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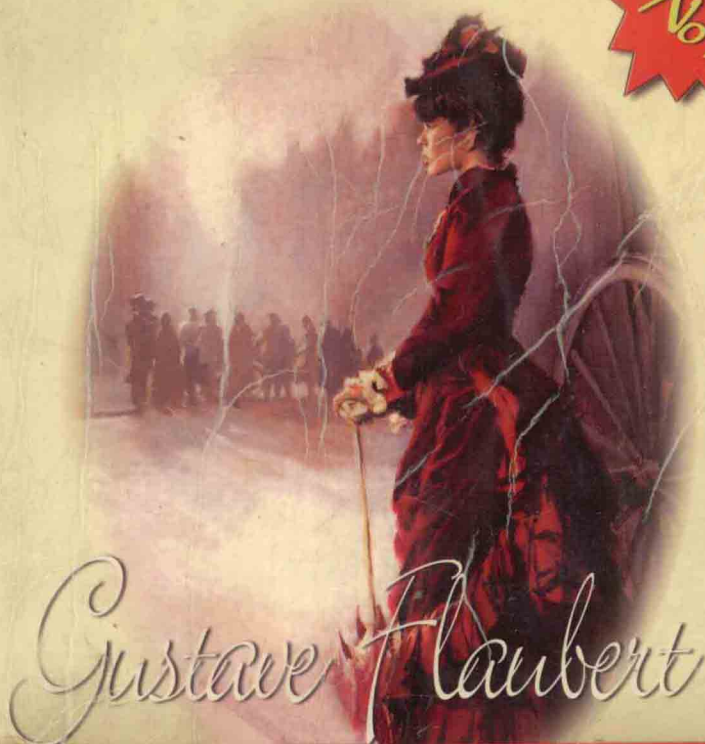
ENGLISH

BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

# 包法利夫人 Madame Bovary

[法] 古斯塔夫·福楼拜 著 王帆 译

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世界文学名著精品

# 包法利夫人 Madame Bovary

(法) 古斯塔夫·福楼拜 著  
王 帆 译

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## 出版前言

我们在编译“世界文学名著精品”丛书时,在形式上做了相应的调整,采用外文原著及权威英译本,然后全部精译成中、英文,并分段对照全译,以方便广大读者阅读。每部著作又均是世界文学宝库中的精华之作。使读者多方位的了解欧美文学著作的艺术魅力,能够领略西方文化充满诗意、语言流畅之特点。

“世界文学名著精品”所选作品:《双城记》、《三个火枪手》、《巴黎圣母院》、《傲慢与偏见》、《红与黑》、《飘》、《基督山伯爵》、《福尔摩斯探案集》、《莎士比亚八大名剧》、《简·爱》、《呼啸山庄》、《茶花女》、《忏悔录》、《安娜·卡列尼娜》、《童年·我的大学》、《包法利夫人》、《嘉莉妹妹》、《钢铁是怎样炼成的》等。我们相信这套“世界文学名著精品”出版之后定会受到您的欢迎,并会对您学习英语方面大有裨益。

现借此付梓出版之际,特向业已作古的著作者和传承世界文学文化精神的译著者暨为本丛书校译的相关人士,谨致以最深挚的谢意!

译者

2003年1月

## 第一部分

### 第一节

我们正在上自习，忽然校长进来了，后面跟着一个没有穿学生装的新学生，还有一个小校工，却端着一张大书桌。正在打瞌睡的学生也醒过来了，个个站了起来，仿佛功课受到打扰似的。

校长做了个手势，要我们坐下，然后转过身去，低声对班主任说：“罗杰先生，我把这个学生交托给你了，让他上五年级吧。要是他的功课和品行都够格的话，再让他升高班，他的岁数已经够大的了。”

这个新生坐在门背后的角落里，门一开，谁也看不见他，他是一个小乡巴佬，大约有十五岁，个子比我们哪一个都高。他的头发顺着前额剪齐，像乡下教堂里的歌童，看起来又懂事，又不自在。他的肩膀虽然不算宽，可是那件黑纽绿呢小外衣一定穿得太紧，袖口绷开了线缝的地方，露出了晒红的手腕，一看就知道是卷起袖子干惯了活的。浅黄色的长裤子给背带吊得太高，漏出了穿蓝袜子的小腿。脚上穿了一双不常擦油的钉鞋。

