

——名著名篇——
双语对照丛书

莫泊桑

短篇小说精粹

*Guy de
Maupassant*

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目 录

Boule de Suif 羊脂球	1
The diomand necklace 项链	70
My uncle jules 我的叔叔于勒	86
Two friends 两个朋友	99
Madame fifi 菲菲小姐	113
The Prisoners 俘虏	135
Father milon 米龙老爹	157
That costly ride 骑马	169
A Stroll 散步	183
A Coup d' Etat 一场政变	194
The False Gems 假珠宝	214
That pig of a morin 莫兰那只猪	227
The piece of string 一条绳子	247

Boule de Suif

For several days in succession fragments of a defeated army had passed through the town. They were mere disorganized bands, not disciplined forces. The men wore long, dirty beards and tattered uniforms; they advanced in listless fashion, without a flag, without a leader. All seemed exhausted, worn out, incapable of thought or resolve, marching onward merely by force of habit, and dropping to the ground with fatigue the moment they halted. One saw, in particular, many enlisted men, peaceful citizens, men who lived quietly on their income, bending beneath the weight of their rifles; and little active volunteers, easily frightened but full of enthusiasm, as eager to attack as they were ready to take to flight; and amid these, a sprinkling of red-breeched soldiers, the pitiful remnant of a division cut down in a great battle; somber artillerymen, side by side with nondescript foot-soldiers; and, here and there, the gleaming helmet of a heavy-footed dragoon who had difficulty in



001

羊脂球

连续几天来，镇上不时地有战败的军队穿过。他们不是有组织有纪律的部队，而只是零乱的散兵。他们一个个胡子拉碴，军服破烂不堪，情绪低落，既没有军旗，也没有负责的长官。他们看起来都疲惫不堪、精疲力竭了，甚至都没有力气思考或是出个主意什么的。仅凭着惯性，他们机械地移动着脚步，只要一停下来就会累得立刻瘫倒在地。看起来这些被征的士兵大都是喜欢和平的普通公民，他们本来可以安安静静地靠薪金过活，现在却被步枪压弯了腰。至于那些少数志愿参军的积极分子，虽然斗志激昂，但是也很容易被吓破了胆；虽然会迫不及待地想要进攻，但是随时随地也都有可能仓皇而逃。在这些士兵中，有一小撮穿红裤子的士兵。他们是不久前在一次重大战役中不幸惨败的某师的残余力量；还有一些穿着深绿色裤子的，他们是炮兵，也和各种各样的步兵掺杂在一起向前走着；偶尔还能见到几个带着闪闪发亮的头盔的重型骑兵，他们吃力地跟着那些负重较轻、步速较快的步兵队伍向前走去。

keeping up with the quicker pace of the soldiers of the line. Legions of irregulars with high-sounding names “Avengers of Defeat,” “Citizens of the Tomb,” “Brethren in Death” —passed in their turn, looking like banditti. Their leaders, former drapers or grain merchants, or tallow or soap chandlers—warriors by force of circumstances, officers by reason of their mustachios or their money—covered with weapons, flannel and gold lace, spoke in an impressive manner, discussed plans of campaign, and behaved as though they alone bore the fortunes of dying France on their braggart shoulders; though, in truth, they frequently were afraid of their own men—scoundrels often brave beyond measure, but pillagers and debauchees.

Rumor had it that the Prussians were about to enter Rouen.

The members of the National Guard, who for the past two months had been reconnoitering with the utmost caution in the neighboring woods, occasionally shooting their own sentinels, and making ready for fight whenever a rabbit rustled in the undergrowth, had now returned to their homes. Their arms, their uniforms, all the death-dealing paraphernalia with which they had terrified all the milestones along the highroad for eight miles round, had suddenly and marvellously disappeared.



