

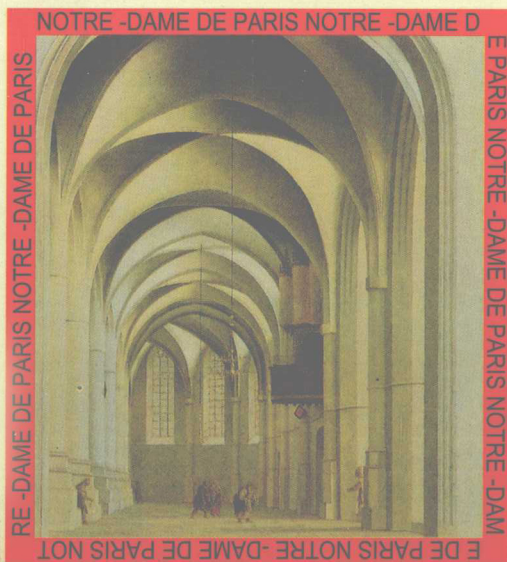
巴黎圣母院

NOTRE-DAME

DE

PARIS

[法] 雨 果 / 著 王 帆 / 译



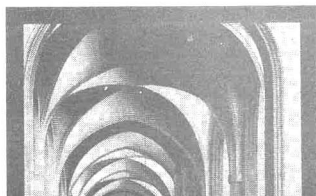
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译者

2002年8月

第一卷

I

一、大厅

距今三百四十八年六个月又十九天，一大早，巴黎内城、大学城、外城三重城垣内到处大小钟声轰然齐鸣，惊醒了全体居民。

然而，一四八二年一月六日并不是一个留下了历史记忆的日子。一大早就这样把巴黎大大小小的钟和男男女女的人搅动起来的那桩事情，也毫无可记载之处。既不是皮卡迪人或布尔戈尼人打来了，也不是抬着圣物盒游行，也不是拉阿斯城的学生们起来造反了，也不是“吾人所称威严赫赫之主国王陛下”举行入城式，甚至也不是在司法宫广场吊死男女扒手的美景，更不是在十五世纪屡见不鲜，某个外国御使团盛装披挂、羽饰束顶，招摇而至。不到两天前，这样的一支人马，弗兰德尔御使们就来到了这里。他们奉旨前来，为法国储君和弗兰德尔的玛格丽特公主缔结婚约。他们的进入巴黎，使波旁红衣主教大伤脑筋；但是，为了讨好国王，他也只得装出笑脸，迎接弗兰德尔市长、镇长先生们这吵吵闹闹、乡里乡气的一群，而且在他自己的波旁府邸里演出“许多出色的

BOOK ONE

I

THE GREAT HALL

JUST three hundred and forty — eight years, six months, and nineteen dsys ago to-day Parisians woke to the sound of all the bells pealing out within the triple precinct of City, University, and Town.

The sixth of January 1482 is not, however, a day commemorated by history. There was nothing very special about the event which thus launched the bells and the people of Paris into movement from early in the morning. It was not an attack by Picards or Burgundians, not a procession of relics, not a student revolt in the Laas vineyard, not ‘our aforesaid most dread sovereign Lord the King’ making his entry, not even the fine spectacle of men and women being hanged for robbery at the Palais de Justice in Parir. Nor was it the arrival of some embassy, a frequent occurrence in the fifteenth century, all bedizened and plumed. It was hardly two dsys since the last cavalcade of that kind, the Flemish embassy sent to conclude the marriage of the Dauphin and Marguerite of Flanders, had entered Paris, much to the annoyance of the Cardinal de Bourbon, who, to please the King, had had to put on a welcoming smile for this rustic bunch of Flemish burgomasters and treat them, in his Hôtel de Bourbon, to ‘a very fine morality, satire, and farce’, while torrential rain soaked the

寓意剧、滑稽戏和闹剧”来款待他们。不料，正赶上—阵滂沱大雨，门口的那些豪华帷幔给冲得—塌糊涂。

—月六日那天，约翰·德·特洛瓦所说“使得巴黎全体民众激动不已”的原因，在于远古以来这一天适值双重隆重节日：既是主显节，又是丑人节。

这一天，按规定要在河滩放焰火，在勃腊格小教堂种植五月树，在司法官演出圣迹剧。府尹大人手下的差役，头天晚上，就身穿驼毛市紫红半截袄，胸前缀着两个白色大十字，在大街通衢吹起喇叭，高声吆喝着通告过了。

—大早，住家和店铺就关上了大门，市民们男男女女，成群结队，从四面八方拥向指定的三个地点。人人都自有决定：有的去看放焰火，有的去看种五月树，有的去看圣迹剧。不过，可得赞扬巴黎闲汉们古已有之的见识：群众的绝大多数还是去看放焰火，因为这正合时令；或者去看圣迹剧，因为是在司法官大厅里演出，既有屋顶遮蔽雨雪，又有紧闭的门窗遮挡寒风。于是，看热闹的人，全体一致撇弃了那棵可怜的花朵零零落落的五月树，随它独自在勃腊格小教堂里，在一月的严寒天空下战栗。

民众主要是拥入通向司法官的各条大街，因为他们知道，前两天到达的弗兰德尔使臣们打算前来观看演出圣迹剧，观看也将在大厅里举行的选举丑人王。

magnificent tapestries hung at his door.

