

包法利夫人

MADAME BOVARY

中英对照全译本

[法] 居斯塔夫·福楼拜 著

Gustave Flaubert

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



世界图书出版公司



ISBN 978-7-5100-3367-4



9 787510 033674 >

WS/3367 定价:29.80元

包法利夫人

MADAME BOUARY

欧洲文学卷

中英对照全译本

[法] 居斯塔夫·福楼拜 著

Gustave Flaubert

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会

主 任：黎小说 高民芳 杜 毅

本册委员：孙 怡 邴文君 黄碧鑫

张云燕 杜娇玲 崔越棋

李文博 张 雪

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

包法利夫人: 汉英对照/(法)福楼拜(Flaubert, G.)著; 盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会译. —上海: 上海世界图书出版公司, 2011.6
ISBN 978-7-5100-3367-4

I. ①包… II. ①福… ②盛… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物
②长篇小说—法国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2011)第 058234 号

包法利夫人

[法] 居斯塔夫·福楼拜 著

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京兴鹏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题, 请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话: 010-84897777)

各地新华书店经销

开本: 880×1230 1/32 印张: 17.25 字数: 599 000

2011 年 6 月第 1 版 2011 年 6 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5100-3367-4/H · 1119

定价: 29.80 元

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>



通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。



PART 1 第一部分

CHAPTER 1	第一章.....	1
CHAPTER 2	第二章.....	16
CHAPTER 3	第三章.....	29
CHAPTER 4	第四章.....	38
CHAPTER 5	第五章.....	47
CHAPTER 6	第六章.....	53
CHAPTER 7	第七章.....	62
CHAPTER 8	第八章.....	72
CHAPTER 9	第九章.....	88

PART 2 第二部分

CHAPTER 1	第一章.....	106
CHAPTER 2	第二章.....	122
CHAPTER 3	第三章.....	133
CHAPTER 4	第四章.....	151
CHAPTER 5	第五章.....	158
CHAPTER 6	第六章.....	172
CHAPTER 7	第七章.....	192
CHAPTER 8	第八章.....	206
CHAPTER 9	第九章.....	242
CHAPTER 10	第十章.....	258
CHAPTER 11	第十一章.....	272
CHAPTER 12	第十二章.....	292
CHAPTER 13	第十三章.....	314
CHAPTER 14	第十四章.....	330

CHAPTER 15	第十五章.....	347
------------	-----------	-----

PART 3 第三部分

CHAPTER 1	第一章.....	361
CHAPTER 2	第二章.....	384
CHAPTER 3	第三章.....	400
CHAPTER 4	第四章.....	404
CHAPTER 5	第五章.....	409
CHAPTER 6	第六章.....	435
CHAPTER 7	第七章.....	461
CHAPTER 8	第八章.....	482
CHAPTER 9	第九章.....	509
CHAPTER 10	第十章.....	522
CHAPTER 11	第十一章.....	531

PART 1

第一部分

CHAPTER 1

第一章

We were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a “new fellow,” not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and everyone rose as if just surprised at his work.

The head-master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice: “Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he’ll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age.”

The “new fellow,” standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village

校长进来的时候，我们正在上课，他身后跟着一个没穿校服的新学生和一个搬着张大桌子的校工。那些睡着了的学生也醒了，大家都站了起来，像是自己的功课受到惊扰一样。

校长打手势示意我们坐下，然后转身对班主任低声地说：“罗杰先生，这个学生就交给你了，让他上2年级吧。如果他的功课和表现都合格，就让他升级，他岁数也不小了。”

这个新生大概有15岁，小乡巴佬的样子，个头比我们中的任何一个都高，他站在门后面的角落里，这样大家就几乎看不到他了。他像乡下唱诗班的歌童那样留着齐刘海



chorister's; he looked sensible, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad-shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces; He wore stout, ill-cleaned, hob-nailed boots.

We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o'clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was "the thing".

