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# 忏悔录 (全译本)

Confession

(法) 让·雅克·卢梭 (Jean Jacques Rousseau) 著

英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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## 导 读

让·雅克·卢梭（1712—1778）是十八世纪法国的启蒙思想家，著名作家，1712年出生于日内瓦一个新教徒家庭。他经过长期的刻苦自学，获得了广博的学识。1750年他应法国第戎科学院的有奖征文，写了一篇《论科学与艺术》，因此而一举成名，1755年，他写下了著名的论文《论人类不平等的起源》。1762年，他出版了《社会契约论》，提出了由公民选举领袖的共和制的政治纲领，成为法国资产阶级大革命和近现代世界很有影响的思想家。

卢梭的三部文学名著为长篇书信体小说《新爱洛伊丝》（在《忏悔录》中有时又名《朱丽》）、哲理小说《爱弥儿》以及回忆录文学《忏悔录》。其中《忏悔录》是最重要最有影响的作品，出版二百多年来，至今仍在世界各国畅销不衰。

因《爱弥儿》一书的出版，当权者下令烧毁这部书，并要逮捕作者，从此卢梭开始了逃亡的生涯，并遭受了一个又一个沉重的打击。1765年，一本对卢梭的个人生活和人品进行攻击的小册子《公民们的感情》问世后，卢梭迫切地感到必须为自己的行为作必要的辩护，于是他在颠沛流离的逃亡生活中开始了断断续续的写作，《忏悔录》的前六章是在英国的伍顿写成的，叙述了卢梭1712年出生至1742年到巴黎之前的经历，后六章是在两年以后，在多菲内及特利断断续续完成的，写的是作者来到巴黎直至1766年被迫离开圣皮埃尔岛的经历，是卢梭针对敌人的诬蔑竭力在为自己作辩解。

《忏悔录》其实是一部回忆录。文中讲述了卢梭一生的种种事件，不论好坏，都坦率地写出来，交给读者评判。他不仅写出了自己艰难求生，刻苦自学，终于有所成就的经历，同时大胆地把自己不能见人的隐私公之于众，他承认自己在某种情况下产生过一些卑劣念头，甚至有过下流的行径，他说过谎，行过骗，调戏妇女，小

偷小摸……他以沉重的心情忏悔自己在一次偷窃后，把罪过转嫁到女仆马里翁的头上，造成了她的不幸；忏悔自己在关键时刻卑劣地抛弃了最需要他的朋友勒梅特尔；忏悔自己为了生存而背弃了个人信仰，皈依了天主教。

作品的华彩段落流畅、绵长，充满了大自然清新酣畅的气息，完全是一篇优美的抒情散文。卢梭写作此书的目的就是要提供一个研究人心的标本。他在纳沙泰尔稿本中将这部书称为“对人心研究的比较之作”，“世上独一无二的作品”。他在写人叙事的时候，不仅深刻地刻画了自己的性格、志趣、爱好，而且突出地表达了他追求自由、平等和正义的思想。他要展现一个完整的、丝毫不加修饰的自我。他为写作而搜集的书信札记正好适应了这种袒露心灵的需要。与他通信的有亲戚、朋友、恋人、妻子等，内容涉及各种各样的人和事。通过这些具有隐私性质的文字，我们看到了一个完整的、栩栩如生的形象，构成了他一生中一幅幅生动的性格画面。

《忏悔录》以强烈的自我解剖精神，热烈的感情抒发和对大自然的出色描绘，建造了文学史上的丰碑。

译者

二〇〇〇年十一月

## BOOK ONE

[1712 to 1719]

I am commencing an undertaking, hitherto without precedent, and which will never find an imitator. I desire to set before my fellows the likeness of a man in all the truth of nature, and that man myself.

Myself alone! I know the feelings of my heart, and I know men. I am not made like any of those I have seen; I venture to believe that I am not made like any of those who are in existence. If I am not better, at least I am different. Whether Nature has acted rightly or wrongly in destroying the mould in which she cast me, can only be decided after I have been read.

