

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

二京記

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

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伍光建選譯

商務印書館發行

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES

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# 二 京 記

## 傳 略

作者是一八一二至一八七〇年間人，生於英國的波茲木 Portsmouth。他父親是海軍的一個小官吏，他是八兄弟姊妹之一。一八二一年他父親遷居倫敦，越鬧越窮，住在極汙穢的地方，不久就因欠債入獄。那時候查理迭更士不過十歲，他有兩年很艱於謀食，在一個大貨倉裏頭，替人在黑靴油瓶子上粘招牌紙。後來他每提及他少年艱苦事，無一次不滴淚。他好在倫敦的小街小巷走，卻總躲避那幾處地方，不忍再見。好在那幾年的閱歷供給了他撰小說的極好材料。他大約是在一八二四等年在一個學校裏讀過兩三年書。隨後他當報館的議院訪員。他學減寫，遇有空閒，走去圖書館讀書。他當過狀師的學徒，又當過八九年倫敦幾個報館的訪員，吃盡種種辛苦。他自己卻說他後來當了一個小說家，粗有成就，端賴從前好幾年所吃的辛苦。從一八三三年起，他就撰小說，到了一八三六年三月一日他的第一期披克維克記事錄(Pichwick Papers)出來，立刻享大名，收入始豐。此後他撰了許多小說，很有

幾部傑作。一八六九年他常當衆說書，收入更豐，他爲的是好作事不肯閒下來，並不是因爲貪財；說書卻是很費精力的，大約這就是他致死的一個原因。他最好走路；無論到什麼地方，又無論寒暑陰晴，常是走路；他夜行受寒，左手左脚及頭部得了毛病，這又是致死的一個原因。他是個溫和，誠實，聰明，果決，光明磊落人。他的小說居多主持人道主義，教人愛人。這部『二京記』是一八五九年出版的；在他的著作中，是很特別的：一、比他的別部小說短得多；二、全無令人發笑的人物；三、以關目情節爲重。他自己說道，『我要寫一篇活現如畫的故事，人物要逼肖自然，不用各人的說話而用各人的行事，發表各人的性情。』他又說道，『我生平所寫的故事，以這一篇爲最好。』這部小說是寫法國大革命的英京倫敦及法京巴黎幾個人物所做的事，所以稱爲二京記（這部小說的名稱，凡易數次，才定名爲二京記的。——譯者注），卻得力於喀萊爾（Carlyle）的法蘭西大革命史不少。約翰福士達（John Forster）說，『這部小說的長處不在乎善於概念人物，卻在乎表現他有善著杜撰故事的能力，其實是一部奇書。』

民國二十二年癸酉霜降日伍光建記

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## BOOK THE FIRST

### CHAPTER V

#### THE WINE-SHOP

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud-embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted<sup>1</sup> themselves to the sodden and

<sup>1</sup>devoted 專心致志.

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## 第一卷 第五回 酒鋪

有一大桶的酒跌在街上，酒桶打碎了。這件偶然的事發生於從一輛車上把酒桶搬下來；不料酒桶滾下來，桶箍散了，如同一個核桃殼子打碎幾塊，躺在酒鋪門外。

在酒鋪附近全數的人，本來正在那裏做事的都不做事了，本來在那裏懶惰的都不懶惰了，全跑過來喝酒。這條街原是無定形的粗石頭砌的，石頭尖子亂向着四面八方，好像專為使走到這條街的人們的脚步了；這許多不平的石頭砌成許多小窪，都裝滿酒；於是有成羣成堆的人擁擠着，包圍這一窪一窪的酒，窪大的人多些，窪小的人少些。有些人跪下兩手掬酒，吸飲，也有幫助婦女們的，她們彎着身子扒在他們的肩膀上趕快吸飲，若是遲了，所掬的酒就從指縫流走了。也有許多男男女女用破的小瓦罐在窪裏取酒，還有取下女人的裹頭巾放在窪裏取酒，擠入嬰孩的嘴裏，擠得很乾；又有堆泥成小隄，攔住流出的酒；還有許多人在高處的窗子看，指揮地下的人東跑西跑，截住為小溪流去的酒；也有許多專心致志只願住



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lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. . . . When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away, to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been



被酒浸透及被酒渣染透的破桶碎塊，在那裏吮，甚至還有嚼被酒浸壞的小碎塊，吮得嚼得極有滋味。這條街上無溝讓酒流去，不獨所有流出來的酒全在街上，還攙上許多泥；也許有過一個打掃夫掃街，但是無論什麼人深曉得這個地方情形的，都不能相信有過這樣的奇蹟。

當搶酒爲戲的時候，男人，女人，孩子，樂到了不得，滿街上都是他們的尖利的笑聲。這樣的嬉戲，卻很少粗的舉動，居多不過是玩耍。……

等到酒全喝光的時候，存酒最多的地方，被他們用手指挖，挖成縱橫交加的樣子，等到酒全吃完就不挖了，他們來得很驟，散得很驟。剛才把鋸插在柴縫就跑來的，現在回去又鋸柴啦；有幾個女人餓到手指脚指都痛了，本來在那裏用小鍋裝熱灰在那裏熨她們自己的及兒女們的手脚，把小鍋放在門口的台階就跑去喝酒，現在也回來了；有許多男人，光着膀子，紅髮久已不梳，結成一團，面帶死色，剛才從地窖裏跑出冬天的光亮中，也走開了，又走下地窖；剛才變作很熱鬧的地方現在又是一片黑暗，好像這片地方是應該黑暗的，不該有日光的。

葡萄酒是紅色的，在那裏流出來，把巴黎郊外的聖安托唔(St. Antoine 這是最窮苦的人所住的地方，後來大革命先從此發難。——譯者注)的一條小街染紅了。染紅了許多人的手，許多人的臉，許多人的赤脚，還有許多木屐。鋸木的人把許多木片染紅了；一個女人乳哺她的嬰孩，額也染紅了，是一塊破布染的，她又把破布裹她的頭。凡是

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greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a nightcap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there. . . .

"The door is locked then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"<sup>1</sup>

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—rave—tear himself to pieces—die—come to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. Yes. And a beautiful world we live in, when it *is* possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done—done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Devil. Let us go on."

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper, that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But, by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep anxiety, and, above all, such dread and terror, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to speak a word or two of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The worst will be over in a moment; it is but passing the room-door,

<sup>1</sup> retired 退隱; 深藏.

貪酒嚼桶板的人們，把嘴染汙了，染得同老虎那樣可怕；有一個身高好開頑笑的，也塗得很可怕，他頭上戴了一件很長的破袋作睡帽，只披了一點在頭上，他用手指蘸攪了許多泥的酒渣，在牆上寫一個血字。（法國大革命就是這羣人發難。——譯者注）

將來有一天，這種酒也要流在街石上，那時候，許多人的手都是染了紅血的。……

（一個銀行的老幫手姓羅爾里名查維斯（Jarvis Lorry）帶了一位小姐名洛雪（Lucie）從英國渡海到巴黎，找着剛纔所說的酒舖，求店東狄花治（Defarge）帶去找她的父親。他帶他們到後院的高樓上，從衣袋取出一把鎖匙來。——譯者注）

羅爾里很詫異的問道，「我的朋友，原來房門是鎖了的麼？」

狄花治的兇惡答復說道，「是的，是的。」

羅爾里問道，「你以為必得把這個不幸的人收藏得這樣深密麼？」

狄花治一面眉頭繃得很緊的，附耳低聲答道，「我以為必得鎖門。」

羅爾里問道，「為什麼？」

狄花治答道，「為什麼！因為他過了很久很久的被人鎖禁的日子，倘若打開這道門，他會受驚的，會發狂的，會把他自己撕毀成碎塊的，會尋死的——我不曉得他會怎樣傷害他自己。」

羅爾里說道，「能夠變到這樣麼？」

狄花治很痛恨的也說道，「能夠變到這樣呀！能夠的。能夠變到這樣的時候，到了還有其他許多事都能夠做得出來的時候，我們所住的世界是一個好世界，你看呀，不獨是能夠，而且果然做出來啦，你看呀，在那一片天底下，那一天不做！我祝魔鬼長壽。我們往前走吧。」

這兩個人是附耳很低聲說的，那位少年小姐一字也不會聽見。但是到了這個時候，她被激烈的情緒所動，渾身發抖，她的臉上發現很深的着急，及畏懼與恐怖，羅爾里覺得必要說一兩句安慰的話。

他於是說道，「小姐，大膽些！大膽些！辦事要緊！只有一會子工夫，最難受的事就過去了；只要過了房門，最難

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and the worst is over. Then, all the good you bring to him, all the relief, all the happiness you bring to him, begin. Let our good friend here, assist you on that side. That's well, friend Defarge. Come, now. Business, business!"

They went up slowly and softly. The staircase was short, and they were soon at the top. There, as it had an abrupt turn in it, they came all at once in sight of three men, whose heads were bent down close together at the side of a door, and who were intently looking into the room to which the door belonged through some chinks or holes in the wall. On hearing footsteps close at hand, these three turned and rose, and showed themselves to be the three of one name who had been drinking in the wine-shop.

"I forgot them in the surprise of your visit," explained Monsieur Defarge. "Leave us, good boys; we have business here."

The three glided by, and went silently down.

There appearing to be no other door on that floor, and the keeper of the wine-shop going straight to this one when they were left alone, Mr. Lorry asked him in a whisper, with a little anger:

"Do you make a show of Monsieur Manette?"

"I show him, in the way you have seen, to a chosen few."

"Is that well?"

"I think it is well."

"Who are the few? How do you choose them?"

"I choose them as real men, of my name—Jacques is my name—to whom the sight is likely to do good. Enough; you are English; that is another thing. Stay there, if you please, a little moment."

With an admonitory gesture to keep them back, he stooped, and looked in through the crevice in the wall.

受的事就過去了。隨後你所帶來給他的全數好處，全數解救，你所帶來給他的全數歡樂，就起首了。讓我們的好朋友走過去，在那一邊扶你。狄花治朋友，好的。來呀，辦事，辦事。』

他們輕輕的慢慢的上樓。樓梯不長，不久就到了梯頂。因為這裏忽然有個拐灣，他們忽然看見三個人（這三個人是狄花治的祕密黨羽——譯者注）。三個人都低頭緊緊靠着一扇門邊，很用心往裏看，從牆洞或牆縫往裏看。這三個人聽見腳步聲來得很近，掉過臉站起來，原來就是剛才在酒鋪吃酒的三個人。

狄花治說道，『因為你們忽然來探望我，我竟把這三個人忘記了。我們在這裏有事，好孩子們，你們走吧。』

三個人溜在一邊，靜悄悄的下了樓。

在這一層樓上別無其他房門，開酒鋪的東家，等到那三個人走了，就一直向這一個房門走，羅爾里低聲附耳問他，還帶着一點憤怒腔調，說道，『你把曼尼特先生（Manette）當作一件怪物，任人來看麼？』

狄花治答道，『我只給我所挑選過的不多幾個人看，就是你剛才所看見的那樣看法。』

羅爾里說道，『這樣任人看，好嗎？』

『我以爲是好的。』

『不多的幾個是誰？你怎樣挑選他們？』

狄花治答道，『我所挑選的都是實在人，與我同名——我名查克斯（Jacques）（據說一個組織法蘭西大革命的祕密黨，以查克斯作口號。——譯者注）——讓他們看看，也許與他們有益。夠了；你是英國人；這又當別論。請你站在那裏等一會子。』

他用警告的態度，叫他們不要往前來，他蹲下來，從牆縫往裏看。不久他又抬起頭來，在門上敲兩三下——顯

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Soon raising his head again, he struck twice or thrice upon the door—evidently with no other object than to make a noise there. With the same intention, he drew the key across it three or four times, before he put it clumsily into the lock, and turned it as heavily as he could.

The door slowly opened inward under his hand, and he looked into the room and said something. A faint voice answered something. Little more than a single syllable could have been spoken on either side.

He looked back over his shoulder, and beckoned them to enter. Mr. Lorry got his arm securely round the daughter's waist, and held her; for he felt that she was sinking.

"A—a—a—business, business!" he urged, with a moisture that was not of business shining on his cheek. "Come in, come in!"

