

汉英对照 · 世界名著

# 巴黎圣母院

*Notre Dame de Paris*

阅 读 经 典 / 感 受 文 学 大 师 风 范

(法) 雨果 (Hugo, V.) 著



北京日报报业集团

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《巴黎圣母院》发表于1862年，是19世纪最伟大、最著名的长篇小说之一，作者是著名的法国作家维克多·雨果。他拥有“法兰西的莎士比亚”之称，是法国著名的浪漫主义文学家，出生于法国东部靠近瑞士的杜省贝桑松，他的父亲是拿破仑手下的一名将军。雨果幼时跟随父亲在西班牙驻军，10岁时被送回巴黎学习。他的兴趣爱好集中体现在文学创作之上，15岁时在法兰西学院的诗歌竞赛会获奖，17岁在“百花诗赛”获得第一名，20岁出版诗集《颂诗集》，因为称赞波旁王朝复辟，获得了路易十八的大量赏赐，后又相继写了大量异国情调的诗歌和剧本。

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## 第一卷

### — 大厅

在距今三百四十八年六个月零十九天前，巴黎老城、大学城和新城三重城郭里，一大早群钟便敲得震天响，把全市居民都弄醒了。

可是，1482年1月6日这一天，并非是什么载入史册的重大日子。这一大清早就动用了巴黎各钟楼，惊动了全体市民的非常事件，也是无关紧要，不足记取的事，既不是底卡底人或是勃艮第人来攻城，也不是抬着圣龕的大举游行；既不是拉阿斯葡萄园里的学生娃造反，也不是号称“万民敬畏之主——国王陛下”的入城仪式，还不是在司法宫广场干净利落地绞死个把男女扒手，更不是十五世纪司空见惯的某个头戴翎毛、身披五彩盛装的外国使团来临。最后一支这样的人马，弗朗德勒御使们，抵达巴黎还不到两天呢，他们是前来为法兰西王储和弗朗德勒的玛格丽特公主缔结婚约的。他们入住巴黎，让波旁红衣主教大人可伤透了脑筋。为了取悦国王，主教大人不得不对这班举止粗俗、高声喧哗的弗朗德勒市长、镇长笑脸相迎，

## BOOK I

### Chapter 1 The Great Hall

Precisely three hundred and forty-eight years six months and nineteen days ago, Paris was awakened by the sound of the pealing of all the bells within the triple enclosing walls of the city, the univeristy, and the town.

Yet the 6th of January, 1482, was not a day of which history had preserved the record. There was nothing of peculiar note in the event which set all the bells and the good people of Paris thus in motion from early dawn. It was neither an assault by Picards or Burgundians, nor a holy image carried in procession, nor a riot of the students in the vineyard of Laas, nor the entry into the city of "our most dread Lord the King," nor even a fine stringing up of thieves, male and female, at the Justice of Paris. Neither was it the unexpected arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some foreign ambassador with his beplumed and gold-laced retinue. Scarce two days had elapsed since the last cavalcade of this description, that of the Flemish envoys charged with the mission to conclude the marriage between the Dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, had made its entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of Monsieur the Cardinal of Bourbon, who, to please the King, had been obliged to extend a gracious reception to



并在自己的波旁公馆中上演一出“极其精彩的寓意剧、滑稽剧兼闹剧”以示热情款待，不料一阵倾盆大雨，把府邸门口的华丽帷幔全浸没了。

1月6日那天，正如望·德·特渥依斯所说的“让巴黎百姓激奋”的事件，正是在隆重的节日，即纪念主显节和狂欢节。这一天从远古以来适逢，这两个节日就合二为一了。

在那天，预定在格雷沃广场 上点燃篝火，在勃拉克小教堂种植五月树，在司法宫演出圣迹剧。前一天晚上，京兆衙门这一天的差官们，穿着华丽的紫红色驼毛布衬甲衣，胸前缀着两个白色大十字，头一天晚上就在十字街头吹着喇叭，高声吆喝过了。

