世界文学名著全英文读本

# 巴黎圣母院

*Victor Hugo*

# THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

[法] 维克多·雨果/著

广州出版社

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# 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.

# Contents

## BOOK I



## BOOK II



## BOOK III



## BOOK IV

## BOOK V



## BOOK VI



## BOOK VII



## BOOK VIII



## BOOK IX

## BOOK X



## BOOK XI

# BOOK I

# CHAPTER I

## THE GREAT HALL OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

Three hundred and forty-eight years, six months, and nineteen days ago, the good people of Paris awoke to the sound of all the bells pealing in the three districts of the Cité, the Université, and the Ville. The sixth of January, 1482, was, however, a day that history does not remember. There was nothing worthy of note in the event that set in motion early in the morning both the bells and the citizens of Paris. It was neither an assault of the Picards nor one of the Burgundians, nor a procession bearing the shrine of some saint, nor a student revolt in the vineyard of Laas,[1] nor an entry of "our most feared Lord, Monsieur the King," nor even a lovely hanging of thieves of either sex before the Palace of Justice of Paris. It was also not the arrival of some bedecked and befeathered ambassador, which was a frequent sight in the fifteenth century. It was barely two days since the last cavalcade of this kind had been seen, as the Flemish ambassadors commissioned to conclude a marriage between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders[2] had entered Paris, to the great annoyance of the Cardinal de Bourbon, who, in order to please the King, had been obliged to receive the entire rustic crew of Flemish burgomasters with a gracious smile, and to entertain them at his Hôtel de Bourbon with "very elaborate morality plays, mummery, and farce," while pouring rain drenched the magnificent tapestry at his door.

On the sixth of January, what moved the entire population of Paris was the double solemnity, as Jehan de Troyes describes it,[3] united from time immemorial, of the Epiphany and the Festival of Fools.[4] On that day there were to be fireworks on the Place de Grève, a may tree planted at the chapel of Braque, and a play performed at the Palace of Justice. Proclamation had been made to this effect on the preceding day, to the sound of trumpets in the public squares, by the Provost's of-

ficers in fair coats of purple camlet, with large white crosses on the breast.

That morning, therefore, all the houses and shops remained shut, and crowds of citizens of both sexes could be seen wending their way toward one of the three places mentioned above. Each person had made a choice, for fireworks, may tree, or play. It must be observed, however, to the credit of the taste of Parisian riffraff, that the greater part of the crowd was proceeding toward the fireworks, which were quite appropriate to the season, or the play, which was to be represented in the great hall of the palace, which was well covered and protected, and that the curious agreed to let the poor leafless may tree shiver all alone beneath a January sky in the cemetery of the chapel of Braque.

All 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, planned to attend the performance of the play, and the election of the Pope of Fools, which was also to take place in the great hall.

On that day, it was no easy matter to get into this great hall, though it was then reputed to be the largest covered space in the world. (It is true that Sauval[5] had not yet measured the great hall of the Château of Montargis.) To the spectators at the windows, the palace yard crowded with people looked like a sea, into which five or six streets, like the mouths of so many rivers, disgorged their living streams. The waves of this sea, incessantly swelled by new arrivals, broke against the corners of the houses, projecting here and there like promontories into the irregular basin on the square. In the center of the lofty Gothic[6] facade of the palace, the crowds moved relentlessly up and down the grand staircase in a double current interrupted by the central landing, and they poured incessantly into the square like a cascade into a lake. The cries, the laughter, and the trampling of thousands of feet produced a great din and clamor. From time to time this clamor and noise were redoubled; the current that propelled the crowd toward the grand staircase turned back, grew agitated, and whirled around. Sometimes it was a push made by an archer, or the horse of one of the Provost's sergeants kicking and plunging to restore order—an admirable tradition, which the Provosty bequeathed to the constablery, the constablery to the *maréchaussée*, and the *maréchaussée* to the present *gendarmerie* of Paris.