"I am afraid of it," she answered, shuddering.

"Of it? What?"

"I mean of him. Of my father."

Rendered in a manner desperate, by her state and by the beckoning of their conductor, he drew over his neck the arm that shook upon his shoulder, lifted her a little, and hurried her into the room. He sat her down just within the door, and held her, clinging to him.

Defarge drew out the key, closed the door, locked it on the inside, took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did, methodically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped there, and faced round.

The garret, built to be a depository for firewood and the like, was dim and dark: for, the window of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it

然并無其他目的，不過做點聲響。他同一用意把鎖匙在門上橫劃三四次，然後笨笨的把匙放在鎖裏，儘他的能力轉鎖匙。

那扇門在他手下慢慢向裏開，他向屋裏看，說一句話。有很衰弱的聲音答他。一問一答，都不過是單音的字。

他回頭看，示意叫他們進來。羅爾里一手抱住那個女兒的腰，抱得緊緊的；因為他曉得她快要暈倒了。

他滿臉都是汗，這並不是爲辦事急出來的汗，他力勸她道，『辦事，辦事！進來，進來！』

她渾身發抖答道，『我害怕。』

『你怕什麼？』

『我怕他，我怕我的父親。』

他看她的情形，又因領路的人示意叫他們進去，使他無法可想，只好把放在他肩膀上的發抖的手拉過來，稍微舉起她，催她走進屋子。他叫她坐在門裏，扶住她，她抱住他。

狄花治把鎖匙拉出來，在裏面把門鎖好，又拉出鎖匙來，拿在手上。他按步就班的做這幾件事，儘他的能力做得很響。最後他一步一步的走過屋子，走到窗子的所在。他停住了，掉過臉來。

這是一個金字閣頂，原是堆柴及其他物件的，是黑暗的：因爲是屋背的窗子，其實是屋頂的一扇門，上面有一架小的起重機器，把街上的貨物拉上來。酒鋪的主人看着

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for the hoisting up of stores from the street with his back towards the door, and his face towards the window where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

### CHAPTER VI

#### THE SHOEMAKER

“Good day!” said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

“Good day!”

“You are still hard at work, I see?”

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, “Yes—I am working.” This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner, before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful colour faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was, of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveller,



一個白髮老人，背着門，向着窗子，坐在矮板凳上，低頭向前，忙着做鞋。

### 第六回 鞋匠

狄花治低頭看着那個彎得很低在那裏做鞋的白頭，說道，『我望你今天好！』

那個白頭抬起來一會，有衰弱的聲音答他的問候，聲音好像是從遠處來的。

『我望你今天好！』

狄花治說道，『我眼見你還是很辛苦的做工，是不是？』

那個人許久不響，又抬頭一會子，有聲音答道，『是呀——我正在做工。』這一次有一雙憔悴的眼看問話的人，臉又垂下去。

那聲音的衰弱，是可憐的又是可怕的。並不是體氣的衰弱，關禁與飲食粗惡誠然是致弱的一部分原因。這種可憐與特殊的衰弱，是寂寞與久不說話的衰弱。他的聲音就像許久以前的聲音的末後的衰弱迴響。這樣的聲音完全失去了人聲的生命及音韻，好像是一種顏色，從前是很鮮豔的，後來落色，變作一片可憐的，慘淡的，痕跡。這樣聲音是很沉鬱的，好像是從地底下出來的。這樣聲音卻很有表示，表示一個無望及失落的人，如同一個飢餓的遊人，

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wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die. . . .

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But, the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure. . . .

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

獨自一人在一個荒野遊行，疲倦到走不動了，正在要躺下快死的時候，就是用這樣的腔調，追憶家室與朋友。……

狄花治一面動手要羅爾里走上前，一面說道，『你要今天把這雙鞋子做完麼？』

那老人問道，『你說什麼？』

『你的意思要今天把這雙鞋子做完麼？』

我不能說我有意要做完。我猜我要做完。我卻不曉得。』

但是這一問使他記得他的工作，他又低下頭去。

羅爾里不響的慢慢走上前，留那個女兒在房門旁邊。當他站在狄花治身邊有一兩分鐘的時候，鞋匠舉目看。他看見另一個人，並不詫異。……

狄花治說道，『你看見麼？你有一位客人。』

『你說什麼？』

『這裏有一位客人。』

鞋匠又同從前一樣舉目看，但是兩手還在鞋上。

狄花治說道，『這裏有一位先生，他看見一雙好鞋就會曉得是做得好的。你把你所做的那隻鞋給這位先生看看。先生你拿來看。』

羅爾里把鞋拿在手上。

『請你告訴這位先生，這是那一種的鞋，及製鞋人的名字。』

鞋匠比向來停得較久，才答：

『我忘記你問我什麼。你剛才說什麼？』

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“I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?”<sup>1</sup>

“It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand.” He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch<sup>2</sup> of pride.<sup>3</sup>

“And the maker's name?” said Defarge. . . .

“Did you ask me for my name?”

“Assuredly I did.”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

“Is that all?”

“One Hundred and Five, North Tower.”

With a weary sound that was not a sigh, nor a groan, he bent to work again, until the silence was again broken.

“You are not a shoemaker by trade?” said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him: but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

“I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learnt it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to——” . . .

“I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since.”

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face.

<sup>1</sup> for information 告訴.    <sup>2</sup> passing touch 過而不留.    <sup>3</sup> pride 驕傲; 得意.

『我說，你不能說出這是那一種鞋，告訴這位先生麼？』

『這是一個貴夫人的鞋。是一個少年貴夫人的走路鞋。這是現時的樣子。我並未見過樣子。我從前手上有過一個樣子。』他看看那隻鞋，稍微帶着一點過而不留的得意。

狄花治問道，『鞋匠的名姓叫什麼？』……

『你問我的名姓麼？』

『我確曾問過。』

鞋匠答道，『北邊高樓，第一百零五號。』

『只是這樣嗎？』

『北邊高樓，第一百零五號。』

他發出一種疲倦聲音，既不是嗟歎又不是呻吟，他又低頭作工，等到有人打破這樣的緘默。

羅爾里定睛看他，說道，『你本來不是以做鞋作行業的人呀？』

他的憔悴眼轉過來看狄花治，好像反要問他的一般：他既不答，他的兩眼先看看地，隨後轉過來看發問的人。

『我不是以鞋匠作行業的人麼？不是的，我不是以鞋匠做行業的。我——我在這裏學的。我自己教自己的。我請准了——』……

『我求他們准我教我自己，過了許久之後，經過許多為難，才得准許，從此以後，我就做鞋。』

當他伸手要回從他手上拿去的鞋子時候，羅爾里還是定睛看着他，說道。

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“Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?”

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

“Monsieur Manette”; Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge’s arm; “do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?”

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns, at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long obliterated marks of an actively intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead, gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extending towards him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked at though it had passed like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction<sup>1</sup> sought the ground and looked about him in

<sup>1</sup> abstraction 空想.

『曼尼特先生，你全不記得我啦嗎？』

那隻鞋跌在地下，他坐在那裏定睛看問話的人。

羅爾里一隻手放在狄花治的膀子上，說道，『曼尼特先生，你不記得這個人麼？你試看他。你看看我。曼尼特先生，難道你心裏想不起一個舊時的銀行家，舊時與銀行往來的事，舊時的僕人，舊時的時代麼？』

當這個被幽禁多年的囚犯，坐在那裏定睛輪流看羅爾里及狄花治的時候，有一種活動的專心致志的智能的久已消滅的記號，原在額中的，這個時候逐漸被逼，穿過籠罩他的一層黑霧，發現出來。這許多記號又被籠罩，變作暗淡，又消滅了；但是確曾發現過。那個女子的美好少艾臉也很準確的發現同樣的神色；這個女子已經沿着牆慢慢的走過來，走到她能夠看見他的地點，她現時站在這裏看他，初時她舉高兩手，作驚怕的憐憫態度，還許是阻他不令前來，遮住自己，不要看見他，現在卻向他伸手，着急到發抖，要把他的死人臉放在她的溫暖的少年人的胸脯上，要用愛父之情，使他復活，使他復存希望——那種神色發現於她的美好的及少艾的臉上，發現到十分相像（不過較為深厚），好像這種神色，是一種能動的光，從他過到她。

現在又是一層黑暗籠罩他。他看看這兩個人，越久越不注意，他的兩眼露出慘淡空想的神色，看看地下，看看

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the old way. Finally, with a deep long sigh, he took the shoe up, and resumed his work.

"Have you recognised him, monsieur?" asked Defarge in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew so well. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret, very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labour.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand, for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and laboured breathing, he was heard to say:

"What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face she put her two hands to her lips, and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the gaoler's daughter?"



四圍，同舊時一樣。末後他深深的長歎，又拿起鞋子，再做他的活。

狄花治附耳問道，『先生，你認得他麼？』

他答道，『認得；不過一會子，初時我想是毫無希望的了，但是我曾的確無疑的，有一會子工夫，認得我從前有過一個時期我所見慣的臉，不要響！我們往後退些，不要響！』

她這時候已經從閣子的牆走，走到同他所坐的板凳很相近。這個人能夠伸出手，當他低頭做活的時候，摩他，他卻不覺得有這個人，這是很可怕的。

一句話也不說，一聲也不響。她站在他身邊，如同一個鬼神，他在那裏低頭作活，毫不理會。

後來碰巧他不要手上的器具，要換他做鞋刀子。這把刀子放在那一邊，她卻站在這一邊。他拿起刀子，正在又要低頭做鞋，他的眼看見她的裙腳。他舉目看見她的臉。兩個旁觀人起首向前走，她擺手阻止他們。他們兩個人恐怕他用刀子傷她，她卻不怕。

他瞪眼看她，帶着很可怕的神氣，過了一會，他的兩唇起首要說話，卻無聲音出來。他呼吸得很快很辛苦，慢慢停頓了，說道：

『這是什麼？』

她淚流滿臉，兩手放在唇上，吻這兩手，送向他；隨即緊握兩手，放在她的胸脯，好像是放他的已經毀壞的頭在這裏。

他問道，『你不是獄卒的女兒麼？』

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She sighed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly, as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray,<sup>1</sup> and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it, two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very little quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same. How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrated expression returned to his forehead, he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light, and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder, that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going,

<sup>1</sup> go astray 走錯路; 變糊塗.

她歎氣說道，『不是的。』

『你是誰？』

她現在還不能信任她自己聲音的腔調，她在他身旁的板凳坐下。他往後縮，她把手放在他的臂上。這時候有一陣奇怪的顫動到他身上，還能看見在他身上透過；他一面坐下，兩眼瞪她，一面輕輕的放下刀子。

她匆匆的把她的長而鬚的黃金色頭髮撥在一邊，頭髮垂在她的額子上。他慢慢的伸手，拿起頭髮來看。他正在看頭髮的時候，他又變糊塗了，他又深深的歎一口氣，又做鞋了。

卻做得並不久。她放了他的手臂，把她的手放在他的肩上。他疑心的看這隻手，看了兩三次，好像要確實曉得這隻手是在那裏，他放下鞋子，把他的手放在他的額子，拿出一條變黑了的繩子，掛在繩上的是一塊疊起來的破布。他很小心心的放在膝上，打開這塊布，原來包着很不多的頭髮；不過一兩條黃金色頭髮，這是他舊時繞在他的手指上的。

他又把她的頭髮放在他手上，很仔細的看。他說道，『是一樣的。怎樣能夠！這是什麼時候的！怎樣得來的！』

當聚精會神的神色再發現於他的額上時，他好像變作明白了，看見她額上也有這樣頭髮。他把她的臉掉過來，放在全光的地方，看她。

他說道，『當那天晚上，我被傳出去的時候，她把頭放在我的肩膀上——她怕我出去，我卻不怕——當他們送

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though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. ‘You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.’ Those were the words I said. I remember them very well.”

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

“How was this?—*Was it you?*”

Once more, the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, “I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!”

“Hark!” he exclaimed. “Whose voice was that?”

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as everything but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

“No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can’t be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?”

