

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

蒙提喀列斯突伯爵

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

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伍光建 選譯

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THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

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## 傳 略

大仲馬是一八〇二與一八七〇年間人，他的祖父是一個法蘭西伯爵，他的祖母是一個西印度的本地黑人。他的父親當法國大革命初起時，投軍當兵，升官却升得很快，征西班牙時當陸軍大統領；後來因為同拿破崙鬧意見，死後很蕭條。大仲馬家貧，受教育於一個慈愛的教士。他隨後學法律。他因為酷好著作，到巴黎寫小劇本為生。他寫了幾年劇本，以他的『顯理第三』為最出名。他隨後撰短篇小說，又其後才撰長篇小說，以俠隱記三種及這部蒙提喀列斯突為最有名。從此以後相繼刊行的小說既多且快；他的著作總共有二百七十五冊。他曾告訴拿破崙第三，說他寫了一千二百本書。據說他的小說，自然有許多是他自己著的，亦有許多是與他人合作的，又有許多全是他人作的，却出他的名；人家常以此批評他，他却毫不理會。他不吸煙，不吃酒，不賭博，賣文的收入很豐，他却往往入不敷出，常時欠債。這是因為他好吃，好客，座上食客常滿，很像中國小說的小孟嘗，常有不知姓名的人，走來同他坐下飲食；他又無條理，同是一筆債，還過之後，失了收條，又得再還，往往還五六次之多。這部蒙提喀列斯突與俠隱記齊名，歐美人幾乎無不讀過；可惜太長，譯出中文約有八十萬字。書分上下兩冊，以上冊為最好，有幾篇極好的文章，如唐提出獄及報恩等回皆是。俠隱記要依附歷史事實，未免受拘束，這一部却不然，他絲毫不受羈勒，任意幻造境地與人物，寫得尤為淋漓盡致；其所以不及俠隱記，只在缺少諧趣，但是其獨到的地方，却是俠隱記所無的。

民國廿四年十月 伍光建記

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(一八一五年二月底愛特曼唐提 Edmond Dantès 駕摩拉爾船行的船，駛回瑪爾塞 Marseilles；翌日，他與他的愛人摩西第 Mercédès 正在慶賀定婚禮的時候，被官拘擊，幽禁在一個荒島上十四年。陷害他入獄的是三個人：一個是他的本船同事名璫伽拉 Danglars，是個管貨員，要奪他的船主地位；一個是福爾南 Fernand，要奪他所與定婚的美貌女子摩西第；一個是當地的檢察官維富特。事因那條船快要經過愛爾巴 Elba 島的時候，船主病重，瀕死，哀求大副愛特曼唐提替他送一信與拿破崙，且替拿破崙送一信往巴黎。愛特曼原是一個不知世故的十九歲少年就答應船主照辦。船主死了，他權代船主。璫伽拉曉得這件事，寫信告密，由福爾南寄與檢察官，同時有愛特曼的隣居卡特祿預聞祕密，卻不曾勸阻。檢察官先前原是一個拿破崙黨，現在已經叛了本黨，改名換姓，投入王黨。他得了告密信，立即拘擊愛特曼，搜出那封信，曉得拿破崙黨的祕密，當着愛特曼面毀了信，安他的心還說不久就釋放他。誰知檢察官謀自己的安全，與見好於王黨，就設法永遠監禁愛特曼。愛特曼入獄的第四年，有一天聽見地板有摸索聲。再過幾天，地板陷入，看見一個老犯人從地洞出來。這個老犯人原是一個方丈，名花利亞，因為要謀義大利統一，被當道所拘，幽禁在這裏，已經有八年了。他設法挖通地洞。以為可以越獄逃脫，不料只與另一個監牢相通。這兩個人以後自然是做了極好的朋友，情同父子協力挖地道。老方丈把生平的學問傳授與愛特曼，且把他一生的閱歷告訴他，並提醒他，說他平日的朋友就許是他的仇人。愛特曼得了老方丈的傳授，不獨變作一個很有學問的人，而且變作一個深知人情世故的人。到了愛特曼入獄的第十四年老方丈病，將死，把蒙提喀列斯突的藏鐵所在的地方，告訴愛特曼。不久老方丈死了，愛特曼把自己的衣服替老方丈穿上，把屍身背到自己的牢裏，自己穿上老方丈的衣服，偽裝死人，監卒用袋裹死人，拋入大海，愛特曼用老方丈在牢裏歷年所製成的刀子，割袋逃生，盡發藏鐵，變了一個大富豪。他屢次化裝，這次化作一個方丈先找着舊隣居卡特祿，打聽他入獄後親友們的下落，事見第二十七回，又從一個監獄視察官口裏打聽為何把他永遠監禁的情形（見第廿八回，不譯）；於是恩怨分明，首先報恩，事見第二十九回。譯者註。）

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## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE STORY

"FIRST, sîr," said Caderousse, "you must make me a promise."

"What is that?" inquired the abbé.

"Why, if you ever make use of the details I am about to give you, that you will never let any one know that it was I who supplied them; for the persons of whom I am about to talk are rich and powerful, and if they only laid the tips of their fingers on me, I should break to pieces like glass."

"Make yourself easy, my friend," replied the abbé. "I am a priest, and confessions die in my breast. Recollect, our only desire is to carry out, in a fitting manner, the last wishes of our friend. Speak, then, without reserve, as without hatred; tell the truth, the whole truth; I do not know, never may know, the persons of whom you are about to speak; besides, I am an Italian, and not a Frenchman, and belong to God, and not to man, and I shall shortly retire to my convent, which I have only quitted to fulfil the last wishes of a dying man." This positive assurance seemed to give Caderousse a little courage.

"Well, then, under these circumstances," said Caderousse, "I will, I even believe I ought to undeceive you as to the friendship which poor Edmond thought so sincere and

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## 第二十七回 故事

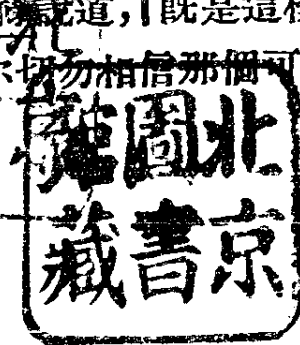
卡特祿 (Caderousse) 說道，「先生，你必先答應我一句話。」

方丈問道，「答應你什麼？」

「沒有什麼，不過我若把詳細情形告訴你，你永遠不許告訴人，說是我告訴你的；因為我將告訴的人們，都是有錢有勢的，他們只要用手指尖摩我，我就會如同玻璃一般，被他們打碎了。」

方丈答道，「我的朋友，你只管放心。我是一個教士，凡是你對我所說的話，我是不會再說出來的。你要記得，我們的惟一願望不過是怎樣妥妥當當的奉行我們的朋友的遺囑。(這個假方丈說謊，說唐提臨死時交他一顆金剛鑽，請他變賣分贈與唐提的好朋友們作記念。譯者註。)你只管說，既不必隱瞞，亦不必懷怨恨；你把實情盡行告訴我；我並不曉得，還許永遠不曉得，你將要說的那幾個人；況且我是一個義大利人，不是一個法蘭西人，我是個服事上帝的人，是個出家人，不久我還要歸隱在我的寺院裏，我此番出來，不過是奉行一個快死的人的最後所想做的事。」這樣切實的保證話，好像使卡特祿胆子大些。

卡特祿說道，「既是這樣，我肯告訴你，我且相信我應該



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unquestionable.”—“Begin with his father, if you please,” said the abbé; “Edmond talked to me a great deal about the old man, for whom he had the deepest love.”

“The history is a sad one, sir,” said Caderousse, shaking his head; “perhaps you know all the earlier part of it?”—“Yes,” answered the abbé; “Edmond related to me everything until the moment when he was arrested in a small cabaret close to Marseilles.”

“At La Réserve! Oh, yes; I can see it all before me this moment.”

“Was it not his betrothal feast?”—“It was; and the feast that began so gayly had a very sorrowful ending; a police commissary, followed by four soldiers, entered, and Dantès was arrested.”

“Yes, and up to this point I know all,” said the priest. “Dantès himself only knew that which personally concerned him, for he never beheld again the five persons I have named to you, or heard mention of any one of them.”

“Well, when Dantès was arrested, Monsieur Morrel hastened to obtain the particulars, and they were very sad. The old man returned alone to his home, folded up his wedding suit with tears in his eyes, and paced up and down his chamber the whole day, and would not go to bed at all, for I was underneath him and heard him walking the whole night; and for myself, I assure you I could not sleep either, for the grief of the poor father gave me great uneasiness, and every step he took went to my heart as really as if his foot had pressed against my breast. The next day Mercédès came to implore the protection of M. de Villefort; she did not obtain it, however, and went to visit the old man; when she saw him so miserable and heart-broken,



的誠實不必請問的友誼。』

方丈說道，『我請你先從愛特曼的父親說起；愛特曼最孝他的父親，他對我談了許多這個老頭子。』

卡特祿搖頭說道，『說來是很慘的，也許你曉得這個老人的生前的情形。』——方丈答道，『是的，愛特曼把從前的事都告訴我，說到他在瑪爾塞附近的小酒店被拘為止。』

卡特祿說道，『是呀，他是在拉利西甫 (La Réserve) 小酒店被拘的，我現在還能夠追想前事，如在目前。』

方丈問道，『不是在他定婚席上被拘的麼？』——卡特祿答道，『是呀；起首慶賀的時候，是很熱鬧的，結局是很慘的；有一個警官帶了四個兵進來，把唐提捉了去。』

教士說道，『由從前到這個時候的事，我全曉得，唐提只曉得與他本人有關的事，因為他後來不曾看見我對你所說的那五個人，也不曾聽見有人提起過他們。』

卡特祿說道，『唐提一被拘擄，摩拉爾 (Morrel) 就急於打聽消息，消息卻是很淒慘的。唐提的父親獨自一人回家，他兩眼含淚，把他兒子的結婚禮服疊起來，終日在樓上走來走去，不肯上床睡，因為我在樓下，聽見他終夜在樓上走；我實對你說，我也終夜不能睡，因為那個可憐的老父的悲傷，使我心極不安，他每走一步，如同在我胸前跳了一腳一般。到了第二天，摩西第走來求維富特 (Villefort) 保護；她卻並不曾得着任何保護，只好去見老頭子，她一看見他那樣可憐，那

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having passed a sleepless night, and not touched food since the previous day, she wished him to go with her that she might take care of him; but the old man would not consent. 'No,' was the old man's reply, 'I will not leave this house, for my poor dear boy loves me better than anything in the world; and if he gets out of prison he will come and see me the first thing, and what would he think if I did not wait here for him?' I heard all this from the window, for I was anxious that Mercédès should persuade the old man to accompany her, for his footsteps over my head night and day did not leave me a moment's repose."

"But did you not go up-stairs and try to console the poor old man?" asked the abbé.—"Ah, sir," replied Caderousse, "we cannot console those who will not be consoled, and he was one of these; besides, I know not why, but he seemed to dislike seeing me. One night, however, I heard his sobs, and I could not resist my desire to go up to him, but when I reached his door he was no longer weeping but praying. I cannot now repeat to you, sir, all the eloquent words and imploring language he made use of; it was more than piety, it was more than grief, and I, who am no canter, and hate the Jesuits, said then to myself, 'It is really well, and I am very glad that I have not any children; for if I were a father and felt such excessive grief as the old man does, and did not find in my memory or heart all he is now saying, I should throw myself into the sea at once, for I could not bear it.'"

"Poor father!" murmured the priest.

"From day to day he lived on alone, and more and more solitary. Mr. Morrel and Mercédès came to see him, but his door was closed; and, although I was certain he was

樣傷心，他一夜未睡，一日未食，她就請他到她家裏去，好照應他；但是這個老頭子不肯去。老頭子答道，「我不能到你家裏去，我不肯離開這裏，因為我的寶貝兒子愛我，比愛世上無論什麼東西，都利害得多；他若出監，他必定先來見我，我若不在這裏等他，他心裏會作什麼感想呀？」這幾句話是我從窗口聽來的，因為我急於要摩西第勸老頭子隨同她回家，因為他日夜在樓上走，使我無一刻得安息』（卡特祿只是爲己着急，並不是爲的老頭子。譯者註。）

方丈問道，「你不曾登樓，嘗試安慰那個老頭子麼？」——卡特祿答道，「先生，我們不能安慰不肯受安慰的人們，他就是這樣的一個人；況且，我不曉得爲什麼，他好像不喜歡見我。有一天晚上，我卻聽見他嗚咽啼哭，我卻不能不上去看看，不料我走到他的房門，我不聽見他哭，只聽見他祈禱。他用許多懇切字眼，與哀求的話，先生，我現在不能轉述與你聽了，他所說的不止是虔篤的話，不止是憂傷的話；我不是一個僞君子，我又是憎惡耶穌軍的，當時我就對自己說道，「我並無兒女，我卻很喜歡；設使我有兒女，如這個老頭子那樣覺得悲痛，從我的記性中或從我的心中，我若找不着全數他此時所說的話，我是不能忍受的，我只好跳海死。」」

（正所謂鐵石人聞了也要傷心。譯者註。）

教士喃喃說道，「可憐的父親呀！」

卡特祿說道，「他獨自一人居住，過了一日又一日，越久越變作孤零了。摩拉爾與摩西第來看他，他卻閉門不納；我

at home, he would not make any answer. One day, when, contrary to his custom, he had admitted Mercédès, and the poor girl, in spite of her own grief and despair, endeavored to console him, he said to her,—‘Be assured, my dear daughter, he is dead; and instead of expecting him, it is he who is awaiting us; I am quite happy, for I am the oldest, and of course shall see him first.’ However well disposed a person may be, why you see we leave off after a time seeing persons who are in sorrow, they make one melancholy; and so at last old Dantès was left all to himself, and I only saw from time to time strangers go up to him and come down again with some bundle they tried to hide; but I guessed what these bundles were, and that he sold by degrees what he had to pay for his subsistence.<sup>1</sup> At length the poor old fellow reached the end of all he had; he owed three quarters’ rent, and they threatened to turn him out; he begged for another week, which was granted to him. I know this, because the landlord came into my apartment when he left his. For the first three days I heard him walking about as usual, but on the fourth I heard nothing. I then resolved to go up to him at all risks. The door was closed, but I looked through the keyhole, and saw him so pale and haggard, that believing him very ill, I went and told M. Morrel and then ran on to Mercédès. They both came immediately, M. Morrel bringing a doctor, and the doctor said it was inflammation of the bowels, and ordered him a limited diet. I was there, too, and I never shall forget the old man’s smile at this prescription. From that time he received all who came; he had an excuse for not eating any more; the doctor had

<sup>1</sup>subsistence, 餬口.

雖曉得他必定是在家的，他卻不肯答話。有一天他改變他的慣例，讓摩西第進去，那個可憐的女子雖然她自己是很傷心絕望的，卻努力安慰他，他對她說道——「我的寶貝女兒，他必定是死了；我們不須盼望他來，他反在那裏等候我們；我是很歡樂的，因為我的年紀最老，自然是我先見他。」我們無論心地怎樣好，我們過了不久，就不會去看愁苦的人，因為我們見了，就會憂愁；所以後來，老唐提總是自己一個人過活，我久不久只看見有幾個面生的人走上樓，下樓帶着一包一包的東西，嘗試收藏，不令人見；我卻猜着這一包一包都是些什麼東西，我又猜着他逐漸變賣東西渡日。後來這個可憐的老頭子把所有東西都變賣光了；他欠了三季房租，房東要趕他出去，他求展限一星期，房東答應了。因為房東從他的屋裏出來，就到我的屋裏，所以我曉得。頭三天我還聽見他同向來一樣，走來走去，第四天我聽不見聲響。我隨即打定主意冒險上樓看他。房門緊閉，我從鎖眼往裏看，看見他臉色很灰白，很憔悴，我相信他病重。就走去告訴摩拉爾，隨後走到摩西第家。他們兩人立刻走來，摩拉爾帶同一個醫生來，醫生說是大腸發炎，吩咐他限制飲食。我也在那裏，老頭子聽了醫生說出這個方子就微笑，我將永遠忘記不了他這樣的微笑。從此以後，無論什麼人來他都接見；他有了藉口，

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put him on a diet." The abbé uttered a kind of groan. "The story interests you, does it not, sir?" inquired Caderousse.—"Yes," replied the abbé, "it is very affecting."

"Mercédès came again, and she found him so altered that she was even more anxious than before to have him taken to her own home. This was M. Morrel's wish also, who would fain have conveyed the old man against his consent; but the old man resisted, and cried so that they were actually frightened. Mercédès remained, therefore, by his bedside, and M. Morrel went away, making a sign to the Catalane that he had left his purse on the chimney-piece. But availing himself of the doctor's order, the old man would not take any sustenance; at length (after nine days of despair and fasting), the old man died, cursing those who had caused his misery, and saying to Mercédès, 'If you ever see my Edmond again, tell him I die blessing him.'" The abbé rose from his chair, made two turns round the chamber, and pressed his trembling hand against his parched throat. "And you believe he died"—

"Of hunger, sir, of hunger," said Caderousse. "I am as certain of it as that we two are Christians."

The abbé, with a shaking hand, seized a glass of water that was standing by him half-full, swallowed it at one gulp, and then resumed his seat, with red eyes and pale cheeks. "This was, indeed, a horrid event," said he in a hoarse voice.

"The more so, sir, as it was men's and not God's doing."—"Tell me of those men," said the abbé, "and remember too," he added in an almost menacing tone, "you have promised to tell me everything. Tell me, therefore, who are these men who killed the son with despair, and the father with

不再吃東西；是醫生吩咐不許多吃的。」方丈聽了，哼了一聲。卡特祿問道，「先生，這段故事使你注意，是不是？」方丈答道，「是的，這段故事很能動人。」

卡特祿說道，「摩西第又來了，她看見老頭子改變了許多，更急於要帶他到她自己的家裏。摩拉爾也是要他去，他原想不管老頭子願不願，要送他去；不料他拒絕不肯去，哭得很利害，他們見了害怕。所以只是摩西第陪他，坐在他的床邊，摩拉爾走了，示意給摩西第知道，他留下一個錢袋在爐台上。老頭子還是利用醫生的吩咐，不肯吃東西；後來（絕望與捱餓九天後）老頭子死了，詛罵那幾個使他受慘痛的人，還對摩西第說道，「你若再見我的愛特曼的面，你得告訴他，我死的時候還是求天賜福與他。」」方丈站起來，在屋裏走了兩轉，用他的發抖的手，緊緊的壓住他的乾燥喉嚨，說道，「你相信他是死了。」

卡特祿說道，「先生，他是餓死的。我深信他是餓死的，如同我深信你我都是基督教徒。」（以上說愛特曼唐提改裝一個方丈，從他的舊鄰居口中，打聽他入監後他父親的情形。譯者注。）

方丈手抖抖的，從身邊桌上，放着的半盃水，搶過來，一口吞下去，從新坐下，兩眼是紅的，兩邊臉是灰白的。他喉嚨啞啞的說道，「這很是一段可怕的事。」

卡特祿說道，「這並不是天意卻全是人事做出來的，所以更慘。」——方丈說道，「你把那幾個人的故事告訴我，你須記着（他幾乎用恐嚇腔調），你會答應過，無論什麼都告訴我。所以你得告訴我，是那幾個人用絕望殺兒子，用飢餓殺他的父親。」

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famine?"—"Two men jealous of him, sir; one from love, and the other from ambition,—Fernand and Danglars."

