

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



Eugenie Grandet

欧也妮·葛朗台

[法] 巴尔扎克 著
王勋 等 编译

清华大学出版社





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内 容 简 介

《欧也妮·葛朗台》是法国著名作家巴尔扎克著名的作品集《人间喜剧》中“最出色的画幅之一”，它是世界文学宝库中的瑰宝。欧也妮·葛朗台出生于外省，成长在索莫城一栋阴暗衰败的宅子里。她的父亲拥有万贯家财，却视财如命，吝啬成性；她的初恋也是唯一的爱情刚刚萌芽，只换回了七年的漫漫等待和情人残酷的分手信。上帝将成堆的金子抛向这位对财产无动于衷的少女，将她囚禁在了用金子铸成的牢笼里；而她毕生背负着葛朗台以怪吝著称的姓氏，洁白无瑕的灵魂注定与尔虞我诈的社会格格不入，最终只能在孤独与寂寞中萎谢了。

小说成功地刻画了葛朗台这个世界文学史上不朽的吝啬鬼形象，一经出版便在世界文坛引起了巨大的震动。该作品自出版以来被译成世界上几十种语言，还被改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，全文引进该书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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奥诺雷·德·巴尔扎克（Honoré de Balzac，1799—1850），19世纪享誉世界的法国著名作家。

1799年5月20日，巴尔扎克出生于法国都兰地区图尔市的一个中产阶级家庭。1813年中学毕业后，巴尔扎克按父亲的意愿进入巴黎大学法学院学习，但他对法律并不感兴趣，在此期间他旁听了很多文学院的课程。同时，他还进修了数学、物理、化学、生物等自然科学课程。接受这些文学课程和自然科学课程的教育对巴尔扎克创作风格的形成产生了非常重要的作用。大学毕业后，他拒绝父母为他选择的受人尊敬的法律职业，立志要做文学家。但是他的第一部作品——五幕诗体悲剧《克伦威尔》在发表后却没有收到预期的效果，它是一部不受欢迎的作品。之后他与别人合作从事滑稽小说和神怪小说的创作，曾一度弃文从商和经营企业，出版名著丛书等，但均以失败告终。商业和企业上的失败使他债台高筑，拖累终身，但也为他日后的创作打下了坚实的生活基础。

1829年，他发表了长篇小说《朱安党人》，这部取材于现实生活的作品为他带来了巨大声誉。1831年，他出版了《驴皮记》，该作品更使他声名大震，并从此确立了他在法国文坛的地位。巴尔扎克一生共创作96部长、中、短篇小说和随笔，总命名为《人间喜剧》，其中共创造了两千四百多个人物，是人类文学史上罕见的文学丰碑，被称为法国社会的“百科全书”。1850年8月18日，巴尔扎克终因劳累过度与世长辞。在他的追思会上，文学大师雨果站在巴黎的蒙蒙细雨中，面对成千上万哀悼者慷慨激昂地评价道：“在最伟大的人物中间，巴尔扎克是名列前茅者；在最优秀的人物中间，巴尔扎克是佼佼者。”一个多世纪以来，他的作品传遍了全世界，受到世界各地一代又一代读者的欢迎；他对世界文学的发展和人类进步产生了巨大的影响。马克思、恩格斯称赞他是“超群的小说家”、“现实主义大师”。巴尔扎克以自己的创作在世界文学史上树立起不朽的丰碑。

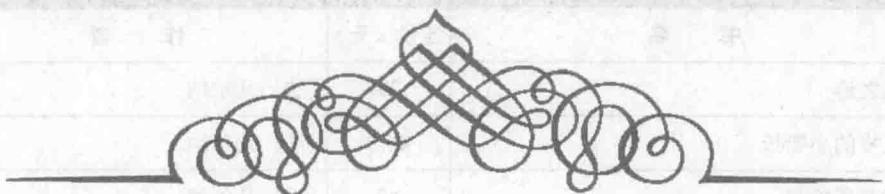


在巴尔扎克的众多作品中，《欧也妮·葛朗台》和《高老头》是他最重要的代表作，是世界文学宝库中的经典之作，至今在世界各地拥有众多的读者。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《欧也妮·葛朗台》和《高老头》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由王勋编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊红华、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亭、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