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

“O, sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never

我到北邊高樓的時候，他們在我的袖子上找着這兩根頭髮。我同他們要，說道，「你們肯把這幾根頭髮留給我麼？這兩根頭髮絕不能幫我的身體越獄逃走，卻可以使我的靈魂自由。」當日我所說的就是這兩句話。我還記得很清楚。」

他屢次用兩唇造成他的話，然後說出來。但是一等到找着有說出來的話，他卻是說得很貫串的，不過說得慢些。

『這是怎麼講——當日就是你麼？』

當他令人可怕的那樣驟然掉過臉來，看她的時候，兩個旁觀人又嚇了一跳。他抓住她，她卻坐在那裏，完全絲毫不動，不過低聲說道，「兩位好先生，我求你不要走近我們，不要說話，不要動！」

他喊道，「你們聽呀！這是誰的聲音？」

當他喊這一聲的時候，他兩手放鬆她，卻放在自己的白髮上，發狂的撕自己的頭髮。這樣的發狂消滅了，樣樣都會消滅，惟有做鞋不會消滅，他把這個小包重新包好了，要安安穩穩的放在他的胸前；他卻還是看她，很愁苦的搖頭。

他說道，「不是的，不是的，不是的；你太少年，太鮮豔。這是不能夠的。你看這個囚犯是什麼樣。這兩隻手不是她所見過的手，這個臉不是她所見過的臉，這個聲音不是她所聽見過的聲音。不是的，不是的。她是那樣的——我是那樣的——這是在北邊高樓慢慢的過了許多年之前，——在幾十年前。我的溫柔安琪兒，你叫什麼名字？」

他的女兒雙膝跪在他面前，歡迎他的變作溫和的腔調及態度，把她的兩隻要他動情的手放在他的胸前。

『我將在另一個時候把我的名告訴你，告訴你誰是我的母親，誰是我的父親，告訴你我怎樣一向不曉得他們的

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knew their hard, hard history. But I cannot tell you at this time, and I cannot tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! O my dear, my dear!" . . .

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, anything that recalls a beloved head that lay on your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home that is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away for it, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honoured father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. O, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

苦歷史。我不能在此時與此你地全告訴你。我現時在此地所可以告訴你，不過是求你摩我，求你保佑我。吻我呀！吻我呀！我的寶貝，我的寶貝！』……

『你若在我的聲音裏頭聽見有像你所慣聽的聲音（我不曉得像不像，我卻希望相像），這樣的聲音從前有過幾時你聽了以爲是聽音樂，你要爲這樣聲音落淚，你要爲這樣聲音落淚！當你少年與自由的時候，曾有過一個可愛的頭放在你的胸脯上，倘若你摩我的頭髮使你追憶從前那個可愛的頭，你要爲這個頭落淚，爲這個頭落淚！倘若當我對你示意說，我們眼前有一個家庭，我將在這個家庭裏頭以全數我的職分及全數我的忠信服事你，以真誠對待你，當你的慘痛的心爲那個家庭而消耗你的精力，倘若我能夠使你追憶久已冷落的家庭，你要爲那個家庭滴淚，你要爲那個家庭滴淚！』

她緊緊的抱住他的頸子，抱他在她的懷裏搖他，如同搖孩子一樣。

『我的最寶貝的寶貝，我今告訴你，說你的痛苦是完了，我來這裏接你離開此地，同你往英國享受太平與休息，倘若我說這幾句話的時候，使你想起你的有用生活糟塌了，想起我們的桑梓之邦法蘭西國這樣的虐待你，你要爲此滴淚，爲此滴淚！倘若我將來把我的名字告訴你，把我的現時還活在世上的父親的名字告訴你，把我已死的母親的名字告訴你，你將曉得我要跪在我的受尊敬的父親面前，求他饒赦我；赦我一向並不會因爲他而終日奮鬪，並不會因爲他而終夜醒着不睡，並不會因爲他而終夜哭，因爲我愛我的可憐的母親，使我看不見他所受的刻酷的痛苦，你要爲此流淚，爲此流淚！既是這樣，你要爲她流淚，你要爲我流淚！這兩位好人，謝謝上帝！我覺得他的神聖眼淚滴在我的臉上，他的嗚咽向我的心部打擊。你們看呀！你們該爲我們謝謝上帝，謝謝上帝！』

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He had sunk in her arms, and his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces. . . .

He had gradually dropped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away——"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you cannot be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption. I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight." . . .



他倒在她的兩膀中間，他的臉倒在她的胸脯；這兩個旁觀人，眼見這樣動人的情景，想起這個人這些年來所受的冤屈及痛苦又是這樣的可怕，他們用手蓋臉，不忍再看（這是作者最有名的一篇最能感動人的文章，如小奈兒（Nell）之死卻遠不及此，有批評家以為說得太絢爛反是作者之病。——譯者注）……

他逐漸倒在地板上，疲倦無力，躺在那裏。她也半躺下來，很親愛緊靠住他，使他的頭枕在她的臂上；她的頭髮垂下來蓋住他，不使他見亮光。

羅爾里醒了幾次鼻子，低頭看他們，她舉手向他，說道，『倘若並不驚動他，我們就能夠諸事布置妥當，以便我們立刻離開巴黎，從這道門，就能夠送他離開——』

羅爾里問道，『但是我們要考慮。他宜於走遠路麼？』

她說道，『我想與其仍逗留在這裏，還不如走遠路的好，他看這個地方是很可怕的。』

狄花治這時候跪下來看看及聽聽，說道，『這句話說得很對，還有一層；曼尼特先生，從全數理由看來，最好還是離開巴黎。我說，我去雇一輛大車與幾匹驛馬，好不好！』

羅爾里在最短的時間又用得着他的按步就班的態度，說道，『這是正經事；若要辦正經事，不如我去辦。』

曼尼特小姐力勸他們，說道，『請你們走開，只剩我們兩個人在這裏。你們看見現在他變作多麼安靜呀，你們該不能還不放心把他交給我。你們為什麼還要在這裏？你們只要把房門鎖了，免得有人來打叉我們，就是了。等到你們回來的時候，我相信你們將見得他很安靜的如同你們離開他的時候一樣。無論怎樣，我會照應他，等到你們回來，那時候我們立刻同他離開這裏。』

〔他的女兒和羅爾里兩人一路照應他到倫敦，他的女兒將養他復原，他重新做醫師。這個女兒長得很美，有許多人向她求親，有一個息特尼卡爾敦（Sydney Carlton）即是其一，後來她許嫁查理搭爾尼（Charles Darnay）。在醫師將允許之先，查問搭爾尼的真姓名，聞了大驚，要他答應嚴守秘密，不把真名姓告訴他的女兒，纔肯把女兒嫁給他。——譯者注〕

# BOOK THE THIRD

## CHAPTER IX

### THE GAME MADE

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Reaccused and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

“Openly, President.”

“By whom?”

“Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of St. Antoine.”

“Good.”

“Thérèse Defarge, his wife.”

“Good.”

“Alexandre Manette, physician.”

A great uproar took place in the court and in the midst of it, Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

“President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child!”

### 第三卷 第九回 搭爾尼二次入獄

〔搭爾尼原來就是伊華利孟侯爵的兒子（細看下文醫師的血書便知。——譯者注），當法國大革命的時候，因事冒險回國，被捉入獄。曼尼特醫師父女等來營救。革命黨們敬重這個醫師，放了搭爾尼，不料當天晚上，他又被捕入獄。——譯者注〕

查理伊華利孟 (Evrémonde)，又稱搭爾尼。他是昨天釋放的。昨天又被控，又被逮。控狀是昨天晚上交給他的。他犯了嫌疑，被人控告是共和國的仇敵，是一個貴族，是一家諸多肆行暴虐人們之一，是被指為公敵的一個家族裏頭的人，因為他們妄行他們的已經廢而不行的權利，做最不名譽的事，壓制平民。查理伊華利孟，又名搭爾尼，因為被告為公敵，在法律裏頭，他絕對是一個死人。

公家的檢察官所說的大旨就是上文這幾句話，還許並無這許多話。

裁判長問被告是被人祕密控告的，抑或是公開控告的。

有人說道，『裁判長，是公開控告的。』

『是誰控告的？』

『三個人控告的。伊爾尼 (Ernest) 狄花治，他是聖安托唔賣酒的。』

『好嗎。』

『他的女人提爾利斯 (Thérèse) 狄花治。』

『好的。』

還有亞力山大曼尼特，是個醫師。』

法庭上吵鬧得很兇，有人看見曼尼特醫師在庭中，看見他臉無血色，在那裏發抖，站在他剛才所坐下的地方。

曼尼特醫師說道，『裁判長，我很憤怒的對你抗辯這是一篇謊話；欺人的話。你是曉得的，被告是我的女兒的丈夫。我看得我的女兒，與她所寶貴的人們，比我自己的性命，還要寶貴得多。那個說我告我的女兒的丈夫，就是一個說謊的陰謀害人的人，他是誰，他在那裏！』

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"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke.<sup>1</sup> The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed.

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together, and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quite enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here, an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannonier that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

<sup>1</sup> rebuke 反唇相稽; 反駁; 懲戒.

『公民曼尼特，你得安靜。不服從法庭的法權，就是使你自己無法律保護。你說有比你的性命還要寶貴的，自一個好公民看來，最寶貴的無過共和國。』

衆人大喊，歡迎這幾句反駁的話。裁判長搖鈴，又很熱烈的說道。

『假使共和國要你犧牲你的女兒，你無別的辦法，只好犧牲她。你留心聽下文。當下你不要響？』

大衆於是又發狂的大喊。醫師曼尼特坐下，兩眼四顧，兩唇發抖；他的女兒更靠緊他。陪審官們內中有一個嗜殺的人，搓他的兩手，把一隻手又放在口裏。

等到法庭安靜了，可以聽見說話的時候，狄花治就出堂，很快的把前事說一遍，他怎樣從前在醫師手下不過當小厮，醫師是怎樣被擊收監的，後來怎樣釋放的，釋放的犯人的情形，又是怎樣把犯人交給他的。審問的時間很短，因為法庭辦事辦得很快。

『公民，攻打巴斯狄（Bastille）大監，你很立過功，是不是？』

『我相信我立過功。』

這時候有一個發怒的女人從人羣中大喊道：『你是當首一個最好的愛國人。你為什麼不說？當日你在那裏是一個炮手，當這座受天譴的炮台被我們攻倒的時候，你是幾個首先進去的人們中的一個。愛國人們呀，我說的是真實話！』

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It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell; but, The Vengeance, warming with encouragement, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him; "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care. As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it, very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his feasting<sup>1</sup> wife, and all the other eyes there

<sup>1</sup> feasting 如享盛筵; 得意; 歡樂.

說話的女人綽號『報仇』，衆人正在很熱烈的議論時候，她就是這樣幫助法庭進行。裁判長搖鈴；『報仇』被衆人鼓勵，正覺得高興，喊道，『我不管搖鈴！』衆人又很稱讚她。

『公民，你告訴法庭，你那天在大監裏頭幹些什麼事。』

那時候狄花治站在上級台階，他的女人站在下級，常抬頭往他，他卻往下看她；他說道，『我曉得我所說的這個犯人被禁在一個牢裏，是北邊高樓第一百零五號。這是他本人告訴我的，當他在我家裏歸我照應，他做鞋過活的時候，他不曉得別的名姓，只曉得他是北邊高樓第一百零五號。那天我放炮，我決計等到大監被我們攻倒，我要考察這個堅牢。大監果然倒了。我走上那一間牢，與我同去的也是一個公民，他今天是陪審團中的一人，帶路的是一個獄卒。我很細密的考察這一間牢。烟通有一塊石，是先挖出來，又塞好了的，我挖出石頭，洞裏有一張寫滿字的紙。這張就是的。我當作一件正經事體幹，考察醫師曼尼特的筆跡。這是醫師曼尼特所寫的字。我今把醫師曼尼特親筆所寫的東西，交與裁判長手中。』

『讀這張字。』

受審的犯人（這是搭爾尼——譯者注）在如死那樣的寂靜中，帶着很戀愛的神色看他的夫人，他的夫人只是看兩個人，從她的丈夫看到她的父親，帶着哀求的神氣，醫師曼尼特兩眼注視讀那張字的人，瑪當狄花治專看犯人，不看別的，狄花治只看他的得意的女人，絕不看他處，全數他人的眼都注視醫師，他卻誰也不看——所讀的那

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intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows.