Let the trumpet of the Day of Judgement sound when it will, I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge with this book in my hand. I will say boldly: 'This is what I have done, what I have thought, what I was. I have told the good and the bad with equal frankness. I have neither omitted anything bad, nor interpolated anything good. If I have occasionally made use of some immaterial embellishments, this has only been in order to fill a gap caused by lack of memory. I may have assumed the truth of that which I knew might have been true, never of that which I knew to be false. I have shown myself as I was: mean

## 第一篇

[1712 年至 1719 年]

我打算做一件前无古人,后无仿者的事情,我要把一个人的真实面目全部地展示在同胞面前,那个人就是我自己。

只是我本人!我了解自己的内心感受,也了解别人。我生下来就有别于我所见过的任何人;我敢保证我生来就与现在的人不一样。如果我不比别人强,至少我与众不同。大自然打破了它塑造我的模子究竟是正确或者错误,只有读了我这本书之后才能评定。

末日审判的号角想吹就吹吧,我会手执这本书站在至高无上的审判者面前。我将大胆地说:“这就是我所做的,我所想的,我当时就是那样的人。我以同样的坦率道出了善与恶。我既没有隐瞒丝毫坏事,也没有增添任何好事;假如在某些地方作了一些无关紧要的修饰,那也只是用来填补我记性不好而留下的空白。其中可能把自己以为是真的东西当真说了,但决没有把明知是假的硬说成真的。我忠实地描绘自己的形象:卑劣鄙琐毫不隐瞒,是善良宽厚也不夸饰,甚而我把我的全部内心毫不保

and contemptible, good, high-minded and sublime, according as I was one or the other. I have unveiled my inmost self even as Thou hast seen it, O Eternal Being. Gather round me the countless host of my fellow-men; let them hear my confessions, lament for my unworthiness, and blush for my imperfections. Then let each of them in turn reveal, with the same frankness, the secrets of his heart at the foot of the Throne, and say, if he dare, "*I was better than that man!*"'

I was born at Geneva, in the year 1712, and was the son of Isaac Rousseau and Susanne Bernard, citizens. The distribution of a very moderate inheritance amongst fifteen children had reduced my father's portion almost to nothing; and his only means of livelihood was his trade of watchmaker, in which he was really very clever. My mother, a daughter of the Protestant minister Bernard, was better off. She was clever and beautiful, and my father had found difficulty in obtaining her hand. Their affection for each other had commenced almost as soon as they were born. When only eight years old, they walked every evening upon the Treille; at ten, they were inseparable. Sympathy and union of soul strengthened in them the feeling produced by intimacy. Both, naturally full of tender sensibility, only waited for the moment when they should find the same disposition in another—or, rather, this moment waited for them, and each abandoned their heart to the first which opened to receive it. Destiny, which appeared to oppose their passion, only encouraged it. The young lover, unable to obtain possession of his mistress, was consumed by grief. She advised him to travel,

留地奉献给你。上帝啊,让我的同类快聚集在我的身旁吧,让他们仔细聆听我的忏悔,让他们为我的丑恶而叹息,让他们为我的可鄙而羞愧。让他们所有的人一样真诚地在你的宝座面前来表白自己的心吧,然后,看有谁敢于对你说:‘我比那人要好!’”

我于 1712 年生于日内瓦,父亲是公民伊萨克·卢梭,母亲是女公民苏萨娜·贝纳尔。由十五个子女平分的遗产本来就很微薄,分到我父亲名下的那一份简直就等于零了,全家就靠他当钟表匠来糊口。他在这行里的确是个高手。我母亲是贝纳尔牧师的女儿,比较富有。她既聪明又美丽;父亲费了好大的劲儿才把她娶到手的。他俩几乎是从小青梅竹马:八岁时,每晚便一起在特莱依广场散步;十岁时,两人便形影不离了。他俩相知相好、灵犀相通,使得由习惯使然的感情更加地牢固了。他俩天性温柔多情,一心等待某一刻能印证对方同自己心境相仿——或者说,这一时刻也在等待着他们,只要一方稍稍有所表示,对方就会立刻表露心迹。可是命运好像在阻遏他们的激情,然而这反倒更使他们爱意深笃。我父亲因为得不到梦中情人而忧伤愁苦,面容憔悴。她劝他去旅行,好把她忘掉。他旅行去了,但是毫无收效,回来后爱情反而更热烈了。他心爱的人呢,还是那么忠诚和温柔。经过这次波折以后,他们只有终身相爱

and endeavour to forget her. He travelled, but without result, and returned more in love than ever. He found her whom he loved still faithful and true. After this trial of affection, nothing was left for them but to love each other all their lives. This they swore to do, and Heaven blessed their oath.