"How was this jealousy manifested? Speak on."

"They denounced Edmond as a Bonapartist agent."

"Which of the two denounced him? Which was the real delinquent?"

"Both, sir; one with a letter, and the other put it in the post."

"And where was this letter written?"

"At La Réserve, the day before the betrothal feast."

"'Twas so, then—'twas so, then," murmured the abbé. "Oh, Faria, Faria, how well did you judge men and things!"

"What did you please to say, sir?" asked Caderousse.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the priest; "go on."

"It was Danglars who wrote the denunciation with his left hand, that his writing might not be recognized, and Fernand who put it in the post."

"But," exclaimed the abbé suddenly, "you were there yourself."

"I!" said Caderousse, astonished; "who told you I was there?"

The abbé saw he had overshot the mark, and he added quickly,—"No one; but in order to have known everything so well, you must have been an eye-witness."—"True, true!" said Caderousse in a choking voice, "I was there."

"And did you not remonstrate against such infamy?" asked the abbé; "if not, you were an accomplice."—"Sir," replied Caderousse, "they had made me drink to such an excess that I nearly lost all perception. I had only an indistinct understanding of what was passing around me. I said all that a man in such a state could say; but they



卡祿說道，「先生，有兩個是因為妒忌他；其中一個是因為戀愛妒忌他，一個是因為貪權妒忌他——一個名福爾南，一個名瓊伽拉。」

方丈問道，「是怎樣表說妒忌的？你往下說。」

「他們去出首，告愛特曼是個拿破崙黨。」

方丈問道，「這兩個人裏頭，誰去出首？誰是真實罪人。」

「先生，兩個都是的；一個寫信出首，一個把信放在信箱裏。」

方丈問道，「是在什麼地方寫信的？」

「在慶賀定婚禮的上一天，在拉利西甫小酒店寫的。」

方丈喃喃說道，「原來果是這樣。花利亞呀，花利亞呀，你是多麼善於料人料事呀！」

卡特祿問道，「先生，你說什麼？」

方丈答道，「我並沒說什麼；你往下說吧。」

「瓊伽拉用左手寫信，使人不能認得他的筆跡，寄信的是福爾喃。」

方丈忽然喊道，「但是你自己也在場呀！」（所以唐提當卡特祿也是他的一個仇人。譯者注。）

卡特祿驚愕，說道，「我嗎！誰告訴你我在場呀？」

方丈才曉得他自己說得太過火了，趕快說道——「並無人告訴我；不過你既曉得種種的情節，你必定是在場眼見的。」——卡特祿幾乎不能成聲的，說道，「是的，是的！當日我確在場。」

方丈問道，「你不曾說話反對這樣極不名譽的事麼？設使你不曾反對，你就是一個同謀。」——卡特祿答道，「先生，他們把我灌醉了，我幾乎全失知覺了。我只稍微曉得他們做些什麼，卻曉得不甚清楚。凡是一個吃醉酒的人所能說的話，我全說到了；但是他們說了許多話，使我深信他們不

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both assured me that it was a jest they were carrying on, and perfectly harmless."

"Next day—next day, sir, you must have seen plain enough what they had been doing, yet you said nothing, though you were present when Dantès was arrested."—"Yes, sir, I was there, and very anxious to speak; but Danglars restrained me. 'If he should really be guilty,' said he, 'and did really put in to the Island of Elba; if he is really charged with a letter for the Bonapartist committee at Paris, and if they find this letter upon him, those who have supported him will pass for his accomplices.' I confess I had my fears, in the state in which politics then were, and I held my tongue. It was cowardly, I confess, but it was not criminal."

"I understand—you allowed matters to take their course, that was all."—"Yes, sir," answered Caderousse; "and remorse<sup>1</sup> preys on me night and day. I often ask pardon of God, I swear to you, because this action, the only one with which I have seriously to reproach myself in all my life, is no doubt the cause of my abject condition. I am expiating a moment of selfishness, and so I always say to La Carconte, when she complains, 'Hold your tongue, woman; it is the will of God.'" And Caderousse bowed his head with every sign of real repentance.

"Well, sir," said the abbé, "you have spoken unreservedly; and thus to accuse yourself is to deserve pardon."—"Unfortunately, Edmond is dead, and has not pardoned me."—"He did not know," said the abbé.

"But he knows it all now," interrupted Caderousse; "they say the dead know everything." There was a

<sup>1</sup>remorse, 悔罪.

過是鬧着頑的，完全是無害的。』

方丈說道，『先生，到了第二天，你必定明白他們昨天所做的事，你雖眼見唐提被擊，你卻一聲都不響。』——卡特祿說道，『先生，是呀，我是在場的，急於要說話；璫伽拉攔阻我，說道，「倘若他真犯了罪，果真泊過愛爾巴島；他若果真帶了一封信給巴黎的拿破崙黨的委員團，倘若有人在他身上搜出這封信，凡是幫助他的人，都要當作他的同黨論。」我今供認，論到當日政黨的情形，我很害怕，我就不說話。我承認我是個懦夫，我卻並不犯罪。』

方丈說道，『我明白你的意思，你不過是隨他們辦去，不加干預。』——卡特祿答道，『是呀，先生，我很悔罪，心裏日夜不安。我今對你發誓，我屢次求上帝赦罪，我生平並無過犯，只有這件事我要很嚴重的怪責我自己，大約就是因為這個原故，使我墮落到這樣地位。我正在贖我的一時為己的罪，當我的女人說不滿意話時，所以我常答她，說道，「女人，你不要說啦；這是上帝的意思。」』卡特祿於是垂頭，表示認真悔罪。

方丈說道，『先生，你是毫不隱藏的對我說明了；你既自己認罪，就值得蒙赦。』——卡特祿說道，『可惜愛特曼死了，不會饒恕我。』——方丈說道，『他當日不曉得這個情形。』（以上說璫伽拉及福爾南兩人謀害唐提與卡特祿知情不勸阻情形。譯者注。）

卡特祿打叉，說道，『但是現在他卻全曉得了；人們說，死人無論什麼都曉得。』有一會子他們都不響；方丈站起來，

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brief silence; the abbé rose and paced up and down pensively,<sup>1</sup> and then resumed his seat. "You have two or three times mentioned a M. Morrel," he said; "who was he?"—"The owner of the *Pharaon* and patron of Dantès."

"And what part did he play in this sad drama?" inquired the abbé.

"The part of an honest man, full of courage and real regard. Twenty times he interceded<sup>2</sup> for Edmond. When the emperor returned, he wrote, implored, threatened, and so energetically, that on the second restoration he was persecuted as a Bonapartist. Ten times, as I told you, he came to see Dantès' father, and offered to receive him in his own house; and the night or two before his death, as I have already said, he left his purse on the mantelpiece, with which they paid the old man's debts, and buried him decently; and so Edmond's father died, as he had lived, without doing harm to any one. I have the purse still by me—a large one, made of red silk."

"And," asked the abbé, "is M. Morrel still alive?"—"Yes," replied Caderousse.

"In that case," replied the abbé, "he should be rich, happy." Caderousse smiled bitterly. "Yes, happy as myself," said he.

"What! M. Morrel unhappy?" exclaimed the abbé.

"He is reduced almost to the last extremity—nay, he is almost at the point of dishonor."—"How?"

"Yes," continued Caderousse, "so it is; after five and twenty years of labor, after having acquired a most honorable name in the trade of Marseilles, M. Morrel is utterly

<sup>1</sup>pensively, 作深念態度. <sup>2</sup>interceded, 居間求情.

走來走去在那裏深念；隨後他又坐下。他說道，『你會兩三次說起一個摩拉爾先生，他是誰呀？』卡特祿答道，『他是法拉安 (Pharaon) 船的東家，他向來栽培唐提。』

方丈問道，『他在這一出慘劇裏頭，演的是什麼腳色？』

卡特祿答道，『他演的是一個誠實人。滿腔的勇敢，一片熱誠，要衛護唐提。他曾為唐提居間求情有二十次。當拿破崙破崙復國的時候，他曾寫信，哀求，又用恐嚇話，很出過力，所以當法蘭西王第二次復辟的時候，他就得了拿破崙黨的惡名，受了窘逐。我曾告訴過你，他曾十次來看唐提的父親，請他到他自家裏住；我已經說過，在老頭子快死之前一兩夜，他留下他的錢袋在爐台上，他們就是用這筆錢清還老頭子所欠的債。盡禮安葬他；所以愛特曼的父親一生一死都不曾虧負什麼人。那個錢袋還在我這裏——是用紅絲綫織成的一個大袋。』

方丈問道，『摩拉爾先生還活在人世麼？』——卡特祿答道，『還活着啦。』

方丈答道，『既是這樣，他應該很有錢，很歡樂呀。』

卡特祿，帶着痛恨，微笑說道。『是呀，如同我一樣的歡樂。』

方丈喊道，『什麼呀！摩拉爾先生並不歡樂麼？』

卡特祿說道，『他幾乎窮到極點了——他幾乎要喪失名譽啦。』（這是說他快要不能還債，快要破產。譯者注。）——『這是怎麼講？』

卡特祿接連說道，『是呀；他辛苦了二十五年之後，他在瑪爾塞商界得了一個最有名譽地位之後，反遭了殃，幾乎全

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ruined; he has lost five ships in two years, has suffered by the bankruptcy of three large houses, and his only hope now is in that very *Pharaon* which poor Dantès commanded, and which is expected from the Indies with a cargo of cochineal and indigo. If this ship founders, like the others, he is a ruined man.”—“And has the unfortunate man wife or children?” inquired the abbé.

“Yes, he has a wife, who through everything has behaved like an angel; he has a daughter, who was about to marry the man she loved, but whose family now will not allow him to wed the daughter of a ruined man; he has, besides, a son, a lieutenant in the army; and, as you may suppose, all this, instead of lessening, only augments his sorrows. If he were alone in the world he would blow out his brains, and there would be an end.”

“Horrible!” ejaculated the priest.

“And it is thus heaven recompenses virtue, sir,” added Caderousse. “You see, I, who never did a bad action but that I have told you of—am in destitution,<sup>1</sup> with my poor wife dying of fever before my very eyes, and I unable to do anything in the world for her; I shall die of hunger, as old Dantès did, while Fernand and Danglars are rolling in wealth.”<sup>2</sup>

“How is that?”—“Because their deeds have brought them good fortune, while honest men have been reduced to misery.”

“What has become of Danglars, the instigator,<sup>3</sup> and therefore the most guilty?”—“What has become of him? Why, he left Marseilles, and was taken, on the recommendation

<sup>1</sup> destitution, 窮乏. <sup>2</sup> rolling in wealth, 發大財. <sup>3</sup> instigator, 主謀的.

毀了；他在兩年裏頭失了五條船，他被三個大字號破產所累，他現在的惟一希望只在那條法拉安（Pharaon）船，這條船就是從前那個可憐的唐提所駕的，這條船從印度裝了一票胭脂蟲與藍錠，將要來到啦。倘若這條船與其他五條船一樣，不幸沉了，他就是一個破產的人啦。」——方丈問道，「這個不幸的人有妻子麼？」『有的，他有一位夫人，與他同甘共苦，如同一個安琪兒一般；他有一個女兒，快要與她所愛的男子結婚，但是這個男子的家庭現在不許他與一個財產喪盡的人的女兒結婚；摩拉爾還有一個兒子，是一個陸軍中尉；你可以猜度，這許多情形並不減輕，反更加重他的愁苦。設使他是孤身一人，他會開鎗打出他的腦漿，就完了。』

教士喊道，『可怕呀！』

卡特祿說道，『先生，上天就是這樣獎賞善人。先生，你要曉得，除了我所告訴你的不計，我生平未作過其他壞事，我現在是個窮乏人，我的可憐女人害熱病，快要死在我的眼前，我卻無力替她設法；我快要如同老唐提一般，捱餓而死，當下福爾南與瓊伽拉卻很發財。』

方丈問道，『這是怎麼講？』——『這是因為他們做了壞事，使他們享福，誠實人反受痛苦。』

方丈問道，『主謀的原是瓊伽拉，所以罪最大的就是他，他怎麼樣了？』——卡特祿說道，『你問他怎麼樣麼？他做了壞事之後，就離開瑪爾塞，摩拉爾不曉得他的罪惡，薦他當

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of M. Morrel, who did not know his crime, as cashier into a Spanish bank. During the war with Spain he was employed in the commissariat of the French army, and made a fortune; then with that money he speculated in the funds, and trebled or quadrupled his capital; and, having first married his banker's daughter, who left him a widower, he has married a second time, a widow, a Madame de Nargonne, daughter of M. de Servieux, the king's chamberlain, who is in high favor at court. He is a millionaire, and they have made him a baron, and now he is the Baron Danglars, with a fine residence in the Rue de Mont-Blanc, with ten horses in his stables, six footmen in his antechamber, and I know not how many millions in his strong-box."

"Ah!" said the abbé, in a peculiar tone, "he is happy."

"Happy? Who can answer for that? Happiness or unhappiness is the secret known but to one's self and the walls—walls have ears but no tongue; but if a large fortune produces happiness, Danglars is happy."

"And Fernand?"—"Fernand? Why, much the same story."

"But how could a poor Catalan fisher-boy, without education or resources,<sup>1</sup> make a fortune? I confess this staggers<sup>2</sup> me."—"And it has staggered everybody. There must have been in his life some strange secret that no one knows."

"But, then, by what visible steps has he attained this high fortune or high position?"

"Both, sir—he has both fortune and position—both."

<sup>1</sup> resources, 資藉; 憑藉財源. <sup>2</sup> staggers, 令人不相信; 把人嚇倒.



了一間西班牙銀行的支應員。當法蘭西同西班牙打仗的時候，他當了法國陸軍的軍需官，發了財；他用這筆款作債票投機事業，利市三四倍；他先娶了他的銀行東家的女兒，斷了絃，再娶的是一個寡婦，她的前夫姓那爾剛 (Nargonne)，她的父親姓施爾和 (Servieux)，是君主的御前大臣，是一個極有寵的大臣。他自己是一個百萬的富翁，朝廷封他一個男爵，現在他是璫伽拉男爵啦，蒙巴朗大街有他的華麗第宅，馬號裏有十匹馬，招待室裏有他的十個跟班，我不曉得他的堅固箱子裏有幾百萬。』

方丈用特別腔調說道，『呀！他是快樂的。』

卡特祿說道，『快樂麼？誰能答復這句話。快樂或不快樂原是一件祕密，只有他自己與他屋裏的牆知道——牆是有耳的，卻無舌頭；但若坐擁厚貲會發生快樂，璫伽拉是快樂的。』（以上說璫伽拉怎樣發了大財。譯者注。）

方丈問道，『福爾南怎麼樣？』——卡特祿答道，『福爾南麼？他與璫伽拉大略相同。』

方丈問道，『他不過是一個貧窮的卡塔蘭 (Catalan 西班牙地名。譯者注。)打魚的孩子，既無教育，又無資藉，他怎樣能夠發財呀？我承認這件事體，令我不相信。』——『無論誰聽了都不相信。他生平必定做了什麼奇怪祕密事，卻無人曉得。』（後來被唐提打聽出這件祕密，藉此報仇。譯者注。）

方丈問道，『他必定經過幾個眼所能見的階級，才能夠發了大財，或做了大官呀？』

卡特祿說道，『先生，他既發了大財，又做了大官。』

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“This must be impossible!”

“It would seem so; but listen, and you will understand. Some days before the return of the emperor, Fernand was drafted. The Bourbons left him quietly enough at the Catalans, but Napoleon returned, a special levy was made, and Fernand was compelled to join. I went too; but as I was older than Fernand, and had just married my poor wife, I was only sent to the coast. Fernand was enrolled in the active troop, went to the frontier with his regiment, and was at the battle of Ligny. The night after that battle he was sentry at the door of a general who carried on a secret correspondence with the enemy. That same night the general was to go over to the English. He proposed to Fernand to accompany him; Fernand agreed to do so, deserted his post, and followed the general. Fernand would have been court-martialed<sup>1</sup> if Napoleon had remained on the throne, but his action was rewarded by the Bourbons. He returned to France with the epaulet of sub-lieutenant, and as the protection of the general, who is in the highest favor, was accorded to him, he was a captain in 1823, during the Spanish war—that is to say, at the time when Danglars made his early speculations. Fernand was a Spaniard, and being sent to Spain to ascertain the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, found Danglars there, got on very intimate terms with him, won over the support of the royalists at the capital and in the provinces, received promises and made pledges on his own part, guided his regiment by paths known to himself alone through the mountain gorges which were held by the royalists, and,

<sup>1</sup> court-martialed, 軍事裁判.

方丈說道，「這是絕不可能的！」

卡特祿答道，「好像是絕不可能的；你細聽我說，你就會明白啦。在拿破崙復國之前數日，福爾南在被徵之列。玻爾邦(Bourbons, 朝代名, 稱當時法西蘭王室。譯者注。)們隨他安居在卡塔蘭人的居留地, 但是拿破崙一回來就不同了, 下令特別徵兵, 我與福爾南都被強逼徵調。我也去的; 但是我的年紀較大, 又才娶了親, 不過派我在海濱當差。福爾南在前敵的軍隊裏, 隨同隊伍到了前綫, 曾在利格尼 (Ligny) 之戰出力。戰後的那一天晚上, 他在一個軍長的門前巡哨, 這個軍長與敵人暗通消息。約好當天晚上軍長就要投降英國軍隊。他提議要福爾南陪他去; 福爾南答應, 拋棄他的職守, 跟隨軍長投降。設使拿破崙還在帝位, 他是要受軍事裁判的, 僥倖是玻爾邦朝復辟, 他反得了重賞。他回到法國就披了少尉的肩章, 他的軍長很蒙君主優待, 很保護他, 當法蘭西同西班牙打仗的時候, 事在一八三二年, 他升了陸軍大尉, 正在璦伽拉初做投機事業的時候。福爾南本來是西班牙人, 奉命赴西班牙探聽民情, 遇着璦伽拉, 兩人變作很親密, 贏得西班牙都城的與外省的君主派的助力, 得了他們的答應, 他自己也答應了幾個條件, 領他的軍隊從惟有他自己曉得的山徑穿過幾處君主黨所把守的山峽, 他在這個短期戰

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in fact, rendered such services in this brief campaign that, after the taking of Trocadero, he was made colonel, and received the title of count and the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor."

"Destiny! destiny!" murmured the abbé.

