



An English-Chinese Collation

# Old Goriot

## 高老头

(法)巴尔扎克

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中英文对照全译本丛书

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## 外国文学名著精粹文集

The Collected Masterworks of the Foreign Literature

## 译 序

作为当代法国社会“风俗史”的《人间喜剧》，其取得的艺术成就和深刻影响是有目共睹的，而作者巴尔扎克，又以其独到、深邃的笔法在文坛久享盛名。

巴尔扎克的头脑是个无所不包的世界，他观察深入，剖析细致，探寻各种事物的因果关系及其彼此间错综复杂的联系，各种杂乱无章的社会现象遂在他头脑中形成一个有机的整体。这张致密的“网”使得他在描述某一现象时，必然联想到与此相关的种种现象；刻画某一人物时，必定同时回顾这个人物的过去、预测他的未来。这种发散思维使得他在把庞大社会纳入小说的狭小框架时力图表现一种高度凝练的艺术风格；从而深刻表现出了社会生活的复杂性和人类心灵的全部复杂性，使得现实世界复杂纷纭的面貌井然有序地从整体上得到再现。这种形式与内容的矛盾，最终使他创造出一系列带有巴尔扎克特殊印记的杰作。《高老头》(1834)就是其中有代表性的一篇。

《高老头》视野之广，人物形象之多姿多彩，与其有限篇幅比较，简直够得上一幅全景画卷。从拉丁区与圣马尔索城关之间的小街陋巷，到日耳曼区富丽堂皇的贵族府邸，作者为我们展示了一个令人眼花缭乱的巴黎社会。各种形象、各个阶层人物粉墨登场、带着各自独特的风貌，在这部小说中组成了一个喧闹着、活动着、真实的社会。各种纷杂的人物事件，通过一个贫穷的贵族青年作桥梁，天衣无缝地构成了一个有机的整体，紧凑集中、环环相扣，丝毫没有支离破碎之感。

高老头的悲剧是小说作者用心铺陈的典型事件。一个给了两个女儿每人每年四万法郎入息的父亲，自己却穷死在塞纳河左岸的阁楼上；两个女儿争相敲榨老父，却不肯为父亲的葬礼抛头露面。但这并非本书的元题，真正的主人公是拉斯蒂涅，真正的元题是拉斯蒂涅的学习社会。作者以令人惊叹的巧妙构思，布署了拉斯蒂涅所处的典型环境，让他从不同的社会阶层，以不同的方式接受到同样的教育，终于使这个来自外省的青年丧失了天真质朴，逐步为这腐败的社会所同化。如此安排，使得一切的人物和事件都和拉斯蒂涅的性格演变构成了必然的因果关系。当然，作者的用意远不仅为了刻画拉斯蒂涅这个人物，而是通过其经历和性格发展，来概括社会生活中某些具有本质意义的普通现象，来记录法国当代社会风俗的特征。

在这部作品里,巴尔扎克不仅在构思、剪裁上体现了大师手笔的宏大气魄,在典型塑造上见出其观察剖析生活的深刻细致,而且在写作技巧上也显示了多方面的才能,他笔下的人物,无论元次,个个栩栩如生,音容笑貌跃然纸上。总之,巴尔扎克为小说开辟了一个新天地,使小说获得了前所未有的表现力:艺术气魄宏伟,生气勃勃;叙事生动、描写逼真,对话个性鲜明;笔锋犀利大胆,刻画形象特点突出,发表议论痛快淋漓。这也正是他广为全世界人民所喜欢的原因。

Madame. Vauquer (nee de Conflans) is an elderly person, who for the past forty years has kept a lodging - house in the Rue Nueve - Sainte - Genevieve, in the district that lies between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint - Marcel. Her house (known in the neighborhood as the Maison Vauquer) receives men and women, old and young, and no word has ever been breathed against her respectable establishment; but, at the same time, it must be said that as a matter of fact no young woman has been under her roof for thirty years, and that if a young man stays there for any length of time it is a sure sign that his allowance must be of the slenderest. In 1819, however, the time when this drama opens, there was an almost penniless young girl among Mme. Vauquer's boarders.

That word drama has been somewhat discredited of late; it has been overworked and twisted to strange uses in these days of dolorous literature; but it must do service again here, not because this story is dramatic in the restricted sense of the word, but because some tears may perhaps be shed *intra et extra muros* before it is over.

