




THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS


茶花女

【法国】小仲马  著




阅 读 经 典 / 感 受 文 学 大 师 风 范

北京日报报业集团

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第一章

Chapter 1

我的见解是，唯有悉心研究过人，才能在笔下创造出众多人物形象，同样，只有多多研究了人，才可能创造出人物。在年龄上，由于我还没有达到笔下生花的年龄，也就只好如实讲述了。鉴于此，我希望读者不要怀疑本故事的真实性，故事中的所有人物，除了女主人公之外，至今尚在人世。此外，我记录在这里的大部分事实，在巴黎有一些见证人，他们可以出面证实，假如我的见证还不足以服人的话。再者，多亏了一种特殊的机缘，只有我本人才能把这些事和盘托出，而且，也只有我本人才对那些故事的详尽细节了解得最清楚，倘没有这些细节，除了我谁也不可能写出一篇完整、动人的故事来。

那么，现在就来谈谈，我是如何了解这些细节的。那 1847 年 3 月 12 日，我在拉菲路看到一张黄色的大幅广告，宣称有一批家具和名贵古玩要进行拍卖，并称这些东西的物主业已去世。广告没有提及那位逝者的姓名，只说拍卖要在 16 日从正午到下午 5 点钟，在昂坦街 9 号举行。广告还注明，在 13 日和 14 日两天前往参观那所住宅和家具。

我一向是古玩爱好者，于是决定借机前往浏览一番，即使不买什么，也要去看看。次日，我便来到了昂坦街 9 号。

时间还早，不过那套房间已经进入参观了，其中还有些女性。虽然她们身穿丝绒服装，披着开司米

In my opinion, it is impossible to create characters until one has spent a long time in studying men, as it is impossible to speak a language until it has been seriously acquired. Not being old enough to invent, I content myself with narrating, and I beg the reader to assure himself of the truth of a story in which all the characters, with the exception of the heroine, are still alive. Eye witnesses of the greater part of the facts which I have collected are to be found in Paris, and I might call upon them to confirm me if my testimony is not enough. And, thanks to a particular circumstance, I alone can write these things, for I alone am able to give the final details, without which it would have been impossible to make the story at once interesting and complete.

This is how these details came to my knowledge. On the 12th of March, 1847, I saw in the Rue Lafitte a great yellow placard announcing a sale of furniture and curiosities. The sale was to take place on account of the death of the owner. The owner's name was not mentioned, but the sale was to be held at 9, Rue d'Antin, on the 16th, from 12 to 5. The placard further announced that the rooms and furniture could be seen on the 13th and 14th.

I have always been very fond of curiosities, and I made up my mind not to miss the occasion, if not of buying some, at all events of seeing them. Next day I called at 9, Rue d'Antin.

It was early in the day, and yet there were already a number of visitors, both men and women, and the women, though they were dressed in cashmere and velvet,

围巾，门口还有华丽的四轮轿式马车在等候，但看到展现在面前的那派豪华景象时，还是露出了惊讶和赞叹的眼神。

经过我的仔细观察，不久之后，我便明白了她们何以会如此的惊讶和羡慕。因为我一仔细观瞧，就不难发现自己进入了一名高级妓女的闺房。可是，上流社会的妇女渴望看到的正是这些女人的内室；这里恰巧有一些上流社会的妇女。因为这些靠人供养着的女人也有自己华丽的马车，并且和名媛贵妇的马车并驾齐驱，地上的泥浆都能溅在她们的手车上。她们跟贵妇人一样，在歌剧院和意大利剧院订有包厢，坐在贵妇人的隔壁；这些女人在巴黎趾高气扬地炫耀自己的姿色，炫耀她们的珠宝，播扬她们的“风流韵事”。

这个住宅里的妓女已经死了，我得以置身于这套房中，就连最贞洁的女子也可以长驱直入了。死神已经净化了这个富丽堂皇的藏污纳垢之地的空气。况且，真需要解释的话，这些最贞洁的女子也情有可原，说她们是来参加拍卖会，并不知道是谁的住宅，说她们看了广告，想来参观一下广告推荐的东西，预先做些挑选而已，没有比这更普通的事了。当然，这一切也绝不会妨碍她们在这些珠光宝气中尽心地去寻求这个高等妓女生前的各种生活痕迹，而此前，她们想必早就听到过一些有关妓女的非常离奇的故事。

不幸的是，秘密已随同这个女神一起逝去，不管这些名媛贵妇抱有何等的愿望，她们也只能面对死

and had their carriages waiting for them at the door, gazed with astonishment and admiration at the luxury which they saw before them.