"Yes, but listen; this was not all. The war with Spain being ended, Fernand's career was checked by the long peace which seemed likely to endure throughout Europe. Greece only had risen against Turkey, and had begun her war of independence; all eyes were turned towards Athens—it was the fashion to pity and support the Greeks. The French government, without protecting them openly, as you know, gave countenance to volunteer assistance. Fernand sought and obtained leave to go and serve in Greece, still having his name kept on the army roll. Some time after, it was stated that the Comte de Morcerf (this was the name he bore) had entered the service of Ali Pasha with the rank of instructor-general. Ali Pasha was killed, as you know; but before he died he recompensed the services of Fernand by leaving him a considerable sum, with which he returned to France, when he was gazetted lieutenant-general."—"So that now?"—inquired the abbé.

"So that now," continued Caderousse, "he owns a magnificent house—No. 27, Rue du Helder, Paris." The abbé opened his mouth, hesitated for a moment, then, making an effort at self-control, he said, "And Mercédès—they tell me that she has disappeared?"

"Disappeared," said Caderousse, "yes, as the sun disappears, to rise the next day with still more splendor."—"Has she made a fortune also?" inquired the abbé, with an ironical simile.

爭裏頭很立些功勞，所以當取了特洛卡狄洛（Trocaero）之後，他就做了大佐，封爲伯爵，還得了一座寶星。』

方丈喃喃說道，『運氣！運氣！』

卡特祿說道，『是呀，你且聽呀還有啦。西班牙戰事告終，以後就長享太平，好像全個歐洲也久享太平。只有希臘起兵反對土耳其，起首爲獨立作戰；人人的眼光，都射在雅典——當日的風氣是可憐與幫助希臘。法蘭西政府雖不顯然保護希臘人，卻任由自告奮勇的人們幫助他們，你是曉得的。福爾南得了政府允准走去助希臘，他的名字卻還在軍籍上，並未除去。後來有人說摩爾塞甫（Morcerf，這就是他的封號）投効在阿利巴沙（Ali Pasha 土耳其大將名。譯者注。）麾下，當了一名總教練官。阿利巴沙被殺，這是你所曉得的；但是他未死之前，曾贈福爾南一大筆款子，酬福爾南的勞，他帶了這筆錢回法蘭西，就升了少將。』——方丈問道，『所以他現在？』

卡特祿接連說道，『所以他現在有了一所華麗住宅——在巴黎赫特爾街二十七號。』（以上說福爾南因何發跡。譯者注。）

方丈張大嘴，遲疑了一會，隨即努力鎮靜他自己，說道，『有人對我說，摩西第失蹤了，是不是？』

卡特祿說道，『是失蹤，如同太陽失蹤，到了明早又升天，變作更光明。』——方丈帶着諷刺的微笑，問道，『難道她也發了大財麼？』

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"Mercédès is at this moment one of the greatest ladies in Paris," replied Caderousse.

"Go on," said the abbé; "it seems as if I were listening to the story of a dream. But I have seen things so extraordinary, that what you tell me seems less astonishing than it otherwise might."

"Mercédès was at first in the deepest despair at the blow which deprived her of Edmond. I have told you of her attempts to propitiate M. de Villefort, her devotion to the elder Dantès. In the midst of her despair, a new affliction overtook her. This was the departure of Fernand—of Fernand, whose crime she did not know, and whom she regarded as her brother. Fernand went, and Mercédès remained alone. Three months passed and still she wept—no news of Edmond, no news of Fernand, no companionship save that of an old man who was dying with despair. One evening, after a day of accustomed vigil at the angle of two roads leading to Marseilles from the Catalans, she returned to her home more depressed than ever. Suddenly she heard a step she knew, turned anxiously around, the door opened, and Fernand, dressed in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant, stood before her. It was not the one she wished for most, but it seemed as if a part of her past life had returned to her. Mercédès seized Fernand's hands with a transport<sup>1</sup> which he took for love, but which was only joy at being no longer alone in the world, and seeing at last a friend, after long hours of solitary sorrow. And then, it must be confessed, Fernand had never been

<sup>1</sup> transport, 歡喜欲狂.

卡特祿答道，『現時摩西第是巴黎的最闊的貴夫人中之一。』

方丈說道，『請你往下說，我好像是聽人說夢話一般。但是我見過許多極非常的事，所以你所告訴我的事就不甚令我驚奇。』

卡特祿說道，『摩西第失了她的愛特曼，受了一大打擊，初時是絕望到了極點。我曾告訴你，她曾嘗試求維富特替他說情，她又曾一片真誠服事老唐提。她正在絕望的時候，又來了一件傷心的事。就是福爾南動身——她並不曉得福爾南犯了罪，她向來當福爾南如同她的親兄弟一般。福爾南走了，摩西第獨自一人過活。過了三個月，她仍然啼哭——她得不着愛特曼的下落，又得不着福爾南的消息，無人作伴，只有一個因絕望而快死的老人作伴。有一次她在兩條街的相交角上守了一天，到了傍晚，她回家，她更覺得愁悶。她忽然聽見她所曉得的脚步聲，她很着急的掉轉身子，門開了，她看見福爾南穿了少尉軍服站在她面前。這個雖不是她所最想見的人，卻好像有一部分她自己的已往生命回到她身上了。摩西第歡喜欲狂的捉住他的兩手，他以爲是她戀愛他，其實她不過是因獨居愁悶許久之後，看見一個老朋友，她不像是一個孤零的人，所以歡喜。我們卻要承認她向來並

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hated—he was only not precisely loved. Another possessed all Mercédès' heart; that other was absent, had disappeared, perhaps was dead. At this last thought Mercédès burst into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands in agony; but the thought, which she had always repelled before when it was suggested to her by another, came now in full force upon her mind; and then, too, old Dantès incessantly said to her, 'Our Edmond is dead; if he were not, he would return to us.' The old man died, as I have told you; had he lived, Mercédès, perchance, had not become the wife of another, for he would have been there to reproach her infidelity. Fernand saw this, and when he learned of the old man's death he returned. He was now a lieutenant. At his first coming he had not said a word of love to Mercédès; at the second he reminded her that he loved her. Mercédès begged for six months more in which to await and mourn for Edmond."

"So that," said the abbé, with a bitter smile, "that makes eighteen months in all. What more could the most devoted lover desire?" Then he murmured the words of the English poet, " 'Frailty, thy name is woman.' "

"Six months afterwards," continued Caderousse, "the marriage took place in the church of Accoules."—"The very church in which she was to have married Edmond," murmured the priest; "there was only a change of bridegrooms."

"Well, Mercédès was married," proceeded Caderousse; "but although in the eyes of the world she appeared calm, she nearly fainted as she passed La Réserve, where, eighteen months before, the betrothal had been celebrated with him whom she might have known she still loved had she



不討厭他，不過是並不切實戀愛他。她所戀愛的另是一人；這個人並不在跟前，失蹤了，也許是已經死了。摩西第一想到這一層，就放聲大哭，心痛到扭手。從前只有另外一個人對她提議一件事，她是樂聞的，若是他人提議，她總是拒絕的，現在這個意思加倍有力的到她的心裏；況且老唐提不停的對她說道，「我們的愛特曼是死了；假死他不曾死，他是會回來找我們的。」我告訴過你，老唐提死了；設使他還活着，摩西第也許不會另嫁別人的，因為老頭子會怪責她不貞。福爾南曉得這一層，所以他聽見老頭子死了，他才回來。他現在是一個大尉了，他第一次來，並不會對摩西第提過一次戀愛的話；他第二次來，就提醒她，說他愛她。摩西第求再等六個月，等候與追悼愛特曼。」

方丈帶着怨恨，微笑說道，「共總等了十八個月。最誠心的愛人所望的，也不能過此，是不是？」他隨即喃喃誦英國詩人的句子道，「女子的貞潔總是薄弱的。」

卡特祿說道，「六個月後在某教堂行結婚禮。」教士喃喃道，「就是在她從前將要與愛特曼結婚的教堂行禮；不過不是那個新郎。」

卡特祿往下說道，「摩西第是嫁了人啦；從世人的眼看來她雖然好像是鎮靜的，但是當她在拉利西甫小酒店面前經過的時候，她幾乎暈倒了，因為在十八個月前，她原是在這所酒店與另外一個人慶賀定婚喜禮的，設使這個時候她細察她自己的心，也許可以曉得她還是愛這個人。福爾南覺

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looked to the bottom of her heart. Fernand, more happy, but not more at his ease—for I saw at this time he was in constant dread of Edmond's return—Fernand was very anxious to get his wife away, and to depart himself. There were too many unpleasant possibilities associated with the Catalans, and eight days after the wedding they left Marseilles.”—“Did you ever see Mercédès again?” inquired the priest.

“Yes, during the Spanish war, at Perpignan, where Fernand had left her; she was attending to the education of her son.” The abbé started. “Her son?” said he.—“Yes,” replied Caderousse, “little Albert.”—“But, then, to be able to instruct her child,” continued the abbé, “she must have received an education herself. I understood from Edmond that she was the daughter of a simple fisherman, beautiful but uneducated.”

“Oh,” replied Caderousse, “did he know so little of his lovely betrothed? Mercédès might have been a queen, sir, if the crown were to be placed on the heads of the loveliest and most intelligent. Fernand's fortune was already waxing great, and she developed with his growing fortune. She learned drawing, music—everything. Besides, I believe, between ourselves,<sup>1</sup> she did this in order to distract her mind,<sup>2</sup> that she might forget; and she only filled her head in order to alleviate the weight on her heart. But now her position in life is assured,” continued Caderousse; “no doubt fortune and honors have comforted her; she is rich, a countess, and yet”—Caderousse paused.

“And yet what?” asked the abbé.

<sup>1</sup> between ourselves, 我同你說句秘密話吧。 <sup>2</sup> distract her mind, 使她心有所寄。

得更快樂，同時卻又覺得不安——因為這個時候我曉得他常時恐怕愛特曼回來——福爾南急於要走開，同他的夫人離開此地。同卡塔蘭人們在一起是很可以發生不歡事體的，所以他們結婚後八天就離開瑪爾塞了。』——方丈問道，『你後來曾看見摩西第麼？』

卡特祿答道，『見過的，當法蘭西與西班牙打仗的時候，我在坡比南（Perpignan）看見她，福爾南安置她在這裏；那時候她正在招呼她的兒子讀書。』方丈驚了一跳。他說道，『她的兒子麼？』——卡特祿答道，『是的，就是小愛伯特。』——方丈接連問道，『但是既要教她的兒子，她必得自己先受教育呀。我聽愛特曼說她不過是一個漁翁的女兒，長得很美，卻未受過教育。』

卡特祿答道，『哈！他怎麼不甚曉得他的美貌的未婚妻呀？先生，假使加冕於最美貌最聰明的女子頭上，摩西第就可以做王后。福爾南的富貴日見增長，她的發展也日見增長。她學會繪畫與音樂——無不學會了。我同你說句秘密話吧，她所以學習這些美術原為的是要使她心有所寄，使她可以忘記前事；她用美術裝滿她的腦海，以便減輕她心裏的重負。（卡特祿所說的話無一不是打動愛特曼，使他更愛摩西第更恨福爾南。譯者注。）現時她在社會上的地位是穩固了；富貴榮華使她心安了；她很有錢，又是一位伯爵夫人，但是——說到這裏卡特祿不往下說啦。

方丈問道，『但是什麼？』

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"Yet, I am sure, she is not happy," said Caderousse.

"What makes you believe this?"—"Why, when I found myself utterly destitute, I thought my old friends would, perhaps, assist me. So I went to Danglars, who would not even receive me. I called on Fernand, who sent me a hundred francs by his valet-de-chambre."

"Then you did not see either of them?"

"No; but Madame de Morcerf saw me."

"How was that?"—"As I went away a purse fell at my feet—it contained five and twenty louis; I raised my head quickly, and saw Mercédès, who at once shut the blind."

"And M. de Villefort?" asked the abbé.—"Oh, he never was a friend of mine, I did not know him, and I had nothing to ask of him."

"Do you not know what became of him, and the share he had in Edmond's misfortunes?"—"No; I only know that some time after Edmond's arrest, he married Mademoiselle de Saint-Méran, and soon after left Marseilles; no doubt he has been as lucky as the rest; no doubt he is as rich as Danglars, as high in station as Fernand. I only, as you see, have remained poor, wretched, and forgotten."

"You are mistaken, my friend," replied the abbé; "God may seem sometimes to forget for a time, while his justice<sup>1</sup> réposes, but there always comes a moment when he remembers—and behold—a proof!" As he spoke, the abbé took the diamond from his pocket, and giving it to Caderousse, said,—"Here, my friend, take this diamond, it is yours."

<sup>1</sup>justice, 賞罰.

卡特祿說道，『但是我深信她並不歡樂。』

方丈問道，『什麼事體使你相信她並不歡樂？』——『她爲什麼不歡樂，我可以告訴你。當我見得我自己貧乏到極點的時候，我就想起我的老朋友們，也許他們可以幫助我。我於是去見璫伽拉，他不接待我。我去見福爾南，他打發侍役送我一百法朗。』

方丈問道，『你一個老朋友也不曾見着麼？』

卡特祿答道，『不曾見着；摩爾塞甫夫人（即摩西第。譯者注。）卻見我。』

方丈問道，『這是怎麼一會事？』——卡特祿說道，『當我走出來的時候，有一個錢袋丟在我的腳下——袋裏有二十五個路易（金幣名。譯者注。）；我趕快抬頭，我看見摩西第，她立刻關閉窗子。』（以上說福爾南及他與摩西第結婚生子等事。譯者注。）

方丈問道，『維富特怎麼樣？』——卡特祿答道，『他向來不是我的朋友，我不認得他，我並不問他求些什麼。』

方丈問道，『你不曉得他後來怎麼樣嗎？你不曉得他有分子拘愛特曼入獄嗎？』——『我不曉得；我只曉得愛特曼被拏之後不久他與聖米朗（Saint-Méran）小姐結婚，不久就離開瑪爾塞了；他誠然與那兩個人一樣同走好運；他誠然同璫伽拉一樣發了大財，同福爾南一樣做了大官。你眼見着，只有一個人仍然是貧窮的，可憐的，無人記念的。』

方丈答道，『我的朋友，你錯了，上帝有時好像是暫時忘記了某人，他的賞罰好像暫時不行，但是總有一天他會記得的——你看呀——這就是一個憑據！』方丈一面說一面從衣袋裏取出那顆金剛鑽，交與卡特祿，說道，——『我的朋友，這是你的金剛鑽，你拿去。』

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"What, for me only?" cried Caderousse; "ah, sir, do not jest with me!"

"This diamond was to have been shared among his friends. Edmond had one friend only, and thus it cannot be divided. Take the diamond, then, and sell it; it is worth fifty thousand francs, and I repeat my wish that this sum may suffice to release you from your wretchedness."

"Oh, sir," said Caderousse, putting out one hand timidly, and with the other wiping away the perspiration which bedewed his brow,—*"Oh, sir, do not make a jest of the happiness or despair of a man."*

"I know what happiness and what despair are, and I never make a jest of such feelings. Take it, then, but in exchange—"

Caderousse, who touched the diamond, withdrew his hand. The abbé smiled. "In exchange," he continued, "give me the red silk purse that M. Morrel left on old Dantès' chimney-piece, and which you tell me is still in your hands." Caderousse, more and more astonished, went toward a large oaken cupboard, opened it, and gave the abbé a long purse of faded red silk, round which were two copper runners that had once been gilt. The abbé took it, and in return gave Caderousse the diamond.

"Oh, you are a man of God, sir," cried Caderousse; "for no one knew that Edmond had given you this diamond, and you might have kept it."—"Which," said the abbé to himself, "you would have done." The abbé rose, took his hat and gloves. "Well," he said, "all you have told me is perfectly true, then, and I may believe it in every particular."—"See, sir," replied Caderousse, "in this corner is a crucifix in holy wood—here on this shelf is my

卡特祿說道，『什麼呀！給我一個人的嗎？先生，你不要同我開頑笑呀！』

『這顆金剛鑽原是給他的朋友們分用的。愛特曼只有一個朋友，所以就不能分用啦。你把金剛鑽拿去變賣；這件東西值五萬佛朗，我再說我的意思，但願這一筆錢可以解救你，使你免受困苦啦。』

卡特祿一手擦額上的汗，一手怯怯的伸出，說道，『先生，請你不要拿一個人的歡樂或絕望開頑笑呀。』

方丈說道，『我曉得什麼是歡樂什麼是絕望，我絕不拿這樣的感情開頑笑。你拿去，但是我有一個交換條件——』

卡特祿伸手摩摩金剛鑽，又縮手。方丈微笑說道，『我把金剛鑽給你，你把紅絲綫所織的錢袋（這一回與第二十九回作者用紅錢袋作線索。譯者注。）給我，這是摩拉爾先生放在老唐提屋裏的爐台上的，你曾經告訴我還在你手上。』

卡特祿越驚愕，走向一個大橡木櫥，打開櫥門，把已經退色的紅絲綫織的長袋給了方丈，袋口有兩個銅圈，從前原是鍍金的。方丈拿了錢袋，把金剛鑽交與卡特祿。

卡特祿喊道，『先生，你是虔奉上帝的人，因為無人曉得愛特曼把金剛鑽交與你，你原可以留下自用。』——方丈對自己說道，『你是會這樣做的。』方丈站起來，拿他的帽子與手套。他說道，『你所告訴我的完全是實話嗎，我可以全相信嗎？』——卡特祿答道，『先生，你請看，這一個角上有一架木製的耶穌釘在十字架的神像——在這個架上的是我的女

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wife's testament; open this book, and I will swear upon it with my hand on the crucifix. I will swear to you by my soul's salvation, my faith as a Christian, I have told everything to you as it occurred, and as the recording angel will tell it to the ear of God at the day of the last judgment!"

" 'Tis well," said the abbé, convinced by his manner and tone that Caderousse spoke the truth. " 'Tis well, and may this money profit you! Adieu; I go far from men who thus so bitterly injure each other."

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE HOUSE OF MORREL & SON

ANY one who had quitted Marseilles a few years previously, well acquainted with the interior of Morrel's warehouse, and had returned at this date, would have found a great change. Instead of that air of life, of comfort, and of happiness that permeates<sup>1</sup> a flourishing and prosperous business establishment—instead of merry faces at the windows, busy clerks hurrying to and fro in the long corridors—instead of the court filled with bales of goods, re-echoing with the cries and the jokes of porters, one would have immediately perceived an aspect<sup>2</sup> of sadness and gloom. Out of all the numerous clerks that used to fill the deserted corridor and the empty office, but two remained. One was a young man of three or four and twenty, who was in love with M. Morrel's daughter, and had remained with him in spite of the efforts of his friends

<sup>1</sup> permeates, 瀰漫. <sup>2</sup> aspect, 景象.