Will anyone without the walls of Paris understand it? It is open to doubt. The only audience who could appreciate the results of close observation, the careful reproduction of minute detail and local color, are dwellers between the heights of Montrouge and Montmartre, in a vale of crumbling stucco watered by streams of black, and, a vale of sorrows which are real and of joys too often hollow; but this audience is so accustomed to terrible sensations, that only some unimaginable and well - nigh impossible woe could produce any lasting impression there. Now and again there are tragedies so awful and so grand by reason of the complication of virtues and vices that bring them about, that egotism and selfishness are forced to pause and are moved to pity; but the impression that they receive is like a luscious

一个夫家姓伏盖,娘家姓龚弗朗的老妇人,四十年来在巴黎开着一所兼包客饭的公寓,坐落在拉丁区与圣马尔索之间的圣热内维埃弗新街上。大家称为伏盖家的这所寄宿舍,男女老少,一律招留,从来没有为了风化问题受过飞短流长的攻击,可是三十年间也不曾有姑娘们寄宿;而且非要家庭给的生活费少得可怜,才能使一个青年男子住到这儿来。话虽如此,一八一九年上,正当这幕惨剧开场的时候,公寓里的确住着一个可怜的少女。

虽然惨剧这个字眼被近来多愁善感,颂赞痛苦的文学用得那么滥,那么歪曲,以致无人相信;这儿可是不得不用。并非在真正的字义上说,这个故事有什么戏剧意味;但我这部书完成之后, *intra muros et extra* 也许有人会掉几滴眼泪。

出了巴黎是不是还有人懂得这件作品,确是疑问。书中有许多考证与本地风光,只有住在蒙马特尔和蒙鲁日高地之间的人能够领会。这个著名的盆地,墙上的石灰老是在剥落,阳沟内全是漆黑的泥浆;到处是真苦难,空欢喜,而且那么忙乱,不知要怎么重大的事故才能在那儿轰动一下。然而也有些东零西碎的痛苦,因为罪恶与德行混在一块而变得伟大庄严,使自私自利的人也要定一定神,生出一点同情心;可是他们的感触不过是一刹那的事,象匆匆忙忙吞下的一颗美果。文明好比一辆大车,和印度的神车一样,碰到一颗不容易粉碎的心。略微耽搁了一下,马

fruit, soon consumed. Civilization, like the car of Juggernaut, is scarcely stayed perceptibly in its progress by a heart less easy to break than the others that lie in its course; this also is broken, and Civilization continues on her course triumphant. And you, too, will do the like; you who with this book in your white hand will sink back among the cushions of your armchair, and say to yourself, "Perhaps this may amuse me." You will read the story of old Goriot's secret woes, and, dining thereafter with an unspoiled appetite, will lay the blame of your insensibility upon the writer, and accuse him of exaggeration, of writing romances. Ah! once for all, this drama is neither a fiction nor a romance! All is true,—so true, that everyone can discern the elements of the tragedy at his own house, perhaps in his own heart.

The lodging-house is Mme. Vauquer's own property. It is still standing at the lower end of the Rue Nueve - Sainte - Genevieve, just where the road slopes so sharply down to the Rue de l'Arhalet, that wheeled traffic seldom passes that way, because it is so stony and steep. This position is sufficient to account for the silence prevalent in the streets shut in between the dome of the Pantheon and the dome of the Val - de - Grace, two conspicuous public buildings which give a yellowish tone to the landscape and darken the whole district that lies beneath the shadow of their leaden-hued cupolas.

In that district the pavements are clean and dry, there is neither mud nor water in the gutters, grass grows in the chinks of the walls. The most heedless passer-by feels the depressing influences of a place where the sound of wheels creates a sensation; there is a grim look about the houses, a suggestion of a jail about those high garden walls. A Parisian straying into a suburb apparently composed of lodging-houses and public institutions would see poverty and dullness, old age lying down to die, and

上把它压碎了,又浩浩荡荡的继续前进。你们读者大概也是如此:雪白的手捧了这本书,埋在软绵绵的安乐椅里,想道:也许这部小说能够让我消遣一下。读完了高老头隐秘的痛史以后,你依旧胃口很好用晚餐,把你的无动于衷推给作者负责,说作者夸张,渲染过分。殊不知这惨剧既非杜撰,亦非小说。All is true,真实到每个人都能在自己身上或者心里发现剧中的要素。

公寓的屋子是伏盖太太的产业,坐落在圣热内维埃弗新街下段,正当地面从一个斜坡向弩弓街低下去的地方。坡度陡峭,马匹很少上下,因此挤在慈谷军医学院和先贤祠之间的那些小街道格外清静。两座大建筑罩下一片黄黄的色调,改变了周围的气息;穹窿阴沉严肃,使一切都暗淡无光。街面上石板干燥,阳沟内没有污泥,没有水,沿着墙根生满了草。

