

英汉对照外国文学名著精读丛书

(小说卷)

茶花女 (下)

Lamille

【法】A·小仲马 (Alexandre Damas Fils)

用中学英语
读世界名著

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用中学英语 读世界名著



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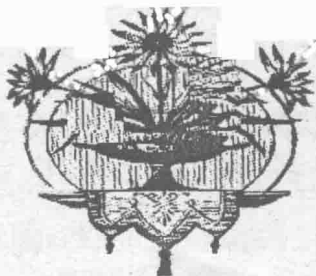
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[法] 亚历山大·小仲马

Alexandre Dumas Fils



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编者

2005年7月

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Chapter 14

第十四章

When I reached home, I began to weep like a child. There is not a man alive who has not been deceived at least once but does not know what it is to suffer so.

Weighed down by the kind of fervent resolution which we always think we shall be strong enough to keep, I told myself that I had to put an end to this affair at once, and impatiently waited for morning to come so that I could go and buy a ticket and return to my father and my sister—twin loves on which I could count and which would never let me down.

However, I did not want to go away without ensuring that Marguerite knew exactly why I was going. Only a man who is quite out of love with his mistress will leave her without writing.

I wrote and rewrote a score of letters in my head.

I had been dealing with a woman who was like all other kept women; I had poeticized her far too

到家后,我象个孩子似地哭了。任何男人,只要一个女人曾经对他不忠,哪怕只有一次,都一定能知道我那时所遭受的痛苦。

我怒不可遏,并且暗下决心,一定要跟她断绝这种关系,我焦急地等待着天亮,以便去预订车票,回到我父亲和妹妹的身边,他们对我的爱是真心真意的,这一点我敢肯定。

然而我不想就这样走掉,我要让玛格丽特清楚我为什么动身离开。只有一个与情妇的情意完全断绝的人才会不给她写信就离开她。

我反复思考着应该怎样来写这封信。

我的这位姑娘和所有其他的妓女没有什么两样;以前我太抬举她

much. She had teated me like a school - boy and, to deceive me, had resorted to an insultingly simple ruse—that much was clear. My pride then took over. I had to leave this woman without giving her the satisfaction of knowing how much our parting made me suffer, and this is what I wrote to her, in my most elegant hand and with tears of rage and pain in my eyes:

“My dear Marguerite

I trust that yesterday's indisposition has not proved too troublesome. I called, at eleven last evening, to ask after you, and was told you had not yet returned. Monsieur de G was altogether more fortunate, for he arrived a few moments later and was still with you at four o' clock this morning.

Forgive me the tiresome few hours which I inflicted on you, and rest assured that I shall never forget the happy moments which I owe you.

I would certainly have called to ask after you today, but I propose to return and join my father.

Farewell, my dear Marguerite. I am neither rich enough to love you as I should wish, nor poor enough to love you as you would like. Let us both forget: you, a name which must mean very little to you, and I, happiness which has become impossible for me to bear.

I am returning your key which I have never

了。她把我当小学生看待,为了欺骗我,她要了一个简单的手段来侮辱我——这已经很清楚。这时,我的自尊心就占了上风。我必须离开这个女人,还不能让她因为知道了这次破裂使我很痛苦而感到高兴,我眼里噙着恼怒和痛苦的泪水,用最端正的字体给她写了下面这封信:

“亲爱的玛格利特:

但愿您昨天身体微恙关系不大。昨晚十一点钟,我来打听过您的消息,回说您还没有回家。G先生比我幸运,因为不久他就来看您,直到凌晨四点钟,他还在您家里。

请原谅我使您度过难熬的时刻,但请确信,您赐给我的良宵我没齿不忘。

今天我本来要去打听您的消息,但是我打算回到我父亲身边。

再见,亲爱的玛格利特。我还不够富有,可以随心所欲地爱您,又不够贫穷,像您所希望的那样疼爱您。让我们彼此遗忘吧:您就忘掉一个您差不多不在乎的名字吧,而我则忘掉无法实现的幸福。

我奉还您的钥匙,我从来没有

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used, and which you may find will answer some useful purpose, if you are often ill the way you were yesterday.”

As you see, I did not have the strength to end my letter without a touch of supercilious irony, which only went to prove how much in love I still was.

