

英汉对照



世界名著

(法) 司汤达 著

红与黑



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时代文艺出版社

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BOOK ONE

CHAPTER 1

A small town

THE small town of Verrieres may be regarded as one of the prettiest in the Franche-Comte. Its white houses with their steeply pitched roofs of red tile are spread over a hillside where clumps of sturdy Spanish chestnuts mark out the slightest dips in the terrain. The river Doubs flows several hundred feet beneath the old town walls, built in former times by the Spaniards and now fallen to min.

Verrieres is sheltered on its northern side by a high mountain ridge, part of the Jura range. Right from the earliest cold spells in October the jagged peaks of the Verra are covered with snow. A mountain stream which comes tumbling down from the heights passes through Verrieres on its way to join the Doubs, and supplies power to numerous sawmills. This simple form of industry provides a reasonably comfortable living for the majority of the inhabitants, who are peasants rather than townfolk. The wealth acquired by this little town does not, however, come from the sawmills, but rather from the factory where painted fabrics are produced in the Mulhouse tradition. This is the source of the general prosperity which, since the fall of Napoleon, has enabled all the house-fronts in Verrieres to be refurbished.

You have scarcely set foot in the town before you are deafened by the din from a noisy and fearful-looking machine. Twenty massive hammers come thundering down with a noise to set the cobbles shaking, and are lifted up again by a wheel driven by the waters of the stream. Each one of these hammers makes countless thousands of nails every day. It is the task of pretty, fresh-checked girls to hold out the little pieces of iron which the enormous hammers beat speedily into nails. This rough-looking work is one of the activities which the traveller who ventures for the first time into the mountains separating France from Switzer land finds most surprising. If on his arrival in Verrieres the traveller asks who owns this fine nail factory which deafens people as they go up the main street, he will be told in the drawling local accent: 'Ah! that belongs to his worship the mayor.'

If the traveller stops but a moment in the main street of Verrieres, which climbs up from the bank of the Doubs almost to the top of the hill, you can bet a hundred to one he will see a tall man appearing on the scene with the look of someone going about important business. As he passes, all hats are raised with alacrity. His hair is turning grey, and grey is what he wears. He is a member of several orders of knighthood, he has a high

上 部

第一章

小 城

维里埃算得弗朗什 - 孔泰最漂亮的小城之一。一幢幢房子，白墙，红瓦，尖顶，展布在一座小山的斜坡上。茁壮的栗树密密匝匝，画出了小山最细微的凹凸。城墙下数百步外，有杜河流过。这城墙早年为西班牙人所建，如今已残破不堪。

维里埃北面有高山荫护，那是汝拉山脉的一支。十月乍寒，破碎的威拉峰顶便已盖满了雪，从山上下来的一股激流，穿过小城注入杜河，使大量的木锯转动起来。这是一种很简单的工业，小城的居民更象是乡下人，多数人家的日子于是有了几分舒适。不过，使小城富起来的并非木锯。普遍的富裕靠的是生产一种印花布，世称米鲁兹花布，所以，拿破仑倒台以后，维里埃几乎家家户户都把房屋的门面重新修过。

一进城，就会听见一台声音嘈杂、样子吓人的机器轰隆隆作响，搅得人头昏脑胀。二十个沉重的铁锤，全靠一只由湍急的水流带动的轮子，升起，落下，震得路面直打颤。我也说不清一个铁锤一天要生产几千枚钉子。起落之间一些水灵俏丽的姑娘把小铁块送到巨大的铁锤下面，铁块旋即变成了钉子。这劳动看起来如此粗笨，却使初次进入法国和瑞士之间这片山区的旅人啧啧称奇，倘若踏入维里埃的旅人问起大街上耳朵都被震聋了的行人，那座漂亮的制钉厂是谁的，有人就会打着一种拖长的腔调说：“咳，市长先生的呗！”