一到这个地方,连最没心事的人也会象所有的过路人一样无端端的不快活。一辆车子的声音在此简直是件大事;屋子死沉沉的,墙垣全带几分牢狱气息。一个迷路的巴黎人在这一带只看见些公寓或者私塾,苦难或者烦恼,垂死的老人或是想作乐而不得不用功的青年。巴黎城中没有一个区域更丑恶,更没有人知道了。特别是圣热内维埃弗新街,仿佛



joyous youth condemned to drudgery. It is the ugliest quarter of Paris, and, it may be added, the least known. But, before all things, the Rue Nueve - Sainte - Genevieve is like a bronze frame for a picture for which the mind cannot be too well prepared by the contemplation of sad hues and sober images. Even so, step by step the daylight decreases, and the cicerone's droning voice grows hollower as the traveler descends into the Catacombs. The comparison holds good! Who shall say which is more ghastly, the sight of the bleached skulls or of dried - up human hearts?

The front of the lodging - house is at right angles to the road, and looks out upon a little garden, so that you see the side of the house in section, as it were, from the Rue Nueve - Sainte - Genevieve. Beneath the wall of the house front there lies a channel, a fathom wide, paved with cobble - stones, and beside it runs a graveled walk bordered by geraniums and oleanders and pomegranates set in great blue and white glazed earthenware pots. Access into the graveled walk is afforded by a door, above which the words MAISON VAUQUER may be read, and beneath, in rather smaller letters, "Lodgings for both sexes, etc."

During the day a glimpse into the garden is easily obtained through a wicket to which a bell is attached. On the opposite wall, at the further end of the graveled walk, a green marble arch was painted once upon a time by a local artist, and in this semblance of a shrine a statue representing Cupid is installed; a Parisian Cupid, so blistered and disfigured that he looks like a candidate for one of the adjacent hospitals, and might suggest an allegory to lovers of symbolism. The half - obliterated inscription on the pedestal beneath determines the date of this work of art, for it bears witness to the widespread enthusiasm felt for Voltaire on his return to Paris in 1777:

一个古铜框子,跟这个故事再合适没有。为求读者了解起见,尽量用上灰黑的色彩和沉闷的描写也不嫌过分,正如游客参观初期基督徒墓窟的时候,走下一级级的石梯,日光随着暗淡,向导的声音越来越空洞。这个比较的确是贴切的。谁又能说,枯萎的心灵和空无一物的骷髅,究竟哪一样看上去更可怕呢?

公寓侧面告街,前面靠小花园,屋子跟圣热内维埃弗新街成直角。屋子正面和小园之间有条中间微凹的小石子路,大约宽两公尺;前面有一条平行的沙子铺的小路,两旁有风吕草,夹竹桃和石榴树,种在蓝白二色的大陶盆内。小路靠街的一头有扇小门,上面钉一块招牌,写着:伏盖宿舍;下面还有一行:本店兼包客饭,男女宾客,一律欢迎。临街的栅门上装着一个声音刺耳的门铃。

白天你在栅门上张望,可以看到小路那一头的墙上,画着一个模仿青色大理石的神龛,大概是本区画家的手笔。神龛内画着一个爱神像:浑身斑驳的釉彩,一般喜欢象征的鉴赏家可能认做爱情病的标记,那是在邻近的街坊上就可医治的。神像座子上模糊的铭文,令人想起雕像的年代,伏尔泰在一七七七年上回到巴黎大受欢迎的年代。那两句铭文是:

“Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;

He is, or was, or ought to be.”

At night the wicket gate is replaced by a solid door. The little garden is no wider than the front of the house; it is shut in between the wall of the street and the partition wall of the neighboring house. A mantle of ivy conceals the bricks and attracts the eyes of passers - by to an effect which is picturesque in Paris, for each of the walls is covered with trellised vines that yield a scanty dusty crop of fruit, and furnish besides a subject of conversation for Mme. Vauquer and her lodgers; every year the widow trembles for her vintage.

A straight path beneath the walls on either side of the garden leads to a clump of lime - trees at the further end of it; Lime - trees, as Mme. Vauquer persists in calling them, in spite of the fact that she was a de Conflans, and regardless of repeated corrections from her lodgers.

The central space between the walls is filled with artichokes and rows of pyramid fruit - trees, and surrounded by a border of lettuce, pot - herbs, and parsley. Under the lime - trees there are a few green - painted garden seats and a wooden table, and thither, during the dog - days, such of the lodgers as are rich enough to indulge in a cup of coffee come to take their pleasure, though it is hot enough to roast eggs even in the shade.

