90年代英语系列丛书

世界文学名著系列

巴黎圣母院

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

外语教学与研究出版社

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

九十年代
英语系列丛书

巴黎圣母院

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Victor Hugo 原著

王立礼 评注

世界文学
名著系列

外语教学与研究出版社

(京)新登字 155 号
封面设计:郭晓英

巴黎圣母院
Victor Hugo 原著
王立礼 评注
* * *
外语教学与研究出版社出版发行
(北京西三环北路 19 号)
华利国际合营印刷有限公司印刷
新华书店总店北京发行所经销
开本 736×965 1/32 11.5 印张
1992 年 8 月第 1 版 1992 年 8 月第 1 次印刷
印数:1—31,000 册
* * *
ISBN 7-5600-0845-3/H·401
定价:5.50 元
(限国内发行)

《九十年代英语系列丛书》特邀顾问：
（按姓氏笔划为序）

王佐良　许国璋　吴景荣　陈　琳
杨树勋　张道真　周珏良　胡文仲

“九十年代英语系列丛书”
出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——

九十年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），并

附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著（如：法国文学和俄苏文学中）的英译本。

第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

第三辑：实用英语系列（英汉对照本）

包括书信英语、报刊英语、电话电报电传英语、公关秘书英语、广告英语等一系列培养英语交际能力和指导性、方法性的实用图书。

第四辑：娱乐英语系列（英汉对照本）

这一辑包括幽默英语、奇闻趣事、锦言妙语、名歌金曲等等。它将开阔您的视野，丰富您的话题，装点您的言谈，赋予您九十年代不可或缺的素质和风度。

第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）

本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者；题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）

选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

《九十年代英语系列丛书》
编辑委员会

作者介绍

维克多·雨果(1802—1885)是法国诗人、小说家、剧作家和浪漫主义运动的领导人。雨果出生在法国东部的贝藏松。父亲是共和国军队的军官,母亲在政治上拥护王室。少年雨果的政治观点倾向于同情保皇党,反映了母亲对他的影响。随着国内外形势的发展,雨果走上了争取社会进步的道路,特别是在1848年革命中成了一个坚定的共和主义者。1851年第二帝国复辟,迫使雨果离开法国,在英吉利海岛上度过了19年的流亡生活,直到1870年才回到法国。

雨果的文学创作生涯长达60年,在诗歌、小说、戏剧诸方面成就卓越,对19世纪法国文学影响极大。雨果被认为是法国最杰出的抒情诗人,他的诗作对语言的运用、诗的节奏进行了探索,表现出对文字和色彩的特有敏感。雨果认为诗人不应仅限于对自然界之美或对个人遭遇抒发感情,而应担负起指导人民的责任。他的诗歌主要有《东方吟》(1829),《致年轻的法兰西》(1830),《赞美诗》(1831),《秋叶集》(1831),《黄昏之歌》(1835),《心声集》(1837),《光与影》(1840),《惩罚集》(1853),《历史传说》(1883)等。

在戏剧创作方面,雨果所著《克伦威尔》(1827)的序言被视为浪漫主义戏剧家的宣言,它宣告戏剧家突破古典主义古板的创作规则而独立。雨果提倡戏剧语言口语化,溶喜悲剧二者于一体,抛弃传统的时间与地点一致的"二一律"等。他的剧作主要有《爱尔那尼》

(1830),《逍遥王》(1832),《吕伊·布拉斯》等。

雨果的小说深刻地揭露了社会的不平、封建制度的罪恶,表达了对普通人命运的强烈的人道主义同情与关注。他的小说故事情节曲折动人,风格上雄浑强劲、多彩多姿,描绘的画面辽阔雄伟。雨果著名的小说除《巴黎圣母院》(1831)外,还有《穷汉克罗德》(1834),《悲惨世界》(1862),《海上劳工》(1866),《笑面人》(1869),《九三年》(1874)等。

内容介绍

故事发生在1482年的法国。巴黎圣母院的撞钟人卡西莫多是个相貌奇丑的驼背人。他从小被遗弃，由巴黎圣母院副主教克罗德·佛罗洛扶养，从此便成为佛罗洛的忠实奴仆。佛罗洛虽然精通经学、神学，知识渊博，但他却是一个穿着教会外衣的道貌岸然的伪君子。当他第一次见到在街头卖艺的吉卜赛姑娘爱斯梅拉尔达时，便着迷于她的美丽，而那受禁欲主义长期压抑的感情顿时泛滥，一种疯狂的占有欲充塞了他的身心。他命令卡西莫多去抢爱斯梅拉尔达，不料姑娘却被国王的弓箭队长费比斯救下。费比斯年轻潇洒，性格轻薄。单纯的爱斯梅拉尔达很快堕入情网。佛罗洛趁这对青年男女幽会时刺伤了费比斯，并嫁祸于爱斯梅拉尔达，致使这无辜的姑娘被送上法庭，判以死刑。与此同时，丑陋的卡西莫多因受到过爱斯梅拉尔达的帮助，也暗暗地爱上了她。正当爱斯梅拉尔达要被处以绞刑时，卡西莫多抢出了她，并把她藏在圣母院的钟楼里，使她置于教堂的庇护下。

