

英汉
对照
全译本

Doctor Ox

[法] Jules Verne 儒勒·凡尔纳/著

牛博士

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导 读

基康东小镇是一个安静宁谧的地方，镇上的人平静祥和，循规蹈矩，从不争斗。一天牛博士和他的助手耶恩来到基康东小镇，牛博士要为小镇安装氢气发电设备，从此小镇就可以结束 900 年来一直没有电的历史了。就在牛博士的实验进行时，基康东小镇发生了莫名其妙的变化。原本宁静的小镇一下子喧闹异常，人们变得心浮气躁，互相争斗，这一切都打破了小镇的和谐。更可怕的是，冲动的基康东人即将把小镇推向战争……这到底是什么回事？为什么小镇发生了这么大的变化？战争到底爆发了没有？镇上的居民还能否恢复本来的面目？故事的结局又是怎样的呢？

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Chapter 1

How It Is Useless To Seek, Even On The Best Maps, For The Small Town Of Quiquendone.

If You try to find, on any map of Flanders, ancient or moden, the small town of Quiquendone, you are unlikely to succeed. Is Quiquendone, then, one of those towns which have disappeared? No. A town of the future? By no means. It exists in spite of the geographies, and has done so for some eight or nine hundred years. It even numbers two thousand three hundred and ninety-three souls, allowing one soul to each inhabitant. It is situated thirteen and a half kilometres north-west of Oudenarde, and fifteen and a quarter kilometres south-east of Bruges, in the heart of Flanders. The Vaar, a small tributary of the Scheldt, passes beneath its three bridges, which are still covered with a quaint mediaeval roof, like that of Tournay.

Its old castle is much admired, its first stone having been laid as long ago as 1197, by Count Baldwin, afterwards Emperor of Constantinople; and there is a Town Hall, with Gothic windows, crowned by a chaplet of battlements, and surrounded by a turreted belfry, which rises three hundred and fifty-seven feet above the soil. Every hour may be heard a chime of five octaves, a veritable aerial piano, whose renown surpasses that of the famous chimes of Bruges.

Strangers-if any ever come to Quiquendone-do not leave the quaint old town until they have visited its 'Stadtholder's Hall,' adorned by a full-length portrait of William of Nassau, by Brandon; the loft of the Church of Saint Magloire, a masterpiece of sixteenth century architecture; the cast-iron well in the spacious Place Saint Ernuph, its admirable ornamentation being

第一章

即使在最完善的地图上要想找到“基康东”也是徒劳

如果你想在任何一张以前的，或是现在的弗兰德斯地图上找到基康东小镇，劝你还是趁早打消这个念头。基康东是不是已经消失了？不是，它是一座想像中的城镇？当然也不是。尽管地理位置微不足道，基康东还是存在八九百年了。它拥有 2393 位居民。小镇位于弗兰德斯的心脏地带，处在奥德纳尔德西北 13.5 公里与布鲁日东南 15.25 公里交界的地方。瓦赫河——斯凯尔特河的一条小支流——在 3 座桥下潺潺流过，桥上建有古朴的中世纪的桥顶，一如土耳其的风格。

镇里的古堡让人赞不绝口，它的第一块奠基石是鲍德温伯爵于 1197 年铺下的，后来君士坦丁堡国王又进一步将它加工完善。这儿有个镇公所，它有哥特式的窗户，有串珠的雉蝶式房顶，旁边还有一座高达 357 英尺的钟楼。每个钟头都可以听到大钟敲的 5 下 8 度音和飘扬出的一阵似梦如幻的轻音乐。基摩东大钟比布鲁日大钟的名气还要大哩！

外地人——如果来到基康东的话——是不会离开这座古色古香的小镇的，除非他们已——参观过这里的“执政厅”（执政厅里挂着一幅威廉·拿骚的全身画像，它出自布兰登之手），圣·马卢瓦尔的楼厢（它当之无愧地是 16 世纪建筑艺术的杰作之一），宽绰的圣·埃尼夫宫里的铸铁井

attributed to the artistblacksmith, Quentin Metsys; the tomb formerly erected to Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, who now reposes in the Church of Notre Dame at Bruges, and so on.

The principal industry of Quiquendone is the manufacture of whipped creams and barley-sugar on a large scale. It has been governed by the Van Tricasse family, from father to son, for several centuries.

And yet Quiquendone is not on the map of Flanders! Have the geographers forgotten it, or is the omission intentional? That I cannot tell; but Quiquendone really exists, with its narrow streets, its fortified walls, its Spanishlooking houses, its market, and its burgomaster-so much so, that it has recently been the scene of some surprising phenomena, as extraordinary and incredible as they are true, which are faithfully described in the present narration.