大家背起书来。他竖起耳朵来听，专心得好像在教堂里听传道，连腿也不敢跷，胳膊也不敢放

## PART ONE

### I

WE WERE IN CLASS when the headmaster 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 headmaster 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 armholes, 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, hobnailed 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

在书桌上。两点钟下课铃响的时候，要不是班主任提醒他，他也不知道和我们一齐排队。

我们平时有个习惯，一进教室，就把帽子抛在地上，以免拿在手里碍事；因此，一跨过门槛，就得把帽子扔到长凳底下，并且还要靠墙，掀起一片尘土；这已经成为规矩了。

不知道这个新生是没有注意到我们这一套，还是不敢跟大家一样做，课前的祷告做完之后，他还把鸭舌帽放在膝盖上。他的帽子像是一盘大杂烩，看不出到底是皮帽、军帽、圆顶帽、尖嘴帽还是睡帽，反正是便宜货，说不出的难看，好像哑巴吃了黄连后的苦脸。帽子是鸡蛋形的，里面用铁丝支撑着，帽口有三道滚边；往上是交错的菱形丝绒和兔皮，中间有条红线隔开；再往上是口袋似的帽筒；帽顶是多边的硬壳纸，纸上蒙着复杂的彩绣，还有一根细长的饰带，末端吊着一个金线结成的小十字架作为坠子。帽子是新的，帽檐还闪光呢。

“站起来，”老师说。

他一起立，鸭舌帽就掉了。全班人都笑了起来。他弯下腰去拿帽子。旁边一个学生用胳膊捅了他一下，帽子又掉了，他又拣了一回。

帽子是新的，帽檐还闪光呢。

学生都哈哈大笑起来，可怜的新生更加手足无措，不知道帽

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 heaps of unconquered order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, snako, billycock hat, sealskin cap and cotton nightcap; 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.

'Rse,' said the master.

He stood up; his cap fell. The whole class began to laugh. He stooped to pick it up. A neighbour 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

子应该拿在手里，还是让它掉在地下，还是把它戴在头上。他到底又坐下了，帽子还是放在膝盖上。

“站起来，”老师再说一遍，“告诉我你叫什么名字。”

新生嘴里含了萝卜似地说了个听不清楚的名字。

“再说一遍！”

新生还是说了个稀里糊涂的名字，全班都笑得更厉害了。

“声音高点！”老师喊道，“声音高点！”

于是新生狠下决心，张开血盆大口，像在呼救似的，使出了吃奶的力气叫道：“下坡花力！”

这下好了，笑声叫声直线上升，越来越闹，有的声音尖得刺耳，有的像狼号，有的像狗叫，有人跺脚，有人学舌：“下坡花力！下坡花力！”好不容易才变成零星的叫声，慢慢静了下来，但是一排板凳好像一串爆竹，说不准什么时候还会爆发出一两声压制不住的笑声，犹如死灰复燃的爆竹一样。

老师只好用罚做功课的雨点，来淋湿爆竹，总算逐渐恢复了教室里的秩序；老师又要新生听写，拼音，翻来复去地念，才搞清楚了他的名字是夏尔·包法利，就罚这条可怜虫坐到讲台前懒学生坐的板凳上去。他正要去，又站住了。

“你找什么？”老师问道。

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 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 floor of the master’s desk. He got up, but before going hesitated.

‘What are you looking for?’ asked the master.

“我的……”新生心神不定，眼睛左右张望，胆小怕事地说。

“全班罚抄五百行诗！”教师一声令下，就像海神镇压风浪一般，压下了一场方兴未艾的风暴。“都不许闹！”老师生气了，一面从高筒帽里掏出手帕来擦满脸的汗水，一面接着说。“至于你呢，新来的学生，你给我抄二十遍拉丁动词‘笑’的变位法。”然后，他用温和一点的声音说：“你的帽子嘛，回头就会找到，没有人抢你的！”

一切恢复平静。头都低下来做练习了。新生端端正正坐了两个钟头，虽然说不定什么时候，不知道什么人的笔尖就会弹出一个小小纸团来，溅他一脸墨水。他只用手擦擦脸，依然一动不动，也不抬头看一眼。

上晚自习的时候，他从书桌里拿出袖套来，把文具摆得整整齐齐，细心地用尺在纸上划线。我们看他真用功，个个词都不厌其烦地查词典。当然，他就是靠了他表现的这股劲头，才没有降到低年级去；因为他即使勉强懂得文法规则，但是用词造句并不高明。他的拉丁文是本村神甫给他启的蒙，他的父母为了省钱，不是拖得实在不能再拖了，还不肯送他上学堂。

他的父亲夏尔·德尼·巴托洛梅·包法利，原来是军医的助手，在一八一二年左右的征兵案件中受到了连累，不得不在这时离开部队，好在他那堂堂一表的

‘My c-a-p,’ timidly said the ‘new fellow’, casting troubled looks around him.