What, in the words of Jean de Troyes, ‘excited all the people of Paris’ on 6 January was the twofold celebration, combined since time immemorial, of the Feast of the Epiphany and the Feast of Fools.

That day there was to be a bonfire on the Place de Grève, a maypole set up at the chapel of Braque, and a mystery play at the Palais de Justice. The news had been publicly proclaimed with trumpet calls at all the crossroads by the Provost’s men, in their handsome tunics of purple camlet, with big white crosses on the front.

From early morning the crowd of townsmen, men and women, had begun to come in from all directions, leaving houses and shops closed up, making their way towards one of the three appointed places. Everyone had made a choice, some for the bonfire, some for the maypole, some for the mystery. It must be said, in praise of the age-old good sense of curious Parisians, that the majority of this crowd was making for the bonfire, which came very seasonably, or the mystery, to be performed in the sheltered and enclosed Great Hall of the Palais, and that, by common consent, the curious left the poor maypole, with its scanty garlands, to shiver all alone under the January sky in the cemetery of the chapel of Braque.

The flood of people was particularly dense in the roads leading to the Palais de Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived two days earlier, intended to be present at the performance of the mystery play and the election of the Pope of

这天要挤进司法宫大厅，还真不容易，虽然当时它号称世界上最大的大厅。（确实，索伐耳那时还没有丈量过孟塔吉城堡的大厅。）在千家万户窗口看热闹的人看来，下面的司法宫广场好似汹涌的大海一般，通往广场的五、六条街道犹如河口，不时涌出一股股人流。广场好比是形状不规则的大喷水池，其中到处伸突出来的一个个海岬就是那些房屋的墙角，而人群的洪流不断壮阔扩展，澎湃冲击着这些岬角。司法宫高大的峨特式正面的中央有一道大台阶，人流分成方向相反的两股，不断上上下下。在中央台阶底下，人的波涛被劈成两股以后，又以波浪翻滚之势，顺着两侧的斜坡扩散。这样，这道大台阶上简直是滴水一般，向广场上倾注不绝，好似瀑布向湖泊不断直泻而下。喊声，笑声，无数脚步杂沓声，构成巨大声响、巨大轰鸣。不时，这阵轰鸣、这阵巨响更加汹汹然：那是涌向大台阶的宏大人流在回旋，在掀动，在旋转，因为，有个府尹衙门的弓手在推搡，或者是这个衙门的一名什长在策马冲刺，狠命维持秩序。这个值得赞赏的传统，由府尹衙门传至提督衙门，由提督衙门传至都统府，再传至我们巴黎今天的警察队。

大门口，窗户上，窗洞里，屋顶上，家家户户，万头攒动，一个个市民善良的面孔，安静，老实，

Fools, which was also to take place in the Great Hall.

It was no easy matter that day to gain admission to the Great Hall, though at the time it was reputed to be the largest enclosed and covered space in the world. (It is true that Sauval had not yet measured the great hall of the castle at Montargis.) To onlookers watching from their windows the Place du Palais, blocked with people, presented the appearance of a vast sea into which a dozen streets, like so many river mouths, continually disgorged fresh streams of heads. The waves of this human flood, constantly spreading, broke against the corners of houses projecting here and there like headlands into the irregular basin formed by the Place. In the centre of the tall, Gothic facade of the Palais was the grand staircase; up and down it flowed continuously a double stream, breaking on the central flight of steps, and then spreading out in broad waves over its two lateral flights. This grand staircase, as I say, poured ceaselessly into the Place like a cascade into a lake. The shouts of laughter, the tramping of these thousands of feet, set up a great noise and clamour. Now and then this noise and clamour grew louder, the current driving the whole crowd towards the grand staircase ebbed, broke into turbulence and eddies. It was an archer thumping somebody, or the horse of one of the provost-sergeants kicking out to restore order—an admirable tradition bequeathed by the Provost's men to the constabulary, by the constabulary to the mounted police, and by the mounted police to our modern Paris gendarmerie.