维里埃有一条大街，从杜河岸边一直爬到山顶。旅人只要稍作停留，十有八九会遇见一个身材高大的人，神色匆匆，一副很了不起的样子。行人一看见他，就赶紧脱帽致意。这位好几等骑士勋章的获得者穿着一身灰色的衣服，头发已经花白，大脑门，鹰勾鼻，五官大致算得端正：初见，人们甚至还会觉得这张脸兼有小城市长的威严和尚存于四十八岁至五十岁男人身上的那种吸引力。然而，巴黎来的旅

forehead and a Roman nose, and his face is not without a certain overall regularity: people even think at first sight that it combines the dignity befitting a village mayor with that special charm which can still be found in someone rising fifty. But soon the traveller from Paris is shocked by a certain look of self-satisfaction and complacency mingled with an indefinable hint of narrow-mindedness and lack of imagination. You feel in the end that the wit of this man does not go beyond making sure he is paid on the spot whatever is owed to him, and leaving it to the last possible moment to pay back what he himself owes.

Such is the mayor of Verriers, M. de Renal. He walks solemnly across the road and disappears from sight into the town hall. But if the traveller continues his stroll he will notice, a hundred yards or so further up, a rather fine-looking house and, through the iron gate next to it, some very splendid gardens. The skyline beyond is formed by the hills of Burgundy, and seems expressly created to please the eye. This view allows the traveller to forget the poisonous atmosphere of petty financial intrigue which is beginning to stifle him.

He is told that this house belongs to M. de Renal. The profits from his sizeable nail factory have enabled the mayor of Verriers to put up this fine dwelling in solid stone which he is in the process of completing. His family, it is said, is of Spanish origin from way back, and has been settled in the region, so they maintain, since well before it was conquered by Louis XIV.

Since 1815 his involvement with industry has been a source of embarrassment to him: the events of 1815 made him mayor of Verriers. The walls supporting the terraces of his magnificent garden which runs down step by step to the Doubs are also a reward for M. de Renal's expertise in the iron industry.

When in France you must not expect to come across the kind of picturesque gardens that are found on the outskirts of manufacturing towns in Germany like Leipzig, Frankfurt or Nuremberg. In the Franche-Comte the more walls a man builds, the more his land bristles with rows of stones laid one on top of another, the greater his claim to his neighbours' respect. M. de Renal's gardens with their walls everywhere are further admired because he spent a fortune purchasing some of the small plots of land on which they are sited. Take, for instance, that sawmill which caught your eye by its striking location on the bank of the Doubs as you entered Verriers, and where you noticed the name SOREL written in gigantic letters on a board set above the roof: six years ago it used to occupy the site on which the wall of the fourth terrace of M. de Renal's gardens is now being built.

For all his pride, the mayor had to enter into lengthy negotiations with old Sorel, a tough and stubborn peasant if ever there was one. He had to hand over a handsome sum

人转眼间便会感到不快，他那种志得意满的神气中还混杂有一种说不上来的狭隘和创造力的匮乏。这位旅人终于意识到，此人的才干仅止于让欠帐的人如期偿还，而若是他欠了账，则要拖得不能再拖。

这便是维里埃的市长德·莱纳先生。他步履庄重，穿过大街，进入市政厅，在旅人的眼前消失。这位旅人若继续闲逛，再往上走一百步，他会瞥见一幢外观相当漂亮的房子，越过与之相连的一道铁栅栏，还有一片极美的花园。远处是勃艮第的丘陵形成的一线天际，曲折有致，尽如人意，仿佛就是为了让人看着舒服。这景色使旅人忘掉了锱铢必较的铜臭，他已经因此而透不过气来了。

有人告诉他，这幢房子属于德·莱纳先生，刚刚落成。这方石砌就的漂亮住宅是维里埃的市长用他那座大制钉厂赚来的。据说他祖上是西班牙人，是个古老的家族，似乎早在路易十四征服此地之前就已定居下来。

自从一八一五年起，他就耻于再作工厂主了，因为一八一五年使他当上了维里埃的市长。那座极美的花园有好几层，直伸到杜河岸边，每一层都筑有护墙，这也是对德·莱纳先生在铁器买卖中的精明给予的酬报。