I was not long in discovering the reason of this astonishment and admiration, for, having begun to examine things a little carefully, I discovered without difficulty that I was in the house of a kept woman. Now, if there is one thing which women in society would like to see (and there were society women there), it is the home of those women whose carriages splash their own carriages day by day, who, like them, side by side with them, have their boxes at the Opera and at the Italians, and who parade in Paris the opulent insolence of their beauty, their diamonds, and their scandal.

This one was dead, so the most virtuous of women could enter even her bedroom. Death had purified the air of this abode of splendid foulness, and if more excuse were needed, they had the excuse that they had merely come to a sale, and they knew not whose. They had read the placards; they wished to see what the placards had announced, and to make their choice beforehand. What could be more natural? Yet, all the same, in the midst of all these beautiful things, they could not help looking about for some traces of this courtesan's life, of which they had heard, no doubt, strange enough stories.

Unfortunately the mystery had vanished with the goddess, and, for all their endeavours, they discovered only what was on sale since the owner's decease, and nothing

者身后要出卖的这些遗物枉自惊叹,却一点也看不出这个女房客在世时所操的神女生涯的痕迹。不过,可以买的东西还真不少。室内家具和陈设十分精美,有法国乌木雕刻家布尔制造的家具,有塞弗尔城和中国的花瓶,有萨克森的小雕塑,还有各种绸缎、丝绒和花边的衣物,真是目不暇接,应有尽有。

我在公寓里信步而行,跟随着比我先来的好奇的贵妇。她们走进一间挂着帷幔的屋子,我刚要跟进去,却见她们笑着退出来,并且掩口而笑,似乎这一新的猎奇竟使她们娇羞满面。这样一来,我进这间屋子的愿望更加强了。这是梳妆室,摆满了最精致的玩意儿,由此可见,死者生前是何等的穷奢极欲。

靠墙有一张宽三尺、长六尺的大桌子,奥科克和奥迪奥(奥科克、奥迪奥是当时最有名的金银匠,相传罗马国王的摇篮由奥迪奥制作)制作的各种珍宝在上面闪闪发光。真是一整套精美的收藏品,数以千计,都是这套居所的女主人不可或缺的,无一不是金银制品。这些制造得精美绝伦的金银宝器只能是逐渐聚敛,而且也不可能是某个情夫一人所能办齐的。

置身于一名妓女的梳妆室内,我并不感到愤慨,而是饶有兴味地观赏,无论什么东西我都看个仔细,发现所有这些精雕细琢的物品上,均镌刻着各种不同的姓氏首字母和有各自不同的标记。我打量着这些物件,似乎每一件都向我描绘出这个可怜姑娘的一次肉体买卖。我边看边想道:上帝对她还算仁慈,没有

of what had been on sale during her lifetime. For the rest, there were plenty of things worth buying. The furniture was superb; there were rosewood and bush cabinets and tables, Sevres and Chinese vases, Saxe statuettes, satin, velvet, lace; there was nothing lacking.

I sauntered through the rooms, following the inquisitive ladies of distinction. They entered a room with Persian hangings, and I was just going to enter in turn, when they came out again almost immediately, smiling, and as if ashamed of their own curiosity. I was all the more eager to see the room. It was the dressing room, laid out with all the articles of toilet, in which the dead woman's extravagance seemed to be seen at its height.

On a large table against the wall, a table three feet in width and six in length, glittered all the treasures of Aucoc and Odiot. It was a magnificent collection, and there was not one of those thousand little things so necessary to the toilet of a woman of the kind which was not in gold or silver. Such a collection could only have been got together little by little, and the same lover had certainly not begun and ended it.