巴黎的乞丐和流浪者们听说教堂将交出爱斯梅拉尔达，他们组织了大批人马前去营救。他们占领了圣母院前的广场，开始围攻大教堂。耳聋的卡西莫多不知发生了什么事，误认为他们是来加害于爱斯梅拉尔达。于是他奋力抵抗，阻止人们冲进大教堂。国王路易十一世派费比斯率领骑兵镇压群众。在混战中，佛罗洛骗走了爱斯梅拉尔达。他再次威逼她，但遭到姑娘的坚决拒

绝。最后爱斯梅拉尔达不幸落入军队手中，又一次送上绞刑架。当卡西莫多从钟楼上看到姑娘时，营救已不可能。他愤怒地将导致这一悲剧的副主教从圣母院的楼顶推下摔死，而卡西莫多也从此失踪了。

两年后，在一个墓穴里，人们发现爱斯梅拉尔达的尸体旁躺着一具脊椎骨畸形的男尸，无疑，那就是巴黎圣母院的撞钟人卡西莫多。当人们试图把他与爱斯梅拉尔达的尸体分开时，他的遗骨竟立即化成了灰烬。

Book I

CHAPTER ONE

The Great Hall of the Palace of Justice

ON JANUARY 6, 1482, THE PEOPLE OF PARIS WERE AWAKENED by the tumultuous clanging of all the bells in the city. Yet history has kept no memory of this date, for there was nothing notable about the event which set in motion the bells and the citizens of Paris that morning. It was not an attack by the Picards or the Burgundians, a procession carrying the relics * of some saint, an entry of "Our Most Dreaded Lord, Monsieur * the King," nor even a good hanging of thieves.

Nor was it the arrival of some foreign ambassador and his train, all decked out in lace and feathers, a common sight in the fifteenth century. It had been scarcely two days since the latest cavalcade of this kind had paraded through the streets: the delegation of Flemish ambassadors sent to conclude the * marriage between the Dauphin and Marguerite of Flanders. To his great annoyance, Cardinal de Bourbon, in order to * please the king, had been obliged to give a gracious reception to that uncouth band of Flemish burgomasters and entertain them in his mansion.

The cause of all the commotion on the sixth of January was the double holiday of the Epiphany and the Festival of * Fools, united since time immemorial. This year the celebration was to include a bonfire at the Place de Grève, a maypole* dance at the Chapelle de Braque and the performance of a play in the Palace of Justice, all of which had been announced

by public proclamation the day before. All shops were to remain closed for the holiday.

Early in the morning the crowd began streaming toward the three designated places, each person having decided on either the bonfire, the maypole or the play. It is a tribute to the ancient common sense of the people of Paris that the majority of the crowd went to either the bonfire, which was quite seasonable, or the play, which was to be performed in the shelter of the great hall of the palace, leaving the poor maypole to shiver beneath the January sky in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The avenues leading to the Palace of Justice were particularly crowded because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived two days before, were planning to
* attend the play and the election of the Pope of Fools, which was also to be held in the palace.

It was not easy to get into the great hall that day, even though it was reputed at the time to be the largest single room in the world. To the spectators looking out of their windows, the square in front of the palace, packed solid with people, presented the appearance of a sea, with five or six streets flowing into it, constantly disgorging a stream of heads.
* The waves of this sea broke against the corners of the houses jutting out like promontories into the irregular basin of the square. Shouts, laughter and the shuffling of thousands of feet blended to produce a mighty uproar.

At the doors and windows and on the rooftops swarmed a myriad of sober, honest faces, looking at the palace and the crowd with placid contentment. Many Parisians still find deep satisfaction in watching people who are watching something; even a wall behind which something is happening is an object of great curiosity to them.

Let us now imagine that immense oblong hall inside the palace, illuminated by the pale light of a January day and invaded by a motley and noisy crowd pouring in along the walls and swirling around the seven great pillars. In the middle of the hall, high up and against one wall, an enclosed gallery had been erected for the Flemish ambassadors and the other important personages who had been invited to see the play. A private entrance opened into it through one of the windows.