一大清早，住家和店铺就关上门，成群的市民，男男女女，从四面八方涌向上述这三个地点。人们各得其乐，有的去观看，有的喜欢五月树，或者去观看圣迹剧。话说回来，自古以来巴黎的闲人们就很有见识，大股的人流直奔焰火而去，因为眼下烤篝火正合时节。或者去看圣迹剧，演出圣迹剧的司法宫大厅有屋顶和墙壁门窗，足可以御寒。大家不约而同地冷落了那棵可怜的五月树，花儿稀稀拉拉，让它孤单地在勃拉克小教堂公墓内，在一月的寒冷天空下独自颤抖。

大家尤其喜欢涌入通往司法宫的

this boorish company of Flemish burgomasters, and entertain them in his Hôtel de Bourbon with a “most pleasant morality play drollery and farce,” while a torrent of rain drenched the splendid tapestries at his door.

The 6th of January, which “set the whole population of Paris in a stir,” as Jehan de Troyes relates, was the date of the double festival — united since time immemorial — of the Three Kings, and the Feast of Fools.

On this day there was invariably a bonfire on the Place de Grève, a may-pole in front of the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery-play at the Palais de Justice, as had been proclaimed with blare of trumpets on the preceding day in all the streets by Monsieur the Provost’s men, arrayed in tabards of violet camlet with great white crosses on the breast.

The stream of people accordingly made their way in the morning from all parts of the town, their shops and houses being closed, to one or other of these points named. Each one had chosen his share of the entertainments — some the bonfire, some the may-pole, others the Mystery. To the credit of the traditional good sense of the Paris “cit” be it said that the majority of the spectators directed their steps towards the bonfire, which was entirely seasonable, or the Mystery, which was to be performed under roof and cover in the Great Hall of the Palais de Justice, and were unanimous in leaving the poor scantily decked may-pole to shiver alone under the January sky in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The crowd flocked thickest in the approaches



各条大街中，因为他们知道，前两天抵达的弗朗德勒使节们也打算观看圣迹剧，并且同一个大厅里举行狂人教皇的选举。

假如我们生活在十九世纪的人能凭借想象，混入十五世纪这群巴黎人中间，跟他们一起被拉来扯去，被撞来撞去，跌跌冲冲，挤入这个在1482年1月6日变得窄小的大厅里，所看到的场面一定很有趣。正好相反，我们周围所见的事物尽管是如此古老，反而觉得十分新鲜。

如果征得阅读者同意的话，我们邀请您试着想象与我们一起侧身于穿着上衣、半截衫、短袄的嘈杂人群中间，当我们一起跨越大厅的门坎时，您会有什么感受。

首先是听到耳边轰鸣，然后缤纷的色彩让你眼花缭乱。在我们的头顶上是双拱形屋顶，木雕贴面，天蓝色彩绘，装饰着金色百合花图案；在我们脚下是黑白相间的大理石地面；离我们几步远的地方，有根高大的柱子，后面又是一根巨柱，一根接连一根，再接着又是一根。大厅的纵深一共有七根柱子，支撑着那双行尖拱在横向正中的落点。头四根柱子的周围有几家店铺，闪烁着玻璃片和金属箔片的亮光；后三根柱子周围摆着几条橡木长凳，但早已被诉讼人的短裤和代讼人的长袍磨平蹭光。大厅的周围，缘着高高的外墙，在门之间、窗

to the Palais, as it was known that the Flemish envoys intended to be present at the performance of the Mystery, and the election of the Pope of Fools, which was likewise to take place in the Great Hall.

If we of the nineteenth century could mingle in imagination with these Parisians of the fifteenth century, could push our way with that hustling, elbowing, stamping crowd into the Immense Hall of the Palais, so cramped on that 6th of January, 1482, the scene would not be without interest or charm for us, and we would find ourselves surrounded by things so old that to us they would appear quite new.

With the reader's permission we will attempt to evoke in thought the impression he would have experienced in crossing with us the threshold of that Great Hall amid that throng in surcoat, doublet and kirtle.