At doors, windows, skylights, on the roofs, swarmed thousands of citizens, with good, solid, honest faces, just looking at the

注视着司法官，注视着人群，也就心满意足了。因为，即使现在，巴黎还是有许多人满足于观看热闹的人。在一堵人墙的后面正在发生着什么，这对于我们不是已经足够有趣的了吗？

假如我们——一八三〇年的人们能够发挥想象力，夹杂在十五世纪的这群巴黎人中间，同他们一起被人拉拽，被人挤撞，磕磕绊绊，涌入司法宫大厅，原本极为宽敞、在一四八二年一月六日却显得十分窄小的大厅，我们所见景象也不能不引起我们的兴趣，不能不使我们神魂颠倒；我们将看到周围全是一个个古老的事物，由于过于古老而使我们感到无比新鲜。

如果读者同意，我们就来想象，看看读者要是跟我们一道，夹杂在身穿短罩衫、半截衫、短袄的嘈杂人群中间，跨进大厅，会有什么样的印象。

首先，我们的耳朵会嗡嗡直响，我们还会眼花缭乱。我们头顶上是尖拱双圆拱屋顶，木雕贴面，漆成天蓝色，装饰着金色百合花图案；我们的脚下是大理石地面，黑白相间。几步开外有一根大柱子，又一根，又一根，纵向一共有七根，竖立在大厅横剖面正中，支撑着那双圆拱屋顶的七个落拱点。头四根柱子周围有几片货摊，玻璃片儿和金属饰片闪闪发光。里面三根柱子周围放着几条橡木凳子，已被诉讼人的裤子和代诉人的袍子磨损了，磨光了。大厅四周，顺着高高的墙壁过去，门与门之间，窗与窗之间，柱与柱

Palais, looking at the throng, and perfectly satisfied to do so, for plenty of people in Paris are quite content with the spectacle of spectators, and curiosity is easily aroused by a wall behind which something is going on.

If it could be given to us, men of 1830, to mingle in thought with these fifteenth-century Parisians and join them as they go, tugged, jostled, shoved into this immense hall in the Palais, so cramped on that 6 January 1482, the spectacle would not Prove to be without interest or appeal, and everything around us would be so old as to strike us as a novelty.

With the reader's permission we shall try to recreate in imagination the impression he would have shared with us as he crossed the threshold of the Great Hall amid this throng of people dressed in surcoat, tunic, and kirtle.

First of all we feel a buzzing in our eare, our eyes are dazzled. Above our heads a double ogive vault, panelled with wooden carvings, painted sky-blue, sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lys, beneath our feet a marble pavement with alternate slabs of black and white. A few paces away stands an enormous pillar, then another and another, seven pillars in all down the length of the hall, supporting in the middle of its width the springing of the double vaults. Round the first four pillars stand traders' stalls, sparkling with glass and tinsel; round the last three are set oaken benches, worn smooth and polished by the breeches of litigants and the robes of lawyers. All round the hall, along the lofty walls, between the

之间，一列塑像不见尽头，塑造的是自法腊蒙以下的法国列代君王：游手好闲的国王双臂下垂，目光下视；英武好斗的国王脑袋高昂，双手高举，傲然指向天空。还有，一扇扇尖拱长窗都是五光十色的彩色玻璃；大厅的宽阔入口都是一座座精工细雕的绚丽门扉。而这一切：拱顶、柱子、墙壁、窗子、墙面板、门扇、塑像，上上下下，一片湛蓝、金黄，亮晶晶，光灿灿。我们看见的时候已经略显晦暗，到了我主纪元一五四九年，纵然杜·勃勒耳还根据传统赞美过它，其实已遭尘封，蛛网掩埋，几乎全然不见当年颜色了。

这座长方形宽阔大厅，在一月的某一日，为昏暗的天光所照射，被衣著颜色斑驳、汹涌喧嚷的群众拥入；他们顺着墙根游荡，绕着那七根柱子转悠。要是我们这样想象一下，也就大致可以对整个图景有个模糊的印象了。下面我们再来更具体地说一说这幅图景的有趣的细节。

肯定无疑，要不是腊伐雅克刺死了亨利四世，就不会有腊伐雅克一案卷宗存放在司法宫档案室里，也就不会有他的共犯由于利害攸关，非把该案卷宗毁掉不可；从而，纵火犯也就不会别无良策，只得放火烧掉司法宫，好把档案室烧掉，而把档案室烧掉又是为的把卷宗烧掉；所以，要不是如此这般，也就不会有一六一八年那场大火。那么，古老的司法宫也就屹立如故，而那大厅也就安然无恙了；那么，我就可以对读

doors, between the windows, between the pillars, is an endless range of statues of every king of France since Pharamond; the do-nothing kings, arms slack and eyes downcast; the valorous warrior kings, head and hands raised boldly up to heaven. Then, in the tall pointed windows, stained glass of countless hues; at the spacious arches leading to the hall, finely carved and splendid doors; and the whole, vaults, pillars, walls, window frames, paneling, doors, statues, all covered from top to bottom with splendid gold and blue illumination, already slightly faded by the time we are looking at it, and almost completely hidden beneath dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549 when Du Breul still admired it as tradition demanded.

