



中文导读英文版

*Madame Bovary*

包法利夫人

[法] 福楼拜 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译

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## 内 容 简 介

《包法利夫人》是法国著名作家福楼拜的代表作，也是 19 世纪最有影响的小说之一。作者以简洁而细腻的文笔，通过女主人公悲剧性的情感生活，再现了 19 世纪中期法国的社会生活。主人公爱玛是个美丽的姑娘，她是富裕农民的独生女，在修道院接受教育；受到浪漫主义思潮的影响，怀着对爱情的美好憧憬，她嫁给了市镇医生包法利；因不甘与忠厚老实的丈夫过平庸的生活，两次成为别人的情妇，后均遭人抛弃；又因过度消费，债台高筑，终于被迫自杀。

小说一经问世便轰动文坛。该书自出版以来，一直畅销至今，被译成几十种语言。书中所展现的故事感染了一代又一代读者。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的读者，特别是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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居斯达夫·福楼拜（Gustave Flaubert，1821—1880），19 世纪法国现实主义文学大师，是继巴尔扎克、司汤达之后法国批判现实主义文学的杰出代表。

福楼拜于 1821 年 12 月 17 日出生在卢昂一个著名的外科医生家庭。1840 年，福楼拜进入巴黎大学法学院学习，1843 年因病辍学。在巴黎，他结识了文学大师雨果。1846 年，他认识了女诗人路易丝·高莱。1846 年，父亲去世后，福楼拜全身心地投入文学创作。1849 年至 1851 年，作为旅行者，福楼拜游历了马耳他、埃及、巴勒斯坦、叙利亚、土耳其、希腊和意大利，这为他日后的创作积累了丰富的素材。

1857 年，福楼拜因出版长篇小说《包法利夫人》轰动法国文坛，并由此奠定了在法国文坛的地位。但该作品在社会上引起轩然大波，司法当局对他提起公诉，指控小说“伤风败俗、亵渎宗教”，但最终“宣判无罪”收场。此后，福楼拜一度转入古代题材小说的创作，于 1862 年发表长篇小说《萨朗波》；而他于 1870 发表的长篇小说《情感教育》仍然是一部以现实生活为题材的作品，小说在揭露个人悲剧的社会因素方面与《包法利夫人》有异曲同工之妙。此外，他还出版了小说《圣·安东的诱惑》、未完稿的小说《布法与白居谢》、剧本《竞选人》和短篇小说集《三故事》等。

在福楼拜的所有作品中，《包法利夫人》不仅是他的成名作，同时也是他的代表作。该作品被认为是继《红与黑》、《人间喜剧》之后，19 世纪法国批判现实主义的最重要的杰作；同时被认为是“新艺术的法典”，一部“最完美的小说”，“在文坛产生了革命性的后果”。该书出版一百多年来，一直畅销至今，被译成几十种语言，是公认的世界文学名著。

在中国，《包法利夫人》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前，在国内数量众多的《包法利夫人》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种



是中文翻译版，另一种是英文版。而其中的英文版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《包法利夫人》，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。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。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。



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**第一部**  
**PART I**



# 第一章

## Chapter 1



我们正上自习的时候，校长走了进来，领着一个没有穿校服的新生，把他交给了班主任，让他先读五年级。新生是个乡下孩子，十五岁的样子，个子比我们都高。他站在门后墙角，神情老实而拘谨，衣着显得很不合身。大家背书的时候，他就聚精会神地听着，浑身一动也不动，直到下课铃响，班主任特意提醒他跟我们一起排队。他戴着一顶鸭舌帽，每次坐下时，总要把它规规矩矩地放在膝盖上，从不像我们习惯的那样将帽子狠狠地扔向墙角。

教员询问起新生的名字，他奇怪的发音和不知怎样处置帽子的窘态引起了全班的哄堂大笑。教员好不容易才听出查理·包法利这个名字，可是也被折腾得满腹怨气，于是罚他坐到讲桌底下的板凳上。