Gabriel Bernard, my mother's brother, fell in love with one of my father's sisters, who only consented to accept the hand of the brother, on condition that her own brother married the sister. Love arranged everything, and the two marriages took place on the same day. Thus my uncle became the husband of my aunt, and their children were doubly my first cousins. At the end of a year, a child was born to both, after which they were again obliged to separate.

My uncle Bernard was an engineer. He took service in the Empire and in Hungary, under Prince Eugène. He distinguished himself at the siege and battle of Belgrade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, set out for Constantinople, whither he was summoned to undertake the post of watchmaker to the Sultan. During his absence, my mother's beauty, intellect and talents gained for her the devotion of numerous admirers. M. de la Closure, the French resident, was one of the most eager to offer his. His passion must have been great, for thirty years later, I saw him greatly affected when speaking to me of her. To enable her to resist such advances, my mother had more than her virtue; she loved her husband tenderly. She pressed him to return; he left all, and returned. I was the unhappy fruit of this return. Ten months later I was born, a weak and ailing child; I cost my mother her life, and my birth

了。他们海誓山盟,上天也赞许他们的誓约。

我舅舅加布里埃尔·贝纳尔爱上了我的一位姑姑。但姑姑提出,只有她哥哥和他姐姐结婚她才答应嫁给他。有情人终成眷属,两桩婚事在同一天举行了。因此,我舅舅也是我姑父,他们的孩子成了我的双重表亲。一年过后,两家各添了个孩子。后来,两家便不得不分开了。

我舅舅贝纳尔是一位工程师,他去效忠帝国了,在匈牙利欧仁亲王麾下效力。他于贝尔格莱德危难之时在残酷的战斗中立下了赫赫战功。在我惟一的哥哥出世之后,我父亲应召去了君士坦丁堡,成了御用钟表匠。他不在家时,母亲的美貌、聪颖、才华吸引来了一些仰慕者。法国公使拉克洛苏尔先生是最殷勤的人之一。他当时的感情一定是非常强烈的,因为三十年后,他向我谈起我母亲的时候还十分动情呢。但是我母亲的品德是能够抵御这些诱惑的,因为她非常爱她的丈夫,她催他赶紧回来。他放下一切就回来了。我就是父亲这次回家的不幸的果实。十个月后生下了我这个体弱多病的孩子。我的出生使母亲付出了生命,这也是我无数不幸中的第一个不幸。

was the first of my misfortunes.

I have never heard how my father bore this loss, but I know that he was inconsolable. He believed that he saw his wife again in me, without being able to forget that it was I who had robbed him of her; he never embraced me without my perceiving, by his sighs and the convulsive manner in which he clasped me to his breast, that a bitter regret was mingled with his caresses, which were on that account only the more tender. When he said to me, 'Jean-Jacques, let us talk of your mother,' I used to answer, 'Well, then, my father, we will weep!'—and this word alone was sufficient to move him to tears. 'Ah!' said he, with a sigh, 'give her back to me, console me for her loss, fill the void which she has left in my soul. Should I love you as I do, if you were only my son?' Forty years after he had lost her, he died in the arms of a second wife, but the name of the first was on his lips and her image at the bottom of his heart.

Such were the authors of my existence. Of all the gifts which Heaven had bestowed upon them, a sensitive heart is the only one they bequeathed to me; it had been the source of their happiness, but for me it proved the source of all the misfortunes of my life.