‘Five hundred verses 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 out 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 *cure* 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



人材，赢得了一家衣帽店老板女儿的欢心，使他顺便捞到了六万法郎的嫁妆。他的长相漂亮，喜欢吹牛，总使他靴子上的马刺铿锵作响，嘴唇上边的胡子和络腮胡子连成一片，手指上总戴着戒指，衣服又穿得光彩夺目，外表看起来像个勇士，平易近人又像个推销员。一结了婚，头两三年他就靠老婆的钱过日子，吃得好，起得晚，用瓷烟斗一大斗、一大斗地吸烟，晚上不看完戏不回家，还是咖啡馆的常客。岳父死了，没有留下多少财产，他不高兴，要开一家纺织厂，又蚀了本，只好回到乡下，想在那里显显身手。但是，他既不懂得织布，又不懂得种地；他的马不是用来耕耘，而是用来驰骋；他的苹果酒不是一桶一桶卖掉，而是一瓶一瓶喝光；他院子里最好的鸡鸭，都供自己食用；他的猪油也用来擦亮自己打猎穿的皮鞋；不消多久，他发现自己最好打消一切发财的念头。

于是他一年花两百法郎，在科州和皮卡迪交界的一个村子里，租了一所半田庄、半住宅的房子；他灰心丧气，怨天尤人，从四十五岁起，就关门闭户，说是厌倦人世，决意只过安静的日子了。

他的妻子从前爱他简直着了魔，简直是对他百依百顺；不料她越顺着他，他却越远着她。她本来脾气好，感情外露，爱情专一，

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 traveler. 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 cafés. 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

后来上了年纪，就像走了气的酒会变酸一样，也变得难相处了，说话唠叨，神经紧张。她吃了多少苦呵！起初看见他追骚逐臭，碰到村里的浪荡女人都不放过，夜里醉得人事不省，满身酒气，从多少下流地方给送回家来，她都没有抱怨。后来，她的自尊心受了伤，只好不言不语，忍气吞声，逆来顺受，就这样过了一辈子。她还得到处奔波，忙这忙那。她得去见诉讼代理人，去见法庭庭长，记住什么时候期票到期，办理延期付款；在家里，她又得缝缝补补，洗洗烫烫，监督工人，开发工钱，而她的丈夫却什么也不管，从早到晚都昏沉沉、懒洋洋，仿佛在跟人赌气似的，稍微清醒一点就对她说不忘恩负义的话，缩在火炉旁边吸烟，向炉灰里吐痰。

等到她生了一个男孩，却不得不交给奶妈喂养。小把戏断奶回家后，又把他惯得像是一个王子，母亲喂他果酱，父亲却让他光着脚丫子满地跑，还冒充哲学家，说什么小畜牲一丝不挂，可能活得更好。父母对孩子的想法背道而驰，父亲头脑里有男人的理想，他要按照斯巴达的方式严格训练儿子，好让他有强健的体格。他要儿子冬天睡觉不生火，教他大口喝甘蔗酒，看见教堂游行的队伍就说粗话。可是小孩子天性驯良，辜负了父亲的苦心，枉费了他的精力。母亲总把儿子带在身边，为他剪硬纸板，给他讲故事，没完没了地自言自语，快乐中有

she had become (after the fashion of wine that, exposed to air, turns to vinegar) illtempered, grumbling, irritable. She had suffered so much without complaint at first, when she had seen him going after all the village drabs, and when a score of bad houses sent him back at night, weary, and smelling of drink. 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,

几分忧郁，亲热得又过于罗唆。她的日子过得孤寂，就把支离破碎的幻想全都寄托在孩子身上。她梦想着高官厚禄，仿佛看见他已经长大成人，漂亮，聪明，不管是修筑桥梁公路也好，做官执法也好，都有所成就了。她教他认字，甚至弹着一架早买的旧钢琴，教他唱两三支小调。但是对这一套，重财轻文的包法利先生却说是太划不来了。难道他们有条件供养他上公立学校，将来买个一官半职，或者盘进一家店面？再说，一个人只要胆大脸皮厚，总会有得意的日子。包法利太太只好咬咬嘴唇，让孩子在村里吊儿郎当。