But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the "new fellow," was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were over. It was one of those head-gears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night-cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's

儿,看上去明理懂事却又很不自在。虽然肩膀不宽,但他那件黑扣绿布的小夹克一定是把双肩裹得太紧了,以至于袖口处露出了晒得通红的胳膊,一看就知道是常年卷起袖子干活所致。他那裹着蓝色袜子的小腿从被背带扯得很高的黄色长裤下面露了出来,脚穿一双不怎么干净的厚实钉鞋。

大家开始背诵。他像在听布道一样专心致志,不敢跷腿,也不敢把胳膊肘放到桌上。两点,下课铃响了,要不是班主任提醒,他都不知道要和我们一起排队。

平时,我们进教室之后会习惯性地把手帽子扔到地上,这样就可以把手空出来;一进门,我们经常把手帽子扔到长凳下,这样帽子就能撞到墙面,一下子尘土飞扬。这已经成为“规矩”了。

但是,不知道这个新生是没意识到这个“规矩”,还是没有胆量去那么做,反正大家做完课前祷告之后,他还是一直把手帽子放在膝盖上。他的帽子就像是大杂烩,上面能看到各类帽子的蛛丝马迹,有熊皮帽、军帽、圆顶毡帽、海豹皮帽,还有棉质睡帽,反正这帽子奇丑无比以致难以形容,就像一张苦脸,满是痴呆。这椭圆形的帽子内部由铁丝

face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit-skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

“Rise,” said the master.

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.

“Get rid of your helmet,” said the master, who was a bit of a wag. There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knee.

“Rise,” repeated the master, “and tell me your name.”

The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name.

“Again!”

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class.

“Louder!” cried the master; “louder!”

The “new fellow” then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large

撑起，帽檐3道绲边；上面接着是有红线隔开的菱形丝绒和兔皮；再往上是口袋似的帽筒；帽顶是覆盖着复杂编织物的多边硬壳纸，从中伸出一根细长的带子，末端是金线结成的流苏穗子。帽子是新的，帽檐闪闪发光。

“起立。”班主任说。

他刚一站起来，帽子就掉了。全班都笑了起来。他弯腰捡了起来。旁边一个学生用肘部戳了他一下，帽子又掉了下来，他再次捡起。

“放心，你的头盔不会摔坏的。”老师打趣地说道。学生们中爆发出一阵笑声，这可让这位可怜兮兮的小伙子更不知所措了，是该把帽子捏在手里，还是该扔在地上，还是该戴在头上。他还是坐了下来，帽子就搁在了膝盖上。

“起立，”班主任又说了一遍，“告诉我你的名字。”

新生结结巴巴地说了一个含糊不清的名字。

“再说一遍！”

新生又支支吾吾了一遍，声音很快就被班上哧哧的笑声淹没了。

“大声点！”老师喊道，“再大声点！”

于是新生狠了狠心，张开大到

mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone in the word “Charbovari.”

A hubbub broke out, rose in crescendo with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated “Charbovari! Charbovari”), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh.

However, amid a rain of impositions, order was gradually reestablished in the class; and the master having succeeded in catching the name of “Charles Bovary”, having had it dictated to him, spelt out, and reread, at once ordered the poor devil to go and sit down on the punishment form at the foot of the master’s desk. He got up, but before going hesitated.

“What are you looking for?” asked the master.

“My c-a-p,” timidly said the “new fellow,” casting troubled looks round him.

“Five hundred lines for all the class!” shouted in a furious voice stopped, like the *Quos ego*, a fresh outburst. “Silence!” continued the master indignantly, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, which he had just taken from his cap. “As to you, ‘new boy,’ you will conjugate ‘*ridiculus sum*’ twenty times.” Then, in a gentler tone,

夸张的嘴巴，像是在呼喊某人一样，使出浑身力气叫道：“夏波瓦黑。”

这下教室里一阵骚乱，而且声音越来越大（他们用尖厉刺耳的声音喊着，叫着，他们跺着脚重复着“夏波瓦黑！夏波瓦黑”），一会儿只剩下零星的喊叫声，好不容易才慢慢安静下来，然而难以抑制的笑声还是会时不时地沿着一排排板凳此起彼伏，像是受潮的爆竹噼啪作响。

班主任只好布置了一大堆作业，教室才恢复了秩序。班主任听写这个新生，让他拼写，一遍遍地读，才最终搞明白他的名字叫查尔斯·包法利，然后又立刻让这个可怜虫坐到讲台下边专为惩罚学生而设的板凳上。他正起身，又站住了。

“你在找什么？”班主任问道。

“我的……帽……子。”新生战战兢兢地说，边说边不安地四处张望。

“全班罚抄 500 行诗！”班主任一声怒吼，像海神一般压下了一场刚刚露头的风暴。“安静！”班主任一边用刚从帽子里拿出的手帕擦拭额上的汗水，一边愤怒地继续说，“至于你这个新生，你给我抄 20 遍动词‘笑’的各种变位。”然后，他

“Come, you’ll find your cap again; it hasn’t been stolen.”

