

【英汉对照全译本】

● 外国文学名著精粹文集 ●

Cathedrale Notre Dame de Paris

巴黎圣母院

[法] 雨 果



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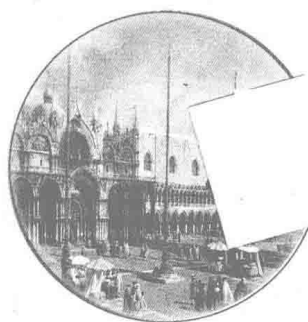
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译 序

维克多·雨果(1802——1885)法国十九世纪的小说家、诗人，是当时浪漫主义文学运动的领袖。他的一生几乎跨越了整个十九世纪，随着法国历史的进程，他在诗歌、戏剧、小说、文艺理论等方面进行了大量创作，并产生了巨大影响。《巴黎圣母院》作于1831年，以1482年路易十一统治下的法国为背景。本书的主人公，是一位丑陋的独眼敲钟人——卡西莫多，他深深地爱上了能歌善舞的吉普赛姑娘——爱斯美拉尔达，还为她将有恩于他的养父置于死地，自己则心甘情愿地躺在她的尸体旁，殉情而死。这在十五世纪，在那座庄严而又神圣的巴黎圣母院里，竟会发生这种事情，可见，作者要以此为号角，吹响积极的浪漫主义文学的进行曲。

在本书中，相貌美丽而心地善良的吉普赛姑娘爱斯美拉尔达，在巴黎圣母院前面的广场上跳舞时，引起了巴黎圣母院副主教克洛德·弗洛罗的注意，并勾起了他那罪恶的畸形淫欲，便与自己的养子，丑陋的敲钟人卡西莫多一起，劫持了爱斯美拉尔达，不料在途中竟被御前侍卫——腓比斯救出，爱斯美拉尔达从此便被他那英俊的外表所打动，并深深地爱上了他。实际上，腓比斯·夏多佩是个无情无义，只知道到处寻欢作乐，十分轻浮和浅薄的家伙。而那位可怜的卡西莫多却代人受过，成为牺牲品，被绑在耻辱柱上，置于烈日下忍受鞭刑。在他口渴难耐，大声喊着要水喝之际，却遭到众人的嘲笑，善良的爱斯美拉尔达却不计前嫌，给了他水喝。从此，卡西莫多便有所心动。

巴黎圣母院的副主教——克洛德·弗洛罗，仇恨吉普赛姑娘对夏多佩情有独钟，在意外地得知她们之间的约会时，便乔装打扮，乘机刺杀夏多佩，并嫁祸于她，爱斯美拉尔达因此被诬为女巫，在法庭上，她被刑讯逼供，在受刑不过之际，屈打成招，法庭最终以巫术和杀人的罪名把她处以绞刑。在刑场上，卡

西莫多奋不顾身地将姑娘带进巴黎圣母院里避难。而副主教得知此事后，乘机再施淫威，在吉普赛姑娘的面前，他彻底剥去了自己虔信上帝的伪装，痛苦地表达了他那在宗教教义的压制下难以抑制的畸形情欲。在再次遭到拒绝后，便下定决心，要将美丽的吉普赛姑娘置于死地，卡西莫多在得知真相后，在愤怒之际将自己的养父——克洛德·弗洛罗推下高墙，让他摔死在圣母院前面的广场上，自己则拥着吉普赛姑娘的尸体死去了。

《巴黎圣母院》的故事情节中，始终充满了美与丑、善与恶的冲突，并在这种冲突中来批判当时的封建专制与教会牧师克洛德·弗洛罗的虚伪嘴脸。

译者

二〇〇一年三月

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BOOK ONE

I

THE GREAT HALL

JUST three hundred and forty-eight years, six months, and nineteen days ago today 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 Paris. Nor was it the arrival of some embassy, a frequent occurrence in the fifteenth century, all bedizened and plumed. It was hardly two days 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 magnificent tapestries hung at his door.