他跟在庄稼汉后面，用土块打得乌鸦东飞西跑，他沿着沟摘黑莓吃，手里拿根钓竿，却说是在看管火鸡；到了收获季节他就翻晒谷子，在树林里东奔西跑；下雨天他在教堂门廊下的地上画方格，玩跳房子的游戏，碰到节日他就求教堂的管事让他敲钟，好把身子吊在粗绳上，绳子来回摆动，他就觉得在随风飞舞。因此，他长得像一棵硬木树，手臂结实，肤色健美。

十二岁上，他母亲才得到允许，让他开始学习。他的启蒙老师是教堂的神甫。不过上课的时间太短，又不固定，起不了多大作用。功课都是忙里偷闲教的，刚刚行过洗礼，又要举行葬礼，中间有点闲暇，就站在圣器室里，匆匆忙忙讲上一课；或者是在晚祷之

told him tales, entertained him with endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and charming nonsense. In her life's isolation she centred 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 hopscotch under the church porch on rainy days, and at great fetes 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 of hand, fresh of colour.

When he was twelve years old his mother had her own way; he began his 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

后，神甫不出门了，又叫人去把学生找来。他们两人上得楼来，走进他的房间，于是各就各位：苍蝇和蛾子也围着蜡烛飞舞。天气一热，孩子就打瞌睡；神甫双手压在肚皮上，昏昏沉沉，不消多久，也就张嘴打起鼾来。有时，神甫给附近的病人行过临终圣礼回家，看见夏尔在田地里顽皮捣乱，就把他喊住，训了他刻把钟，并且利用机会，叫他在树底下背动词变位表。但不是天下雨，就是过路的熟人，把他们的功课打断了。尽管如此，神甫对他一直表示满意，甚至还说：小伙子记性挺好。

夏尔不能就停留在这一步呀。母亲一抓紧，父亲问心有愧，或者是嫌累了，居然不反对就让了步，但还是又拖了一年，等到这个顽童行过第一次圣体瞻礼再说。

六个月一晃就过去了；第二年十月底，夏尔总算进了卢昂中学，还是过圣·罗曼节期间，他父亲来赶热闹时，亲自把他带来的。

时过境迁，我们现在谁也不记得他的事了，只知道他脾气好，玩的时候玩，读书的时候读书，在教室里听讲，在寝室里睡觉，在餐厅里就餐。他的家长代理人是手套街一家五金批发店的老板，每个月接他出来一次，总是在星期天铺子关门之后，打发他到码头去逛逛，看看船来船往，然后一到七点，就送他回学校晚餐。每个

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 Cure, 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, whither 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

星期四晚上，他给母亲写一封长信，用的是红墨水，还用三块小面团封口；然后他就复习历史课的笔记，或者在自习室里读一本过时的、情节拖带的《希腊游记》，散步的时候，他老是和校工聊天，因为他们两个都是乡下来的。

靠了用功，他在班上总是保持中下水平；有一回考博物学，他虽然没有得奖，却受到了表扬。但是，到三年级结束的时候，他的父母要他退学，并且要他学医，说是相信他会出人头地，得到学位的。

他的母亲认识罗伯克河岸一家洗染店，就在四层楼上为他找了一间房子。她把他的膳宿安排停当，弄来几件家具，一张桌子，两把椅子，还从家里运来一张樱桃木的旧床，另外买了一个生铁小火炉，储存了一堆木柴，准备可怜的孩子过冬取暖之用。住了一个礼拜之后，她才回乡下去，临行前还千叮咛、万嘱咐，说现在就只剩下他一个人了，一定要会照管自己。

布告栏里的功课表使他头昏脑胀：解剖学、病理学、生理学、药剂学、化学、植物学、诊断学、治疗学，还不提卫生学和药材学，一个个名词他都搞不清来龙去脉，看起来好像神庙的大门，里面庄严肃穆，一片黑暗。

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 notebooks, or read an old volume of *Anarchasis* that was knocking about the study. When we 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, a table and two chairs, sent home for an old cherry-wood 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.

