

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

蒙提喀列斯突伯爵

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

ALEXANDRE DUMAS 著

伍 光 建 選 譯

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THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

By

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

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原 著 者 Alexandre Dumas

選 譯 者 伍 光 建

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傳 略

大仲馬是一八〇二與一八七〇年間人，他的祖父是一個法蘭西伯爵，他的祖母是一個西印度的本地黑人。他的父親當法國大革命初起時，投軍當兵，升官却升得很快，征西班牙時當陸軍大統領；後來因為同拿破崙鬧意見，死後很蕭條。大仲馬家貧，受教育於一個慈愛的教士。他隨後學法律。他因為酷好著作，到巴黎寫小劇本為生。他寫了幾年劇本，以他的『顯理第三』為最出名。他隨後撰短篇小說，又其後才撰長篇小說，以俠隱記三種及這部蒙提喀列斯突為最有名。從此以後相繼刊行的小說既多且快；他的著作總共有二百七十五冊。他曾告訴拿破崙第三，說他寫了一千二百本書。據說他的小說，自然有許多是他自己著的，亦有許多是與他人合作的，又有許多全是他人作的，却出他的名；人家常以此批評他，他却毫不理會。他不吸煙，不吃酒，不賭博，賣文的收入很豐，他却往往入不敷出，常時欠債。這是因為他好吃，好客，座上食客常滿，很像中國小說的小孟嘗，常有不知姓名的人，走來同他坐下飲食；他又無條理，同是一筆債，還過之後，失了收條，又得再還，往往還五六次之多。這部蒙提喀列斯突與俠隱記齊名，歐美人幾乎無不讀過；可惜太長，譯出中文約有八十萬字。書分上下兩冊，以上冊為最好，有幾篇極好的文章，如唐提出獄及報恩等回皆是。俠隱記要依附歷史事實，未免受拘束，這一部却不然，他絲毫不受羈勒，任意幻造境地與人物，寫得尤為淋漓盡致；其所以不及俠隱記，只在缺少諧趣，但是其獨到的地方，却是俠隱記所無的。

民國廿四年十月 伍光建記

蒙提喀列斯突伯爵

(一八一五年二月底愛特曼唐提 Edmond Dantès 駕摩拉爾船行的船，駛回瑪爾塞 Marseilles；翌日，他與他的愛人摩西第 Mercédès 正在慶賀定婚禮的時候，被官拘拏，幽禁在一個荒島上十四年。陷害他入獄的是三個人：一個是他的本船同事名璫伽拉 Danglars，是個管貨員，要奪他的船主地位；一個是福爾南 Fernand，要奪他所與定婚的美貌女子摩西第；一個是當地的檢察官維富特。事因那條船快要經過愛爾巴 Elba 島的時候，船主病重，瀕死，哀求大副愛特曼唐提替他送一信與拿破崙，且替拿破崙送一信往巴黎。愛特曼原是一個不知世故的十九歲少年就答應船主照辦。船主死了，他權代船主。璫伽拉曉得這件事，寫信告密，由福爾南寄與檢察官，同時有愛特曼的隣居卡特祿預聞祕密，卻不曾勸阻。檢察官先前原是一個拿破崙黨，現在已經叛了本黨，改名換姓，投入王黨。他得了告密信，立即拘拏愛特曼，搜出那封信，曉得拿破崙黨的祕密，當着愛特曼面毀了信，安他的心還說不久就釋放他。誰知檢察官謀自己的安全，與見好於王黨，就設法永遠監禁愛特曼。愛特曼入獄的第四年，有一天聽見地板有摸索聲。再過幾天，地板陷入，看見一個老犯人從地洞出來。這個老犯人原是一個方丈，名花利亞，因為要謀義大利統一，被當道所拘，幽禁在這裏，已經有八年了。他設法挖通地洞。以為可以越獄逃脫，不料只與另一個監牢相通。這兩個人以後自然是做了極好的朋友，情同父子協力挖地道。老方丈把生平的學問傳授與愛特曼，且把他一生的閱歷告訴他，並提醒他，說他平日的朋友就許是他的仇人。愛特曼得了老方丈的傳授，不獨變作一個很有學問的人，而且變作一個深知人情世故的人。到了愛特曼入獄的第十四年老方丈病，將死，把蒙提喀列斯突的藏鏹所在的地方，告訴愛特曼。不久老方丈死了，愛特曼把自己的衣服替老方丈穿上，把屍身背到自己的牢裏，自己穿上老方丈的衣服，偽裝死人，監卒用袋裹死人，拋入大海，愛特曼用老方丈在牢裏歷年所製成的刀子，割袋逃生，盡發藏鏹，變了一個大富豪。他屢次化裝，這次化作一個方丈先找着舊隣居卡特祿，打聽他入獄後親友們的下落，事見第二十七回，又從一個監獄視察官口裏打聽為何把他永遠監禁的情形（見第廿八回，不譯）；於是恩怨分明，首先報恩，事見第二十九回。譯者註。）

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

CHAPTER XXVII

THE STORY

"FIRST, sîr," said Caderousse, "you must make me a promise."