Not being shocked at the sight of a kept woman's dressing room, I amused myself with examining every detail, and I discovered that these magnificently chiselled objects bore different initials and different coronets. I looked at one after another, each recalling a separate shame, and I said that God had been merciful to the poor child, in not having left her to pay the ordinary penalty, but rather to die in the midst of her beauty and luxury, before the coming of old age, the courtesan's first death.

让她遭受通常的惩罚,而是让她正值青春年华,保持着如花似玉的娇艳,在奢华生活中香消玉殒。对这些妓女来说,年老色衰就是她们的第一次死亡。

这世上还有什么比放荡生活的晚年更为惨不忍睹的,尤其是对一个放荡女人来说?这样的晚年已毫无尊严可言,亦引不起别人的任何同情。这样抱恨终生,并非追悔从前的失足,而是悔不该毫无算计,挥霍了手中的金钱,这是我们所能听到的最悲惨的事情。我就认识一个曾经风流一时的女人,过去的风流不再,生活只给她留下一个女儿,据她同时代的人说,女儿几乎同她母亲年轻时长得一样美丽。她母亲从未对这个可怜的孩子说过“你是我的女儿”,而只是让她供养自己的晚年,正像她把女儿自小抚养成人一样。这个可怜的小姑娘名叫路易斯,她顺从母意操起色相生涯,毫无选择、毫无热情、毫无乐趣,就像是大人想要她学会一种职业,她便顺从地干了那一行似的。

由于连续不断地耳濡目染堕落的生活,堕落环境的长期熏染,加以这个姑娘常年不断病歪歪的身子,这一切毁掉了她对善与恶的认知;而且,天主可能也曾将这种认知能力赋予她,但是从来没有人想到过要对它予以启发诱导。我会永远记得这个年轻的姑娘,她几乎天天在同一时刻走过那几条大街。她的母亲经常陪伴着她,非常勤谨,如同一个真正的母亲陪伴她亲生的女儿一样。那时的我还很年轻,很容易接受那个时代轻薄的道德观念。然而

Is there anything sadder in the world than the old age of vice, especially in woman? She preserves no dignity, she inspires no interest. The everlasting repentance, not of the evil ways followed, but of the plans that have miscarried, the money that has been spent in vain, is as saddening a thing as one can well meet with. I knew an aged woman who had once been gay, whose only link with the past was a daughter almost as beautiful as she herself had been. This poor creature to whom her mother had never said "You are my child," except to bid her nourish her old age as she herself had nourished her youth, was called Louise, and, being obedient to her mother, she abandoned herself without volition, without passion, without pleasure, as she would have worked at any other profession that might have been taught her.

The constant sight of dissipation, precocious dissipation, in addition to her constant sickly state, had extinguished in her mind all the knowledge of good and evil that God had perhaps given her, but that no one had ever thought of developing. I shall always remember her, as she passed along the boulevards almost every day at the same hour, accompanied by her mother as assiduously as a real mother might have accompanied her daughter. I was very young then, and ready to accept for myself the easy morality of the age. I remember, however, the contempt and disgust which awoke in me at the sight of this scandalous chaperoning. Her face, too, was inexpressibly virginal in its expression of innocence and of melancholy suffer-

我却记得,当看到这种监督着女儿做这种事的情景时,我从心底里感到轻蔑和厌恶。另外,没有一张处女的脸上会流露出这般天真无邪的情感和这样一种忧郁苦恼的表情。简直就是“委屈女郎”(巴黎的圣厄斯塔什教堂,有一尊皮加勒雕塑的圣母像,神情哀怨)的形象。

