



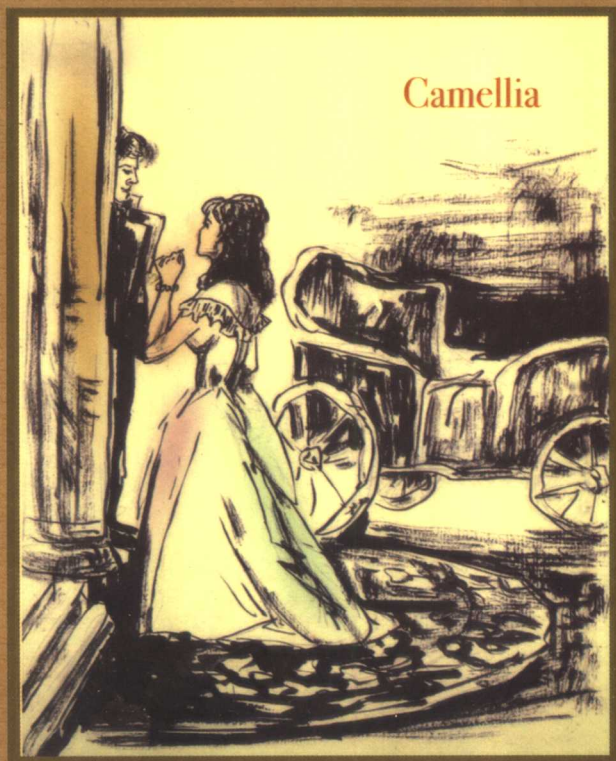
名著名篇双语对照丛书

法国经典文学名著

茶花女

中英对照

亚历山大·小仲马 著 刘远征 编译



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简 介

亚历山大·小仲马（1824～1895），19世纪法国著名小说家、戏剧家。他的父亲是以多产闻名于世的杰出作家大仲马。在大仲马奢侈豪华而又飘浮不定的生活影响下，小仲马最初“觉得用功和游戏都索然寡味”。20岁时，他结识了一些有夫之妇，过着纸醉金迷的生活。另一方面，小仲马热切地期望着自己也能像父亲一样，扬名于文坛。于是，他也开始从现实中取材，从妇女、婚姻等问题中寻找创作的灵感。《茶花女》就是根据他亲身经历所写的一部力作。

《茶花女》以女主人公玛格丽特·戈蒂耶的生活经历为主线，采用第一人称的写法，真实生动地描写了一位外表与内心都像白茶花那样纯洁美丽的少女被摧残致死的故事。作品艺术表达上独特而新颖。组织情节时，用了追叙、补叙、倒叙，手法多变，生动有致。一个个悬念的设置，扣人心弦，使人不忍释卷。特别是作品洋溢着浓烈的抒情色彩和悲剧气氛，有感人至深的艺术魅力。

1

In my opinion, it is impossible to create characters until one has spent a long time in studying men, as it is impossible to speak a language until it has been seriously acquired. Not being old enough to invent, I content myself with narrating, and I beg the reader to assure himself of the truth of a story in which all the characters, with the exception of the heroine, are still alive. Eye-witnesses of the greater part of the facts which I have collected are to be found in Paris, and I might call upon them to confirm me if my testimony is not enough. And, thanks to a particular circumstance, I alone can write these things, for I alone am able to give the final details, without which it would have been impossible to make the story at once interesting and complete.



1

我以为只有对人进行长时间的研究之后，我们才能够开始创造人物，就好像只有认真学习了一种语言之后，我们才能够运用这种语言一样。这时候我还没有到创作的年龄，于是就以叙述现成的故事而自足了。但是我请求读者相信我叙述的这个故事的真实性，里面的人物，除了女主角之外，都还活着呢。并且，我这里面所记录的事实，大部分都可以在巴黎找到见证人，如果我的话还不够足以证实的话，我可以让他们来证实我。不过因一些特别的机缘，只有我可以写得出来，因为我明白最终的隐情，如果没有这最后的情节，简直就不能成为一篇完整而有趣的故事了。

This is how these details came to my knowledge. On the 12th of March, 1847, I saw in the Rue Lafitte a great yellow placard announcing a sale of furniture and curiosities. The sale was to take place on account of the death of the owner. The owner's name was not mentioned, but the sale was to be held at 9, Rue d'Antin, on the 16th, from 12 to 5. The placard further announced that the rooms and furniture could be seen on the 13th and 14th.