What, in the words of Jean de Troyes, 'excited all the people of Paris' on 6 January was

第一卷

大堂

话说三百四十八年零六个月十九天前，那天巴黎教堂所有大钟齐鸣，响彻老城、大学城和新城三重城垣，惊醒了全体市民。

其实，1482年1月6日那天，并不是历史的一个纪念日；一清早全城钟声轰鸣，市民惊动，也没有发生什么惊天动地的大事。既不是底卡底人或勃艮第人进犯，也不是抬着圣骨盒的宗教列队仪式；既不是拉阿斯城学生造反，也不是“我们尊称威震天下圣主国王陛下”摆驾入城；甚至不是在司法官广场吊死男女扒手的热闹场景；更不是十五世纪常见的羽饰盛装的某国使臣莅临到任。就在两天前，还有这样一队人马，即佛兰德使团奉命前来，为缔结法国王太子和佛兰德玛格丽特公主的婚约。为此，波旁红衣主教不胜其烦，但是他为了讨好国王，不得不满脸堆笑，迎接佛兰德市政官那帮土里土气的外国佬，还在波旁公爵府款待他们，为他们演出“不少精彩的寓意剧、滑稽剧和闹剧”，不料天不作美，一场滂沱大雨，将府门挂的精美华丽的帷幔淋得一塌糊涂。

1月6日那天，是约翰·德·特洛伊所说的“全巴黎欢腾”的双重节

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 Greve, 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 tnanpet 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 townfolk, 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 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

庆, 即远古以来就有的主显节和狂人节。

这一天, 照例要在河滩广场燃放篝火, 在布拉克小教堂那里植五月树, 在司法官里演出圣迹剧。就在前一天, 府尹大人已派衙役通告过了: 他们身穿神气的紫红毛纺衬甲衣, 胸前缀着白字大十字, 到大街小巷的路口吹号并高声宣告。

一清早, 住家和店铺都关门闭户, 男男女女从四面八方拥向三处指定的场所。去看篝火, 赏五月树还是观圣迹剧, 要随各人的兴趣而定。这里应当赞扬一句巴黎看热闹的人, 他们有古人的那种见识, 绝大多数都去看篝火, 因为这正合时令, 或者去观圣迹剧, 因为是在司法官大厅演出, 那里能遮风避雨。大家仿佛串通一气, 谁也不去布拉克小教堂墓地, 让那棵花不繁茂的可怜的五月树, 孤零零在一月的天空下瑟瑟战栗。

市民大多拥进通往司法官的街道, 他们知道两天前到达的佛兰德使团要前去看戏, 并观看在同一大厅举行的推举丑大王的场面。

司法官大厅虽然号称世界之最(须知索瓦尔那时尚未丈量过孟塔吉城堡的大厅), 这一天要挤进去谈何容易。通向司法官广场的五六条街道犹如河口, 不断拥出一股股人流, 从

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 ebbcd, 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 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 amused 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,

住户的窗口望过去,只见广场上人山人海,万头攒动。人流的汹涌波涛越来越扩大,冲击着楼房的墙角,而那些墙角又像岬角,突进围成不规则状大水池的广场。司法官高大的哥特式门脸正中一道大台阶,上下人流交汇在一起,又在接下的台阶分成两股,从两侧斜坡倾泻到人海浪涛中;这道大台阶就是一条水道,不断向广场注入,犹如瀑布泻入湖泊中。成千上万人呼喊,调笑,走动,简直甚嚣尘上,沸反盈天。这种喧嚣,这种鼓噪,有时还变本加厉,有增无减。拥向大台阶的人流受阻,折回头来,乱作一团,形成了漩涡。原来是府尹衙门的一名弓箭手在推搡,或者一名警官策马冲撞,以便维持秩序。这种传统实在值得称道,是由府尹衙门传给总督府,又由总督府传给骑警队,再传给我们今天的巴黎保安队。面孔和善的市民,成千上万,密密麻麻,站在门口、窗口,爬上天窗、屋顶,安安静静,老老实实,注视着司法官,注视着熙熙攘攘的人群。而且时至今日,巴黎还有许多人,喜欢观望看热闹人所形成的场面,只要猜想人墙里面发生了什么事,就已经觉得很有意思了。