一天,这个姑娘的脸突然变得容光焕发。这个有了罪孽的姑娘,在母亲一手操办的堕落中,似乎也得到上帝赐予的一点幸福。不管怎么说,既然上帝造就了她的懦弱无力,又为什么还让她在生活的重压下得不到一丝慰藉呢?终于有一天,她发现自己怀孕了,她身上还有圣洁思想,使她欣喜得战栗。心灵有一些古怪的避难处所。路易丝高兴极了,跑去把这消息告诉母亲。这种事总使人有些羞于启齿,但我们在这里并非有意制造有伤风化的艳闻,而是讲真人真事;如果我们认为不必时不时地透露这些女人的苦难,那么闭口不谈也许会更好一些。母亲听了女儿的话后却回答说,两个人的生活用度已然颇感拮据,三个人的开支将更加难以应付了,再说,这样的孩子一无用处,怀孕是白白地丢掉时间。

第二天,便有一位产婆——我们暂且把她看做姑娘母亲的朋友,前来看望路易丝;路易丝卧床数日,待她能下床走动时,人已变得比原先更苍白,身体比过去更虚弱。

三个月以后,有个男子对她心生怜悯,设法医治她身心的创伤,可是,流产这一最后的打击太猛烈,路易丝还是不治身亡。她母亲还在

ing. She was like a figure of Resignation.

One day the girl's face was transfigured. In the midst of all the debauches mapped out by her mother, it seemed to her as if God had left over for her one happiness. And why indeed should God, who had made her without strength, have left her without consolation, under the sorrowful burden of her life? One day, then, she realized that she was to have a child, and all that remained to her of chastity leaped for joy. The soul has strange refuges. Louise ran to tell the good news to her mother. It is a shameful thing to speak of, but we are not telling tales of pleasant sins; we are telling of true facts, which it would be better, no doubt, to pass over in silence, if we did not believe that it is needful from time to time to reveal the martyrdom of those who are condemned without bearing, scorned without judging; shameful it is, but this mother answered the daughter that they had already scarce enough for two, and would certainly not have enough for three; that such children are useless, and a lying in is so much time lost.

Next day a midwife, of whom all we will say is that she was a friend of the mother, visited Louise, who remained in bed for a few days, and then got up paler and feebler than before.

Three months afterward a man took pity on her and tried to heal her, morally and physically; but the last shock had been too violent, and Louise died of it. The mother still lives; how? God knows.

世,至于怎样活下去,只有天知道!

当我凝视着这些金银器皿的时候,这个故事便来到我的脑际。有一阵工夫仿佛陷入沉思,因为房间里只剩下我和一个看门人了,他全神戒备,以防我拿走什么东西。

我走到这个被我搞得惴惴不安的人面前,问道:“先生,你可以告诉我之前住在这里的人的名字吗?”

“她叫玛格丽特·戈蒂埃。”

这位姑娘的名字我晓得,并且有过一面之缘。

“什么?”我问看门人,“玛格丽特·戈蒂埃去世了吗?”

“是的,先生。”

“什么时候去世的?”

“我想,大概有三个星期了吧。”

“那么,为什么让人来参观她的住所呢?”

“债主们认为这样能够提高拍卖的价钱。买主们事先看看这些东西会产生一定的效果,你明白,这样能促进购买。”

“如此说来,她负了债?”

“唔,先生,欠了很多债。”

“那么,东西拍卖之后应该能还清债务吧?”

“还会有剩余。”

“那么,多下来的钱归谁呢?”

“归她的家属。”

“这样说,她有个家啰?”

“好像是有。”

“谢谢你,先生。”

看守人摸清了我的来意后放心了,向我行了一个礼,我便走了出

This story returned to my mind while I looked at the silver toilet things, and a certain space of time must have elapsed during these reflections, for no one was left in the room but myself and an attendant, who, standing near the door, was carefully watching me to see that I did not pocket anything.

I went up to the man, to whom I was causing so much anxiety. “Sir,” I said, “can you tell me the name of the person who formerly lived here?”

“Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier.”

I knew her by name and by sight.

“What?” I said to the attendant, “Marguerite Gautier is dead?”

“Yes, sir.”

“When did she die?”

“Three weeks ago, I believe.”

“And why are the rooms on view?”

“The creditors believe that it will send up the prices. People can see beforehand the effect of the things; you see that induces them to buy.”