I have always been very fond of curiosities, and I made up my mind not to miss the occasion, if not of buying some, at all events of seeing them. Next day I called at 9, Rue d'Antin.

This one was dead, so the most virtuous of women could enter even her bedroom. Death had purified the air of this abode of splendid foulness, and if more excuse were needed, they had the excuse that they had merely come to a sale, they knew not whose. They had read the placards, they wished to see what the placards had announced, and to make their choice beforehand. What could be more natural? Yet, all the same, in the midst of all these beautiful things, they could not help looking



我所知道的事实是这样的：公元一八四七年三月十二日的那一天，我在拉菲特路看见一张巨型拍卖家具古董的黄色广告。这次拍卖活动是因为物主去世了，广告上面没有说明死者是谁，只说拍卖的地点在昂坦街九号，时间是本月十六日，从正午到午后五时。广告上还附加说明一件事，在十三、十四日两天大家可以先行参观那栋住宅及家具。

我一向是爱好古董的，所以不愿错过这个机会，虽然不一定会买，至少也可以看看有些什么东西。第二天，我就到昂坦街九号去了。

这屋里原来居住着一个妓女，如今已经死了，所以最贞节的女人也可径自走进她的卧室，死亡已经净化了污秽处所里的空气。其实，如果用得着的话她们也有她们的宽恕言词，她们到这里来，无非是为了这里有东西拍卖，根本不知道这是什么样的人家。她们看见了广告，想来看看广告里所宣传的东西，并且预先选定她们想要买

about for some traces of this courtesan's life, of which they had heard, no doubt, strange enough stories. Unfortunately the mystery had vanished with the goddess, and, for all their endeavours, they discovered only what was on sale since the owner's decease, and nothing of what had been on sale during her lifetime. For the rest, there were plenty of things worth buying. The furniture was superb. There were rosewood and buff cabinets and tables, Sevres and Chinese vases, Saxe statuettes, satin, velvet, lace; there was nothing lacking.

I sauntered through the rooms, following the inquisitive ladies of distinction. They entered a room with Persian hangings, and I was just going to enter in turn, when they came out again almost immediately, smiling, and as if ashamed of their own curiosity. I was all the more eager to see the room. It was the dressing-room laid out with all the articles of toilet, in which the dead woman's extravagance seemed to be seen at its height.



的。没有比这更平常的事了。然而，这自然阻止不了她们在这一堆佳品里面探寻这个妓女的生活，毫无疑问，她们早就听过大家谈论这个非常离奇的故事。可惜的是，里面的神秘随着佳人一同消逝了，不管这些太太们有多大的期望，她们也只能看着主人死后拍卖的东西而惊奇，再也看不到她生前出卖肉体的痕迹了。话又说回来，值得买的东西还真不少。家具陈设都是上等的货色：红木和软料的桌椅、塞夫勒瓷器和中国的花瓶、萨克森雕像、绸缎、上等的丝绒精美织品，应有尽有。

我跟着一些好奇的贵妇人们在这房子里随意走着。她们走进一间悬挂着波斯帷幔的房间；当我正要跟着进去时，几乎同时她们又带着笑容走了出来，仿佛看到什么令人害羞的事情似的。这使我反而更想进去看个究竟。原来这是个梳妆间，里面陈列着各种梳妆用品，从这些用品似乎可以看出死者生前的穷奢极侈。

Not being shocked at the sight of a kept woman's dressing-room, I amused myself with examining every detail, and I discovered that these magnificently chiselled objects bore different initials and different coronets. I looked at one after another, each recalling a separate shame, thought that God had been merciful to the poor child, in not having left her to pay the ordinary penalty, but rather to die in the midst of her beauty and luxury, before the coming of old age, that first death of courtesans.