人的聖經；你打開這本聖經，我一手放在十字架，我就在聖經上發誓。我是個基督教信徒，我爲的是靈魂得救，我今發誓，我照事直說，全告訴了你，到了裁判末日，記事的天使將告訴上帝。』

方丈看他的情形，聽他的腔調，相信他說的是實話，方丈說道，『好呀，但願這筆錢可以於你有益！（其意是說於他有害。譯者注。）我告辭啦；我要遠離這樣忍心互相殘害的人們。』……

## 第二十九回 摩拉爾父子字號

凡是在數年前離開瑪爾塞地方，曉得摩拉爾的貨棧裏面的，到了現在才回來，就會看見很大的改變。從前原是一個發達興隆的商號，全是一片活潑，安適，及歡樂氣象，彌漫這個字號，在窗口的都是歡喜的臉，院子裏堆積如山的貨物，在長廊底下有許多忙碌的錄事們跑來跑去，一片小工們叫喊與說笑的聲音，現在卻不是這樣了，一看就只見一片愁慘與黑暗的景象。從前有許多錄事，塞滿了廊廡與辦公室，現在全空了，只有兩個錄事。一個是少年，約二十三歲，他戀愛摩拉爾的女兒，曾有許多朋友竭力引誘他走，他

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to induce him to withdraw; the other was an old one-eyed cashier, called "Coclès," or "Cock-eye," a nickname given him by the young men who used to throng this vast now almost deserted bee-hive, and which had so completely replaced his real name that he would not, in all probability, have replied to any one who addressed him by it.

Coclès remained in M. Morrel's service, and a most singular change had taken place in his position; he had at the same time risen to the rank of cashier, and sunk to the rank of a servant. He was, however, the same Coclès, good, patient, devoted, but inflexible on the subject of arithmetic, the only point on which he would have stood firm against the world, even against M. Morrel; and strong in the multiplication-table, which he had at his fingers' ends, no matter what scheme or what trap was laid to catch him. In the midst of the disasters that befell the house, Coclès was the only one unmoved. But this did not arise from a want of affection; on the contrary, from a firm conviction.<sup>1</sup> Like the rats that one by one forsake the doomed ship even before the vessel weighs anchor, so all the numerous clerks had by degrees deserted the office and the warehouse. Coclès had seen them go without thinking of inquiring the cause of their departure. Everything was, as we have said, a question of arithmetic to Coclès, and during twenty years he had always seen all payments made with such exactitude, that it seemed as impossible to him that the house should stop payment, as it would to a miller that the river that had so long turned his mill should cease to flow.

<sup>1</sup>conviction, 深信.

卻不走，還在這裏做事；還有一個是個年老，一隻眼的支應員的，人稱柯克利，(Coelès 一隻眼。譯者注。)這原是少年們給他的綽號，這些少年從前塞滿這所大的（現在無人來的）蜂窩；這個綽號很通行，就無人稱他的真名姓，設使有人稱他的真名姓，還許他是不會回答的。

柯克利還幫摩拉爾的忙，不曾走，他的地位變作很奇怪的；他升做支應員，同時卻降作一個僕人。他卻還是同從前一樣的柯克利，還是個好人，耐煩，專心為主，帳目上還是毫不通融的，說到這一層，無論是對於全個世界，抑或是對於東家摩拉爾自己，他也是不肯通融，要反抗的；乘數表他是熟透了的，無論用什麼計策或陷穽，要抓他的錯也是抓不着的。當這個字號遇着種種禍害的時候，只有柯克利一個人不為所動。這卻並不是因為他毫無感情；只是由於一種堅固的深信。那許多的錄事們如同船上的老鼠一般，曉得船要壞就不等下錨全逃去了，錄事們一個個逐漸走了，公事房與貨棧就空無一人了。柯克利看見他們走，他也絕不想到盤問根由，他們是為什麼走的。我們已經說過，自柯克利看來，無論什麼事，都逃不出帳目，他在這個字號二十年，常看見全數帳款都是按期交付的，他就以為這個字號是絕不會停止支付的，就如同一磨師看見河水流了很長久，轉他的磨，是絕不會忽然停止不流的。

Nothing had as yet occurred to shake Coclès' belief; the last month's payment had been made with the most scrupulous exactitude; Coclès had detected an overbalance of fourteen sous in his cash, and the same evening he had brought them to M. Morrel, who, with a melancholy smile, threw them into an almost empty drawer, saying:—

"Thanks, Coclès; you are the pearl of cashiers."

Coclès went away perfectly happy, for this eulogium of M. Morrel, himself the pearl of the honest men of Marseilles, flattered him more than a present of fifty crowns. But since the end of the month M. Morrel had passed many an anxious hour. In order to meet the payments then due, he had collected all his resources, and, fearing lest the report of his distress should get bruited abroad at Marseilles when he was known to be reduced to such an extremity, he went to the Beaucaire fair to sell his wife's and daughter's jewels and a portion of his plate. By this means the end of the month was passed, but his resources were now exhausted. Credit,<sup>1</sup> owing to the reports afloat, was no longer to be had; and to meet the one hundred thousand francs due on the 15th of the present month, and the one hundred thousand francs due on the 15th of the next month to M. de Boville, M. Morrel had, in reality, no hope but the return of the *Pharaon*, of whose departure he had learnt from a vessel which had weighed anchor at the same time, and which had already arrived in harbor. But this vessel which, like the *Pharaon*, came from Calcutta, had been in for a fortnight, while no intelligence had been received of the *Pharaon*.

credit, 餘

現時還無什麼事體發生，搖動柯克利的相信；最後一筆款，是絲毫不誤，極其準確照付的；柯克利看出現款上有十四個銅錢盈餘，當天晚上他就送交東家摩拉爾，東家慘然微笑，把這十四個銅錢摔入一個幾乎空無所有的抽屜裏，說道：

『柯克利，我謝謝你，你是最可寶貴的一個支應員。』

柯克利很歡樂的走出去；因為摩拉爾自己是瑪爾塞的一個最可寶貴的誠實可靠的商人，柯克利得了他這句恭維話，比得了他送五十圓錢還要歡喜得多。但是自從月底以來，摩拉爾過了好些着急時間。因為要照付到期的款子，他收集全數他的資藉，他又恐怕有人曉得計窮力竭，在瑪爾塞，播傳謠言，他就走去布卡爾集變賣他妻女的首飾與他的一部分的金銀器皿。他用這個方法，才過了月底，但是到了這個時候，他的資藉消耗淨盡了。因為消息已經播傳，賒借是辦不到的了；布維利有兩宗存款，一宗是十萬佛朗本月十五日到期，一宗也是十萬佛朗下月十五到期，摩拉爾其實無法籌還，惟有盼望法拉安船回來；有一條船是與法拉安同時起旋的，這條船已經到了，法拉安卻還未到。這條船與法拉安都是從喀爾喀塔(Calcutta)開來的，已經到了兩個星期，卻還得不着法拉安的消息。

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Such was the state of affairs when, the day after his interview with M. de Boville, the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, presented himself at M. Morrel's. Emmanuel received him; this young man was alarmed by the appearance of every new face, for every new face might be that of a new creditor, come in anxiety to question the head of the house. The young man, wishing to spare his employer the pain of this interview, questioned the new-comer; but the stranger declared that he had nothing to say to M. Emmanuel, and that his business was with M. Morrel in person. Emmanuel sighed, and summoned Coclès. Coclès appeared, and the young man bade him conduct the stranger to M. Morrel's apartment. Coclès went first, and the stranger followed him. On the staircase they met a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen, who looked with anxiety at the stranger.

"M. Morrel is in his room, is he not, Mademoiselle Julie?" said the cashier.

"Yes; I think so, at least," said the young girl hesitatingly. "Go and see, Coclès, and if my father is there, announce this gentleman."

"It will be useless to announce me, mademoiselle," returned the Englishman. "M. Morrel does not know my name; this worthy gentleman has only to announce the confidential clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome, with whom your father does business."

The young girl turned pale and continued to descend, while the stranger and Coclès continued to mount the staircase. She entered the office where Emmanuel was, while Coclès, by the aid of a key he possessed, opened a

摩拉爾字號正在爲難的時候，羅馬的妥木生與法蘭治字號的預聞機密的錄事（讀者注意這又是唐提愛特曼改裝的。譯者注。）同布維爾見面之後一日，就來找摩拉爾字號。伊曼紐爾（Emmanuel）（即摩拉爾的錄事。譯者注。）出來見他；這個少年一看見面生的人就恐怖，因爲面生的人很許就是一個債主，他不放心，走來問行主。這個少年不願意行東受見面盤問的痛苦，就請問這個新到的人；不料這個面生的人說，他無話對伊曼紐爾說，只要見摩拉爾本人。伊曼紐爾歎一口氣，就傳柯克利。柯克利走出來，這個少年就吩咐他領這個面生的人進去摩拉爾的屋子。柯克利先行，面生的人跟隨他走。他們在樓梯上碰見一個十六七歲的美貌姑娘，她帶着着急的神色，看看這個面生的人。

支應員說道，『朱理小姐，摩拉爾先生在他的屋裏，是不是？』

這個少年姑娘遲疑着說道，『是的；我想他是在屋裏。柯克利，你去看，我的父親若在屋裏，你就報告這位先生要見他。』

這個英國人（即面生的人，譯者注。）答道，『小姐，報告我的名姓是無用的。因爲摩拉爾先生並不曉得我的名姓；只要請這位好先生去說羅馬的妥木生與法蘭治行號的機密錄事要見，你的父親，與這個行號有往來。』

這個少年女子的臉變作花白色，接連下樓，面生的人與柯克利，接連上樓。她走入伊曼紐爾所在的公事房，那時候

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door in the corner of a landing-place on the second staircase, conducted the stranger into an antechamber, opened a second door, which he closed behind him, and after having left the clerk of the house of Thomson & French alone, returned and signed to him that he could enter. The Englishman entered, and found Morrel seated at a table, turning over the formidable columns of his ledger, which contained the list of his liabilities. At the sight of the stranger, M. Morrel closed the ledger, arose, and offered a seat to the stranger; and when he had seen him seated, resumed his own chair. Fourteen years had changed the worthy merchant, who, in his thirty-sixth year at the opening of this history, was now in his fiftieth; his hair had turned white, time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows<sup>1</sup> on his brow, and his look, once so firm and penetrating, was now irresolute and wandering, as if he feared being forced to fix his attention on some particular thought or person. The Englishman looked at him with an air of curiosity, evidently mingled with interest.<sup>2</sup> "Monsieur," said Morrel, whose uneasiness was increased by this examination, "you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, monsieur; you are aware from whom I come?"

"The house of Thomson & French; at least, so my cashier tells me."

"He has told you rightly. The house of Thomson & French had 300,000 or 400,000 francs to pay this month in France; and, knowing your strict punctuality, have collected all the bills bearing your signature, and charged me as they became due to present them, and to employ the

<sup>1</sup>furrows, 淺溝; 皺紋. <sup>2</sup>interest, 關切.



柯克利取出一把鑰匙，開了在第二層樓角上一間房的門，領面生的人進去招待室，開第二道門，又關上了，撇下這位機密錄事一個人在這裏，他又回來，示意他可以進去啦。這個英國人走進去，看見摩拉爾坐在桌邊，翻閱他的總帳簿，簿裏開列他所欠的債款。摩拉爾看見這個面生的人，關上帳簿，站起來，請他坐下；他看見客人坐下，他自己又坐下。十四年不曾見面，這個有名譽的商人的面貌已經改變了，我們這本歷史一開篇的時候，他不過是三十六歲，現時他是五十歲了；他的頭髮變白了，時光與憂慮使他的額上有了許多很深的皺紋；從前他的神色是堅決的，團聚的，現在卻是遲疑的，散漫的，好像他害怕被逼注意於某思想或某人。這個英國人帶着好奇神氣看他，顯然帶着關切神色。摩拉爾本來已經是心裏不安的了，被他這一觀察，更不安，說道，『先生，你要同我說話麼？』

『是的，你曉得是誰打發我來的麼？』

摩拉爾答道，『是安木生與法蘭治行號打發你來的，我的支應員至少是這樣告訴我的。』

『他對你說得不錯。安木生與法蘭治行號本月要在法蘭西支付三四十萬佛朗；這個行號曉得你是絲毫不爽，到期就支付的，收集了你所簽字的全數借票，吩咐我到期向貴號支取，取來的款項另作別用。』摩拉爾深深歎了一口氣，用手

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money otherwise." Morrel sighed deeply, and passed his hand over his forehead, which was covered with perspiration.

"So then, sir," said Morrel, "you hold bills of mine?"

"Yes, and for a considerable sum."—"What is the amount?" asked Morrel with a voice he strove to render firm.

"Here is," said the Englishman, taking a quantity of papers from his pocket, "an assignment<sup>1</sup> of 200,000 francs to our house by M. de Boville, the inspector of prisons, to whom they are due. You acknowledge, of course, that you owe this sum to him?"

"Yes; he placed the money in my hands at four and a half per cent nearly five years ago."—"When are you to pay?"

"Half the 15th of this month, half the 15th of next."

"Just so; and now here are 32,500 francs payable shortly; they are all signed by you, and assigned to our house by the holders."

"I recognize them," said Morrel, whose face was suffused, as he thought that, for the first time in his life, he would be unable to honor his own signature. "Is this all?"—"No, I have for the end of the month these bills which have been assigned to us by the house of Pascal, and the house of Wild & Turner of Marseilles, amounting to nearly 55,000 francs; in all, 287,500 francs." It is impossible to describe what Morrel suffered during this enumeration. "Two hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred francs," repeated he.—"Yes, sir," replied the Englishman. "I will not," continued he, after a moment's silence, "conceal from you, that while your

<sup>1</sup>assignment, 劃歸; 過戶.

摩他的額，額上全是汗。

摩拉爾說道，『先生，你手上有我的借票麼？』

『是的，數目頗大。』——摩拉爾問道，『共總是多少？』他說話的聲音是抖抖的，卻竭力要作鎮靜。

這個英國人從他的袋裏掏出許多票來，說道，『這是監獄稽查官布維爾過給我們行號的，是二十萬佛朗。你自然承認你欠他二十萬佛朗？』

『我承認，這是他約在五年前存在我這裏的，利息四厘半。』——英國人問道。『你幾時付？』

摩拉爾說道，『本月十五付一半，下月十五付一半。』

英國人說道，『確是這樣；這裏還有三萬二千五百佛朗，不久就到期啦；這都是你簽過字的，執票人過給我們的行號啦。』

摩拉爾說，『我都承認，』當他一想這是他生平第一次不能還債，滿臉通紅。他問道，『只是這兩筆款子麼？』——英國人答道，『還有啦，本月底到期的有帕司卡號劃歸我們的，有瑪爾塞的懷爾特及拖爾那爾號劃歸我們的，兩共約五萬五千佛朗；總共二十八萬七千五百佛朗。』當他計數的時候，摩拉爾怎樣受苦，是筆墨所不能形容的。摩拉爾再說一遍道，『二十八萬七千五百佛朗』——英國人答道，『先生，是的。』他停了一會不響，隨即接着說道，『我不瞞你說，計至

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probity<sup>1</sup> and exactitude up to this moment are universally acknowledged, yet the report is current in Marseilles that you are not able to meet your liabilities." At this almost brutal speech<sup>2</sup> Morrel turned deathly pale. "Sir," said he, "up to this time—and it is now more than four and twenty years since I received the direction of this house from my father, who had himself conducted it for five and thirty years—never has anything bearing the signature of Morrel & Son been dishonored."

"I know that," replied the Englishman. "But as a man of honor should answer another, tell me fairly, shall you pay these with the same punctuality?" Morrel shuddered, and looked at the man, who spoke with more assurance than he had hitherto shown. "To questions frankly put," said he, "a straightforward answer should be given. Yes, I shall pay, if, as I hope, my vessel arrives safely; for its arrival will again procure me the credit which the numerous accidents, of which I have been the victim, have deprived me; but if the *Pharaon* should be lost, and this last resource be gone"—the poor man's eyes filled with tears.—"Well," said the other "if this last resource fail you?"—"Well," returned Morrel, "it is a cruel thing to be forced to say, but, already used to misfortune, I must habituate myself to shame. I fear I shall be forced to suspend payment."

"Have you no friends who could assist you?" Morrel smiled mournfully. "In business, sir," said he, "one has no friends, only correspondents."—"It is true," murmured the Englishman; "then you have but one hope."

probity, 信用. <sup>2</sup>brutal speech, 不留餘地的說話.

這個時候，你的信用，與你的毫不誤期是人人所承認的，但是瑪塞爾有流言說你不能還債。』摩拉爾一聽他這兩句坦率不留餘地的話，立刻變作臉無人色，如同死人一般。他說道，「先生，計到此時——我從我父親手上接辦這個行號，有二十四年多了，我的父親自己辦這個行號，又有三十五年——凡有摩拉爾父子字號所簽字的欠單無有不照付的。」

英國人答道，『我曉得。但是你試以一個誠實人的資格答復另一個誠實人，你公公道道的告訴我，你將來能夠同從前一樣按期付款麼？』摩拉爾發抖，望望他，他這個人比剛才說話說得更有把握。他就答道，『你既坦白問我，我該坦白答你。只要我的船平安到埠，我能支付；因為這條船到了，我又能夠有信用，我所以失信用原為的是我有幾條船遇事了；但若法拉安船遇事，倘若這個最後的資藉也失了』——這個可憐的人說到這句話，兩眼含淚。——那個英國人說道，『倘若這個最後的資藉也失了，你便怎麼樣？』——摩拉爾答道，『我屢遭不幸，我必得習慣出醜，我被逼說這句話，原是一件極慘痛的事。我恐怕我不得不倒帳。』

英國人問道，『難道你無能夠幫助你的朋友們麼？』——摩拉爾慘然微笑。他說道，『先生，在貿易場中，無所謂朋友，只有來往的行號。』——英國人喃喃說道，『這是的確的；既是這樣，你只有一個希望。』

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"But one."—"The last?"

"The last."—"So that if this fail"—

"I am ruined,—completely ruined!"

"As I was on my way here, a vessel was coming into port."—"I know it, sir; a young man, who still adheres to my fallen fortunes, passes a part of his time in a *belvidere*<sup>1</sup> at the top of the house, in hopes of being the first to announce good news to me; he has informed me of the arrival of this ship."

"And it is not yours?"—"No, she is a Bordeaux vessel, *La Gironde*; she comes from India also; but she is not mine."

"Perhaps she has spoken<sup>2</sup> the *Pharaon*, and brings you some tidings of her?"

"Shall I tell you plainly one thing, sir? I dread almost as much to receive any tidings of my vessel as to remain in doubt. Uncertainty is still hope." Then in a low voice Morrel added,—“This delay is not natural. The *Pharaon* left Calcutta the 5th February; she ought to have been here a month ago.”—"What is that?" said the Englishman. "What is the meaning of that noise?"

"Oh, oh!" cried Morrel, turning pale, "what is it?" A loud noise was heard on the stairs of people moving hastily, and half-stifled sobs. Morrel rose and advanced to the door; but his strength failed him and he sank into a chair. The two men remained opposite one another, Morrel trembling in every limb, the stranger gazing at him with an air of profound pity. The noise had ceased; but it

<sup>1</sup> *belvidere*, 望樓. <sup>2</sup> *has spoken*, 船與船在海上通問訊.