I read and reread my letter ten times over, and the thought of the pain it would cause Marguerite calmed me a little. I tried to live up to the bold note it had struck, and when, at eight o'clock, my servant answered my summons, I handed it to him to deliver at once.

“Must I wait for an answer?” Joseph asked. (My manservant was called Joseph. All manservants are called Joseph.)

“If you are asked whether a reply is expected, you will say that you don't know, and you will wait.”

I clung to hope that she would answer.

Poor, weak creatures that we are!

The whole of the time my servant was out, I remained in a state of extreme agitation. At some moments, recalling how completely Marguerite had given herself to me, I asked myself by what right had I written her an impertinent letter when she could quite well reply that it was not Monsieur de G

用过,如果您经常像昨天那样不舒服的话,这把钥匙会对您有用的。”

可以看出,我不能在信中不带一点嘲讽,这有些不礼貌,却证明我仍然多么爱她。

我把这封信反反复复看了十多遍,想到这封信能够刺痛玛格利特的心,我的心里稍微平静了一些。我尽力维持住信中装出来的感情,当我的仆人在八点钟来到我房间的时候,我把这封信递给他,让他立刻送去。

“需要等候答复吗?”约瑟夫问。(我的仆人和所有的仆人一样也叫约瑟夫。)

“如果问你要不要回信,你就说不知道,只管等着就是了。”

我不敢奢望她会回信。

我们是多么可怜,多么软弱的人儿啊!

在约瑟夫去送信的那段时间内,我心情激动到了顶点。一会儿我想起了玛格利特是怎样委身于我的,我自问我究竟有什么权利写这样一封唐突无礼的信给她,她可以回答我说不是 G 先生欺骗了我,而是我欺骗了 G 先生——情人众多

who was deceiving me but I who was deceiving Monsieur de G—which is an argument which allows many a woman to have more than one lover. At other moments, recalling the hussy's solemn oaths, I tried to convince myself that my letter had been far too mild and that there were no words strong enough to scourge a woman who could laugh at love as sincere as mine. Then again, I told myself that it would have been better not to write at all, but to have called on her during the day: in this way, I would have been there to enjoy the teare I made her weep.

In the end, I came round to wondering what she would say in her answer, and I was already prepared to believe whatever excuse she gave me.

Joseph returned.

“Well?” I said.

“Sir,” he answered, “*Madame had not risen and was still asleep, but the moment she rings, the letter will be given to her and if there is a reply, it will be brough.*”

Asleep!

A score of times I was on the point of sending round to get the letter back, but I persisted in telling myself:

“*Perhaps someone has already given it to her, in which case I would look as though I was sorry I'd sent it.*”

The nearer it got to the time when it seemed

的女人都是这样为自己辩解的。一会儿我又想起了这个姑娘的誓言，我要使自己相信我的信写得还是太客气，那里面并没有什么严厉的字句足以惩罚一个玩弄我纯洁爱情的女人。随后，我又想还是不给她写信，而是在白天到她家里去的好，这样我就会因为看到她掉眼泪而感到痛快。

最后，我思量她会怎样答复我。我已经准备接受她给我表示的歉意。

约瑟夫回来了。

“怎么样？”我问。

“先生，”他回答说，“夫人在睡觉，还没有醒过来，不过，只要她打铃叫人，就会把信送给她，如果有回信，会送过来的。”

睡觉！

好多次我就要派人把信拿回来，可每次我都想：

“也许她已经拿到信了，派人去取看起来好像我后悔送了这信。”

越是接近她可能给我回信的时

most likely that she would give me an answer, the more I regretted having written.

Ten o' clock, eleven o' clock, midday struck.

At noon, I was on the point of setting off for our rendezvous, as though nothing had happened. I was at a complete loss for a way of breaking out of the iron ring that held me fast.

Then, with the superstition of those who wait, I thought that if I went out for a while, I should find an answer when I got back. Replies which we await with impatience always come when we are not at home.

I went out, ostensibly to lunch.

Instead of lunching at the Cafe Foy, on the corner of the Boulevard, as was my custom, I thought I would have lunch in the Palais - Royal and go via the rue d' Antin. Every time I saw a woman in the distance, I thought it was Nanine bringing me a reply. I walked the length of the rue d' Antin without coming across any sort of messenger. I arrived at the Palais - Royal and went into Very's. The waiter gave me something to eat, or, more accurately, served me whatever he wished, for I ate nothing.