世界文学名家名著珍藏书库

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金卷 欧也妮·葛朗台 第十八章 葛朗台先生的死



外省某些城镇的房屋，总给人一种凄凉的感觉。索莫城的这条街道的尽头，就有一栋景况凄惨的住宅，那就是葛朗台先生的府邸。

葛朗台先生在索莫城享有盛名，他在一七八九年时还是一名箍桶匠，而在法兰西共和国在索莫地区拍卖教会产业时，他已经娶了一位有钱的木材商的女儿，并用妻子的陪嫁买下了当地最好的葡萄园、修道院与几块分租田，还一下子继承了岳母、岳母的父亲和自己的外祖母的三笔遗产。至于他的资产，只有两个人能略知一二：一位是替葛朗台放债的公证人克洛肖先生，另一位是城中最富有的银行家德·格拉桑先生，葛朗台常因私事与他暗中来往。

葛朗台先生生活俭朴、少言寡语。自从大革命开始之后，他每当要发表长篇讲话或与人争论时，总是装成结巴。此外，他还有四大金句，如同公式般为他解决日常生活及商务中遇到的难题：“我不知道”、“我不能”、“我不愿”与“日后再说”。他从来不立刻说“不”或者“是”，总是冷若冰霜地听对方讲话，但是一旦做出决定，就绝不反悔。他从不去别人家里做客，也从不宴请他人。他自私自利，全部的感情就是以敛财为乐。

只有六个人被允许进入葛朗台的家。最有资格的三个人中首推克洛肖先生的侄儿，这位年轻人自从当上了索莫城一庭的庭长，就在自己的姓前加了德·蓬丰，并力图使之盖过克洛肖姓氏。他的对手是德·格拉桑夫人的儿子，两大家族明争暗斗的焦点就在于争夺欧也妮·葛朗台小姐。不过当地一些了解葛朗台的人认为，葛朗台深谋远虑，不会让自家的财产落入外人之手，他会将葛朗台小姐嫁给巴黎的葛朗台先生之子。这位大笔遗产

的女继承人究竟花落谁家，引来了方圆七八十里的人们的广泛争论。

There are houses in certain provincial towns whose aspect inspires melancholy, akin to that called forth by sombre cloisters, dreary moorlands, or the desolation of ruins. Within these houses there is, perhaps, the silence of the cloister, the barrenness of moors, the skeleton of ruins; life and movement are so stagnant there that a stranger might think them uninhabited, were it not that he encounters suddenly the pale, cold glance of a motionless person, whose half-monastic face peers beyond the window-casing at the sound of an unaccustomed step.

Such elements of sadness formed the physiognomy, as it were, of a dwelling-house in Saumur which stands at the end of the steep street leading to the chateau in the upper part of the town. This street—now little frequented, hot in summer, cold in winter, dark in certain sections—is remarkable for the resonance of its little pebbly pavement, always clean and dry, for the narrowness of its tortuous road-way, for the peaceful stillness of its houses, which belong to the Old town and are over-topped by the ramparts. Houses three centuries old are still solid, though built of wood, and their divers aspects add to the originality which commends this portion of Saumur to the attention of artists and antiquaries.

It is difficult to pass these houses without admiring the enormous oaken beams, their ends carved into fantastic figures, which crown with a black bas-relief the lower floor of most of them. In one place these transverse timbers are covered with slate and mark a bluish line along the frail wall of a dwelling covered by a roof *en colombage* which bends beneath the weight of years, and whose rotting shingles are twisted by the alternate action of sun and rain. In another place blackened, worn-out window-sills, with delicate sculptures now scarcely discernible, seem too weak to bear the brown clay pots from which springs the heart's-ease or the rose-bush of some poor working-woman. Farther on are doors studded with enormous nails, where the genius of our forefathers has traced domestic hieroglyphics, of which the meaning is now lost forever. Here a Protestant attested his belief; there a Leaguer cursed Henry IV.;

elsewhere some bourgeois has carved the insignia of his *noblesse de cloches*, symbols of his long-forgotten magisterial glory. The whole history of France is there.

Next to a tottering house with roughly plastered walls, where an artisan enshrines his tools, rises the mansion of a country gentleman, on the stone arch of which above the door vestiges of armorial bearings may still be seen, battered by the many revolutions that have shaken France since 1789. In this hilly street the ground-floors of the merchants are neither shops nor warehouses; lovers of the Middle Ages will here find the *ouvrouere* of our forefathers in all its naive simplicity. These low rooms, which have no shop-frontage, no show-windows, in fact no glass at all, are deep and dark and without interior or exterior decoration. Their doors open in two parts, each roughly iron-bound; the upper half is fastened back within the room, the lower half, fitted with a spring-bell, swings continually to and fro. Air and light reach the damp den within, either through the upper half of the door, or through an open space between the ceiling and a low front wall, breast-high, which is closed by solid shutters that are taken down every morning, put up every evening, and held in place by heavy iron bars.

