

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

巴爾沙克的短篇小說  
SHORT STORIES BY BALZAC

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作者傳略

巴爾沙克 (Balzac) 生於一七九九年。在法國大革命之先，他的父親原是一個律師。當巴爾沙克出世的時候，他父親在軍需處當差。他七歲入學校讀書，讀了七年，並無特別表現，隨後入私塾讀兩年，最後入 Sorbonne 大學聽講，學法律，當過三年律師的學徒。他父親要他當律師，他不肯，願當文人。他只得着家裏不多的供給；他住在巴黎，住在一間小閣樓幾乎有十年。在一八二二至一八二九年間他起首得名，這時候他撰了許多小說，只有十種包括在他的『世人的諧劇』內。他得不着多少收入，卻得了許多閱歷。他既浪費，又好做生意，卻無做生意的閱歷，欠了十萬佛朗的債，只好靠寫書還債，寫了十年才還清。他很勤力，每天居多都是在午後五六點鐘稍進食物，隨即睡到半夜，起來喝濃咖啡，就起首動筆，往往一口氣寫十六點鐘的書。他的第一次草稿是永遠不會完備的，等到送印稿來他就大加剪裁修改與增加，至少要增加原稿四分之一。他同一個波蘭貴婦瑪當漢斯喀 (Hanska) 要好，常有書信往來，有時他不惜奔走半個歐洲去見她；他等候十四年，到

了一八五〇年三月才同她結婚，他死於是年八月，享壽不過五十歲。他要寫人心歷史與社會歷史，把人生當諧劇看，分作好幾部分：私人生活，省會生活，巴黎生活，政治生活，軍營生活，農村生活，哲學研究，解析研究，共成一百三十三冊，卻有許多不曾寫，這樣的偉大著作原非一個人的精力所能辦到的。他是寫實主義的創造家，他所要的是實事，他不好浪漫主義，卻始終不能擺脫。他有時沉於幻想就不求事實：據說他曾自出心裁，製圖交人蓋造房子，不許絲毫更動；及房子蓋成才曉得有樓無梯。其實他有一部分是個寫實家，有一部分是個浪漫家，他卻不見得有什麼衝突。他的規模偉大，如同一座大建築，後來有許多小說家挪他一塊石頭做他們的規模較小的小說基礎。他又是短篇小說的大作家。他的短篇小說也有長篇的活現與顯明，結構既精，寫瑣事又極其準確，足以證實他的思想新鮮，本能敏捷，觀察尖利，且有心理學及生理學的準確知識。試讀他的短篇小說就足以解說巴爾沙克憑什麼據了世界最偉大作家的一席。

二十五年二月伍光建記。

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## MADAME DE DEY'S LAST RECEPTION

One evening in the month of November, 1793, the principal inhabitants of Carentan were collected in the *salon* of Madame de Dey, who held an *Assembly* every evening. Certain circumstances which would have attracted no notice in a large town, but were such as to mightily interest a small one, imparted a peculiar importance to this customary gathering. Two days before, Madame de Dey had closed her doors to her visitors on the ground of indisposition, and had also announced that she would be unable to receive them the following evening. At an ordinary time these two events would have produced the same effect at Carentan as a *relache*<sup>1</sup> at all the theaters produces in Paris; on these days, existence seems in a sense incomplete. But in 1793, the action of Madame de Dey was one which might lead to the most disastrous consequences. At that time, a step involving a noble in the least risk was nearly always a matter of life and death. In order to understand properly the keen curiosity and petty craftiness which on that evening animated the faces of all these respectable Normans; and still more, in order to share the secret perplexities of Madame de Dey, it is necessary to explain the part she played at Carentan. As the critical<sup>2</sup> position in which she was situated at this

<sup>1</sup> *relache*, 停演. <sup>2</sup> *critical*, 危險, 有危機的.