Despite myself, my eyes remained fixed on the clock.

I returned home, convinced that I would find a

刻,我越是后悔写了那封信。

十点,十一点,十二点都已经过去了。

中午,正是我该去赴她约会的时候,就像不曾发生过任何事。我无论如何也想不出有什么办法能摆脱紧箍着我的铁圈。

像那些心中有所期待的人一样,我也有一种迷信的想法,认为只要我出去一会儿,回来时就会看到回信。因为人们焦急地等待着的回信总是在收信人不在家的时候送到的。

我借口吃午饭上街去了。

我平时习惯在街角的富瓦咖啡馆用午餐,今天我却没有去,而宁愿走过昂坦街,到王宫一带吃中饭。每当我远远地望见一个女人,就以为看见南妮给我送回信来了。我走过昂坦街,连一个跑腿的人也没有碰见。我到了王宫附近,走进韦里餐馆。伙计侍候我吃饭,或者不如说随他给我上菜,因为我没有吃东西。

我下意识地不断看表。

回到寓所时,我确信应该看到

letter from Marguerite.

The porter had received nothing for me. I still had hopes of my servant. He had seen no one since the time I went out.

If Marguerite was going to give me an answer, she would have done so long before.

I began to regret the terms of my letter; I should have remained totally silent, since this would doubtless have made her uneasy, and spurred her to make a move; for, seeing that I had not kept our appointment the previous day, she would have asked the reason for my absence and only then should I have given it. In this way, she would have had no alternative but to establish her innocence, and I wanted her to establish her innocence. I already sensed that whatever the excuses she gave me, I would have believed her, and I knew that I should have preferred anything than never to see her again.

In the end, I fell to thinking that she would come herself. but the hours ticked by, and she did not are.

Marguerite was clearly quite unlike other women, for there are not many who, on receiving a letter like the one I had just written, do not send some sort of reply.

At five, I hurried to the Champs - Elysées.

玛格利特的回信了。

看门人什么也没接到。我还把希望寄托在我的仆人身上,可是从我出门以后,他没有见过任何人。

如果玛格利特想给我回信,早就该给我回了。

这时,我开始后悔我信中的措词;我本该完全保持沉默,这样一定会引起她的不安;因为,当她看到我没在前一天来赴约会,她会询问我不来的原因,那时我便讲给她听。这样,她就没办法了,只好为自己辩解,而我希望的,正是她自我辩解。我已经感到,无论她向我摆出什么辩解的理由,我都会相信的,并且都会满意,只要以后还能再见到她。

最后,我以为她会亲自登门,但是时间一小时一小时地过去,她并没有来。

玛格利特的确与别的女人不一样,因为很少有女人在收到像我刚才写的那样一封信以后会毫无反应。

五点钟,我急急奔向香榭丽舍

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"If I meet her," I thought, "I shall appear unconcerned, and she will see that I have stopped thinking about her already."

On the corner of the rue Royale, I saw her drive past in her carriage. The encounter happened so suddenly that I felt myself grow pale. I have no idea if she noticed my reaction, for I was so taken aback that I saw only her carriage.

I did not continue with my stroll to the Champs - Elysées. I looked at the theatre bills, for I still had one chance left of seeing her.

There was a first night at the Palais - Royal. Marguerite would obviously be there.

I was in the theatre at seven o' clock.

All the boxes filled up, but Marguerite did not appear.

After a while, I left the Palais - Royal and did the rounds of all the theatres where she went most often - to the Vaudeville, the Variétés and the Opéra - Comique.

She was not at any of them.

Either my letter had hurt her the much for her to be able to think of going to the theatre, or she was afraid of coming across me and wanted to avoid having things out.