Now imagine this vast oblong hall, lit by the wan light of a January day, invaded by a motley, noisy crowd drifting round the walls and swirling round the pillars, and you will already have a vague idea of the whole scene which we shall try to depict in more precise and curious detail.

It is certain that if Ravallac had not assassinated Henri IV there would have been no documents from Ravallac's trial to be deposited in the registry of the Palais de Justice; no accomplices with an interest in making the said documents disappear; hence no arsonists obliged, for want of any better method, to burn down the registry in order to burn the documents and to burn down the Palais de Justice in order to burn the registry; in short, therefore, no great fire in 1618. The old Palais would still be standing with its old Great Hall; I could say to the reader 'Go and see it', and we

者说：您自己去看吧！咱们俩都可以免了：我免得像上述那样描写一番，您也就免得读了。——这就证明了这一新颖真理：重大事件必有估计不到的后果。

当然，十分可能，首先，腊伐雅克并没有什么共犯；其次，即使他有，他的共犯其实跟一六一八年那场大火并无牵涉。这样，失火的原因就可以有两种其他解释，都是言之成理的。第一种解释是：那颗燃烧着的大星星，一尺宽，一肘高，如大家所知，恰好在三月七日午夜以后从天上坠落，掉在司法宫上。第二种解释见于岱奥菲的这四行诗：

真是悲惨的游戏：
司法女神在巴黎，
吃了太多的辣椒，
自把宫殿来烧掉。

关于司法宫一六一八年火焚事件有上述三种政治的、自然的、诗的解释，不管我们怎样看待这三种解释，不幸确凿无疑的事实是失火了。由于这次火灾，更由于连续各次修复工作把幸免于火的残余也清除得一干二净，今天也就所剩无几了，法国列代君王这幢最早的住所也就所剩无几了。卢浮宫的这位长兄，在美男子利浦在位之时就已经岁数不小，人们甚至到里面去寻找过国王罗伯建造的、埃加杜斯描述过的那些壮丽建筑物的遗迹。一切消失殆尽。圣路易“遂行其婚事”的那间枢密处房屋现在怎样了？他“身穿驼毛布短袄、无袖粗呢子罩衫，上罩长外套，下登黑色皮襪鞋，同若安徽一起躺在铺地毛毯

should both be spared the trouble, I of composing, he of reading, any detailed description of it. Which proves a new truth: great events have incalculable consequences.

It is true that Ravailac may quite possibly have had no accomplices, and then that his accomplices, if perchance he had any, had nothing to do with the the of 1618. There are two other, quite plausible explanations for it. First, the great fiery star, a foot wide and a cubit high, which fell, as everyone knows, from the sky on to the Palais, after midnight on 7 March. Secondly Théophile's quatrain:

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

Whatever one may think of this triple explanation, political, physical, poetical, for the conflagration of the Palais de Justice in 1618, the one unfortunately certain fact is the conflagration. Very little remains today, thanks to that catastrophe, and above all thanks to the different and successive restorations, which finished off what had been spared of that first residence of the kings of France, of that palace older than the Louvre, already so old in the time of Philippe le Bel that a search was made for traces of the magnificent buildings put up by King Robert and described by Helgaldus. Almost everything has disappeared. What has become of the bedroom in the chancellery where St Louis 'consummated his marriage'? The garden where he dispensed justice, 'wearing a camlet tunic, a sleeveless linsey-woolsey surcoat, with a black sendal cloak on

上”，审理案件的那座花园，现在下场如何？皇帝席吉蒙的卧室到哪里去了？查理四世的呢？无采邑王约翰的呢？查理六世颁发大赦令的那座大楼梯在哪里？马塞耳当着王世子的面，杀害罗伯·德·克莱蒙元帅和香巴涅都统的那块石板地呢？毁弃伪教皇贝内迪多的那些训谕的窗口——他的那些传谕使者也是从这个窗口被带出去加以丑化，身披袈裟，头戴法冠，在巴黎全城游行示众以示谢罪，——而今安在？那座大厅，它的金碧辉煌的装饰，尖拱窗户，塑像，柱子，为一块块图案刻镂所割裂的那宽阔拱顶，现在都在哪里？还有那金装玉饰的卧室呢？把门的石狮子，低着脑袋，夹着尾巴，好像所罗门座前的狮子，表现出暴力服从于公理的驯良卑顺的模样，现在又在哪里？那一座座绚丽的房门，一扇扇精致的彩色玻璃窗户呢？使得毕斯科奈特望而生畏的那房门上的镂花铁包皮呢？杜·昂席精工制造的木器，现在在哪里？……岁月流逝，人事更替，这些遗迹落到了怎样的下场？用什么来代替了这一切，代替了这样丰富的高卢历史、这样珍贵的峨特艺术？代替历史的，无非是勃罗斯先生那种低矮笨重的穹隆；至于史实，我们有着关于粗壮柱子的喋喋不休的回忆，至今巴特律之流摇唇鼓舌之声还在回响。

