

# 基督山伯爵 (上)

*The Count  
of Monte Cristo*



九十年代  
英语系列丛书

注释 夏祖焯

基督山伯爵

(上)

Alexandre Dumas

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

世界文学  
名著系列

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THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

基度山伯爵(上、下册)

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夏祖焯 注释

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《九十年代英语系列丛书》特邀顾问：

(按姓氏笔划为序)

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## 作者简介

大仲马于 1802 年出生于巴黎附近的一个县城。祖父是一位法国侯爵，在殖民地圣多明各同一位黑白混血妇女生了他的父亲，携回法国后却不给予他合法身份，只好从母姓。他于 1798 年参军，在早期革命战争中效命共和国，因英勇善战、出生入死而被拿破仑提升为将军，后于 1799 年反对拿破仑远征埃及而被黜，最终死于贫困。他娶了一位旅店主之女为妻，大仲马是他的第二个孩子。

大仲马只上过几年小学，通过自学与刻苦笔耕，逐渐开辟了文学写作的道路。他痛恨波旁复辟政权，曾参加 1830 年七月革命，独力夺取了一所弹药库，被拉斐德任为旺代地区国民自卫军的组织者，因受保皇的农民反对而返回巴黎。后来大仲马还曾在 1848 年作为共和党人参加竞选而失败，并于第二帝国时期因反对拿破仑第三而几度流亡于布鲁塞尔等地。1859 年他在海峡中的根西岛拜晤了被放逐的雨果。1860 年在都灵见到了加里波第，回到马赛后勤资采购军火接济意大利的独立运动。这些明显的政治性活动说明了他的自由主义和反封建主义的倾向。

大仲马于 1817 年成为律师的听差，在办公室里管杂事。从 1823 年迁居巴黎，决心以编写剧本为生。他进入奥尔良公爵的府邸服务，并同一位女缝纫工生下了儿子小仲马(1824-1895)。此后或独力或与人合作写了不少剧本，均未受欢迎。直到 1829 年底，他的《亨



利三世和他的朝廷》获得较大成功，声誉突起，初次跻身于巴黎上层文学界。1832年，开始有人攻击他抄袭和侵犯智力产权，此类指责到他成为多产作家后更为频繁。他于1833年开始写游记，1837年被授与荣誉勋团的勋等。约在此时，除了继续写剧本和游记外，由于艳羨英国小说家司各特的作品，并广泛而深入地接触了法国历史，他开始写法国历史小说。在文友马凯特的帮助下陆续写出一些十分流行的小说，如《三个火枪手》、《玛尔戈王后》、《二十年后》、《约瑟夫·巴尔萨莫》、《王后的项链》、《昂日·皮图》、《沙尔尼伯爵夫人》等。在自1844年起的10余年间共以他的名义出版小说200余部，给他带来了巨大的财富和声誉。然而沙里簸金，则唯有《三个火枪手》及其续集《二十年后》以及《基度山伯爵》等少数几部能垂于久远而不泯。

在他最多产的10数年间，正逢报刊连载小说成为风行一时的文艺形式。大仲马曾于一年间同两种报纸签约，应允写出九部小说，并且曾因失约被控败诉。名记者雅各曾撰文题为《小说工厂：亚历山大·仲马合伙公司》的文章，攻击他把别人的著作加上自己的名字而刊行。大仲马对雅各起诉竟得到胜利。在不长的时间内，大仲马干了不少“穷人暴富”的蠢事。他按《基度山伯爵》中的宏伟设想在马里·勒·洛阿修建了基度山别墅，房舍园林及内部装修耗资钜万，穷奢极侈，但三年后不得不以廉价脱手，亏了三万法郎。他还独资创办了《一月间》、《火枪手》、《基度山》、《独立》等报刊，除《基度山》周刊延续了五年外，其余存在时期均不长。他创建的“历史剧场”专演他的历史剧，成立三年后宣

告破产。1851年他因路易·拿破仑的政变对他形成威胁,也因为躲债而逃亡比利时。次年他欠债累计10万法郎,宣布破产。1851年起,书商勒维开始出版他的全集,最终以301种结集,共1300余册。他被誉为“传奇文学之王”、“讲故事人的王子”,是至少在数量上不负其名的。当他在世时,只有雨果的丰富想象与生动的描述能与他抗衡。在他死后,雨果写道:“亚历山大·仲马的名字不仅属于法兰西,它属于欧洲;而且它不仅属于欧洲,也属于全世界。”

仲马一生风流,情妇更迭的频繁几乎能赶上作品梓行的速度。他又奢侈大度,常以金钱扶助无名文人并赞助各种事业。有时他允许他人用自己的名字出版小说以博取稿费,因为这种小说的质量是为出版商所不取的,而有了他的署名就可以卖钱。各式各样的妄诞的计划和投资、吸血蚂蟥般的寄食者和清客以及他的一掷万金的生活习惯,使他最终一贫如洗。