I was brought into the world in an almost dying condition: little hope was entertained of saving my life. I carried within me the germs of a complaint which the course of time has strengthened, and which at times allows me a respite only to make me suffer more cruelly in another manner. One of my father's sisters, an amiable and virtuous young woman, took such care of me that she saved my life. At this

我不知道父亲是如何忍受这个损失的,但我知道他的悲痛始终没有得到抚慰。他认为在我身上重又看到了他的妻子,但又不能忘记是我夺去了她的生命。每当他亲我的时候,我总感到在他的叹息、他的抽搐的搂抱之中,有一丝苦涩的遗憾交织在他的抚爱之中。因此,他的抚爱就更加温馨。当他跟我说:“让-雅克,咱们来聊聊你母亲。”我便回答他说:“好啊,那么,父亲,我们要大哭一场了!”——仅仅这句话就足以使他泪如雨下。“唉!”他叹息道,“把她还给我吧,抚平我失去她的痛苦吧,填满她在我心上留下的空缺吧。如果你只是我的儿子,我会这么爱你吗?”母亲去世40年后,父亲嘴里念叨着前妻的名字,心里埋藏着她的形象,在我继母的怀中离开了这个世界。

赐给我生命的就是这样两个人。上天赋予他们的种种品德中,他们遗留给我的只有一颗多情的心。这个对他们来说是幸福的源泉,对我来说却是我一生不幸的根源。

我刚生下来的时候,差点要死了:大家对我的存活已不抱希望。我生来就带着一种病痛,随着年岁的流转而不断增强,现在这个病痛虽然有时稍有缓解,但过不了多久又会使我更加痛苦难堪。我的一位姑姑,是一位惹人喜爱又聪颖的姑娘,对我关心有加,救了我的生命。在我写此书时,她还活着,已经八十高龄了,依然

moment, while I am writing, she is still alive, at the age of eighty, nursing a husband younger than herself, but exhausted by excessive drinking. Dear aunt, I forgive you for having preserved my life; and I deeply regret that, at the end of your days, I am unable to repay the tender care which you lavished upon me at the beginning of my own. My dear old nurse Jacqueline is also still alive, healthy and robust. The hands which opened my eyes at my birth will be able to close them for me at my death.

I felt before I thought: this is the common lot of humanity. I experienced it more than others. I do not know what I did until I was five or six years old. I do not know how I learned to read; I only remember my earliest reading, and the effect it had upon me; from that time I date my uninterrupted self-consciousness. My mother had left some romances behind her, which my father and I began to read after supper. At first it was only a question of practising me in reading by the aid of amusing books; but soon the interest became so lively, that we used to read in turns without stopping, and spent whole nights in this occupation. We were unable to leave off until the volume was finished. Sometimes, my father, hearing the swallows begin to twitter in the early morning, would say, quite ashamed, 'Let us go to bed; I am more of a child than yourself.'

In a short time I acquired, by this dangerous method, not only extreme facility in reading and understanding what I read, but a knowledge of the passions that was unique in a child of my age. I had no idea of things in themselves, although all the feelings of actual life were

能照顾好虽比她年轻却因酗酒而身体衰弱的丈夫。亲爱的姑姑,我情愿原谅让您救活了我的命,但我却感到深深的遗憾不能在您的晚年悉心照顾陪伴您,报答您曾在我生命的最初给予过我的一切。我的亲爱的老乳母雅克琳娜,她也健在,精神矍铄,身体壮实。在我出生时给我扒开眼睛的手,很可能还要在我死的时候给我合上眼睛。

我在思考之前便有所感觉:这是人类的共同命运。对此我比别人感觉要深。我不知道我五六岁前的事;也无从了解我是怎样学会阅读的;我只记得最初读的那些书对我的影响极其深:我对自己不间断地了解便是从此时开始的。我母亲留下了一些小说。我们父子俩一吃完晚饭就去阅读这些小说。一开始,只是为了让我练习着读点有趣的书,但不久,我的兴趣便十分强烈了。我们常轮流不停地读,通宵达旦,一直读到结尾处。有的时候,我父亲清晨听见燕子啁啾,便不好意思地说:“咱们去睡吧。我比你更像小孩。”

不久,我就通过这种危险的方式不仅培养一种很强的阅读和理解能力,而且还造就了我这么大的孩子对激情的一种任何人都没有的悟性。我虽然对事物本身还没有认识,但我已经能领会所有的感情了。我对事

already known to me. I had conceived nothing, but felt everything. These confused emotions, which I felt one after the other, certainly did not warp the reasoning powers which I did not as yet possess; but they shaped them in me of a peculiar stamp, and gave me odd and romantic notions of human life, of which experience and reflection have never been able wholly to cure me.