其实，这些都不算什么！——言归正传，且说名不虚传的古老司法宫的名不虚传的大厅。

top, reclining on carpets with Joinville’? Where is the Emperor Sigismond’s room? That of Charles IV? Of John Lackland? Where is the staircase from which Charles VI promulgated his Edict of Mercy? The slab on which Marcel, in the Dauphin’s presence, murdered Robert de Clermont and the *maréchal de Champagne*? The wicket where the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn up, and from whence those who had brought them set out again, mockingly decked in cope all mitre, to make *amende honorable* right through Paris? And the Great Hall, with its gilding, its azure colouring, pointed arches, statues, Pillars, the immense vault fretted with carvings? And the Gilded Chamber? And the stone lion standing at the door, head down and tail between his legs, like the lions of Solomon’s throne, in the humbly submissive posture befitting strength before justice? And the fine doors? And stained-glass windows? And the chased iron-work which made Biscornette lose heart? And the delicate joinery of Du Hancy? What have the years, what have men done to these marvels? What have they given us in place of it all, all that Gaulish history, all that Gothic art? The heavy surbated arches of Monsieur de Brosse, the clumsy architect of the Portail Saint-Gervais so much for art; and as for history, we have the garrulous memories of the great pillar, still echoing with the Patrus gossip.

It is not very much—let us return to the real Great Hall of the real old Palais.

那宽阔无比的长方形大厅的两头都各有其摆设：一头是那著名的大理石桌子，长度、宽度、厚度都无与伦比，见所未见，正如古老地籍册上所说“世上顶大顶大的一大块”——这样的一种说法可真叫卡岗都亚垂涎欲滴！另一头是那座小教堂，里面有座路易十一自己叫人塑造的石像跪在圣女的面前，他还把查理大帝和圣路易——他认为这两位作为法国国君是上帝言听计从的圣者——的塑像叫人抬进小教堂去放着，全然不顾搬走了之后在外面那一长串国王塑像中留下了两个空墙凹。当时，这座小教堂建造才只六年，还是崭新的。建筑得精致，雕塑得美妙，镂鐫得细微深邃，这样的一种妩媚风姿正是我国峨特时代末期的特征，其后延续至十六世纪中叶，表现为文艺复兴时代仙乡异境般的幻想翕然。门楣上那透亮的小小的花瓣格子圆窗尤为杰作，纤秀而优雅，有如灿烂的抽纱花边。

大厅中间，正对大门，背靠墙壁，有一座金锦铺垫的看台。看台的专用入口就是前面讲过的那间金装玉饰的卧室的窗子。这座看台是专门为佛兰德尔御使们和其他应邀观看这次圣迹剧演出的大人物而搭起来的。

按照惯例，圣迹剧得在那张大理石桌子上面演出。一大早就为此把大桌子布置好了。大理石桌面已被司法官书记们的鞋跟划得全是道道，现在这厚重的桌面上已经搭起了一个木架笼子，相当高，笼子顶上搭着搁板，整个大

One end of this gigantic parallelogram contained the famous marble table, so long, broad, and thick, according to the old registers, in a style to whet Gargantua's appetite, that never had there been seen 'such a slab of marble anywhere in the world'. The other end contained the chapel where Louis XI had had himself sculptured kneeling before the Virgin, and to which he had transferred, heedless of the two niches left empty in the row of royal statues, those of Charlemagne and St Louis, two saints who, he supposed, must enjoy much favour in heaven as kings of France. This chapel, still new, its construction dating from barely six years before, was all conceived with that delightful taste for delicate architecture, wonderful sculpture, precise and deeply incised tracery which in France marks the end of the Gothic age and survives until about the middle of the sixteenth century in the magical fantasies of the Renaissance. The little open-work rose-window pierced over the doorway was in particular a masterpiece of lightness and grace it looked like a star woven from lace.

In the middle of the hall, opposite the great door a tribune of gold brocade had been set up against the wall, with its own entrance contrived through a window in the passage leading to the Gilded Chamber; this was for the Flemish envoys and other important persons invited to the performance of the mystery play.