The house itself is three stories high, without, counting the attics under the roof. It is built of rough stone, and covered with the yellowish stucco that gives a mean appearance to almost every house in Paris. There are five windows in each story in the front of the house; all the blinds visible through the small square panes are drawn up awry, so that the lines are all at cross purposes. At the side of the house there are but two windows on each floor, and the lowest of all are adorned with a heavy iron grating.

不论你是谁,她总是你的师傅,  
现在是,过去是,或者将来是。

天快黑的时候,栅门换上板门。  
小园的宽度正好等于屋于正面的长度。园子两旁,一边是临街的墙,一边是和邻居分界的墙;大片的长春藤把那座界墙统统遮盖了,在巴黎城中格外显得清幽,引人注目。各处墙上都钉着果树和葡萄藤,瘦小而灰土密布的果实成为伏盖太太年年发愁的对象,也是和房客谈天的资料。

沿着侧面的两堵墙各有一条狭小的走道,走道尽头是一片菩提树阴。伏盖太太虽是龚弗朗出身,菩提树三字老是念别音的,房客们用文法来纠正她也没用。

两条走道之间,一大块方地上种着朝鲜蓟,左右是修成圆锥形的果树,四周又围着些莴苣,香芹,酸菜。菩提树阴下有一张绿漆圆桌,周围放几个凳子。逢着大暑天,一般有钱喝咖啡的主顾,在热得可以孵化鸡子的天气到这儿来品尝咖啡。

四层楼外加阁楼的屋子用的材料是粗沙石,粉的那种黄颜色差不多使巴黎所有的屋子不堪入目。每层楼上开着五扇窗子,全是小块的玻璃;细木条子的遮阳撑起来高高低低,参差不齐。房子侧面有两扇窗,楼下的两扇装有铁栅和铁丝网。

Behind the house a yard extends for some twenty feet, a space inhabited by a happy family of pigs, poultry, and rabbits; the wood-shed is situated on the further side, and on the wall between the wood-shed and the kitchen window hangs the meat-safe, just above the place where the sink discharges its greasy streams. The cook sweeps all the refuse out through a little door into the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve, and frequently cleanses the yard with copious supplies of water, under pain of pestilence.

The house might have been built on purpose for its present uses. Access is given by a French window to the first room on the ground floor, a sitting-room which looks out upon the street through the two barred windows already mentioned. Another door opens out of it into the dining-room, which is separated from the kitchen by the well of the staircase, the steps being constructed partly of wood, partly of tiles, which are colored and beeswaxed. Nothing can be more depressing than the sight of that sitting-room. The furniture is covered with horsehair woven in alternate dull and glossy stripes. There is a round table in the middle, with a purplish-red marble top, on which there stands, by way of ornament, the inevitable white china tea-service, covered with a half-effaced gilt network. The floor is sufficiently uneven, the wainscot rises to elbow height, and the rest of the wall space is decorated with a varnished paper, on which the principal scenes from Telemaque are depicted, the various classical personages being colored. The subject between the two windows is the banquet given by Calypso to the son of Ulysses, displayed thereon for the admiration of the boarders, and has furnished jokes these forty years to the young men who show themselves superior to their position by making fun of the dinners to which poverty condeems them. The hearth is always so clean and neat that it is evident

正屋之后是一个二十尺宽的院子：猪啊，鸡啊，兔子啊，和和气气的混在一块儿；院子底上有所堆木柴的棚了。棚子和厨房的后窗之间挂一口凉橱，下面淌着洗碗池流出来的脏水。靠圣热内维埃弗新街有扇小门，厨娘为了避免瘟疫不得不冲洗院子的时候，就把垃圾打这扇门里扫到街上。

房屋的分配本是预备开公寓的。底层第一间有两扇临街的窗子取光，通往园子的是一扇落地长窗。客厅侧面通到饭厅，饭厅和厨房中间是楼梯道，楼梯的踏级是用木板和彩色地瓷砖拼成的。一眼望去，客室的景象再凄凉没有：几张沙发和椅子，上面包的马鬃布满是一条条忽而暗淡忽而发光的纹缕。正中放一张黑地白纹的云石面圆桌，桌上摆一套白磁小酒杯，金线已经剥落一大半，这种酒杯现在还到处看得到。房地地板很坏，四周的护壁板只有半人高，其余的地位糊着上油的花纸，画着《忒勒玛科斯》主要的几幕，一些有名的人物都著着彩色，两扇有铁丝网的窗子之间的壁上，画着卡吕普索款待尤利西斯的儿子的盛宴。四十年来这幅画老是给年轻的房客当作说笑的引子，把他们为了穷而不得不将就的饭食取笑一番，表示自己的身分比处境高出许多。石砌的壁炉架上有两瓶藏在玻璃罩下的旧纸花，中间放一座恶俗的半蓝不蓝的云石摆钟。壁炉内部很干净，可见除了重大事故，难得生火。

that a fire is only kindled there on great occasions; the stone chimney - piece is adorned by a couple of vases filled with faded artificial flowers imprisoned under glass shades, on either side of a bluish marble clock in the very worst taste.