[1719 to 1723]—The romances came to an end in the summer of 1719. The following winter brought us something different. My mother's library being exhausted, we had recourse to the share of her father's which had fallen to us. Luckily, there were some good books in it; in fact, it could hardly have been otherwise, for the library had been collected by a minister, who was even a learned man according to the fashion of the day, and was at the same time a man of taste and intellect. *The History of the Empire and the Church* by Le Sueur; Bossuet's *Treatise upon Universal History*; Plutarch's *Lives of Famous Men*; Nani's *History of Venice*; Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; La Bruyère; Fontenelle's *Worlds*; his *Dialogues of the Dead*; and some volumes of Molière—all these were brought over into my father's room, and I read to him out of them while he worked. I conceived a taste for them that was rare and perhaps unique at my age. Plutarch, especially, became my favourite author. The pleasure I took in reading him over and over again cured me a little of my taste for romance, and I soon preferred Agesilaus, Brutus and Aristides to Orondates, Artamenes, and Juba. This interesting reading, and the conversations between my father and myself to which it gave

理都不理解,但却已经全然能感受到了。我不断地感受到的这些混乱的激情,一点也没有破坏我的理智,因为我那时还没有理智,但却给我造成了一种特别的理智,使我对于人生产生了荒诞而奇特的看法,以后无论是生活体验或是个人反省,都没能把我彻底纠正过来。

[1719 年—1723 年]——到了 1719 年夏季,那些小说都读完了。当年冬天又换了另外的书。母亲的藏书看完了,我们就拿外祖父留给我们的图书来看。真幸运,其中有一些好书。实际上这并不奇怪,因为那原是一位诚实而博学的牧师的藏书,当时的时尚就是如此,而且,他还是一位见解独到且风趣幽默的人。勒絮厄尔的《宗教与帝国史》、博絮埃的《世界通史》、普吕塔克的《名人传》、纳尼的《威尼斯史》、奥维德的《变形记》、拉布吕耶尔的著作、丰特奈尔的《宇宙万象》和《死者对话录》,以及莫里哀的几部著作——所有这些都被搬到父亲的房间里来了。每天他工作的时候,我就读这些书给他听。我对这些书有一种罕有的兴趣,在我这个年纪也许是独一无二的。特别是普吕塔克,他成了我最心爱的作者,我一遍又一遍,手不释卷地读他的作品,其中的乐趣总算稍稍扭转了我对小说的兴趣;不久,我爱阿格西拉斯、布鲁图斯、阿里斯提德胜过对欧隆达特、阿泰门和攸巴的喜爱。这些有趣的书以及我们父子俩就这些书的谈论铸就了我那种自由的共和思想,那种不屈服的高傲性格,不愿意受到桎

rise, formed in me the free and republican spirit, the proud and indomitable character unable to endure slavery or servitude, which has tormented me throughout my life in situations the least fitted to afford it scope. Unceasingly occupied with thoughts of Rome and Athens, living as it were amongst their great men, myself by birth the citizen of a republic and the son of a father whose patriotism was his strongest passion, I was fired by his example; I believed myself a Greek or a Roman; I lost my identity in that of the individual whose life I was reading; the recitals of the qualities of endurance and intrepidity which arrested my attention made my eyes glisten and strengthened my voice. One day, while I was relating the history of Scaevola at table, those present were alarmed to see me come forward and hold my hand over a chafing-dish, to illustrate his action.

