世界文学名著全英文读本

红与黑

Stendhal

SCARLET AND BLACK

[法] 司汤达/著

广州出版社

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图书在版编目(CIP)数据

红与黑/(法)司汤达(Stendhal)著.
-广州:广州出版社,2006.6
(世界文学名著全英文读本)

ISBN 7-80731-099-5

Ⅰ.红… Ⅱ.司… Ⅲ.①英语-语言读物②长篇小说-法国-近代 Ⅳ.H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2006)第 059244 号

红与黑

(法)司汤达(Stendhal)著

广州出版社出版发行
广州市人民中路同乐路 10 号
邮政编码 510121
上海星海印刷公司印刷
上海市浦东大道 1550 号
邮政编码 200135
各地新华书店经销

开本:889×1194 1/32 总印张:142.875 总字数:5866400
2006 年 9 月第 1 版 2006 年 9 月第 1 次印刷
ISBN 7-80731-099-5/H·2
总定价:200.00 元(全十三册)

序言

世界文字名著是人类文化遗产中的一块瑰宝。在历史的长河中，世界文学名著的诸位作者，以其独具的慧眼、巧妙的构思、流畅的文笔以及逼真的刻画，为我们后人留下了宝贵的财富。我们所出版的这套《世界文学名著全英文读本》，正是对广大读者的一种奉献。

《世界文学名著全英文读本》奉献给读者的特点有其三：首先，这套名著作为英文版的原版图书，它既不做删节，也不做注释，更不做人为的改动。它忠实地尊重原著的风格，提供给读者的是原汁原味的原貌。其次，这套名著作为精选的图书，它是在请教了有关学者、专家和翻译人员后，结合译文本在我国读者中的影响力和受欢迎程度，从众多的名著中精心遴选出来的。再次，这套名著的出版，本着“以人为本”，在装帧上尽可能突出精美的特色，在价格上尽可能突出公道的定位理念。让读者在阅读名著的英文原著中，尽情地发挥各自的丰富想象，“窥一滴水而知大海”，以求对世界文化有个整体的了解。

呈上一套名著精选，愿您终生受益匪浅！

PREFACE

The world masterwork in the humanity cultural heritage is one part of the treasures. In historical perpetual flow, the authors of world masterworks with their discerning eyes, original in conception, writing with ease and grace, as well as lifelike description left the precious wealth to our posterity. We have published this set of《World Masterworks in English Well－Selected》as a great offer to the reading public.

《World Masterworks in English Well－Selected》has its three characteristics. It takes the original English edition and it does not do deletes and also does not make any annotation and modification. It's true to the original style, the original taste and flavour original condition for the readers. Next, This set of《World Masterworks in English Well－Selected》has been elaborately selected from multitudinous masterworks according to the translated texts which have made great influence and favourable extent among readers in our country after consulting with the concerned scholars, the experts and the translation personnel. Lastly, in the light of the spirit of《World Masterworks in English Well－Selected》has been mounted and designed as far as possible prominent fine features as well as justice price idea. And it gives the rein to the readers' imagination by reading them. "To get through a water drop but to know the sea" is for us to have an overall understanding the world culture.

It is hoped that this set of《World Masterworks in English Well－Selected》will provide realistic masterwork enjoyments for readers for ever.

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PART ONE

Truth – Truth in all her rugged harshness
DANTON

CHAPTER 1 : *A Little Town*

Put thousands together
Less bad,
But the cage less gay.
HOBBES

THE little town of Verrières is one of the prettiest in Franche-Comté. Its white houses, with their red-tiled, pointed roofs, stretch out along the side of a hill where clumps of chestnut-trees thrust sturdily upwards at each little bend. Down in the valley the river Doubs flows by, some hundreds of feet below fortifications which were built centuries ago by the Spaniards, but have long since fallen into decay. High above the town, and protecting it on its northern side, rise the jagged peaks of Verra, a branch of the Jura mountains, whose crest is covered with snow from the moment the October cold sets in.

A torrent, rushing down from the mountain-side before flinging itself into the Doubs, sets a number of saw-mills busily whirring. This industry is not an important one, but it gives the people it employs, whose tastes are rather those of simple country-folk than of townsmen, the chance to make a fairly comfortable living. The town, however, does not draw its wealth from these mills, but from the manufacture of the printed fabrics known as Mulhouse linens. This is the source of that prosperity which, from the time of Napoleon's downfall, has enabled the people of Verrières to remodel the frontages of nearly every house in the town.