"What is that?" inquired the abbé.

"Why, if you ever make use of the details I am about to give you, that you will never let any one know that it was I who supplied them; for the persons of whom I am about to talk are rich and powerful, and if they only laid the tips of their fingers on me, I should break to pieces like glass."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," replied the abbé. "I am a priest, and confessions die in my breast. Recollect, our only desire is to carry out, in a fitting manner, the last wishes of our friend. Speak, then, without reserve, as without hatred; tell the truth, the whole truth; I do not know, never may know, the persons of whom you are about to speak; besides, I am an Italian, and not a Frenchman, and belong to God, and not to man, and I shall shortly retire to my convent, which I have only quitted to fulfil the last wishes of a dying man." This positive assurance seemed to give Caderousse a little courage.

"Well, then, under these circumstances," said Caderousse, "I will, I even believe I ought to undeceive you as to the friendship which poor Edmond thought so sincere and

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第二十七回 故事

卡特祿 (Caderousse) 說道，『先生，你必先答應我一句話。』

方丈問道，『答應你什麼？』

『沒有什麼，不過我若把詳細情形告訴你，你永遠不許告訴人，說是我告訴你的；因為我將告訴的人們，都是有錢有勢的，他們只要用手指尖摩我，我就會如同玻璃一般，被他們打碎了。』

方丈答道，『我的朋友，你只管放心。我是一個教士，凡是你對我所說的話，我是不會再說出來的。你要記得，我們的惟一願望不過是怎樣妥妥當當的奉行我們的朋友的遺囑。(這個假方丈說謊，說唐提臨死時交他一顆金剛鑽，請他變賣分贈與唐提的好朋友們作記念。譯者註。)你只管說，既不必隱瞞，亦不必懷怨恨；你把實情盡行告訴我；我並不曉得，還許永遠不曉得，你將要說的那幾個人；況且我是一個義大利人，不是一個法蘭西人，我是個服事上帝的人，是個出家人，不久我還要歸隱在我的寺院裏，我此番出來，不過是奉行一個快死的人的最後所想做的事。』這樣切實的保證話，好像使卡特祿胆子大些。

卡特祿說道，『既是這樣，我肯告訴你，我且相信我應該告訴你，你切勿相信那個可憐的愛特曼 (Edmond) 心裏所想

unquestionable.”—“Begin with his father, if you please,” said the abbé; “Edmond talked to me a great deal about the old man, for whom he had the deepest love.”

“The history is a sad one, sir,” said Caderousse, shaking his head; “perhaps you know all the earlier part of it?”—“Yes,” answered the abbé; “Edmond related to me everything until the moment when he was arrested in a small cabaret close to Marseilles.”

“At La Réserve! Oh, yes; I can see it all before me this moment.”

“Was it not his betrothal feast?”—“It was; and the feast that began so gayly had a very sorrowful ending; a police commissary, followed by four soldiers, entered, and Dantès was arrested.”

“Yes, and up to this point I know all,” said the priest. “Dantès himself only knew that which personally concerned him, for he never beheld again the five persons I have named to you, or heard mention of any one of them.”

“Well, when Dantès was arrested, Monsieur Morrel hastened to obtain the particulars, and they were very sad. The old man returned alone to his home, folded up his wedding suit with tears in his eyes, and paced up and down his chamber the whole day, and would not go to bed at all, for I was underneath him and heard him walking the whole night; and for myself, I assure you I could not sleep either, for the grief of the poor father gave me great uneasiness, and every step he took went to my heart as really as if his foot had pressed against my breast. The next day Mercédès came to implore the protection of M. de Villefort; she did not obtain it, however, and went to visit the old man; when she saw him so miserable and heart-broken,