I had a brother seven years older than myself, who was learning my father's trade. The excessive affection which was lavished upon myself caused him to be somewhat neglected, which treatment I cannot approve of. His education felt the consequences of this neglect. He took to evil courses before he was old enough to be a regular profligate. He was put with another master, from whom he was continually running away, as he had done from home. I hardly ever saw him; I can scarcely say that I knew him; but I never ceased to love him tenderly, and he loved me as much as a vagabond can love anything. I remember that, on one occasion, when my father was chastising him harshly and in anger, I threw myself impetuously between them and embraced him

枯和奴役,使得我一生之中,在这种性格受到压抑之时,便痛苦万状。我朝思暮想着罗马和雅典,就像生活在其伟人们之中,我自己生来就是一个共和国公民,我父亲又是个最热爱祖国的人,我便以他为榜样而热爱起祖国来。认为自己是希腊人或罗马人了,每当读到一位英雄的传记,我就忘记了自己的身份。读到那些使我深受感动的忠贞不贰、威武不屈的形象,我就两眼炯炯有神,声音铿锵有力。有一天,我在吃饭时讲起西伏拉的壮烈事迹,为了表演他的行动,我就伸出手放到火盆上,当时大家可都吓坏了。

我有个哥哥大我七岁。他继承了父亲的手艺。由于大家对我的偏爱,使他反而倍受冷落,我不赞成这种待遇,他的教育因此也被忽视了。他还没等到成为一个真正放浪不羁的年岁时,却早已变得放浪形骸了。后来,他被送去学徒,但跟在自己家里一样,他不时地偷溜出去。我很少能见到他,可以说是几乎都不认识他。但是我仍然真心地爱着他,而且他也像一个浪荡公子能够喜欢点什么似的喜欢我。记得有一回,父亲生气地狠狠揍他时,我赶紧插进他们中间,紧紧地抱着他。就是这样我用身子挡住他,替他挨了不少拳头。由于我总这么护住,父亲终于住了手,也许因为我又哭又喊的关系,或者是父

closely. In this manner I covered his body with mine, and received the blows which were aimed at him; I so obstinately maintained my position that at last my father was obliged to leave off, being either disarmed by my cries and tears, or afraid of hurting me more than him. At last, my brother turned out so badly that he ran away and disappeared altogether. Some time afterwards we heard that he was in Germany. He never once wrote to us. From that time nothing more has been heard of him, and thus I have remained an only son.

If this poor boy was carelessly brought up, this was not the case with his brother; the children of kings could not be more carefully looked after than I was during my early years—worshipped by all around me, and, which is far less common, treated as a beloved, never as a spoiled child. Till I left my father's house, I was never once allowed to run about the streets by myself with the other children; in my case no one ever had to satisfy or check any of those fantastic whims which are attributed to Nature, but are all in reality the result of education. I had the faults of my age: I was a chatterbox, a glutton, and, sometimes, a liar. I would have stolen fruits, bonbons, or eatables; but I have never found pleasure in doing harm or damage, in accusing others, or in tormenting poor dumb animals. I remember, however, that I once made water in a saucepan belonging to one of our neighbours, Madame Clot, while she was at church. I declare that, even now, the recollection of this makes me laugh, because Madame Clot, a good woman in other respects, was the most confirmed old grumbler I have ever known. Such is the brief and true story of all

亲害怕伤害我而不是他。最后,哥哥越变越坏,干脆逃得不知下落了。一段时间之后,我们听说他到了德国。他一封信都没给我们写过。从此以后,就再也没有他的消息了。因此,我也就成独子了。

如果说这个可怜的孩子的教养从小被忽略了,他的兄弟可就不是那样了;即便是国王的孩子,也不会像我小时候那样受到无微不至的关怀——周围人们的仰慕;而且,非常罕见的是,我是一个一向只被人疼爱而从来不曾被人溺爱的孩子。在我离开家庭之前,从来没有让我单独在街上和其他孩子们一起乱跑过,也从来没有人去满足或抑制过我那些天生的古怪的脾气,这些其实是教育的结果。我有我那个年龄阶段孩子有的一些缺点;我多话,嘴馋,有时还撒谎。我偷吃过水果、糖果或其他一些零食;但我从来都不以伤害别人,毁坏东西,给人添乱,虐待可怜的小动物为乐。可是我记得有一次,我曾趁我的一位邻居克罗特太太上教堂的时候,在她家的锅里撒过尿。说句老实话,一想起这件事来,甚至现在我仍觉得开心,因为克罗特太太虽说是个受人尊敬的老好人,但实在是我一生所认识的人中的最爱唠叨的老太太。这些就是我孩提时的种种坏事的简短而真实的故事。

my childish offences.

