

【英汉对照全译本】

● 外国文学名著精粹文集 ●

Gone With The Wind

包法利夫人

[法] 福 楼 拜



Gone with the Wind
Madame Bovary

Xizang People's Publishing House

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——包法利夫人

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译 序

《包法利夫人》被誉为世界十大文学名著之一，与司汤达的《红与黑》、巴尔扎克的《幻灭》共称为法国批判现实主义杰作。

虽同为批判现实主义的作家，福楼拜在艺术上并未步入他们的后尘，他另辟蹊径，立志创新，终于形成了自己独特的艺术风格，丰富发展了十九世纪的现实主义。这可以从《包法利夫人》中看出。

《包法利夫人》从一八五一年开始创作，一八五七年问世，故事背景放在七月王朝，但更主要是展示了第二帝国时期的画面。它所揭示的矛盾正是浪漫主义的追求和庸俗鄙陋的现实生活的矛盾。

小说中的艾玛是一个失足的女人，但作者并简单化地把她描写为一个坏女人，她有自己的爱情幻梦，她追求细腻的感情，丰富的生活但结果只耽于物欲和淫乐，她根本不懂那种真正属于她的生活，如何能逃脱自我毁灭的命运呢？¹ 她的悲剧是浪漫主义和现实生活发生冲突的必然后果。福楼拜冷静地剖析了艾玛走向毁灭的主、客观原因，不动声色地将一群鄙俗自私的正人君子和一个“不正经”的女人作对比。由此我们可以理解小说为什么会深深刺痛政府当局和一般资产者。

《包法利夫人》之所以能产生强烈的批判效果，首先是成功地运用了典型化手段，以高度概括力突出了当代社会的特征，小说所记述的只是法国某村镇的一起谋杀案件，但作者的同代人却可以从中认出自己所在的城镇及周围形形色色的人物嘴脸。

艾玛在生活中是有原型的。作者父亲的医院里，曾有个叫德拉马尔的学生，他的续弦夫人嗜读小说，生活奢侈，气质浪漫，曾先后被两个情人抛弃，最后因负债面自杀，留下一个女孩，不久丈夫亦自杀了。他写艾玛，与其说是写一个失足的女性，不如说是塑造了一个在现实生活中惨遭摧残的浪漫主义者，她的矛盾、痛苦，她的梦想、追求，她所受到的欺骗、愚弄和背叛都深深打上了时代的印记。所以作者说：“就在此刻，我可怜的包法利夫人，正同时在法兰西二十个村落里受苦哭泣。”

在人物塑造上，福楼拜也小心翼翼地排除了一切主观因素，从不作断性的概括或推论式的心理分析，而仅仅是运用白描手法，通过人物的行动和个性化语言来展示个性，还善于在琐细的日常生活中刻画人物的个性。

福楼拜厌恶夸张和形容词的堆砌，尤其不能容忍装腔作势，矫揉造作。他所追求的美以准确、简练、朴实无华为最大特色。他的作品看似平淡，细细领会才知韵味无穷。

虽然作为有产者，福楼拜不可能具备巴尔扎克的深邃，把握整个时代动向。但从微观角度讲，自有超过前人的地方。我国法国文学界前辈李健吾先生讲得好：“斯丹达尔深刻，巴尔扎克伟大，但是福楼拜，完美。”

PART ONE

1

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,

第一部

第一节

我们正在自习，忽然校长走了进来，后面跟着一个没穿制服的新生和一个搬着一张大课桌的工役。睡着的学生都惊醒了，每个人都站起身来，仿佛正用功时给打扰了似的。

校长做手势让我们坐下；然后转身向负责我们学习的老师说：“罗杰先生，这儿给惊送来一名新学生。他先编在二年级；如果他的学习成绩和操行都不错，可以让他升入高班，论年龄他是该编在那里的。”

新学生站在屋角里，几乎给门挡得看不见了。他是一个乡下孩子，年龄在十五岁上下，个子比我们所有的人都高。头发剪得平平的，就象乡下教堂里圣诗班的孩子。他看来很规矩，但显得十分局促不安。他穿一件绿布黑纽扣的短上衣，尽管他肩膀不宽，这衣裳在胳肢窝附近却象绷得很紧似的。从袖子开口的地方可以看见他那常年裸露在外的红红的腕子。他的裤子呈浅色，吊得高高的，露出他穿蓝色袜子的小腿。他脚上穿着一双没擦亮但很牢实的钉了大头钉的皮鞋。

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 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 headgears of composite order, in which we can find traces of the bearskin, shako, hillycock 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.