的誠實不必請問的友誼。』

方丈說道，『我請你先從愛特曼的父親說起；愛特曼最孝他的父親，他對我談了許多這個老頭子。』

卡特祿搖頭說道，『說來是很慘的，也許你曉得這個老人的生前的情形。』——方丈答道，『是的，愛特曼把從前的事都告訴我，說到他在瑪爾塞附近的小酒店被拘為止。』

卡特祿說道，『是呀，他是在拉利西甫（La Réserve）小酒店被拘的，我現在還能夠追想前事，如在目前。』

方丈問道，『不是在他定婚席上被拘的麼？』——卡特祿答道，『是呀；起首慶賀的時候，是很熱鬧的，結局是很慘的；有一個警官帶了四個兵進來，把唐提捉了去。』

教士說道，『由從前到這個時候的事，我全曉得，唐提只曉得與他本人有關的事，因為他後來不曾看見我對你所說的那五個人，也不曾聽見有人提起過他們。』

卡特祿說道，『唐提一被拘拏，摩拉爾（Morrel）就急於打聽消息，消息卻是很悽慘的。唐提的父親獨自一人回家，他兩眼含淚，把他兒子的結婚禮服疊起來，終日在樓上走來走去，不肯上床睡，因為我在樓下，聽見他終夜在樓上走；我實對你說，我也終夜不能睡，因為那個可憐的老父的悲傷，使我心極不安，他每走一步，如同在我胸前跳了一腳一般。到了第二天，摩西第走來求維富特（Villefort）保護；她卻並不會得着任何保護，只好去見老頭子，她一看見他那樣可憐，那

having passed a sleepless night, and not touched food since the previous day, she wished him to go with her that she might take care of him; but the old man would not consent. 'No,' was the old man's reply, 'I will not leave this house, for my poor dear boy loves me better than anything in the world; and if he gets out of prison he will come and see me the first thing, and what would he think if I did not wait here for him?' I heard all this from the window, for I was anxious that Mercédès should persuade the old man to accompany her, for his footsteps over my head night and day did not leave me a moment's repose."

"But did you not go up-stairs and try to console the poor old man?" asked the abbé.—"Ah, sir," replied Caderousse, "we cannot console those who will not be consoled, and he was one of these; besides, I know not why, but he seemed to dislike seeing me. One night, however, I heard his sobs, and I could not resist my desire to go up to him, but when I reached his door he was no longer weeping but praying. I cannot now repeat to you, sir, all the eloquent words and imploring language he made use of; it was more than piety, it was more than grief, and I, who am no canter, and hate the Jesuits, said then to myself, 'It is really well, and I am very glad that I have not any children; for if I were a father and felt such excessive grief as the old man does, and did not find in my memory or heart all he is now saying, I should throw myself into the sea at once, for I could not bear it.'"

"Poor father!" murmured the priest.

"From day to day he lived on alone, and more and more solitary. Mr. Morrel and Mercédès came to see him, but his door was closed; and, although I was certain he was

樣傷心，他一夜未睡，一日未食，她就請他到她家裏去，好照應他；但是這個老頭子不肯去。老頭子答道，「我不能到你家裏去，我不肯離開這裏，因為我的寶貝兒子愛我，比愛世上無論什麼東西，都利害得多；他若出監，他必定先來見我，我若不在這裏等他，他心裏會作什麼感想呀？」這幾句話是我從窗口聽來的，因為我急於要摩西第勸老頭子隨同她回家，因為他日夜在樓上走，使我無一刻得安息』（卡特祿只是爲己着急，並不是爲的老頭子。譯者註。）

方丈問道，『你不曾登樓，嘗試安慰那個老頭子麼？』——卡特祿答道，『先生，我們不能安慰不肯受安慰的人們，他就是這樣的一個人；況且，我不曉得爲什麼，他好像不喜歡見我。有一天晚上，我卻聽見他嗚咽啼哭，我卻不能不上去看看，不料我走到他的房門，我不聽見他哭，只聽見他祈禱。他用許多懇切字眼，與哀求的話，先生，我現在不能轉述與你聽了，他所說的不止是虔篤的話，不止是憂傷的話；我不是一個僞君子，我又是憎惡耶穌軍的，當時我就對自己說道，「我並無兒女，我卻很喜歡；設使我有兒女，如這個老頭子那樣覺得悲痛，從我的記性中或從我的心中，我若找不着全數他此時所說的話，我是不能忍受的，我只好跳海死。」』（正所謂鐵石人聞了也要傷心。譯者注。）