How could I become wicked, when I had nothing but examples of gentleness before my eyes, and none around me but the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my nurse, my relations, our friends, our neighbours, all who surrounded me, did not, it is true, obey me, but they loved me; and I loved them in return. My wishes were so little excited and so little opposed, that it did not occur to me to have any. I can swear that, until I served under a master, I never knew what a fancy was. Except during the time I spent in reading or writing in my father's company, or when my nurse took me for a walk, I was always with my aunt, sitting or standing by her side, watching her at her embroidery or listening to her singing; and I was content. Her cheerfulness, her gentleness and her pleasant face have stamped so deep and lively an impression on my mind that I can still see her manner, look, and attitude; I remember her affectionate language; I could describe what clothes she wore and how her head was dressed, not forgetting the two little curls of black hair on her temples, which she wore in accordance with the fashion of the time.

I am convinced that it is to her I owe the taste, or rather passion, for music, which only became fully developed in me a long time afterwards. She knew a prodigious number of tunes and songs which she used to sing in a very thin, gentle voice. This excellent woman's cheerfulness of soul banished dreaminess and melancholy from herself and all around her. The attraction which her singing possessed for me was so great, that not only have several of her

我所见到的都是些善良的榜样,我身边尽是些最好的人,可我是怎么变坏的呢?父亲、姑姑、奶妈、亲戚、朋友、邻居等我身边所有人,并不迁就我,的确如此,但他们都喜欢我,而且,我也爱他们。我的欲望很少受到激发或反对,以致我都想不起自己有过什么欲望。我可以发誓,在我受老师管束之前,我都不知道何为奇思异想。那时我除了陪在父亲身边看书识字之外,除了跟随奶妈出去走走之外,几乎所有的时间都是和姑姑一起度过的,我或坐或站在她的身边,看着她刺绣或是听着她歌唱,心里挺高兴。她的开朗、她的和善、她那姣好的容貌在我脑海里留下了极深刻而又生动的印象,以致于她的态度,面容和姿态仍浮现在我眼前;仍记得她那温馨的话语;能描述出她当时的穿着打扮和头发的梳理;记得她追随当时的时尚,在两鬓留有两个小黑发卷。

我对于音乐的爱好,更确切地说,我在很久以后才发展起来的音乐激情,确信是受了她的影响。她会唱无数美妙的小调和歌曲,常以她那清细而柔美的嗓音来演唱。这位出色的姑娘的爽朗心情,可以驱散她本人和她周围一切人的怅惘和悲愁。她的歌声对我的魅力是如此大,不仅她所唱的一些歌曲一直保留在我的记忆里,甚至在我已失去她的今天,有

songs always remained in my memory, but even now, when I have lost her, and as I grew older, many of them, totally forgotten since the days of my childhood, return to my mind with inexpressible charm. Would anyone believe that I, an old dotard, eaten up by cares and troubles, sometime find myself weeping like a child, when I mumble one of those little airs in a voice already broken and trembling? One of them, especially, has come back to me completely, as far as the tune is concerned; the second half of the words, however, has obstinately resisted all my efforts to recall it, although I have an indistinct recollection of the rhymes. Here is the beginning, and all that I can remember of the rest:

*Tircis, je n'ose  
Écouter ton chalumeau  
Sous l'ormeau;  
Car on en cause  
Déjà dans notre hameau.*