新生学习特别认真，每个字都查字典，非常辛苦。他就是依靠这样的坚强意志才勉强保持不降级。他的拉丁文是村里教堂的神父启蒙的，父母为了省钱，拖到很晚才送他上学。

他的父亲包法利先生当过军医的助手，因为受一八一二年征兵事件的牵连而被迫离职。他利用自己漂亮的长相，与一个爱上他的帽商的女儿结合，捞了六万法郎的嫁资。包法利先生并不懂得生计，结婚头两年靠太太的财产过活，挥霍完后，兴办过实业，经营过农庄，可惜没一件成功。最后他决定放弃一切投机，从四十五岁起就闷闷不乐，闭门不出，说是厌倦了俗世冗务，决意从此不问世事。

他的太太从前迷恋他，倾心相爱，百依百顺，结果他却常常在外与其

他女人胡闹。等他太太上了岁数以后，脾气就变得急躁起来。每次他喝得不省人事后，她都得忍气吞声。她每天辛苦地奔波忙碌，一刻不停地打理着里里外外的事务。而包法利先生整日无所事事，夜晚不省人事，酒气冲天，待醒来时净对她说些无情无义的刻薄话。

她生了一个男孩，交给了别人乳养，等这小家伙回家后，娇惯得像王子一样。母亲把希望通通集中在这孩子身上，梦想他长大成人后，变得帅气而有才情，成为土木工程师或法官，享受着高官厚禄。她教他读书，甚至教他唱两三支小曲。可是包法利先生不重视文学，并不赞成她的做法，说她这样做不值得，说只要脸皮够厚，将来生活总会得意的。于是，孩子成天在村里流浪着。

孩子十二岁的时候，母亲决定给他开蒙，请了教堂堂长教他，但是上课的时间既短又不固定，不起什么作用。最后母亲下了决心，争取到丈夫的让步后，又拖了一年半，终于把他送进了卢昂的中学。

孩子叫查理，是一个性情温和的好孩子，游戏时间玩耍，而学习的时候特别用功，依靠着自己的努力，成绩在班上接近中等。然而到了第三学年的末尾，父母要他退学读医。母亲为他在相识的染匠家租了一间屋子，留他一人刻苦攻读。

他完全听不懂医学的课程，即使听了也白听，根本跟不上进度。可是他很用功，记了厚厚的笔记，每节课都上，每次实习都不缺席，好像拉磨的马儿一样，蒙着眼睛，不停地转圈，却不知道磨了些什么。这样的生活使他渐渐滋生了厌倦感，自然而然地，他早先所下的决心渐渐被抛到脑后，在尝到了偷懒的滋味之后，便索性不去实习了。他养成了坐酒馆的习惯，学会了去赌场玩牙牌，心底被压抑已久的享受欲望渐渐被激发出来，最后，他懂得了什么是爱情。当然，他的医生资格考试也完全失败了。

把一切希望寄托在儿子身上的母亲知道后，原谅了他，把失败的责任推到了主考人员的不公正上，然后又操持起一切事务，勉励他继续努力学习。于是查理又埋头用功，坚持不懈地准备他的考试项目，最后终于被录取了，分数还相当得高。家里因此大摆酒宴以表庆祝。

母亲为查理选定了行医的地方，是离卢昂不远的一个叫托特的小镇上，那边只有一个老医生，查理在他的对面住了下来。母亲又帮儿子物色到一位妻子，叫爱洛伊丝，是一位四十五岁的寡妇，依靠着亡夫的船股，每年有一千二百法郎的收入。

查理原以为结婚后可以改善环境，没料到婚后更加失去了自由。当家

做主的是身形如干柴般的妻子，他每天按照她的指挥忙碌着，而自己的通信及行动都在她的窥探之下，还必须忍受她没完没了的抱怨和猜疑。每当查理夜晚回来，她就从被窝里伸出瘦长的胳膊，搂紧他的脖子，开始对他诉说她的苦恼，并要求他再多给自己一点爱情。

*W*e were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a “new fellow,” not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk. Those who had been asleep woke up, and everyone rose as if just surprised at his work.