According to custom the mystery was to be performed actually on the marble table. It had been prepared to that end early that morning; its rich slab of marble, scored by the heels of the law clerks, bore a frame of scaffolding of a considerable height, the upper surface of which, visible from every part of the hall, was

厅都看得见,到时候就充作舞台。笼子四周围着帷幕,里面就算是剧中人的更衣室。外面,一无遮掩地放着一架梯子,联结更衣室和舞台,演员进场和退场都爬梯子上下。仓促拼凑的角色、机关布景、惊人的戏剧效果,没有一样不是安排从这道梯子上场的。这是戏剧艺术和舞台装置的多么天真、多么可敬的原始创造啊!

司法官典史的四名什长,凡是节日或行刑之日,负责弹压地面,这时正分立在大理石桌子四角。

演出预定要到司法宫的大钟敲响正午十二点才开始。对于演戏来说,固然晚了点,可是得迁就御使们的时间呀!

于是,这么许多观众从早晨起就在等着。这些老实巴交的爱看热闹的人中间,有许多,天刚蒙蒙亮就在司法官前大台阶上等候,冻得直哆嗦;有些人甚至于自称已经在门前歪斜着身子靠了一夜,为的是等着抢在头一批进去。人越挤越多,像水流满溢一般,开始沿着墙壁上涨,向柱子周围膨胀,漫上了柱顶、檐板、窗沿;建筑物的、雕塑物的一切突出部位上尽都是人。因此,群众早已厌烦,急不可耐,加之,今天一整天都可以恣意玩世不恭,随便发疯耍赖,谁的胳膊肘撞了一下,谁的钉了铁掌的鞋踩了一下,随时都吵起架来,况且,久久等待早已疲乏不堪,而群众本来就关在屋子里禁闭着,拥挤着,挤伤了,窒

to serve as the stage, while the inside, screened by tapestries, was to be used as a dressing room for the actors. A ladder, artlessly placed outside, afforded communication between stage and dressing room, and its steep rungs had to serve for exits as well as entrances. No character so unexpected, no twist of plot, no dramatic suspense but had to climb this ladder. Innocent and venerable infancy of art and stage machinery!

Four sergeants of the bailiff of the Palais, whose duty was to stand guard over all popular entertainments, whether holidays or executions, stood at the four corners of the marble table.

The play was not due to commence until the last stroke of twelve came from the great clock in the Palais. That was certainly late for a theatrical performance, but the time had to be set to suit the ambassadors.

Now all this multitude had been waiting since morning. A good number of these honest spectators had been shivering since daybreak in front of the great steps of the Palais; some even claimed to have spent the night lying in the great doorway to be sure of entering first. The crowd grew denser all the time, and like water overflowing its level, began rising up the walls, surging round the pillars, spilling over the entablatures, cornices, window ledges, over all the architectural projections, all the protrusions of the sculptures. So discomfort, impatience, boredom, the liberated feeling of a day devoted to licence and folly, the quarrels continually breaking out over too sharp a nudge or a kick from a hobnailed boot, the tedium of a long wait, all this well before the hour appointed for the ambassadors' arrival, lent a sour and bitter note to the clamour of

息了，这样，在御使们预定莅临以前很久，群众的吵闹声早已更加尖锐，更加痛苦。只听见埋怨声、咒骂声，诸如弗兰德尔人、府尹、波旁红衣主教、司法宫典吏、奥地利的玛格丽特公主、执棒什长、冷了、热了、坏天气、巴黎主教、丑人王、柱子、塑像、那扇关着的门、这扇关着的窗——一切的一切都骂了个遍。散布在人群中三、五成堆的学生和仆役听了大为开心；他们便不断恶作剧，不断捉弄人，在不满的人们中间瞎搅和，简直是火上加油，更增添了普遍的乖戾情绪。

人群中尤其有那么一帮子促狭鬼，他们打破一扇玻璃窗，勇敢非凡地坐在柱顶盘上，从上面东张西望，大肆嘲弄，忽而对着里面大厅理的群众，忽而对着外面广场上的群众。他们丑化别人的动作，哈哈大笑，在大厅里东呼西应，彼此叫喊着取笑。由此可以看出，这些年轻的大学生并不像其他观众那样觉得厌烦疲倦，他们为了自己取乐，非常善于从视线之下种种趣事中觅取场景，借以安心等待即将上演的场景。

“敢情，可不就是你，磨坊的约翰·弗罗洛！”其中的一个喊道，“你号称磨坊真是名不虚传，瞧你那两只胳膊、两条腿，就像四支扇叶迎风挥舞。——你来了多久啦？”被称作风磨的那一位，是一个身材矮小的淘气大王，金色的头发，俊秀的面孔，调皮的神

this mass of people cribbed, cabined, confined, trampled, suffocated. All that could be heard were curses on the Flemings, the Provost of Merchants, Cardinal de Bourbon, the bailiff of the Palais, Madame Marguerite of Austria, the sergeants with their wands, 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 bands of students and lackeys scattered through the mass, who stirred into all this discontent their own teasing and mischief, adding pinpricks to exacerbate the general ill humour.