在法国，您别指望看见德国的莱比锡、法兰克福、纽伦堡等工业城市周围那种秀丽别致的花园。在弗朗什-孔泰，愈是砌墙，愈是在地产上堆起一层层的石头，就愈是有权受到邻人的尊敬。德·莱纳先生的花园里便是高墙纵横，尤其是里面有几小块地，是他花了大价钱才买下的，这花园就更加令人赞赏了。就说那个锯木厂吧，它在杜河岸边的特殊位置让您一进城就留下深刻的印象，您也注意到屋顶一块大木板上用极大的字写着“索莱尔”这姓氏，而在这块六年前还是锯木厂的土地上，眼下正在修筑花园第四层平台的护墙。

市长先生固然高傲，却不得不费些心力央求老索莱尔那个既冷酷又顽固的农民，不得不付给他明晃晃的金路易，才使他把工厂迁往别处。至于那条使锯子转动

in gold coin to get him to move his mill elsewhere. As for the public stream which powered the saw, M. de Rênal managed to have it diverted, using the influence he commands in Paris. This favour was granted him after the 182 elections. For each acre he took from Sorel, he gave him four on asite five hundred yards downstream on the banks of the Doubs. And although this position was much more advantageous for his trade in deal planks, old Mr Sorel, as he is called now that he has grown rich, found a way to screw out of his neighbour's impatience and obsessive greed for land the sum of 6, 000 francs as well.

It is true that this arrangement has come in for some criticism from the fight-thinking individuals in the neighbourhood. Once on a Sunday four years ago when M. de Rênal was on his way back from church in his mayor's robes, he noticed from a distance how old Mr Sorel, with his three sons gathered round him, smiled as he looked in the mayor's direction. That smile was a fatal flash of illumination for the mayor: now he can't help thinking he might have been able to drive a better bargain over the exchange.

To win public esteem in Verrières, the main thing, while of course building walls in great number, is to avoid any design brought over from Italy by the stonemasons who come through the gorges in the Jura in the springtime on their way up to Paris. An innovation of this kind would earn the foolhardy landowner a lasting reputation for unsound views, and discredit him for ever in the eyes of the wise and sensible folk who mete out esteem in the FranComté.

In actual fact, these wise folk keep everlone there in the grip of the most irksome despotism. This dirty word sums up why it is that life in a small town is unbearable to anyone who has dwelt in the great republic called Paris. Public opinion--and you can just imagine what it's like] --exercises a tyranny that is every bit as m/nd/ess in small towns in France as it is in the United States of America.

起来的公共水流，则是他利用自己在巴黎的影响让它改了道。这个恩惠是他在——一八二×年选举之后得到的。德·莱纳先生为了这块——阿尔邦的地，把杜河下游五百步处的四阿尔邦给了索莱尔。尽管这块地的位置对他的枞木板生意有利得多，索老爹（自打他发了，他就有了这称呼）还是巧妙地利用了这位邻居的急迫和占有欲，敲了他六千法郎。

果然，这笔交易受到当地一些有识之士的非议。有一次，四年以后的一个礼拜天，德·莱纳先生身着市长礼服从教堂回家，远远地看见老索莱尔由三个儿子护着，正看着他笑呢。这一笑使市长先生恍然大悟，他从此就老是想，他原本可以更便宜地做成这笔交易呀。

在维里埃，要造许多的护墙，才能获得公众的敬重，要紧的是不要采用那些每年春天经由汝拉山口去往巴黎的泥瓦匠带来的意大利图纸，否则，这样一种革新将给鲁莽的造墙者带来标新立异的坏名声，永远洗刷不掉，他在那些明智而稳健的人眼中也就永远地身败名裂了，因为正是这些人在弗朗什——孔泰握有敬意的予夺之权。

事实上，这些明智之士在当地施行着最讨厌的专制；正是由于这个丑恶的字眼，对于那些在世称伟大的共和国的巴黎生活过的人来说，小城市里的日子简直不堪忍受。舆论的专横，而且是怎样一种舆论啊！在法国的小城市和在美利坚合众国是一样地愚蠢。

CHAPTER 2

A mayor

FORTUNATELY for M. de Rênal's reputation as an administrator, a massive retaining wall was needed to shore up the public promenade which runs along the hillside a hundred feet or so above the course of the Doubs. From this excellent vantage point you get one of the most picturesque views in the whole of France. But every spring, rain-water used to erode the path away, leaving deep gullies and making it quite impassable. This drawback affected everyone, and put M. de Rênal in the unfortunate position of having to immortalize his term of office by building a wall twenty foot high and some eighty yards long.