No one can enter Verrières without being deafened by the clatter of a monstrous and horrible machine. Twenty heavy hammers, attached to a wheel which is worked by the waters of the torrent, come pounding downwards with a din that makes the cobbles tremble, swing up into the air again, and turn out an incredible number of nails every day. But what most amazes any traveller making his way into the heart of the mountains dividing France from Switzerland is to find that the very rough task of placing the little bits of iron beneath these hammers is handled by pretty, fresh, rosy-cheeked young women.

If a stranger to the town inquired who owned the enormous machine which deafened everyone coming up the High Street, someone or other would be sure to tell him, in the drawling speech

of the district: 'Why! it belongs to his Worship the Mayor'. If he lingered for a moment in that street which climbs upwards to the mountain from the banks of the Doubs, a hundred to one he would see a tall man making his way along it, a rather self-important individual and seemingly preoccupied with business matters.

As he passes, everyone promptly raises his hat. His hair is growing grey, his clothes are grey, too; the lapel of his coat is studded with decorations. He has a broad forehead and an aquiline nose, and his features, on the whole, are fairly regular. He affects the solemn pose which petty officials consider in keeping with their position, but, in spite of this, his face has that kind of charm which is still to be seen in men of forty-eight or fifty.

Yet, all the same, a visitor from the larger world of Paris would quickly note, and be repelled by, something about the man that marks him as not only self-sufficient but singularly limited and lacking in initiative, and would realize, in the end, that such a person's energies are all concentrated in making other men pay him what they owe, while putting off to the very latest date the payment of his debts to others.

Such a man, in short, is M. de Rênal, the Mayor of Verrières, who walks with slow and pompous step across the road and disappears inside the municipal buildings. Should the visitor continue his stroll, he would see, some fifty yards farther up the street, a rather fine-looking house and, through the iron railing that comes close up to it, catch a glimpse of an impressively extensive garden. Beyond this, in the distance, the Burgundian hills appear on the horizon, shaping it into a line that seems expressly designed to charm the eye. So spacious is this view that anyone seeing it forgets a town where petty financial interests poison the air, and in which he has begun to feel stifled.

This fine house, now nearly finished, in all the freshness of its new-hewn stone, belongs, as a visitor would be told, to Monsieur de Rênal, and has been built for him out of profits made by manufacturing nails. His family, so it is said, is of Spanish origin, an ancient line established in Franche-Comté a long time before this province was conquered by Louis XIV.

Since 1815 he has felt some embarrassment at having to own his connexion with business; that is the year in which he became Mayor of Verrières. The walls supporting the terraces of his magnificent garden, extending tier upon tier to the banks of the Doubs, are, like his house, the reward of his skill in the iron trade.

You must not expect to find in the manufacturing towns of France, such beautiful landscape gardens as adorn the outskirts of Nuremberg, Frankfort, and Leipzig and other German centres of industry. In Franche-Comté, the more walls a man builds and the more his property bristles with stones laid one above the other, the more highly he is respected by his neighbours.

M. de Rênal's garden, with its full complement of walls, is all the more admired for his having bought, at almost their worth of weight in gold, some of the little bits of land on which it is laid out. On the very spot where the fourth terrace wall is now being constructed, a saw-mill formerly stood. The new mill, occupying a prominent position about five hundred yards farther down the Doubs, doubtless attracted your attention as you entered the town. You could not have failed to notice the name of its owner, Sorel, standing out in enormous letters on a board which looms above the roof.

In spite of his pride, the Mayor had to approach that hard-headed, obstinate old peasant, Sorel, time and again; he had to pay him a good round sum in golden louis before Sorel would agree to move his mill to another site. As for the stream that worked the mill, it was the property of the town, but M. de Rênal, thanks to his contact with influential friends in Paris, managed to get it turned out of its course, a favour which he obtained after the elections of 182–.

The Mayor gave Sorel four acres in exchange for one. The new site of the mill, some five hundred yards farther down the Doubs, was a much more convenient one for a sawyer's business, but Sorel senior, as he has been called since he became rich, was shrewd enough to take advantage of his neighbour's impatient greed for land by extracting from him the sum of 6,000 francs over and above all that he had gained by the exchange.