At first there is nothing but a dull roar in our ears and a dazzle in our eyes. Overhead, a roof of double Gothic arches, panelled with carved wood, painted azure blue, and diapered with golden fleur de lis. Underfoot, a pavement in alternate squares of black and white. A few paces off is an enormous pillar, and another — seven in all down the length of the hall, supporting in the centre line the springing arches of the double groining. Around the first four pillars are stalls all glittering with glassware and trinkets, and around the last three are oaken benches, worn smooth and shining by the breeches of the litigants and the gowns of the attorneys. Ranged along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, is the



户之间、柱子之间，从法拉蒙开始的历代法国国王的雕像，排着看不见尽头的行列，其中有昏庸的个个双臂下悬，眼睛低垂；有英武的个个昂首挺胸，双手高举，直指天空。尖拱长窗上镶着的是光怪陆离的彩色的玻璃；一个个宽大的大厅出口装着华丽的精雕细琢的门扉。这一切，拱顶、柱子、墙壁、窗框、护板、雕像，从上到下无不涂上了天蓝色和辉煌的金色，色泽斑斓，光彩照人。我们今天看见时色泽已略显暗淡了，后来到吾主纪元1549年时，杜布厄尔遵循传统对它赞美不已，其实那时几乎已满面灰尘，埋在蜘蛛网之下，全然不见当年的灿烂光泽了。

现在，让我们来想象一下，这座长方形的宽阔大厅，在一月的某一天，光线暗淡，一股五颜六色、吵吵闹闹的人流一下子涌入，沿着墙壁前进，围着柱子说笑。这么一想，就大致可以对整个场面有个模糊的印象了。下面再确切地说一说一些有趣的细节。

毋庸置疑，倘若拉瓦亚克没有刺杀亨利四世，就绝不会有存放在司法宫档案室里的拉瓦亚克案的那些卷宗，也不会有拉瓦亚克的同谋务必以销毁这套卷宗为目标，因而也不会有纵火犯由于别无良策，只得放火焚烧档案室，好把卷宗烧毁。总而言之，这也就不会发生1618年那场大火。这

interminable series of statues of the rulers of France from Pharamond downward; the "Rois fainéants," with drooping eyes and indolent hanging arms; the valiant warrior kings, with head and hands boldly uplifted in the sight of heaven. The tall, pointed windows glow in a thousand colours; at the wide entrances to the Hall are richly carved doors; and the whole — roof, pillars, walls, cornices, doors, statues — is resplendent from top to bottom in a coating of blue and gold, already somewhat tarnished at the period of which we write, but which had almost entirely disappeared under dust and cobwebs in the year of grace 1549, when Du Breuil alluded to it in terms of admiration, but from hearsay only.

Now let the reader picture to himself that immense, oblong Hall under the wan light of a January morning and invaded by a motley, noisy crowd, pouring along the walls and eddying round the pillars, and he will have some idea of the scene as a whole, the peculiarities of which we will presently endeavour to describe more in detail.

Assuredly if Ravailiac had not assassinated Henri IV there would have been no documents relating to his trial to be deposited in the Record Office of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing those documents to disappear, and consequently no incendiaries compelled, in default of a better expedient, to set fire to the Record Office in order to destroy the documents, and to



样的话，古老的宫殿及其大厅也就屹立如故。我就可以对读者说，不妨您就出去瞧瞧，免得我如实进行描述，您也就省得阅读了。——此事证明这个亘古常新的真理，一切重大事件的产生必有不可估计的后果。

当然也可能拉瓦亚克并没有同谋，或者即便他有同谋，他们也与1618年的火灾毫无关系。这样，那场大火的起因有其他两种解释，都是合情合理的。其一，众所周知，3月7日后半夜，一颗宽一尺高一寸的火星自天而降，端端地落在巴黎城内。其二，有代阿菲的四行诗作证：