The parapet of this wall cost M. de Rênal three journeys to Paris, because the last Minister of the Interior but one had declared himself utterly opposed to the promenade at Verrières. The parapet now rises four feet above ground level, and, as if in defiance of all ministers past and present, it is now being dressed with slabs of solid stone.

How many times, as I stood there leaning my chest against those great blocks of fine blue-grey stone, musing on the Paris balls I had left behind the day before, have I gazed down into the valley of the Doubs! Beyond it on the left bank there are five or six winding valleys with tiny streams at the bottom clearly visible to the naked eye. You can see them cascading down into the Doubs. The heat of the sun is fierce in the mountains here, and when it shines overhead the musing traveller is sheltered by the magnificent plane trees on this terrace. They owe their rapid growth and their fine bluegreen foliage to the new soil which the mayor had the builders bring up to put behind his huge retaining-wall. For in spite of opposition from the town council, he widened the promenade by more than six feet which I welcome, although he is an Ultra and I am a liberal, and in his opinion and that of M. Valenod, who has the good fortune to be master of the workhouse in Verrières, this terrace is now fit to be compared to the one at Saint-Germain-en-laye.

For my part, I have only one criticism of the AVENUE DE LA FIDÉLITÉ (you can read its official name in fifteen or twenty places on marble plaques which have earned M. de Rênal yet one more decoration; what I dislike about it is the barbarous way the municipality pollards these leafy planes to the quick, giving them low, round, smooth heads which make them look like the commonest of vegetables from the allotment, when they are crying out to be left in the magnificent shapes they display in England. But the mayor's will is tyrannical, and twice a year all the trees belonging to the commune have their branches mercilessly amputated. I can claim, without some exaggeration, that the hand of the official gardener has become far heavier since M. Maslon the

第二章

市长

杜河水面上方一百尺，沿小山有一公共散步道，需要修筑一堵巨大的挡土墙。对于德·莱纳先生的政声来说，这真是一次千载难逢的好机会。散步道所处位置极佳，入眼的乃是法国最秀丽的风光。不过，每到春季，雨水一冲，路面就沟壑纵横，坑洼遍地，殊难涉足，人人都感到不便，德·莱纳先生就趁机修了一堵二十尺高二百多尺长的墙，非如此是不足以使他的政绩永垂不朽的。

为了这墙上的胸墙，德·莱纳先生不得不三上巴黎，因为前前任内务部长自称是维里埃的散步道的死敌；如今这胸墙已经起来，离地四尺高。仿佛是向一切现任和前任的部长们示威似的，眼下有人正在往上装方石板。

有多少次啊，我的胸抵着泛出美丽的蓝灰色的巨大石块，心里想着昨夜告别的巴黎的舞会，眼睛却眺望着杜河的谷地！远处，左岸，五六条山谷曲折蜿蜒，其深处有数条小溪历历在目，一路奔泻跳荡，急匆匆跌进杜河。山里的太阳很猛，正当顶的时候，旅人却可在这方平台上享受枝叶婆娑的悬铃木的荫护，任遐想驰骋。这些树生长迅速，美丽的绿色微含蓝意，这都得力于市长先生命人填在巨大的防土墙后面的新土，因为他不顾市议会的反对，硬是把散步道拓宽了六尺（尽管他是极端保王党人，我是自由党人，这件事我还是要称赞他），因此，他和幸运的乞丐收容所所长瓦勒诺先生都认为，这个平台比圣日尔曼—昂—莱的平台并不逊色。

散步道的正式名称是忠诚大道，见于沿路十五或二十块大理石板上，这又使德·莱纳先生获得一枚十字勋章。我只有一件事要指责这条忠诚大道，那就是市政当局让人修剪乃至剃秃这些茁壮的悬铃木的那种野蛮方式。这些树与其让自己的脑袋低而圆，圆而平，活象园子里最平常的蔬菜，宁可要英国花园里常见的那种漂亮大方的外形。然而市长先生的意志不可违抗，属市政府所有的那些树每年都要两度遭此无情的残害。当地的自由党人声称（当然有些夸张），自从马斯隆副本堂神甫养成了把修剪下来的树枝据为己有的习惯之后，市府的园丁的手变得愈发无情了。

curate adopted the habit of appropriating the cuttings for himself.