This transaction, it is true, was sharply commented on by the wiseacres of the district. Then, one Sunday, four years ago, as he was coming back from church in his mayor's robes, M. de Rênal caught a glimpse of old Sorel in the distance, accompanied by his sons, and noticed that he was smiling as he glanced at his neighbour. All at once, the meaning of that smile was bitterly clear to the Mayor, and from that moment he realized that he might have concluded a much better bargain.

To win public esteem in Verrières, it is essential, while building walls, not to adopt any sort of plan imported from Italy by the stonemasons passing every spring through the Jura gorges on their

way to Paris. Such an innovation would brand the builder of walls for ever as a rebel against accepted convention, and damn him without hope of redemption in the eyes of those prudent and sagacious persons who assess a man's reputation in Franche-Comté.

To tell the truth, these same worthy people exercise here the most irritatingly despotic control. And that is why, for one who has lived in that great republic men call Paris, life in these little towns is insupportable. The tyranny of public opinion – and what sort of opinion! – governs in these out-of-the-way corners of France every whit as foolishly as in the backwaters of a small American town.

CHAPTER 2 : *A Mayor*

> Prestige! Why, sir, is that nothing? A thing that fools revere, and children gape at, that rich men envy and wise men scorn.
>
> BARNAVE

FORTUNATELY for M. de Rênal's reputation as an administrator, a huge supporting wall was urgently needed for a public promenade that ran along the side of the hill a hundred feet or so above the Doubs, and from which could be seen a landscape as lovely as any in France. Every spring the driving rain ploughed up the path, hollowing out deep ravines and making it practically impossible for anyone to walk there. This disadvantage, which affected everyone, placed M. de Rênal in the happy necessity of winning immortal fame for his administration by building a wall some twenty feet high and about two hundred and fifty feet long.

As for the parapet to this wall, about which M. de Rênal had to make three journeys to Paris – the Home Secretary of that date having declared himself bitterly opposed to any scheme for improving the promenade – this parapet rises now a good four feet above the ground, and is being topped, at this very moment, with solid slabs of granite, as if in defiance of all Ministers, past and present.

How many times, with my thoughts on Paris balls and festivities just left behind, have I leant breast-high against those massive stones of a pleasant shade of grey inclining to blue, to gaze at the valley of the Doubs. Over on its western slopes five or six more valleys wind back into the mountains, in each of which the eye picks out a number of little streams tumbling down from one cascade to another, to fall at last into the river. The sun strikes hot in these mountains, but even when its light is shining full upon them, here, on this terrace, magnificent plane trees protect the traveller and his dreams.

The rapid growth of these trees when first planted, and the blue-green tint of their handsome foliage, comes from the good, rich soil which the Mayor ordered to be put behind his huge supporting wall; for, in spite of opposition from the Town Council, Monsieur de Rênal made the promenade some six feet wider than before. (Although he is on the extreme Right, and I am a Liberal, I applaud him for it. It gave him reason for believing, as did M.

Valenod, the successful Superintendent of the workhouse at Verrières, that this terrace could challenge comparison with the famous terrace of Saint-Germain-en-Laye.)

I, for my part, find only one thing amiss with the Cours de la Fidélité – its name can be read on the marble tablets the Mayor had affixed to the wall in fifteen to twenty places, an act for which he received yet another decoration – only one thing with which I have a fault to find, and that is the ruthless way in which the local authority cuts and clips its plane-trees. They would ask for nothing better than to keep those noble outlines with which we see them in England, instead of looking, with their low, crushed, rounded tops, like the most plebeian of kitchen-garden plants. But the will of a despotic Mayor is not to be gainsaid, and, twice a year, all the trees belonging to the commune are lopped without mercy. The Liberals of the neighbourhood assert, though doubtless they exaggerate, that the gardener employed by the Town Council has pruned them more drastically ever since M. Maslon acquired the habit of annexing the profits from this clipping. This young cleric had been sent from Besançon a few years before to keep an eye on Father Chélan and other parish priests in the district.

An old army surgeon, a veteran of the Italian campaign, who had come to live in Verrières after he had retired from the army, and who, according to the Mayor, had been in his day both a Jacobin and a Bonapartist, ventured on one occasion to complain to the Mayor himself of the way in which these trees were periodically mutilated.