1863年,多年来假装不知道大仲马其人的罗马教廷授给了他最高的“勋等”——他们终于把大仲马的著作列入了《禁书目录》。1867年他刊出了最后一部重要的小说《普鲁士的恐怖》,书中警告法兰西要提防普鲁士的强盛和侵略。1870年7月他所预言的普法战争爆发,9月法国败降。这时他已到皮伊地方依其子小仲马为生,于同月患中风,同年12月5日逝世。

大仲马的著作虽具有独特的法兰西历史的题材内容,但在国外流传极广。即在他生时,《三个火枪手》已成为欧洲各国家喻户晓的故事。而《基度山伯爵》刊出后,迅即被译为德、西、意语,后来被译为几乎世界上所

有的各民族语言。在我国,自 20 世纪初起就有这两种书的多种译本。《三剑客》、《侠隐记》是当时对《三个火枪手》的不同译法,而《基度山恩仇记》电影在 30 年代亦曾风行。本书的英译本基本上采用了 1846 年无名氏的译本,而有所改进。

大仲马曾说:“什么是历史?历史就是钉子,用来挂我的小说。”读者从他的历史小说的变幻莫测的故事情节、绚丽多采的背景描写和机智冷峻的哲理对话中,能瞥见法国历史及人物的风貌,捕捉其时代与社会的气息。在今日看来,大仲马的小说虽很难列入严肃文学之林,然而其对人类的贡献,却远不止于提供消闲解闷的谈资而已。



## 内容简介

《基度山伯爵》虽属虚构小说，但确实是以从 1807 年始于巴黎而于 1828 在英国结束的一件真实的案子为蓝本的。事件刊于 1838 年的一套《巴黎警署档案的历史回忆录》，题为《复仇与钻石》，经过大仲马的加工，故事由离奇变为神奇，尤以通过基度山这一英雄人物的塑造，对一宗血雨腥风的谋财害命刑事案件进行了脱胎换骨的改造，赋以全新的外形与涵意，并使复辟王朝与七月王朝两大时期的法国社会、政治及经济的面貌跃然纸上。书中对七月王朝的官吏商人的揭露与鞭笞，在某些方面是继承了《红与黑》一书对复辟王朝的批判。

水手埃德蒙不知情地受托为拿破仑党送信。他船上的商务员丹格拉斯和他未婚妻梅塞德斯的追求者费尔南德共同告密陷害他，使他于婚礼之日被捕。法官维尔福发现信是送给自己拿破仑党父亲的，为了保全禄位，毁信灭迹，将埃德蒙送入伊夫岛的地牢，还在档案上做了手脚，使他永无被赦的希望。事后他赶往巴黎向国王报急，从此步步高升。

埃德蒙在狱中度过了漫长的岁月，已不知人间是何年。蒙冤入狱的长老为越狱挖掘地道，因计算上的误差，把地道通到了他的牢房内。二人成为师生，长老把自己的学术智慧和宗教哲理向他倾囊传授，并在死前把基度山荒岛上埋宝的地点告诉了他。

长老死后，埃德蒙将自己捆在长老尸袋内，被狱卒

抛入海中，恢复了自由。这时他被捕已14年了。他取来了巨额财宝，逐步实施了复仇计划。他拯救了濒于破产的船主莫勒尔，因为他曾照顾他的老父。费尔南德已娶了梅塞德斯，并经多次叛卖通敌，取得中将与伯爵的高位。埃德蒙在罗马从匪徒手中“救出”他的儿子艾伯特，通过他以基度山伯爵的名字进入巴黎上层社会。在巴黎，丹格拉斯已在战争中投机发迹成为富人；维尔福已是凡尔赛区的王家检查官，以酷吏的手法博得正直无私的美誉。这些人都有“美满”的家庭，都对子女寄有深情和厚望。

自从基度山伯爵来到巴黎之后，怪事不断发生，三家的财运和名望不断受到打击。他巧妙地利用了仇人的贪婪和权欲，玩弄他们于股掌之上，直至贪生怕死者被迫自杀，聚敛无度者一贫如洗，而道貌岸然者在法庭上被自己的私生子揭露罪行，并在妻子毒死幼子并仰药自杀的打击下发了疯。

基度山伯爵对三家仇人的子女本亦有所打算，尤其不想叫艾伯特活下去。但经过梅塞德斯苦苦哀求，他将这个无辜的青年放过，并在成全了莫勒尔之子与维尔福之女的姻缘之后，怀着萌发的爱情，携带希腊公主海蒂扬帆跨海，遁迹天外，不知所终。

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：法国文学和俄罗斯文学中）的英译本。

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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。

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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

# “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

## *The arrival at Marseilles*

ON the 24th of February, 1815, the lookout of Notre-Dame de la Garde signalled the three-master, the *Pharaon*, from Smyrna, Trieste, and Naples. \*

As usual, a pilot put off immediately, and rounding the Château d'If, got on board the vessel between Cape Morgion and the Isle of Rion.