002

在此之后，又有大批非正规军经过。他们都有响亮的称号，比如说“雪耻之军”、“掘墓公民团”、“同胞敢死队”等等。但他们的样子却像是一群匪徒。他们的领导者过去都是一些布料商、粮商，或者干脆是卖牛脂和肥皂什么的，借战争之机，大大发了一笔横财。也许是因为他们蓄着一撇小胡须，或许是因为他们有钱，竟然就被任命为长官。他们手持武器，穿着法兰绒制服，扎着金色饰带，说起话来拿腔拿调的。当他们讨论作战方案的时候，自我感觉非常良好，就好像法国的生死存亡全系于他们一身似的。然而，事实上，他们非常害怕自己手下的士兵。因为他们虽然勇敢有加，但本质上都是些亡命之徒，奸淫掳掠，无恶不作。

有传言说普鲁士军队快要攻入鲁昂了。

这两个月来，国民自卫队的士兵们一直在周边的树林里尽全力侦察敌人的情况。有时候，神经过敏的他们竟会开枪射击到自己的哨兵，有时又会因为草丛里的一只小兔子发出了声响而开枪乱打一气。可是现在，他们都逃回家了。他们的那些武器、制服以及所有极具杀伤力的装备，过去还可以唬唬方圆八里之内大路上的路碑，现在却在一瞬间不翼而飞了。

The last of the French soldiers had just crossed the Seine on their way to Pont-Audemer, through Saint-Sever and Bourg-Achard, and in their rear the vanquished general, powerless to do aught with the forlorn remnants of his army, himself dismayed at the final overthrow of a nation accustomed to victory and disastrously beaten despite its legendary bravery, walked between two orderlies.

Then a profound calm, a shuddering, silent dread, settled on the city. Many a round-paunched citizen, emasculated by years devoted to business, anxiously awaited the conquerors, trembling lest his roasting-jacks or kitchen knives should be looked upon as weapons.

Life seemed to have stopped short; the shops were shut, the streets deserted. Now and then an inhabitant, awed by the silence, glided swiftly by in the shadow of the walls. The anguish of suspense made men even desire the arrival of the enemy.

In the afternoon of the day following the departure of the French troops, a number of uhlans, coming no one knew whence, passed rapidly through the town. A little later on, a black mass descended St. Catherine's Hill, while two other invading



法国最后的部队也已经渡过了塞纳河，经过圣塞弗尔以及阿夏尔镇，退守到奥德梅桥。走在最后的是一位败军之将，身旁有两位传令兵陪同。带领着这只残余部队，他实在是无力再做任何抵抗了。一个素来骁勇善战且战无不胜的民族，最后竟然一败涂地。这样的结局怎能不令他痛心疾首、意志消沉？

法国的军队一批批经过之后，整个城市变得悄然无声，以及令人胆寒的深沉的恐惧笼罩在那里。许多大腹便便的商人，由于多年来在商业战场上打混，已经没什么男子汉的气概了。一想到他们的烤肉叉和菜刀很可能被误认为是武器，他们对于普鲁士人的到来不免忧心忡忡。

法国人民的生活似乎也都缩短了。商店都不开门，街上一片荒凉的景象。偶尔，道路上也会出现一个行人，但是一看到这种萧索的景象，也吓得赶紧顺着墙根悄悄溜走了。人们一天到晚都在提心吊胆地猜测，时间久了，反倒盼着敌军快点到来算了。

法国驻军离开后的第二天下午，不知从哪里来了几个德国轻骑兵，从城里急速穿过。随后，又有一大群从圣卡塞林山上下来，同时又有两队侵略者分别出现在达尔内

bodies appeared respectively on the Darnetal and the Boisguillaume roads. The advance guards of the three corps arrived at precisely the same moment at the Square of the Hotel de Ville, and the German army poured through all the adjacent streets, its battalions making the pavement ring with their firm, measured tread.

Orders shouted in an unknown, guttural tongue rose to the windows of the seemingly dead, deserted houses; while behind the fast-closed shutters eager eyes peered forth at the victors-masters now of the city, its fortunes, and its lives, by "right of war." The inhabitants, in their darkened rooms, were possessed by that terror which follows in the wake of cataclysms, of deadly upheavals of the earth, against which all human skill and strength are vain. For the same thing happens whenever the established order of things is upset, when security no longer exists, when all those rights usually protected by the law of man or of Nature are at the mercy of unreasoning, savage force. The earthquake crushing a whole nation under falling roofs; the flood let loose, and engulfing in its swirling depths the corpses of drowned peasants, along with dead oxen and beams torn from shattered houses; or the army, covered with glory, murdering those who defend themselves, making prisoners of the rest, pillaging in the name of the Sword, and giving thanks to God to the thunder of cannon—all these are appalling scourges, which destroy all belief in