CHAPTER X

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW

“I, Alexandre Manette, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais, and afterwards resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastille, during the last month of the year, 1767. I write it at stolen intervals, under every difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have slowly and laboriously made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there, when I and my sorrows are dust.

“These words are formed by the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scrapings of soot and charcoal from the chimney, mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired, but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial<sup>1</sup>—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these my last recorded words, whether they be ever read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

“One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month) in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by

<sup>1</sup> circumstantial 屬於環境的。



張紙如下。

第十回 醫師在獄裏所寫的血書（原文作影子的體質——譯者注）

『我姓曼尼特，名亞力山大，不幸是個醫師，我生於布威(Beauvais)，後來住在巴黎，我今在巴士狄監裏的我所被幽禁的愁慘牢裏，寫這張令人憂戚的記載，是在一七六七年十二月寫的。我是偷着空兒寫的，經過很大的爲難，才寫出來的。我意在把這張東西藏在烟通牆裏，我在這牆上慢慢的費了許多事，爲這張東西作了一個洞，埋藏在裏頭。等到我自己及我的愁苦都變成灰的時候，我希望有憐憫我的人的手，可以找着這張東西。

『我用鏽鐵的尖子做筆，從烟通刮下來的烟和木炭屑子，攙以我的血，做墨；我是在被禁第十年末後的一個月，經過許多爲難，寫下來的。我心裏久已無出監的希望了。我曾注意在我身上的許多可怕的警告，我從這些警告就曉得我的性靈不久就要受傷害，但是我鄭重聲明，這個時候我的性靈是好好的——我的記性是準確的，連環境都記得清楚——我所寫的都是真實的，無論日後有人讀這篇記載與否，我在永恆的裁判席上，敢說我所寫的無一字不是真實的。

『一七五七年十二月裏的第三個星期（我想是十二月二十二日），在一個有雲有月的晚上，我在辛納(Seine)河邊的碼頭上的無人走的部分上散步，享受寒冷的空氣，離

the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the School of Medicine, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise<sup>1</sup> run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage door, I also observed that they both looked of about my own age, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice and (as far I could see) face too.

" 'You are Doctor Manette?' said me.

" 'I am.'

" 'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other, 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

" 'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am that Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

" 'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

<sup>1</sup> otherwise 這裏解作若不走開。

我所住在醫學校大街的寓所，約有一點鐘的路程，那時候有一輛馬車在我背後很快的趕來。我怕我若不走開，馬車可以把我碰倒了的，我就站在一邊，讓馬車走過，那時候有人從車窗伸出頭來，喊車夫停車。

『等到車夫能夠收韁勒住那幾匹馬的時候，馬車停住了，同是那個人的聲音，喊我的名字。我就答應。這時候馬車在我的前頭很遠了，那兩個鄉紳有時候先開車門下來，我隨後才走上去。我看見他們兩個人都披了大衣，好像是要遮掩他們自己。當他們並排的站近車門，我又看見這兩個人的年紀同我的差不多，很許比我還年少些，他們兩個人的身材，態度，聲音，面貌（以我所能看見的而言）都是很相像的。

『有一個說道，「你是曼尼特醫師嗎？」

『「我是的。」

『那一個說道，「你就是曼尼特醫師，從前是在布威的，是個少年內科醫師，本來是一個專門外科，在這一兩年內，在巴黎得名，名聲日起，是不是？」

『我答道：「兩位先生，我就是你們說得那樣恭維的曼尼特醫師。」

『第一個說道，「我們才到你的寓所，不幸在那裏見不着你，有人告訴我們說，也許你在這一方散步，我們就向這一方來。盼望趕上你。請你上車，你肯來麼？」

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"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place me between themselves and the carriage door. They were armed. I was not.

" 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honour to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it in silence. They both entered after me—the last springing in, after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about, and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe everything exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place. . . .

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two-thirds of a league from the Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterwards when I traversed it—it struck out of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We all three alighted, and walked, by a damp soft footpath in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it, with his heavy riding glove, across the face.

『這兩個人的態度都是很嚴厲的，當他們說話的時候，他們走過來，把我放在他們與車門之間。他們兩個人都有兵器。我無兵器。』

『我說道，「兩位先生，請你們勿怪，我向來要問這樣光臨請我幫忙的是誰，我還要問，請我去治的是什麼病。」』

『第二個說話的人答復我。他說道，「醫師，來請你的人都是上等人。至於病情，我們深信你的本領會看得出來，比我們所能說的好得多。夠了。你肯上車麼？」』

『我只能聽他們的話，我一聲不響，就上車。他們在我之後上車——最後一個，把腳踏收起跳入車裏。馬車轉頭，同前一樣走得那麼快。』

『我很準確的重述這番談話。我相信是一字不差的。我所敘述的情形，也是準確，一如當日所發生的，我禁制我自己，不許說出範圍之外。此後我所畫的不接連的記號，我是留心有待的，把我這張東西放在祕密收藏地方。……』

『馬車向前走，離幾條大街很遠，走過北閘，走入鄉間的大路。離閘約二哩多路——我當時並未估計路程，還是後來我走過才估計的——就從大路轉出來，向別條路走，不久就停在一所孤另的房子外頭。我們三個人全下車，走到房門，我們所走的是一個花園裏的溼而軟的小徑，園裏有一個失修的噴水池，有水溢出。拉了門鈴並不會立刻開門，我的兩個領路人之一用他很厚重的騎馬手套打開門人的臉。』

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"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people struck more commonly than dogs. But, the other of the two, being angry likewise, struck the man in like manner with his arm; the look and bearing of the brothers were then so exactly alike, that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked), I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, the cries growing louder as we ascended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and ragged, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. I noticed that these bonds were all portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the armorial bearings of a Noble, and the letter E.

"I saw this, within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. My first act was to put out my hand to relieve her breathing; and in moving the scarf aside, the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hands upon her breast to calm her and keep her down, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeated the words, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to

『這樣行爲並不令我特別注意，因為我見過平常人捱打的時候多過狗捱打的時候。但是這兩個人中的那一個也發怒，用手打那個開門的人，這時候我看見這兩兄弟的面貌和態度，是很準確的相似，我才起首見得他們是孿生兄弟。

『從我們在外開門（本來是鎖的，兩兄弟中之一開鎖讓我們進去，又鎖上了）下車的時候起，我就聽見有叫喊的聲音從樓上的一間屋子來。他們一直引我到這間屋子，我們越登樓，喊聲越響，我看見一個病人躺在床上，神經發很高的熱病。

『病人是一個少年極美的女子；年紀必定不過二十一二歲。她的頭髮撕碎了，撕得很亂，她的兩臂是被帶子及手帕綁在她身邊的。我看見用以細綁她的，全是男人衣服的幾個部分。有一部分是穿禮服的有縫鑲邊的肩巾，我看見巾上有貴族的徽章，及一個卍字。

『當我細看病人的時候，我是在第一分鐘裏頭看見徽章及字的；因為當她不停的掙扎時候，她翻身，她的面緊靠床邊，把肩巾的一端吸入口裏，有閉氣不通的危險。我的第一件事，就是伸出我的手解救她，使她能呼吸；當我挪開肩巾的時候，我看見巾角上所繡的東西。

『我輕輕的把她翻轉過來，我兩手按住她的胸部，按她下去，使她安靜，看她的臉。她的兩眼擴張，眼神是很亂的，她不停的發出深刺人心的叫喊，口裏喊的是，「我的丈夫，我的父親，我的兄弟！」隨即數數目，數到十二，數完就

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twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would repeat the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say, 'Hush!' There was *no* variation in the order, or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterance of these sounds.

" 'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who replied. 'Since about this hour last night.'

" 'She has a husband, a father, and a brother?'

" 'A brother.'

" 'I do not address her brother?'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

" 'She has some recent association with the number twelve?'

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock.'

" 'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here'; and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table. . . .

"I opened some of the bottles, smelt them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use anything save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of those.



說「不要響！」她在俄頃間停止不喊，在那裏留心細聽，隨即又起首發出深刺人心的叫喊，又喊，「我的丈夫，我的父親，我的兄弟！」又數到十二，又說「不要響！」次序與狀態是不改變的。除了按序的俄頃間的停止不計，她是不停的這樣叫喊。

『我問道，「這樣的叫喊叫了有多久了？」』

我要區別這兩兄弟，我就稱他們爲老的少的；我稱那個行使最多權力的爲老的。答我的就是老的。他說道，「大約是從昨晚這點鐘起首的。」

『「她有丈夫，有父親，有兄弟麼？」』

『「有一個兄弟。」』

『「你不是她的兄弟麼？」』

『他帶着很看不起的狀態答道，「不是的。」』

『「她與十二數有多少新近的聯想麼？」』

『少的很不耐煩，答道，「與十二鐘點有聯屬。」』

『我一面還用兩手按住她的胸部，說道，「兩位看呀，你把我帶了來，我是多麼的無用呀！假使我曉得我是來看這樣的病，我就能夠帶點東西來。既是未曾帶，必定耽誤了時候。這是僻地，無藥可買。」』

『老的看看少的，少的很驕蹇的說道，「這裏有一箱藥材」；他從一個小牆櫥裏取出一箱藥來，放在桌上。……』

『我打開幾個藥瓶聞聞氣味，把瓶塞放在我的唇上嘗嘗口味。假使我要用的不是自身有毒的麻醉藥，我就不肯用箱裏無論什麼藥。』

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“‘Do you doubt them?’ asked the younger brother.

“‘You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,’ I replied, and said no more.

“I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and suppressed woman in attendance (wife of the man down-stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently<sup>1</sup> furnished—evidently, recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows, to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, ‘My husband, my father, and my brother!’ the counting up to twelve, and ‘Hush!’ The frenzy was so violent, that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but, I had looked to them, to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the case, was, that my hand upon the sufferer’s breast had this much soothing influence, that for minutes at a time it tranquillised the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

“For the reason that my hand had this effect (I assume), I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

“‘There is another patient.’

“I was startled, and asked, ‘Is it a pressing case?’

“‘You had better see,’ he carelessly answered; and took up a light. . . .

<sup>1</sup>indifferently 看得不足重輕; 隨隨便便的.

『那個少的問我道，「難道你疑心這些藥麼？」』

『我答道，「先生，你是看見的，我要用這幾種藥，」我說完這句話，就不再說了。

『我費了許多事，經過許多爲難，才使病人吞下我所願給的藥。因爲我想過了一會又用藥，又因爲必要觀察藥的效力，我隨即坐在病榻旁邊。這裏有一個胆怯及受壓制的女人侍候（是樓下那個人的女人），她退到屋角了。這所房子潮溼而朽敗，只有隨便的幾樣家具——顯然是新近才來住的，又不過是暫時居住的。在窗子前釘了幾塊舊帷幔，使叫喊的聲音不響。病人還是接連的按序的叫喊，喊的是「我的丈夫，我的父親，我的兄弟！」還是數到十二，就說「不要響！」病人瘋狂得很利害，我並不曾解放綁着兩臂的束縛；但是我卻曾看看這些束縛，看看是否把她綁得疼痛。這樣的病狀只有一點鼓勵，我的手按住她的胸口，頗有鎮靜她的力量，每次有數分鐘使她安靜。卻無效力及於叫喊：她的叫喊來得很準，如同鐘擺一樣。

『因爲我的手有這樣的效果（我揣度是有的），我坐在榻旁有半點鐘，兩兄弟看着，後來那個老的說道：

『「那裏還有一個病人。」』

『我驚了一跳，問道，「是要緊的病麼？」』

『他隨隨便便的答道，「你不如去看看，」他手拿一燈。

.....

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“The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase, which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low plastered ceiling to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in sand. I had to pass through that part, to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken.<sup>1</sup> I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastille, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

“On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his glaring eyes looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was, as I kneeled on one knee over him; but, I could see that he was dying of a wound from a sharp point.

“‘I am a doctor, my poor fellow,’ said I. ‘Let me examine it.’