Quiet was restored. Heads bent over desks, and the “new fellow” remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although from time to time some paper pellet flipped from the tip of a pen came bang in his face. But he wiped his face with one hand and continued motionless, his eyes lowered.

In the evening, at preparation, he pulled out his pens from his desk, arranged his small belongings, and carefully ruled his paper. We saw him working conscientiously, looking up every word in the dictionary, and taking the greatest pains. Thanks, no doubt, to the willingness he showed, he had not to go down to the class below. But though he knew his rules passably, he had little finish in composition. It was the curé of his village who had taught him his first Latin; his parents, from motives of economy, having sent him to school as late as possible.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartolome Bovary, retired assistant-surgeon-

major, compromised about 1812 in certain conscription scandals, and forced at this time to leave the service, had then taken advantage of his fine figure to get hold of a dowry of sixty thousand francs that offered in the person of a hosier’s daughter who had fallen in love with his good looks. A

温和地说,“没事,你会找到你的帽子的,没人偷的。”

一切归于平静。学生们都埋头作业。尽管时不时有人用笔尖弹出小纸团,墨水溅他一脸,但新生还是端端正正地坐了两个小时。他只用手擦擦脸,依然纹丝不动,甚至不抬一下头。

晚自习时,他从桌子里抽出钢笔,然后把所有小文具都整齐地摆放在桌子上,小心翼翼地裁着纸页。我们看到他学得十分认真,不厌其烦地用词典查阅每一个词。毫无疑问,正是因为这股劲,他才没有被降级,但是即便勉强了解语法规则,他也不能熟练地遣词造句。他的拉丁文由村里的神甫启蒙,为了省钱,他的父母一拖再拖,拖到不能再拖时才把他送到学校。

他的父亲查尔斯·德尼·巴托洛梅·包法利,是位退休的助理外科医生,1812年前后受某件征兵丑闻的牵连,不得不当即离开部队。好在他仪表堂堂,博得了一家衣帽店老板的女儿的芳心,6万法郎的嫁妆也顺势而来。他长相标致,非常健谈,走路时靴子上的马刺铿锵作响,嘴唇上边的胡须和两腮的胡

fine man, a great talker, making his spurs ring as he walked, wearing whiskers that ran into his moustache, his fingers always garnished with rings and dressed in loud colours, he had the dash of a military man with the easy go of a commercial traveller. Once married, he lived for three or four years on his wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking long porcelain pipes, not coming in at night till after the theatre, and haunting cafés. The father-in-law died, leaving little; he was indignant at this, "went in for the business," lost some money in it, then retired to the country, where he thought he would make money.

But, as he knew no more about farming than calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to plough, drank his cider in bottle instead of selling it in cask, ate the finest poultry in his farmyard, and greased his hunting-boots with the fat of his pigs, he was not long in finding out that he would do better to give up all speculation.

For two hundred francs a year he managed to find on the border of the provinces of Caux and Picardy, a kind of place half farm, half private house; and here, soured, eaten up with regrets, cursing his luck, jealous of everyone, he shut himself up at the age of forty-five, sick of men, he said, and determined to live in peace.

His wife had adored him once on a time;

子长成一片，手指上总戴着戒指，穿着浓重颜色的衣服，乍看上去像个有着推销员那般平易近人性格的军人。结婚后的前两三年，他就靠着老婆的财产吃香喝辣，晚起赖床，抽着瓷质烟斗吞云吐雾，剧场不关门他就不回家，还经常沉溺在咖啡店。岳父死后并没有留下多少财产，他对此耿耿于怀，于是开始做生意，后来亏了本，最后只好回到乡下，想在那里赚些钱。

但是，他对种庄稼还不如对织布懂得多。他的马是用来急速驰骋而非卖力耕耘的；他的苹果酒要一瓶瓶品尝，而不是成桶地卖掉；他院子里上好的肥硕家禽都是自己消耗的；他用饲养的猪身上的猪油来擦拭自己的猎靴。没过多久，他就发现还是放弃所有那些发家致富的想法为好。

于是他花一年 200 法郎的价钱在科城和皮卡迪两省交界处租了一块算是有农场有住房的地方。他终日愁眉苦脸，纠结追悔，咒骂自己的运气，妒忌猜疑所有的人，45 岁时，他把自己关了起来，说厌烦了尘世，并决定要安安静静地过日子。