This young clergyman was sent from Besaneon some years ago to keep an eye on Father Chelan and a number of other incumbents of neighbouring parishes. An old army surgeon who had fought in the Italian campaigns and had retired to Verrières--a man who in his lifetime managed to be both a Jacobin and a Bonapartist at once, according to the mayor--was bold enough one day to complain to his worship about the way these fine trees were being periodically mutilated.

'I like shade,' replied M. de Rênal with the right degree of aloofness for addressing a surgeon who is a Member of the legion of Honour. 'I like shade, and I have my trees primed to give shade; I can see no other use for a tree when, unlike the serviceable walnut, it doesn't bring in any money.'

BRINGING IN MONEY: this is the key phrase which settles everything in Verrières. It sums up the habitual thinking of more than three-quarters of its inhabitants.

Bringing in money is the consideration which settles everything in this little town you found so pretty. The newcomer who decides to visit it, won over by the beauty of the cool, deep valleys round about, imagines to begin with that its inhabitants appreciate what is beautiful. They are always talking about the beauty of the locality, and it is undeniable that they value it highly; but this is because it attracts a number of travellers from elsewhere with the means to line the innkeepers' pockets, and thereby, through local taxes, to bring money to the town.

On a fine morning in autumn, M. de Rênal was strolling along the Avenue de la Fidélité with his wife on his arm. While listening to her husband solemnly talking away, M^{me} de Rênal was keeping an anxious eye on the activities of three small boys. The eldest, who might have been eleven, kept on going over to the wall, far too often for her liking, and making as if to climb on to it. A gentle voice was then heard calling 'Adolphe', and the boy had to abandon his daring venture. M^{me} de Rênal looked about thirty, but was still a rather pretty woman.

'He might well come to regret it, this fine gentleman from Paris,' M. de Rênal was saying. He looked indignant, and his face was paler than usual. 'It isn't as though I had no friends at Court...'

But although I do wish to spend two hundred pages telling you about the provinces, I shall not be uncivilized enough to subject you to the long-windedness and deliberately roundabout ways of a provincial dialogue.

This fine gentleman from Paris, so loathsome, to the mayor of Verrières, was none other than a M. Appert who had succeeded two days previously not merely in getting inside the prison and the workhouse in Verrières, but also the hospital which was run as a charity by the mayor and the chief landowners of the neighbourhood.

这位年轻的教士是几年前从贝藏松派来监视谢朗神甫和附近几位本堂神甫的。有一位外科老军医，曾在意大利打过仗，退伍来到了维里埃，据市长先生说，他生前既是雅各宾党人又是波拿巴分子，有一次竟敢当面抱怨对这些美丽的树所施行的周期性毁伤。

“我喜欢荫凉，”德·莱纳先生回答说，口气中有一种居高临下的意味，但对一个身为荣誉团骑士的外科医生说话还就得这样才见得合适；“我喜欢荫凉，我让人修剪我的树，为的是有更多的荫凉，一棵树若不能像有用的胡桃树那样带来收益，我想不出它还能有别的什么用处。”

“带来收益”，这就是在维里埃决定一切的至理名言。单单这个词就代表了四分之三的居民的习惯性思想。

在这座您觉得如此美丽的小城里，带来收益，乃是决定一切的大道理。初到此地的外乡人醉心于周围那清凉幽深的山谷，首先会想到居民们对美很敏感；他们也的确没少把本地的美丽风光挂在嘴上，人们也不能否认他们对此看得很重，因为美丽的风光招来了外地人，而游客的钱富了旅店老板，于是就通过税收的渠道给城市带来收益。