*... un berger  
... s'engager...  
... sans danger*

*Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.*

I ask, where is the affecting charm which my heart finds in this song? It is a whim, which I am quite unable to understand; but, be that as it may, it is absolutely impossible for me to sing it through without being interrupted by my tears. I have intended, times without number, to write to Paris to make inquiries concerning the remainder of the words, in case anyone should happen to know them; but I am almost certain that the pleasure which I feel in recalling the air would partly disappear, if it should be

些在我儿童时代就已经完全忘记了的歌曲,随着年龄的增长,给我一种难以言说的乐趣,又重现在我的脑海中,谁相信,像我这样一个饱受忧虑和痛苦折磨的老糊涂,在用颤巍巍的破嗓音哼着某一个小调的时候,有时竟也会发现自己像个小孩子似的哭起来呢?特别是有一支歌,调子我可以清清楚楚地记得,但后半段词儿,我怎么想也想不起来了,尽管对那韵律还有个模模糊糊的印象。下面是开头以及我还能记起的余下部分:

狄西,我不敢,  
到那棵小榆树下,  
去聆听你吹牧笛;  
因为在我们村里,  
已经有人在暗中私议。

……一个牧童  
……一往情深……  
……毫不畏惧

玫瑰花哪有不带刺儿的。

我在寻思,我的心为什么对这首歌情有独钟?这是我实在弄不明白的一种心灵感应。每当我唱这首歌时,总不免潸然泪下,时断时续。我曾无数次地想给巴黎去信,打听余下的歌词,如果真的有人能知道的话;但我却宁可相信,假如我得知除我可怜的苏珊姑姑之外,别人也曾唱过这首歌的话,那么我回味它的乐趣便要意义大减。

proved that others besides my poor aunt Susan have sung it.

Such were my earliest emotions on my entry into life; thus began to form or display itself in me that heart at once so proud and tender, that character so effeminate but yet indomitable, which, ever wavering between timidity and courage, weakness and self-control, has throughout my life made me inconsistent, and has caused abstinence and enjoyment, pleasure and prudence equally to elude my grasp.

This course of education was interrupted by an accident, the consequences of which have exercised an influence upon the remainder of my life. My father had a quarrel with a captain in the French army, named Gautier, who was connected with some of the members of the Common Council. This Gautier, a cowardly and insolent fellow (whose nose happened to bleed during the affray), in order to avenge himself, accused my father of having drawn his sword within the city walls. My father, whom they wanted to send to prison, persisted that, in accordance with the law, the accuser ought to be imprisoned as well as himself. Being unable to have his way in this, he preferred to quit Geneva and expatriate himself for the rest of his life, than to give way on a point in which honour and liberty appeared to him to be compromised.

I remained under the care of my uncle Bernard, who was at the time employed upon the fortifications of Geneva. His eldest daughter was dead, but he had a son of the same age as myself. We were sent together to Bossey, to board with the Protestant minister Lambercier, in order to learn, together with Latin, all the

下面就是我初涉人世时的情感：那颗极其高傲又极其温柔的心，就这样开始在我身上形成或表现出来了；那种女性的但却桀骜的性格永远摇摆于胆怯与勇敢、软弱与坚定之间，而最终使我自身充满了矛盾。节制与享受、欢乐与谨慎哪一样我都没有得到。

一个意外的事故中断了这种教育，而结果影响了我后来的一生。我父亲跟一个名叫高提埃先生的法国陆军上尉发生了一场纠纷，高提埃跟议会里的人有亲戚关系。这个高提埃为人蛮横无礼而又胆小如鼠（在这场争斗中他的鼻子被打出了血），为了报复，他就诬告我父亲在城里向他持剑行凶。他们要把我父亲投入监狱，但是依照当时的法律，我父亲坚决要求原告应和他一同入狱；这个要求被驳回了，他只好离开日内瓦，移居国外度过自己的余生；他宁愿这样，也决不让步；他认为若是让步，他一定会失掉荣誉和自由。

我仍旧由舅舅贝纳尔照料。那时，他在日内瓦防御工程工地工作。他的大女儿死了，但他还有个儿子，与我同岁。我俩一起被送到博赛，在朗贝尔西埃牧师家寄宿，学习拉丁文，学习被加上教育美名的一切纷繁杂乱的玩艺儿。