特和布瓦纪约母大街上。这三支先锋队恰好同时到达了市政府广场。然后德国大军便在邻近的街道上大规模地出现了，他们迈着坚定而整齐的步伐，踏得道路啪啪作响。

在那些看起来死气沉沉、了无生气的住宅窗外，响起了陌生的、操着很重喉音的口令声。在那些快速合闭的百叶窗后面，一双双好奇的眼睛正在密切地关注着这些胜利后的统治者，要知道，根据《战争法》，他们的财产和生命也都由他们统治。城市的居民都呆在自家的屋子里，房间里黑糊糊的。他们清醒地意识到在这场翻天覆地的巨大社会变故面前，人类的智慧和力量都是无能为力的，因此他们深感恐惧。每当这样的变故发生的时候，固有的秩序就会被打乱，安全的保障也不复存在，人类律法或是自然所保护的一切权利只是这些无理而强大的力量给予的施舍。比如说，地震会把整个国家掩埋于残垣断壁之下；洪水会将那些被淹死的农民、耕牛以及房屋碎片席卷在自己的洪流之中；至于那些胜利的军队，则会屠杀反抗自己的人民，然后俘虏其他的人，以战刀的名义进行掠夺，然后再开炮算做对上帝的感谢。这些令人惊骇的灾祸，

eternal justice, all that confidence we have been taught to feel in the protection of Heaven and the reason of man.

Small detachments of soldiers knocked at each door, and then disappeared within the houses; for the vanquished saw they would have to be civil to their conquerors.

At the end of a short time, once the first terror had subsided, calm was again restored. In many houses the Prussian officer ate at the same table with the family. He was often well-bred, and, out of politeness, expressed sympathy with France and repugnance at being compelled to take part in the war. This sentiment was received with gratitude; besides, his protection might be needful some day or other. By the exercise of tact the number of men quartered in one's house might be reduced; and why should one provoke the hostility of a person on whom one's whole welfare depended? Such conduct would savor less of bravery than of fool-hardiness. And foolhardiness is no longer a failing of the citizens of Rouen as it was in the days when their city earned renown by its heroic defenses. Last of all-final argument based on the national politeness- the folk of Rouen said to one another that it was only right to be civil in one's own house, provided there was no public exhibition of familiarity with the foreigner. Out of doors, therefore, citizen and soldier did not know



莫泊桑短篇小说精粹

005

毁灭了我们对于永恒公正的信念以及一直以来我们被教导的那样对上天和人类理性的信任。

士兵们分成一小股一小股的，去各家各户敲门，之后进入屋内。没办法，被占领地区的人民就得招待侵略者。

没过多久，初期的恐惧就消失了，人民又恢复了平静。在许多家庭里，普鲁士军官与家庭成员在同一个桌子上吃饭。通常来说，军官们还是很有教养的，而且出于礼貌，他们还会表示对法国的同情以及自己参加战争是多么的不情愿。他们能够有这份心，真是令这些法国家庭感激不已，何况说不定哪一天还得靠他来保护我们呢。而且如果侍奉好了军官，来他们家打扰的士兵的人数就有可能少一些。既然只有靠他才能过上好日子，何必向他表示敌意呢？如果真这样做了，那也只不过是莽夫之勇而已。曾经，鲁昂的人民确实勇敢地抵抗过外来的入侵，并且从此盛名远播，但是现在，他们再也不会那样做了。鲁昂人民现在的观点是只要不在公共场合和外国入侵者表现出熟识的感觉，在家里礼貌地对待他们还是可以的。于是在外面人民和士兵形同陌路，

each other; but in the house both chatted freely, and each evening the German remained a little longer warming himself at the hospitable hearth.

Even the town itself resumed by degrees its ordinary aspect. The French seldom walked abroad, but the streets swarmed with Prussian soldiers. Moreover, the officers of the Blue Hussars, who arrogantly dragged their instruments of death along the pavements, seemed to hold the simple townsmen in but little more contempt than did the French cavalry officers who had drunk at the same cafes the year before.

But there was something in the air, a something strange and subtle, an intolerable foreign atmosphere like a penetrating odor—the odor of invasion. It permeated dwellings and places of public resort, changed the taste of food, made one imagine one's self in far-distant lands, amid dangerous, barbaric tribes.

The conquerors exacted money, much money. The inhabitants paid what was asked; they were rich. But, the wealthier a Norman tradesman becomes, the more he suffers at having to part with anything that belongs to him, at having to see any portion of his substance pass into the hands of another.



