



世界名著“红蓝白”系列

炽热如怒放的玫瑰  
从不掩饰内心的风暴

# *The Red And The Black*

Stendhal

红与黑



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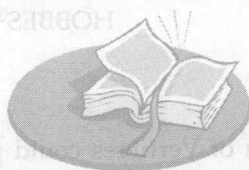
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# Chapter 1

## A Small Town

### Book One



*Truth, the bitter truth.*

**DANTON**

The little town of Verrières would pass for one of the prettiest in the French-Comté; its white houses, with their pointed red-tiled roofs, are spread along the slope of a hill. The river Doubs flows a clump of healthy chestnut trees. The river Doubs flows a few hundred feet below the fortifications built long ago by the Spaniards, but now is ruins.

Verrières is sheltered to the north by a high mountain, one of the spurs of the Jura. The ragged summits of the Verrins become covered in snow after the first cold days in October. A torrential stream dashing down from the mountain runs through Verrières before discharging into the Doubs, and supplies power to a large number of sawmills — an industry which is extremely uncomplicated, but which provides a certain well-being for the greater part of the inhabitants, who are more like peasants than townpeople. But it is not these

① 罗曼罗兰 (1868-1918)，19世纪末法国作家。

② 弗朗索瓦·马塞尔·马尔罗 (1898-1978)，法国作家、哲学家、革命家。

③ 罗曼罗兰的小说《母与子》中，曾提到过这个地名。



## Chapter 1

### A Small Town

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

HOBBS<sup>①</sup>

**T**he little town of Verrières could pass for one of the prettiest in the Franche-Comté<sup>②</sup>. Its white houses, with their pointed red-tiled roofs, are spread along the slope of a hill whose every undulation is marked by clumps of healthy chestnut trees. The river Doubs flows a few hundred feet beneath fortifications built long ago by the Spaniards, but now is ruins.

Verrières is sheltered to the north by a high mountain, one of the spurs of the Jura. The ragged summits of the Verra become covered in snow after the first cold days in October. A torrential stream dashing down from the mountain runs through Verrières before discharging into the Doubs, and supplies power to a large number of sawmills — an industry which is extremely uncomplicated, but which provides a certain well-being for the greater part of the inhabitants, who are more like peasants than townspeople. But it is not these

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① 霍布斯 (1588-1679), 17 世纪英国哲学家。

② 弗朗什-孔泰, 法国东部一地区。该地区有两个地方叫 Verrières, 但作者所描写的小城只是借用这个名字, 与这两地无共同之处。

sawmills that have made the little town rich. It is owing to the manufacture of a painted cloth, known as Mulhouse, that, since the fall of Napoleon, a general affluence has allowed the refurbishment of nearly all the façades of the houses in Verrières.

Hardly have you entered the town than you are deafened by the racket of a noisy machine of terrible aspect. Twenty massive hammers, falling with a boom that makes the street tremble, are raised up in the air again by a wheel driven by the torrential current. Everyday each of these hammers makes I don't know how many thousands of nails. Fresh, pretty young girls feed the gigantic hammer blows with little pieces of iron that are promptly transformed into nails. This crude-looking industry is one of those that most surprises a traveller penetrating for the first time into the mountains between France and Switzerland. If, on entering Verrières, the traveller asks who owns that fine nail factory which deafens people who ascend the main street, someone will drawl in reply: *Oh! that's M. the Mayor's.*

However short a time the traveller lingers in this main street of Verrières — which climbs from the Doubs towards the summit of the hill — it is a hundred to one that he will notice the appearance of a tall man with an important and preoccupied air.

At the sight of him all hats are swiftly raised. His hair is greying, and he is dressed in grey. He wears numerous Orders; he has a large forehead, an aquiline nose, and altogether his features do not lack a certain regularity: at first sight you may even find that he combines the dignity of a small town mayor with the sort of charm that may still be felt in a man of forty-eight or fifty. Soon, however, the traveller from Paris is disconcerted by an air of complacency and self-sufficiency, blended, in a way hard to define, with a sense of limitation and lack of imagination. One feels, in the end, that the gifts of such a man are confined to getting paid most precisely what is due to him, and to paying what he himself

owes as late as possible.

Such is the Mayor of Verrières, M. de Rênal. After having crossed the road with solemn step, he enters the town hall and disappears from the traveller's view. But, if the latter pursues his walk a hundred yards further up, he will notice a rather fine-looking house and, through an iron railing next to it, magnificent gardens. Above this the line of the horizon is formed by the hills of Burgundy, and might have been designed expressly for the pleasure of the eye. This view enables the traveller to forget the tainted atmosphere of petty commercial concerns which had begun to stifle him.