Immediately, and according to custom, the platform of Fort Saint-Jean was covered with spectators; it is always an event at Marseilles for a ship to come into port, especially when this ship, like the *Pharaon*, had been built, rigged, and laden on the stocks of the old Phocée, and belonged to an owner of the city.

The ship drew on: it had safely passed the strait, which some volcanic shock has made between the Isle of Calasareigne and the Isle of Jaros; had doubled Pomègue, and approached the harbour under topsails, jib, and foresail, but so slowly and sedately that the idlers, with that instinct which misfortune sends before it, asked one another what misfortune could have happened on board. However, those experienced in navigation saw plainly that if any accident had occurred, it was not to the vessel herself, for she bore down with all the evidence of being skilfully handled, the anchor ready to be dropped, the bowsprit-shrouds loose, and beside the pilot, who was steering the *Pharaon* by the narrow entrance of the port of Marseilles, was a young man, who with activity and vigilant eye, watched every motion of the ship, and repeated each direction of the pilot.

The vague disquietude which prevailed amongst the spectators had so much affected one of the crowd that he did not await the arrival of the vessel in harbour, but jumping into a small skiff, desired to be pulled alongside the *Pharaon*, which he reached as she rounded the creek of La Rêserve.

When the young man on board saw this individual approach, he left his station by the pilot, and came, hat in hand, to the side of the ship's bulwarks.

He was a fine, tall, slim young fellow, with black eyes, and hair as dark as the raven's wing; and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.



"Ah! is it you, Dantès?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? and why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel," replied the young man,— "a great misfortune, for me especially! Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Captain Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner eagerly.

"Is all safe, M. Morrel; and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Captain Leclere——"

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of considerable resignation. "What happened to the worthy captain?"

"He died."

"Fell into the sea?"

"No, sir, he died of brain-fever in dreadful agony." Then turning to the crew, he said:

"Look out there! all ready to drop anchor!"

All hands obeyed. At the same moment the eight or ten seamen, who composed the crew, sprung some to the main-sheets, others to the braces, others to the halyards, others to the jib-ropes, and others to the topsail brails.

The young sailor gave a look to see that his orders were promptly and accurately obeyed, and then turned again to the owner.

"And how did this misfortune occur?" he inquired, resuming the inquiry suspended for a moment.

"Alas, sir, in the most unexpected manner. After a long conversation with the harbour-master, Captain Leclere left Naples greatly disturbed in his mind. At the end of twenty-four hours he was attacked by a fever, and died three days afterwards. We performed the usual burial service, and he is at his rest, sewn up in his hammock, with two bullets of thirty-six pounds each at his head and heels, off the Island of El Giglio. We bring to his widow his sword and cross of honour. It was worth while, truly," added the young man, with a melancholy smile, "to make war against the English for ten years, and to die in his bed at last, like everybody else."

"Why, you see, Edmond," replied the owner, who appeared more comforted at every moment, "we are all mortal, and the old must make way for the young. If not, why, there would be no promotion; and as you have assured me that the cargo——"

"Is all safe and sound, M. Morrel, take my word for it; and \*I advise you not to take £1000 for the profits of the voyage."

Then, as they were just passing the Round Tower, the young man shouted out, "Ready, there, to lower topsails, foresail, and jib!"

The order was executed as promptly as if on board a man-of-war.

"Let go—and brail all!"

At this last word all the sails were lowered, and the bark moved almost imperceptibly onwards.

"Now, if you will come on board, M. Morrel," said Dantès, observing the owner's impatience, "here is your *supercargo*, M. Danglars, coming out of his cabin, who will furnish you with every particular. As for me, I must look after the anchoring, and dress the ship in mourning."

The owner did not wait to be twice invited. He seized a rope which Dantès flung to him, and with an activity that would have done credit to a sailor, climbed up the side of the ship, whilst the young man, going to his task, left the conversation to the individual whom he had announced under the name of Danglars, who now came towards the owner. He was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, of unprepossessing countenance, obsequious to his superiors, insolent to his inferiors; and then, besides his position as responsible agent on board, which is always obnoxious to the sailors, he was as much disliked by the crew, as Edmond Dantès was beloved by them.

"Well, M. Morrel," said Danglars, "you have heard of the misfortune that has befallen us?"

"Yes—yes: poor Captain Leclerc! He was a brave and an honest man!"

"And a first-rate seaman, grown old between sky and ocean, as should a man charged with the interests of a house so important as that of Morrel and Son," replied Danglars.