一事说来确实凄惨，  
司法女神在巴黎现。  
都因贿赂贪吃过多，  
放火烧毁了自己的庙堂。

一张有名的大理石桌子占据着这巨大无比的长方形厅堂的一端。那张桌子那么长，那么宽，那么厚，为世间少有。使用古老的土地赋税簿籍经常用的那种足以使卡冈都亚垂涎的文体，“该大理石板之肥硕实乃举世无双”。小礼拜堂在大厅的另一端，路易十一在这里摆放着表现自己跪在圣处女面前的虔诚的雕像，还把查理

burn down the Palais de Justice in order to burn the Record Office — in short, no conflagration of 1618. The old Palais would still be standing with its great Hall, and I could say to the reader “go and see for yourself,” and we should both be exempt of the necessity, I of writing, he of reading this description, such as it is. All of which goes to prove the novel truth, that great events have incalculable consequences.

To be sure, it is quite possible that Ravailiac had no accomplices, also that, even if he had, they were in no way accessory to the fire of 1618. There exist two other highly plausible explanations. In the first place, the great fiery star a foot wide and an ell high, which, as every mother's son knows, fell from heaven on to the Palais on the 7th of March just after midnight; and secondly, Thè ophile's quatrain, which runs:

*“Certes, ce fut un triste jeu  
Quand à Paris dame Justice,  
Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice  
Se mit tout le palais en feu.”*

The extremities of this huge parallelogram were occupied, the one by the famous marble table, so long, so broad and so thick that, say the old territorial records in a style that would whet the appetite of a Gargantua, “Never was such a slab of marble seen in the world”; the other by the chapel in which Louis XI caused his statue to be sculptured kneeling in front of the Virgin, and to which he had transferred — indifferent to the fact that thereby two



大帝和圣路易——他认为这两位作为法兰西君王是得到上天无比信任的圣人——的塑像搬到小教堂里来，全然不顾列代先王雕像的壁龛，所以空了两个。他之所以这样做，是因为他相信这两位法国明君贤主在天上肯定得宠。当时这座小礼拜堂才建成不过六年，面目犹新，具有优雅的建筑，精妙的雕造，玲珑剔透的金属镂空所体现的迷人韵味。这一韵味标志着法国哥特式风格的结束，并一直延续到十六世纪的中叶，化为了文艺复兴时代的仙乡奇境一般的奇思遐想。正面上方镂空的玫瑰花窗尤可成为杰作，极尽细巧与文雅之能事，好似一颗用花边做成的星星。

在大厅的中央，有一座铺着金色锦缎的看台，面对大门，背靠墙壁，利用那间金灿灿卧房走廊上一扇窗户，开了一道特别的入口，供弗朗德勒使节和应邀观看圣迹剧表演的其他达官显贵登台时使用。

按照惯例，圣迹剧应该在那张大大理石长桌上表演。为此，一大清早，桌子就被布置好了。在留有法院书记们的鞋跟磨出沟痕的大理石桌面上，现在已架起了一个相当高的木棚，上端板面整个大厅都看得见，到时候就作为舞台，用帷幔挡住的棚子就作为演员的更衣室了。外面，明摆着一架

niches were empty in the line of royal statues — those of Charlemagne and Saint-Louis: two saints who, as Kings of France, he supposed to be high in favour in heaven. This chapel, which was still quite new, having been built scarcely six years, was carried out entirely in that charming style of delicate architecture, with its marvellous stone-work, its bold and exquisite tracery, which marks in France the end of the Gothic Period, and lasts on into the middle of the sixteenth century in the ethereal fantasies of the Renaissance. The little fretted stone rose-window above the door was in particular a master-piece of grace and lightness — a star of lace.

In the centre of the Hall, opposite the great entrance, they had erected for the convenience of the Flemish envoys and other great personages invited to witness the performance of the Mystery, a raised platform covered with gold brocade and fixed against the wall, to which a special entrance had been contrived by utilizing a window into the passage from the Gilded Chamber.