The first room exhales an odor for which there is no name in the language, and which should be called the *odeur de pension*. The damp atmosphere sends a chill through you as you breathe it; it has a stuffy, musty, and rancid quality; it permeates your clothing; after - dinner scents seem to be mingled in it with smells from the kitchen and scullery and the reek of a hospital. It might be possible to describe it if some one should discover a process by which to distil from the atmosphere all the nauseating elements with which it is charged by the catarrhal exhalations of every individual lodger, young or old. Yet, in spite of these stale horrors, the sitting - room is as charming and as delicately perfumed as a boudoir, when compared with the adjoining dining - room.

The paneled walls of that apartment were once painted me color, now a matter of conjecture, for the surface is incrustated with accumulated layers of grimy deposit, which cover it with fantastic outlines. A collection of dim - ribbed glass decanters, metal discs with a satin sheen on them, and piles of blue - edged earthenware plates of Touraine ware cover the sticky surfaces of the sideboards that line the room. In a corner stands a box containing a set of numbered pigeon - holes, in which the lodgers' table napkins, more or less soiled and stained with wine, are kept. Here you see that indestructible furniture never met with elsewhere, which finds its way into lodging - houses much as the wrecks of our civilization drift into hospitals for incurables. You expect in such places as these to find the weather - house whence a Capuchin issues on wet days; you look to find the execrable engravings which spoil

这间屋子有股说不出的味道,应当叫做公寓味道。那是一种闭塞的,霉烂的,酸腐的气味,叫人发冷,吸在鼻子里潮腻腻的,直望衣服里钻;那是刚吃过饭的饭厅的气味,酒菜和碗盏的气味,救济院的气味,老老少少的房客 *suigeneris* 气味,跟他们伤风的气味合成的令人作呕的成分,倘能加以分析,也许这味道还能形容。话说回来,这间客室虽然叫你恶心,同隔壁的饭厅相比,你还觉得客室很体面,芬芳,好比女太太们的上房呢。

饭厅全部装着护壁,漆的颜色已经无从分辨,只有一块块油漆画出奇奇怪怪的形状。几口黏手的食器柜上摆着暗淡无光的破裂的水瓶,刻花的金属垫子,好几堆图尔内窑的蓝边厚磁盆。屋角有口小橱,分成许多标着号码的格子,存放寄膳客人满是污迹和酒痕的饭巾。在此有的是销毁不了的家具,没处安插而扔在这儿,跟那些文明的残骸留在痼疾救济院里一样。你可以看到一个晴雨表,下雨的时候有一个教士出现;还有些令人倒胃的版面,配着黑漆描金的框子;一口镶铜的贝壳座钟;一只绿色火炉;几盏灰尘跟油混在一块儿的挂灯;一张铺有漆布的长桌,油腻之厚,足够爱淘气的医院实习生用手指在上面刻划姓名;几张断腿折臂的椅



your appetite, framed every one in a black varnished frame, with a gilt beading round it; you know the sort of tortoise - shell clock - case, inlaid with brass; the green stove, the Argand lamps, covered with oil and dust, have met your eyes before. The oilcloth which covers the long table is so greasy that a waggish exteme will write his name on the surface, using his thumb - nail as a style. The chairs are broken - down invalids; the wretched little hempen mats slip away from under your feet without slipping away for good; and finally, the foot - warmers are miserable wrecks, hingeless, charred, broken away about the holes. It would be impossible to give an idea of the old, rotten, shaky, cranky, worm - eaten, halt, maimed, one - eyed, rickety, and ramshackle condition of the furniture without an exhaustive description, which would delay the progress of the story to an extent that impatient people would not pardon. The red tiles of the floor are full of depressions brought about by scouring and periodical renewings of color. In short, there is no illusory grace left to the poverty that reigns here; it is dire, parsimonious, concentrated, threadbare poverty; as yet it has not sunk into the mire, it is only splashed by it, and though not in rags as yet, its clothing is ready to drop to pieces.