He is told that the house belongs to M. de Rênal. The Mayor of Verrières owes this handsome freestone dwelling, which is just in the process of completion, to the profits from his great nail factory. His family, it is said, is Spanish, very old and, it is claimed, was established in the neighbourhood long before the conquest by Louis XIV<sup>①</sup>.

Since 1815 he has blushed to be an industrialist: 1815 made him Mayor of Verrières. The terraced walls which hold up the various parts of the magnificent gardens that descend, stage by stage, right down to the Doubs, are likewise the reward of M. de Rênal's skill in dealing in iron.

In France you do not expect to find anything like the picturesque gardens that surround the manufacturing towns of Germany — Leipzig, Frankfurt, Nuremberg<sup>②</sup>, etc. In Franche-Comté the more one erects walls — the more one makes one's land bristle with stones piled up one upon the other — the more one acquires rights to the respect of one's neighbours. M. de Rênal's gardens, replete with walls, are admired the more because he has spent a fortune on the purchase of some little bits of land on which they stand. For example, that sawmill whose odd position on the bank of the

---

① 法王路易十四，于1678年征服勃艮第。

② 莱比锡、法兰克福、纽伦堡，均为德国工业城市。

Doubs struck you when entering Verrières, and where you noticed the name SOREL written in gigantic characters on a plank which dominates its roof — six years ago, that used to occupy the place where just now the wall for the fourth terrace of M. de Rênal's gardens is going up.

In spite of his pride, M. the Mayor had been obliged to make repeated diplomatic approaches to old Sorel, a hard and stubborn peasant; and had had to hand over a pile of golden louis to get him to move his works somewhere else. As to the *public* stream which turned the mill, M. de Rênal obtained permission for it to be diverted by means of the credit he enjoyed in Paris. This favour had come to him after the election of 182 —.

He had given Sorel, five hundred yards down the banks of the Doubs, four acres for one. And, although this site was much more advantageous for his trade in deal planks, Père Sorel, as he was called since he became rich, had discovered the knack of obtaining a sum of 6,000 francs from the impatience and the *mania for ownership* that fired his neighbour.

It is true that this arrangement had been criticized by the deeper minds of the district. On one occasion, a Sunday about four years ago, M. de Rênal, returning from church in his mayoral robes, glimpsed old Sorel from a distance, surrounded by his three sons and smiling as he looked at him. This smile marked a black day in the soul of M. the Mayor; ever since then he knew that he could have got a better deal.

To be publicly esteemed in Verrières, the essential thing is, while building lots of walls, never adopt any plan brought up from Italy by those masons who cross the gorges of the Jura on their way to Paris every spring. Such an innovation would give the rash builder a permanent reputation as a hothead, and would for ever damn him among those wise and moderate people who dispense reputations in Franche-Comté.

In truth, these wise people exercise the most tedious *despotism*; it is what is behind this nasty word that makes residence in small towns impossible for those who have lived in that great republic we call Paris.

The tyranny of opinion — and what opinion! — is as *stupid* in the small towns of France as it is in the United States of America.

## Chapter 2

### A Mayor

Prestige! Is that nothing, sir? The respect of fools, the astonishment of children, the envy of the rich, the scorn of the wise.

BARNAVE<sup>①</sup>

Fortunately for M. de Rênal's reputation as an administrator, an immense *containing wall* was needed for the public walk that stretches the length of the hill a hundred feet above the Doubs. From this fine position there is one of the most picturesque views in France. But every spring torrents of rain used to wash over the walk, hollowing out fissures that rendered it virtually impassable. This inconvenience, felt by everybody, presented M. de Rênal with the happy need to immortalize his administration by means of a wall twenty feet high and seventy or eighty yards long.

The parapet of this wall, about which M. de Rênal had been obliged to make three journeys to Paris because the Minister of the Interior before last had declared himself the sworn enemy of the public walk in Verrières, now rose four feet from the ground. And, as if to defy all ministers past and present, it is now being dressed with slabs of stone.