# 巴爾沙克的短篇小說

## 瑪當狄第最後一次的聚會

一七九三年十一月有一天晚上卡倫旦 (Carentan) 的要緊居民在瑪當狄第 (De Dey) 的大廳裏聚集，她每晚請人來聚會。有許多事體在一個大市鎮裏頭不會惹人注意的，在一個很小市鎮就很會令人注意，把這樣習以為常的聚會特別看重。兩天前瑪當狄第曾因有微恙閉門不見客，並曾宣布翌日晚上也不能接待來賓。在平常時候，這兩件事在本處所發生的效果也不過如同在巴黎全數戲院停演一天一般；到了這樣日子，生活就好像有多少不完全的。但是在一七九三年，瑪當狄第的舉動可以惹出極有禍害的結果。這個時候，凡與貴族相關的最少危險的舉動，幾乎常是一件與生死攸關的事。我們若要曉得清楚當天晚上全數高等諾曼人被激刺臉上流露出來的尖利的好奇臉，與小狡詐；我們若更要預聞瑪當狄第的祕密慌亂，作

者要解說她在卡倫旦所演的腳色。她當時所處的危險



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time was no doubt the position of many during the Revolution, the sympathies of not a few of my readers will add their own color to this narrative.

Madame de Dey was the widow of a Lieutenant General decorated with several orders. At the beginning of the Emigration she had left the Court, and as she owned considerable property in the neighborhood of Carentan, she had taken refuge there, in the hope that the influence of the Terror would not make itself felt in those parts. This supposition, founded on an exact knowledge of the country, proved correct, for the ravages of the Revolution in Lower Normandy were slight. Although, formerly, when she came to visit her property she had only associated with the local *noblesse*, now, out of policy, she opened her doors to the principal townspeople and the new authorities of Carentan, exerting herself to flatter them by the compliment of her acquaintance, and at the same time to avoid awakening their hatred or their jealousy. Kind and courteous, gifted with an indescribable sweetness of manner, she knew how to please without recourse<sup>1</sup> to cringing or entreaty, and had thus succeeded in winning general esteem. This was due to her exquisite tact, which by its sage promptings enabled her to steer a difficult course and satisfy the exigencies of a mixed society; she neither humiliated the tetchy self-conceit of the parvenus nor shocked the sensibilities of her old friends.

At the age of about thirty-eight, she still preserved—not that fresh buxom beauty which distinguishes the girls of Lower Normandy—but a slender, so to speak, aristo-

<sup>1</sup> recourse, 借 助.



地位，無疑是當大革命時代許多人所處的地位，有幾個我的讀者的同情將增加他們的色彩於這篇紀事上。

瑪當狄第原是一個得了幾個徽章的中將的寡婦。當法國貴族起首出亡的時候，瑪當就離開宮庭，又因她在卡倫旦附近有許多田產，她就在這裏躲避，希望這些地方不會覺得恐怖時代的勢力。她這樣的猜度原是根據於確知該處情形，果然證明是不錯的，因為在下諾曼地的革命殺掠是輕微的。從前當她來看她的田產時候，她雖然只是同本地的貴族往來，現在卻不同啦，她因為要使手段，大開門戶，請本鎮的要緊居民及卡倫旦的新官吏來，她努力要認識他們以恭維他們，同時還要避免驚醒他們的怨恨或他們的妒忌。她本來是仁慈多禮的，天生她一副說不出來那樣和氣的臉，她不必借助於卑躬屈節或祈求就曉得怎樣使他們歡喜，她就是這樣居然贏得衆人敬重她。這是因為她的巧妙手段，這種手段被明智所激發使她能夠走過為難的路，又能使一個貴賤混雜社會的需要滿意，她既不屈辱暴發戶或新貴們的最易激怒的自大，亦不驚動她的老朋友們的靈敏感覺。