According to custom, the performance was to take place upon the marble table, which had been prepared for that purpose since the morning. On the magnificent slab, all scored by the heels of the law-clerks, stood a high wooden erection, the upper floor of which, visible from every part of the Hall, was to serve as the stage, while its interior, hung round with draperies, furnished a dressing-room for the





木梯子，联结舞台和更衣室，演员上场和下场都从那结实的梯阶爬上爬下。无论出场的角色多么的无法相信，情节多么的曲折，戏剧效果多么突兀，没有一样不是借助此梯子安排从这梯子上场的。在艺术和机关布景结合下的新生儿，一切都显得那么的天真而又可敬！

然而，这许许多多观众从一大早就等着开戏。不少既老实又好奇的人，他们天刚亮就在司法宫的大台阶前等候，已被冻得发抖；甚至有几位说，他们为了有把握第一批进场，已在大门洞里整整熬了一夜。人越集越多，好比超过水位的水流，开始沿墙壁上升，向各柱子周围上涨，漫上柱顶、檐板、窗台，攀上那些建筑物和雕塑所有凸起的部分。有人感到浑身不自在、急躁、烦闷。这一天原本可以我行我素、举城疯狂的自由日，如果有谁的胳膊肘不小心顶了他人，或者某人鞋子的铁包头踢着另外一人，必定要引发争吵。离使节团到达的时间尚早，更何况他们被关禁在这里，人挨人，人挤人，人压人，连气都透不过来，嘈杂之声也变得声声刺耳。你会听到四面八方怨恨地咒骂弗朗德勒人、京兆尹、波旁红衣主教、司法宫守备、奥地利的玛格丽特公主、执棒的差官，天冷、天热、刮风下雨，巴黎的主教、胡闹王，柱子、雕像，这扇关着的门、那扇开着的窗。总

actors. A ladder, frankly placed in full view of the audience, formed the connecting link between stage and dressing-room, and served the double office of entrance and exit. There was no character however unexpected, no change of scene, no stage effect, but was obliged to clamber up this ladder. Dear and guileless infancy of art and of stage machinery!

Now, all this multitude had been waiting since the early morning; indeed, a considerable number of these worthy spectators had stood shivering and chattering their teeth with cold since break of day before the grand stair-case of the Palais; some even declared that they had spent the night in front of the great entrance to make sure of being the first to get in. The crowd became denser every moment, and like water that overflows its boundaries, began to mount the walls, to surge round the pillars, to rise up and cover the cornices, the window-sills, every projection and every coign of vantage in architecture or sculpture. The all-prevailing impatience, discomfort and weariness, the license of a holiday approvedly dedicated to folly, the quarrels incessantly arising out of a sharp elbow or an iron-shod heel, the fatigue of long waiting — all conduced to give a tone of bitterness and acerbity to the clamour of this closely packed, squeezed, hustled, stifled throng long before the hour at which the ambassadors were expected. Nothing was to be heard but grumbling and imprecations against the Flemings, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Chief Magistrate, Madame Marguerite of Austria, the



之，把一切的一切全骂遍了。散布在人群中的一堆堆学子和仆役听后畅快极了，遂在心怀不满的人群中搅乱，挑逗促狭，挖苦讽刺，简直是火上加油，更加激起普遍的恶劣情绪。

在这伙人中间有几个嘻嘻哈哈的捣蛋鬼，先砸破一扇玻璃窗钻进来，大胆地爬到柱子顶盘上去坐，居高临下，东张西望，忽而嘲笑里面大厅里的群众，忽而揶揄外面广场上的人群。你看他们是如何丑化别人，如何放肆地大笑，如何从大厅的一端到另一端彼此长距离打招呼，相互挖苦损挤，就可以知道这些年轻学生们与其他观众的不同，毫无倦意，不生厌烦。他们自有办法从眼皮底下的众生相中挖掘供自己开心取乐的场面，并有足够的耐心等待正式演出的开场。

“我发誓，这绝对是您老兄，磨坊的若望·孚罗洛！”其中一位冲一个金黄色头发的小鬼头，漂亮的脸蛋，淘气的神态，攀在一个头拱的叶板上坐着喊道，“足下的雅号可谓名符其实啊，瞧您的那胳膊腿儿像四扇风车叶子正在迎着风转动。——您待在这里有好久了？”

“大慈大悲的魔鬼在上，”若望·孚罗洛回答道，“在下已经待了

beadles, the cold, the heat, the bad weather, the Bishop of Paris, the Fools' Pope, the pillars, the statues, this closed door, yonder open window — to the huge diversion of the bands of scholars and lackeys distributed through the crowd, who mingled their gibes and pranks with this seething mass of dissatisfaction, aggravating the general ill-humour by perpetual pin-pricks.