“She was in debt, then?”

“To any extent, sir.”

“But the sale will cover it?”

“And more too.”

“Who will get what remains over?”

“Her family.”

“She had a family?”

“It seems so.”

“Thanks.”

The attendant, reassured as to my intentions, touched his hat, and I went out.

去。

“可怜的姑娘!”我往家走时,心中暗道,“她可能死得很凄苦,因为处在她们那种社会地位,要想交朋友,必须以健康的身体为本钱。”我不由得同情起玛格丽特·戈蒂埃的命运。

在许多人看来,也许这显得荒唐可笑,然而就我而言,对于流落在花街柳巷的风尘女子,一向是极其宽容的,甚至不想费心为这种宽容争辩。

一天,我去警察署领取护照,瞧见邻近的一条街上有两个宪兵正带走一个姑娘。我不知道她干了什么事,我所能讲的,就是她一边亲吻着几个月的婴儿,一边泪如雨下,因为这一被捕,母子就要骨肉分离,从这一天起,我便绝不再第一次看到一个女子时,便轻易施以蔑视了。

“Poor girl!” I said to myself as I returned home, “She must have had a sad death, for, in her world, one has friends only when one is perfectly well.” And in spite of myself I began to feel melancholy over the fate of Marguerite Gautier.

It will seem absurd to many people, but I have an unbounded sympathy for women of this kind, and I do not think it necessary to apologize for such sympathy.

One day, as I was going to the Prefecture for a passport, I saw in one of the neighbouring streets a poor girl who was being marched along by two policemen. I do not know what the matter was. All I know is that she was weeping bitterly as she kissed an infant only a few months old, from whom her arrest was to separate her. Since that day I have never dared to despise a woman at first sight.

第二章

Chapter 2

拍卖定于 16 日举行。在参观和拍卖之间有一天间歇，好让挂毯工人摘下帷幔、窗帘等物品。那时候，我正好从外地旅游归来。没有听说玛格丽特去世的消息也是自然的，因为一个人刚回到首都时，他的朋友们总是会告诉他一些重要新闻，但是没有人会把玛格丽特的死当做要闻。玛格丽特风致楚楚，然而这些女人生前的生活越是引起街谈巷议，死的时候就越是无声无息。她们犹如太阳一般，无声无息地升起又落下。倘若她们去世的时候正当青春韶华，那么她们所有的情人便会同时得到消息。因为在巴黎，一位名妓的所有情人彼此几乎都是密友。大家会相聚在一起，交换同她相好的一些往事，随后各人将依然故我，就像这事从来没发生过一样，他们甚至不洒一滴眼泪。

如今的人们一到 25 岁，眼泪就变成极为稀罕之物，决不能轻易乱流。顶多对为他们花费过金钱的双亲流下几滴泪水，作为对过去为他们破费的报答。

至于我，尽管在玛格丽特的任何一件物器上都没有我的名字缩写的字母，但是我刚才承认过的那种本能的宽容和与生俱来的怜悯，却使我对她的辞世久久不能忘怀，尽管也许这已超出了我对她应有的思念。我记得时常在香榭丽舍大街遇到玛格丽特，她每天都会坐在一辆由两匹栗色骏马驾着的蓝色四轮轿式小马车里，准时出现在那里。那

The sale was to take place on the 16th. A day's interval had been left between the visiting days and the sale, in order to give time for taking down the hangings, curtains, etc. I had just returned from abroad. It was natural that I had not heard of Marguerite's death among the pieces of news which one's friends always tell on returning after an absence. Marguerite was a pretty woman; but though the life of such women makes sensation enough, their death makes very little. They are suns which set as they rose, unobserved. Their death, when they die young, is heard of by all their lovers at the same moment, for in Paris almost all the lovers of a well known woman are friends. A few recollections are exchanged, and everybody's life goes on as if the incident had never occurred, without so much as a tear.

Nowadays, at twenty five, tears have become so rare a thing that they are not to be squandered indiscriminately. It is the most that can be expected if the parents who pay for being wept over are wept over in return for the price they pay.