她今年約三十八歲，下諾曼地姑娘們與衆不同，就是鮮豔豐富的美，她現在誠然不能保存，卻還保存她的苗條，所謂貴族派頭。她的面貌好像是很細緻雕刻過的，她的身

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cratic type. Her features were delicately chiselled and her figure pliant and graceful; when she spoke, her pale face seemed to light up with fresh life. Her large dark eyes were full of kindly courtesy, but an expression of religious calm within them seemed to show that the principle of her existence lay no longer in herself. She had been married at an early age to an old and jealous soldier, and the falseness of her position in the midst of a dissolute court, had no doubt done much to spread a veil of grave melancholy over a face which must once have beamed with all the charm and vivacity of Love. Obligated to repress unceasingly the instinctive impulses and emotions of woman, at a time when she still feels rather than reflects, with her, passion had remained virgin in the depth of her heart. Thus her chief attraction was derived from this inward youthfulness, which betrayed itself at certain moments in her countenance, and gave her ideas an innocent expression of desire. Her appearance commanded respect, but in her manner and her voice, impulses toward an unknown future such as spring in the heart of a young girl, were continually showing themselves. The least susceptible men soon found themselves in love with her, and yet were impressed with a sort of fear of her, inspired by her courtly bearing. Her soul, great by nature but rendered strong by cruel struggles, seemed to be raised too high for common humanity, and of this men appeared to be conscious. To such a soul, a lofty passion is a necessity. Thus all Madame de Dey's affections were concentrated in one single sentiment—the sentiment of Maternity. The happiness and pleasures of which she had been deprived as a wife she found again in the intense love she bore her son.

體柔軟嫺雅。當她說話的時候，她的淡白色的臉光彩煥發，好像得了新生命。她的一雙大黑眼滿是仁愛的多禮，但是內裏卻帶着宗教的鎮靜神氣，好像她活在世上另有所爲，不復是爲己。她很少年的時候就嫁與一個年老而善妒的軍人，她在一個放蕩的宮庭上處於不是腳踏實地的地位，使她臉上滿鋪了一層愁悶神色，她的臉從前必曾有過一度發過全數迷人的與活潑愛情的光彩。那個時候她感覺多，反省少，她卻不能不常時壓制女人的本能的衝動，與女人的情緒，所以劇烈的愛情還是深藏於她心中，未曾發現過。她的所以最能引動人之處還是從這樣的內裏的少年心性得來，她的臉色有時流露這樣心性，給她的意思以欲望的一種貞靜的發表。她的面目是令人起敬的，不過在她的態度與聲音裏頭接連流露種種衝動趨向於不知的將來，這許多衝動原是發生於少年女子心裏的。即使是最不容易被愛情所動的男人們不久就見得他們戀愛她，卻得了一種印象，他們有點畏懼她，這是發生於她的宮庭的態度。她的靈魂本來是偉大的，卻被慘酷的奮鬥變爲剛強，她就好像高自位置，不是平常人所能高攀的，人們好像曉得是這樣。如她這樣的人必有高貴的愛情。所以瑪當狄第的全數感情都集中於單獨一種，就是母愛其子的感情。她爲人妻既得不着歡樂與娛悅，她卻得諸酷愛其子。

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She loved him, not only with the pure and deep devotion of a mother, but with the coquetry<sup>1</sup> of a mistress and the jealousy of a wife. She was miserable when he was far from her, anxious<sup>2</sup> when he had gone out; she could never see enough of him; she lived only in him and for him. To give an idea of the strength of this sentiment in Madame de Dey, it will be enough to add that this son, besides being her only child, was the last relation left her, the only creature on whom she could fasten the hopes and fears and joys of her life. The late Count was the last of his family, and the Countess the sole heiress of hers, so that every worldly calculation and interest combined with the noblest needs of the soul to intensify in her heart a sentiment already so strong in the heart of woman. It was only by infinite care that she had succeeded in rearing her son, and this had endeared him still more to her. The doctor had pronounced twenty times over that she must lose him, but she was confident in her own hopes and presentiments<sup>3</sup>. So in spite of the decrees of the Faculty<sup>4</sup>, she had the inexpressible joy of seeing him pass safely through the perils of infancy, and then of watching with wonder the continued improvement of his health.

Thanks to her constant care, her son had grown into a young man of so much promise<sup>5</sup> that at the age of twenty he was looked upon as one of the most accomplished gentlemen at the Court of Versailles. Above all, happy in a crown unattained by the efforts of every mother, she was adored by her son; they understood one another, heart to heart, in fraternal sympathy. If they had not been

<sup>1</sup>coquetry, 媚術. <sup>2</sup>anxious, 不放心. <sup>3</sup>presentiments, 不知所  
以然的預知. <sup>4</sup>Faculty, 醫界. <sup>5</sup>promise, 希望.