“‘I do not want to be examined,’ he answered; ‘let it be.’

“It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. The wound was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whose life was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded

<sup>1</sup> unshaken 不動搖; 確是這樣。

『那個病人躺在第二層樓的後屋裏，這是在馬號上的一種閣子。有一部分有一個低的刷過石灰的天花板；其餘的部分是通的，通到瓦房頂的房脊，還有幾條橫樑。這一部分是堆存木柴及一堆沙穢的平果。我要從這一部分經過，才走到那一部分。我的記性是把環境記得清楚，又是確是這樣的。我嘗試把這些詳細情形寫下來，我在巴士狄大監的牢裏嘗試想起這許多情形來，我被禁十年，我在快到第十年的年底，還看見這許多情形，如同那天晚上一樣。

『地下鋪點乾草，有一個面貌很美的鄉下孩子躺在草上，頭下有一個墊子——這個孩頂多不過十七歲。他的背躺在草上，咬着牙，他的右手緊握着，放在他的胸部，兩隻直瞪眼，直向上看。我不能看見他的傷口在那裏，因為我一膝跪下，向下看他；但是我卻能夠看出他是受了尖東西的傷，傷重快要死啦。

『我說道，「我的可憐人呀，我是醫師。讓我診視。」

『他答道，「我不要診視，隨他去。」

『傷在手下，我安慰他，使他讓我移開他的手。原來是刀刺的傷，受傷的時候在二十點鐘至二十四點鐘之前；但是即使立刻施治，無論怎樣的本領，也不能救他的性命啦。『他這時候正在死得很快。當我轉眼看那個老的，我看見他低頭看這個性命如退潮那樣流得快的美少年，好像只當他是一隻受傷的鳥，或受傷的野兔，或受傷的家

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bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

“ ‘How has this been done, monsieur?’ said I.

“ ‘A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother’s sword—like a gentleman.’

“There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity, in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was inconvenient to have that different order of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure routine of his vermin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

“The boy’s eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and they now slowly moved to me.

“ ‘Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She—have you seen her, Doctor?’

“The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence.

“I said, ‘I have seen her.’

“ ‘She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls among us. I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too: a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man’s who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.’

兔；並不當他是個人類。

『我說道，「先生，是怎樣傷他的？」』

『他答道，「他是一個發狂的少年的平常的狗！是一個田奴！他逼我的兄弟拔刀同他打，他如同一個上等人，死在我兄弟的刀下。」（非同階級不相比劍決鬥。這個孩子以賤人而逼貴族同他決鬥，故有此言。——譯者注）

『在他的答話裏頭，毫無憐憫，傷感，或以人類相待的意思。說話人好像承認有一個不同階級的人要死在這裏，是很不便的，好像承認這種人不能照着他的蟲蟻種類的向來的黑暗規則死了。（同貴族決鬥而死，死者有貴族的體面，賤人不該享這樣體面。——譯者注）他對於這個孩子，或對於他的慘遇，是絕不能有什麼憐憫感情的。

『孩子的兩眼，當他說完話的時候，慢慢轉向他，現在卻慢慢轉向我。

『這孩子說道，「醫師，他們是貴族，他們是很驕蹇的；但是我們其賤如狗的小民，有時也是驕蹇的。他們劫奪我們，糟塌我們，打我們，殺我們；但是我們有時還有一點傲氣，並未全失。她——醫師，你看過她麼？」

『這裏離那裏雖然遠，那裏的叫喊這裏還聽見，不過離得遠聲音較低些。他所指的是這樣的叫喊，好像她在我們眼前死的一般。

『我說道，「我看過她。」

『「醫師，她是我的姊妹。這兩個貴族，在好幾年裏頭，享受過他們的不顧廉恥的權利，糟塌我們的姊妹們的廉恥與貞潔，（就是霸佔人家的婦女。——譯者注）但是在我們小民裏頭，還有好女孩子。我曉得我們有，我曾聽見我的父親說有。她就是一個好女孩子。她已經同一個好少年定婚了；這個少年是他的房客。我們全是他的房客——是站在那裏的人的房客。那一個是他的兄弟，是壞種中的最壞的。」

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“It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but, his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

“‘We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat, we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed, and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for, was that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!’

“I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed, bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must be latent<sup>1</sup> in the people somewhere; but, I had never seen it break out, until I saw it in the dying boy.

“‘Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married her lover, that she might tend and comfort him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks, when that man’s brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—for what are husbands among us! He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous, and hated his brother with a hatred as strong as mine. What did the two then,

<sup>1</sup> latent 隱藏不露.



『這個孩子很爲難才得着氣力說這幾句話；但是他的精神說話說得令人可怕的那樣着重。

『我們被站在那裏的人所搶奪，凡是如同我們這樣的平常的狗，都被他們那樣的貴人所搶奪——他毫不憐憫的抽我們的稅，強逼我們替他勞力，不給工錢，強逼我們到他的磨坊裏磨我們自己的麵，強逼我們拿我們的很缺少的收穫餵養他的幾十隻馴鳥，卻不許我們自己養一隻，我們若是養一隻，他就要我們的命，他劫奪我們的東西，我們若是碰巧得了一塊肉，我們吃肉的時候很害怕，要把門關了，上了門，把窗子都關嚴了，才敢吃肉，以免他手下的人看見，把肉搶去——我說，我們很被他們所搶奪，被他們所抑勒，使我們變作很窮，所以我們的父親對我們說，生一個孩子是一件最可怕的事，他還說，我們所最應該祈禱的，就是求我們的女人不生養，求我們這樣愁慘的種類全死完了！』

『我一向未見過受了逼壓所發的惡感，如一陣大火那樣噴出來。我曾臆度這樣的痛苦必定深藏於人民身中某處地方；卻並未看見其衝出來，這時候才看見從這個快死的孩子口中噴出來。

『醫師，雖是這樣說，我的姊妹嫁了。可憐這個人，那時候他正在患病，她嫁了她的愛人，爲的是她可以在我們的茅舍裏服事他，安慰他，——我說是茅舍，那個人會說是狗屋。她嫁了不過幾個星期，這個人的兄弟看見她，愛上她，問那個人把她借給他用了——在我們小民裏頭，做丈夫的算得了什麼！他是情願的，但是我的姊妹是好的，是貞潔的，恨他的兄弟，恨得很利害，如同我恨他那樣利害。這兩個人因爲要使她願意，想什麼法子勸她的丈夫

to persuade her husband to use his influence with her, to make her willing?’

“The boy’s eyes, which had been fixed on mine, slowly turned to the looker-on, and I saw in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another, I can see, even in this Bastille; the gentleman’s, all negligent indifference; the peasant’s, all trodden-down sentiment, and passionate<sup>1</sup> revenge.

“‘You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of these Nobles to harness us common dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed him and drove him. You know that it is among their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep may not be disturbed. They kept him out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered him back into his harness in the day. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon, to feed—if he could find food—he sobbed twelve times, once for every stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.’

“Nothing human could have held life in the boy but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, as he forced his clenched right hand to remain clenched, and to cover his wound.

“‘Then, with that man’s permission and even with his aid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother—and what that is, will not be long unknown to you, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away—for his pleasure and diversion, for a little while. I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home, our father’s heart burst; her never spoke one of the

<sup>1</sup> *passionate* 激烈.

行使他的勢力？」

「孩子的兩眼，本來是看着我的兩眼，現在慢慢的轉向那個旁觀人，我從這兩個人的臉上，看出他所說的話，全是真實的。兩種相與反對的傲氣，在那裏對峙着，當我在這所巴士狄監牢裏頭，我還能看見；這個鄉紳的臉全是看不起和不足重輕；鄉下人的臉，全是被人踐踏的惡感，全是激烈的報仇雪恥。

「醫師，你是曉得的，貴族享許多特別權利，其中有一種就是當我們是平常的狗，拿我們駕車，趕我們，如趕馬一樣。他們就是拿他當馬，使他駕車，趕他。你是曉得的，他們有一種權利，要我們終夜在他們的園地上安撫蝦蟆，不許蝦蟆叫，以便他們不受驚擾的睡好覺。他們逼他終夜在傷人的濃霧中，到了白天，又要他駕車。（據說作者因為要撰法國大革命的小說，曾同撰過法國大革命史的喀萊爾（Carlyle）借書，喀萊爾送了兩大車的書來，本書所說的貴族虐待小民的種種慘痛情形，大約都是事實，大約是從這兩大車書中得來的。凡撰法蘭西大革命正史的居多不過囫圇說了，無此詳細，此所以為有功世道之作。——譯者注）他卻不肯。他不肯！有一天中午把車卸下來，去找吃的——只要他能夠找得着吃的——他哭了十二次，每打一次鐘，他哭一次，就死在她懷裏。」

「只有這個孩子的毅力，決要把他所受的全數虐待告訴我，才能夠維持他的性命，人力是不能的。死的許多影子都聚攏來，他硬把這些影子趕回頭，如同他強制他的握着拳頭的右手，還是握着，蓋住他的傷口一樣。

「隨後他的兄弟得着那個人的允許，而且得着他的助力，就把她搶走了；她必會告訴他的兄弟——所告訴的是什麼，醫師，你現在雖不曉得，不久就會曉得，——他的兄弟雖然曉得，還是把她搶走了——搶去供他一會子的快活，供他一會子的消遣。我在路上看見她走過。我把消息告訴家裏，我們的父親聽了，心都炸了；他有滿肚子的話要說，他卻一字不說。我還有一個妹妹，我把她送到一

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words that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to a place beyond the reach of this man, and where, at least, she will never be *his* vassal. Then, I tracked the brother here, and last night climbed in—a common dog, but sword in hand.—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here?’

“The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

“ ‘She heard me, and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first tossed me some pieces of money; then struck at me with a whip. But I, though a common dog, so struck at him as to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life.’

“My glance had fallen, but a few moments before, on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman’s. In another place, lay an old sword that seemed to have been a soldier’s.

“ ‘Now, lift me up, Doctor: lift me up. Where is he?’

“ ‘He is not here,’ I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

“ ‘He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn my face to him.’

“I did so, raising the boy’s head against my knee. But, invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

“ ‘Marquis,’ said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide, and his right hand raised, ‘in the days when

個地方，是這個人所到不了的地方，她在那裏，至少也不會當他的附屬品。（讀者注意——譯者注）隨後我追蹤那個兄弟，追蹤到這裏，昨天晚上我爬牆進來——我不過是一隻平常的狗，我的手上卻有刀——閣子的窗在那裏？就是在這裏附近，是不是？」

『他的兩眼看見屋子慢慢黑了；世界縮小了，包圍住他。我四面看看，看見地板上的馬草與草把都被踐踏了，好像是有過掙扎的。』

『她聽見我，跑進來。我告訴她，等到我們相打，把他打死了，才好走近我們。他進來，先摔幾塊錢給我；隨即用馬鞭打我。但是我雖然不過一隻平常的狗，我打他，逼他拔刀。他的刀被我平常人的血染汙了，隨他打斷他的刀，喜歡打碎多少塊就打多少塊；他拔刀自衛——他因為他自己的性命，用盡平生的本事，用刀刺我。』

『在不多幾分鐘之先，我看見一把破刀的碎塊在馬草堆裏，那把刀是一個鄉紳的刀。在另外一個地方，放着一把舊刀，好像是一個軍人的刀。』

『醫師，請你扶我起來，請你扶我起來。他在那裏？』

『我扶住這個孩子，我想他是指那個貴族的兄弟，我說道，「他不在這裏。」』

『他呀！貴族們雖然驕傲，他卻怕見我。剛才在這裏的那個人在那裏？掉過我的臉對着他。』

『我抬起這個孩子的頭靠住我的膝，使他的臉對着那個人，不料在這一會子他得了非常的氣力，他完全坐起來：這就逼我不能不起來，不然，我就不能夠仍然扶住他。』

『這個孩子睜大兩眼，舉起右手，對着那個人說道，「侯爵，將來有幾天，全數你所做的事，都要有人負責，那時候

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all these things are to be answered<sup>1</sup> for, I summon you and yours, to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it.'

"Twice, he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He stood for an instant with the finger yet raised, and as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead. . . .