As for me, though my initials did not occur on any of Marguerite's belongings, that instinctive indulgence, that natural pity that I have already confessed, set me thinking over her death, more perhaps than it was worth thinking over. I remembered having often met Marguerite in the Bois, where she went regularly every day in a little blue coupe drawn by two magnificent bays, and I had noticed in her a distinction quite apart from other women of her kind, a distinction which was enhanced by a really exceptional beauty.

时我便发现她有一种高贵的气质，与她那类人截然不同，而她那绝色的美貌又更衬托出了这种气质的与众不同。

这些不幸的女子只要一出门，身边总是有个什么人陪着的。这是因为任何一个男人都不情愿把自己同这种女人的恋情公诸于众，而她们本人又不堪寂寞，因此出门总是带着女伴。这些女伴的景况要差得多，或是自己没有马车，或是些老来俏，任凭打扮得怎么花枝招展也难再现往日的俏丽。如果你了解她们所陪伴的女子的任何私情秘事，那么，尽可以放心大胆地去问她们。

玛格丽特却不是这样。她总是独自一人乘车到香榭丽舍大街，尽量向后躺着以免招人注意。冬天裹上一条开司米大披巾，夏天就穿着极普通的衣裙。尽管在她喜欢散步的这条大街上有许多熟人，她只是偶尔向一些人微微一笑，也唯有他们才能见到，那是一种公爵夫人才可能有的微笑。她并不像她所有的同行那样，在圆形广场到香榭丽舍大街之间踟蹰。她的两匹马飞快地把她拉到郊外的布洛涅园林。在那儿，她下车漫步一小时，然后重又登车，飞驰返回住所。

我曾时而目睹的这些情景，如今依然历历在目。我十分惋惜这位姑娘的早逝，如同人们见到一件精美的艺术品被彻底地毁坏一般。

确实，再也不可能看到比玛格丽特更迷人的美女了。她身材颇长，窈窕得有点过度，但她的装扮手段极其高明，只要在服装上稍加修饰，就消除了造化的这种疏失。她

These unfortunate creatures whenever they go out are always accompanied by somebody or other. As no man cares to make himself conspicuous by being seen in their company, and as they are afraid of solitude, they take with them either those who are not well enough off to have a carriage, or one or another of those elegant, ancient ladies, whose elegance is a little inexplicable, and to whom one can always go for information in regard to the women whom they accompany.

In Marguerite's case it was quite different. She was always alone when she drove in the Champs Elysees, lying back in her carriage as much as possible, dressed in furs in winter, and in summer wearing very simple dresses; and though she often passed people whom she knew, her smile, when she chose to smile, was seen only by them, and a duchess might have smiled in just such a manner. She did not drive to and fro like the others, from the Round Point to the end of the Champs Elysees. She drove straight to the Bois. There she left her carriage, walked for an hour, returned to her carriage, and drove rapidly home.

All these circumstances which I had so often witnessed came back to my memory, and I regretted her death as one might regret the destruction of a beautiful work of art.

It was impossible to see more charm in beauty than in that of Marguerite. Excessively tall and thin, she had in the fullest degree the art of repairing this oversight of Nature by the mere arrangement of the things she wore. Her cashmere reached to the ground, and showed on each side

披着长可及地的开司米大披肩，两边露出绸子长裙的宽阔的镶边，两只纤手藏在厚厚的手套里并紧紧地贴在胸前，四周围着十分巧妙排列的褶皱，线条十分优美，因此无论用什么挑剔的眼光来看都是无可指摘的。她的头异常秀美，是一件绝妙的珍品。它娇小秀美，就像缪塞（法国浪漫派诗人、戏剧家和小说家）所说的那样，她的母亲似乎特意给她生一个适于打扮的脑袋。