他的妻子曾有一段时间对他爱

she had bored him with a thousand servilities that had only estranged him the more. Lively once, expansive and affectionate, in growing older she had become (after the fashion of wine that, exposed to air, turns to vinegar) ill-tempered, grumbling, irritable. She had suffered so much without complaint at first, until she had seen him going after all the village drabs, and until a score of bad houses sent him back to her at night, weary, stinking drunk. Then her pride revolted. After that she was silent, burying her anger in a dumb stoicism that she maintained till her death. She was constantly going about looking after business matters. She called on the lawyers, the president, remembered when bills fell due, got them renewed, and at home ironed, sewed, washed, looked after the workmen, paid the accounts, while he, troubling himself about nothing, eternally besotted in sleepy sulkiness, whence he only roused himself to say disagreeable things to her, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the cinders.

When she had a child, it had to be sent out to nurse. When he came home, the lad was spoilt as if he were a prince. His mother stuffed him with jam; his father let him run about barefoot, and, playing the philosopher, even said he might as well go about quite naked like the young of

慕至极，她对他百依百顺，以至于丈夫越来越疏远她。她也曾活泼豪爽，深情款款，但随着年龄的增长，她也像走气变酸的酒一样变得脾气暴躁，絮絮叨叨，神经过敏。起初她受了委屈都直往肚子里咽，毫无怨言。直到看到他总围着村里的荡妇转，晚上醉成一摊烂泥，浑身酒气地被人从一票不齿之所送回来。就这样，她的自尊受到了伤害，从此寡言少语，忍气吞声，恬淡寡欲，直到离世。她还时常四处奔波，张罗生意。她得去见律师，去见法庭庭长，记住期票何时到期，办理延期；回到家里，她又得缝缝补补，洗洗熨熨，监督工人，分发工钱。而她的丈夫却一身轻松，从早到晚都昏昏欲睡，闷闷不乐，稍一醒来就会对她说一些气急败坏的话，然后就蜷在火炉边抽烟，朝煤渣里吐痰。

生了一个孩子后，她不得不交给保姆喂养。等他断奶回家后，俨然被父母当做小王子那样溺爱着，母亲亲手把果酱满满地喂给他，父亲还容许他赤脚乱跑，还操着哲学家的口吻说，小孩子还是应该像小动物那样赤身裸体。和母亲的想法

animals. As opposed to the maternal ideas, he had a certain virile idea of childhood on which he sought to mould his son, wishing him to be brought up hardily, like a Spartan, to give him a strong constitution. He sent him to bed without any fire, taught him to drink off large draughts of rum and to jeer at religious processions. But, peaceable by nature, the lad answered only poorly to his notions. His mother always kept him near her; she cut out cardboard for him, told him tales, and entertained him with endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and charming nonsense. In her life's isolation she centered on the child's head all her shattered, broken little vanities. She dreamed of high station; she already saw him, tall, handsome, clever, settled as an engineer or in the law. She taught him to read, and even, on an old piano, she had taught him two or three little songs. But to all this Monsieur Bovary, caring little for letters, said, "It was not worth while. Would they ever have the means to send him to a public school, to buy him a practice, or start him in business? Besides, with cheek a man always gets on in the world." Madame Bovary bit her lips, and the child knocked about the village.

He went after the labourers, drove away with clods of earth the ravens that were flying about. He ate blackberries along the

不同，父亲有自己充满男子汉气概的想法，他要像训练斯巴达那样培养自己的儿子，好让他有健壮的体魄。他要儿子冬天睡觉不许生火，要他把大瓶的朗姆酒一饮而尽，还要对着教堂游行队伍破口大骂。然而小家伙天性温顺，父亲的这类教导收效寥寥。母亲总把儿子带在身边，为他剪硬纸板，讲故事，还没完没了地自言自语来逗乐他，兴高采烈却又有几分沉郁，令人陶醉却又罗里啰唆。她孤苦伶仃，就只能把把支离破碎的虚荣幻想都寄托在孩子身上。她梦想着飞黄腾达，仿佛看见自己的孩子挺拔英俊、聪慧伶俐，成为出色的工程师或是律师。她教他读书识字，在那架陈旧的钢琴上教他哼唱两三支小曲。但是对于这些东西，重利轻文的包法利先生说：“这太不值了，难道这些玩意儿能把他送进公立学校，学个一技之长还是发家致富？”包法利太太只好咬住嘴唇，默不作声，让孩子在村里继续游荡。

他跟在劳工后面，用土块驱散在周围盘旋的乌鸦；他顺着篱笆偷吃黑莓，手持长长的鞭子看管鹅群；

hedges, minded the geese with a long switch, went haymaking during harvest, ran about in the woods, played hop-sotch under the church porch on rainy days, and at great fêtes begged the beadle to let him toll the bells, that he might hang all his weight on the long rope and feel himself borne upward by it in its swing. Meanwhile he grew like an oak; he was strong on hand, fresh of colour.