At one end of the hall was the famous marble table, so long, wide and thick that "such a slab of marble has never been seen before on earth," as an old document puts it. The

play was to be performed on this table, according to custom. It had been set up for that purpose early in the morning. A high wooden platform had been placed on it, the top of which was to serve as the stage. Tapestries hung around the sides formed a sort of dressing room for the actors underneath. A ladder, undisguisedly propped up against the outside of the platform, connected the dressing room and the stage and served for entrances and exits alike. Every actor, no matter how unexpected his appearance in the play, and every stage effect, had to come laboriously up that ladder in full view of the audience.

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the palace, whose duty was * to keep order among the people at festivals as well as executions, stood at each corner of the huge marble table.

The play was not scheduled to begin until the great clock of the palace struck noon—quite late for a theatrical performance, but it had been necessary to arrange the hour to suit the convenience of the ambassadors.

Many of the people had been shivering before the steps of the palace since dawn and some declared they had spent the whole night huddled in the great doorway in order to make sure of being among the first to enter. The crowd was growing denser at every moment and, like a river overflowing its banks, it soon began to rise up the walls and spill over onto * the cornices, architraves, window ledges and all other projecting features of the architecture. Discomfort, impatience, boredom, the freedom of a day of license, the quarrels constantly * breaking out over a sharp elbow or a hobnailed shoe, the fatigue of a long wait—all this gave a tone of bitterness to the clamor of the people as they stood squeezed together, jostled, trampled on and almost smothered. The air was full of complaints and insults against the Flemings, Cardinal de Bourbon, the bailiff of the palace, the sergeants, the cold, the heat, the bad weather, the Bishop of Paris, the Pope of Fools, the pillars, the statues, this closed door, that open window; all to the great amusement of a band of students and lackeys who, scattered throughout the crowd, mixed in their jibes and sarcasm with all that dissatisfaction and thus goaded the general bad humor into becoming even worse.

Some of these merry demons had knocked the glass out of one of the windows and were boldly sitting in it. From there they were able to direct their bantering remarks both inside and outside, toward the crowd in the hall and the crowd in the square. From their mimicking gestures, their loud laugh-

ter and the ribald jokes they exchanged with their comrades from one end of the hall to the other, it was easy to see that they did not share the boredom and fatigue of the rest of the spectators and that they were able to extract enough entertainment from the scene spread out before their eyes to avoid being impatient for the scheduled performance to begin.

"My God, there's Jehan Frollo!" shouted one of them to a small blond young man with a handsome, mischievous face who was clinging to the carved foliage at the top of one of the pillars. "How long have you been here?"

"More than four hours, by the devil's mercy!" replied * Jehan. "And I hope the time will be taken off my term in purgatory!"

Just then the clock struck noon.

"Ah!" said the whole crowd with satisfaction. The students became silent and there ensued a noisy shuffling of feet, a general craning of necks and a mighty explosion of coughing as each person stood up and placed himself in the best position to see the stage. Then there was silence. All heads were thrust forward, all mouths were open and all eyes were turned toward the great marble table. But nothing appeared on it. The four sergeants were still there, as stiff and motionless as four painted statues. The crowd looked up at the gallery reserved for the Flemish ambassadors. It was empty and the door leading into it remained shut. They had been waiting since morning for three things: noon, the Flemish ambassadors and the play. Noon was the only one to arrive in time.

This was too much. They waited for one, two, three, five minutes, a quarter of an hour; nothing happened. The gallery and the stage were still deserted. Impatience began to turn into anger. An irritated murmur sprang up from one end of the hall to the other: "The play! The play! The play!" A storm, which was as yet only rumbling in the distance, began to gather over the crowd. It was Jehan Frollo who made it burst.

"Let's have the play, and to hell with the Flemings!" he yelled at the top of his lungs, twisting around his pillar like a serpent. The crowd applauded.

"The play!" they repeated. "And to hell with Flanders!"

"If they won't show us the play," went on the student, "I think we ought to hang the bailiff of the palace for entertainment!"

"That's right," shouted the people "and let's start by hanging the sergeants!"

Loud cheers broke out. The poor sergeants turned pale and looked at one another anxiously. They saw the frail wooden * balustrade which separated them from the crowd begin to give way as the people pressed forward in a body. It was a critical moment.

At that instant the tapestries forming the dressing room, as we have described above, parted to make way for a man who climbed up on the stage. As if by magic, the sight of him suddenly changed the crowd's anger into curiosity.

"Silence! Silence!"