This apartment is in all its glory at seven o' clock in the morning, when Mme. Vauquer's cat appears, announcing the near approach of his mistress, and jumps upon the sideboards to sniff at the milk in the bowls, each protected by a plate, while he purrs his morning greeting to the world. A moment later the widow shows her face; she is tricked out in a net cap attached to a false front set on awry, and shuffles into the room in her slipshod fashion. She is an oldish woman, with a bloated countenance, and a nose like a parrot's beak set in the middle of it; her fat little hands (she is as sleek as a church rat) and her shapeless, slouching figure

子;几块可怜的小脚毯,草辫老在散率而始终没有分离;还有些破烂的脚炉,洞眼碎裂,铰链零落,木座子象炭一样的焦黑。这些家具的古旧,龟裂,腐烂,摇动,虫蛀,残缺,老弱无能,奄奄一息,倘使详细描写,势必长篇累牍,妨碍读者对本书的兴趣,恐非性急的人所能原谅。红色的地砖,因为擦洗或上色之故,画满了高高低低的沟槽。总之,这儿是一派毫无诗意的贫穷,那种锱铢必较的,浓缩的,百孔千疮的贫穷;即使还没有泥浆,却已有了污迹;即使还没有破洞,还不会褴褛,却快要崩溃腐朽,变成垃圾。

这间屋子最有光彩的时间是早上七点左右,伏盖太太的猫赶在主人之前,先行出现,它跳上食器柜,把好几罐盖着碟子的牛奶闻嗅一番,呼啊呼啊的做它的早课。不久寡妇出现了,网纱做的便帽下面,露出一圈歪歪斜斜的假头发,懒洋洋的跟着愁眉苦脸的软鞋。她的憔悴而多肉的,脸,中央耸起一个鸚鵡嘴般的鼻子,滚圆的小手,象教堂的耗子一般胖胖的身材,膨亨饱满而颠颠耸耸的乳房,一切都跟这寒酸气十足而暗里蹲着冒险家的饭厅调和。她闻着室内暖烘

are in keeping with the room that reeks of misfortune, where hope is reduced to speculate for the meanest stakes. Mme. Vauquer alone can breathe that tainted air without being disheartened by it. Her face is as fresh as a frosty morning in autumn; there are wrinkles about the eyes that vary in their expression from the set smile of a ballet - dancer to the dark, suspicious scowl of a discounter of bills; in short, she is at once the embodiment and interpretation of her lodging - house, as surely as her lodging - house implies the existence of its mistress. You can no more imagine the one without the other, than you can think of a jail without a turnkey. The unwholesome corpulence of the little woman is produced by the life she leads, just as typhus fever is bred in the tainted air of a hospital. The very knitted woolen petticoat that she wears beneath a skirt made of an old gown, with the wadding protruding through the rents in the material, is a sort of epitome of the sitting - room, the dining - room, and the little garden; it discovers the cook, it foreshadows the lodgers—the picture of the house is completed by the portrait of its mistress.

Mme. Vauquer at the age of fifty is like all women who "have seen a deal of trouble." She has the glassy eyes and innocent air of a trafficker in flesh and blood, who will wax virtuously indignant to obtain a higher price for her services, but who is quite ready to betray a Georges or a Pichegru, if a Georges or a Pichegru were in hiding and still to be betrayed, or for any other expedient that may alleviate her lot. Still, "she is a good woman at bottom," said the lodgers who believed that the widow was wholly dependent upon the money that they paid her, and sympathized when they heard her cough and groan like one of themselves.

What had M. Vauquer been? The lady was never very explicit on this head. How had she lost her money? "Through trouble," was her answer. He

烘的臭味,一点不觉得难受,她的面貌象秋季初霜一样新鲜,眼睛四周布满皱纹,表情可以从舞女那样的满面笑容,一变而为债主那样的竖起眉毛,板起脸孔。总之她整个人品足以说明公寓的内容,正如公寓可以暗示她的人品。监狱少不了牢头禁卒,你想象中决不能有此无彼。这个小妇人的没有血色的肥胖,便是这种生活的结果,好象传染病是医院气息的产物。罩裙底下露出毛线编成的衬裙,罩裙又是用旧衣衫改的,棉絮从开裂的布缝中钻出来;这些衣衫就是客厅,饭厅,和小园的缩影,同时也泄露了厨房的内容与房客的流品。她一出场,舞台面就完全了。

五十岁左右的伏盖太太跟一切饱经忧患的女人一样。无精打采的眼睛,假惺惺的神气象一个会假装恼怒,以便敲竹杠的媒婆,而且她也存心不择手段的讨便宜,倘若世界上还有什么乔治或皮什格吕可以出卖,她是决计要出卖的。房客们却说她骨子里是个好人,他们听见她同他们一样咳嗽,哼哼,便相信她真穷。

伏盖先生当初是怎么样的人,她从未一字提及。他怎样丢了家私的呢?她回答说是遭了厄运。他对她

had treated her badly, had left her nothing but her eyes to cry over his cruelty, the house she lived in, and the privilege of pitying nobody, because, so she was wont to say, she herself had been through every possible misfortune.