『我只有一個希望。』——『是你的最後一個希望麼?』  
『是最後的希望!』——『倘若失了這個希望,你就』  
——『我就毀了,——完全毀了!』

英國人說道,『當我往你這裏來的時候,我在路上看見一條船進口。』——摩拉爾答道,『先生,我曉得;我這裏有一個少年他仍然還親附我這個倒霉人,不肯走開,他每天總費許多工夫在房頂上的望樓瞭望,希望做第一個報喜信的人;他曾告訴我那條船到了。』

英國人問道,『不是你的船麼?』——『不是的,她是一條坡爾都 (Bordeaux) 船,名拉吉隆 (La Gironde), 她也是從印度來的;卻不是我的船。』

英國人說道,『也許她在海上遇着法拉安,通過問訊,帶消息來給你,也未可知?』

摩拉爾說道,『先生,你讓我告訴你一句坦白話麼?我在這裏懷疑固是可怕,我得到我的船的消息幾乎也是一樣的可怕。懷疑仍然是希望。』

摩拉爾於是低聲再說道,『這次耽延不到,不是出於自然的。法拉安是二月五日從喀爾喀塔開行的;她應該在一個月前到這裏。』——英國人問道,『這是什麼。爲什麼這樣吵鬧?』

摩拉爾臉色變作死白,喊道,『嗨!嗨!這是什麼?』他們聽見有幾個人在樓梯上快走的很響聲音,還聽見有按着一半的嗚咽聲。摩拉爾站起來,向門口走;但是他的氣力支持不住,他倒在一把椅子上。這兩個人面面相對,摩拉爾渾身發抖,這個面生人,帶着極其憐憫的神色,定眼看他。聲音不

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seemed that Morrel expected something—something had occasioned the noise, and something must follow. The stranger fancied he heard footsteps on the stairs; and that the footsteps, which were those of several persons, stopped at the door. A key was inserted in the lock of the first door, and the creaking of hinges was audible.

“There are only two persons who have the key to that door,” murmured Morrel, “Coclès and Julie.” At this instant the second door opened, and the young girl, her eyes bathed with tears, appeared. Morrel rose tremblingly, supporting himself by the arm of the chair. He would have spoken, but his voice failed him. “Oh, father!” said she, clasping her hands, “forgive your child for being the bearer of evil tidings.”

Morrel again changed color. Julie threw herself into his arms.

“Oh, father, father!” murmured she, “courage!”—“The *Pharaon* has gone down, then?” said Morrel in a hoarse voice. The young girl did not speak; but she made an affirmative sign with her head as she lay on her father’s breast.

“And the crew?” asked Morrel.—“Saved,” said the girl; “saved by the crew of the vessel that has just entered the harbor.” Morrel raised his two hands to heaven with an expression of resignation and sublime gratitude. “Thanks, my God,” said he, “at least thou strikest but me alone.” A tear moistened the eye of the phlegmatic<sup>1</sup> Englishman.

“Come in, come in,” said Morrel, “for I presume you are all at the door.”

<sup>1</sup> phlegmatic, 不易受激刺的



響啦；但是摩拉爾好像料到有什麼事——是這件事發生吵鬧聲音，必定繼續有事發生。面生的人好像聽見樓梯上有脚步聲，是幾個人的脚步聲，到了門口就停止了。有人把鑰匙插入第一道門的鎖洞裏，就聽見蝶鉸的響聲。

摩拉爾喃喃說道，『只有兩個人有開這道門鎖的鎖匙，就是柯克利與朱理。』這個時候第二道門開了，那個少年女子兩眼含淚走進來。摩拉爾抖抖的站起來，用椅手支住他自己。他本想說話，卻說不出來。她合手說道，『父親，你的女兒送凶信來，你饒恕她吧。』

摩拉爾的臉又變色。朱理滾在他的懷裏。

她喃喃說道，『父親，父親，你得壯着膽！』摩拉爾聲音啞啞的說道，『法拉安沉了麼？』這個少年女子不開口，她一面躺在她父親懷裏，點頭證實。

摩拉爾問道，『水手們怎麼樣了？』少年女子答道，『遇救了，是剛才進口的船的水手們拯救的。』摩拉爾向天高舉兩手，滿面是聽天由命與極其感謝的神色。他說道，『我謝我的上帝，好在上帝所打擊的只是我一人。』那個不易受激刺的英國人聽了，也眼含一滴淚。（誰人見了不含淚。譯者注。）

摩拉爾說道，『進來，進來，我料着你們全在門口。』

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Scarcely had he uttered those words than Madame Morrel entered weeping bitterly, Emmanuel followed her, and in the antechamber were visible the rough faces of seven or eight half-naked sailors. At the sight of these men the Englishman started and advanced a step; then restrained himself, and retired into the farthest and most obscure corner of the apartment. Madame Morrel sat down by her husband and took one of his hands in hers, Julie still lay with her head on his shoulder, Emmanuel stood in the centre of the chamber and seemed to form the link between Morrel's family and the sailors at the door.

"How did this happen?" said Morrel.

"Draw nearer, Penelon," said the young man, "and tell us all about it."

An old seaman, bronzed by the tropical sun, advanced, twirling the remains of a tarpaulin between his hands. "Good-day, M. Morrel," said he, as if he had just quitted Marseilles the previous evening, and had just returned from Aix or Toulon.

"Good-day, Penelon," returned Morrel, who could not refrain from smiling through his tears, "where is the captain?"—"The captain, M. Morrel,—he has stayed behind sick at Palma; but please God, it won't be much, and you will see him in a few days all alive and hearty."

"Well, now tell your story, Penelon."

Penelon rolled his quid in his cheek, placed his hand before his mouth, turned his head, and sent a long jet of tobacco-juice into the antechamber, advanced his foot, balanced himself, and began,—“You see, M. Morrel,” said he, “we were somewhere between Cape Blanc and Cape Boyador, sailing with a fair breeze, south-south-west

他幾乎還不曾說完這句話，摩拉爾太太痛哭着進來，跟在她後頭的就是伊曼紐爾，那時候可以看見招待室裏有七八個半裸着體的水手們的粗臉。這個英國人一看見這幾個人，就驚了一跳，前進一步；隨後他節制他自己，退到屋裏最遠最暗的角落裏（水手中有愛特曼的舊同伴，他欲前進，是想同他們拉手，隨即退後躲藏，是恐怕他們認得他。譯者注。）

摩拉爾太太坐在丈夫身邊，抓住他一隻手，朱理的頭還靠在她父親肩膀上，伊曼紐爾站在屋子中間，好像是在摩拉爾的家庭與在門口的水手們之間的一個連環。

摩拉爾說道，「這件事是怎樣發生的？」

那個少年男子說道，「皮尼隆 (Penelon)，你站近些，把所有的情形全告訴我們。」

有一個老水手，被熱帶的陽光晒黑了，走上前，一面兩手轉一件破的煤膠浸透的雨帽。他說道，「摩拉爾先生，我同你問好，」好像他昨天晚上才離開瑪爾塞，才從某處或某處回來的。

摩拉爾答道，「皮尼隆，你好，」他雖然流淚，卻禁不住微笑；「船主在那裏？」——皮尼隆笑道，「摩拉爾先生，船主——有病，留落在帕瑪 (Palma)；謝謝上帝，他的病並不重，過幾天，你就會看見他，如常的活潑與熱鬧。」

「皮尼隆，你把這件事體告訴我。」

皮尼隆在嘴裏捲他的菸葉，把一隻手放在他自己的嘴前，掉轉他的頭，吐出一長條的菸汁在招待室裏，向前伸一脚，他把自己的身子衡平了，起首說道，——「摩拉爾先生，你須知，當我們在布朗山角與坡雅多山角之間乘着好風（在

after a week's calm, when Captain Gaumard comes up to me—I was at the helm I should tell you—and says, 'Penelon, what do you think of those clouds coming up over there?' I was just then looking at them myself. 'What do I think, captain? Why I think that they are rising faster than they have any business to do, and that they would not be so black if they didn't mean mischief.'—'That's my opinion too,' said the captain, 'and I'll take precautions accordingly. We are carrying too much canvas. Avast, there, all hands! Take in the studdings'ls<sup>1</sup> and stow the flying jib.' It was time; the squall was on us, and the vessel began to heel. 'Ah,' said the captain, 'we have still too much canvas set; all hands lower the mains'l!' Five minutes after, it was down; and we sailed under mizzen-tops'ls and to'gall'nt<sup>2</sup> sails. 'Well, Penelon,' said the captain, 'what makes you shake your head?' 'Why,' I says, 'I still think you've got too much on.' 'I think you're right,' answered he, 'we shall have a gale.' 'A gale? More than that, we shall have a tempest, or I don't know what's what.' You could see the wind coming like the dust at Montredon; luckily the captain understood his business. 'Take in two reefs in the tops'ls,' cried the captain; 'let go the bowlin's, haul the brace, lower the to'gall'nt sails, haul out the reef-tackles on the yards.' "

"That was not enough for those latitudes," said the Englishman; "I should have taken four reefs in the topsails and furled the spanker."

His firm, sonorous, and unexpected voice made every

<sup>1</sup>studdings'ls = studding sails, 副帆.    <sup>2</sup>to'gall'nt = top-gallant, 第二接桅.

一個星期無風之後吹西南風)行駛的時候,船主戈瑪特(Gaumard)走到我那裏(我該告訴你,我正在把舵),說道,「皮尼隆,你看那邊有雲頭起來,是什麼意思?」我正在也看那堆雲頭,我答道,「船主,你問我的意思麼?我以為這些雲起得太快,是不應該的,設使這些雲無意作禍,就不應該那樣黑?」——船主說道,「我的意思也是這樣,我去防備。我們使的帆太多。你們衆人,停止工作!收了副帆,捲了船頭的三角帆。」收得正是時候;大風雨到了,我們的船起首搖擺了。船主說道,「我們還是使帆使得太多;衆人齊落正帆!」五分鐘後,正帆落下來啦;我們只用尾帆與第二接桅上的帆。船主說道,「皮尼隆,你為什麼搖頭?」我說道,「我為什麼搖頭,我還以為我們用帆太多。」他答道,「你說得不錯,我們快遇一陣狂風。」我說道,「一陣狂風麼?不止是狂風,我們快遇暴風,不然,我是不曉得什麼是什麼。」你能看見那陣風刮來如同在蒙特敦的塵土一般;好在船主曉得他的職責。船主喊道,「收捲兩截第一接檣帆;放了帆脚繩索,拉轉帆索,拉下第二接桅帆,拉出橫杠上的繩索。」』

英國人說道,「在這個緯度地方,這還是不夠的;假使是我,我是要收捲四截的第一接檣帆,還要收捲船尾帆。」( 愛特曼原是個駛船的好手,這時候不覺技癢,說出行家話,幾乎露出馬脚。譯者注。)

人人聽了他的果決的,悅耳的,與出其不意的的聲音,

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one start. Penelon put his hand over his eyes, and then stared at the man who thus criticized the manœuvres of his captain. "We did better than that, sir," said the old sailor respectfully; "we put the helm up to run before the tempest; ten minutes after we struck our tops'ls and scudded under bare poles."

"The vessel was very old to risk that," said the Englishman.

"Eh, it was that that did the business; after pitching heavily for twelve hours we sprung a leak. 'Penelon,' said the captain, 'I think we are sinking, give me the helm, and go down into the hold.' I gave him the helm, and descended; there was already three feet of water. 'All hands to the pumps!' I shouted; but it was too late, and it seemed the more we pumped the more came in. 'Ah,' said I, after four hours' work, 'since we are sinking, let us sink; we can die but once.' 'That's the example you set, Penelon,' cries the captain; 'very well, wait a minute.' He went into his cabin and came back with a brace of pistols. 'I will blow the brains out of the first man who leaves the pump,' said he."—"Well done!" said the Englishman.

"There's nothing gives you so much courage as good reasons," continued the sailor; "and during that time the wind had abated, and the sea gone down, but the water kept rising; not much, only two inches an hour, but still it rose. 'Two inches an hour does not seem much, but in twelve hours that makes two feet, and three we had before, that makes five. 'Come,' said the captain, 'we have done all in our power, and M. Morrel will have nothing to reproach

無不驚了一跳。皮尼隆放手在眉上，瞪眼看那個批評他的船主的駕駛方法的人。這個老水手很恭敬的說道，『先生，我們比你所說的辦得更好，我們轉舵，乘風直駛；十分鐘後，我們把第一接檣帆全落下來，船上無帆只是光桅，向前快走。』

那個英國人說道，『那條船太舊了，這樣辦法，未免冒險。』

皮尼隆說道，『嗨，就是因為這個原故，出了險；我們的船在海上搖擺得很利害，十二點鐘後，船就漏了。船主說道，「皮尼隆，我看我們的船正在往下沉，你把舵交與我，你走入下艙。」我把舵交與他，我就下去；下艙裏已經有三尺水。我喊道，「衆人全去抽水！」可惜太遲了，好像我們越抽越進水。努力四點鐘後，我說道，「呀，我們既是沉，就讓我們沉；我們不過只能死一次。」船主喊道，「皮尼隆，你既作這樣的榜樣，很好，你且等一會子。」他走入他的房裏，取出兩柄手鎗，他說道，「誰先離開抽水機，我就開鎗打出他的腦漿。」——這個英國人說道，『辦得好！』

這個水手接連說道，『能使人勇敢的無過好理由。那時候風勢稍減，波浪稍落，艙裏的水卻還是增加；加得不多，每點鐘不過加兩寸，但是仍然有加無減。一點鐘加兩寸水，好像並不見多，但是十二點鐘就加二尺，我們本已有兩尺水，這就是五尺。船主說道，「來吧，我們已經盡了我們的力量，

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us with; we have tried to save the ship, let us now save ourselves. To the boats, my lads, as quick as you can.' Now," continued Penelon, "you see, M. Morrel, a sailor is attached to his ship, but still more to his life, so we did not wait to be told twice; the more so, that the ship was sinking under us, and seemed to say, 'Get along—save yourselves.' We soon launched the boat, and all eight of us got into it. The captain descended last, or rather, he did not descend, he would not quit the vessel; so I took him round the waist, and threw him into the boat, and then I jumped after him. It was time, for just as I jumped the deck burst with a noise like the broadside of a man-of-war. Ten minutes after she pitched for'ard, then the other way, spun round and round, and then good-bye to the *Pharaon*. As for us, we were three days without anything to eat or drink, so that we began to think of drawing lots who should feed the rest, when we saw *La Gironde*; we made signals of distress, she perceived us, made for us, and took us all on board. There now, M. Morrel, that's the whole truth, on the honor of a sailor; is not it true, you fellows there?" A general murmur of approbation showed that the narrator had faithfully detailed their misfortunes and sufferings.

"Well, well," said M. Morrel, "I know there was no one in fault but destiny. It was the will of God that this should happen, blessed be his name. What wages are due to you?"

"Oh, don't let us talk of that, M. Morrel."

"Yes, but we will talk of it."

"Well, then, three months," said Penelon.

"Cocès, pay two hundred francs to each of these good



摩拉爾先生無可怪我們的；我們已經出力救船，現在讓我們救我們自己吧。孩子們，趕快放舢板。」皮尼隆接連說道，「摩拉爾先生，你是曉得的，一個水手是捨不得他的船的，更捨不得他自己的性命，所以我們不必等船主吩咐我們第二次；況且船正在往下沉，好像對我們說道，「走吧——救你們自己的性命吧。」我們不久就把舢板放下來，我們八個人同上了舢板。最後下舢板的是船主，不是的，他並不肯下舢板，他不肯離開這條船；還是我抱住他的腰，把他摔入舢板，我隨即在他之後跳入舢板。我們跳得正是時候，因為我正在往下跳的時候，船面破裂，聲音如同兵船放一排大礮一般。十分鐘後，那條船向前跳，隨即向後跳，轉了幾轉，我們就同法拉安告別啦。我們在海面上漂了三天，沒得吃的沒得喝的，我們起首想拈鬮，誰該讓我們吃，那時候我們遇着拉吉隆；我們求救的打號信，她看見我們，駛過來，把我們全接到他們的船上。摩拉爾先生，這就是我們遇風沉船得救的實在情形，並無虛假，我的同事們都在這裏，你們說是不是這樣？」這幾個人喃喃的齊聲贊成，表示說話的人把他們所遭的不幸與所受困苦的詳細情形，說得很真實。

『摩拉爾說道，罷了，罷了，我曉得這是天意，並不是你們那一個的錯。這是上帝的意思，要發生這樣的事。我還欠你們多少工錢？』

『摩拉爾先生，我們不必談工錢吧。』

摩拉爾說道，『我們要談工錢的。』

皮尼隆說道，『既是要談，只欠三個月的。』

摩拉爾說道，『柯克利，你發給我們的好夥計每人二百

fellows," said Morrel. "At another time," added he, "I should have said, Give them, besides, two hundred francs over as a present; but times are changed, and the little money that remains to me is not my own."

Penelon turned to his companions, and exchanged a few words with them.

"As for that, M. Morrel," said he, again turning his quid, "as for that"—

"As for what?"—"The money."—"Well"—

"Well, we all say that fifty francs will be enough for us at present, and that we will wait for the rest."—"Thanks, my friends, thanks!" cried Morrel gratefully; "take it—take it; and if you can find another employer, enter his service; you are free to do so." These last words produced a prodigious effect on the seaman. Penelon nearly swallowed his quid; fortunately he recovered. "What, M. Morrel!" said he in a low voice, "you send us away; you are then angry with us!"

"No, no," said M. Morrel, "I am not angry, quite the contrary, and I do not send you away; but I have no more ships, and therefore I do not want any sailors."—"No more ships!" returned Penelon; "well, then, you'll build some; we'll wait for you."

"I have no money to build ships with, Penelon," said the poor owner mournfully, "so I cannot accept your kind offer."—"No more money? Then you must not pay us; we can scud, like the *Pharaon*, under bare poles."

"Enough, enough!" cried Morrel, almost overpowered; "leave me, I pray you; we shall meet again in a happier time. Emmanuel, go with them, and see that my orders

佛朗。』他又說道，『若是在別的時候，我該說另外再送他們二百佛朗；可惜今日與從前不同，剩下不多的幾個錢，不是我自己的錢。』

皮尼隆回過頭來對他的同事們交換意見，說了幾句話。

他嘴裏又轉動他的菸葉，說道，『摩拉爾先生，說到——』

摩拉爾問道，『說到什麼？』——皮尼隆答道，『工錢』

——摩拉爾說道，『怎麼樣——』

皮尼隆說道，『我們都說，現在我們只要五十佛朗就夠啦，其餘的錢，我們可以等。』——摩拉爾很感謝他們，說道，

『我的朋友們，我謝謝你們；你們把錢拿去——你們拿去；你們若能找着一個新雇主，你們就到他那裏效力；你們可以自由啦。』這兩句話很在這幾個水手心裏發生異常效力。皮尼隆幾乎把菸葉吞入肚裏；幸而他恢復他的鎮靜。他低聲說道，『摩拉爾先生，你說什麼呀！你打發我們走，不用我們，你同我們生氣呀！』

摩拉爾說道，『不是的，不是的，我並不生氣，我其實是很歡喜，我又並不是辭了你們不用；但是我沒得船了，所以我用不着水手啦。』——皮尼隆答道，『沒得船了嗎！既是這樣，你造幾條船，我們等候你。』

這個可憐的船東慘然說道，『皮尼隆，我無錢造船，我就不能領受你們這番好意。』——『沒得錢麼？你就不必給我們工錢啦；我們能混飯吃，如同法拉安船並不揚帆，只有幾條光桅也能快走。』

摩拉爾被他這番話所感動，幾乎支持不住，說道，『夠啦，夠啦，我求你們離開我吧；我們將在更歡樂的時期再見吧。伊曼紐爾，你同他們出去，奉行我的命令。』——皮尼隆

are executed.”—“At least, we shall see each other again, M. Morrel?” asked Penelon.