教士喃喃說道，『可憐的父親呀！』

卡特祿說道，『他獨自一人居住，過了一日又一日，越來越變作孤零了。摩拉爾與摩西第來看他，他卻閉門不納；我

at home, he would not make any answer. One day, when, contrary to his custom, he had admitted Mercédès, and the poor girl, in spite of her own grief and despair, endeavored to console him, he said to her,—‘Be assured, my dear daughter, he is dead; and instead of expecting him, it is he who is awaiting us; I am quite happy, for I am the oldest, and of course shall see him first.’ However well disposed a person may be, why you see we leave off after a time seeing persons who are in sorrow, they make one melancholy; and so at last old Dantès was left all to himself, and I only saw from time to time strangers go up to him and come down again with some bundle they tried to hide; but I guessed what these bundles were, and that he sold by degrees what he had to pay for his subsistence.¹ At length the poor old fellow reached the end of all he had; he owed three quarters’ rent, and they threatened to turn him out; he begged for another week, which was granted to him. I know this, because the landlord came into my apartment when he left his. For the first three days I heard him walking about as usual, but on the fourth I heard nothing. I then resolved to go up to him at all risks. The door was closed, but I looked through the keyhole, and saw him so pale and haggard, that believing him very ill, I went and told M. Morrel and then ran on to Mercédès. They both came immediately, M. Morrel bringing a doctor, and the doctor said it was inflammation of the bowels, and ordered him a limited diet. I was there, too, and I never shall forget the old man’s smile at this prescription. From that time he received all who came; he had an excuse for not eating any more; the doctor had

¹ subsistence, 餬口.

雖曉得他必定是在家的，他卻不肯答話。有一天他改變他的慣例，讓摩西第進去，那個可憐的女子雖然她自己是很傷心絕望的，卻努力安慰他，他對她說道——「我的寶貝女兒，他必定是死了；我們不須盼望他來，他反在那裏等候我們；我也是很歡樂的，因為我的年紀最老，自然是我先見他。」我們無論心地怎樣好，我們過了不久，就不會去看愁苦的人，因為我們見了，就會憂愁；所以後來，老唐提總是自己一個人過活，我久不久只看見有幾個面生的人走上樓，下樓帶着一包一包的東西，嘗試收藏，不令人見；我卻猜着這一包一包都是些什麼東西，我又猜着他逐漸變賣東西渡日。後來這個可憐的老頭子把所有東西都變賣光了；他欠了三季房租，房東要趕他出去，他求展限一星期，房東答應了。因為房東從他的屋裏出來，就到我的屋裏，所以我曉得。頭三天我還聽見他同向來一樣，走來走去，第四天我聽不見聲響。我隨即打定主意冒險上樓看他。房門緊閉，我從鎖眼往裏看，看見他臉色很灰白，很憔悴，我相信他病重。就走去告訴摩拉爾，隨後走到摩西第家。他們兩人立刻走來，摩拉爾帶同一個醫生來，醫生說是大腸發炎，吩咐他限制飲食。我也在那裏，老頭子聽了醫生說出這個方子就微笑，我將永遠忘記不了他這樣的微笑。從此以後，無論什麼人來他都接見；他有了藉口，

put him on a diet." The abbé uttered a kind of groan. "The story interests you, does it not, sir?" inquired Caderousse.—"Yes," replied the abbé, "it is very affecting."

"Mercédès came again, and she found him so altered that she was even more anxious than before to have him taken to her own home. This was M. Morrel's wish also, who would fain have conveyed the old man against his consent; but the old man resisted, and cried so that they were actually frightened. Mercédès remained, therefore, by his bedside, and M. Morrel went away, making a sign to the Catalane that he had left his purse on the chimney-piece. But availing himself of the doctor's order, the old man would not take any sustenance; at length (after nine days of despair and fasting), the old man died, cursing those who had caused his misery, and saying to Mercédès, 'If you ever see my Edmond again, tell him I die blessing him.' " The abbé rose from his chair, made two turns round the chamber, and pressed his trembling hand against his parched throat. "And you believe he died"—

"Of hunger, sir, of hunger," said Caderousse. "I am as certain of it as that we two are Christians."

The abbé, with a shaking hand, seized a glass of water that was standing by him half-full, swallowed it at one gulp, and then resumed his seat, with red eyes and pale cheeks. "This was, indeed, a horrid event," said he in a hoarse voice.