006

但是一到了家里，双方山南海北聊得好不热闹。因此，一天天地，德国人越来越喜欢呆在法国人家里了。

连城市本身也渐渐恢复了之前的样子。虽然法国人还是不怎么出门，但是德国的士兵倒是大街小巷随处可见。这些穿着蓝色军服的轻骑兵军官尽管佩带着致命武器盛气凌人地走在路上，不过一年前在相同的咖啡馆里喝得酩酊大醉的法国轻骑兵军官对待人民时那傲慢的态度，也不比他们差。

然而空气中还是弥漫着一种奇怪的、微妙的气味。这种气味来自异国，实在令人难以忍受，但是却无孔不入。不论是在私人住宅还是公共场所，都有这种气味的存在。不但食物改变了气味，连本地的居民也感觉是身在遥远的异国他乡，处于危险的野蛮部落之中。

侵略者们还强行向居民索要钱财，许许多多的钱。居民们只好如数交纳，幸好他们还算富裕。不过，越是有钱的诺曼底商人，在把本来属于自己的财产交到别人手里的时候，就越痛苦。

Nevertheless, within six or seven miles of the town, along the course of the river as it flows onward to Croisset, Dieppedalle and Biessart, boat-men and fishermen often hauled to the surface of the water the body of a German, bloated in his uniform, killed by a blow from knife or club, his head crushed by a stone, or perchance pushed from some bridge into the stream below. The mud of the river-bed swallowed up these obscure acts of vengeance—savage, yet legitimate; these unrecorded deeds of bravery; these silent attacks fraught with greater danger than battles fought in broad day, and surrounded, moreover, with no halo of romance. For hatred of the foreigner ever arms a few intrepid souls, ready to die for an idea.

At last, as the invaders, though subjecting the town to the strictest discipline, had not committed any of the deeds of horror with which they had been credited while on their triumphal march, the people grew bolder, and the necessities of business again animated the breasts of the local merchants. Some of these had important commercial interests at Havre- occupied at present by the French army—and wished to attempt to reach that port by overland route to Dieppe, taking the boat from there.

Through the influence of the German officers whose acquaintance they had made, they obtained a permit to leave town from the general in command.



情况虽然是这样，然而，在城周围方圆六七英里之内，凡是在流向克鲁瓦赛、迪普达尔、比萨特的河流中，船夫或渔夫经常能从河底打捞上来穿着军服的德国人的尸体。有些人是被刀子或匕首捅死的，头也被大石头砸烂了；有的是被人从桥上推到河里淹死的。河床的淤泥里还埋藏着许多这种残忍但却合理的报复的行为，这种无名的英勇行为，这种比在光天化日之下的战斗更为危险的、沉默的、无法被载入史册的抗击。对于外族的仇恨总是能够激发起一些灵魂，为了某种信念，英勇斗争、不怕牺牲。

后来，尽管侵略者在入城之后以严酷的纪律统治人民，但是并没有实施他们侵略过程中所一贯采取的暴行政策。于是，人们的胆子渐渐大了起来，出于对生意的考虑，商人们又在考虑重新开张。其中有些人在哈弗勒港有重要的生意，那里现在还是由法军把守着。因此，他们想试着先走陆路到迪埃皮，然后再从那里乘船到哈弗勒。

通过几名认识的德国军官的关系，他们从将军那里获得了离开这座城市的许可。

A large four-horse coach having, therefore, been engaged for the journey, and ten passengers having given in their names to the proprietor, they decided to start on a certain Tuesday morning before daybreak, to avoid attracting a crowd.

The ground had been frozen hard for some time-past, and about three o'clock on Monday afternoon—large black clouds from the north shed their burden of snow uninterruptedly all through that evening and night.

At half-past four in the morning the travellers met in the courtyard of the Hotel de Normandie, where they were to take their seats in the coach.

They were still half asleep, and shivering with cold under their wraps. They could see one another but indistinctly in the darkness, and the mountain of heavy winter wraps in which each was swathed made them look like a gathering of obese priests in their long cassocks. But two men recognized each other, a third accosted them, and the three began to talk. "I am bringing my wife," said one. "So am I." "And I, too." The first speaker added: "We shall not return to Rouen, and if the Prussians approach Havre we will cross to England." All three, it turned out, had made the same plans, being of similar disposition and temperament.