“Yes; I hope so, at least. Now go.” He made a sign to Coclès, who went first; the seamen followed him, and Emmanuel brought up the rear. “Now,” said the owner to his wife and daughter, “leave me; I wish to speak with this gentleman.” And he glanced towards the clerk of Thomson & French, who had remained motionless in the corner during this scene, in which he had taken no part, except the few words we have mentioned. The two women looked at this person whose presence they had entirely forgotten, and retired; but, as she left the apartment, Julie gave the stranger a supplicating glance, to which he replied by a smile that an indifferent spectator would have been surprised to see on his stern features. The two men were left alone. “Well, sir,” said Morrel, sinking into a chair, “you have heard all, and I have nothing further to tell you.”

“I see,” returned the Englishman, “that a fresh and unmerited misfortune has overwhelmed you, and this only increases my desire to serve you.”—“Oh, sir!” cried Morrel.

“Let me see,” continued the stranger, “I am one of your largest creditors.”—“Your bills, at least, are the first that will fall due.”

“Do you wish for time to pay?”

“A delay would save my honor, and consequently my life.”

“How long a delay do you wish for?”—Morrel reflected. “Two months,” said he.

“I will give you three,” replied the stranger.

問道，『摩拉爾先生，至少我們還要再會呀？』

摩拉爾說道，『是的，我至少也希望同你們再見。你們走吧。』他對柯克利示意，柯克利就先走：水手們跟他走，伊曼紐爾押後。摩拉爾對他的妻女說道，『你們離開我；我要同這位先生說話。』他於是看看妥木生與法蘭治行號的錄事，當船東與水手們說話的時候他躲在屋角裏不動，他並不隨同他們談話，不過說了幾句打叉的話。那兩個堂客全忘記了他，不過臨行時看看他，就走出去了；但是當朱理出去的時候，對這個面生的人看了一眼，表示哀求的意思，他微笑作答，一個不留心的旁觀人看見他的嚴肅臉上的微笑是會驚訝的。現在屋裏只有他們兩個人啦。摩拉爾倒在椅子上，說道，『先生，你全聽見了，我再沒得話對你說了。』

這個英國人答道，『我曉得一件新發生的，又是你不應任咎的不幸事，把你打倒了；這件事使我更要幫助你。』——摩拉爾喊道，『呀，先生！』

這個面生的人接連說道，『讓我看了，我是你的諸多最大債主中的一個。』——摩拉爾說道，『無論怎樣，到期最早的，就是你的款子。』

那個面生的人問道，『你願意展期還款麼？』

『展期就會打救我的信用，從此就可以打救我的性命。』

面生的人又問道，『你想展期到幾時？』——摩拉爾想一想，說道，『兩個月。』

面生的人答道，『我給你三個月。』

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"But," asked Morrel, "will the house of Thomson & French consent?"

"Oh, I take everything on myself. To-day is the 5th of June."—"Yes."

"Well, renew these bills up to the 5th of September; and on the 5th of September at eleven o'clock (the hand of the clock pointed to eleven), I shall come to receive the money."—"I shall expect you," returned Morrel; "and I will pay you—or I shall be dead." These last words were uttered in so low a tone that the stranger could not hear them. The bills were renewed, the old ones destroyed, and the poor shipowner found himself with three months before him to collect his resources. The Englishman received his thanks with the phlegm peculiar to his nation; and Morrel, overwhelming him with grateful blessings, conducted him to the staircase. The stranger met Julie on the stairs; she pretended to be descending, but in reality she was waiting for him. "Oh, sir"—said she, clasping her hands.

"Mademoiselle," said the stranger, "one day you will receive a letter signed 'Sinbad the Sailor.' Do exactly what the letter bids you, however strange it may appear."—"Yes, sir," returned Julie.

"Do you promise?"—"I swear to you I will."

"It is well. Adieu, mademoiselle. Continue to be the good, sweet girl you are at present, and I have great hopes that heaven will reward you by giving you Emmanuel for a husband."

Julie uttered a faint cry, blushed like a rose, and leaned against the baluster. The stranger waved his hand, and continued to descend. In the court he found Penelon,

摩拉爾問道，『安木生與法蘭治行號肯答應麼？』

面生的人道，『呀，我自己負完全責任。今天是六月五日』——摩拉爾說道，『是的。』

『好嗎，這幾張欠單展期到九月五日；到了九月五日十一點鐘（這時候正是十一點鐘）我就來取錢。』——摩拉爾說道——『到期我恭候你；我還你錢——不然，我就是死。』他說末後這句話，聲音很低，面生的人不能聽見。於是毀了舊單，重立新的欠單，這個可憐的船行東家還有三個月，收集他的資藉。這個英國人只是冷冷淡淡的領受船東的感謝，這原是英國人的特性；摩拉爾感謝他不置，領他到樓梯。面生的人在梯上遇見朱理；她裝作下樓，其實是在那裏等候他。她合手說道，『先生。』

這個面生的人說道，『小姐，將來有一天，你會收到一封信是「水手辛巴特」（Sinbad，天方夜談有這個水手的一段很長的有趣故事。譯者注。）簽字的。無論信裏請你做什麼奇怪事，你要很準確的照信做事。』——朱理答道——『先生，我照信行事。』

『你答應麼？』——『我對你發誓我答應。』

面生的人說道，『好。小姐，我告辭啦。你現時是一個良善可愛的女子，你接連做這樣的一個女子，我很有希望，天將給伊曼紐爾與你做丈夫，賞你好處。』

朱理輕輕喊了一聲，滿臉通紅如同一朵玫瑰花一般，靠着梯子的扶手。這個面生的人搖搖手，接連下樓。他在院子

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who, with a rouleau of a hundred francs in either hand, seemed unable to make up his mind to retain them. "Come with me, my friend," said the Englishman; "I wish to speak to you."

### CHAPTER XXX

#### THE FIFTH OF SEPTEMBER

. . . . .

. . . The agent of Thomson & French had not been again seen at Marseilles; the day after, or two days after his visit to Morrel, he had disappeared; and as in that city he had had no intercourse but with the mayor, the inspector of prisons, and M. Morrel, his departure left no trace except in the memories of these three persons. As to the sailors of the *Pharaon*, they must have found snug berths elsewhere, for they also had disappeared.

Captain Gaumard, recovered from his illness, had returned from Palma. He delayed presenting himself at Morrel's, but the owner, hearing of his arrival, went to see him. The worthy shipowner knew, from Penelon's recital, of the captain's brave conduct during the storm, and tried to console him. He brought him also the amount of his wages, which Captain Gaumard had not dared to apply for. As he descended the staircase, Morrel met Penelon, who was going up. Penelon had, it would seem, made good use of his money, for he was newly clad. When he saw his employer, the worthy tar seemed much embarrassed, drew on one side into the corner of the landing-place, passed his quid from one cheek to the other, stared



看見皮尼隆，他每隻手拿了一捲的佛朗，好像不能打定主意收受。這個英國人說道，『我的朋友，你隨我來，我有話要對你說（這裏大有文章在，卻只不即不離的寫出，觀下文便知。譯者注。）

### 第三十回 九月五日

（摩拉爾幸虧那個英國人展限，他自己也努力籌措，他就曉得所有七月底到期的欠項他都能夠清還。譯者注。）

安木生與法蘭治行號的代理人不在瑪爾塞啦；他同摩拉爾見面後一日或兩日，就走了；又因他在這個市鎮只與市長；稽查監獄官及摩拉爾有來往，他一走就不留下什麼痕跡，只有這三個人記得他。至於法拉安船的水手們，他們必定已經在別的船找着事做，因為連他們也不見了。

法拉安船主戈瑪特病好，就從帕瑪回來瑪爾塞。他到了並不立刻去見摩拉爾，但是船東一聽見他來了，就先去見他。這個好船東從皮尼隆口述的話，曉得當遇着大風的時候船主的舉動很勇敢，先來安慰他。船東還把他的薪水帶來給他，他卻不敢同東家要。摩拉爾正在下樓，碰見皮尼隆正在上樓。皮尼隆好像把他所領的工錢用得很有得當，因為他通身穿了新衣服。這個好水手一看見他的東家，好像有點不安，閃往樓口的角落，嘴裏把菸葉從這邊送往那邊，瞪着兩隻大

stupidly with his great eyes, and only acknowledged the squeeze of the hand which Morrel as usual gave him by a slight pressure in return. Morrel attributed Penelon's embarrassment to the elegance of his attire; it was evident the good fellow had not gone to such an expense on his own account; he was, no doubt, engaged on board some other vessel, and thus his bashfulness arose from the fact of his not having, if we may so express ourselves, worn mourning for the *Pharaon* longer. Perhaps he had come to tell Captain Gaumard of his good luck, and to offer him employment from his new master. "Worthy fellows!" said Morrel, as he went away, "may your new master love you as I loved you, and be more fortunate than I have been!"

August rolled by in unceasing efforts on the part of Morrel to renew his credit or revive the old. On the 20th of August it was known at Marseilles that he had left town in the mail-coach, and then it was said that the bills would go to protest at the end of the month, and that Morrel had gone away and left his chief clerk Emmanuel, and his cashier Coclès, to meet the creditors. But, contrary to all expectation<sup>1</sup> when the 31st of August came, the house opened as usual, and Coclès appeared behind the grating of the counter, examined all bills presented with the usual scrutiny, and, from first to last, paid all with the usual precision. There came in, moreover, two drafts which M. Morrel had fully anticipated, and which Coclès paid as punctually as the bills which the shipowner had accepted. All this was incomprehensible, and then, with

contrary to all expectation, 出人意料之外.

眼在那裏傻看，摩拉爾同向來一般，伸手抓他的手，他不過輕輕的答禮。摩拉爾以為皮尼隆局促不安是因為衣服穿得漂亮；這個好水手穿得這樣漂亮，並不是爲己，這是很容易看得出來的；大約他到了別的船上當水手，所以他的難爲情，是由於不復再爲法拉安船守制穿喪服，作者只好用這樣的說話達意，望讀者不要見怪。也許他走來把他所走的好運告訴船主戈瑪特，奉新東家的命來請他幫忙。摩拉爾一面走一面說道，「兩個好人！但望你們的新東家愛你們如同我愛你們一般，且教他所走的運，比我所走的好得多！」

八月又快過去啦，摩拉爾不停的努力，要刷新他的信用，或使他的舊信用復活。八月二十這一天，瑪爾塞有人曉得他坐郵車走了，人們隨後就說到了月底欠帳是不能歸還的，摩拉爾走了，只留下他的總錄事伊曼紐爾與支應員柯克利對付債主們。誰知出人意外，到了八月三十一日，摩拉爾字號還是照常開門，柯克利在櫃台的銅欄杆後，照常細心察看交來的欠單，從第一款起至末後一款止，如同向來一樣，照數支付。況且還有兩張匯票送來，這是摩拉爾滿料到要來取款的，柯克利立刻支付，一天也不誤，如船東所承認的

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the tenacity peculiar to prophets of bad news, the failure was put off until the end of September. On the 1st, Morrel returned; he was awaited by his family with extreme anxiety, for from this journey to Paris they hoped great things. Morrel had thought of Danglars, who was now immensely rich, and had lain under great obligations to Morrel in former days, since to him it was owing that Danglars entered the service of the Spanish banker, with whom he had laid the foundations of his vast wealth. It was said at this moment that Danglars was worth from six to eight millions of francs, and had unlimited credit. Danglars, then, without taking a crown from his pocket, could save Morrel; he had but to pass his word for a loan, and Morrel was saved. Morrel had long thought of Danglars, but had kept away from some instinctive motive, and had delayed as long as possible availing himself of this last resource. And Morrel was right, for he returned home crushed by the humiliation of a refusal. Yet, on his arrival, Morrel did not utter a complaint, or say one harsh word. He embraced his weeping wife and daughter, pressed Emmanuel's hand with friendly warmth, and then going to his private room on the second floor had sent for Coclès. "Then," said the two women to Emmanuel, "we are indeed ruined."

It was agreed in a brief council held among them, that Julie should write to her brother, who was in garrison at Nîmes, to come to them as speedily as possible. The poor women felt instinctively that they required all their strength to support the blow that impended. Besides, Maximilian Morrel, though hardly two and twenty, had great influence over his father. He was a strong-minded,

欠單一般。人們都不明白，隨後那些預料這個行號必倒的人們，還不肯放鬆，還說到了九月底必定要倒。九月一日摩拉爾回來；他的妻女極其着急的等候他，她們希望他去巴黎走一遭必有很重大的結果。原來摩拉爾想起璫伽拉來，他現在是很富啦，從前很得過摩拉爾的許多好處，當日璫伽拉入西班牙銀行辦事，原是摩拉爾薦的，他在這間銀行辦事就是他後來發大財的基礎。有人說璫伽拉這個時候坐擁六百萬至八百萬佛朗厚資，有無限的信用。這時候的璫伽拉，不必從袋裏取出一圓錢，就能打救摩拉爾；只要他說一句話，就有人肯借錢，摩拉爾就得了救啦。摩拉爾早已想到璫伽拉，他心裏有一種本能的感覺阻止他，耽延許久不肯去，後來計窮力竭，才利用這個最後的辦法，往巴黎找璫伽拉。摩拉爾想得很對，因為璫伽拉拒絕他，不允相助，他被這樣的羞辱所打倒，只好回來。但是摩拉爾回來，並不曾說過一個字不滿意話，亦不曾說過一句怨恨話。他摟抱他的啼哭的夫人與女兒，很親熱的抓住伊曼紐爾的手，他隨即上了第二層樓，走入他自己的密室喊柯克利來。兩個堂客對伊曼紐爾說道，「看這樣情形，我們必定是毀了。」

母女們匆匆的商量，就定計叫朱理寫信給她哥哥，叫他趕快回來，她哥哥這時候在軍營裏。這兩個可憐的女人從本能上覺得他們要全教他們的力量支柱臨頭的打擊。況且瑪西米良 (Maximilian) 摩拉爾雖然還不曾到二十二歲足，他卻頗有潛力及於他的父親。他原是一個心剛的正直少年。現

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upright young man. . . . They had not mistaken the gravity of this event, for the moment after Morrel had entered his private office with Coclès, Julie saw the latter leave it pale, trembling, and his features betraying the utmost consternation. She would have questioned him as he passed by her, but the worthy creature hastened down the staircase with unusual precipitation, and only raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed, "Oh, mademoiselle, mademoiselle, what a dreadful misfortune! Who could ever have believed it!" A moment afterwards Julie saw him go up-stairs carrying two or three heavy ledgers, a portfolio, and a bag of money.

Morrel examined the ledgers, opened the portfolio, and counted the money. All his funds amounted to 6,000, or 8,000 francs, his bills receivable up to the 5th to 4,000 or 5,000, which, making the best of everything, gave him 14,000 francs to meet debts amounting to 287,500 francs. . .

As to Coclès, he seemed completely bewildered. For part of the day he went into the court-yard, seated himself on a stone with his head bare and exposed to the blazing sun. Emmanuel tried to comfort the women, but his eloquence faltered. The young man was too well acquainted with the business of the house, not to feel that a great catastrophe hung over the Morrel family. Night came, the two women had watched, hoping that when he left his room Morrel would come to them, but they heard him pass before their door, and trying to conceal the noise of his footsteps. They listened; he went into his sleeping-room, and fastened the door inside. Madame Morrel sent her daughter to bed, and half an hour after Julie had retired, she rose, took off her shoes, and went stealthily

在事體變作很重要，他們並不曾看錯，因為朱理看見他父親與柯克利進去密室之後，就看見柯克利出來，臉色死白，渾身發抖，神色表示極端的恐怖。她原想當他在她的身邊走過時問他的，他卻非常的匆忙跑下樓，只高舉兩手向天，說道，『哎，小姐呀，小姐呀！這是多麼可怕的不幸呀！誰能相信呀！』過了一會，朱理看見他抱了兩三本很重的總帳簿，一個信包，一袋錢，上樓。

摩拉爾細看總帳簿，打開信包，數數錢。他的存款共總有六千或八千佛朗；計至初五日為止，他可以收到的款子是四千或五千佛朗，他所有的存款最多不過是一萬四千佛朗，他要還的債，卻是二十八萬七千五百佛朗。……

柯克利好像完全糊塗了。白天有時他走去院中，坐在一塊石頭上，露着頭，讓火太陽晒。伊曼紐爾設法安慰那兩個堂客，但是他吞吞吐吐的，說不出話來。這個少年深知這個行號所做的生意，自然曉得大禍將降於摩拉爾氏的家庭。兩個堂客守候到晚上，原希望摩拉爾走出密室就會到她們這裏來，但是她們只聽見他在她們的門前走過，還嘗試隱蔽他的腳步聲。她們細聽；他進去他的臥室，把門在裏邊關上了。摩拉爾夫人打發她的女兒去睡，朱理走後半點鐘，夫人站起

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along the passage, to see through the keyhole what her husband was doing. In the passage she saw a retreating shadow; it was Julie, who, uneasy herself, had anticipated her mother. The young lady went towards Madame Morrel.—“He is writing,” she said. They had understood each other without speaking. Madame Morrel looked again through the keyhole, Morrel was writing; but Madame Morrel remarked, what her daughter had not observed, that her husband was writing on stamped paper. The terrible idea that he was writing his will flashed across her; she shuddered, and yet had not strength to utter a word. Next day M. Morrel seemed as calm as ever, went into his office as usual, came to his breakfast punctually, and then, after dinner, he placed his daughter beside him, took her head in his arms, and held her for a long time against his bosom. In the evening, Julie told her mother, that although he was apparently so calm, she had noticed that her father’s heart beat violently. The next two days passed in much the same way. On the evening of the 4th of September, M. Morrel asked his daughter for the key of his study. Julie trembled at this request, which seemed to her of bad omen. Why did her father ask for this key which she always kept, and which was only taken from her in childhood as a punishment? The young girl looked at Morrel.