Surely there is nothing to be said or thought against the Flemings of Western Flanders. They are a well-to-do folk, -wise, prudent, sociable, even-tempered, hospitable, perhaps a little heavy in conversation as well as in mind; but this does not explain why one of the most interesting towns of their district has yet to appear on modern maps.

This omission is certainly regrettable. If only history, or in default of history the chronicles, or in default of chronicles the national traditions, had mentioned Quiquendone! But no: neither atlases, guides, nor itineraries speak of it. The most energetic hunter after small towns says not a word about it. It might be assumed that this silence would injure the commerce, the industries, of the town. But we hasten to add that Quiquendone has neither industry nor commerce, and that it does very well without them. Its barley-sugar and whipped

(它令人拍手称赞的装修得归功于能干的铁匠昆廷·梅茨)和以前曾与玛丽·伯贡底一样高的墓碑(玛丽是查理斯·博德的女儿,他这会儿正在布鲁日的巴黎圣母院教堂打瞌睡呢)等地方。

基康东的工业主要是大规模的大麦棒糖和奶油制造业。现在它归范·特里卡西家族打点管理,世代相传已经有好几个世纪了。

而在弗兰德斯地图上竟然找不到基康东!地理学家是把它遗忘了,还是有意忽略呢?这已无从知道。但基康东不是海市蜃楼,它的的确确存在着。镇中有窄窄的街道,坚实的城墙,西班牙式的房子,还有集市和镇长,等等等等。近来这里出现了一些不同寻常的怪事,讲起来你可能有点不相信,但却是真的,绝无半点虚言。

当然,西弗兰德斯的佛兰芒人是没得说的。他们富裕,精明、谨慎、喜欢交际、脾气好、热情好客,只是谈吐像他们脑子里所想的那样,或许有那么一点儿严肃。但是为什么,这座最有意思的城镇在现今的地图上连个影子都找不着,这始终是一个不解之谜。

这个疏忽确实令人遗憾。要是历史不曾遗忘基康东就好了!哪怕是编年史或国别史对它一笔带过都行啊!可惜的是,没有一本地图册、一个路标、一条路线提到过它。可以推断,这种漫不经心态度势必会影响小镇的商业和工业的发展。说到这里我得赶紧补充一句:基康东既没有工业也没有商业,但它的日子照样过得不错。它的大麦律糖和搅奶油是

cream are consumed on the spot; none is exported. In short, the Quiquendonians have no need of anybody. Their desires are limited, their life is modest; they are calm, moderate, phlegmatic—in a word, they are Flemings; such as may still be met with between the Scheldt and the North Sea.

即产即销的，从来不销售到外地去。总而言之，基康东人完全自力更生。人们安分守己，性格温和，很少冲动——一句话，他们是标准的佛兰芒人，你在斯凯尔特河和北海之间碰上的佛兰芒人就是这样。

Chapter 2

In Which The Burgomaster van Tricasse And The Counsellor Niklausse Discuss The Town's Affairs.

'You think so?' asked the burgomaster.

I-think so, 'replied the counsellor, after some minutes' silence

'You see, we mustn't act hastily,' resumed the burgomaster.

'We have been talking over this serious business for ten years,' replied the Counsellor Niklausse, 'and I confess to you, my worthy Van Tricasse, that I cannot yet take it upon myself to come to a decision.'

'I quite understand your hesitation,' said the burgomaster, who did not speak until after a good quarter of an hour's reflection 'I quite understand it, and I fully share it. We shall do wisely to decide upon nothing without a more careful examination of the question.'

'It's quite certain,' replied Niklausse, 'that this post of civil commissary is useless in so peaceful a town as Quiquendone.'

'Our predecessor,' said Van Tricasse gravely, 'our predecessor never said, never would have dared to say, that anything is certain Every affirmation is subject to awkward qualifications.'

The counsellor nodded his head slowly in token of assent, then he remained silent for nearly half an hour. After this lapse of time, during which neither the counsellor nor the burgomaster moved so much as a finger, Niklausse asked Van Tricasse whether his predecessor-of some twenty years before-had not thought of suppressing this office of civil commissary,

第二章

镇长范·特里卡西与顾问尼克洛斯商讨小镇事务

“你真这么想？”镇长问。

“我是这么想——是的。”顾问沉默了几分钟后回答。

“我们得马上采取行动。”镇长又说。

“这个重大问题，我们都讨论了10年了，”顾问尼克洛斯答道，“坦率地说，尊贵的范·特里卡西，我还是下不了这个狠心哪！”

“我很理解你这样犹豫，”镇长沉吟了足足15分钟才开口，“我非常理解。我们不能贸然行事，还是等重新考虑一下这个问题再说吧。”

“毫无疑问，”尼克洛斯接茬，“在基康东这样一个风平浪静的小镇里犯得着设高级警官这个职位吗？”

“我们的祖先，”范·特里卡西一本正经地说，“我们的祖先从来没说过，也不敢说什么事情是十拿九稳的，他们一定要不厌其烦地反复证明后才会下定论。”

顾问点点头，表示赞同。接下来的半个小时他又不吭声了。这段时间里顾问和镇长像泥塑一样坐在那儿一动不动。后来，尼克洛斯问范·特里卡西，他的前人——大概是20年前吧——是不是压根儿没想过要取消高级警官这个

which each year cost the town of Quiquendone the sum of thirteen hundred and seventy-five francs and some centimes.