The story returned to my mind while I looked at the silver toilet things, and a certain space of time must have elapsed during these reflections, for no one was left in the room but myself and an attendant, who, standing near the door, was carefully watching me to see that I did not pocket anything.

I went up to the man, to whom I was causing so much anxiety.

"Sir," I said, "can you tell me the name of the person who formerly lived here?"

"Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier."

I knew her by name and by sight.



对我而言，看一个风月场中姑娘的梳妆间并不会觉得难为情，我很有兴趣细心观看，不管是什么东西。我发现这里所有雕刻精致的物品上，都刻着各种缩写的名字，并附有不同的纹章标记。我看着这一件一件的东西，每一件都使我想到那可怜女子的屈辱。我想上帝对她还算仁慈，没有给她应有的惩罚，而让她在年华老去之前，就在奢华娇美中死去了。对这些妓女来说，衰老就是她们第一次死亡。

在我仔细浏览那些金银器皿的时候，有个故事在我的脑海里浮现出来，一面想着，时间却仿佛经过了一大段，房里只剩下我和一个守门人了。他在门口正留意地察看我是否偷了什么东西。

我走到这个看守人跟前，他已被我搞得心神不定了。

"先生，"我问他，"您能告诉我从前住在这里的人的名字吗?"

"玛格丽特·戈蒂埃小姐。"

我知道这个姑娘的名字，也见过她。

“What!” I said to the attendant, “Marguerite Gautier is dead?”

“Yes, sir.”

“When did she die?”

“Three weeks ago, I believe.”

“And why are the rooms on view?”

“The creditors believe that it will send up the prices. People can see beforehand the effect of the things; you see, that induces them to buy.”

“She was in debt, then?”

“To some extent, sir.”

“But the sale will cover it?”

“And more too.”

“Who will get what remains over?”

“Her family.”

“She had a family?”



“怎么!”我向守门人说:“玛格丽特·戈蒂埃死了?”

“是的,先生。”

“什么时候死的?”

“我想有三个礼拜了吧。”

“为什么让大家来参观她的房子呢?”

“债主们认为这样一定可以抬高价钱。大家可以先来看看各种家具质料,你明白了吧,这样好鼓励人来买。”

“那么,她还有些债务?”

“可有不少的债呢,先生!”

“拍卖的钱足够抵债吗?”

“还有剩呢。”

“那么,多余的该归谁呢?”

“归她的家人。”

“原来她还有一个家?”

“It seems so.”

“Thanks.”

The attendant, reassured as to my intentions, touched his hat, and I went out.

“Poor girl!” I said to myself as I returned home, “she must have had a sad death, for, in her world, one has friends only when one is perfectly well.” And in spite of myself I began to feel melancholy over the fate of Marguerite Gautier.

It will seem absurd to many people, but I have an unbounded tolerance for women of this kind, and I do not think it necessary to apologize for such tolerance.



“好像是吧。”

“谢谢您，先生。”

看门人摸清了我的来意放心了，向我打了个招呼，我就出来了。

“可怜的小姐！”回家时我对自己说：“她死的时候应该很凄惨吧，在她们的世界里，只有在身体康健的条件下才有朋友。”想着，我不由得怜悯起玛格丽特·戈蒂埃的命运来。

在许多人看来这仿佛是可笑的事，但是我对于妓院女人们有无限的宽容，甚至也不想为这种宽容去争辩。

2

The sale was to take place on the 16th. A day's interval had been left between the visiting days and the sale, in order to give time for taking down the hangings, curtains, etc.

I had just returned from abroad. It was natural that I had not heard of Marguerite's death among the pieces of news which one's friends always tell on returning after an absence. Marguerite was a pretty woman; but though the life of such women makes sensation enough, their death makes very little. They are suns which set as they rose, unobserved. Their death, when they die young, is heard of by all their lovers at the same moment, for in Paris almost all the lovers of a well-known woman are friends. A few recollections are exchanged, and life goes on as if the incident had never occurred, without so much as a tear.