他们为这次出行准备了一辆四匹马拉的大马车，名单上共有十位乘客的名字。为了避免引起过多人的注意，出发时间定在某个星期二的早晨，太阳未升起之前。

这儿天来天气寒冷，土地都被冻住了。星期一下午三点左右，从北方的天空飘来了大团大团的乌云，于是整个傍晚和黑夜大雪都下个不停。

凌晨四点半的时候，乘客在诺曼底旅馆的大院里聚齐了，然后他们开始上车。

这些人都还是睡眠蒙眬的。天气真的很冷，披着外套还在瑟瑟发抖。在黑暗中，他们只得依稀地辨认他人。每个人都裹着厚厚的冬衣，因此大家看起来都像是披着长长的法衣的胖神父。不过，还是有两位先生互相认出了对方，还有另外一位也跟他们搭话，于是这三个人就聊起天来了。“我把我妻子也带来了。”一个人说道。“我也是。”“我也一样啊！”第一个人又说：“我们不打算再回鲁昂了。如果普鲁士人打到哈弗勒，我们就干脆过海去英国。”结果，他们发现三个人都做了同样的计划和安排，真是英雄所见略同啊！

Still the horses were not harnessed. A small lantern carried by a stable-boy emerged now and then from one dark doorway to disappear immediately in another. The stamping of horses' hoofs, deadened by the dung and straw of the stable, was heard from time to time, and from inside the building issued a man's voice, talking to the animals and swearing at them. A faint tinkle of bells showed that the harness was being got ready; this tinkle soon developed into a continuous jingling, louder or softer according to the movements of the horse, sometimes stopping altogether, then breaking out in a sudden peal accompanied by a pawing of the ground by an iron-shod hoof.

The door suddenly closed. All noise ceased.

The frozen townsmen were silent; they remained motionless, stiff with cold.

A thick curtain of glistening white flakes fell ceaselessly to the ground; it obliterated all outlines, enveloped all objects in an icy mantle of foam; nothing was to be heard throughout the length and breadth of the silent, winter-bound city save the vague, nameless rustle of falling snow—a sensation rather than a sound—the gentle mingling of light atoms which seemed to fill all space, to cover the whole world.



莫泊桑短篇小说精粹

009

但是直到现在，还是没有人来套马车。倒是有一个马童时不时地出现，一会从一个黑糊糊的门里出来，但很快又消失在另一扇门里。马厩里铺着肥料和稻草，因此不大能够听见马蹄落地的声音，不过有个人正在骂骂咧咧地跟牲畜讲话，声音倒是很响亮。一阵断断续续的铃铛声响起，看来是有人在套马具了。没过一会儿，这声音就叮叮当地连续成音了。随着马儿的前进，声音一会儿大一会儿小，一会儿后就戛然而止。然后，突然伴随着一声重重的铁蹄落地声，铃声也当啷一响。

门突然被关上了，一切声音也都停止了。

人们都冻坏了，静悄悄的，一动不动。

闪闪发光的白色雪片密密麻麻地落在地上，织成了一幅厚厚的挂毯；在这银装素裹的遮蔽下，一切物体的轮廓都变得模糊了。冬日里的城市是那么的安静。在这广阔的天地之间，除了隐隐约约可以听到的簌簌的雪花落地声以外，我们再也听不到其他任何声音。与其说这是一种声音倒不如说这是一种感觉，感觉着一粒一粒的小结晶相聚在一起，充斥着全部空间，覆盖着整个世界。

The man reappeared with his lantern, leading by a rope a melancholy- looking horse, evidently being led out against his inclination. The hostler placed him beside the pole, fastened the traces, and spent some time in walking round him to make sure that the harness was all right; for he could use only one hand, the other being engaged in holding the lantern. As he was about to fetch the second horse he noticed the motionless group of travellers, already white with snow, and said to them: "Why don't you get inside the coach? You'd be under shelter, at least."

This did not seem to have occurred to them, and they at once took his advice. The three men seated their wives at the far end of the coach, then got in themselves; lastly the other vague, snow-shrouded forms clambered to the remaining places without a word.

The floor was covered with straw, into which the feet sank. The ladies at the far end, having brought with them little copper foot-warmers heated by means of a kind of chemical fuel, proceeded to light these, and spent some time in expatiating in low tones on their advantages, saying over and over again things which they had all known for a long time.