The head—master made a sign to us to sit down. Then, turning to the class-master, he said to him in a low voice: “Monsieur Roger, here is a pupil whom I recommend to your care; he’ll be in the second. If his work and conduct are satisfactory, he will go into one of the upper classes, as becomes his age.”

The “new fellow,” standing in the corner behind the door so that he could hardly be seen, was a country lad of about fifteen, and taller than any of us. His hair was cut square on his forehead like a village chorister’s; he looked sensible, but very ill at ease. Although he was not broad—shouldered, his short school jacket of green cloth with black buttons must have been tight about the arm-holes, and showed at the opening of the cuffs red wrists accustomed to being bare. His legs, in blue stockings, looked out from beneath yellow trousers, drawn tight by braces; He wore stout, ill—cleaned, hob—nailed boots.

We began repeating the lesson. He listened with all his ears, as attentive as if at a sermon, not daring even to cross his legs or lean on his elbow; and when at two o’clock the bell rang, the master was obliged to tell him to fall into line with the rest of us.

When we came back to work, we were in the habit of throwing our caps on the ground so as to have our hands more free; we used from the door to toss them under the form, so that they hit against the wall and made a lot of dust: it was “the thing”.

But, whether he had not noticed the trick, or did not dare to attempt it, the “new fellow,” was still holding his cap on his knees even after prayers were

over. It was one of those head—gears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, billycock hat, sealskin cap, and cotton night—cap; one of those poor things, in fine, whose dumb ugliness has depths of expression, like an imbecile's face. Oval, stiffened with whalebone, it began with three round knobs; then came in succession lozenges of velvet and rabbit—skin separated by a red band; after that a sort of bag that ended in a cardboard polygon covered with complicated braiding, from which hung, at the end of a long thin cord, small twisted gold threads in the manner of a tassel. The cap was new; its peak shone.

“Rise,” said the master.

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbor knocked it down again with his elbow; he picked it up once more.

“Get rid of your helmet,” said the master, who was a bit of a wag. There was a burst of laughter from the boys, which so thoroughly put the poor lad out of countenance that he did not know whether to keep his cap in his hand, leave it on the ground, or put it on his head. He sat down again and placed it on his knee.

“Rise,” repeated the master, “and tell me your name.”

The new boy articulated in a stammering voice an unintelligible name.

“Again!”

The same sputtering of syllables was heard, drowned by the tittering of the class.

“Louder!” cried the master; “louder!”

The “new fellow” then took a supreme resolution, opened an inordinately large mouth, and shouted at the top of his voice as if calling someone in the word “Charbovari.”

A hubbub broke out, rose in crescendo with bursts of shrill voices (they yelled, barked, stamped, repeated “Charbovari! Charbovari”), then died away into single notes, growing quieter only with great difficulty, and now and again suddenly recommencing along the line of a form whence rose here and there, like a damp cracker going off, a stifled laugh.

However, amid a rain of impositions, order was gradually reestablished in

the class; and the master having succeeded in catching the name of "Charles Bovary", having had it dictated to him, spelt out, and reread, at once ordered the poor devil to go and sit down on the punishment form at the foot of the master's desk. He got up, but before going hesitated.

"What are you looking for?" asked the master.

"My c-a-p," timidly said the "new fellow," casting troubled looks round him.

"Five hundred lines for all the class!" shouted in a furious voice stopped, like the Quos ego, a fresh outburst. "Silence!" continued the master indignantly, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, which he had just taken from his cap. "As to you, 'new boy,' you will conjugate 'ridiculus sum' twenty times." Then, in a gentler tone, "Come, you'll find your cap again; it hasn't been stolen."

Quiet was restored. Heads bent over desks, and the "new fellow" remained for two hours in an exemplary attitude, although from time to time some paper pellet flipped from the tip of a pen came bang in his face. But he wiped his face with one hand and continued motionless, his eyes lowered.

In the evening, at preparation, he pulled out his pens from his desk, arranged his small belongings, and carefully ruled his paper. We saw him working conscientiously, looking up every word in the dictionary, and taking the greatest pains. Thanks, no doubt, to the willingness he showed, he had not to go down to the class below. But though he knew his rules passably, he had little finish in composition. It was the curé of his village who had taught him his first Latin; his parents, from motives of economy, having sent him to school as late as possible.