How often, musing on the parties I had left in Paris the

---

① 巴纳夫 (1761-1793), 18 世纪法国大革命时代政治家, 主张君主立宪, 与司汤达家有来往。

day before, and leaning my chest against these great blocks of fine bluish-grey stone, my gaze has plunged into the vale of the Doubs! Further on, on the left bank, there wind five or six valleys in whose depths the eye can clearly pick out little rivulets. One can see them, having cascaded from waterfall to waterfall, fall into the Doubs. The sun is very hot in those mountains; when it shines at its height the traveller's reveries are shaded by the magnificent plane trees on the terrace. These owe their swift growth and magnificent blue-green foliage to the imported soil that the Mayor had put in behind his huge containing wall, when, in the face of opposition from the Municipal Council, he had the walk enlarged by more than six feet (although he is an Ultra and I am a liberal, I honour him for it), which is why, in his opinion and that of M. Valenod, who has the good fortune to be director of the poorhouse at Verrières, this terrace can challenge comparison with that of Saint-Germain-en-Laye<sup>①</sup>.

For my own part, I find only one thing to complain of in LOYALTY PROMENADE — one reads this official name in fifteen or twenty places, inscribed on marble plaques which have earned M. de Rênal another decoration — I deplore the barbarous manner in which the authorities clip and pollard these vigorous planes back to the quick. They really ask no better than to be allowed to assume the magnificent shapes one sees in England, instead of being made to resemble the most common kitchen garden plants with their lowered, rounded and flattened heads. But a mayor's will is absolute, and twice a year the trees belonging to the town are mercilessly amputated. The local liberals pretend, though they exaggerate, that the hand of the official gardener has become more severe ever since the Curé Maslon developed the habit of claiming the profits from the cutting.

This young ecclesiastic had been sent from Besançon a

---

① 圣日耳曼-昂-莱伊，塞纳河畔小城，风景优美，有旧时王宫，内有御用平台。

few years before to keep an eye on the Abbé Chélan and a few other local parish priests. An old Surgeon-major of the Army of Italy who had retired to Verrières, and whose way of life was, according to the Mayor, Jacobin and Bonapartist<sup>①</sup>, dared to complain one day of the periodical mutilation of these beautiful trees.

— I like shade, replied M. de Rênal, with a touch of that hauteur appropriate to speaking to a surgeon who was a member of the Legion of Honour<sup>②</sup>; I like shade, I have caused *my* trees to be pruned to give shade, and I cannot imagine that a tree is made for anything else, when, unlike the useful walnut, it *doesn't bring in any money*.

Here is the mighty phrase that determines everything at Verrières: BRING IN MONEY. All by itself it represents the habitual thinking of more than three-quarters of the inhabitants.

*To bring in money* is the motive that rules everything in this little town you thought so pretty. The visiting stranger, charmed by the beauty of the fresh, deep valleys that surround it, imagines at first that the townsfolk are receptive to the *beautiful*. They speak of nothing so frequently as the beauty of their countryside: one can't deny that they set a high value on it; but this is because it attracts a number of visitors whose money enriches the innkeepers, and so, through the mechanism of local taxes, *brings in money to the town*.

One fine autumn morning, M. de Rênal was strolling down Loyalty Promenade, his wife on his arm. While listening to her husband, who was speaking with a grave air, Mme de Rênal's eyes anxiously followed the movements of three little boys. The eldest, who might have been eleven, often went too near the parapet, and looked as though he might be

① Jacobin: 雅各宾派, 法国大革命中激进的革命党人; Bonapartist: 波拿巴分子, 拿破仑的拥护者。

② 法国高级荣誉勋章。



about to climb it. A soft voice would then pronounce the name Adolphe, and the child would abandon his ambitious intent. Mme de Rênal looked to be a woman of about thirty, but still rather pretty.

— He may seriously regret it, this fine gentleman from Paris, said M. de Rênal, with an offended air, his cheeks paler than usual. I'm not without some few friends at the Château...

However, though I fully intend to talk to you about the provinces for a couple of hundred pages, I haven't the heart to subject you to the tedium and *astute manoeuvring* of a provincial conversation.

The fine gentleman from Paris, so odious to the Mayor of Verrières, was none other than M. Appert<sup>①</sup>, who, two days previously, had found a way to introduce himself not only into the prison and the poorhouse of Verrières, but also into the hospital, which was run on charitable lines by the Mayor and the principal local landowners.

— But, said Mme de Rênal timidly, what injury can this gentleman from Paris do you, since you manage the care of the poor with such scrupulous honesty?

— He has only come to *apportion* blame, and then he'll get articles put in the liberal press.

— You never read them, my dear.

— But these Jacobin pieces get talked about; and all this distracts us *and hampers our good works*. As for me, I'll never forgive that priest.

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① 阿派特先生，曾致力于监狱改革。