At doors, windows, garret windows, on the rooftops of the houses, swarmed thousands of calm and honest bourgeois faces gazing at the palace and at the crowd, and desiring nothing more; for most of the good people of Paris are quite content with the sight of the spectators; a blank wall, behind which something or other is going forward, is to us an object of great curiosity.

If we could, mortals living in this year of 1830, imagine ourselves mixed up with those fifteenth-century Parisians, and if we could enter with them, shoved, elbowed, hustled, that immense hall of the palace so tightly packed, on the sixth of January, 1482, the sight would not be lacking in interest or in charm; and all that we should see around us would be so ancient as to appear absolutely new. If the reader pleases, we will endeavor to retrace in imagination the impressions that one would have experienced with us on crossing the threshold of the great hall, in the midst of this motley crowd, coated, gowned, or clothed in the paraphernalia of office.

In the first place, how one's ears are stunned by the noise! How one's eyes are dazzled! Overhead is a double roof of pointed arches, with carved wainscoting, painted sky blue, and studded with golden fleurs-de-lis; underfoot, a pavement of alternate squares of black and white marble. A few paces from us stands an enormous pillar, then another, and another; in all, seven pillars, intersecting the hall longitudinally, and supporting the thrust of the double-vaulted roof. Around the first four pillars are shops, glittering with glass and jewelery; and around the other three, oak benches worn and polished by the hosiery of the plaintiffs and the gowns of the attorneys. Along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, is ranged the interminable series of all the kings of France ever since Pharamond: the indolent kings with pendant arms and downcast eyes; the valiant and warlike kings with heads and hands boldly raised toward heaven. The tall, pointed ogival windows are glazed with panes of a thousand hues; for exits there are rich doors, finely carved. The whole thing—ceiling, pillars, walls, wainscot, doors, statues—is covered from top to bottom with beautiful blue and gold paint, which was already somewhat faded at the time we are looking at it. It was almost entirely buried in dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, when du Breul still admired it by tradition.[7]

Now imagine that immense oblong hall, illuminated by the pale

light of a January day, invaded by a motley and noisy crowd, pouring in along the walls and circling the pillars, and you will have a faint idea of the general whole of the picture, the curious details of which we shall endeavor to sketch in more precisely.

It is certain that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV there would have been no documents of his trial deposited in the Rolls Office of the Palace of Justice, and no accomplices interested in the destruction of those documents; consequently no obligatory fire, for lack of better means, to burn the Rolls Office in order to burn the documents, and to burn the Palace of Justice in order to burn the Rolls Office; therefore, there would have been no fire in 1618. The old palace would still be standing with its old great hall; and I might then say to the reader, "Go, look at it," and thus we should both be spared trouble, myself the trouble of writing, and the reader that of perusing, a banal description. This demonstrates the novel truth—that great events have incalculable consequences.

It is, indeed, possible that Ravaillac had no accomplices and that even if he did, these accomplices had no hand in the fire of 1618. There are two other plausible explanations:[8] first, the great "star of fire, a foot broad, and a foot and a half high," which fell, as everybody knows, from the sky onto the Palace on the seventh of March, after midnight; second, this stanza of Théophile.

*Certes, ce fut un triste jeu,*
*Quand à Paris dame Justice,*
*Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice,*
*Se mit tout le palais en feu.*[9]

Whatever one may think of this threefold explanation, political, physical, and lyrical, of the burning of the Palace of Justice in 1618, the fact of which we may unfortunately be certain is that there was a fire. Owing to this catastrophe, and, above all, to the successive restorations that have swept away what it spared, very little is now left of this elder Palace of the Louvre, already so ancient in the time of Philip the Fair that one had to search there for the traces of the magnificent buildings erected by King Robert and described by Hegaldus. Almost everything has vanished. What has become of the Chancery Chamber, where St. Louis consummated his marriage? The garden