Among others there was a group of these merry devils who, after smashing the glass, had boldly ensconced themselves on the entablature of a window, and thence stared and jeered outside and inside in turn at the crowd in the hall and the crowd in the Place outside. From their gestures of mimicry, their roars of laughter, the banter and jeering cries they exchanged with one another from one end of the hall to the other, it was obvious that these young clerks did not share the boredom and weariness of those present, and knew very well how to turn the sight before their eyes into an entertainment for their private pleasure which gave them patience to wait for the other.

‘Upon my soul, it’s you, *joannes Frolo de Molendino*,’ one of them cried out to a little fair-haired devil, with a comely, mischievous face, clinging to the carved acanthus leaves of a capital. ‘You are well named Jehan of the Mill; your arms and legs look like four mill-sails turning in the wind. How long have you been here?’

气，此刻正猴在茛苕叶饰的斗拱上坐着。

约翰·弗罗洛回答说：“可怜的！我来了四个多钟头啦！但愿这四个多钟头，到了阴间，从我进炼狱净罪的时间中扣除！我到这儿，正赶上听西西里国王那八名唱诗班童子，在圣小教堂唱出七点钟大弥撒的第一节哩。”

那一位接口说：“那些唱诗的可真不赖！嗓子比他们头上的帽子还尖！圣上为圣约翰先生举行弥撒之前，其实倒应该先打听打听圣约翰先生是不是喜欢听人用普罗旺斯口音唱拉丁文赞美诗！”

窗子底下人群中间一个老太婆在尖声叫喊：“圣上搞这个弥撒原来是为了雇用西西里国王的这些该死的歌手啊！我请问你们，这到底是怎么搞的！一次弥撒就得花一千巴黎利弗！还是从巴黎菜市场海鱼承包税中开销的哩！”

“住嘴，老婆子！”有个神情严肃的胖子站在这个卖鱼的婆娘身旁，捂住鼻子，接口说：“是得举行弥撒。你总不希望圣上再生病吧？”

攀缘在斗拱上的小个子学生叫道：“说得好！卖皮货给国王做皮袍的大老倌吉勒·勒科钮先生！”

所有的学生听到皮货商这个倒霉姓氏，都哈哈大笑起来。

“长角的！长角的吉勒先生！”有人这样喊。

“既生角，复长毛（原文是拉丁文）！”另一个又这样喊。

柱顶上的淘气大王又说：

‘By the devil’s mercy,’ Joannes Frolo replied; ‘more than four hours now, and I have every hope of having them counted against my time in purgatory. I heard the eight singing-men of the King of Sicily intone the opening verse of the seven o’clock High Mass from the Sainte-Chapelle.’

‘Fine singers,’ retorted the other; ‘their voices are even sharper than their pointed caps! Before he endowed a mass for St John, the King should have found out whether the worthy St John enjoys Latin chanted with a Provençal acced.’

‘He did it to give work to those damned singers of the King of Sicily!’ screeched an old woman in the crowd below the window. ‘I ask you! A thousand *livres parisis* for a mass! And paid for from the tax on salt-water fish sold in the Paris market, what’s more!’

‘Hold your peace, old woman,’ put in a stout and stately individual holding his nose as he stood beside the fishwife; ‘a mass certainly had to be endowed. Surely you didn’t want the King to fall sick again?’

‘Bravely spoken, Sir Gilles Lecornu, master skinner and furrier of the King’s wardrobe!’ cried the little student clinging to the capital.

A roar of laughter from all the students greeted the unfortunate name of the poor skinner-furrier of the King’s wardrobe.

Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!’ said some.

‘*Cornutus et hirsutus* [Horned and hairy],’ added another.

‘Eh, no doubt,’ went on the little demon

“嘿！怎么着？笑什么？可尊敬的好人吉勒·勒科钮——内庭总管约翰·勒科钮先生的弟弟，樊尚树林首席护林官马伊埃·勒科钮的儿子！他们个个都是巴黎的好市民，个个都是结了婚的，父子相传呀！”

大家更是乐不可支了。老胖子皮货商做声不得，很命想躲过四面八方向他投来的注视，挣扎得气喘吁吁、汗流满面也没有用。他就像一只楔子卡在木头里，越使劲就越咬进去，结果只是把他的脑袋更加结结实实地夹在隔壁左右的肩膀中间，又气又恼，充血的大宽脸涨得通红。