Sylvie, the stout cook, hearing her mistress's shuffling footsteps, hastened to serve the lodgers' breakfasts. Beside those who lived in the house, Mme. Vauquer took boarders who came for their meals; but these externes usually only came to dinner, for which they paid thirty francs a month.

At the time when this story begins, the lodging-house contained seven inmates. The best rooms in the house were on the first story, Mme. Vauquer herself occupying the least important, while the rest were let to a Mme. Couture, the widow of a commissary-general in the service of the Republic. With her lived Victorine Taillefer, a schoolgirl, to whom she filled the place of mother. These two ladies paid eighteen hundred francs a year. The two sets of rooms on the second floor were respectively occupied by an old man named Poirer and a man of forty or thereabouts, the wearer of a black wig and dyed whiskers, who gave out that he was a retired merchant, and was addressed as M. Vautrin. Two of the four rooms on the third floor were also let—one to an elderly spinster, a Mlle. Michonneau, and the other to a retired manufacturer of vermicelli, Italian paste and starch, who allowed the others to address him as "old Goriot." The remaining rooms were allotted to various birds of passage, to impecunious students, who like "old Goriot" and Mlle. Michonneau, could only muster forty-five francs a month to pay for their board and lodging. Mme. Vauquer had little desire for lodgers of this sort; they ate too much bread, and she only took them in default of better.

At that time one of the rooms was tenanted by a law student, a young man from the neighborhood of

不好,只留给她一双眼睛好落泪,这所屋子好过活。还有给了她不必同情别人灾祸的权利,因为她说,她什么苦难都受尽了。

一听见女主人急促的脚声,胖子厨娘西尔维赶紧打点房客们的中饭。一般寄饭客人通常只包每月三十法郎的一顿晚饭。

这个故事开始的时代,寄宿的房客共有七位。二层楼上是全屋最好的两套房间,伏盖太太住了小的一套,另外一套住着库蒂尔太太,她过世的丈夫在共和政府时代当过军需官。和她同住的是一个年轻的少女,维克托莉·泰伊番小姐,把库蒂尔太太当做母亲一般。这两位女客的膳宿费每年一千八百法郎。三层楼上的两套房间,分别住着一个姓波阿雷的老人,和一个年纪四十上下,戴假头发,鬓脚染黑的男子,自称为退休的商人,叫做伏脱冷先生。四层楼上有四个房间:老姑娘米旭诺小姐住了一间;从前做粗细面条和淀粉买卖,大家叫做高老头的,住了另外一间;其余两间预备租给候鸟,象高老头和米旭诺小姐般只能付四十五法郎一月膳宿费的穷学生;可是伏盖太太除非没有办法,不大乐意招留这种人,因为他们面包吃得太多。

那时代,两个房间中的一个,住着一位从昂古莱姆乡下到巴黎来读

Angouleme, one of a large family who pinched and starved themselves to spare twelve hundred francs a year for him. Misfortune had accustomed Eugene de Rastignac, for that was his name, to work. He belonged to the number of young men who know as children that their parents' hopes are centered on them, and deliberately prepare themselves for a great career, subordinating their studies from the first to this end, carefully watching the indications of the course of events, calculating the probable turn that affairs will take, that they may be the first to profit by them. But for his observant curiosity, and the skill with which he managed to introduce himself into the salons of Paris, this story would not have been colored by the tones of truth which it certainly owes to him, for they are entirely due to his penetrating sagacity and desire to fathom the mysteries of an appalling condition of things, which was concealed as carefully by the victim as by those who had brought it to pass.

Above the third story there was a garret where the linen was hung to dry, and a couple of attics. Christophe, the man - of - all - work, slept in one, and Sylvie, the stout cook, in the other. Beside the seven inmates thus enumerated, taking one year with another, some eight law or medical students dined in the house, as well as two or three regular comers who lived in the neighborhood. There were usually eighteen people at dinner, and there was room, if need be, for twenty at Mme. Vauquer's table; at breakfast, however, only the seven lodgers appeared. It was almost like a family party. Every one came down in dressing - gown and slippers, and the conversation usually turned on anything that had happened the evening before; comments on the dress or appearance of the dinner contingent were exchanged in friendly confidence.