There was one group in particular of these joyous young demons who, after knocking out the glass of a window, had boldly seated themselves in the frame, from whence they could cast their gaze and their banter by turns at the crowd inside the Hall and that outside in the Place. By their aping gestures, their yells of laughter, by their loud interchange of opprobrious epithets with comrades at the other side of the Hall, it was very evident that these budding literati by no means shared the boredom and fatigue of the rest of the gathering, and that they knew very well how to extract out of the scene actually before them sufficient entertainment of their own to enable them to wait patiently for the other.

“Why, by my soul, 'tis Joannes Frollo de Molendino!” cried one of them to a little fair-haired imp with a handsome mischievous face, who had swarmed up the pillar and was clinging to the foliage of its capital; “well are you named Jehan of the Mill, for your two arms and legs are just like the sails of a wind-mill. How long have you been here?”

“By the grace of the devil,” returned Joannes Frollo, “over four hours, and I sincerely trust they





足足四个多钟头了。这四个多钟头，但愿将来下了地狱后在我进炼狱里涤罪的时间里计算内。那西西里国王的八名赞美诗的人，在圣小教堂唱七点钟大弥撒，我赶上听了第一节哩。”

“嘿，那歌手真不赖，声音比他们头上的帽子还尖！”另一位又接过话茬，“国王给若望先生献上弥撒之前，他本应该打听若望先生是不是喜欢用普罗旺斯口音哼唱拉丁文赞美诗。”

“国王搞这名堂，就是为了这帮混蛋歌手们有点儿活干，他才特别安排这台弥撒的！”窗户下人群中，一个老太婆尖声厉气地喊，“我向大家讨教讨教：开销一千个巴黎利勿尔举办弥撒！而且这笔钱还是从巴黎菜市场的海鲜承包税中出账的！”

“住嘴！老太婆，”女鱼贩身旁那名神情严肃，捂住鼻子，接过话头吼道，“不举行弥撒怎行。你总不巴望国王再欠安吧？”

“说得妙哇，吉尔·勒科尼先生，国王陛下的皮袍供应商！”那个攀在柱子顶盘的小个子学生喊道。

一听到御用皮袍供应商这个倒霉的姓氏，学生们都纵声大笑起来。

“勒科尼！吉尔·勒科尼！”某些人连连喊道。

“长角和长毛的。”另一个接着说。

“嗨！”柱子顶盘上的那个小

may be deducted from my time in purgatory. I heard the eight chanters of the King of Sicily start High Mass with in toning the first verse at seven in the Sainte-Chapelle.”

“Fine chanters forsooth!” exclaimed the other, “their voices are sharper than the peaks of their caps! The King had done better, before founding a Mass in honour of Mr. Saint-John, to inquire if Mr. Saint-John was fond of hearing Latin droned with a Provençal accent.”

“And was it just for the sake of employing these rascally chanters of the King of Sicily that he did that?” cried an old woman bitterly in the crowd beneath the window. “I ask you — a thousand Livres Parisis for a mass, and that too to be charged on the license for selling salt-water fish in the fish-market of Paris.”

“Peace! old woman,” replied a portly and solemn personage, who was holding his nose as he stood beside the fishwife; “a mass had to be founded. Would you have the King fall sick again?”

“Bravely said, Sir Gilles Lecornu, master furrier to the royal wardrobe!” cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole band of scholars greeted the unfortunate name of the hapless Court Furrier.

“Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!” shouted some.

“Cornitus and hirsutus!” responded another.

“Why, of course,” continued the little wretch