where, reclining on carpets with Joinville, he administered justice, dressed in a camlet coat, an overcoat of sleeveless woolsey and, over all of this, a mantle of black serge? Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismond? That of Charles IV? Or that of Jean sans Terre? Where is the flight of steps from which Charles VI announced his edict of amnesty? The slab upon which Marcel murdered, in the presence of the Dauphin, Robert de Clermont and the Maréchal de Champagne? And the wicket where the Anti-Pope Benedict's bulls were torn into pieces, and from which those who had brought them were seized, coped, and mitered in derision, and carried in procession through all Paris? And the great hall, with its gilding, its azure, its pointed arches, its statues, its pillars, its immense vaulted ceiling, broken up by and covered with carvings? And the gilded chamber? And the stone lion at the gate, kneeling, with head lowered and tail between his legs, like the lions of King Solomon's throne, in the reverential attitude that befits strength in the presence of justice? And the beautiful doors? And the stained glass windows? And the wrought iron that discouraged Biscornette? And du Hancy's delicate woodwork?[10] What has time, what have men, wrought with these wonders? What has been given to us, in exchange for all this—for the history of the Gauls, for all this Gothic art? For the heavy, low arches of Monsieur de Brosse, for the clumsy architecture of the main entrance of St.-Gervais? So much for art! And as for history, we have the voluble memory of great pillar, which still reverberates with the gossip of the Patrus.[11]

This is no great matter. Let us return to the veritable great hall of the veritable old palace.

One of the extremities of this prodigious parallelogram was occupied by the famous table, hewn out of a single piece of marble, so long, so broad, and so thick that, as the ancient land gods say, in a style that might have whetted Gargantua's appetite, "never was there seen in the world a slice of marble to match it"; and the other by the chapel where Louis XI placed a sculpture of himself kneeling before the Virgin, and where he placed statues of Charlemagne and St. Louis, which he had recklessly removed from the lineup of royal statues, leaving two empty spots there, because he thought of them as saints who possessed great influence in heaven as Kings of France. This chapel, still new, scarcely six years old, was constructed in that charming style of delicate architecture and wonderful sculpture, and sharp, deep carving, that

marks the end of the Gothic era persisting until about the middle of the sixteenth century in the fairy-tale fantasies of the Renaissance. The small rose window over the main entrance was in particular a masterpiece of lightness and grace; it looked like a lacework star.

In the middle of the hall, opposite the great door, an enclosed platform lined with gold brocade was erected expressly for the Flemish envoys and the other distinguished personages invited to the representation of the mystery; it was backed up against a wall, and a private entrance had been made by means of a window from the passage to the gilded chamber.

It was on the marble table that, according to tradition, the mystery was to be performed. It had been prepared for this since early in the morning. The rich marble floor, scratched all over by the heels of the clerks of the Basoche, supported a woodwork cage of considerable height, the upper floor of which, exposed to view from every part of the hall, was to serve as the stage while the lower, masked by hangings of tapestry, formed a sort of dressing room for the actors. A ladder, naïvely exposed, served to connect the stage and dressing room, and its rude steps were to furnish the only medium for entrances as for exits. There was no unexpected arrival, no plot twist or special effect that could avoid the use of the ladder. It was the innocent and venerable infancy of the art of theatrical illusion.

Four sergeants of the Bailiff of Paris were stationed one at each corner of the marble table. They were guardians of all the amusements of the people, at festivals as well as executions.

The play was not to begin till the great clock of the palace had struck the hour of twelve—a late hour, to be sure, for a theatrical performance, but it had been arranged according to the convenience of the ambassadors.