'I believe he did,' replied the burgomaster, carrying his hand with majestic deliberation to his unwrinkled brow; 'but the worthy man died without having dared to make up his mind, either as to this or any other administrative measure. He was a sage. Why should I not do as he did?'

Counsellor Niklausse could not have imagined any reason contrary to the burgomaster's opinion.

'The man who dies,' added Van Tricasse solemnly, 'without ever having decided upon anything during his life, has very nearly attained to perfection.'

Having said this the burgomaster pressed a bell with the end of his little finger; it gave forth a muffled sound, which seemed less a sound than a sigh. Presently some light steps glided softly across the tile floor. A mouse would not have made less noise, trotting over a thick carpet. The door of the room opened, turning on its welloiled hinges. A young girl, with long blonde tresses, made her appearance. It was Suzel van Tricasse, the burgomaster's only daughter. She handed her father a pipe, filled to the brim, and a small copper brazier, without saying a word; then she disappeared at once, making no more noise at her exit than at her entrance.

The worthy burgomaster lighted his pipe, and was soon hidden in a cloud of bluish smoke, leaving Counsellor Niklausse plunged in the most absorbing thought.

The room in which these two notable personages, charged with the administration of Quiquendone, were talking, was a parlour richly adorned with carvings in dark wood. A lofty fireplace, in which an oak might have been burned or an ox roasted, occupied the whole of one of the sides of the room;

公职，虽然它每年都要耗费小镇 1375 法郎零几生丁的资财。

“他何尝没想过？”镇长回答，一只手故作庄严地搭上他平滑的额头，“但那位高贵的人到死都没有冒冒失失地下决心采取这项或那项行政措施。他真了不起，我怎么不学学他？”

顾问尼克洛斯表示，他深有同感。

“这位先人，”范·特里卡西郑重其事地补充，“一生中从未决定过任何一件事情，他简直达到了尽善尽美的境界。”

说到这里，镇长用小指的末梢摁了一下铃。铃沉闷地响了一声，听起来就像是有人在叹了口气。立刻，一阵轻巧的脚步声传来，即使是一只老鼠碎步跑过一层厚厚的地毯也不可能只是这么轻微的声响。房门开了，一位长着金色长发的年轻姑娘出现在门口。她就是镇长的独生女儿——苏泽·范·特里卡西。她一声不吭地递给她父亲一筒装得满满的烟斗和一个小小的铜制大钵，然后又像她来时那样，悄无声息地退了下去。

尊贵的镇长点燃烟斗，很快地，蓝色烟雾缭绕起来，而顾问尼克洛斯呢，正在全神贯注地思索问题。

这两位管理基康东的显要人物谈话的房子是间客厅，厅里摆满了深色木料制成各式各样的雕刻品。一个高高的

opposite to it was a trellised window, its stained glass toning down the brightness of the sunbeams. In an antique frame above the chimney-piece appeared the portrait of some worthy man, attributed to Memling, which no doubt represented an ancestor of the Van Tricasses, whose authentic genealogy dates back to the fourteenth century, the period when the Flemings and Guy de Dampierre were at war with the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburgh.

This parlour was in the home of the burgomaster; one of the pleasantest in Quiquendone. Built in the Flemish style, with all the abruptness, whimsy, and picturesqueness of the Pointed type of architecture, it was regarded as one of the strangest edifices in the town. A Carthusian convent, or a deaf and dumb asylum, was not more silent than this mansion. In it noise had no existence; people did not walk, they glided about it; they did not speak, they murmured.

Yet there was no lack of women in the house, which, besides the burgomaster Van Tricasse himself, sheltered his wife, Mevrouw Brigitte Van Tricasse, his daughter, Suzel Van Tricasse, and his domestic, Lotchè Jansheu. We may also mention the burgomaster's sister, Aunt Hermace, an old maid who still bore the nickname of Tatanemance, which her niece Suzel had given her when a child. Still in spite of all these elements of discord and noise and gossip, the burgomaster's house was as silent as a desert.

The burgomaster was a personage of some fifty years of age, neither fat nor lean, neither short nor tall, neither old nor young, neither rubicund nor pale, neither gay nor sad, neither contented nor bored, neither energetic nor dull, neither proud nor humble, neither good nor bad, neither generous nor miserly, neither courageous nor cowardly, neither too much