在那张俏丽得难以描绘的鹅蛋脸上，嵌着两只黑眼睛，黛眉弯弯，活像画就一般；再配以长长的睫毛，它们盖住了秀目，当眼帘低垂时，给玫瑰色的脸颊投去一抹淡淡的阴影；鼻子细巧、挺秀，充满灵气，鼻孔显得微微张开，像是对情欲生活的强烈渴望；那张嘴也特别匀称，嘴唇曼妙地微启，便露出乳白色的牙齿；皮肤颜色就像未经人手触摸过的蜜桃上的绒衣。这就是这张迷人的脸庞的全貌了。黑黝黝的秀发恰似乌玉，不知是否天然鬟曲，在额前分成两大绺；一直拖到脑后，露出两个耳垂，耳垂上闪烁着两颗各值四五千法郎的钻石耳环。玛格丽特虽过着纵欲的生活，但为什么还能给她的脸上留下特有的纯真，甚而稚气的情态呢？这真是让我们百思而不得其解。

玛格丽特有一幅她本人的绝妙画像，它出自维达尔（法国肖像画家，他常为贵族和巴黎上流社会人士作画）的手笔，也只有他的画笔，才能再现她的风韵。在她去世以后，有几天，这幅画在我手里。有这样一幅神貌毕肖得令人拍案叫绝的

the large flounces of a silk dress, and the heavy muff which she held pressed against her bosom was surrounded by such cunningly arranged folds that the eye, however exacting, could find no fault with the contour of the lines. Her head, a marvel, was the object of the most coquettish care. It was small, and her mother, as Musset would say, seemed to have made it so in order to make it with care.

Set, in an oval of indescribable grace, two black eyes, surmounted by eyebrows of so pure a curve that it seemed as if painted; veil these eyes with lovely lashes, which, when drooped, cast their shadow on the rosy hue of the cheeks; trace a delicate, straight nose, the nostrils a little open, in an ardent aspiration toward the life of the senses; design a regular mouth, with lips parted graciously over teeth as white as milk; colour the skin with the down of a peach that no hand has touched, and you will have the general aspect of that charming countenance. The hair, black as jet, waving naturally or not, was parted on the forehead in two large folds and draped back over the head, leaving in sight just the tip of the ears, in which there glittered two diamonds, worth four to five thousand francs each. How it was that her ardent life had left on Marguerite's face the virginal, almost childlike expression, which characterized it, is a problem which we can but state, without attempting to solve it.

Marguerite had a marvellous portrait of herself, by Vidal, the only man whose pencil could do her justice. I had this portrait by me for a few days after her death, and the likeness was so astonishing that it has helped to refresh my memory in regard to some points which I might not otherwise have remembered.

画像在眼前,极大地弥补了我记忆中的缺失。

这一章叙述的详情,有一些是我后来才知道的,但我却立即把它们写出来,以免开始叙述这位女子的逸事时再去重新提起。

每逢剧场首演,玛格丽特场场必到。每天晚上,她的时间总是消磨在剧场或舞厅。每次演出新的剧目,就肯定能看见她到场,她随身总带着三件东西,放在她一楼包厢的俯栏上:一副望远镜、一袋蜜饯和一束茶花。

她带来的这些茶花一个月里有25天是白色的,另外五天是红色的;谁也摸不透茶花颜色变化的原因是什么,我也无法解释,仅仅是指出这一现象而已;她的朋友们以及她经常光顾的那些剧院的常客们也注意到了这个情况。除了茶花之外,从来没有人看见过她还带过别的花。因此,在她常去买花的巴尔戎太太开的花店里,有人给她取了个绰号叫“茶花女”。之后,这个绰号便传开了。

就像所有生活在巴黎某一个圈子里的人一样,我知道玛格丽特给一些最时髦的青年当过情妇。她对此毫不隐讳,而那些公子哥儿也自吹自擂,这足以证明情夫和情妇对彼此都很满意。可是,据说有一次玛格丽特从巴涅尔(是个温泉疗养地,专治贫血症)旅游回来以后,差不多有三年的时间,就只跟一位外国老公爵一同生活了。这位老公爵极为富有,他想尽办法要玛格丽特摆脱往昔的生活,而且她似乎也乐于如此。

Some among the details of this Chapter did not reach me until later, but I write them here so as not to be obliged to return to them when the story itself has begun.