我们今天1830年的人,假如在想像中能有机会混杂在十五世纪的这群巴黎人中间,同他们一起前呼后拥,摩肩擦背,跌跌撞撞地挤进原本十分宽敞,而1482年1月6日这天却显得特别窄小的司法官大厅,所见的景象不无兴趣,也不无吸引力,周围本来全是古旧的东西,我们那时看起来就会有全新的感觉。

如果读者愿意,我们就力图想像出,我们一同跨进这座大厅,跻身于这群短衣短袄打扮的嘈杂的平民中

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 ears, 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 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, panelling, 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

间所产生的印象。

先是耳朵一片嗡鸣，眼花缭乱。我们头顶是双合圆拱尖顶、雕花镶木、绘成天蓝色、衬着金黄色的百合花图案；脚下是黑白相间的大理石地面。几步远有一根大圆柱子，接着一根又一根，总共七根，沿中轴线一字排列，支撑双圆拱顶的交合点。前面四根柱子周围摆了几个小摊，卖些闪闪发亮的玻璃和金属饰片制品；里面的三根柱子周围安有几条橡木长椅，年长日久已经磨损，被诉讼人的裤子和诉讼代理人的袍子磨得油光锃亮。沿着大厅四面高高的墙壁，在门与门之间，窗户和窗户之间，边柱和边柱之间，没完没了地排列着自法腊蒙以下法国历代君主的雕像：无所事事的国王耷拉着双臂，低垂着眼睛；勇武好战的国王则昂首挺胸，双手直指天空。此外，一扇扇尖拱长窗上的彩绘玻璃五光十色，宽宽的出入口所安的门扇，都精工细雕，富丽堂皇。总之，拱顶、圆柱、墙壁、长窗、镶板、宽门、雕像，所有这一切，从上到下，绘成湛蓝金黄两色，一望光彩夺目。不过，在我们看见的时候，大厅的色彩已略显暗淡，到了我主纪元1949年，尽管杜·勃勒尔还沿袭传统赞美过它，而其实它几乎完全消失，只剩下厚厚的灰尘和密密的蛛网了。

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 Ravaillac had not assassinated Henri IV there would have been no documents from Ravaillac'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 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 Ravaillac may quite possibly have had no accomplices, and then that his accomplices, if perchance he had any, had nothing to do with the fire 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 Palms de Justice in 1618,

在一月份的一天，这座长方形宽敞的大厅里，射进苍白的天光，拥进衣饰花枝招展并吵吵嚷嚷的人群，只见他们溜着墙根闲逛，绕着七根圆柱回旋，现在我们想像出这些，那么对整幅图景就有了个大致的印象，下面只需略微详细地描述其有趣的方面。假如拉瓦亚克没有刺杀亨利四世，那么，凶手的案卷也就不会存放在司法官档案室里，他的同谋也就不会考虑自身利害，非把此案卷宗销毁不可，而纵火犯也就不会别出良策，只好一把火将档案室烧掉，要烧掉档案室，又只好一把火将司法官烧掉；由此可见，没有弑君一案，也就不会有1618年那场大火了。那样一来，古老的司法官及其大厅，也就会依然屹立，我也就可以对读者说：“请亲眼看看去吧！”我们双方都省事：我省得像上面那样描绘一番，读者也省得阅读这一段。——这情况证明了这样一条新的真理，重大事件必有难以估量的后果。

首先，拉瓦亚克很可能没有同谋；其次，即便有同谋，他们也很可能同1618年那场大火毫无关系。其实，还有两种解释都说得通。其一，3月7日后半夜，一颗宽一尺，长约一臂的燃烧的大陨星，自天而降，落到了司法官。其二，有特奥菲尔这四行诗为证：

