourers, scared the rooks by heaving clods at them, searched the hedges for blackberries, kept the turkeys in order with a switch, helped in the hay-field, roamed about the woods, played hop-scotch in the church porch on rainy days, and on Saints' days coaxed the beadle into letting him ring the bells so that he might hang on bodily to the big rope and feel himself borne up with it as it rose aloft. And he grew up as sturdy as a young oak tree, developing big hands and ruddy cheeks.

When he reached the age of twelve his mother managed to arrange for him to begin his studies. The 'cure' was pressed into the service. But the lessons were so short and so disconnected that they could not be productive of much good. They were given at odd moments, in the sacristy, standing up, hugger-mugger, between a christening and a funeral, or the 'cure' would send for his pupil to come to him after the Angelus, whenever he was not obliged to go out. He would go up into the priest's room, and they would settle themselves

把自己破灭的希望又重新鼓了起来,寄托在孩子身上。她梦想他将来有很高的地位,她似乎看到他业已长大成人,既聪明又漂亮,已经成了土木工程师或是法官。她教他认字,甚至用她那架老钢琴伴奏,教他两三首小歌谣。包法利先生对学问之道是不感兴趣的,看见妻子这样就说:这是白费劲!咱们有条件送他上公立学校,给他买官职或是出钱做买卖吗?再说,一个人只要有志气,总会事业有成的。包法利太太只得紧抿嘴唇,让孩子在村里闲逛着。

他跟农夫身后,拾起小土块,驱赶飞来的乌鸦。他摘沟边的桑葚吃,拿根钓竿说是看管火鸡,收获时翻晒谷物,在树林里跑来跑去。下雨天在教堂门廊下的地上画方格,玩造房子游戏,逢年过节,他就恳求教堂听差,让他来撞钟,为的是好全身吊在粗绳上,上下来回随风摆动。所以他长的如同一棵栎树,手臂结实,肤色健康。

十二岁上,母亲给他争到开蒙,请教堂的本堂神父教。可是上课的时间,又短,又不固定,不起什么作用。功课不是忙里偷闲,站在圣衣室,匆匆忙忙,赶着行洗礼和出殡之间教,就是在做晚祷以后,神父不出门,叫人把学生找过来教。他们上楼,到他的房间坐下;蚊子和蛾子兜着蜡烛飞翔。天气热,孩子睡着了;老头

down to work. The gnats and the moths would go flitting in and out of the candle flame. Perhaps it would be hot and the child would grow sleepy, and before long the old man, dropping off into a doze with his hands folded over his stomach, would be snoring steadily, with his mouth wide open. At other times, when his reverence, returning home after giving the sacraments to some sick parishioner, saw Charles helter-skeltering about the woods and fields, he would call him, lecture him for a quarter of an hour, and seize the opportunity of making him conjugate 'his verb' at the foot of a tree. Then, perhaps, it would begin to rain, or someone they knew would come along, and lessons would be over for that day. Howbeit, the 'cure' always had a good word for his pupil, and even went the length of saying that the 'young man' had a remarkable memory.

But things couldn't go on like that. Madame bestirred herself, and Monsieur was shamed, or more probably wearied, into capitulating. All the same they decided to wait another year, till the youngster had made his first communion.

After that, yet another six months went by; but the following year Charles was definitely entered at the College at Rouen, whither his father took him in person towards the end of October, about the time when Saint Romain's Fair was on.

It would be impossible for any of us to recall exactly what he was like in those days. He was of the 'middling' kind; he played during recreation, stuck at his homework, paid attention in class, slept soundly in the dormitory, and ate well in the refectory. He was under the tutelage of a wholesale ironmonger in the Rue de la Ganterie, who had him out once a month, of a Sunday, after he had shut up shop. He would send him down to the harbour to look at the shipping and get him back to the College again by seven, in good time for

子手搭在肚子上,昏昏沉沉,跟着也就张开嘴,打起鼾来。有时,神父给附近的病人行过临终圣礼回家,看见夏尔在田地里顽皮捣乱,就把他喊住,训了他刻把钟,并且利用机会,叫他在树底下背动词变位表。但不是天下雨,就是过路的熟人,把他们的功课打断了。尽管如此,神父对他一直表示满意,甚至还说:小伙子记性挺好。

夏尔不能就停留在这一步呀。母亲一抓紧,父亲问心有愧,或者是嫌累了,居然不反对就让了步,但还是又拖了一年,等到这个顽童行过第一次圣体瞻礼再说。

一晃又是半年。到了第二年,夏尔终于上了中学。那是十月底,正逢圣·罗曼集市,父亲把他送到鲁昂。

他那时的情况,我们中谁都可能记得一些。总之他是一个性情温和的孩子,在课间休息游戏,在自习室做功课,在教室听讲,在寝室好好睡觉,在饭堂好好吃饭。他的担保人是手套街一个五金批发商。每个月他找一个星期天,把铺子打烊以后,便带孩子出去玩一次,到码头走走,看看轮船,一到七点,快吃晚饭了,

supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother in red ink, and stuck it down with three seals. Then he rubbed up his history notes, or read some 'Anacharsis', a volume of which was kicking about in the schoolroom. When we went out walking he used to talk to the servant, who, like him, came from the country.

By dint of diligent plodding, he always managed to keep about the middle of the class. Once, indeed, he scored a proxime accessit in Natural History. But when he had done his third year his people took him away from the College, so that he might devote himself to his medical studies, for they were convinced he could get his 'prelim.' without any special coaching.

His mother got him a room on the fourth floor of a house overlooking the Eau de Robec, the owner of which, a dyer by trade, she happened to know. She made arrangements for his board, got together some odds and ends of furniture, a table and a couple of chairs or so, sent him an old cherry-wood bedstead from home, and bought a little cast-iron stove and plenty of wood, to keep her poor boy warm. Then, when the week was up, she took her departure, having begged and prayed him over and over again to behave himself and go straight, now that she would no longer be there to look after him.

The Syllabus of Lectures which he read on the notice-board put his head in a whirl. There were lectures on Anatomy, lectures on Pathology, lectures on Physiology, lectures on Dispensing, on Chemistry, Botany, Clinics and Therapeutics, to say nothing of Hygiene and 'Materia Medica', names of whose etymology he was completely ignorant and which seemed to him like so many mysterious portals leading to sanctuaries peopled with august shadows.

便把他送回学校。每逢星期四晚上,他用红墨水给母亲写了一封长信,然后拿三块小面团粘封口,再然后,他复习历史课笔记,或者在自修室里读一本过时的、情节拖带的《阿纳喀尔席斯》。溜达时,他经常与校工聊天,校工和他一样,也来自农村。

他凭着刻苦,在班里一直居于中等。甚至有一次博物学考试他拿了一等奖。可是读到高一末尾,父母叫他退学,改为学医,相信他靠自己可拿到高中会考文凭。

他母亲到她认识的一位染匠家,在五层楼为他精心挑了一个临洛贝克河的房间,讲定膳宿费,买了一张桌子、两张椅子等家具,又从家里运来一张樱桃木旧床,还买了一个小小的铸铁炉子和一些劈柴,免得她可怜的孩子挨冻。她仔细安排着儿子的生活,一直待到周末才离去,临走之前,千叮咛万嘱咐,说从此他一人 在外,无人管教,无论干什么事一定要处处学好。

在布告牌上看到了课程单,这些课程简直把他吓呆了。什么解剖学、病理学、生理学、药理学、化学、植物学、临床学、医疗学,还有什么卫生学和药物学,这些都是他未听说过 的名词,在他看来就仿佛是一座座大门,里面是森严黑暗的圣殿。