'I like shade,' M. de Rênal answered coldly, in a tone of proud aloofness nicely suited to conversation with a surgeon who was a member of the Legion of Honour, 'and I have my trees cut to provide shade. What else a tree is made for, I can't imagine, especially when, unlike the useful walnut, it doesn't bring in money.'

Bringing in money – that is the magic phrase determining everything in Verrières; by itself alone it represents the usual subject for thought of more than three-quarters of its population. *Bringing in money* is the decisive reason for everything in this little town you thought so pretty. A stranger to it, on his first arrival there, enchanted by the cool, deep valleys that surround it, imagines its inhabitants are sensitive to beauty. They speak all too frequently of the beauty of the town and its environment; nobody can deny that they set a high value on it; but that is only because this beauty attracts visitors, whose money makes the innkeepers rich,

while they, in their turn, by paying tax on commodities from outside, increase the revenue of the town.

One fine autumn day M. de Rênal was taking a walk along the Cours de la Fidélité with his wife on his arm. As he listened to her husband, who was talking to her with a serious expression on his face, she was anxiously following the movements of three little boys. The eldest of them, who seemed to be about eleven years old, kept running up too close to the parapet, and looked as if he were going to climb up on top. Each time he attempted it, a gentle voice called out his name, Adolphe, and each time the child gave up his ambitious enterprise. Madame de Rênal was about thirty, but she was still a rather pretty woman.

'This fine gentleman from Paris,' M. de Rênal was saying angrily, with his cheeks even paler than usual, 'may well come to regret what he's done. I'm not without some friends at the Château. . . .'

But although I may be proposing to talk to you on the provinces for a good two hundred pages, I will not be so inhuman as to subject you to the lengthy, subtle meanderings of provincial conversation.

This gentleman from Paris, whom the Mayor found so hateful, was no other than a certain M. Appert, who had managed to find his way, a couple of days before, not only into the prison and the workhouse, but also into the hospital run on a voluntary basis by the Mayor and the leading landowners of the district.

'But what harm can this gentleman from Paris do you?' said Madame de Rênal timidly. 'After all, you're so conscientious in the way you administer the funds allotted for poor relief.'

'He's only coming to lay the blame on someone. And then he'll have articles put in all the Liberal papers.'

'But, my dear, you never read them.'

'Even if I don't, there's plenty of people who talk to me about this revolutionary stuff. All that kind of thing's very upsetting, and *prevents us from doing good.* Anyhow, for my part, I'll never forgive the curé.'

CHAPTER 3 : *Poor Relief*

> An upright, undesigning priest is God's providence in a village. FLEURY

I SHOULD inform you that the parish priest of Verrières, an old man of eighty, but thanks to the mountain air as hale and strong-willed as ever, had the right to visit the prison, the hospital, and even the workhouse at any hour of the day or night. M. Appert, having wisely timed his arrival in a little town full of curiosity, reached Verrières at precisely six o'clock in the morning and went straight to the curé's house.

As he read the letter written to him by the Marquis de la Mole, a peer of the realm and the richest landowner in the province, Father Chélan grew thoughtful.

'I'm an old man,' he said at last under his breath, as if to himself, 'and the people here love me. . . . They wouldn't dare!' Then he turned to his visitor, his eyes, in spite of his age, aglow with the sacred fire that reveals delight in doing a fine though slightly dangerous action.

'Come with me, sir,' he said, 'but pray be good enough not to pass an opinion on anything you see when the gaoler's present, and be particularly careful in front of the workhouse attendants.'

M. Appert realized he was dealing with a kindly, generous-hearted man. He followed the old curé, visited the prison, the hospital, and the workhouse and asked many questions, but in spite of certain curious replies, he did not allow himself to utter the least unfavourable comment.

This visit lasted several hours. The curé invited M. Appert to dinner, but the latter made out that he had letters to write; he did not wish to compromise his brave companion any further. Towards three o'clock the two men went to finish their tour of the workhouse, and then came back to the prison. There, at the entrance, they found the gaoler, a tall giant of a fellow over six foot high and bow-legged, whose mean face had grown hideous from terror.

'Oh, sir!' he said to the curé as soon as he saw him. 'Isn't that gentleman I see with you there M. Appert?'

'What does that matter?' replied the priest.

'Well, sir,' the gaoler explained, 'it's only that yesterday I received the strictest orders – and a gendarme galloped all through