When he was twelve years old his mother had her own way; he began lessons. The *curé* took him in hand; but the lessons were so short and irregular that they could not be of much use. They were given at spare moments in the sacristy, standing up, hurriedly, between a baptism and a burial; or else the *curé*, if he had not to go out, sent for his pupil after the *Angelus*. They went up to his room and settled down; the flies and moths fluttered round the candle. It was close, the child fell asleep, and the good man, beginning to doze with his hands on his stomach, was soon snoring with his mouth wide open. On other occasions, when Monsieur le Curé, on his way back after administering the viaticum to some sick person in the neighbourhood, caught sight of Charles playing about the fields, he called him, lectured him for a quarter of an hour and took advantage of the occasion to make him conjugate his verb at the foot of a tree. The rain

到了收获的季节他就去割晒干草，在树丛里蹿来蹿去；下雨天他在教堂门廊下的地上画方格，玩跳房子的游戏；到节日大庆时，他就去乞求教区执事让他敲钟，这样他就能把自己吊起来，随着绳子的摆动而上下晃悠。慢慢地他就变得像一棵橡树一样，拥有强壮的手臂，健康的肤色。

12岁时，他母亲才被容许按照自己的意思让他去上学。教堂的神甫手把手地为他启蒙。不过上课的时间太短，又不固定，所以收效不大。功课都是忙里偷闲教的，比如在洗礼和葬礼中间有些空当，这时候就在圣器室里仓促地站着讲一讲。或者是在晚祷之后，神甫如果不出门的话，就会派人去把学生叫来。两人上到神甫的房间坐定：苍蝇飞蛾也围着蜡烛扑扇扑扇。没一会儿，小孩就睡着了，神甫这个好心人也开始打瞌睡，双手放在肚子上，不一会儿就张着大嘴，鼾声渐起。有时，神甫给附近的病人行过临终圣礼回家，看见查尔斯在田地里玩耍，就会把他叫过来上个把钟头的课，同时利用这个机会让他在树下背诵动词变位表。但他们的课总是被突如其来的雨或路过的熟人打断。尽管如此，神甫还是对他赞赏有加，还说：小伙子记性不错。

interrupted them or an acquaintance passed. All the same he was always pleased with him, and even said the “young man” had a very good memory.

Charles could not go on like this. Madame Bovary took strong steps. Ashamed, or rather tired out, Monsieur Bovary gave in without a struggle, and they waited one year longer, so that the lad should take his first communion.

Six months more passed, and the year after Charles was finally sent to school at Rouen, where his father took him towards the end of October, at the time of the St. Romain fair.

It would now be impossible for any of us to remember anything about him. He was a youth of even temperament, who played in playtime, worked in school-hours, was attentive in class, slept well in the dormitory, and ate well in the refectory. He had *in loco parentis* a wholesale ironmonger in the Rue Ganterie, who took him out once a month on Sundays after his shop was shut, sent him for a walk on the quay to look at the boats, and then brought him back to college at seven o'clock before supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother with red ink and three wafers; then he went over his history note-books, or read an old volume of *Anarchasis* that was knocking about the study. When he went for walks he talked to

查尔斯不能再这样下去了。包法利夫人采取了强硬措施，包法利先生心中有愧，更确切地说是懒得管了，最终拱手投降，但还是又拖了一年，一直等到孩子行过首次圣体瞻礼。

又过了6个月，第二年10月底，查尔斯的父亲在圣·罗曼节的时候终于把他送进了鲁昂中学。

我们现在谁也不记得有关他的事情了，只知道他性格平和，该玩的时候尽兴玩，该学的时候用心学，在教室专心听讲，在寝室踏实睡觉，在餐厅规矩就餐。他的代理监护人是手套街一个五金批发商，这个人每隔一个月就会在自己铺子打烊之后接他出来去码头散步，看船来船往，然后会在晚饭之前大约7点的时候把他送回学校。每个星期四晚上，他都要用红笔给母亲写一封长信，用3块小面团封口；然后他就开始复习历史课的笔记，或者去自习室里读一本过时的、情节拖沓的《希腊游记》。出去散步时，他总是和一个同样来自乡下的校工聊天。