2

拍卖定在十六日举行。从参观到拍卖的时间当中，还留了一天的空档，为的是好让陈设店里的人有时间撤掉那些窗幔墙帷之类的东西。

当时，我正从外地旅行回来。朋友们并没有把玛格丽特的死，当作别后重逢时必须报告的重大新闻向我讲，这也是很自然的事。玛格丽特是一个漂亮的女人，但是生前愈是声名远播的女子，死后愈是冷清。她们就像太阳，沉落时和升起时一样，静悄悄地，没有人理会。如果她们死时很年轻，那么他们所有的情人都会同时得到消息，因为一个声名很响亮的巴黎小姐，她的情人们差不多彼此也都是朋友。大家相互回忆了她的过去，然后每个人的生活照常下去，仿佛这变故没有发生似的，甚至不会因此掉一滴眼泪。

It was impossible to see more charm in beauty than in that of Marguerite. Excessively tall and thin, she had in the fullest degree the art of repairing this oversight of Nature by the mere arrangement of the things she wore. Her cashmere reached to the ground, and showed on each side the large flounces of a silk dress, and the heavy muff which she held pressed against her bosom was surrounded by such cunningly arranged folds that the eye, however exacting, could find no fault with the contour of the lines. Her head, a marvel, was the object of the most coquettish care. It was small, and her mother, as Musset would say, seemed to have made it so in order to make it with care.

Marguerite was always present at every first night, and passed every evening either at the theatre or the ball. Whenever there was a new piece she was certain to be seen, and she invariably had three things with her on the ledge of her ground-floor box: her opera-glasses, a bag of sweets, and a bouquet of camellias.



女人里面再也没有比玛格丽特更美丽动人的了。身材修长，虽然稍嫌瘦削，但她有特别高明的本领，打扮起来，可以使这种天生的缺陷隐藏起来。她的喀什米尔披肩的下摆一直拖到地上，两边飘出绸衫的宽阔衣襟，厚茸茸的皮袖里头藏着她的双手，紧贴在她胸前，旁边围着的褶纹的曲线是那样地匀称，任你如何挑剔，也是无可指摘的。她的头样子很美，是一件绝妙的珍品，它小巧玲珑的，好像缪塞所说的，她母亲仿佛为了能够精雕细琢故意把她造成这样精巧。

玛格丽特生前所有首演的名剧她都会到场观赏，她每晚都在戏院或舞场里度过。只要有新剧本上演，一定可以遇见她。她随身总带着三件东西：一副看戏用的小望远镜、一袋糖果、还有一束茶花。

For twenty-five days of the month the camellias were white, and for five they were red; no one ever knew the reason of this change of colour, which I mention though I can not explain it; it was noticed both by her friends and by the habitués of the theatres to which she most often went. She was never seen with any flowers but camellias. At the florist's, Madame Barjon's, she had come to be called "the Lady of the Camellias," and the name stuck to her.

Like all those who move in a certain set in Paris, I knew that Marguerite had lived with some of the most fashionable young men in society, that she spoke of it openly, and that they themselves boasted of it; so that all seemed equally pleased with one another. Nevertheless, for about three years, after a visit to Bagnères, she was said to be living with an old duke, a foreigner, enormously rich, who had tried to remove her as far as possible from her former life, and, as it seemed, entirely to her own satisfaction.

This is what I was told on the subject. In the spring of 1842, Marguerite was so ill that the doctors ordered her to take the waters, and she went to Bagnères. Among



一个月里有二十五天她拿的茶花是白色的，还有五天是红色的，从来没有人知道这颜色的变换有什么理由，常到她爱去的戏院里看戏的人和她的朋友，也和我一样注意到这件事，我此刻不过略微提起，并不能有所解释。除了茶花之外，从来没有人看见她带过其他的花。所以在她买花的巴尔喀太太的店里，就有人替她取了一个别称，叫她“茶花女”，这名字就一直留传了下来。

此外，就像所有生活在巴黎某一个圈子里的人一样，我知道玛格丽特曾经做过巴黎最时髦青年们的情妇，她自己公开向人承认，那些青年也都以此自夸，可见得情夫情妇彼此都很愉悦。可是，一次从巴涅尔旅行回来以后，据说几乎有三年时间她只和一个外国的老公爵同居。这老人非常有钱，他努力的想改正她过去的的生活，并且她也表示完全接受。

对这件事我听到这样的说法。在一八四二年的春天，玛格丽特身体极其虚弱，医生嘱咐她务必要去有温泉的地方调养，于是她就去了巴涅尔市。在那里的病人当中，

the invalids was the daughter of this duke; she was not only suffering from the same complaint, but she was so like Marguerite in appearance that they might have been taken for sisters; the young duchess was in the last stage of consumption, and a few days after Marguerite's arrival she died.