This is what my vanity was whispering in my

大街。

“如果我遇到她，”我想，“我便装出一副无所谓的样子，那么她会相信我已经不再想她了。”

我在罗亚尔街拐弯时看见玛格丽特坐在马车里经过那儿。这次相遇太突然了，我的脸色马上变白了。我不知道她是否看出了我当时的情感，因为，我心烦意乱得除了看见她的马车外，什么也没看见。

我不再继续在香榭丽舍大街散步了。我去看剧院的海报，因为我还有见到她的一个机会。

在皇家剧院，有一次首场演出。玛格丽特肯定会来的。

七点钟，我就来到了剧院。

所有的包厢都坐满了，可玛格丽特没有出现。

过了一会儿，我走出皇家剧院，将她时常去的几个剧院转了个遍——滑稽歌舞剧院、杂耍剧院、喜剧院。

哪儿都没有她的踪影。

也许我的信使她过于痛苦，无心看戏，或者她怕碰上我，以免对我作解释。

正当我在林荫道上为我的虚荣

ear on the Boulevard when I ran into Gaston who asked me where I had been.

"To the Palais - Royal."

"I've been to the Opéra," he said. *"I rather thought I'd see you there."*

"Why?"

"Because Marguerite was there."

"Oh! Was she?"

"Yes."

"On her own?"

"No, with one of her women friends."

"Anyone else?"

"Count de G showed up in her box for a moment or two, but she went off with the Duke. I thought I'd see you appear any minute. I had a seat next to me which stayed empty the whole evening, and I was sure it had been paid for by you."

"But why should I go wherever Marguerite goes?"

"Because, dammit, you're her lover!"

"And who told you that?"

"Prudence. I met her yesterday. I congratulate you, old boy. She's a pretty mistress to have, and it's not everybody that can have her. Hang on to her, she'll be a credit to you."

This straightforward observation of Gaston's showed me how ridiculously touchy I was being.

If I had met him the previous evening and he

心做这种鼓励性的判断时,我遇见了加斯通,他问我从哪儿来。

“从皇家剧院来。”

“我从喜剧院来,”他说。“我本以为会在那儿看见您。”

“为什么?”

“因为玛格利特在那儿。”

“噢!是真的?”

“当然。”

“她自个儿吗?”

“不,还有她的一个女朋友。”

“没别的人了?”

“G伯爵到她包厢里待了一会儿,但是她跟公爵一块儿走了。我一直以为您也会去的。我旁边有一个位子今天晚上一直空着,我还以为这个座位是您订下的呢。”

“可是为什么我应该去玛格利特所在的剧院?”

“因为,您是她的情人嘛!”

“谁告诉您的?”

“普律当丝。昨天我遇到了她。我祝贺您,老朋友。她是一个漂亮情妇,不是谁想要都能到手的。管住她,她会让您脸上有光彩的。”

加斯通这个普通的想法,表明我那种动辄易怒是多么可笑。

如果前一天晚上我遇到他,他

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had talked to me like this, I would never have written the stupid letter I had sent that morning.

I was on the point of going round to Prudence's and sending word to Marguerite that I had to talk to her. But I was afraid that, to get back at me, she would send word that she could see me, and I returned home after walking by the rue d'Antin.

Once again I asked my porter if he had a letter for me.

Nothing!

"She'll have wanted to see whether I'd try some new move and retract my letter today," I told myself as I got into bed, "but when she sees I haven't written to her, she'll write to me tomorrow."

That night especially did I regret what I had done. I was alone in my apartment, unable to sleep, fretting with worry and jealousy whereas, by letting things take their true course, I should have been at Marguerite's side hearing her say those sweet words which I had heard on only two occasions, and which now made my ears burn in my loneliness.

The most dreadful part of my predicament was that logic put me in the wrong. Indeed, all the indications were that Marguerite loved me. In the first place, there was her scheme for spending a whole

对我讲这些话,我一定不会写出那封愚蠢的信的。

我几乎想立刻到普律当丝家中去,要她去告诉玛格利特我要见她。但我担心她为了报复而拒绝见我,于是,我又经过昂坦街回到了自己的寓所。

我再次问看门人有没有我的信。

没有!