At last, six horses instead of four having been harnessed to the diligence, on account of the heavy roads, a voice outside asked: "Is every one there?" To



那个提灯笼的人又出现了，手里还牵着一匹愁眉苦脸的马儿，看来它是很不情愿跑这趟路啊。车夫把马拴在一根柱子上，然后前后左右地检查了一圈，看看马具是否都绑好了。因为他只有一只手能够工作，另一只手得负责提灯笼，所以花了很长时间才弄好。当他准备去牵第二匹马的时候，他终于看到了那一大群人，在漫天飞舞的白雪中冻得僵直。于是，他对他们说：“怎么不上车？就是找个地方避避也好啊！”

看来那些人确实是没有想到这一点。这不，一听到这个建议，大家都一窝蜂地抢着上。那三位先生率先把他们的妻子安置到马车的最里面，紧接着，他们也坐了上去，最后，其他裹在落满雪花的厚厚冬衣里的乘客也都一言不发地上了车，找空位子坐下了。

地板上面铺了稻草，乘客们可以把脚伸进去。坐在最里面的太太们都带着铜制的小暖脚器，里面搁着某种化学燃料。她们点燃了这些暖脚器之后，就压低了声音翻来覆去地谈论起长时间以来她们所知道的各种各样的事情。

最后马具终于都套完了。由于路不好走，原定的四匹马改成了六匹。有一声音在外面问道：“所有人都到了吗？”车里面有一个声音答道：“都到了。”于是他们就出

which a voice from the interior replied: “Yes,” and they set out.

The vehicle moved slowly, slowly, at a snail's pace; the wheels sank into the snow; the entire body of the coach creaked and groaned; the horses slipped, puffed, steamed, and the coachman's long whip cracked incessantly, flying hither and thither, coiling up, then flinging out its length like a slender serpent, as it lashed some rounded flank, which instantly grew tense as it strained in further effort.

But the day grew apace. Those light flakes which one traveller, a native of Rouen, had compared to a rain of cotton fell no longer. A murky light filtered through dark, heavy clouds, which made the country more dazzlingly white by contrast, a whiteness broken sometimes by a row of tall trees spangled with hoarfrost, or by a cottage roof hooded in snow.

Within the coach the passengers eyed one another curiously in the dim light of dawn.

Right at the back, in the best seats of all, Monsieur and Madame Loiseau, wholesale wine merchants of the Rue Grand-Pont, slumbered opposite each other. Formerly clerk to a merchant who had failed in business, Loiseau had bought his master's interest, and made a fortune for himself. He sold very bad wine at a very low price to the retail-dealers in the country, and had the reputation, among his



莫泊桑短篇小说精粹

011

发了。

马车前进得非常缓慢，几乎是以蜗牛的速度在爬。车轮陷在积雪中，整个车身都吱吱扭扭地响。马儿时不时地就会打滑，不停喘着粗气，在寒冷空气中都化成了白气。车夫也不停挥动他的长鞭。长鞭四处飞舞，一会儿卷曲着冲向天空，做了一个伸展运动，就像一条细细的长蛇，一会儿又落下来打在某匹马浑圆的屁股上，马的肌肉不禁一紧，然后更加卖力地前进。

一天很快就过去了。一位鲁昂本地的乘客把那飘舞的雪花比喻为棉花雨，现在总算是停了。一道阳光冲破厚厚的乌云洒向地面。白雪覆盖的旷野经过这样的对比显得更加刺眼。大地是一片纯净的白色，除了偶尔出现的一排排披着白霜的高耸的树木或者一个个盖着白屋顶的房屋。

借着黎明的微光，马车里的乘客好奇地相互打量着。

洛伊斯夫妇正坐在车厢末尾最好的位子上打着瞌睡，他们是大桥街上的一家啤酒批发商。他原来只是一个小雇员，后来他的雇主生意失败了，他就把雇主的生意盘过来自己当了老板。他把一些劣酒以非常低的价格卖给乡村里的各个小贩，因此他的

friends and acquaintances, of being a shrewd rascal a true Norman, full of quips and wiles. So well established was his character as a cheat that, in the mouths of the citizens of Rouen, the very name of Loiseau became a byword for sharp practice.

Above and beyond this, Loiseau was noted for his practical jokes of every description—his tricks, good or ill-natured; and no one could mention his name without adding at once: “He’s an extraordinary man—Loiseau.” He was undersized and potbellied, had a florid face with grayish whiskers.