她愛兒子，不獨以一個母親的清潔與深遠的愛情愛其子，且以一個爲人外寵的媚術及一個爲人妻的妒忌愛她的兒子。當他遠離她的時候，她就覺得愁苦，他一出門，她就不放心。她終日看他還看不够；她只是爲他而活，她所以活，只是因爲有他。我今要讀者曉得瑪當狄第愛子之情的力量，我只要說這個兒子不獨是她的獨子，而且是她的末了一個親人，她一生的希望，她一生的喜懼只能寄在這個兒子身上。已故的伯爵是他的家族的末後一個男丁，伯爵夫人又是她的家族的惟一的承產人，所以一切塵世的盤算與利益，與靈魂的最高貴需要，連合起來，使她的感情更加濃厚，這樣的感情在一個女人心中本來是很濃厚的了。她全靠無限的小心才把她的兒子撫養成人，這就使她更寶貴他。醫生說過二十多遍，她養不大這個孩子，她卻不信醫生的話，只信她自己的期望與不知其所以然的預知。所以她不聽醫界的斷定，居然看見她的兒子平安經過孩提時代的種種危險，隨後留心觀察他接連日趨健康，他很詫異，心裏是說不出來的那樣歡喜。

她的兒子虧她小心培植，長成一個很有希望的少年，他到了二十歲，人家都當他是凡塞宮庭的一個最多材多藝的鄉紳。她所最喜歡的就是他的兒子崇拜她，這是許多爲人母的無論怎樣努力所不能做到的；母子二人心心相照，如兄如弟的互相憐愛。設使這兩個人不是已經被母子

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already bound together by the bonds of nature, they would have instinctively felt for each other that mutual friendship between men which is so rarely met with in life.

The young Count had been appointed sub-lieutenant at the age of eighteen, and in obedience to the code of honor of the day had followed the princes in their Emigration.

Thus it was impossible for Madame de Dey, being noble, rich, and the mother of an Emigrant, to hide from herself the dangers of her cruel situation. With no other aim than to save her large fortune for her son, she had given up the happiness of accompanying him; but when she read at Carentan the stringent laws under which the Republic was confiscating every day the property of Emigrants, she exulted in<sup>1</sup> her act of courage, for was she not preserving her son's wealth at the risk of her own life? Later on, when she heard of the terrible executions decreed by the Convention, she slept in peace, knowing that her only treasure was in safety, far from danger and the scaffold. She congratulated herself in the belief that she had taken the best means of preserving both her treasures at once. By consecrating to this secret thought the concessions which those unhappy times demanded, she neither compromised her womanly dignity nor her aristocratic convictions, but hid her sorrows under a cold veil of mystery.

She had grasped all the difficulties which awaited her at Carentan. To come there and fill the first place was in itself a daily tempting of the scaffold. But supported by her motherly courage, she was enabled to win the affection of the poor by consoling the misery of all without

<sup>1</sup> exulted in, 自鳴得意.

的關係所聯結，他們也會由於他們的本能相待如朋友，這是世人很少有的事。

少年伯爵十八歲就做了陸軍少尉，他服從當日君亡與亡之義，跟隨王公們出亡。

所以瑪當狄第因為她是一個貴族，又有錢，又是一個出亡人的母親，不能避免她的難堪的地位的危險。她原是樂於陪他出亡的，不過因為她要保存她的大財產給她的兒子，所以不出亡；但是當她在卡倫旦讀共和國所頒行的嚴厲法律，無日不把逋臣的財產充公，她就很以她的勇敢自鳴得意，因為現在她不是冒性命的危險以保存她兒子的財產麼？後來她聽見國會下可怕的殺貴族命令，她卻安枕無憂，因為她曉得她的惟一寶貝很平安，遠離危險，遠離殺人台。她相信她已經用最好方法同時保存兩樣寶物，她就聊以自慰。這是個悽慘時代，要她許多讓步，她因為這個秘密思想的神聖，不能不讓步，她卻並不損及她的女人的莊嚴與貴族的信仰，只是用一層冷落的神祕遮掩她的憂愁。

當初原有許多為難在卡倫旦等候她，她全有法對付。走到這裏，坐了最高位，就是天天引誘她登殺頭台。但是她靠她的為母的勇敢，不分貴賤，安慰全數的愁慘，就能

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distinction, and to make herself indispensable to the rich by ministering to their pleasures.