“What have I done wrong, father,” she said, “that you should take this key from me?”—“Nothing, my dear,” replied the unhappy man, the tears starting to his eyes at this simple question,—“nothing, only I want it.” Julie made a pretence to feel for the key. “I must have left it in my room,” she said. And she went out, but instead



來，脫了鞋偷偷在過道上走，從門鎖的洞，向裏看她的丈夫做什麼。她看見過這裏有一個往後退的人影；原來是朱理，她不放心的，先來偷看她父親。這個少年女子走向摩拉爾夫人，說道，——『他寫東西。』母女兩人不必說話就彼此會意。摩拉爾夫人又從鎖孔往裏看，摩拉爾還在那裏寫東西；但是她女兒所不會看見的，她卻看見了，原來她丈夫是在貼好印花的紙上寫字。她立刻就想到他是寫遺囑，她就恐慌起來；她發抖，卻無氣力說出一個字來。第二天摩拉爾好像如同向來一般鎮靜，照常入他的辦事室，照準時刻來吃早膳，吃過中飯後，拉女兒過來坐在他身邊，兩手抱她的頭，摟她在懷裏好一會。到了晚上，朱理告訴她的母親，說他雖然好像很鎮靜，她卻聽見她父親的心臟跳得很利害。其後兩天，也就是這樣過去啦。到了九月四日傍晚，摩拉爾問女兒要他的書房鎖匙。朱理一聽他要鎖匙就發抖，她曉得這是不好的兆頭。這把鎖匙，從她小時起，一向都是交她掌管的，惟有她小時有過犯才取回去示罰的，她父親爲什麼這時候要鎖匙？這個少年女子看看摩拉爾。

她說道，『我犯了什麼過，你同我把鎖匙要回去？』——這個愁慘的人說道，『我的寶貝，你並不曾犯過，我不過是要用鎖匙，』女兒一問他這句單簡話，他兩眼含淚，朱理裝作在身上找鎖匙。她說道，『我必定是把鎖匙放在屋裏。』她

of going to her apartment she hastened to consult Emmanuel. "Do not give this key to your father," said he, "and to-morrow morning, if possible, do not quit him for a moment." She questioned Emmanuel, but he knew nothing, or would not say what he knew. During the night, between the 4th and 5th of September, Madame Morrel remained listening for every sound, and, until three o'clock in the morning, she heard her husband pacing the room in great agitation. It was three o'clock when he threw himself on the bed. The mother and daughter passed the night together. They had expected Maximilian since the previous evening. At eight o'clock in the morning Morrel entered their chamber. He was calm; but the agitation of the night was legible<sup>1</sup> in his pale and careworn visage.<sup>2</sup> They did not dare to ask him how he had slept. Morrel was kinder to his wife, more affectionate to his daughter, than he had ever been. He could not cease gazing at and kissing the sweet girl. Julie, mindful of Emmanuel's request, was following her father when he quitted the room, but he said to her quickly,—“Remain with your mother, dearest.” Julie wished to accompany him: “I wish you to do so,” said he.

This was the first time Morrel had ever so spoken, but he said it in a tone of paternal kindness, and Julie did not dare to disobey. She remained at the same spot standing mute and motionless. An instant afterwards the door opened, she felt two arms encircle her, and a mouth pressed her forehead. She looked up and uttered an exclamation of joy.

<sup>1</sup>legible. 容易看出或讀出。 <sup>2</sup>visage, 面色; 神色; 面貌。

就走出去，她卻不走進她自己屋裏，卻趕快去同伊曼紐爾商量。他說道，『你不必把鎖匙交與你的父親，到了明早，你若能辦到，切不可片刻離他左右。』她盤問伊曼紐爾，他說不曉得什麼，不然，就是他雖曉得，卻不肯說。在九月四日與九月五日之間的那一夜，摩拉爾夫人一夜不睡，留心聽無論什麼聲響，等到半夜後三點鐘，她聽見她的丈夫很擾亂的在屋裏走。他倒在床上睡的時候正是三點鐘。母女兩人同在一起過夜。自從前天晚上起，他們就盼望瑪西米良回來。早上八點鐘，摩拉爾走進她們的屋子。他是鎮靜的；但是從他的灰白臉色與憂愁的面目，就可以容易看出，他過了擾亂不寧的一夜。她們不敢問他昨晚睡得好不好。摩拉爾對待他的夫人與他的女兒，比向來更親愛。他不能停止看這個可愛的女子，又不能停止吻她。朱理記得伊曼紐爾所要她做的事，當她父親走出屋子的時候。她就跟隨她父親，他卻趕快對她說道，——『我的至寶，你陪你的母親吧。』朱理說她願意陪他。他說道，『我要你陪母親。』

摩拉爾是第一次說這樣的話，但是他說話的腔調表示父親的慈愛，朱理不敢不服從。她卻還站在那裏，不響，亦不動。不料俄頃間，門開了，她覺得有兩隻手抱住她，有一個嘴吻她的額。她抬頭看，很快樂的喊了一聲。

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"Maximilian, my dearest brother!" she cried. At these words Madame Morrel rose, and threw herself into her son's arms. "Mother," said the young man, looking alternately at Madame Morrel and her daughter, "what has occurred—what has happened? Your letter has frightened me, and I have come hither with all speed."

"Julie," said Madame Morrel, making a sign to the young man, "go and tell your father that Maximilian has just arrived." The young lady rushed out of the apartment, but on the first step of the staircase she found a man holding a letter in his hand.

"Are you not Mademoiselle Julie Morrel?" inquired the man, with a strong Italian accent.

"Yes, sir," replied Julie with hesitation; "what is your pleasure? I do not know you."—"Read this letter," he said, handing it to her. Julie hesitated. "It concerns the best interests of your father," said the messenger.

The young girl hastily took the letter from him. She opened it quickly and read:—

"Go this moment to the Allées de Meillan, enter the house No. 15, ask the porter for the key of the room on the fifth floor, enter the apartment, take from the corner of the mantelpiece a purse netted in red silk, and give it to your father. It is important that he should receive it before eleven o'clock. You promised to obey me implicitly.<sup>1</sup> Remember your oath.

'SINBAD THE SAILOR.'

The young girl uttered a joyful cry, raised her eyes, looked round to question the messenger, but he had disappeared. She cast her eyes again over the note to peruse it a second time, and saw these was a postscript. She read:—

<sup>1</sup> implicitly, 深信不疑.

她喊道，『瑪西米良，我的至寶哥哥。』摩拉爾夫人一聽見這句話，就站起來，摔入他兒子的懷裏。這個少年男子輪流看看他的母親與他的妹妹，說道，『母親，出了什麼事——有什麼事發現啦？你的信使我恐怖，我刻不停留的趕快到這裏來。』

摩拉爾夫人對這個少年男子作手勢，說道，『朱理，你去告訴父親，說瑪西米良剛回來了。』這個少年女子立刻衝出去，不料剛走到第一級樓梯就看見一個人，手上拿了一封信。

這個人帶着很重的義大利口音，問道，『你就是朱理摩拉爾小姐麼？』

朱理略帶遲疑，答道，『先生，就是我，你要什麼？我卻不認識你。』——他說道，『請你讀這封信，』一面交信與她。朱理遲疑。送信人說道，『這封信與你的父親有極要緊的關係。』

這個少年女子急忙接信。她趕快拆開，讀道：——

『你立刻往梅蘭巷 (Allées de Meilhan)，走入第十五號，問看門人取五樓房間的鎖匙，你走進房間，從爐台角上取一個用紅絲線織的錢袋，交給你的父親。他必須要在十一點鐘前接收這個錢袋，這是很要緊的。你會答應過。深信不疑的服從我。你要記得你的誓辭。』

『水手辛巴特啓』

這個少年女子很快樂的喊了一聲，舉目回頭一看，要問送信人，誰知他已經走了。她又看着這張信，讀第二次，看見信後還有幾行附筆。她讀道：——

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"It is important that you should fulfil this mission in person and alone. If you go accompanied by any other person, or should any one else go in your place, the porter will reply that he does not know anything about it."

This postscript decreased greatly the young girl's happiness. Was there nothing to fear? was there not some snare laid for her? Her innocence<sup>1</sup> had kept her in ignorance of the dangers that might assail a young girl of her age. But there is no need to know danger in order to fear it; indeed, it may be observed, that it is usually unknown perils that inspire<sup>2</sup> the greatest terror.

Julie hesitated, and resolved to take counsel. Yet, through a singular impulse, it was neither to her mother nor her brother that she applied, but to Emmanuel. She hastened down and told him what had occurred on the day when the agent of Thomson & French had come to her father's, related the scene on the staircase, repeated the promise she had made, and showed him the letter.

"You must go, then, mademoiselle," said Emmanuel.

"Go there?" murmured Julie.

"Yes; I will accompany you."

"But did you not read that I must be alone?" said Julie.

"And you shall be alone," replied the young man. "I will await you at the corner of the Rue de Musée, and if you are so long absent as to make me uneasy, I will hasten to rejoin you, and woe to him of whom you shall have cause to complain to me!"

"Then, Emmanuel," said the young girl with hesitation, "it is your opinion that I should obey this invitation?"—

<sup>1</sup>innocence, 不識人情世故. <sup>2</sup>inspire, 令人發生

「你須獨自一人親身照信行事。你若有無論什麼人陪你去，你若派無論什麼人替代你去，看門人就會答稱，他不曉得這件事。」

這幾句附筆，很減少這個少年女子的快樂。難道其間無可怕的事麼？難道不是有人設陷陷害她麼？她是個不知人情世故的女子，並不曉得世上有許多可以陷害她這樣年紀女子的危險。但是用不着曉得有危險才會害怕危險；我們可以說，居多還是不曉得的危險令人發生最大的恐怖。

朱理遲疑不決，打定主意要同人商量。但是由於一種奇特的動機，她既不找他的母親，亦不找她的哥哥，卻去找伊曼紐爾商量。她趕快下樓，把從前的事體告訴他，當日安木生與法蘭治行號的代理人怎樣來找她的父親，她與這個人在樓梯上的情形，重述她所答應那個人的話，還把信給伊曼紐爾看。伊曼紐爾說道，『既是這樣，小姐，你必得去。』

朱理喃喃說道，『我往那裏去麼？』

『是呀，我肯陪伴你。』

朱理說道，『難道你不看見信上說我必得獨自一個去麼？』

這個少年男子答道，『你必定是獨自一人到那裏。我卻在博物院路角上等你，倘若你就延到很久，還不出來，使我不放心，我就趕快走去找你，你若有理由對於一個人說不滿意的話，我就要對不起這個人。』

這個少年女子帶着遲疑不決神色說道，『伊曼紐爾，你既說這番話，你的意思是說我應該服從這封信的邀請，是不

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"Yes. Did not the messenger say your father's safety depended upon it?"

"But what danger threatens him, then, Emmanuel?" she asked.

Emmanuel hesitated a moment, but his desire to make Julie decide immediately made him reply.

"Listen," he said; "to-day is the 5th of September, is it not?"

"Yes."—"To-day, then, at eleven o'clock, your father has nearly three hundred thousand francs to pay?"

"Yes, we know that."—"Well, then," continued Emmanuel, "we have not fifteen thousand francs in the house."

"What will happen then?"—"Why, if to-day before eleven o'clock your father has not found some one who will come to his aid, he will be compelled at twelve o'clock to declare himself a bankrupt."

"Oh, come, then, come!" cried she, hastening away with the young man. During this time, Madame Morrel had told her son everything. The young man knew quite well that, after the succession of misfortunes which had befallen his father, great changes had taken place in the style of living and housekeeping; but he did not know that matters had reached such a point. He was thunderstruck. Then, rushing hastily out of the apartment, he ran up-stairs, expecting to find his father in his study, but he rapped there in vain. While he was yet at the door of the study he heard the bedroom door open, turned, and saw his father. Instead of going direct to his study, M. Morrel had returned to his bedchamber, which he was only this moment quitting. Morrel uttered a cry of surprise at the sight of his son, of whose arrival he was ignorant. He remained



是?』——『是的。送信人不是說過,你父親的平安,端賴你這一行麼?』

她問道,『伊曼紐爾,究竟有什麼危險恐嚇我的父親呀?』

伊曼紐爾遲疑一會子,但是他要朱理立刻打定主意,就使他答道。

『你聽我說,今天是不是九月五日?』

她答道,『是的。』——他說道,『既是九月五日,今天十一點鐘,你的父親要還約三十萬佛朗的債,是不是?』

『是的,我們都曉得。』——伊曼紐爾接着說道,『既是這樣,我們行裏連一萬五千佛朗也沒有。』

『既然是這樣,會有什麼事體發生?』——伊曼紐爾答道,『倘若今日十一點鐘前,你的父親找不着人幫助他,到了十二點鐘,他就不能不宣布他自己破產。』

她拖着這個少年男子趕快走,說道,『既是這樣,你來呀!』這個時候摩拉爾夫人把所有的情形全告訴了她的兒子。這個少年很曉得他的父親接連遭逢不幸之後,家景很有大改變;他卻不曉得事體到了這樣的極點。他聽了如同被一陣霹靂所打倒。他立刻衝出房門,跑上樓,原想在父親的書房裏見他父親;他只管敲門,卻並無人開。當他還在書房門口的時候,他聽見臥室開門聲,他轉過臉來,看見他的父親,摩拉爾並不一直走入他的書房,反進去他才走出來的臥室。他不曉得他的兒子會回家,這時候看見他,喊了一聲,表示

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motionless on the spot, pressing with his left hand something he had concealed under his coat. Maximilian sprang down the staircase, and threw his arms round his father's neck; but suddenly he recoiled, and placed his right hand on Morrel's breast. "Father," he exclaimed, turning pale as death, "what are you going to do with that brace of pistols under your coat?"

"Oh, this is what I feared!" said Morrel.

"Father, father, in heaven's name," exclaimed the young man, "what are these weapons for?"—"Maximilian," replied Morrel, looking fixedly at his son, "you are a man, and a man of honor. Come, and I will explain to you."

And with a firm step Morrel went up to his study, while Maximilian followed him, trembling as he went. Morrel opened the door, and closed it behind his son; then, crossing the anteroom, went to his desk on which he placed the pistols, and pointed with his finger to an open ledger. In this ledger was made out an exact balance-sheet of his affairs. Morrel had to pay, within half an hour, 287,500 francs. All he possessed was 15,257 francs. "Read!" said Morrel.

The young man was overwhelmed as he read. Morrel said not a word. What could he say? What need he add to such a desperate proof in figures? "And have you done all that is possible, father, to meet this disastrous result?" asked the young man, after a moment's pause. "I have," replied Morrel.

"You have no money coming in on which you can rely?"—"None."

"You have exhausted every resource?"—"All."

"And in half an hour," said Maximilian in a gloomy

驚愕。他仍然站在那裏不動，左手壓住藏在他的大衣下的東西。瑪西米良跳下樓梯，兩手摟他父親的頸子；他忽然向後退，把右手放在摩拉爾的胸脯。他臉無人色，喊道，『父親，你的大衣底下藏着兩把手槍，要作什麼用呀？』

摩拉爾說道，『嗨，我所怕就在此！』

這個少年喊道，『父親，父親，有天在上，你要這兩把手槍幹什麼？』——摩拉爾定睛看他的兒子，說道，『瑪西米良，你是個男子漢，你是顧名譽的男子漢。你來，我解說給你聽。』

摩拉爾脚步很實落的，走上去他的書房，瑪西米良跟着他，一路走一路發抖。摩拉爾開了房門，他的兒子進去，又關起來；他隨即穿過招待室，走到他的書桌，把兩把手槍放在桌上，用手指着打開的一本總帳簿。這個帳本上列出一篇他的很準確的進出帳目。帳單上列明摩拉爾在半點鐘內，要還二十八萬七千五百佛朗的欠款。通共算起來，他只有一萬五千二百五十七佛朗。摩拉爾說道，『你看呀！』

這個少年一面看一面嚇倒了。摩拉爾一言不發。他能說什麼？數目是最可怕的憑據，他還用得着再說什麼？這個少年停了一會，問道，『父親，你會竭盡你的所能，對付這樣大不幸的結果麼？』摩拉爾說道，『我已經盡我的能力了。』他的兒子問道，『你並無有能靠得住的款項進來麼？』——『沒有。』

『你無論什麼方法都用盡了麼？』——『我都用盡了。』瑪西米良聲音慘慘的說道，『再過半點鐘，我們的姓氏

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voice, "our name is dishonored!"—"Blood washes out dishonor," said Morrel.

"You are right, father; I understand you." Then extending his hand towards one of the pistols, he said, "There is one for you and one for me—thanks!" Morrel caught his hand. "Your mother—your sister! Who will support them?" A shudder ran through the young man's frame. "Father," he said, "do you reflect that you are bidding me to live?"—"Yes, I do so bid you," answered Morrel; "it is your duty. You have a calm, strong mind, Maximilian. Maximilian, you are no ordinary man. I make no requests or commands; I only ask you to examine my position as if it were your own, and then judge for yourself."

The young man reflected for a moment, then an expression of sublime resignation appeared in his eyes, and with a slow and sad gesture he took off his two epaulets, the insignia of his rank. "Be it so, then, my father," he said, extending his hand to Morrel, "die in peace, my father; I will live." Morrel was about to cast himself on his knees before his son, but Maximilian caught him in his arms, and those two noble hearts were pressed against each other for a moment. "You know it is not my fault," said Morrel. Maximilian smiled. "I know, father, you are the most honorable man I have ever known."—"Good, my son. And now there is no more to be said: go and rejoin your mother and sister."

"My father," said the young man, bending his knee, "bless me!" Morrel took the head of his son between his two hands, drew him forward, and kissing his forehead several times, said, "Oh, yes, yes, I bless you in my own

就失了信用啦!』——摩拉爾說道,『流血可以洗刷失了信用的姓氏。』

他的兒子說道,『父親,你是對的,我明白你的意思。』他於是伸手去取一把手槍,說道,『父親,我謝謝你,這裏是兩把手槍,你一把,我一把。』摩拉爾抓住他的手,說道,『你的母親——你的妹妹!誰養她們呀?』這個少年渾身發抖。他說道,『父親,你可想到你這句話是吩咐我不要死麼?』——摩拉爾答道,『我曉得,我原是吩咐你不要死;瑪西米良,你有一副鎮靜,堅固心腸,你是應該不死的。瑪西米良,你不是個平常人。我既不要求的,又不命令你;不過要你考察我的地位,當是你自己的地位一般考察,你隨後就自己拿主意吧。』

這個少年想了一會,他的兩眼露出最高超的聽天由命神色,他用一種慢且慘的態度,把他的兩片肩章扯下來,這是他的陸軍階級的符號。他伸手給摩拉爾,說道,『我的父親,就是這樣吧;我的父親,你平平安安的死;我卻活着。』摩拉爾正在要跪在他兒子面前,瑪西米良兩手先抱住他,這兩個光明磊落的心,相壓一會子。摩拉爾說,『你是曉得的,這不是我的錯。』瑪西米良微笑,說道,『父親,我曉得,你是我所知的最顧名譽的人。』——他父親說道,『我的兒子,好呀;不必再說什麼啦;你去同你的母親及妹妹在一起吧。』

這個少年跪下說道,『我的父親,你得賜我福!』摩拉爾兩手抱住他兒子的頭,拉他前來,吻他的頭幾次,說道,『是的,是的,我用我自己的名意賜的福,我用三代不能受貶責

name, and in the name of three generations of irreproachable men, who say through me, 'The edifice which misfortune has destroyed, providence may build up again.' On seeing me die such a death, the most inexorable<sup>1</sup> will have pity on you. To you, perhaps, they will accord the time they have refused to me. Then do your best to keep our name free from dishonor. Go to work, labor, young man, struggle ardently and courageously; live, yourself, your mother and sister, with the most rigid economy, so that from day to day the property of those whom I leave in your hands may augment and fructify. Reflect how glorious a day it will be, how grand, how solemn, that day of complete restoration, on which you will say in this very office, 'My father died because he could not do what I have this day done; but he died calmly and peaceably, because in dying he knew what I should do.'"