His wife—tall, strong, determined, with a loud voice and decided manner—represented the spirit of order and arithmetic in the business house which Loiseau enlivened by his jovial activity.

Beside them, dignified in bearing, belonging to a superior caste, sat Monsieur Carre-Lamadon, a man of considerable importance, a king in the cotton trade, proprietor of three spinning-mills, officer of the Legion of Honor, and member of the General Council. During the whole time the Empire was in the ascendancy he remained the chief of the well-disposed Opposition, merely in order to command a higher value for his devotion when he should rally to the cause which he meanwhile opposed with “courteous weapons,” to use his own expression.



朋友和所有认识他的人都认为他是一个诡计多端的奸商，一个名副其实的口蜜腹剑的诺曼底人。他招摇撞骗的恶劣品性可谓是家喻户晓。因此在所有鲁昂人的口中，洛伊斯已经成为了骗子的代名词。

此外，洛伊斯还是一个非常有名的讲笑话大王。他的肚子里装着各式各样的笑话，有的还挺有水平，有的则非常恶劣。人们在提起他的时候，无一例外地都会说：“洛伊斯啊，他可是个非同一般的人啊！”

他个子不高，大腹便便的，面色红润，双鬓灰白。他的妻子不仅又高又壮，而且还是个大嗓门。在他们的经营中，洛伊斯先生一副嘻嘻哈哈的样子，使得交易愉快，而她总是带着一副颐指气使的神态，体现出商人条理清晰和精于算计的内在特点。

坐在他们身边的是卡勒拉马东先生，他出身高贵，属于一个更高的阶层。他可是个相当了不起的人物，不仅在棉花业中占有首席之位，而且还是三家纺织厂的所有者，此外他还获得过荣誉退伍军人的称号，现在还是省议会的议员。在国王统治的时期，他一直是一个温和的反对派的首领。按照他自己的说法，他这样做就是为了此后他如果归顺了，就会因为曾经“谦恭的反对”而得到更好的待遇。

Madame Carre-Lamadon, much younger than her husband, was the consolation of all the officers of good family quartered at Rouen. Pretty, slender, graceful, she sat opposite her husband, curled up in her furs, and gazing mournfully at the sorry interior of the coach.

Her neighbors, the Comte and Comtesse Hubert de Breville, bore one of the noblest and most ancient names in Normandy. The count, a nobleman advanced in years and of aristocratic bearing, strove to enhance by every artifice of the toilet, his natural resemblance to King Henry IV, who, according to a legend of which the family were inordinately proud, had been the favored lover of a De Breville lady, and father of her child—the frail one's husband having, in recognition of this fact, been made a count and governor of a province.

A colleague of Monsieur Carre-Lamadon in the General Council, Count Hubert represented the Orleanist party in his department. The story of his marriage with the daughter of a small shipowner at Nantes had always remained more or less of a mystery. But as the countess had an air of unmistakable breeding, entertained faultlessly, and was even supposed to have been loved by a son of Louis-Philippe, the nobility vied with one another in doing her honor, and her drawing-room



莫泊桑短篇小说精粹

卡勒拉马东太太比她的丈夫年轻得多，是鲁昂城中所有上等出身军官心中的向往。她拥有姣好的面容，苗条的身段，优雅的气质。现在，她穿着毛皮大衣坐在丈夫的对面，难过地看着这简陋的车厢。

坐在她身旁的是休伯特·德·布里威立伯爵夫妇。这是诺曼底最高贵最古老的姓氏之一。这位伯爵出身高贵，年纪一大把了还派头十足，从各个方面打扮自己，让自己看起来就像国王亨利四世。有这样一个传说，一直让这个家族引以为荣，那就是亨利四世曾经是德·布里威立家族一位妻子的情人，并且她所生的孩子其实也是亨利四世的。于是这位妻子的丈夫就被授予伯爵的爵位并且还被任命为一个省的总督。

休伯特伯爵和卡勒拉马东先生一样，也是省议会的议员。不过，他在省里代表的是奥尔良君主立宪派。至于他为何娶了南特港一个小船主的女儿，直到现在还保持着一丝神秘的色彩。不过，伯爵夫人的高贵气质是毋庸置疑的。她的言谈举止无可挑剔，据说路易·菲利普的一个王子也曾经爱慕过她呢。所有的贵族都对她毕恭毕敬。她的客