大家开始背课文。他聚精会神地听着，不敢用手臂支头，连腿也不敢翘起，就象在听讲道似的。到两点钟响铃的时候，还得老师叫，他才出来和大家一起玩。

在回教室时，我们总把帽子扔到地上，这样我们的手就可以比较自由地活动。我们一般是从门口把帽子扔出，让它从板凳下面穿过去，一直打到墙上，扬起好些尘土。这是我们的规矩。

但是这新生也不知是没有留心我们这种做法，还是不敢照我们的办法行事，就在祷告完毕之后，他仍然把帽子放在膝盖上。他这顶帽子凝聚着多种特色，兼具熊皮帽、方顶军盔、圆顶毡帽、水獭皮帽和棉布睡帽的特点。总而言之，它是这样一件寒伧东西，它寒声不响的难看样子就象一张带有无法捉摸表情的白痴人的面孔。这顶帽子呈椭圆形，里面由鲸鱼骨支撑，前面有三道圆形凸边，接着是互相交错的丝绒和兔皮做的菱形方块，一块块之间隔着红道儿，然后是一个口袋形的东西，最后面是一个绣着极其复杂的图样的多角形硬板，上面垂着一根细长的带子，末梢吊着一级金丝穗。这是一顶新帽子，帽沿还闪闪发光。

“站起来。”老师叫道。

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 elbows; 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 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

他站起身，帽子掉到地上。全班都笑了起来。他俯身把帽子捡起。他旁边的孩子马上用胳膊肘把它插下去，他又再一次把它捡起。

“搁下你的军盔吧。”这位爱打趣的老师说。

班上发出一阵大笑，窘得这孩子不知该把帽子拿在手上，丢在地下还是戴在头上才好。他坐了下来，把帽子放在膝盖上。

“站起来，”老师说，“告诉我你叫什么名字。”

这新生张口结舌地说出了一个大家都没听清楚的名字。

“再说一遍。”

这结结巴巴的声音又重复了一次，但马上就被孩子们的嚷叫声盖住了。

“大声点儿说！”老师喊道，“大声点儿说！”

新学生下了最大决心，把口张得大大的，象喊人似的，提高嗓门，叫出了“夏·包法利”这几个字。

课堂上马上发出一阵喧嚣，声音越来越大，里面夹杂着尖叫声。有人嘘叫，有人吼嚷，有人顿足，有人反复地喊：“夏·包法利！夏·包法利！”声音久久才逐渐减弱成零星叫声，好不容易才完全平静下来；但有时这喧嚣声在一排学生中还会重新开始，这

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.

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

4 '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

里那里还会发出压低的笑声象没有燃完的鞭炮。

在老师一再喊叫要加重作业来惩罚他们时, 班上的秩序才慢慢恢复。老师让新学生重说他的名字, 让他拼读出来, 再说一遍, 最后总算听清楚他的名字是“夏尔·包法利”。然后他让这可怜家伙坐到讲台前那张懒孩子坐的板凳上去。这孩子站起身来, 但在走开时又犹豫了一下。

“找什么?” 老师问。

“我的帽……” 新学生胆怯地说, 他不安的眼睛向四周望了望。

班上又是一阵闹嚷; 老师怒声喊道: “全班每人给我抄五百行诗!” 果然这句话就象海神涅普君的咒语一样灵, 喧闹声马上停止。“安静!” 恼怒了的老师一面说着一面从帽子里掏出手绢擦他的前额。“至于你, 新学生, 你得给我把 '*ridiculus sum*' 这句话抄二十遍。” 后来他又用比较柔和的声音说: “放心, 你的帽子会找着的, 没人偷你的帽子。”

大家都安静下来, 低下头看书。在两个钟头之中, 新学生坐得规规矩矩。尽管隔一会儿就有人用笔尖扔个小纸面打到他脸上, 他却只用手把脸擦一擦, 身子一动也不动, 眼睛仍然瞧着书。

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 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

晚自习的时候,他从课桌里抽出套袖,把一些小东西整理好,然后就细心地在纸上画线。我们看到他认真地学习,每个字都查字典,花了不小的气力。无疑正由于他表现了这种坚强的意志,他才没有降到下面的班级里去。因为,他里说对语法规则了解得还可以,但造起句来却一点不通顺。他开头学拉丁文,是村子里的牧师教的。为了省钱,他的父母挨到不能再挨才送他上学。

他的父亲夏尔·顿尼·巴多诺梅·包法利先生过去是一位外科助理医官。在一八一二年前后,由于受一个征兵事件的牵连被迫离职。后来他靠模样长得好,赢得一个帽铺老板女儿的爱,这样不费气力捞得了六万法郎的陪嫁。他长得漂亮,会吹牛,走路来故意让马靴铿铿作响。他两腮的胡须和八字胡连成一片,手上经常戴着戒指,衣服也总是颜色鲜明。他有军人那种英武气派,又有跑码头生意人那种见人就招呼的亲热劲儿。结婚之后他完全靠妻子的家财生活;吃得讲究,睡到很晚才起床,用细袋大烟斗抽烟,经常光顾咖啡店,晚上不到夜深散了戏不回家。这样一直过了两三年。后来他的老丈人死了,留下的钱很少,他一气办起工业来,结果又赔了本;最后他搬到乡下,想

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 tuck, jealous of everyone, he shut himself up at the age of fortyfive, 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) 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 had houses sent him back at night, weary, smelling of drink. Then her pride revolted.