"My father, my father!" cried the young man, "why should you not live?"—"If I live, all would be changed; if I live, interest would be converted into doubt, pity into hostility; if I live, I am only a man who has broken his word, failed in his engagements—in fact, only a bankrupt. If, on the contrary, I die, remember, Maximilian, my corpse is that of an honest but unfortunate man. Living, my best friends would avoid my house; dead, all Marseilles will follow me in tears to my last home. Living, you would feel shame at my name; dead, you may raise your head and say, 'I am the son of him you killed, because, for the first time, he has been compelled to break his word.'"

The young man uttered a groan, but appeared resigned.

<sup>1</sup>inexorable, 不能容情.

的人的名義賜你福，這三代借我的口說，「這座建築被災禍所破壞，天意還可以再造起來。」即使是最不能容情的人看見我這樣死法，也會憐恤你的。他們不肯爲我展限，也許他們肯爲你展限。隨後你得竭盡你的能力，不使我們的姓氏受汙辱。少年人，你去工作，努力，熱心奮鬥，放胆奮鬥；你同你的母親及妹妹要極力省儉，我交與你手上的財產庶可以日見增長，日見發達。將來有一天完全恢復原狀，你在這個辦事室就可以說道，「我的父親死了，爲的是他不能做我今日所做的事；但是他是死得心安理得的，因爲他快要死的時候曉得我這樣做；」你試想這一天是多麼光榮，多麼偉大，多麼嚴肅呀。」

話個少年喊道，「我的父親，我的父親，你爲什麼不該活着呀？」——摩拉爾說道，「我若活着，一切情形全會改變啦；我若活着，關切我的人就會變作疑心我的人，可憐我的人會變作仇恨我的人；我若活在世上，我不過是一個失信的人，不能到期還債——實際上不過是個破產人。我若死了，瑪西米良，你須記得，我的屍身是一個有信用而遭不幸的人的屍身。我若活在世上，我的頂好的朋友們也躲避我，不到我家來；我若死了，全個瑪爾塞市上的人都會流淚送我到墳上去。我若活在世上，你是我的兒子，你也無面見人；我若死了，你可以抬起頭來說道，「我是你們所殺害的人的兒子，因爲這是第一次他被逼食言。」」

這個少年呻吟一聲，外表卻是他只好聽命的了。

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"And now," said Morrel, "leave me alone, and endeavor to keep your mother and sister away."—"Will you not see my sister once more?" asked Maximilian. A last but final hope was concealed by the young man in the effect of this interview, and therefore he had suggested it. Morrel shook his head. "I saw her this morning, and bade her adieu."

"Have you no particular commands to leave with me, my father?" inquired Maximilian in a faltering voice.

"Yes, my son, and a sacred command."—"Say it, my father."

"The house of Thomson & French is the only one who, from humanity, or, it may be, selfishness—it is not for me to read men's hearts—has had any pity for me. Its agent, who will in ten minutes present himself to receive the amount of a bill of 287,500 francs, I will not say granted, but offered me three months. Let this house be the first repaid, my son, and respect this man."—"Father, I will," said Maximilian.

"And now, once more, adieu," said Morrel. "Go, leave me; I would be alone. You will find my will in the secretary in my bedroom."

The young man remained standing and motionless, having but the force of will and not the power of execution.<sup>1</sup>

"Hear me, Maximilian," said his father. "Suppose I was a soldier like you, and ordered to carry a certain redoubt, and you knew I must be killed in the assault, would you not say to me, as you said just now, 'Go, father; for you are dishonored by delay, and death is preferable to shame!'"

<sup>1</sup> execution, 奉行; 實行.



摩拉爾說道，『現在你不如讓我一個人在這裏，你得設法叫你的母親與妹妹走開，不到我這裏來。』——瑪西米良問道，『你不再見我的妹妹一次麼？』這個少年把最後的卻是結局的希望暗藏在父女見面的效果裏，所以他有這個提議。摩拉爾搖頭。他說道，『我今早見過她的，同她告別了。』

瑪西米良聲音抖抖的問道，『我的父親，你無特別的命令交付與我麼？』

摩拉爾說道，『我的兒子，有的，還是一個神聖不可侵犯的命令。』——『我的父親，請你說出來。』

摩拉爾說道，『只有安木生與法蘭治行號憐恤我，也許是由於人道主義，也許是由於自私自利——窺透人心原不是我的事。這個行號的代理人，再過十分鐘（事機急迫到極點了。譯者注。）就來領收二十八萬七千五百佛朗的欠款，我不說他許我展限三個月，我只好說是他通融的。我的兒子，你要先歸還這一家字號，你還得敬重那個人。』——瑪西米良說道，『父親，我照辦。』

摩拉爾說道，『現在我與你再辭別啦。你離開我吧，我要獨自一人在這裏。你在我臥室裏的抽屜桌內就可以找着我的遺囑。』

這個少年還站在那裏不動，他只有意志的力，卻無實行的力。

他的父親說道，『瑪西米良，你聽我說。譬如我同你一樣，是一個軍人，奉命去攻取一座礮台，又譬如你曉得我攻取礮台必定會死的，你不會如同剛才一樣，對我說道，「父親，你去吧，延遲就喪失名譽啦，寧死毋受辱！」』

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"Yes, yes!" said the young man, "yes"; and once again embracing his father with convulsive pressure, he said, "Be it so, my father."

And he rushed out of the study. When his son had left him, Morrel remained an instant standing with his eyes fixed on the door; then putting forth his arm, he pulled the bell. After a moment's interval, Coclès appeared.

It was no longer the same man—the fearful revelations of the three last days had crushed him. This thought—the house of Morrel is about to stop payment—bent him to the earth more than twenty years would otherwise have done.

"My worthy Coclès," said Morrel in a tone impossible to describe, "do you remain in the antechamber. When the gentleman who came three months ago—the agent of Thomson & French—arrives, announce his arrival to me." Coclès made no reply; he made a sign with his head, went into the anteroom, and seated himself. Morrel fell back in his chair, his eyes fixed on the clock; there were seven minutes left, that was all. The hand moved on with incredible rapidity; he seemed to see its motion.

What passed in the mind of this man at the supreme moment of his agony cannot be told in words. He was still comparatively young, he was surrounded by the loving care of a devoted family, but he had convinced himself by a course of reasoning, illogical perhaps, yet certainly plausible, that he must separate himself from all he held dear in the world, even life itself. To form the slightest idea of his feelings, one must have seen his face with its expression of enforced resignation, and its tear-moistened eyes raised to heaven. The minute hand

少年說道，「是呀，是呀！」他又渾身發抖的，緊緊的摟抱他的父親，說道，「父親，就是這樣吧。」

他從書房衝出來。摩拉爾當他的兒子走開的時候，有一會子站在那裏，定睛看房門；隨後他伸手拉鈴。過了一會，柯克利走進來。

柯克利也全變了，不是從前那樣的一個人啦——最後三天所發露的可怕事體把他打倒了。他一想到摩拉爾字號快要破產——這個思想使他變老了，老了有二十年。

摩拉爾慘然說道（這樣聲音是筆墨所不能形容的），「我的寶貴柯克利，你在招待室等。等到三個月前來過那位先生（就是安木生與法蘭治行號的代理人）到來的時候，你就來報告我知。」柯克利不作答，只是點頭，走入招待室，坐下。摩拉爾身子向後，靠着椅背，定睛看鐘，只有七分鐘就到還債時候啦。鐘針走得令人不能相信那麼快；他好像看見鐘針走（說得緊迫可怕。譯者注。）。

到了這個危急時候摩拉爾心裏是痛苦了極點啦，他心裏作什麼想像，是不能用話語說出來的。他現時還是比較的少年，一個崇拜他的家庭在他的身邊，很親愛的照應他，有一串的理想也許是不合邏輯的，卻是很言之成理的，使他深信他必得與他所最親愛的人們分離，甚至深信必得與生命相離。讀者若要稍微曉得他的感覺，必定要親見他的被逼而辭世的神色，與他舉向上天的兩隻含淚的眼。走分的鐘針只

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moved on. The pistols were loaded; he stretched forth his hand, took one up, and murmured his daughter's name. Then he laid it down, seized his pen, and wrote a few words. It seemed to him as if he had not taken a sufficient farewell of his beloved daughter. Then he turned again to the clock, counting time now not by minutes, but by seconds. He took up the deadly weapon again, his lips parted and his eyes fixed on the clock, and then shuddered at the click of the trigger as he cocked the pistol. At this moment of mortal anguish the cold sweat came forth upon his brow, a pang stronger than death clutched at his heart-strings. He heard the door of the staircase creak on its hinges—the clock gave its warning to strike eleven—the door of his study opened; Morrel did not turn round—he expected these words of Coclès, “The agent of Thomson & French.”

He placed the muzzle of the pistol between his teeth. Suddenly he heard a cry—it was his daughter's voice. He turned and saw Julie. The pistol fell from his hands. “My father!” cried the young girl, out of breath, and half dead with joy—“saved, you are saved!” And she threw herself into his arms, holding in her extended hand a red, netted silk purse.

“Saved, my child!” said Morrel; “what do you mean?”

“Yes, saved—saved! See, see!” said the young girl.

Morrel took the purse, and started as he did so, for a vague remembrance reminded him that it once belonged to himself. At one end was the receipted bill for the 287,500 francs, and at the other was a diamond as large as a hazel-nut, with these words on a small slip of parchment:—*Julie's Dowry.*

管走。那兩把手鎗裝了子彈；他伸手拿起一把，嘴裏喃喃說他的女兒的名字。他隨即放下手鎗，拿筆在手寫了幾個字。他覺得好像同他的愛女辭別的話，還不曾說够。他隨即轉過頭來看鐘，現在不是用分計啦，要用秒計啦。他又拿起那把殺人的手鎗，他的兩片唇分開，他的兩眼看鐘，他搬手鎗的制機時候，制機的聲響，使他發抖。到了這個心痛欲死的時候，他的額上出來許多冷汗，比死還要痛得多的悲哀抓住他的心（這樣急迫不能待的事體，作者偏要從容不迫的慢慢寫來，確有本領。譯者注。）

他聽見樓梯門的蝶鉸響——那座鐘報告快要打十一點——書房門開了；摩拉爾並不掉轉臉看——他料到是柯克利來報，『妥木生與法蘭治行號的代理人。』

摩拉爾舉起手鎗，放在口裏。他忽然聽見喊聲——是他女兒的喊。聲他轉過頭來，看見朱理。那把手鎗從他的手上丟下來。這個少年女子喘不出氣，快樂到半死，喊道，『我的父親！得救啦，你得救啦！』她滾在他的懷裏，她伸出一隻手，手上拿了一個紅絲線織的錢袋。

摩拉爾說道，『我的孩子！得救了麼？你的話怎麼講？』

這個少年女子說道，『是呀，得救啦——得救啦！你看呀，你看呀！』

摩拉爾拿錢袋在手，他一看就驚了一跳，因為他模模糊糊的記得這個錢袋原是他的。袋的一頭裝着一張二十八萬七千五百佛朗的收條，一頭裝着一顆榛子那麼大的金剛鑽，帶着一片羊皮紙，紙上寫道：『朱理的蠢敬。』

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Morrel passed his hand over his brow; it seemed to him a dream. At this moment the clock struck eleven. He felt as if each stroke of the hammer fell upon his heart. "Explain, my child," he said. "explain—where did you find this purse?"

"In a house in the Allées de Meillan, No. 15, on the corner of a mantelpiece in a small room on the fifth floor."

"But," cried Morrel, "this purse is not yours!" Julie handed to her father the letter she had received in the morning.

"And did you go alone?" asked Morrel, after he had read it.

"Emmanuel accompanied me, father. He was to have waited for me at the corner of the Rue de Musée, but; strange to say, he was not there when I returned."—"Monsieur Morrell" exclaimed a voice on the stairs.—"Monsieur Morrell!"

"It is his voice!" said Julie. At this moment Emmanuel entered, his countenance full of animation and joy. "The *Pharaon!*" he cried; "the *Pharaon!*"

"What—what—the *Pharaon!* Are you mad, Emmanuel? You know the vessel is lost."—"The *Pharaon*, sir—they signal the *Pharaon!* The *Pharaon* is entering the harbor!" Morrel fell back in his chair, his strength was failing him; his understanding, weakened by such events, refused to comprehend such incredible, unheard-of, fabulous facts. But his son came in. "Father," cried Maximilian, "how could you say the *Pharaon* was lost? The lookout has signalled her, and they say she is now coming into port."

摩拉爾用手摩額，他覺得好像如夢初醒。這時候鐘打十一點。他覺得好像每一鐘椎都打在他心上。他說道，『我的孩子，你解說我聽，你解說我聽，——你在什麼地方找着這個錢袋？』

『在梅蘭巷第十五號的一所房子裏，在第五樓的一間小屋子裏頭爐台上的一角找着的。』

摩拉爾喊道，『這個錢袋卻不是你的！』朱理把早上所收到的那封信給她父親看。

摩拉爾讀過信，問道，『你會獨自一人去麼？』

『父親，伊曼紐爾陪我去。本來約好他在博物院路角上等我的，不料我回來的時候，他卻不在那裏，這是很奇怪的。』——樓梯上忽然有人聲喊道，『摩拉爾先生！摩拉爾先生！』

朱理說道，『這是他的聲音！』這時候伊曼紐爾走進來，滿臉都是精神與快樂。他喊道，『法拉安！法拉安！』

摩拉爾說道，『什麼，——什麼，——法拉安嗎！伊曼紐爾，難道你瘋了麼？法拉安是遇風打沉了，你是曉得的』——伊曼紐爾說道，『先生，法拉安——他們掛的旗號是法拉安！法拉安正在進口！』摩拉爾向椅背倒，他沒得氣力啦；他的知性被這樣的事體致弱了，不肯承認有這樣令人不能相信，向來未曾聽見過的，這樣荒唐事體。但是他的兒子走進來。瑪西米良說道，『父親，你怎樣能夠說法拉安沉了？望台上掛的是她的旗號，他們說她現時正在進口。』

‘My dear friends,’ said Morrel, ‘if this be so, it must be miracle of heaven! Impossible, impossible!’

But what was real and not less incredible was the purse he held in his hand, the acceptance receipted—the splendid diamond.

‘Ah, sir,’ exclaimed Coclès, ‘what can it mean?—the *Pharaon*?’

‘Come, dear ones,’ said Morrel, rising from his seat, ‘let us go and see, and heaven have pity upon us if it be false intelligence!’ They all went out, and on the stairs met Madame Morrel, who had been afraid to go up into the study. In a moment they were at the Cannebière. There was a crowd on the pier. All the crowd gave way before Morrel. ‘The *Pharaon*, the *Pharaon*!’ said every voice.

And, wonderful to see, in front of the tower of Saint-Jean, was a ship bearing on her stern these words, printed in white letters, ‘The *Pharaon*, Morrel & Son, of Marseilles.’ She was the exact duplicate of the other *Pharaon*, and loaded, as that had been, with cochineal and indigo. She cast anchor, clued up sails, and on the deck was Captain Gaumard giving orders, and good old Penelon making signals to M. Morrel. To doubt any longer was impossible; there was the evidence of the senses, and ten thousand persons who came to corroborate the testimony. As Morrel and his son embraced on the pier-head, in the presence and amid the applause of the whole city witnessing this event, a man, with his face half-covered by a black beard, and who, concealed behind the sentry-box, watched the scene with delight, uttered these words in a low tone: ‘Be happy, noble heart, be blessed for all the good thou



摩拉爾說道，『我的寶貴朋友們，若果有此事，必定是天演奇蹟！不能的，不能的！』

但是他手上所拿的錢袋卻是真實的，也是不能令人相信的，還有收條——還有光彩奪目的金剛鑽。

柯克利喊道，『呀，先生，法拉安到了，這是怎麼講？』

摩拉爾站起來，說道，『我的寶貝們，來呀，我們出去看看，若是假消息，但願天可憐我們！』他們全走出去，在樓梯上遇見摩拉爾夫人，她不敢上樓進書房。他們不久就到了甘尼比爾(Cannebière)。碼頭上聚了成羣的人。衆人見了摩拉爾，都走開讓他。人人都說道，『法拉安！法拉安！』

確是奇怪，在聖約翰高樓前可不是有一條船，船後有白油寫的字，『法拉安，摩拉爾父子字號，摩塞爾。』這條船同那一條法拉安是一模一樣的，裝的也是胭脂蟲與藍錠。這條船拋了錨，捲了帆，船面上站着船主戈瑪特吩咐水手們做事，那個好的舊夥計皮尼隆對摩拉爾打手勢。這是不能再疑的了；眼見是真的，有一萬人走來證實是真的。全城的人眼見這件事無不拍掌喝采，摩拉爾父子兩人正在碼頭上樓抱，同時有一個有黑鬍子遮住半個臉的人，藏在守望崗背後，很快樂的看這般光景，低聲說道兩句話：『心地名貴的人，你歡

## THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

hast done and wilt do hereafter, and let my gratitude remain in obscurity like your good deeds."

And with a smile expressive of supreme content, he left his hiding-place, and without being observed, descended one of the flights of steps provided for debarkation, and hailing three times, shouted "Jacopo, Jacopo, Jacopo!" Then a launch came to shore, took him on board, and conveyed him to a yacht splendidly fitted up, on whose deck he sprung with the activity of a sailor; thence he once again looked towards Morrel, who, weeping with joy, was shaking hands most cordially with all the crowd around him, and thanking with a look the unknown benefactor whom he seemed to be seeking in the skies. "And now," said the unknown, "farewell kindness, humanity, and gratitude! Farewell to all the feelings that expand the heart! I have been heaven's substitute to recompense the good—now the god of vengeance yields to me his power to punish the wicked!" At these words he gave a signal, and, as if only awaiting this signal, the yacht instantly put out to sea.

樂吧，你做過許多好事，將來還要做許多好事，但願天賜你福，你做好事不令人知，我感恩報德，也隱藏着不令人知。』  
(讀者試猜這個報恩人是誰。譯者注。)

這個人帶着微笑，表示極端滿意，離開躲藏地方，不令人見，就走下預備離船登岸的幾級台階，喊了三聲，『雅柯普，雅柯普，雅柯普！』隨即有一條小船攏岸，接他上船，送他到一條裝得很美麗的一條遊船上，他跳上船面，如同一個水手跳得那樣活動；他隨即向着摩拉爾再看一遍，那時摩拉爾正在歡樂到哭，同包圍他的一羣人很高興的拉手，他感謝那個無名的恩人，他好像臉向着天找這個恩人。那個無名的恩人說道，『從此以後，我同慈善，人道主義，及感恩報德辭別啦！我同凡是開拓人心的好感告辭啦！我已經做過天的替代，賠償行善的人——現在請報仇的神，把權力讓給我，以懲罰惡人！』他說完這幾句話，就發一個暗號，那條遊船好像只是等候這個暗號，立刻出海啦。







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