一场游戏多悲惨，
只缘案桌嘴太贪，
司法女神镇巴黎，
眼看宫殿火冲天。

1618年司法官大火的起因，有政治的、自然的和诗意的三种解释，不管我们的看法如何，不幸那场大

the one unfommmately 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 Phippe 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 linseywoolsey surcoat, with a black sendal cloak on top, reclining on capets 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 marchal de Champagne? The wicket where the bulls of the anti-pope Benedict were torn up, and from whence those who had brought them set ont again, mockingly decked in cope and mitre, to make *ameade 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 ironwork 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

火,却是千真万确的事实。这座法兰西最早的王宫,如今已经所剩无几,这自然要归功于那场大火,更要归功于后来历次的修复工程。这座王宫堪称卢浮宫的长兄,在美男子菲利浦王在位时期,年岁就相当大了,有人甚至去寻觅过埃及杜斯所描述的、由罗伯尔王兴建的宏伟楼阁的遗迹,但几乎荡然无存了。圣路易“完婚”的那间枢密处室如今安在?他“身穿驼毛布上衣、绵毛混纺的马甲和紫檀色长外套,同若安徽一起,席地躺在毛毯上”,审理案件的花园又在何处?西格蒙德皇帝的寝宫今在哪里?查理四世、无采邑的约翰王的寝宫又在哪儿?查理六世颁发大赦谕的那座楼梯何处寻觅?马塞尔当着王太子的面,杀害罗伯尔·德·克莱蒙和德·香槟元帅时,所踏的那块石板地又何处寻觅?还有那条狭廊——撕毁伪教皇训谕的地方,而传谕使者身穿法袍,头戴法冠,一身可笑的打扮,从那里出发游遍巴黎全城以示谢罪——如今在何处?还有那座大厅及其镀金的装饰、天蓝色的彩绘、尖拱长窗、一尊尊雕像、一根根圆柱、布满雕刻图案的高大拱顶,如今又在何处?还有那金碧辉煌的寝宫呢?还有那守门的石狮,如同所罗门座前所有狮子那样,低垂脑袋,夹着尾巴,一副暴力服从公理的恭顺模样的石狮,究竟在哪里?还有那一扇扇精美的房门、一扇扇绚丽的彩绘玻璃窗,究竟在哪里?还有那令比科奈特也甘拜下风的镂花铁包角、杜·昂西制作的精细木器,究竟在哪里呢?……岁月和人事,如何摧残那些巧夺天工的杰作?用什么取代了那一切呢?用什么取代整个高卢的历史、整个哥特式艺术呢?无非是设计圣热尔维教堂大门道的那个笨

of it all, all that Gaulish history, all that Gothic art? The heavy surbased 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.

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 door way 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.

拙的建筑师，德·勃罗斯先生建造的低矮笨重的穹窿，就用这个冒充艺术。至于历史，还有关于粗柱子的喋喋不休的回忆录，而帕特律之流摇唇鼓舌之声，至今还回荡不已。

不过，这还无足挂齿。——还是扯回话题，谈谈名副其实的古老司法官那名副其实的大厅。

那座长方形大厅无比宽敞，两端各有用场：一端安放著名的大理石案，极长极宽极厚，无与伦比，正如古代土地赋税簿中说的那样，“世上找不出同样那么大块”——这种说法准能让卡冈都亚食欲倍增；另一端辟为小教堂，路易十一世命人雕塑他的跪像，放在圣母像前面，他还命人把查理大帝和圣路易的雕像移进来，全然不顾外面一长排历代国王雕像中间，留下两个空空的壁龛。显而易见，他认为这两位圣君，作为法兰西国王在上天言事最有分量。小教堂刚建六年，还是崭新的：建筑精美，雕刻奇妙，镂刻也细腻精微，这种整体的曼妙的建筑艺术品格，标示哥特时代在我国进入末期的特征，并延续到十六世纪中叶，焕发出文艺复兴时期那种仙国幻境般的奇思异想。门楣上方那扇花瓣格子的透亮小圆窗，那么精巧秀丽，宛如饰以花边的星星，尤其堪称精品。