Quaking with fear, the man walked unsteadily to the front of the stage with profuse bows which almost became genuflec- * tions as he came closer. Meanwhile calm had been pretty much restored. There remained only the slight murmur which always rises above the silence of a crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we have the honor to perform before His Eminence the Cardinal a very fine * morality play entitled *The Wise Decision of Our Lady the Virgin.* I shall play the part of Jupiter. His Eminence is at this moment accompanying the honorable ambassadors of the Duke of Austria, who are listening to a speech by the rector of the University. As soon as His Eminence arrives we shall begin."

It is certain that nothing less than the intervention of Jupiter could have saved the four unfortunate sergeants. His costume was superb, which contributed considerably toward * calming the crowd by attracting their attention. He was wearing a brigandine covered with black velvet, Greek sandals and a helmet adorned with imitation silver buttons. In his hand * he held a roll of gilded cardboard covered with strips of tinsel * which the experienced eyes of the audience easily recognized as a thunderbolt.

CHAPTER TWO

Pierre Gringoire

THE UNANIMOUS ADMIRATION AND SATISFACTION PRODUCED by his costume was, however, soon dissipated by his words. When he arrived at the unfortunate conclusion. "As soon

as His Eminence arrives, we shall begin," his voice was lost in a thunderous outburst of disapproval.

"Start it right now! The play! The play right now!" shouted the people. Jehan Frollo's voice could be heard piercing the uproar like a fife in a village band. "Start it right now," he screeched.

"Down with Jupiter and Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated the other students, perched in the window.

"The play!" repeated the crowd. "Right away! String up the actors and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, terror-stricken, bewildered and pale under his make-up, dropped his thunderbolt, took off his helmet, made a trembling bow and stammered, "His Eminence . . . the ambassadors . . ." He stopped, unable to think of anything else to say. He was afraid he would be hanged by the people if he waited and hanged by the cardinal if he did not. Whichever way he looked he saw the gallows.

Fortunately, someone came forward at this moment to assume responsibility and extricate him from his dilemma. No one had yet noticed a tall, slender young man standing against a pillar between the balustrade and the marble table. He had blond hair, shining eyes, smiling lips and, despite his youth, a number of wrinkles in his forehead and cheeks. His black serge garment was old and threadbare. He stepped up to the marble table and motioned to the wretched actor, but the latter was too panic-stricken to notice him. He stepped closer and said, "Jupiter!" The actor did not hear him. The tall young man shouted almost in his ear, "Michel Giborne!"

"Who is it?" exclaimed Jupiter, starting as if he had been suddenly awakened from a deep sleep.

"It's I."

"Oh," said Jupiter.

"Begin right away. Satisfy the crowd. I'll appease the bailiff and he'll appease the cardinal."

Jupiter heaved a sigh of relief. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted to the crowd, who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin immediately."

There was a deafening outburst of applause which lasted for some time after Jupiter had withdrawn behind the tapestry.

Meanwhile the unknown young man who had so magically calmed the tempest modestly retired to the shadow of his pillar, where he would no doubt have remained as invisible, motionless and silent as before if it had not been for two

young ladies who, being in the front rank of the spectators, had overheard his brief conversation with Michel Giborne-Jupiter.

"Master," said one of them, motioning him to come closer.

"Hush, Liénarde," said her companion, a pretty, fresh-looking girl decked out in her Sunday best. "You're not supposed to call a layman 'master'; just call him 'sir.'"

"Sir," said Liénarde.

The stranger stepped up to the balustrade. "What can I do for you, ladies?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, nothing," said Liénarde, embarrassed. "My friend here, Gisquette la Gencienne, wanted to talk to you."

"I did not!" exclaimed Gisquette, blushing. "Liénarde called you 'master'; I just told her she ought to call you 'sir' instead."

The two girls lowered their eyes. The young man, who would have liked nothing better than to strike up a conversation with them, looked at them with a smile.

"You have nothing to say to me, then?"

"Oh, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"Nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall blond man turned to go away. But the two curious girls were not inclined to let him leave so soon.

"Sir," said Gisquette abruptly, with the impetuosity of water bursting through a floodgate or a woman making up her mind, "do you know the soldier who has the part of the Virgin Mary in the play?"

"You mean the part of Jupiter?" asked the stranger.

"Of course," said Liénarde. "She's so stupid! Well, do you know Jupiter?"

"Michel Giborne? Yes, madame."

"He has a fine beard!" said Liénarde.

"Will it be a good play?" asked Gisquette timidly.

"Very good," answered the stranger without the slightest hesitation.

"What's it about?" asked Liénarde.

"It's called *The Wise Decision of Our Lady the Virgin*—a morality play, madame."

"Oh, that's different," said Liénarde.

There was a short silence. The stranger broke it: "This is a brand-new morality play. It's never been performed before."

"Then it's not the same one," said Gisquette, "that was given two years ago for the reception of the legate, the one with three pretty girls playing the parts of . . ."