His father, Monsieur Charles Denis Bartolome Bovary, retired assistant—surgeon—major, compromised about 1812 in certain conscription scandals, and forced at this time to leave the service, had then taken advantage of his fine figure to get hold of a dowry of sixty thousand francs that offered in the person of a hosier's daughter who had fallen in love with his good looks. A fine man, a great talker, making his spurs ring as he walked, wearing whiskers that ran into his moustache, his fingers always garnished with rings and dressed in loud colours, he had the dash of a military man with the easy go of a commercial traveller. Once married, he lived for three or four years on his

wife's fortune, dining well, rising late, smoking long porcelain pipes, not coming in at night till after the theatre, and haunting cafes. The father—in—law died, leaving little; he was indignant at this, “went in for the business,” lost some money in it, then retired to the country, where he thought he would make money.

But, as he knew no more about farming than calico, as he rode his horses instead of sending them to plough, drank his cider in bottle instead of selling it in cask, ate the finest poultry in his farmyard, and greased his hunting—boots with the fat of his pigs, he was not long in finding out that he would do better to give up all speculation.

For two hundred francs a year he managed to find on the border of the provinces of Caux and Picardy, a kind of place half farm, half private house; and here, soured, eaten up with regrets, cursing his luck, jealous of everyone, he shut himself up at the age of forty—five, sick of men, he said, and determined to live in peace.

His wife had adored him once on a time; she had bored him with a thousand servilities that had only estranged him the more. Lively once, expansive and affectionate, in growing older she had become (after the fashion of wine that, exposed to air, turns to vinegar) ill-tempered, grumbling, irritable. She had suffered so much without complaint at first, until she had seen him going after all the village drabs, and until a score of bad houses sent him back to her at night, weary, stinking drunk. Then her pride revolted. After that she was silent, burying her anger in a dumb stoicism that she maintained till her death. She was constantly going about looking after business matters. She called on the lawyers, the president, remembered when bills fell due, got them renewed, and at home ironed, sewed, washed, looked after the workmen, paid the accounts, while he, troubling himself about nothing, eternally besotted in sleepy sulkiness, whence he only roused himself to say disagreeable things to her, sat smoking by the fire and spitting into the cinders.

When she had a child, it had to be sent out to nurse. When he came home, the lad was spoilt as if he were a prince. His mother stuffed him with jam; his father let him run about barefoot, and, playing the philosopher, even said he might as well go about quite naked like the young of animals. As opposed to

the maternal ideas, he had a certain virile idea of childhood on which he sought to mould his son, wishing him to be brought up hardily, like a Spartan, to give him a strong constitution. He sent him to bed without any fire, taught him to drink off large draughts of rum and to jeer at religious processions. But, peaceable by nature, the lad answered only poorly to his notions. His mother always kept him near her; she cut out cardboard for him, told him tales, and entertained him with endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and charming nonsense. In her life's isolation she centered on the child's head all her shattered, broken little vanities. She dreamed of high station; she already saw him, tall, handsome, clever, settled as an engineer or in the law. She taught him to read, and even, on an old piano, she had taught him two or three little songs. But to all this Monsieur Bovary, caring little for letters, said, "It was not worth while. Would they ever have the means to send him to a public school, to buy him a practice, or start him in business? Besides, with cheek a man always gets on in the world." Madame Bovary bit her lips, and the child knocked about the village.

He went after the labourers, drove away with clods of earth the ravens that were flying about. He ate blackberries along the hedges, minded the geese with a long switch, went haymaking during harvest, ran about in the woods, played hop-sotch under the church porch on rainy days, and at great fêtes begged the beadle to let him toll the bells, that he might hang all his weight on the long rope and feel himself borne upward by it in its swing. Meanwhile he grew like an oak; he was strong on hand, fresh of colour.