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman, I found her raving in precisely the same order of continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always 'My husband, my father, and my brother! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!'

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and by-and-bye she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the woman to assist me to compose her figure and the dress she

<sup>1</sup> answered for 負責.

我要傳你和你的人們，連你們的壞種的末後一個，都要傳到，要你們負責。我現在用血對你畫個十字，這是表示我要傳你來負責。將來有幾天，全數你們所做的事都要有人負責，我要傳壞種裏頭的最壞種，就是你的兄弟，對於他所犯的全數罪惡逐條負責。我對他畫這個血十字，表示我要傳他來負責。」

『他凡兩次把手放在他的胸脯的傷口，用食指在空中畫一個十字。他站了一會子，仍然舉着手指。當手指下墜的時候，他同手指俱墜，我把他放下來，他就死了。……』

『等到我回去那個少年女人的病榻旁邊的時候，我看見她還是發狂大叫，叫喊的次序，同從前一模一樣。我曉得這樣的狂叫可以叫好幾點鐘的，很許埋葬了才不叫。』

『我再用我所用過的藥，我坐在病榻旁邊，坐到夜深。她絕不減輕她叫喊的深刺人心的聲音，字音還是一樣的清楚，叫的次序並未改變。她所喊的常是，「我的丈夫，我的父親，我的兄弟！一，二，三，四，五，六，七，八，九，十，十一，十二。不要響！」』

『自從我最初看見她的時候起，她喊了二十六點鐘。我來兩次，去兩次，當她起首叫喊得遲疑的時候，我又坐在她身邊。我做我所能做的那一點兒，以幫助這個機會，不久她就入了昏睡之境，躺在床上，像死了的。』

『這個時候的情形，就好像一陣長久的狂風過去之後，風雨都停了一樣。我解放她的兩臂，喊那個女人來幫我把她的身子放好了，把她所扯破的衣服也放好了。到了

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had torn. It was then that I knew her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

“‘Is she dead?’ asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming booted into the room from his horse.

“‘Not dead,’ said I; ‘but like to die.’

“‘What strength there is in these common bodies!’ he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

“‘There is prodigious strength,’ I answered him, ‘in sorrow and despair.’

“He first laughed at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said in a subdued voice,

“‘Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds,<sup>1</sup> I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you are probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here, are things to be seen, and not spoken of.’

“I listened to the patient’s breathing, and avoided answering.

“‘Do you honour me with your attention, Doctor?’

“‘Monsieur,’ said I, ‘in my profession, the communications of patients are always received in confidence.’ I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind with what I had heard and seen.

“Her breathing was so difficult to trace, that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more.

<sup>1</sup>hinds 種田工人.



這個時候，我才曉得她的情形，看見她懷孕的最初徵象。我關於她的病狀，初時原有一點兒希望，這時候，連一點希望也無有了。

『侯爵（我仍然稱那個老的做侯爵）下馬，穿着鞋走進來，問道，「她死了麼？」』

『我說道，「未死，但是快要死啦。」』

『他帶點好奇的意思，低頭看她，說道，「這些平民們有多麼精力呀！」』

『我答道，「愁苦與絕望是有異常的精力。」』

『他聽見這句話，起初大笑，隨後縹眉。他用腳推一把椅子，推近我的椅子，叫那個女人出去，低聲說道，

『「醫師，我看見我的兄弟因為同這兩個種田的工人發生爲難，我就勸他請你來幫助。你的名聲很大，你又是一個少年人，正在要發財的時候，你一定是顧住你自己的利益的。你在這裏所看見的事體，只好用眼見，不可用口說。」』

『我留心聽病人的呼吸，以免答他。』

『他問道，「醫師，你聽見說話麼？」』

『我說道，「先生，我們當醫師的，凡是病人所說的話，我們常是嚴守祕密的。」我的答話裏面是有防備的，因為我的所聞及所見使我的心很不安。』

『她的呼吸是很難聽得清楚，所以我很小心的試她的脈，與試她的心臟。她不過是還活着罷了。當我再坐下的

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Looking round as I resumed my seat, I found both the brothers intent upon me. . . .

“I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe; I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an underground cell and total darkness, that I must abridge this narrative. There is no confusion or failure in my memory; it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

“She lingered for a week. Towards the last, I could understand some few syllables that she said to me, by placing my ear close to her lips. She asked me where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She faintly shook her head upon the pillow, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

“I had no opportunity of asking her any question, until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

“I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother’s (as I call him) having crossed swords with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous. As often as I caught the younger brother’s eyes, their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply, for knowing what I knew from the

時候，我看見他們兩兄弟都定睛看我。……

『我寫這篇東西，有許多爲難，因爲屋裏很冷；我很怕被人看出，就把我關在地下的監牢，關在完全黑暗的地方，所以我必得把這段故事刪節許多。我的記性是很好的，既不紛亂，又不會忘記；我的記性能夠追憶我同那兩兄弟所說的話，還能夠詳詳細細的記憶。

『她拖延一個星期。快到最後那一天，我把我的耳朵湊近她的嘴唇，我能夠聽得出她對我說的幾個字。她問我她現時在那裏，我告訴她；她問我是誰，我告訴她。我問她姓什麼，總問不出來。她在枕上微微搖頭，嚴守她的祕密，如同那個孩子一樣。

『我一向都無機會問她，一直等到我告訴這兩兄弟她的精力沉得很快，不能再有一天好活，他們一向只許我及那個女人到她跟前，別人是不許來的，當我在病榻旁邊的時候，兩兄弟，不是這個就是那個，坐在床頭的帳幔之後，嚴密監察。但是等到我說她快要死啦，他們才好像不防範我同病人說什麼話；好像我也是快要死的——這個思想，在我心中經過。

『我常觀察他們的驕傲痛恨（我所稱爲）年少的兄弟，會同一個鄉農比刀，況且那個鄉農還是一個小孩子。只有一個考慮好像動他們兩個人的心，就是考慮到這件事很屈辱他們的家族，況且是個笑話。我有好幾次看那個少年兄弟的兩眼，他的眼色每次都提醒我，他深恨我，因爲我從那個孩子曉得許多情形。少的對待我，比老的對待我來

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boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an incumbrance<sup>1</sup> in the mind of the elder, too.

“My patient died, two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her, when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly wrongs and sorrows ended.

“The brothers were waiting in a room down-stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

“‘At last she is dead?’ said the elder, when I went in.

“‘She is dead,’ said I.

“‘I congratulate you, my brother,’ were his words as he turned round.

“He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau<sup>2</sup> of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

“‘Pray excuse me,’ said I. ‘Under the circumstances, no.’

“They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. . . .

“I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I cannot read what I have written with this gaunt hand.

“Early in the morning, the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From

<sup>1</sup>incumbrance 卽 encumbrance 妨礙; 累墜; 禍害. <sup>2</sup>rouleau 包成圓筒.

得更和光更有禮，但是我看出他深恨我。我又看出老的心裏也以爲我是一宗防礙。

『我的病人死了，在半夜前兩點鐘死的——拿我的表來對，剛好是初次見她的時刻，幾乎連一分鐘都不差。她死的時候只有我在她身邊，那時候她的可憐的少年的頭，輕輕垂在一邊，全數她在世上所受的虐待及愁苦，都告終了。』

『那兩兄弟在樓下一間屋子等，急於要騎馬走開。我獨自一人在榻邊，聽見他們用他們的馬鞭打他們的靴子，走來走去。』

『當我走進去的時候，老的說道，「到底她死了？」』

『我說道，「她死了。」』

『他掉過頭來，說道，「我的兄弟，我慶賀你。」』

『他曾拿錢給我，我暫時不拿。他現在給我用紙包好的一圓筒的金錢。我從他手上拿過來，放在桌上。我曾考慮過這個問題，曾決計不受什麼酬謝。』

『我說道，「在這樣諸多環境之下，我不受酬，請你勿怪。」』

『他們交換眼色，當我對他們鞠躬的時候，他們也對我鞠躬，我們彼此都一言不發，就分手了。……』

『我是勞倦了，很勞倦了——這樣悽慘的事，使我勞倦。我用這隻其瘦如柴的手所寫的東西，我都不能讀了。』

『到了早上，有一個小盒子裝着那一捲的金錢，放在我的門口，盒子上有我的名姓。我起初就很費心的考慮過』

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the first, I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities<sup>1</sup> of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but, I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised<sup>2</sup> by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

“I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed, when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. . . .

“I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

“The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother, with the initial letter<sup>3</sup> embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

“My memory is still accurate, but I cannot write the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched

<sup>1</sup>immunities 犯罪不受刑罰。 <sup>2</sup>compromised 受嫌疑; 被拖累。 <sup>3</sup>initial letter 爲始的起首一個字。

我該怎樣辦。這一天我就決定寫一封私信給首相，敘明我被請去診治兩個人的病情，及我所走的地方；其實就是敘明全數的情形。我曉得什麼是宮庭的勢力，我又曉得貴族犯罪是無人過問的，我又預料這件事絕不會有人說起的；但是我要解放我心中的重負。我嚴守祕密，連我的夫人都不曉得；我決計寫在信上說我嚴守祕密。我不曾慮到我的實在危險；但是我卻覺得他人許會有危險，假使他人曉得我所曉得的，他人會被拖累的。

『這一天我很忙，當天晚上我不能寫完這封信。第二天早上我起早，比往常早得多，以便寫完這封信。這一天剛好是除夕。我剛好寫完信，放在面前，就有人來告訴我，有一個女人等着，要見我。……』

『我覺得越往下去，我的精力越不夠做我所要做的事。天氣很冷，天色很黑，我的官覺都麻木了，籠罩住我的一片黑暗，是很可怕的。（這是說他在牢裏寫到這一段事時候的情形。——譯者注）』

『來見我的是個少年，動人，美貌女人，可惜不像是個享長壽的。她的神色很慌亂。她對我說，她是聖伊華利孟侯爵的夫人。我記得那個孩子稱那個年老的兄弟做侯爵，我又記得肩巾上所繡的卍字，我把這兩件事連貫起來，就不難推得結論，就曉得我前幾天所看見的，就是那個侯爵。』

『我的記性還是記得很準確的，我卻不能寫出我們會談所說的話。我疑到我被人很嚴密的監視，我不曉得在什

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more closely than I was, and I know not at what times I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story, of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was, to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas, to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. . . .

"These scraps of paper fail me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record today.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother distrusted and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

" 'For his sake, Doctor,' she said pointing to him in tears, 'I would do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if no other innocent atonement is made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left to call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few



麼時候可以有人監視我。她猜着一部分，又查出一部分這件殘忍故事的要緊事實，曉得她的丈夫在這件事裏頭有一份子，又曉得會找我去療治。她卻不曉得那個女子已經死了。她感覺極大的困難，她說她會希望私下裏對那個女子表示一個女人的憐憫。他們這一家，久已被許多受痛苦的人們所痛恨，她會希望設法使這一家免受天怒。

『她說她有理由相信那個女子還有一個妹妹活着，她的最大願望就是要幫助這個妹妹。我什麼都不能告訴她，只能告訴她是有一個妹妹；此外我什麼都不曉得啦。她倚賴我這個人靠得住，她又希望我能夠告訴她那個女子的妹妹的住址和姓名，所以使她來見我。那裏曉得，我到這個可憐時候，我還是全不曉得。……』

『我沒得碎紙了。昨天才拿了我的一張碎紙走，給我一次警告。我今天必得把我的記載寫完了。』

『她是一個好女人，是一個會憐憫人的女人，嫁了這個丈夫，並不歡樂。她怎樣能夠歡樂！那個兄弟不相信她，不喜歡她，他的勢力全反對她；她既怕他，又怕她的丈夫。當我送她下樓送到門口的時候，她的馬車裏有一個小男孩子，長得好看，有兩三歲。』

『她流淚指着那個孩子，說道，「醫師，我爲他起見，我肯做我的全力所能做到的，儘我的能力，作多少補救的事。不然的話，他承受了家產，也絕不會發達的。我有一種先覺，我覺得倘若因爲此事而不作無害的賠補，將來有一天是要這個孩子賠補的。我所剩下來我所能稱爲是我自己的東西——不過是幾樣珠寶的價值——只要能夠找得

jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to bestow, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.’