She entertained at her house the *Procureur* of the Commune, the Mayor, the President of the district, the Public Prosecutor, and even the judges of the Revolutionary Court. Of these personages the first four were unmarried, and paid their addresses to her. Each of them hoped she would marry him, either from fear of the harm that it was in their power to do her, or for the sake of the protection which they had to offer her. The Public Prosecutor, formerly an attorney at Caen, employed to manage the Countess's business, adopted an artifice which was most dangerous for her. He tried a generous and devoted line of conduct, in the hope of inspiring her with affection. In this way he was the most formidable of all her suitors, and as she had formerly been a client of his, he alone knew intimately the condition and extent of her fortune. His passion was therefore reinforced by all the desires of avarice and further supported by immense power—the power of life and death over the whole district. This man, who was still young, proceeded with so fine a show of generosity that Madame de Dey had not as yet been able to form a true estimate of him. But despite the danger of a trial of craft with Normans, she made use of all the inventive wit<sup>1</sup> and duplicity<sup>2</sup> bestowed by nature on women, to play off these rivals one against the other. By gaining time, she hoped to reach the end of her difficulties, safe and sound. At this period the royalists of the interior went on flattering themselves from day to day that on the morrow they

<sup>1</sup> inventive wit, 機警. <sup>2</sup> duplicity, 狡詐.



贏得貧人們的親愛，她設法娛富人們，富人們就變作席上無她不歡。

他在家裏宴享自治局的局長，市長，本區主席，檢察長，還有革命法庭的裁判官們。在這幾個重要人物裏頭，第一二三四都是不曾娶過親的，都向她求親。各人都盼望她嫁他，不是因為她害怕他們都有權為害，不然就是因為他們可以保護她。檢察官從前原是在開安 (Caen) 的一個律師，曾受伯爵夫人所雇，照料她的銀錢事體，他所用的巧妙手段最有害於她。他的行為是慷慨的，又是專心致志替她出力的，他嘗試以這種方法希望激動她發生愛情。向她求親的人們，以他為最可怕，況且他從前受雇，替她辦過許多事，只有他深知她的財產情形，及共有多少。他因為貪財使他更想娶她——他的極大勢力且幫助他——他在這個地面上操生殺大權。這個人現在還是青年，他的進行很表示慷慨態度，瑪當狄第 還不能看出他的確是什麼路數人。同諾曼 人較量詭詐手段雖然是一件危險事，她利用天所賦與女人的全數的機警與狡詐，對付這幾個爭娶她的勁敵，使他們互相猜忌競爭。她用緩兵妙計，希望可以平安無事，達到她的諸多為難的盡頭。在內地的宗社黨

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would see the end of the Republic; it was this persuasion which brought many of them to ruin.

In spite of these difficulties, by the exercise of considerable address<sup>1</sup>, the Countess had maintained her independence up to the day on which she had determined, with unaccountable imprudence, to close her doors to her guests. She inspired such a real and deep interest, that the people who had come to her house that evening were seriously perturbed when they heard it was impossible for her to receive them. Then, with that barefaced curiosity which is ingrained in provincial manners, they immediately began to make inquiries as to what trouble, or annoyance, or illness, she suffered from. To these questions an old housekeeper named Brigitte answered, that her mistress kept her room and would see no one, not even the members of her household.

The semi-claustral<sup>2</sup> life led by the inhabitants of a small town forms a habit of analyzing and explaining the actions of others, so germane to them as to become invincible<sup>3</sup>. So after having pitied Madame de Dey, without really knowing whether she was happy or unhappy, each one set himself to discover the cause of her sudden retirement.

"If she were ill," said the first inquisitor, "she would have sent for advice; but the doctor has been at my house the whole day playing chess. He was joking with me and saying that there is only one disease nowadays . . . and that's incurable."

This jest was hazarded with caution.

<sup>1</sup> address, 手段. <sup>2</sup> claustral, 閉門修道. <sup>3</sup> invincible, 牢不可破.