一个晴朗的秋日，德·莱纳先生让妻子挽着胳膊，在忠诚大道上散步，他说话的神情很严肃，德·莱纳夫人听着，眼睛却不安地注视着她的三个孩子的动静。大孩子能有十一岁，总是靠近胸墙，并且做出要爬上去的样子。于是一个温柔的声音唤出了阿道夫这名字，那孩子遂放弃了他的雄心壮志。德·莱纳夫人看上去有三十岁，依然相当漂亮。

“他会后悔的，巴黎来的这位漂亮先生，”德·莱纳先生忿忿地说，脸色比平时更加苍白，“我在宫里也不是没有朋友……”

虽然我很愿意用二百页的篇幅跟您谈谈外省，但是我毕竟不能如此残忍，让您忍受外省的谈话所具有的那种冗长和那种巧妙的转弯抹角。

在维里埃市长眼中如此可恶的这位巴黎来的漂亮先生不是别人，正是阿佩尔先生，两天前，他不仅设法进入维里埃的监狱和乞丐收容所，还进入了市长和当地主要的业主义务管理的医院。

‘But what harm can this gentleman from Paris do you,’ M^{me} de Rênal asked timidly, ‘since you’re most scrupulously honest in administering what is given to the poor?’

‘His only reason for coming is to apportion blame, and then he’ll get articles written in newspapers with liberal leanings.’

‘You never read them, my dear.’

‘But people gossip about these radical articles; it’s all very distracting for us, and it prevents us from going about our good works. For my part I shall never forgive the priest.’

“可是，”德·莱纳夫人怯生生地说，“既然您清白廉洁地管理着穷人的福利，巴黎来的这位先生又能把您怎么样呢？”

他们是为了找茬儿才来的，然后就在自由党的报纸上写文章。

“可您从来不看这些报纸呀，我的朋友。”

“可人家跟我们谈论这些雅各宾派的文章呀；这都使我们受到干扰，欲做好事而不能。哼，我呀，我永远不会原谅这个本堂神甫。”

CHAPTER 3

Care of the poor

YOU should know that the priest of Verrières, an old man of eighty who none the less had a constitution and character of iron, thanks to the invigorating mountain air, was entitled to visit the prison, the hospital and even the workhouse at any hour of the day or night. It was precisely at six o' clock in the morning that M. Appert, bearing an introduction from Paris to the priest, had had the wisdom to turn up in an inquisitive little town. He had gone straight to the presbytery.

Reading the letter addressed to him by the Marquis de la Mole, a peer of France and the richest landowner in the provinces, Father Chelan remained plunged in thought.

'I'm old and well loved here,' he said to himself under his breath, 'they wouldn't dare!' Turning at once to the gentleman from Paris, with a look in which despite his great age there shone that sacred fire which betokens pleasure in carrying out a fine action with some degree of risk attached, he said:

'Come with me, sir, and while we're in the presence of the gaoler and more particularly of the warders in the workhouse, be so good as to refrain from commenting on what we shall see there.' M. Appert realized he

was dealing with a stalwart character: he followed the venerable priest round the prison, the hospice and the workhouse, asking a good many questions but despite some odd replies never allowing himself to express the slightest sign of disapproval.

The visit lasted several hours. Father Chelan invited M. Appert to dinner with him, but the latter said he had letters to write: he did not want to compromise his generous escort any further. Around three o' clock the two gentlemen went off to finish inspecting the workhouse and then returned to the prison. On the doorstep they found the gaoler, a bow-legged giant of a man six foot tall; his unprepossessing face had become hideous with terror.

'Ah! sir,' he said to Father Chelan on catching sight of him, 'isn't this gentleman I see with you M. Appert?'

'And what if he is?' replied the priest.

'You see, since yesterday I've been under the strictest instructions delivered from the prefect by a gendarme who must have galloped hard through the night, not to let M. Appert into the prison.'

'I concede, M. Noirond, that this traveller I have with me is M. Appert. Do you recognize my right to enter the prison at any hour of the day or night, and to take with me anyone I please?'

'Yes, Father Chelan,' said the gaoler in a low voice, hanging his head like a