"But," replied the owner, following with his look Dantès, who was watching the anchoring of his vessel, "it seems to me that a sailor needs not to be so old as you say, Danglars, to understand his business; for our friend Edmond seems to understand it thoroughly, and not to require instruction from any one."

"Yes," said Danglars, casting towards Edmond a look in which a feeling of envy was strongly visible. "Yes, he is young, and youth is invariably self-confident. Scarcely was the captain's breath out of his body than he assumed the command without consulting any one, and he caused us to lose a day and a half at the Isle of Elba, instead of making for Marseilles direct."

"As to taking the command of the vessel," replied Morrel, "that was his duty as captain's mate; as to losing a day and a half off the Isle of Elba, he was wrong, unless the ship wanted some repair."

"The ship was as well as I am, and as, I hope, you are, M.

Morrel, and this day and a half was lost from pure whim, for the pleasure of going ashore, and nothing else."

"Dantès," said the shipowner, turning towards the young man, "come this way!"

"In a moment, sir," answered Dantès, "and I'm with you!" Then calling to the crew, he said:

"Let go!"

The anchor was instantly dropped, and the chain ran rattling through the port-hole. Dantès continued at his post, in spite of the presence of the pilot, until this manœuvre was completed, and then he added, "Lower the pennant half-mast high—put the ensign in a weft, and slope the yards!"

"You see," said Danglars, "he fancies himself captain already, upon my word."

"And so, in fact, he is," said the owner.

"Except your signature and your partner's, M. Morrel."

"And why should he not have this?" asked the owner; "he is young, it is true, but he seems to me a thorough seaman, and of full experience."

A cloud passed over Danglars' brow.

"Your pardon, M. Morrel," said Dantès, approaching, "the ship now rides at anchor, and I am at your service. You hailed me, I think?"

Danglars retreated a step or two.

"I wish to inquire why you stopped at the Isle of Elba?"

"I do not know, sir; it was to fulfil a last instruction of Captain Leclerc, who, when dying, gave me a packet for the *Maréchal Bertrand*."

"Then did you see him, Edmond?"

"Who?"

"The *maréchal*?"

"Yes."

Morrel looked around him, and then, drawing Dantès on one side, he said suddenly:

"And how is the emperor?"

"Very well, as far as I could judge from my eyes."

"You saw the emperor, then?"

"He entered the *maréchal's* apartment whilst I was there."

"And you spoke to him?"

"Why, it was he who spoke to me, sir," said Dantès, with a smile.

"And what did he say to you?"

"Asked me questions about the ship, the time it left Marseilles, the course she had taken, and what was her cargo. I believe, if she had not been laden, and I had been master, he would have

bought her. But I told him I was only mate, and that she belonged to the firm of Morrel and Son. 'Ah! ah!' he said. 'I know them! The Morrels have been shipowners from father to son; and there was a Morrel who served in the same regiment with me when I was in garrison at Valence.' "

"*Pardieu!* and that is true!" cried the owner, greatly delighted. "And that was Policar Morrel, my uncle, who was afterwards a captain. Dantès, you must tell my uncle that the emperor remembered him, and you will see it will bring tears into the old soldier's eyes. Come, come!" continued he, patting Edmond's shoulder kindly. "You did very right, Dantès, to follow Captain Leclere's instruction, and touch at the Isle of Elba, although, if it were known, that you had conveyed a packet to the *maréchal* and had conversed with the emperor, it might bring you into trouble."

"How could that bring me into trouble, sir?" asked Dantès; "for I did not even know of what I was the bearer; and the emperor merely made such inquiries as he would of the first comer. But your pardon; here are the officers of health and the customs coming alongside!" and the young man went to the gangway. As he departed, Danglars approached, and said:

"Well, it appears that he has given you satisfactory reasons for his landing at Porto-Ferrajo?"

"Yes, most satisfactory, my dear Danglars."

"Well, so much the better," said the supercargo; "for it is always painful to see a comrade who does not do his duty."

"Dantès has done his," replied the owner, "and that is not saying much. It was Captain Leclere who gave orders for this delay."

"Talking of Captain Leclere, has not Dantès given you a letter from him?"

"To me?—no—was there one?"

"I believe that, besides the packet, Captain Leclere had confided a letter to his care."

"Of what packet are you speaking, Danglars?"

"Why, that which Dantès left at Porto-Ferrajo."

"How do you know he had a packet to leave at Porto-Ferrajo?"

Danglars turned very red.

"I was passing close to the door of the captain's cabin, which was half open, and I saw him give the packet and letter to Dantès."

"He did not speak to me of it," replied the shipowner; "but if there be any letter he will give it to me."

Danglars reflected for a moment.

"Then, M. Morrel, I beg of you," said he, "not to say a word to Dantès on the subject, I may have been mistaken."