“She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, ‘It is for thine own dear sake. Thou wilt be faithful, little Charles?’ The child answered her bravely, ‘Yes!’ I kissed her hand and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

“As she had mentioned her husband’s name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

“That night, the last night of the year, towards nine o’clock, a man in a black dress rang at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, up-stairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—O my wife, beloved of my heart! My fair young English wife!—we saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

“An urgent case in the Rue St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me, he had a coach in waiting.

“It brought me here; it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house, a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from a dark corner, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter had I written, showed it me, burnt it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here; I was brought to my living grave.

着那個妹妹，這筆錢就是他將來一生所給與這個受害人家的恤款的第一批，連同他的死母的哀憐。」

『她吻這個孩子，一面摟抱他，說道，「這是爲你自己起見。小查理呀，你能不失信，照着我的說話辦嗎？」這個孩子很勇敢的答道，「我照辦！」我吻她的手，她兩手抱他，走的時候還摟着他。從此以後，我永遠不會再見着她。

『因爲她相信我曉得她丈夫的名姓，所以她對我說她丈夫的名姓，我在信上並未說出這個姓名。我封好我的信，我不相信他人，當天我自己把信送去。

『當天晚上，就是除夕，約九點鐘，有一個穿黑衣服的人搖門鈴，要見我，他脚步輕輕的，跟着我的僕人伊爾尼狄花治（那時候不過是個孩子）上樓。當我的僕人走進我的屋子時，我正在同我的夫人坐在一起——咳，我的夫人呀，我心所最愛的人呀！我的美貌少年英國夫人呀！——我們看見來人不響的站在僕人背後，我原以爲來人還在門外啦。

『他說有一個重症在聖奧諾利街。不會耽擱我，他有馬車等着。

『這就把我送到這個監獄裏；這就把我送到我的墳墓裏。當我離開我的住宅，就有人從我背後用一塊黑面巾堵住我的嘴，從後面拉得很緊的，用腕枷把我的兩臂枷得很緊的。那兩兄弟從對街的一個黑角裏走過來，一點頭認得是我。侯爵從他的衣袋裏掏出我所寫的那封信，給我看，用燈火燒了，用脚躐滅紙灰。一言不發。把我送到監裏；把我送到我的生墳。

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“If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that he had not quite abandoned them. But, now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal<sup>1</sup> to them, and that they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth.”

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving<sup>2</sup> and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the nation but must have dropped before it. . . .

When the President said (else had his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervour, not a touch of human sympathy.

“Much influence around him, has that Doctor?” murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. “Save him now, my Doctor, save him!”

At every juryman’s vote, there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

<sup>1</sup>fatal 致命的. <sup>2</sup>craving 道裏解作要報仇.

『假使上帝，在全數這可怕的年裏，喜歡使這兩兄弟中無論那一個的鐵石那樣硬的心腸，讓我曉得我的最寶貴的夫人的任何消息——只要說一句話，使我曉得她或是生或是死——我就可以思維上帝並未完全拋棄他們。但是我現在相信那個用血畫的十字架使他們受了致命傷，他們一點也得不着上帝的慈悲。今晚是一七六七年除夕，我這個愁苦監犯亞力山大曼尼特，在我的不能忍受的傷痛心中，向天向地告發他們的罪惡，一直告發到要他們受這全數罪惡的懲罰時為止。』（醫師在監牢裏所寫的記載，至此才完。——譯者注）

一讀完這篇文件，堂下就發生一種很可怕的聲音。是一種急於要報仇的聲音，說不出什麼連貫的說話來，不過要報仇流血。這篇記事激動當時的最激烈的報仇惡感，毋論國內什麼人被他們所怨恨的，必得丟頭。……

裁判長說（假使他不這樣說，他自己的頭也要在他的兩肩上搖動）共和國的名醫，肯把貴族中一個惡劣的家族斬草除根的殺乾淨了，就更值得受共和國的優待，他肯使他的女兒變作一個寡婦，使她的兒女變作無父的兒女，他心裏必定會覺得一陣神聖的熱烈與歡樂（讀者要記得醫師的女婿查理搭爾尼，就是查理伊華利孟，就是侯爵的兒子，所以革命黨必要殺他。——譯者注）。衆人聽了這幾句話就表示瘋狂的激烈，愛國的熱心，並無一點人性的憐憫。

狄花治的女人微笑，對那個綽號『報仇』的女人喃喃的說道，『這個醫師有多少勢力呀？我的醫師，你救他呀！你救他呀！』（這是狄花治的女人說得意話。——譯者注）

衆人聽見每一個陪審員投死票，就大喊一陣。一個投死票，又一個投死票。一陣大喊，又一陣大喊。

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Unanimously<sup>1</sup> voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie,<sup>2</sup> and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

## CHAPTER XII

### DARKNESS

It was as late as seven o'clock when he awoke refreshed, and went out into the street again. As he passed along towards Saint Antoine, he stopped at a shop-window where there was a mirror, and slightly altered the disordered arrangement of his loose cravat, and his coat-collar, and his wild hair. This done, he went on direct to Defarge's, and went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. This man, whom he had seen upon the Jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. The Vengeance assisted in the conversation, like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careless glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English?" asked Madame Defarge, inquisitively<sup>3</sup> raising her dark eyebrows.

<sup>1</sup>unanimously 一致. <sup>2</sup>Conciergerie 刑部的舊監獄. <sup>3</sup>inquisitively 好問; 好打聽; 好管閒事.

全數陪審員一致投死票。他們說他本心是一個貴族，他又是貴族的兒子，是共和國的公敵，是一個聲名惡劣的人民的逼壓人。押他回去刑部的舊監獄，二十四點鐘內處死。

### 第十二回 卡爾敦入酒鋪

等到他（指卡爾敦 Carton ——譯者注）醒來，覺得精神復原的時候，已經天晚了，有七點鐘了。他又出去逛街。當他走向聖安托唔的時候，看見一個鋪子的窗子有一面鏡子，他站在那裏稍微把他的不齊整的鬆肩巾，他的衣領，及紛亂的頭髮，弄齊整些。弄好之後，他一直走到狄花治的酒店，就進去。

店裏剛好無人吃酒，只有查克斯第三在那裏，這個人的手指是不停的亂動，他的聲音好像蝦蟆叫。他曾看見這個人陪審員席上，這時候站在小櫃台，同狄花治夫婦說話。『報仇』也在那裏幫着談話，她是常來這間酒店的。

當卡爾敦走進去，坐下，要一小盃酒的時候（他說法國話，說得並不好），狄花治的女人最初並不甚留意的看他一眼，隨後用較尖利的眼看他，隨後又是這樣看他，隨即自己走上前，問他要什麼酒。

他剛才說過了，這時候又說一遍。

狄花治的女人抬起她的兩道黑眉毛，露出好管閒事的神色，問道，『你是英國人麼？』

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After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent. "Yes, madame, yes. I am English!"

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and, as he took up a Jacobin<sup>1</sup> journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he heard her say, "I swear to you, like Evrémonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him Good Evening.

"How?"

"Good evening."

"Oh! Good evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter, and said, "Certainly, a little like." Madame sternly retorted, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three pacifically remarked, "He is so much in your mind, see you, madame." The amiable Vengeance added, with a laugh, "Yes, my faith! And you are looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing him once more to-morrow!"

Carton followed the lines and words of his paper, with a slow forefinger, and with a studious and absorbed face. They were all leaning their arms on the counter close together, speaking low. After a silence of a few moments, during which they all looked towards him without disturbing his outward attention from the Jacobin editor, they resumed their conversation.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great force in that. Why stop?"

<sup>1</sup>Jacobin 這是法國大革命時最激烈的黨派。



他看看她之後，好像他限慢才曉得每個法蘭西字的意思，用剛才很重的外國口音答復。『瑪當，是的。我是英國人！』

瑪當狄花治回去櫃台取酒，他拿起一份雅各賓（Jacobin）黨的報，裝作讀報，在那裏用心要曉得說的是什麼，他聽見她說，『我肯對你發誓，他像伊華利孟！』

狄花治送酒來，同他請晚安。

『怎麼呀？』

『請晚安呀。』

『哦，請晚安，公民，』他倒酒在盃裏。『呀！好酒。我舉觴祝共和國萬歲。』

狄花治走回去櫃台，說道，『果然有點像。』瑪當嚴厲的駁他道，『我告訴你很像。』查克斯第三安詳的說道，『瑪當，你總記着他，你就看見他。』這個和氣的『報仇』笑一聲，說道，『是呀。你很高興的盼望明天再見他的面！』

卡爾敦用一隻手指在報紙上慢慢指着一行一字的看，露出好學與好用心的神色。他們幾個用膀子靠住櫃台，相湊得很近，低聲說話。他們都看他，卻並不驚動他注意於雅各賓主筆所說的話，他們有幾分鐘不開口，隨後他們又談起來。

查克斯第三說道，『瑪當說得不錯。爲什麼停止？她的話是很有力量的。爲什麼停止？』

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"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance, also, highly approved.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor had suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes. I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, my wife," said Defarge, in a deprecatory<sup>1</sup> manner "the anguish of his daughter, which must be a dreadful anguish to him!"

"I have observed his daughter," repeated madame, "yes, I have observed his daughter, more times than one. I have observed her to-day, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger——!" She seemed to raise it (the listener's eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the ledge before her, as if the axe had dropped.

"The citizeness is superb!" croaked the Juryman.

"She is an Angell!" said The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"As to thee," pursued madame, implacably, addressing her husband, "if it depended on thee—which, happily, it does not—thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

<sup>1</sup>deprecatory 勸人息怒.

狄花治聽了說道，『罷了，罷了。但是總要有停止的時候呀。最要緊的還是幾時停止的問題？』

瑪當說道，『殺絕了就停止。』

查克斯第三如同蝦蟆一樣，閉閉的說道，『好極了！』『報仇』也極端贊成。

狄花治心裏很不安的說道，『我的夫人，殺絕了原是好宗旨。大概而論，我不說話反對。但是那個醫師受夠痛苦啦；你今天曾看見他的；當讀那篇筆記的時候，你也曾觀察他的臉。』

瑪當帶着藐視與憤怒顏色，說道，『我曾觀察他的臉！是的。我曾觀察他的臉。我曾觀察，他的臉並不是共和國的一個真朋友的臉。他得小心照應着他的臉！』

狄花治用苦勸他的女人求她息怒的狀態，說道，『我的夫人，你也曾觀察他的女兒的痛苦，他看見女兒痛苦，他必定是令人可怕的痛苦！』

瑪當說道，『是的，我曾觀察他的女兒，我曾觀察他的女兒，不止一次了。我今天曾觀察她，從前有好幾次，我也曾觀察她。我在法庭上曾觀察她，我在監獄旁邊的街上亦曾觀察她。我只要伸出我的手指——！』她好像伸出來（旁聽人的兩眼常在報紙上），又放下，放在眼前的平板上，還帶着戛戛聲響，好像是殺頭的斧子落下來一般。

那個當陪審員的閉閉說道，『女公民是頂好的！』

『報仇』撲住她，說道，『她是一個安琪兒！』瑪當是勸不過來的了，對着她的丈夫，說道，『說到你呀，假使是靠你——好在並不靠你——你現在就會救這個人。』

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"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you, too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors, I have this race a long time on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastille falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night when this place is clear and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night, I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burnt out, and the day is gleaming in above these shutters and between those iron bars, that I have now a secret to communicate. Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smite this bosom with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore and that peasant family so injured by the two Evrémonde brothers, as that Bastille paper describes, is my family. Defarge, that sister of the mortally wounded boy upon the ground was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him, is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

狄花治抗辯，說道，『不！倘若不過是一舉手之勞就能救他，我也不救！不過我的意思是到了這個地步就不往下再做啦。我說，就此罷手啦。』

瑪當狄花治大怒，說道，『查克斯，你看呀，我的小『報仇』你也看呀；你們兩個都看呀！你們留心聽我說！他們犯了其他行暴及逼壓的罪惡，我久已把這一族的人，記在我的冊子上，（這是比喻的話，就是說牢記在心裏。——譯者注）注定毀了及滅了這一族。你們試問我的丈夫，是不是這樣的。』

狄花治不等他們問，就承認道，『是這樣的。』

瑪當狄花治說道，『當偉大的日子初起時，那時候巴士狄大監倒了，他就找着今天這篇記載，他帶回家來，等到晚上，這裏無人，關了店門的時候，我們兩個就在這裏，就是用這個燈讀這張東西。你們問他，是不是這樣。』

狄花治承認道，『是這樣的。』

『那天晚上，讀過這篇文件之後，燈是點完了，天光在窗上及那幾條鐵條之間透進來，我對他說，現在我有一件祕密告訴他。你們問他是不是這樣。』

狄花治又承認道，『是這樣的。』

『我把那件祕密告訴他。我用這兩隻手打這個胸口，如同我現在打這個胸口一樣，我於是告訴他，說道，「狄花治，我是在海邊打魚的人家裏養大的，那篇巴士狄監裏記載所說，被伊華利孟兩兄弟那樣傷害了的農人家庭，就是我的家庭。狄花治，在地下受了致命傷的孩子的姊姊，就是我的姊姊，那個丈夫就是我姊姊的丈夫，那個懷在腹中未生的嬰孩就是他們兩夫婦的嬰孩，那個兄弟就是我的兄弟，那個父親就是我的父親，那幾個死了的人們就是我的死了的親戚，替他們報仇的義務，落在我身上！」你們問他，我是不是這樣說的。』

狄花治又承認道，『是這樣說的。』

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"Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop," returned madame; "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how white she was, without seeing her—and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of a compassionate wife of the Marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell the Wind and the Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed towards the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door, and put her arm on his, in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then, that it might be a good deed to seize that arm, lift it, and strike under it sharp and deep. . . .