"她可能想看看我是否有什么新的举动,会不会收回我写给她的信,要是见不到别的举动,明天她会给我回音的"。睡觉时我还这么想。

那天晚上我对自己的所作所为感到后悔莫及。我孤零零地呆在寓所,不能入睡,心里烦躁不安,妒火中烧,想当初如果听任事情自然发展的话,我此刻大概正偎依在玛格利特的身旁,听着她的绵绵情话,这些话我总共才听到过两次,每当我一个人想起这些话时,我都会两耳发热。

就我的处境而言,可怕的是理智判断我错了。事实上,一切向我表明,玛格利特爱我。首先,她准备跟我单独到乡下避暑。其次,可以相信,没有什么迫使她做我的情妇,

summer alone with me in the country. Then there was the plain fact that there was nothing that obliged her to be my mistress, for the money I had was insufficient for her needs or even her whims. So there was nothing more to it, on her part, than the hope of finding sincere affection through me which would be a relief from the mercenary loves which beset her life. And now, on the second day, I was in the process of blighting that hope and repaying with highhanded irony the two nights of love which I had accepted! What I was doing was therefore worse than ridiculous; it was dishonest. Had I simply paid the woman back in order to have the right to pass judgment on her way of life? And did not withdrawing on the second day make me look like some parasite of love who is afraid he is about to be presented with the bill for his dinner? It was extraordinary! I had known Marguerite for thirtysix hours, I had been her lover for twenty - four of them, and was acting like some easily injured party. Far from being only too delighted that she should divide her affections to include me, I wanted to have her all to myself, I wanted to force her, at a stroke, to put an end to the affairs of her past which, of course, represented the income of her future. What cause had I to reproach her? None. She had written to tell me

因为我的财产应付不了她的需要，甚至满足不了她一时的爱好。因此，她只有希望在我身上找到真诚的爱情，她生活在交易的爱情之中，这种真诚的爱情能使她得到休憩。但是我在第二天就摧毁了这种希望，我度过两夜良宵，却换之以刻毒的嘲讽！所以，我的所作所为不仅可笑之极，而且不诚实。我又没有付过这个女人一个铜板，哪有权利责备她的生活呢？我第二天就溜之大吉，难道这不像一个情场上吃白食的，生怕别人拿账单要他买单么？真荒唐！我认识玛格利特才三十六小时，做她的情人才二十四小时，我就跟她老闹别扭。她能分身来爱我，我非但不知足，反而想独占一切，强迫她一下子斩断过去的关系，而这些关系是她今后的生活来源。我凭什么可以责备她呢？毫无凭据。她本来可以像某些泼辣粗俗的女人那样，直截了当地告诉我，她要接待一个情人，但是她却写信给我，说是她不舒服；我没有相信她信里的话，没有到巴黎的所有街道去溜达，除了昂坦街以外，我没有同朋友们一起去消磨这个晚上，到第二天她指定的时间再露面，而是扮演奥

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she was unwell when she could easily have said bluntly, with the appalling frankness of some women, that she was expecting a lover; and instead of going along with her letter, instead of taking a walk in any street in Paris except the rue d' Antin, instead of spending the evening with my friends and presenting myself the next day at the time she had indicated, I was behaving like othello, spying on her, thinking I was punishing her by not seeing her any more. But quite the reverse: she was probably delighted by this separation and must have thought me supremely inane. Her silence was nothing so grand as rancour; it was contempt.

At this point, I should have given Marguerite some present or other which would have left her in no doubt about my liberality and also allowed me, because I had treated her like any other kept woman, to believe that I had no further obligations towards her. But I felt that with the least hint of trade, I should degrade, if not the love she had for me, then at least the love I had for her; and since this love of mine was so pure that it refused to be shared with others, it was incapable of offering a present, however fine, as payment in full for the happiness, however brief, I had been given.

This is what I kept telling myself over and over

瑟罗的角色,我窥伺她的行动,自以为不再去看她是对她的惩罚。但是正好相反:她大概会为这样分手感到高兴,她一定感到我是个大笨蛋。她的沉默甚至谈不上是怨恨:这是蔑视。

我本可以赠给玛格丽特一件礼物,这样不至于让人怀疑我不够慷慨,同时,从她是一个妓女的角度来讲,也让我觉得不欠她什么。可是如果那样做,让我们的关系显示出丝毫交易的成分,我就是亵渎爱情,如果说不是亵渎了她对我的爱,至少也是亵渎了我对她的爱;因为我对她的爱纯洁无瑕,不容一丝杂念,无论多么丰厚的礼物都回报不了这份爱情带给我的幸福,尽管这幸福曾是多么短暂。

这些就是我在晚上反反复复想