This wall serves as a counter for the merchandise. No delusive display is there; only samples of the business, whatever it may chance to be,—such, for instance, as three or four tubs full of codfish and salt, a few bundles of sail-cloth, cordage, copper wire hanging from the joists above, iron hoops for casks ranged along the wall, or a few pieces of cloth upon the shelves. Enter. A neat girl, glowing with youth, wearing a white kerchief, her arms red and bare, drops her knitting and calls her father or her mother, one of whom comes forward and sells you what you want, phlegmatically, civilly, or arrogantly, according to his or her individual character, whether it be a matter of two sous' or twenty thousand francs' worth of merchandise. You may see a cooper, for instance, sitting in his doorway and twirling his thumbs as he talks with a neighbor. To all appearance he owns nothing more than a few miserable boat-ribs and two or three bundles of laths; but below in the port his teeming wood-yard supplies all the cooperage trade of Anjou. He knows to a plank how many casks are needed if the vintage is good. A hot season makes him rich, a

rainy season ruins him; in a single morning puncheons worth eleven francs have been known to drop to six. In this country, as in Touraine, atmospheric vicissitudes control commercial life. Wine-growers, proprietors, wood-merchants, coopers, inn-keepers, mariners, all keep watch of the sun. They tremble when they go to bed lest they should hear in the morning of a frost in the night; they dread rain, wind, drought, and want water, heat, and clouds to suit their fancy. A perpetual duel goes on between the heavens and their terrestrial interests. The barometer smooths, saddens, or makes merry their countenances, turn and turn about. From end to end of this street, formerly the Grand'Rue de Saumur, the words: "Here's golden weather," are passed from door to door; or each man calls to his neighbor: "It rains louis," knowing well what a sunbeam or the opportune rainfall is bringing him.

On Saturdays after midday, in the fine season, not one sou's worth of merchandise can be bought from these worthy traders. Each has his vineyard, his enclosure of fields, and all spend two days in the country. This being foreseen, and purchases, sales, and profits provided for, the merchants have ten or twelve hours to spend in parties of pleasure, in making observations, in criticisms, and in continual spying. A housewife cannot buy a partridge without the neighbors asking the husband if it were cooked to a turn. A young girl never puts her head near a window that she is not seen by idling groups in the street. Consciences are held in the light; and the houses, dark, silent, impenetrable as they seem, hide no mysteries. Life is almost wholly in the open air; every household sits at its own threshold, breakfasts, dines, and quarrels there. No one can pass along the street without being examined; in fact formerly, when a stranger entered a provincial town he was bantered and made game of from door to door. From this came many good stories, and the nickname *copieux*, which was applied to the inhabitants of Angers, who excelled in such urban sarcasms.

The ancient mansions of the old town of Saumur are at the top of this hilly street, and were formerly occupied by the nobility of the neighborhood. The melancholy dwelling where the events of the following history took place is one of these mansions,—venerable relics of a century in which men and things bore the characteristics of simplicity which French manners and customs are

losing day by day. Follow the windings of the picturesque thoroughfare, whose irregularities awaken recollections that plunge the mind mechanically into reverie, and you will see a somewhat dark recess, in the centre of which is hidden the door of the house of Monsieur Grandet. It is impossible to understand the force of this provincial expression—the house of Monsieur Grandet—without giving the biography of Monsieur Grandet himself.

Monsieur Grandet enjoyed a reputation in Saumur whose causes and effects can never be fully understood by those who have not, at one time or another, lived in the provinces. In 1789 Monsieur Grandet—still called by certain persons le Pere Grandet, though the number of such old persons has perceptibly diminished—was a master-cooper, able to read, write, and cipher. At the period when the French Republic offered for sale the church property in the arrondissement of Saumur, the cooper, then forty years of age, had just married the daughter of a rich wood-merchant. Supplied with the ready money of his own fortune and his wife's *dot*, in all about two thousand louis-d'or, Grandet went to the newly established "district," where, with the help of two hundred double louis given by his father-in-law to the surly republican who presided over the sales of the national domain, he obtained for a song, legally if not legitimately, one of the finest vineyards in the arrondissement, an old abbey, and several farms. The inhabitants of Saumur were so little revolutionary that they thought Pere Grandet a bold man, a republican, and a patriot with a mind open to all the new ideas; though in point of fact it was open only to vineyards. He was appointed a member of the administration of Saumur, and his pacific influence made itself felt politically and commercially. Politically, he protected the *ci-devant* nobles, and prevented, to the extent of his power, the sale of the lands and property of the *emigres*; commercially, he furnished the Republican armies with two or three thousand puncheons of white wine, and took his pay in splendid fields belonging to a community of women whose lands had been reserved for the last lot.