他什么也不懂；听讲也是白搭，一点也没理解。不过他很用功，笔记订了一本又是一本，上课每堂都到，实习一次不缺。他完成繁琐的日常工作，就像蒙住眼睛拉磨的马一样，转来转去也不知道磨的是什么。

为了省得他花钱，他的母亲每个星期都托邮车给他带来一大块叉烧小牛肉，他上午从医院回来，就靠着墙顿脚取暖，吃叉烧肉当午餐。然后又是上课，上阶梯教室，上救济院，上完课再穿街过巷，回住所来。晚上，他吃过房东不丰盛的晚餐，又上楼回房间用功。他身上穿的衣服给汗水浸湿了，背靠着烧红了的小火炉，一直冒汽。

到了夏天美好的黄昏时刻，闷热的街头巷尾都空荡荡的，只有女佣人在大门口踢毽子。他打开窗户，凭窗眺望，看见底下的小河流过桥梁栅栏，颜色有黄有紫有蓝，使卢昂这个街区变成了见不得人的小威尼斯。有几个工人蹲在河边洗胳膊。阁楼里伸出去的竿子上，晾着一束一束的棉线。对面屋顶上是一望无际的青天，还有一轮西沉的红日。乡下该多好啊！山毛榉下该多凉爽啊！他张开鼻孔去吸田野的清香，可惜只闻到一股热气。

他消瘦了，身材变得修长，脸上流露出一种哀怨的表情，更容

He understood nothing of it all; it was all very well to listen—he did not follow. Still he worked; he had bound notebooks, 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 with his landlord, he went back to his room and set to work again in his wet clothes, that smoked as he sat in front of the hot stove.

On fine summer evenings, at the time when the stifling streets are empty, when the servants are playing shuttlecock at the doors, he opened his window and leant 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

易得到别人的关怀。人只要一马虎，就会自然而然地摆脱决心的束缚。有一次，他没去实习，第二天，又没去上课，一尝到偷懒的甜头，慢慢就进得去出不来了。他养成了上小酒馆的习惯，在那里玩骨牌玩得入了迷。每天晚上关在一个肮脏的赌窟里，在大理石台子上，掷着有黑点的小羊骨头骰子，在他看来，似乎是难能可贵的自由行动，抬高了他在自己眼里的身价。这就似是头一回走进花花世界尝到禁脔一样；在进门的时候，把手指放在门扶手上，心里已经涌起肉欲般的快感了。那时，压在内心深处的种种欲望都冒了出来；他学会了对女伴唱小调，兴高采烈地唱贝朗瑞的歌曲，能调五味酒，最后，还懂得了谈情说爱。

他这样准备医生考试，结果当然是彻底失败。当天晚上，他家里还在等他回来开庆功会呢！他动身走回家去，一到村口又站住了，托人把母亲找出来，一五一十都告诉了她。母亲原谅儿子，反而责怪主考人不公平，没有让他通过，并且说父亲面前由她来交代，这就给他吃了定心丸。等到五年以后，包法利先生才知道考试真相；事情已经过去，不能再算陈年老账，何况他怎能相信自己生的儿子会是蠢才呢！

于是夏尔重新复习功课，继续准备考试，并且事先把考过的题目都背得烂熟。他总算通过

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 marble tables the small sheep-bones with black dots, seemed to him a fine proof of his freedom, which raised him in his own esteem. It was beginning to see life, the sweetness of stolen pleasures; and when he entered, he put his hand on the door-handle with a joy almost sensual. Then many things hidden within him came out; he learnt songs by heart and sang them to his boon companions, became enthusiastic about Beranger, 4 learnt how to make punch, and, finally, how to make love.

Thanks to these preparatory labours, he failed completely in his examination for an ordinary degree. He was expected home the same night to celebrate his success. He started on foot, stopped at the beginning of the village, sent for his mother, and told her all. She excused him, threw the blame of his failure on the injustice of the examiners, encouraged him a little, and took upon herself to set matters straight. It was only five years later that Monsieur Bovary knew the truth; it was old then, and he accepted it. Moreover, he could not believe that a man born of him could be a fool.

So Charles set to work again and crammed for his examination, ceaselessly learning all the old questions by heart. He passed pretty

了,成绩还算良好。这对他的母亲来说,简直是个大喜的日子:他们大摆喜筵。

到哪里去行医呢?去托特吧。那里只有一个老医生。很久以来,包法利太太就巴不得他死掉。不等老头子卷铺盖,夏尔就在他对面住下,迫不及待地要接班呢!