在那儿赚点钱。他对农业正象对印花布这一行一样地外行，加之他的马不是用来种地而是自己骑，他的苹果酒不是一桶桶地卖掉而是自己一瓶瓶地喝掉，他挑农场上养得最好的鸡鸭吃，用猪油擦打猎穿的靴子。不久，他发现不如索性什么也不经营更好。

他在底卡底和科地区交界的一个村子里以二百法郎一年的价钱租到了一所一半象农庄一半象住宅的房子。在那儿他与世隔绝地住了下来，满肚子的懊丧与悔恨，怨天公不平，对任何人都妒嫉，他说他对一切都讨厌，决心要清清静静地过日子。这时他四十五岁。

他的妻子过去是非常爱他的，对他百依百顺，但这只使她对他更加冷淡。等到年纪慢慢大了，这位过去豁达开朗感情深重的女人，脾气也坏了起来，经常喜怒无常，唠唠叨叨，就象酒走了气变成了醋似的。最初，她看到丈夫和村子里所有的浪荡女人胡混，时常在深夜从一些下流地方疲惫不堪酒气熏天地被送回家来，她心里很痛苦，但却毫无怨言。后来她的自尊心使她产生反感，这时她变得沉默寡言，她默

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 hesotted 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, entertained him with endless monologues full of melancholy gaiety and charm-

默地克制了自己的愤怒，这样一直到死。她经常在外面奔走办事找律师，见商会会长，记住债务什么时候到期，商量缓期偿还；在家里就做针线，洗洗烫烫，付账款或是监督雇工干活；但这位先生却什么也不管，气鼓鼓地迷迷糊糊地坐在炉旁抽烟，往炉灰里吐痰。从这种半睡眠状态里，他不清醒还好，清醒了只会说些使她难受的话。

她生了一个孩子。开始，她得送出去请别人喂奶，等孩子送回来后，她就对他百般娇惯，仿佛他是一位皇太子似的；她给他吃大量的甜食。但孩子爸爸却让孩子光着脚到处跑，他甚至以哲学家的口吻说，这孩子可以索性什么也不穿，象小畜生一样。和母亲的想法相反，这位父亲脑子里对培养儿童有一套男人式的想法，他希望学斯巴达人一样，用严酷的磨练把孩子养大，使他有强健的体魄。他试着照这种想法对待孩子，他让他冬天睡觉不生火，教他大口喝酒和嘲笑宗教仪式。不过这孩子天性柔顺，没能很好地接受他的训练。他妈妈整天把他带在自己身边，给他剪硬纸块，讲故事，在他面前谈个没完，有说不完的轻快闲话，欢快中夹着忧戚，在寂寞的岁月中，她把自己破灭的希望又重新鼓了起来，寄托在孩子

ing 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 praetice, or start him in business? Besides, with cheek a man always gets on in the world.' Madame Bovary hit 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

身上。她梦想他将来有很高的地位，她似乎看到他业已长大成人，既聪明又漂亮，已经成了土木工程师或是法官。她教他认字，甚至用她那架老钢琴伴奏，教他两三首小歌谣。包法利先生对学问之道是不感兴趣的，看见妻子这样就只说：这是白费劲！咱们有条件送他上公立学校，给他买官职或是出钱做买卖吗？而且一个人只要脸皮厚，在社会上什么时候都吃得开。包法利夫人只好咬咬嘴唇；孩子就整天在村里瞎跑。

他跟着雇工们下地，用土块赶走飞来的乌鸦，沿着河沟摘桑葚吃，或是拿一根长竿看火鸡。在收割季节，他帮着翻麦秸：有时候在树林里乱跑，下雨天就在教堂门口的走廊里玩造房子游戏。到了大的节日，他就要求教堂里的工役让他打钟，这时他可以把身子吊在一根粗绳子上，跟着绳子在空中飞荡。就这样他长得结结实实，象一棵橡树，有一双粗壮的手和一张红红的脸。

他十二岁的时候，母亲的想法占了上风，他开始念起书来。他们把他托付给本村的神父，但是学习的时间很短，又那样三天打鱼两天晒网，因此没起多大作用。神父是

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 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