对着正门的大厅中央，靠墙有一个铺了金线织锦的看台，其专用人口，就是那间金碧辉煌的寝室的窗户。搭起这座看台，是为了接待应邀观看圣迹剧的佛兰德特使和其他大人物。

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 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 sum 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

圣迹剧照例要在那张大理石案上演出。为此，一清早就把石案布置妥当，大案面已被司法官书记们的鞋跟划得满是道道，上边搭了一个相当高的木架笼子，顶板充作舞台，整个大厅的人都看得见，木笼四周围着帷幕，里面充当演员的更衣室。外面赤裸裸竖起一架梯子，连接更衣室和舞台，演员上下场，就登着硬硬的横穿。不管多么出乎意料的人物、多么曲折的故事，也不管多么突变的情节，无不是安排从这架梯子上场的。戏剧艺术和舞台设计的童年，是多么天真而可敬啊！

司法官的四名警官守住大理石案的四角，每逢节庆或行刑的日子，他们总要派往现场，监视民众的娱乐活动。

要等到中午，司法官的大钟敲十二响，戏才能开场。演一场戏，这当然太晚了；不过，总得迁就一点外国使团的时间啊。

这样，熙熙攘攘的观众，一清早就赶来，只好等待。这些赶热闹的老实人，许多在天刚亮的时候，就来到司法官大台阶前，冻得瑟瑟发抖；还有几个人甚至声称，他们靠着大门守了个通宵，好抢着头一批冲进去。人越聚越多，仿佛水超过界线而外溢，开始漫上墙壁，淹了圆柱，一直涨到柱顶、墙檐和窗台上，涨到这座建筑物的所有突出部位和所有凸起的浮雕上。这么多人关在大堂里，一个挨一个，你拥我挤，有的被踩伤，简直喘不上气来，一片喧噪怨艾之声，而外国使团迟迟不到，大家等累了，等烦了，觉得苦不堪言，何况这一天

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 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 Pads, 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, *foannes Frollo 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?'

'By the devil's mercy,' Joannes Frollo

可以随意胡闹，可以撒泼耍赖，因此，谁的臂肘捅了一下，谁的打了铁掌的鞋踩了一脚，正好找碴儿争吵打架。抱怨和咒骂响成一片，骂佛兰德人，骂府尹，骂波旁红衣主教，骂司法官，骂奥地利的玛格丽特公主，骂执法的警官，有骂天气冷的，有骂天气热的，有骂天气坏的，还骂巴黎主教，骂丑大王，骂大圆柱，骂雕像，还骂那关闭的大门，骂那敞开的窗户，统统骂了个遍；而混杂在人群中的一伙伙学生和仆役，听着特别开心，他们还不断挖苦嘲弄，可以说火上浇油，更加激发大家的火气和暴躁情绪。

这些促狭鬼，有一伙闹得更凶，他们打烂一扇玻璃窗，大胆地坐在上面，居高临下，忽而瞧瞧里边，忽而看看外边，既嘲弄大堂里的群众，也嘲笑广场上的群众。他们同大堂另一端的伙伴遥相呼应，相互调笑，模仿别人的动作，大笑不止。显而易见，这些年轻学生不像其他观众那样，他们丝毫也不感到烦闷和疲倦，从眼前的景物中导演出一场戏来，自得其乐，耐心地等待另一场戏的开演。他们当中的一个人嚷道：

“没跑儿，准是你，不愧叫磨坊约翰·弗罗洛，瞧你那两条胳膊两条腿，就跟迎风旋转的风车一样。你来了多长时间啦？”那个绰号叫磨坊的小淘气鬼，有一头金发、一张俊秀而调皮的面孔，此刻他正钩在一根柱子上的饰叶上。他回答说：

“仁慈的魔鬼啊！来了有四个钟

replied; 'more than four hours now, and I have every hope of having them coanted against my time im purgatory. I heard the eight singingmen 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 Provencal accent.'

'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 paris* for a mass! And paid for from the tax on salt-water fish sold in the Pads 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 Lecomu, 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* [Homed and hairy],' added another.