These seven lodgers were Mme. Vauquer's spoiled children. Among them she distributed, with

法律的青年,欧也纳·德·拉斯蒂涅。人口众多的老家,省吃俭用,熬出他每年一千二百法郎的生活费。他是那种因家境清寒而不得不用功的青年,从小就懂得父亲的期望,自己在那里打点美妙的前程,考虑学业的影响,把学科迎合社会未来的动向,以便捷足先登,榨取社会。没有问题,这点真实性完全要归功于他敏锐的头脑,归功于他有……倘没有他的有趣的观察,没有他在巴黎交际场中无孔不入的本领,我们这故事就要缺乏真实的色彩;没有问题,这点真实性完全要归功于他敏锐的头脑,归功于他有那种欲望,想刺探一桩惨事的秘密;而这惨事是制造的人和身受的人一致讳莫如深的。

四层楼的顶上有一间晾衣服的阁楼,还有做粗活的男仆克里斯朵夫和胖子厨娘西尔维的两间卧房。除了七个寄宿的房客,伏盖太太旺季淡季统扯总有八个法科或医科的大学生,和两三个住在近段的熟客,包一顿晚饭。可以容纳一二十人的饭厅,晚餐时坐到十八个人;中饭只有七个房客,团团一桌的情景颇有家庭风味。每个房客趿着软鞋下楼,对包饭客人的衣着神气,隔夜的事故,毫无顾忌的议论一番。

这七位房客好比伏盖太太特别宠爱的孩子,她按照膳宿费的数目,



astronomical precision, the exact proportion of respect and attention due to the varying amounts they paid for their board. One single consideration influenced all these human beings thrown together by chance. The two second - floor lodgers only paid seventy two francs a month. Such prices as these are confined to the Faubourg Saint - Marcel and the district between La Bourbe and the Salpetriere; and, as might be expected, poverty, more or less apparent, weighed upon them all, Mme. Couture being the sole exception to the rule.

The dreary surroundings were reflected in the costumes of the inmates of the house; all were alike threadbare. The color of the men's coats were problematical; such shoes, in more fashionable quarters, are only to be seen lying in the gutter; the cuffs and collars were worn and frayed at the edges; every limp article of clothing looked like the ghost of its former self. The women's dresses were faded, old - fashioned, dyed and re - dyed; they wore gloves that were glazed with hard wear; much - mended lace, dingy ruffles, crumpled muslin fichus. So much for their clothing; but, for the most part, their frames were solid enough; their constitutions had weathered the storms of life; their cold, hard faces were worn like coins that have been withdrawn from circulation, but there were greedy teeth behind the withered lips. Dramas brought to a close or still in progress are foreshadowed by the sight of such actors as these, not the dramas that are played before the footlights and against a background of painted canvas, but dumb dramas of life, frost - bound dramas that sere hearts like fire, dramas that do not end with the actors' lives.

Mlle. Michonneau, that elderly young lady, screened her weak eyes from the daylight by a soiled green silk shade with a rim of brass, an object fit to scare away the Angel of Pity himself. Her shawl, with its' scanty, draggled fringe, might have cov-

对各人定下照顾和尊敬的分寸,象天文家一般不差毫厘。这批萍水相逢的人心里都有同样的打算。三层楼的两位房客只付七十二法郎一月。这等便宜的价钱(惟有库蒂尔太太的房饭钱是例外),只能在圣马塞尔区,在妇救医院和流民习艺所中间的那个地段找到。

这一点,证明那些房客明里暗里全受着贫穷的压迫,因此这座屋子内部的悲惨景象,在住户们破烂的衣着上照样暴露。男人们穿着说不出颜色的大褂,象高等住宅区扔在街头巷尾的靴子,快要磨破的衬衫,有名无实的衣服。女人们穿着黯淡陈旧,染过而又褪色的服装;戴着补过的旧花边,用得发亮的手套,老是暗黄色的领围,经纬散率的围巾。衣服虽是这样,人却差不多个个生得很结实,抵抗过人世的风波;冷冷的狼巴巴的脸,好象用旧而不再流通的银币一般模糊;干瘪的嘴巴配着一副尖利的牙齿。你看到他们会体会到那些已经演过的和正在搬演的戏剧,——并非在脚灯和布景前面上演的,而是一些活生生的,或是无声无息的,冰冷的,把人心搅得发热的,连续不断的戏剧。

老姑娘米旭诺,疲倦的眼睛上面戴着一个油腻的绿绸眼罩,扣在脑袋上的铜丝连怜悯之神也要为之大吃一惊。身体只剩一把骨头,零零落落象眼泪一般的披肩,仿佛披在一副枯