Therefore, the whole assembled multitude had been waiting since the morning. Many of these good, curious people had, indeed, been shivering from daybreak before the steps of the palace; some declared that they had spent the night under the great gate of the main entrance to make sure of getting in first. The crowd increased every moment and, like the water that overflows, began to ascend along the walls, to swell around the pillars, to overflow on the friezes, the cornices, the windowsills, and every architectural protuberance, and on every sculptural relief. Thus, there was an irritation, an impatience, bore-

dom, and a sense of freedom because it was a holiday, and the quarrels that broke out every moment because of a sharp elbow or a hobnailed shoe, and the tediousness of a wait, gave, long before the hour at which the ambassadors were to arrive, a sharp, surly note to the clamor of the populace, kicked, cuffed, jostled, squeezed, and wedged together almost to suffocation. Nothing was to be heard but complaints and insults against the Flemish, the Provost of the Merchants, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Bailiff of the Palace, Madame Margaret of Austria, the constables, 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 the groups of students and lackeys scattered through the crowd, who injected into all this discontent their sarcasms and malicious sallies, which, like pins thrust into a wound, produced no small aggravation of the general ill humor.

There was among others a knot of these high-spirited rascals who, after knocking the glass out of one of the windows, had boldly seated themselves on the sill, and from there cast their eyes and their jokes alternately within and without, toward the crowd in the hall and the crowd in the square. From their parodic gestures, their peals of laughter, and the jeers they exchanged from one end of the hall to the other with their comrades, it was evident that these young scholars felt none of the weariness and ennui that overpowered the rest of the assembly, and that they knew well how to extract from the scene before them sufficient amusement to enable them to wait patiently for the promised spectacle.

"Why, upon my soul, it's you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino!" cried one of them to a young rascal with blond hair, good looks, and an air of malice, perched on the acanthi of a capital. "You are well named, Jehan du Moulin, for your arms and legs are exactly like the four sails of a windmill spinning in the wind. How long have you been here?"

"Devil have mercy," replied Joannes Frollo, "it has been more than four hours, and I hope they will be counted into my time in purgatory. I heard the King of Sicily's eight singers strike up the first verse of High Mass at seven o'clock in the Ste.-Chapelle."

"Rare singers!" rejoined the other. "With voices sharper than their pointed caps! The King, before he dedicated a Mass to Monsieur St. John, should have made sure that Monsieur St. John is fond of Latin chanted with a Provençal twang."

"And it was to hire those cursed singers of the King of Sicily that he did it!" cried an old woman among the crowds at the foot of the window. "Only think! A thousand pounds Parisis for one Mass, taken out of the tax on the fish sold in the market of Paris!"

"Silence, old woman!" cried a portly and serious character who was holding his nose next to the fishwife. "A Mass was needed! Do you want the King to fall ill again?"

"Admirably spoken, Sire Gilles Lecornu, master furrier of the King's robes!" shouted the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A general peal of laughter from his comrades greeted the unlucky name of the poor master furrier of the King's robes.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!"[12] cried some of them.

*"Cornutus et hirsutus,"*[13] said another.

"Yes, no doubt," replied the little demon of the capital. "What is there to laugh at? An honorable man, Gilles Lecornu, brother of Master Jehan Lecornu, provost of the King's household, son of Master Mahiet Lecornu, first porter of the wood of Vincennes, all good citizens of Paris, all married from father to son!"

A fresh explosion of mirth followed; all eyes were fixed on the fat master furrier, who, without uttering a word in reply, strove to withdraw himself from the public gaze. But in vain he puffed and struggled till he was covered with perspiration; the efforts he made served only to wedge in his bloated, apoplectic face, purple with rage and irritation, the more firmly between the shoulders of his neighbors.

Eventually one of these, short, fat, and venerable as himself, had the courage to come to his defense.

"What an abomination! That students should dare to talk that way to a citizen! In my time they would have been beaten with bundles of kindling and then burned on them afterward."

The whole band burst out, "Hoho! Who sings that tune! What screech owl of ill omen is that?"

"Stay; I know him," said one; "it is Master Andry Musnier."

"One of the four sworn booksellers to the Université," said another.

"Everything goes by fours at that shop," cried a third, "the four nations,[14] the four faculties, the four festivals, the four proctors, the four electors, the four booksellers."

"Musnier, we will burn your books!"

"Musnier, we will beat your valets!"