'Eh, no doubt,' went on the little demon on the capital. 'What is there to laugh at? There is his Honour Gilles kecomu, brother of Maître Jacques Lecornu, provost of the King's household, son of Maître Mahjet kecornu, head porter of the Bois de Vincennes, all burghers of Pads, all married from father to son!'

头啦!但愿这四个钟头没白过,从我在炼狱净罪的时间里扣除。我来的时候,正赶上在圣小教堂做七点钟的大弥撒,听见西西里王那八名童子唱圣歌的头一节。

“那些唱圣歌的童子真棒,”另一个又说道,“嗓门比他们脑袋上的帽子还尖!给圣约翰先生举行弥撒之前,国王陛下应当打听打听,用普罗旺斯地方口音唱拉丁文的颂诗,人家圣约翰先生喜欢不喜欢。”

“哦,搞这次弥撒,原来是为了雇用西西里王那些该死的圣歌童子啊!”一个老太婆在窗户底下的人群中尖声尖气地嚷道。“你们说说看!一场弥撒要花一千巴黎利弗尔!还不是从巴黎菜市场海鲜税中出的钱!”

“住嘴,老太婆!”一个表情严肃而神气的胖子接口说,他紧挨着卖鱼婆,不得不捂住鼻子。“就是应该举行一场弥撒,你总不会希望国王又病倒吧?”

“说得好,吉勒·勒角奴阁下,专给王室办皮货的大老板!”钩在柱顶雕饰上的那个小个子学生嚷道。

王室皮货商竟有这样倒霉的姓氏,学生们听了都哈哈大笑。

“勒角奴吉勒·勒角奴”有些人嚷道。

“长了角,又长满了毛。”另一个人也接着喊道。

“嘿!那还用说,”钩在柱顶的那个小鬼头继续说。“有什么好笑的?吉勒·勒角奴可是个人物,内庭总管约翰·勒角奴先生的胞弟,万森树林首席护林官马伊埃·勒角奴的公子!他们个个都是巴黎的好市民,父子相传,全都正式结了婚!”

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 sereechowl of ill omen?'

'There, I know who he is,' said one; 'he's Make Andry Musnier.'

'Because he's one of the four official book-sellers 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.'

'Musnier, we'll thrash your lackey.'

'Musnier, we'll rumple your wife.'

'Good stout Mademoiselle Oudarde.'

'As fresh and merry as if she were a widow.'

'Devil take you!' muttered Maître Andry Musnier.

欢乐的情绪顿时倍增。目光从四面八方射过来，胖子皮货商不敢应声，拼命挣扎想躲起来，累得他气喘吁吁，满头大汗，然而无济于事：他就像一只楔子卡在木头里，越用劲咬得越紧，结果他的脑袋更加牢实地夹在前后左右的肩膀中间，他又气又恼，那张充血的大脸盘涨成猪肝色。

终于有人来救驾了，此公跟他相貌一样，又矮又胖，是个道貌岸然的主儿。

“坏透啦！学生竟敢这样对市民讲话！想当年有这种情况，就要用劈柴棒子狠揍，再用那些劈柴活活烧死他们。”

那帮学生哄堂大笑。

“吓——啦——嘿！谁唱得这么好听啊？是不是夜猫子嚎丧呢？”

“噢，我当是谁呢，原来是安德里·穆尼埃老板啊。”一名学生说道。

“是认得，咱们大学四名宣誓的书商，他是其中之一嘛。”另一名学生也说道。

“在他那铺子里，什么都规定四个，”第三个人嚷道，“四个学区、四个学院、四个节日、四名稽查、四名选董、四名书商。”

“好哇，”约翰·弗罗洛说，“那就让他们瞧四出闹剧。”

“穆尼埃，我们要烧掉你的书！”

“穆尼埃，我们要痛打你的仆人！”

“穆尼埃，我们要玩玩你的老婆！”

“那个胖妞儿吾大德小姐！”

“风流快活，赛过小寡妇！”

“让魔鬼都把你们抓走！”安德里·穆尼埃老板咕哝一句。