终于来了一个胖子前来解围，五短三粗，道貌岸然，跟皮货商一样。

“混账！”他叫道：“学生就这样对市民讲话！想当年，就得用柴禾棒子抽，然后就用这根柴禾棒子把他们烧死！”

那帮子学生都叫了起来：“嘿——拉——赫！是谁唱得这么好听呀？是什么夜猫子丧门星呀？”

一个说：“嘿，我当是谁？原来是安德里·缪斯尼埃老倌！”

另一个说：“因为他是咱们大学四名宣过誓的书商之一！”

还有一个说：“咱们那破烂摊子里什么都是四个：四个学区，四个学院，四个节日，四个检事，四个选董，四个书商！”

约翰·弗罗洛说：“行，叫他们下四层地狱去吧！”

“缪斯尼埃，我们要把你的书烧掉！”

on the capital. ‘What is there to laugh at? There is his Honour Gilles Lecornu, brother of Maître Jacques Lecornu, provost of the King’s household, son of Maître Mahiet Lecornu, head porter of the Bois de Vincennes, all burghers of Paris, all married from father to son!’

The merriment increased. The stout furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the eyes gazing at him from every side, but he sweated and puffed in vain; like a wedge being driven into wood, the only result of his efforts was to clamp still more tightly between his neighbours’ shoulders his great apoplectic face, purple with vexation and rage.

Finally one of these neighbours, short, stout, and respectable like him, came to his aid:

‘How abominable! Students talking like that to a respectable citizen! In my time they would have been thrashed with a big stick and then burned with it.’

The whole band burst out; ‘Ho there! Who is singing that song? Who is that screechowl of ill omen?’

‘There, I know who he is,’ said one; ‘he’s Maître Andry Musnier.’

‘Because he’s one of the four official booksellers of the University!’ said the other.

‘Everything in that dump goes in fours,’ cried a third; ‘four nations, four faculties, four holidays, four proctors, four electors, four booksellers.’

‘Well then,’ Jehan Frolo put in, ‘we’ll have to play four kinds of merry hell with them.’

‘Musnier, we’ll burn your books.’

“缪斯尼埃，我们要揍死你的仆人！”

“缪斯尼埃，我们要搓揉你的老婆！”

“胖乎乎的好妞儿乌达德！”

“风流俊俏就跟小寡妇似的！”

“鬼把你们抓了去！”安德里·缪斯尼埃低声吼道。

约翰吊在柱头上接岔：“安德里老倌，你住口，要不，看我不掉下来砸在你脑袋上！”

安德里老倌抬眼看看，好像是估量估量柱子的高度、促狭鬼的体重，默算了一下重力乘加速度的平方，不敢吭声了。

约翰占领了战场，乘胜追击：“我就是这么干，虽然我是一位副主教的弟弟！”

他又说：“可爱的诸位，咱们大学的弟兄们！今天这样的日子咱们的特权居然得不到尊重！你们看，外城有五月树和焰火，内城有圣迹剧、丑人王，还有弗兰德尔御使，而我们大学城什么也没有！”

“可咱们莫伯广场够大的哩！”趴在窗沿上的一个大学生叫道。

约翰忽然喊了起来：“打倒董事长，打倒选董，打倒检事！”

另一个接着喊：“今天晚上得用安德里老倌的书在加雅花园里放焰火！”

旁边的一位说：“还有录事们的书桌！”

“还有堂守们的棍棒！”

“还有院长们的痰盂！”

‘Musnier, we’ll thrash your lackey.’

‘Musnier, we’ll runmple your wife.’

‘Good stout Mademoisell Oudarde.’

‘As fresh and merry as if she were a widow.’

‘Devil take you!’ muttered Ma,tre Andry Musnier.

‘Ma,tre Andry,’ Jehan went on, still hanging on to his capital, ‘shut up, or I’ll drop on your head!’

Ma,tre Andry looked up, seemed for a moment to be gauging the height of the pillar, the weight of the young rascal, mentally multiplied that weight by the aquare of the velocity, and shut up.

Jehan, master of the battlefield, pressed on in triumph: ‘I’d do it too, even if I am an archdeacon’s brother!’

‘Fine fellows, our University peope! Didn’t even see that our privileges were respected on a day like this! Why, there’s a maypole and a bonfire in the Town; a mystery play, Pope of Fools, and a Flemish embassy in the City; and in the University not a thing!’

‘Yet the Place Maubert is big enough!’ replied one of the clerks stationed on the window ledge.

‘Down with the rector, the electors and the proctors!’ cried Joannes.

‘We must make a bonfire this evening in the Champ-Gaillard,’ the other coninued, ‘with Ma,tre Andry’s boks.’

‘And the scribes’ desks!’

‘And the beadles’ wands!’

‘And the deans’ spittoons!’