When he was twelve years old his mother had her own way; he began lessons. The curé took him in hand; but the lessons were so short and irregular that they could not be of much use. They were given at spare moments in the sacristy, standing up, hurriedly, between a baptism and a burial; or else the curé, if he had not to go out, sent for his pupil after the Angelus. They went up to his room and settled down; the flies and moths fluttered round the candle. It was close, the child fell asleep, and the good man, beginning to doze with his hands on his stomach, was soon snoring with his mouth wide open. On other occasions, when Monsieur le Curé, on his way back after administering the viaticum to some sick person in the neighbourhood, caught sight of Charles



playing about the fields, he called him, lectured him for a quarter of an hour and took advantage of the occasion to make him conjugate his verb at the foot of a tree. The rain interrupted them or an acquaintance passed. All the same he was always pleased with him, and even said the “young man” had a very good memory.

Charles could not go on like this. Madame Bovary took strong steps. Ashamed, or rather tired out, Monsieur Bovary gave in without a struggle, and they waited one year longer, so that the lad should take his first communion.

Six months more passed, and the year after Charles was finally sent to school at Rouen, where his father took him towards the end of October, at the time of the St. Romain fair.

It would now be impossible for any of us to remember anything about him. He was a youth of even temperament, who played in playtime, worked in school—hours, was attentive in class, slept well in the dormitory, and ate well in the refectory. He had in loco parentis a wholesale ironmonger in the Rue Ganterie, who took him out once a month on Sundays after his shop was shut, sent him for a walk on the quay to look at the boats, and then brought him back to college at seven o'clock before supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother with red ink and three wafers; then he went over his history note-books, or read an old volume of Anarchasis that was knocking about the study. When he went for walks he talked to the servant, who, like himself, came from the country.

By dint of hard work he kept always about the middle of the class; once even he got a certificate in natural history. But at the end of his third year his parents withdrew him from the school to make him study medicine, convinced that he could even take his degree by himself.

His mother chose a room for him on the fourth floor of a dyer's she knew, overlooking the Eau—de—Robec. She made arrangements for his board, got him furniture, table and two chairs, sent home for an old cherry—tree bedstead, and bought besides a small cast—iron stove with the supply of wood that was to warm the poor child. Then at the end of a week she departed, after a thousand injunctions to be good now that he was going to be left to himself.

The syllabus that he read on the notice-board stunned him; lectures on

anatomy, lectures on pathology, lectures on physiology, lectures on pharmacy, lectures on botany and clinical medicine, and therapeutics, without counting hygiene and materia medica—all names of whose etymologies he was ignorant, and that were to him as so many doors to sanctuaries filled with magnificent darkness.

He understood nothing of it all; it was all very well to listen—he did not follow. Still he worked; he had bound note-books, he attended all the courses, never missed a single lecture. He did his little daily task like a mill—horse, who goes round and round with his eyes bandaged, not knowing what work he is doing.

To spare him expense his mother sent him every week by the carrier a piece of veal baked in the oven, with which he lunched when he came back from the hospital, while he sat kicking his feet against the wall. After this he had to run off to lectures, to the operation—room, to the hospital, and return to his home at the other end of the town. In the evening, after a poor dinner of his landlord, he went back to his room and set to work again in his wet clothes, which smoked as he sat in front of the hot stove.

On the fine summer evenings, at the time when the close streets are empty, when the servants are playing shuttle—cock at the doors, he opened his window and leaned out. The river, that makes of this quarter of Rouen a wretched little Venice, flowed beneath him, between the bridges and the railings, yellow, violet, or blue. Working men, kneeling on the banks, washed their bare arms in the water. On poles projecting from the attics, skeins of cotton were drying in the air. Opposite, beyond the roofs spread the pure heaven with the red sun setting. How pleasant it must be at home! How fresh under the beech—tree! And he expanded his nostrils to breathe in the sweet odours of the country which did not reach him.

He grew thin, his figure became taller, his face took a saddened look that made it nearly interesting. Naturally, through indifference, he abandoned all the resolutions he had made. Once he missed a lecture; the next day all the lectures; and, enjoying his idleness, little by little, he gave up work altogether. He got into the habit of going to the public—house, and had a passion for dominoes. To shut himself up every evening in the dirty public room, to push about on