"The more so, sir, as it was men's and not God's doing."—"Tell me of those men," said the abbé, "and remember too," he added in an almost menacing tone, "you have promised to tell me everything. Tell me, therefore, who are these men who killed the son with despair, and the father with

不再吃東西；是醫生吩咐不許多吃的。』方丈聽了，哼了一聲。卡特祿問道，『先生，這段故事使你注意，是不是？』方丈答道，『是的，這段故事很能動人。』

卡特祿說道，『摩西第又來了，她看見老頭子改變了許多，更急於要帶他到她自己的家裏。摩拉爾也是要他去，他原想不管老頭子願不願，要送他去；不料他拒絕不肯去，哭得很利害，他們見了害怕。所以只是摩西第陪他，坐在他的床邊，摩拉爾走了，示意給摩西第知道，他留下一個錢袋在爐台上。老頭子還是利用醫生的吩咐，不肯吃東西；後來（絕望與捱餓九天後）老頭子死了，詛罵那幾個使他受慘痛的人，還對摩西第說道，「你若再見我的愛特曼的面，你得告訴他，我死的時候還是求天賜福與他。」』方丈站起來，在屋裏走了兩轉，用他的發抖的手，緊緊的壓住他的乾燥喉嚨，說道，『你相信他是死了。』

卡特祿說道，『先生，他是餓死的。我深信他是餓死的，如同我深信你我都是基督教徒。』（以上說愛特曼唐提改裝一個方丈，從他的舊鄰居口中，打聽他入監後他父親的情形。譯者注。）

方丈手抖抖的，從身邊桌上，放着的半盃水，搶過來，一口吞下去，從新坐下，兩眼是紅的，兩邊臉是灰白的。他喉嚨啞啞的說道，『這很是一段可怕的事。』

卡特祿說道，『這並不是天意卻全是人事做出來的，所以更慘。』——方丈說道，『你把那幾個人的故事告訴我，你須記着（他幾乎用恐嚇腔調），你曾答應過，無論什麼都告訴我。所以你得告訴我，是那幾個人用絕望殺兒子，用飢餓殺他的父親。』

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

famine?"—"Two men jealous of him, sir; one from love, and the other from ambition,—Fernand and Danglars."

"How was this jealousy manifested? Speak on."

"They denounced Edmond as a Bonapartist agent."

"Which of the two denounced him? Which was the real delinquent?"

"Both, sir; one with a letter, and the other put it in the post."

"And where was this letter written?"

"At La Réserve, the day before the betrothal feast."

"'Twas so, then—'twas so, then," murmured the abbé.

"Oh, Faria, Faria, how well did you judge men and things!"

"What did you please to say, sir?" asked Caderousse.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the priest; "go on."

"It was Danglars who wrote the denunciation with his left hand, that his writing might not be recognized, and Fernand who put it in the post."

"But," exclaimed the abbé suddenly, "you were there yourself."

"I!" said Caderousse, astonished; "who told you I was there?"

The abbé saw he had overshot the mark, and he added quickly,—"No one; but in order to have known everything so well, you must have been an eye-witness."—"True, true!" said Caderousse in a choking voice, "I was there."

"And did you not remonstrate against such infamy?" asked the abbé; "if not, you were an accomplice."—"Sir," replied Caderousse, "they had made me drink to such an excess that I nearly lost all perception. I had only an indistinct understanding of what was passing around me. I said all that a man in such a state could say; but they

卡祿說道，『先生，有兩個是因為妒忌他；其中一個是因為戀愛妒忌他，一個是因為貪權妒忌他——一個名福爾南，一個名璣伽拉。』

方丈問道，『是怎樣表說妒忌的？你往下說。』

『他們去出首，告愛特曼是個拿破崙黨。』

方丈問道，『這兩個人裏頭，誰去出首？誰是真實罪人。』

『先生，兩個都是的；一個寫信出首，一個把信放在信箱裏。』

方丈問道，『是在什麼地方寫信的？』

『在慶賀定婚禮的上一天，在拉利西甫小酒店寫的。』

方丈喃喃說道，『原來果是這樣。花利亞呀，花利亞呀，你是多麼善於料人料事呀！』

卡特祿問道，『先生，你說什麼？』

方丈答道，『我並沒說什麼；你往下說吧。』

『璣伽拉用左手寫信，使人不能認得他的筆跡，寄信的是福爾南。』

方丈忽然喊道，『但是你自己也在場呀！』（所以唐提當卡特祿也是他的一個仇人。譯者注。）

卡特祿驚愕，說道，『我嗎！誰告訴你我在場呀？』

方丈才曉得他自己說得太過火了，趕快說道——『並無人告訴我；不過你既曉得種種的情節，你必定是在場眼見的。』——卡特祿幾乎不能成聲的，說道，『是的，是的！當日我確在場。』

方丈問道，『你不曾說話反對這樣極不名譽的事麼？設使你不曾反對，你就是一個同謀。』——卡特祿答道，『先生，他們把我灌醉了，我幾乎全失知覺了。我只稍微曉得他們做些什麼，卻曉得不甚清楚。凡是一個吃醉酒的人所能說的話，我全說到了；但是他們說了許多話，使我深信他們不