Marguerite was always present at every first night, and passed every evening either at the theatre or the ball. Whenever there was a new piece she was certain to be seen, and she invariably had three things with her on the ledge of her ground floor box: her opera glass, a bag of sweets, and a bouquet of camellias.

For twenty five days of the month the camellias were white, and for five they were red; no one ever knew the reason of this change of colour, which I mention though I can not explain it; it was noticed both by her friends and by the habitue's of the theatres to which she most often went. She was never seen with any flowers but camellias. At the florist's, Madame Barjon's, she had come to be called the Lady of the Camellias, and the name stuck to her.

Like all those who move in a certain set in Paris, I knew that Marguerite had lived with some of the most fashionable young men in society, that she spoke of it openly, and that they themselves boasted of it; so that all seemed equally pleased with one another. Nevertheless, for about three years, after a visit to Bagnees, she was said to be living with an old duke, a foreigner, enormously rich, who had tried to remove her as far as possible from her former life, and, as it seemed, entirely to her own satisfaction.

关于这件事,别人是这样告诉我的:1842年春,玛格丽特身体虚弱,她不得不遵医嘱,去了巴涅尔。在那里的病人中间,就有那位公爵的女儿,这位小姐不但同玛格丽特有同样的病情,而且长得跟玛格丽特一模一样,以致别人都把她俩看做两姐妹。只可惜公爵小姐的肺病已处于晚期,玛格丽特来到后没几天,她就撒手人寰了。公爵在女儿去世后仍旧留在巴涅尔,他不愿意离开这片埋葬着自己心肝宝贝的土地。一天上午,他在一条小径的拐角上望见了玛格丽特。这时,他似乎看到了自己女儿的身影,便走上前去,拉起她的双手,走在他前面,老泪纵横地搂着她,也不问她是谁,便恳求她允许他常去看她,把她视为死去的女儿活的形象去爱她。玛格丽特只跟她的侍女来到巴涅尔,再说,她也不怕名声会受到什么损害,便同意了公爵的请求。在巴涅尔,有人认识玛格丽特,便专程前来拜访公爵,把戈蒂埃小姐的真实身份告诉了公爵。对老人来说,这是当头一棒,因为这样一来,便谈不上他和他的女儿有何相似之处了,但为时已晚。玛格丽特已经成了他精神上的安慰,成为他生活下去的唯一借口和唯一理由。他对玛格丽特没有任何微词,也没有权利这样做,但是他问玛格丽特是否感到有能力改变目前的生活方式,他愿意提供玛格丽特需要的全部赔偿以弥补她作出的牺牲。她同意了。

必须说明的是,那个时期的玛格丽特正患病,生性热情奔放的她觉得往昔的那种生活是她患病的主

This is what I was told on the subject. In the spring of 1847 Marguerite was so ill that the doctors ordered her to take the waters, and she went to Bagnères. Among the invalids was the daughter of this duke; she was not only suffering from the same complaint, but she was so like Marguerite in appearance that they might have been taken for sisters; the young duchess was in the last stage of consumption, and a few days after Marguerite's arrival she died. One morning, the duke, who had remained at Bagnères to be near the soil that had buried a part of his heart, caught sight of Marguerite at a turn of the road. He seemed to see the shadow of his child, and going up to her, he took her hands, embraced and wept over her, and without even asking her who she was, begged her to let him love in her the living image of his dead child. Marguerite, alone at Bagnères with her maid, and not being in any fear of compromising herself, granted the duke's request. Some people who knew her, happening to be at Bagnères, took upon themselves to explain Mademoiselle Gautier's true position to the duke. It was a blow to the old man, for the resemblance with his daughter was ended in one direction, but it was too late. She had become a necessity to his heart, his only pretext, his only excuse, for living. He made no reproaches, he had indeed no right to do so, but he asked her if she felt herself capable of changing her mode of life, offering her in return for the sacrifice every compensation that she could desire. She consented.

It must be said that Marguerite was just then very ill. The past seemed to her sensitive nature as if it were one of the main causes of her illness, and a sort of superstition