好不容易把儿子带大了,让他学会了行医谋生,帮他在托特挂牌开业,这还不算完:他还没成家呢。她又给他娶了一房媳妇,那是迪埃普一个事务员的寡妇,四十五岁,一年有一千二百法郎的收入。杜比克家的寡妇虽然长得丑,骨瘦如柴,满脸的疙瘩像春天发芽的树枝,但并不愁嫁不出去,供她挑选的还不乏其人。为了达到目的,包法利大娘不得不费尽心机,把对手都挤掉,甚至有一个猪肉店老板,得到几个神甫撑腰,也给她巧施妙计,破坏了好事。

夏尔打着如意算盘,满以为一结婚,条件就会变得更好,人可以自作主张,钱可以随意花费。哪里晓得当家作主的是他老婆:他在人面前应该这样说,不能那样说,每逢斋戒日要吃素,要顺着她的意思穿衣服,按照她的吩咐催促病人还帐。她拆他的私信,监视他的行动,隔着板壁听他看病,如果诊室里有妇女的话。

她每天早晨要喝巧克力,没完没了地要他关心。她老是抱怨神经痛,胸脯痛,气血两亏。脚步

well. What a happy day for his mother! They gave a grand dinner.

Where should he go to practise? To Tostes, where there was only one old doctor. For a long time Madame Bovary had been on the look-out for his death, and the old fellow had barely been packed off when Charles was installed, opposite his place, as his successor.

But it was not everything to have brought up a son, to have had him taught medicine, and discovered Tostes, where he could practise it; he must have a wife. She found him one-the widow of a bailiff at Dieppe, who was forty-five and had an income of twelve hundred francs. Though she was ugly, as dry as a bone, her face with as many pimples as the spring has buds, Madame Dubuc had no lack of suitors. To attain her ends Madame Bovary had to oust them all, and she even succeeded in very cleverly baffling the intrigues of a porkbutcher backed up by the priests.

Charles had seen in marriage the advent of an easier life, thinking he would be more free to do as he liked with himself and his money. But his wife was master; he had to say this and not say that in company, to fast every Friday, dress as she liked, harass at her bidding those patients who did not pay. She opened his letters, watched his comings and goings, and listened at the partition-wall when women came to consult him in his surgery.

She must have her chocolate every morning, attentions without end. She constantly complained of her nerves, her chest, her liver.



声响吵了她；他一走又冷落了她；回到她身边呢，那当然是希望她早死。夜里，夏尔回到家中，她就从被窝底下伸出瘦长的胳膊，搂住他的脖子，把他拉到床边坐下，对他诉起苦来：他一定是忘记她了，爱上别的女人了！人家早就说过，她的命苦，说到最后，她为了健康，向他要一点甜药水，还要一点爱情。

## 第二节

一天夜晚，大约十一点钟，他们给笃笃的马蹄声惊醒了，马就停在门口。女佣人打开阁楼的天窗，盘问一个停在街上的男人，他是来请医生的，身上带了一封信。娜塔西走下楼来，冷得直打哆嗦，她先开锁，然后拨出门闩。来人下了马，跟着女佣人，一下就进了房间。他从他的灰绸毡帽里，取出了一封用旧布包着的信，慎重其事地交给夏尔，夏尔就倚着枕头看信。娜塔西站在床边，手里举着灯；少奶奶不好意思，脸朝着墙，背对着来人。

这封信用一小块蓝漆封口，请包法利医生赶快到贝尔托田庄去，医治一条断腿。可是从托特到贝尔托要经过朗格镇和圣·维

The noise of footsteps made her ill; when people left her, solitude became odious to her; if they came back, it was doubtless to see her die. When Charles returned in the evening, she stretched forth two long thin arms from beneath the sheets, put them round his neck, and having made him sit down on the edge of the bed, began to talk to him of her troubles: he was neglecting her, he loved another. She had been warned she would be unhappy; and she ended by asking him for a dose of medicine and a little more love.

## 2

ONE NIGHT TOWARDS ELEVEN o'CLOCK they were awakened by the noise of a horse pulling up outside their door. The servant opened the garret-window and parleyed for some time with a man in the street below. He came for the doctor, had a letter for him. Nastasie came downstairs shivering and undid the bars and bolts one after the other. The man left his horse, and, following the servant, suddenly came in behind her. He pulled out from his wool cap with grey top-knots a letter wrapped up in a rag and presented it gingerly to Charles, who rested his elbow on the pillow to read it. Nastasie, standing near the bed, held the light. Madame in modesty had turned to the wall and showed only her back.

This letter, sealed with a small seal in blue wax, begged Monsieur Bovary to come immediately to the farm of the Bertaux to set a broken leg. Now from Tostes to the Bertaux was