## CHAPTER XV

### THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOR EVER

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the

瑪當於是答道，『既是這樣，你不如去告訴大風與大火到什麼地方停止，你卻不要對我說停止。』

她的兩個旁聽人聽了她這番話，從她的憤怒的必要殺人的性質，得到一種可怕的快樂——那個留心偷聽的人能夠覺得她臉色是怎樣發白，並不用看她的臉——那兩個旁聽的人，都很稱讚她的憤怒。狄花治不過是一個無力的小數，只好插嘴說兩句話，說要紀念侯爵的有憐憫心的夫人；不料只逼他自己的夫人再說她末後的答話。『你不要勸我停止，你去告訴大風與大火，到什麼地方停止！』

這時候有吃酒的人們進來，就把這一羣人打散。這個吃酒的英國人還酒帳，算找回的錢，算得不清楚，用一個外國人的資格，問路往國府。瑪當狄花治帶他到門口，把她的手放在他的手上，把路指給他看。這個時候這個來吃酒的英國人，心裏也曾想到，把這隻手臂捉住，抬高，在臂下深深的快刺一刀，未嘗不是一件好事。……

## 第二十五回 卡爾敦替死

〔卡爾敦是個怪人，好像見得天下事無可爲，日夜以酒澆胸中的壘塊，他原戀愛醫師的女兒洛雪小姐，後來曉得不能成事，就只求她許他偶然來看看她。等到搭爾尼二次入獄的時候，他入酒鋪聽見瑪當狄花治那番話，曉得搭爾尼無可活的道理，他從酒店回去看見醫師，夜深還未回來，他曉得他不能營救他的女婿，於是把他自己的出境護照交與羅爾理，囑他屆時同搭爾尼夫人及醫師出境，切勿逗留。他自己設法入獄，把搭爾尼改作他自己模樣，逃出獄來。他自己穿了犯人衣服，在監裏等死。因爲他們兩個人的面貌很相像，所以無人看破。翌日綁赴法場斬首。——譯者注〕

有零碎的騎兵，同裝囚犯的車子並排走，作衛隊，往往有人抬頭看他們，問他們一句話。好像所問的常是同樣的話，因爲他們一答，就有許多人擁擠着向第三架車走。與這一架車並排走的騎兵往往用刀指車裏的一個人。他們所最想打聽的，就是要曉得那一個是他；他站在車背，垂頭，同一個女子說話，她坐在車旁，抓住他的手。他既不

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side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep.<sup>1</sup> He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind

<sup>1</sup> prison-sheep 獄卒手下所用的偵探。



理會又不要看四圍的情形，只是常同那個女子說話。走到聖奧諾利很長的街的時候，一會子這裏有人大喊，一會子那裏有人大喊，都說反對他的話。倘若這樣的叫喊能動他的話，他不過付諸一笑，他不過把臉上的頭髮搖鬆些。他的兩手被綁，他不能容易摩他的臉。

那個細作即監裏的偵探(卡爾敦同這個人同謀，才能進監，與搭爾尼調換。——譯者注)站在教堂的台階，等囚犯車來。他看第一部車：那人不在那裏。他看第二部車：不在那裏。他已經自己問自己道，『難道他犧牲了我麼？』他看第三部車，那時候他的臉開朗了。

有一個人在他背後問道，『那一個是伊華利孟？』

『那一個就是。在後頭啦。』

『就是同那個女孩子手拉手的麼？』

『是的。』

『那個人喊道，『殺了伊華利孟！凡是貴族都得送上殺頭機！(Guillotine 原是創造殺頭機的醫師的名字，革命黨就以他的名字稱殺頭機。——譯者注)殺了伊華利孟！』

那個細作帶着胆怯神氣，勸他道，『不要響，不要響！』

『公民，這是爲什麼？』

細作答道，『他去受刑罰啦：再有五分鐘，他的頭就要落地啦。你隨他去吧。』

但是那個人還接連的喊『殺了伊華利孟！』伊華利孟的臉，有一會子掉過來看他。伊華利孟就是這個時候看見細作，很留心看他，就坐在車上往前走。

鐘打三下，衆人所走的路(原文作所犁成的溝。——譯者注)轉灣，走向法場，就停住了。那幾排人頭(原文作幾條山脊，犁溝是說衆人的脚所走的路，山脊是說衆人的頭所列成的線。——譯者注)一會倒在這邊，一會倒在那邊，現在都聚攏來，都緊跟着往前走的路，因爲全數的人

the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse."

"Louder," the woman recommends. . . .

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart;<sup>1</sup> nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who

<sup>1</sup>faint of heart 胆小.

跟到殺頭機。在殺頭機的面前有許多女人坐在椅子上，忙着編織東西，好像是在公共娛樂園一樣。『報仇』站在最前排的一張椅子上，在那裏四面的看，找她的朋友。

她用尖利聲音問道，『特里斯呀！(Thérèse 這是瑪當狄花治的名字，據正史說，這是當時最殘忍最好殺人的女人。——譯者注)誰看見她來？特里斯狄花治呀！』

有一個教會的女人(也許不過是指她們黨裏的女人。——譯者注)也坐在那裏編織東西，說道，『她向來未錯過一次的。』

『報仇』很生氣的喊道，『她向未錯過；現在她是不會錯過的。特里斯！』

那個女人教她道，『你喊響些。』

(原來瑪當狄花治走到塔爾尼家裏，找她的夫人，要殺她，不料這位夫人已經走了，她只好同夫人的女伴奮鬪，出其不意的，被女伴殺了。——譯者注)

當『報仇』從高處走下來，要去找特里斯的時候，幾部囚車起首把犯人拖下來。管理殺頭機的人們，披了袍子，預備動手。喀喇一聲！——就有人舉高一個人頭，在俄頃之前，當這個人頭能說話能思想的時候，坐在那裏織東西看殺人的女人，都不甚理會，這時候她們數，殺了一個啦。

第二部車把囚犯全卸了，走了；第三部車上來喀喇一響！——那些織東西的女人們既不躊躇，又不停止她們的工作，又數數目，數了第二個啦。

衆人所誤認的伊華利孟先下車，隨即把那個當裁縫的女孩子，抱出來。他出來的時候，還是抓住她的耐煩的手，並未放丟，這是他剛才答應過她的。他輕輕的把她的身子掉過來，使她臉向他，背着那部喀喇喀喇響的殺頭機器，這架機器不停的上落，她看着他的臉，謝了他。

女孩子說道，『寶貝的外國人呀，幸虧有你，不然的話，我不會這樣鎮靜的，因為我本來胆小，是一個可憐的小東西；若不是你，我又不能夠提高我的思想，想到上帝，

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was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, vice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother,<sup>1</sup> else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

<sup>1</sup> Universal Mother 衆母.

上帝當日之死，原爲的是使我們今天在這裏可以有希望可以得安慰。我想，你是天送給我的。』

息特尼 (Sydney) 卡爾敦說道，『不然，就是天送你給我的。寶貝孩子，你兩眼看我，不要管其他事物。』

『當我抓住你的手的時候，我不顧別的。倘若他們手快的話，當我放手時，我不顧別的。』

『你不必怕。他們是很快的！』

這兩個人站在一堆犯人裏頭，人數變少了，變得很快，但是他們兩個人在那裏說話，是旁若無人的。這是衆母的兩個兒女，眼看眼，你談我講，手拉手，心心相照，他們兩人本來是相離很遠，性情是很不同的，在黑路上相遇，同路回家，回去休息在衆母的懷抱裏。

『勇敢慷慨的朋友呀，你可以讓我問你末後一句話麼？我是很無知無識的，有一件事使我多少放心不下。』

『你告訴我是什麼一件事。』

『我有一個表妹，我只有這一個親戚，她是個孤女，同我一樣的，我很愛她。她比我小五歲，她住在南方一個種田人家裏。我們因爲貧窮才分手的，她不曉得我的慘運——因爲我不能寫信——假使我能寫，我該怎樣告訴她！莫如不寫吧。』

『是呀，是的：莫如不寫。』

『當我們來的時候，我曾經想到，我現在還想着一個問題，因爲當我看你的慈愛而有力量的臉，你給我這樣許多的助力；我的問題就是：——共和國若是實在有好處及於貧民，使貧民不必捱這許多飢餓，少受種種痛苦，她就可以活得長久：她還許活到很老。』

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“What then, my gentle sister?”

“Do you think”: the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little and tremble: “that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?”

“It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there.”

“You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy<sup>1</sup> is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

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They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic. . . .

<sup>1</sup> constancy 始終不改變。

『我的溫柔妹妹，她活到很老便怎麼？』

她的兩隻毫無不滿意的眼，很能甘心忍受痛苦的眼，現在裝滿了眼淚，兩唇稍微分開，在那裏發抖；她問道，『我相信你我兩人到了這個更好的地方，將受很慈悲的庇蔭，但是當我在這個更好的地方等候她來的時候，你想看，我會覺得等得太久麼？』

『我的孩子，不能覺得太久的；因為那裏既無時間，又無痛苦。』

『你很安慰我！我是無知無識的。時候到了麼？我該吻你麼？』

『時候到了』。

她吻他的唇；他吻她的唇；他們很鄭重的彼此互相求天賜福。當他放了她的手，這隻被放的手並不發抖；她的忍耐痛苦的臉並無難看的現象，只是一片始終不改變的溫柔及高興。她死在他之先——斬了她的頭；在那裏織東西的女人們計數，這是第二十二個。

『主說：復活在我，生命也在我；信服我的人，雖然死了，也必活着。凡活着與信服我的人，必永遠不死。』（新約約翰第十一章。——譯者注）

許多人喃喃的說話，許多人抬頭看，許多脚步在一大堆人的外邊向裏擠，所以變作一大堆人往前湧，如同一陣大水衝過去，全散了，斬了第二十三個頭。

當天晚上，城裏有幾個人說他，他們見過不知多少人的臉，以他的臉為最寧靜。還有許多人添上一句話，說他有高超的及前知人的神色。（作者本書所寫的息特尼卡爾敦，就是他的意中的一個光明磊落與捨己為人的一個大英雄，文學裏頭，歷史裏頭，無有更比卡爾敦可愛的，更比他偉大的人物。——譯者注）





(一二五七一)

英漢對照名家小說選

## 二 京 記

A Tale of Two Cities

版權所有翻印必究

原 著 者 Charles Dickens

選 譯 者 伍 光 建

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