抽空教他的：有时，在洗礼或葬礼之间，在圣器室里站着匆忙教他一会儿；有时，在晚祷之后，如果不出去，就派人把他叫来。他们一道上楼到他屋里坐下，房里闷热，苍蝇和扑灯蛾围着蜡烛乱飞，不一会儿孩子会昏昏入睡，这位好老头也会手抚着肚皮开始打盹，很快就口张得大大地打起呼来。另外有时候，神父给附近的病人领临终圣餐回来，在路上看到夏尔在地里玩，就叫他过来，在树下给他讲一刻钟的书，同时借这机会让他背一背动词变位表。但有时会下起雨来，或是有熟人路过，课也就到此为止。但不管怎样，他对这孩子一直很满意，甚至说：这小家伙记性不错。

9

夏尔这样下去是不行的。他母亲采取了坚定的态度。由于过意不去，更或许出于厌烦，他父亲毫不抗拒地妥协了。但之后又拖了一年，好让孩子参加第一次领圣体。

又过去了六个月；在第二年夏尔总算给送到卢昂上学了。这时是十月底，正是圣·罗曼场期，他父亲亲自把他送到卢昂。

他那时的情况我们现在恐怕谁也

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 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 hadstead, and bought besides a small cast-iron stove with the supply of

记不太清楚了。总之，他是一个性情柔顺的孩子，玩的时候就玩，学习的时候就学习，堂上仔细听讲，在宿舍好好睡觉，在饭厅好好吃饭。在甘特里街有一位铁器批发商，是他的代理监护人。这人每个月总找一个星期天，在他的店铺关门之后，带他出去玩一次，让他到码头边看轮船，到七点钟快吃晚饭时又送他返回学校。每星期四晚上夏尔总用红墨水给他母亲写一封长信，最后用三个浆糊块封上；然后他复习历史笔记，或是捡起一本扔在教室里的“希望游记”之类旧书来看。在散步时他有时和工役聊天，这人和他一样，也是从乡下来的。

由于用功，他在班上一直保持了中等成绩，有一次考自然历史他甚至还得了一个第二名。但是在第三年末尾，他的父母都让他离开了这所学校，准备让他去学区，相情他能顺利地学到大学毕业。

他母亲在她认识的一位染房老板家的五层楼上给他挑了一个房间，窗子对着洛贝丝河。她给他包好伙食，又置备好家具：她买了一张桌子，两张椅子，又从家里搬来一张旧樱木床，另外还买了一只小铸铁炉子，准备了木柴，好让她可怜的

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 noticeboard 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 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

孩子不致挨冻。过了整整一星期她才回家；在动身之前她千叮咛万嘱咐，说他现在是孤身一人，一定要处处学好。

在布告牌上他看到了课程单，这些课程简直把他吓呆了。什么解剖学、病理学、生理学、药理学、化学、植物学、临床学、医疗学，还有什么卫生学和药理学，这些都是他从未听说过的名词，在他看来就仿佛是一座座大门，里面是森严黑暗的圣殿。

这些东西他一点也不懂；课是听着，但没有用，他什么也抓不住。不过他还是坚持学下来了，他带着成捆的笔记本，什么课都听，一堂也不缺。他每天都完成自己的功课，就象一只推磨的马，蒙着眼睛转呀转，他不知自己在干什么。

为了替他省钱，他母亲每星期都托信差给他带来一块烤牛肉。早上从医院回来之后，一期用鞋底踢着墙沿使脚暖和起来，一面吃牛肉当早餐。然后他又赶去上课，上解剖室或是上医院，最后又穿过全城回到自己的住处来。晚上，吃完房东准备的微薄的晚餐之后，他就回到自己房里做功课。在红红的炉火前，他身上潮湿的衣裳冒起腾腾的热气。

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!

12 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 marble tables the small sheep-bones with black dots, seemed to him a fine

在晴朗夏日的晚上,当热气消散的街头已阒无行人,只有一些女用人在大门口踢毽子时,他就打开窗子倚窗眺望。下面的那条小河,使卢昂地区,在僻陋之余也带有几分威尼斯的风味。河水徐徐地流过,在小桥和栏杆之间显现出一段段黄色、蓝色或是浅紫色的河水。在河岸上有做工的人在蹲着洗手。从一些阁楼上伸出许多竹竿,上面晾着一束束棉线。在正前方,在一片房顶的那边,是广阔明净的蓝天,赤红的太阳正徐徐西沉。多么使人向往!桦树下多么清凉!他使劲想闻到田野怡人的香味,但却什么也闻不到。

他消瘦下来,但身体却长高了;脸上带着忧戚的表情,这却使他的脸孔几乎很引人好感了。由于缺乏热情,他很自然地把所下的决心都慢慢淡忘了。有一天他没去医院,第二天他没去上课;闲散的滋味使人贪恋,他慢慢就完全不去学习了。上酒吧,渐渐成了他的习惯,对玩骨牌,他也发生了浓厚的兴趣。他感到每晚待在低下的酒店里,把羊骨头做的带黑点子的骨牌在大理石桌面匕敲得啪啪作响,是体现他自由的可喜行动,这使他自己有了更高的估