Under the Consulate Grandet became mayor, governed wisely, and harvested still better pickings. Under the Empire he was called Monsieur Grandet. Napoleon, however, did not like republicans, and superseded Monsieur Grandet (who was supposed to have worn the Phrygian cap) by a

man of his own surroundings, a future baron of the Empire. Monsieur Grandet quitted office without regret. He had constructed in the interests of the town certain fine roads which led to his own property; his house and lands, very advantageously assessed, paid moderate taxes; and since the registration of his various estates, the vineyards, thanks to his constant care, had become the "head of the country,"—a local term used to denote those that produced the finest quality of wine. He might have asked for the cross of the Legion of honor.

This event occurred in 1806. Monsieur Grandet was then fifty-seven years of age, his wife thirty-six, and an only daughter, the fruit of their legitimate love, was ten years old. Monsieur Grandet, whom Providence no doubt desired to compensate for the loss of his municipal honors, inherited three fortunes in the course of this year,—that of Madame de la Gaudiniere, born de la Bertelliere, the mother of Madame Grandet; that of old Monsieur de la Bertelliere, her grandfather; and, lastly, that of Madame Gentillet, her grandmother on the mother's side: three inheritances, whose amount was not known to any one. The avarice of the deceased persons was so keen that for a long time they had hoarded their money for the pleasure of secretly looking at it. Old Monsieur de la Bertelliere called an investment an extravagance, and thought he got better interest from the sight of his gold than from the profits of usury. The inhabitants of Saumur consequently estimated his savings according to "the revenues of the sun's wealth," as they said.

Monsieur Grandet thus obtained that modern title of nobility which our mania for equality can never rub out. He became the most imposing personage in the arrondissement. He worked a hundred acres of vineyard, which in fruitful years yielded seven or eight hundred hogsheads of wine. He owned thirteen farms, an old abbey, whose windows and arches he had walled up for the sake of economy,—a measure which preserved them,—also a hundred and twenty-seven acres of meadow-land, where three thousand poplars, planted in 1793, grew and flourished; and finally, the house in which he lived. Such was his visible estate; as to his other property, only two persons could give even a vague guess at its value: one was Monsieur Cruchot, a notary employed in the usurious investments of Monsieur Grandet; the other was Monsieur des

Grassins, the richest banker in Saumur, in whose profits Grandet had a certain covenanted and secret share.

Although old Cruchot and Monsieur des Grassins were both gifted with the deep discretion which wealth and trust beget in the provinces, they publicly testified so much respect to Monsieur Grandet that observers estimated the amount of his property by the obsequious attention which they bestowed upon him. In all Saumur there was no one not persuaded that Monsieur Grandet had a private treasure, some hiding-place full of louis, where he nightly took ineffable delight in gazing upon great masses of gold. Avaricious people gathered proof of this when they looked at the eyes of the good man, to which the yellow metal seemed to have conveyed its tints. The glance of a man accustomed to draw enormous interest from his capital acquires, like that of the libertine, the gambler, or the sycophant, certain indefinable habits,—furtive, eager, mysterious movements, which never escape the notice of his co-religionists. This secret language is in a certain way the freemasonry of the passions. Monsieur Grandet inspired the respectful esteem due to one who owed no man anything, who, skilful cooper and experienced wine-grower that he was, guessed with the precision of an astronomer whether he ought to manufacture a thousand puncheons for his vintage, or only five hundred, who never failed in any speculation, and always had casks for sale when casks were worth more than the commodity that filled them, who could store his whole vintage in his cellars and bide his time to put the puncheons on the market at two hundred francs, when the little proprietors had been forced to sell theirs for five louis. His famous vintage of 1811, judiciously stored and slowly disposed of, brought him in more than two hundred and forty thousand francs.

Financially speaking, Monsieur Grandet was something between a tiger and a boa-constrictor. He could crouch and lie low, watch his prey a long while, spring upon it, open his jaws, swallow a mass of louis, and then rest tranquilly like a snake in process of digestion, impassible, methodical, and cold. No one saw him pass without a feeling of admiration mingled with respect and fear; had not every man in Saumur felt the rending of those polished steel claws? For this one, Maitre Cruchot had procured the money required for the purchase of a domain, but at eleven per cent. For that one, Monsieur des Grassins discounted