One morning, the duke, who had remained at Bagnères to be near the soil that had buried a part of his heart, caught sight of Marguerite at a turn of the road. He seemed to see the shadow of his child, and going up to her, he took her hands, embraced and wept over her, and without even asking her who she was, begged her to let him love in her the living image of his dead child. Marguerite, alone at Bagnères with her maid, and not being in any fear of compromising herself, granted the duke's request. Some people who knew her, happening to be at Bagnères, took upon themselves to explain Mademoiselle Gautier's true position to the duke. It was a blow to the old man, for the resemblance with his daughter was ended in one direction, but it was too late. She had become a necessity to his heart, his only pretext, his only excuse, for living. He made no reproaches, he had indeed no right to do so, but he asked her if she felt herself capable of changing her mode of life, offering her in return for the sacrifice every compensation that she could desire. She consented.



有一位公爵的女儿，她不仅生着和玛格丽特一样的病，并且相貌也极为相似，不相识的人会把她们误认成姐妹。只是公爵小姐的肺病，已经到了晚期，玛格丽特到那里没有几天之后，她就死去了。

因为在巴涅尔这个地方，埋葬着公爵心爱的女儿，所以他停留在那里不忍离去。有一天早上，偶然在一条大路的转角处，公爵瞥见了玛格丽特。他仿佛看见了他孩子的身影，就一直向她走去，握着她的手，流着泪吻她，也没有问她到底是谁，径自要求玛格丽特允许他像爱自己去逝的女儿的替身那样爱她。玛格丽特本来单独住在巴涅尔，随身只带了一位女仆，再说她也不怕名声受到任何损害，就应允了他的要求。在巴涅尔有许多人都认识玛格丽特，他们到公爵那里，报告了戈蒂埃小姐是怎样身份的人。这对于老人自然是一个打击，因为这样他就再看不出她像他的女儿了。可是已经太迟了，她已经成了他心里不可少的需要，成为他能继续生活下去的唯一的借口。他没有责备她（他也没有责备她的权利），反而祈求她是否能够改变她的生活。他愿意提供她所需求的一切，作为交换她牺牲旧时生活的酬报。她答应了。

This liaison, whose motive and origin were quite unknown, caused a great sensation, for the duke, already known for his immense fortune, now became known for his prodigality. All this was set down to the debauchery of a rich old man, and everything was believed except the truth. The father's sentiment for Marguerite had, in truth, so pure a cause that anything but a communion of heart would have seemed to him a kind of incest, and he had never spoken to her a word which his daughter might not have heard.

Far be it from me to make out our heroine to be anything but what she was. As long as she remained at Bagnères, the promise she had made to the duke had not been hard to keep, and she had kept it; but once back in Paris, it seemed to her, accustomed to a life of dissipation, of balls, of orgies, as if the solitude, only interrupted by the duke's stated visits, would kill her with boredom, and the hot breath of her old life came back across her head and heart.



他们这种关系，旁人也不知道真正的由来，以及真正的动机，所以引起了很大的轰动。从前公爵是以富有出名的，现在又以挥霍无度而闻名了。大家把这件事归为一个富有的老年人贪淫好色，大家什么都设想到了，除了对真正的事实。事实是，这个父亲对于玛格丽特的感情是极为纯洁的，除了心的契合之外，无论什么念头对他仿佛都是一种猥亵。除了一个女儿能从父亲口里听到的话以外，他从不向她说出超过此范围的话。

但是我们也不要错想了我们的女主人，以为她真的从此改变了从前的生活。在巴涅尔养病期间，她应允了公爵的信约，事实上也还能维持下去；但是一旦回到了巴黎，这个惯于跳舞场中及酒食征逐生活的女人，立刻就感觉到寂寞会使她窒息，仅有公爵的定期拜访是不足以解除她的烦闷的。旧时热闹的生活气息，重新涌上她的脑海，涌上她的心头。

It was a great grief to the duke when his friends, always on the lookout for some scandal on the part of the woman with whom, it seemed to them, he was compromising himself, came to tell him, indeed, to prove to him, that at times when she was sure of not seeing him she received other visits, and that these visits were often prolonged till the following day. On being questioned, Marguerite admitted everything to the duke, and advised him, without *arrière-pensee*, to concern himself with her no longer, for she felt incapable of carrying out what she had undertaken, and she did not wish to go on accepting benefits from a man whom she was deceiving. The duke did not return for a week; it was all he could do, and on the eighth day he came to beg Marguerite to let him still visit her, promising that he would take her as she was, so long as he might see her, and swearing that he would never utter a rebuke against her, not though he were to die of it. This, then, was the state of things three months after Marguerite's return; that is to say, in November or December 1842.



公爵的一些朋友，一直都以为他和这个年轻的小姐有了暧昧的关系，时刻都在注意她的行动。他们向公爵报告，实际是向他证明，说她在公爵不去看她的时候，就接待其他的客人，并且时常延长到第二天。公爵听到这消息时，感到非常的痛苦。经过盘诘之后，玛格丽特向公爵承认了一切，还坦白地劝告他以后不必再关照她了，她再没有勇气守住订下的信约，所以也就不愿意再接受一个被她欺骗的人的恩惠。公爵一个礼拜不去看她，心里便觉得彷徨无依。到了第八天，他只能再去请求她仍旧允许和他往来，只要常常能见面，一切都由她作主，哪怕令他非常难堪，他也决不说出一句责备的话。这就是玛格丽特回到巴黎以后三个月的事情，时间在一八四二年十一月或十二月。

At one o'clock on the 16th I went to the Rue d'Antin. The voice of the Auctioneer could be heard from the outer door. The rooms were crowded with people. All the famous women from the world of fashionable vice were there. There were being slyly observed by certain great ladies who had again seized the opportunity of the sales in order to be able to see, close at hand, women whom they might never have another occasion of meeting, and whom they envied perhaps in secret for their easy pleasures. I slipped quietly into the midst of this tumult, sad to think that the poor creature whose goods were being sold to pay her debts had died in the next room. Having come rather to examine than to buy, I watched the faces of the auctioneers, noticing how they beamed with delight whenever anything reached a price beyond their expectations. Honest creatures, who had speculated upon this woman's prostitution, who had gained their hundred per cent out of her, who had plagued with their writs the last moments of her life, and who came now after her death to gather in, at once, the fruits of their dishonourable calculations and the interest on their shameful credit! How wise were the ancients in having only one God for traders and robbers!



十六日的午后一点，我到了昂坦街。在门外就能听到拍卖人的叫喊声。满屋子都是人，所有社交界的名媛都到场了，几个贵妇在偷偷打量她们。这些贵妇人都假借参加这次拍卖会的名义，可以接近并仔细瞧瞧平时没有机会共同相处的女人，或许她们心里在暗暗羡慕这些女人自由放荡的生活呢。在这一片嘈杂声中，我悄悄地溜了进去，可是想到就在这个可怜的女人咽气的卧室旁，正拍卖她的东西来偿还她生前的债务，不禁悲从中来。与其说是来买东西，倒不如说我是来看热闹的，看那些商人，每当一件物品卖出的价格远超过他们预料的数目时，他们的脸上就浮现出一阵欣喜的光彩。那些在这个女人的妓女生涯中搞过投机买卖的人，那些在她身上赚过大钱的人，那些在她弥留之际拿着借据来折磨她的人，还有那些在她死后立刻来收取他们不道德的账款和可耻的高额利息的人，所有这些人都是正人君子呐！难怪古人说商人和强盗信的是同一个神，真是很有道理！