們這個時候天天安慰自己，以為到了明天就會看見共和的末日；宗社黨因為深信這一層，所以有許多遇禍。

伯爵夫人雖然遇着這許多困難，因為她利用種種巧妙手段，仍能維持她的獨立到這一天，我們不知她為什麼這樣失策，今天決計杜門謝客。她的這樣舉動很令人發生一種真而深的注意，所以當天晚上有許多客來，一聽見她不能見客，他們覺得着實不安。鄉下人是天生很無禮的好管閒事，他們隨即起首打聽她遇着什麼為難，或有什麼事激她發怒，或是得了什麼病。夫人的一個老管家婆名畢列吉就答稱她的女主人不出房門，無論什麼人都不見，連她家裏的人也不見。

一個小市鎮的居民所過的是一半閉門修道（殆指不與他處人來往，譯者注）的生活，就得了一種習慣，最好解析及解說他人的舉動，變了牢不可破的習慣。所以他們雖然不曉得瑪當或是歡樂或是不歡樂，他們憐恤她之後，各人就起首要找出她忽然謝客的原因。

第一個好打聽的人說道，「設使她是害病，她就該請醫生；但是醫生在家裏着了一整天的棋。他還同我說笑話，說現時只有一種疾病……卻是不能治的。」

這句說話是很小心纔說出來的。

Men and women, old and young, set themselves to scout the vast field of conjecture; each one thought he spied a secret, and this secret occupied all their imaginations.

By the next day their suspicions had grown more venomous. As life in a small town is balanced up to date, the women learned, the first thing in the morning, that Brigitte had made larger purchases at the market than usual. This was an indisputable fact. Brigitte had been seen very early in the *Place*, and—marvelous to relate!—she had bought the only hare there was to be got. Now the whole town knew that Madame de Dey did not care for game, so this hare became the object of endless speculation. Then, as the old men were taking their usual stroll, they observed a sort of concentrated activity in the Countess's house, betrayed by the very precautions that the servants took to conceal it. The valet was beating a carpet in the garden; the evening before no one would have noticed it, but as every one was constructing a romance of his own, this carpet served them for a foundation. Each person had a different tale.

The second day, the principal personages of Carentan hearing that Madame de Dey announced that she was unwell, met for the evening at the house of the Mayor's brother, a retired merchant. He was a married man, honorable, and generally respected, the Countess herself having a great regard for him. On this occasion all the aspirants to the rich widow's hand had a more or less probable story to tell, while each of them pondered how to turn to his own profit the secret which obliged her to compromise herself in the way she had. The Public Prosecutor imagined all the details of a drama in which her son was to be

男女老少都在猜測界上探聽；人人都自以為窺見祕密，全數他們的想像都忙於測度這個祕密。

但是到了第二天，他們的疑團變作更刻毒啦。因為一個小市鎮的生活是天天清帳的，到了早上本鎮的婦女們就曉得畢列吉在市場上買了許多食物，比往常多得多。這是不能駁倒的事實。一早就有人看見畢列吉在市上，市上只有一隻兔，被她買了，這是多麼奇怪的事呀！全個市鎮都曉得瑪當狄第不好吃野菜，所以這隻兔就變作無盡的思辨問題。隨後有許多老人們照常散步，看見伯爵夫人的宅子現在有一種集中的忙碌，僕人們很小心的遮掩這件事，因為太過小心，所以反流露出來。侍役在花園打地毯；若是在前天晚上是不會有人注意的，現在因為人人都要杜撰他們自己的故事，就用這張地毯作根基。各人有各去杜撰故事。

卡倫旦的重要人物聽見瑪當狄第宣布她有病，第二天晚上就在市長兄弟（他是一個歸隱的商人）的家裏聚會，他是一個娶過親的人，是一個體面人，有許多人敬重他，伯爵夫人也很看得起他。這一次全數想娶夫人的人們都有一篇多少可信的故事告人，同時各人都酌量怎樣使這件祕密有利於己，這件祕密逼她這樣令人懷疑。檢察官想像一齣戲劇的全數詳細情節，演的是伯爵夫人的兒子

brought to the Countess by night. The Mayor believed that a priest who had refused the oaths had come from La Vendée, and sought refuge. The President of the district was convinced it was a Chouan or Vendéan leader, hotly pursued. Others inclined to a noble escaped from the prisons in Paris. In short, everybody suspected that the Countess had been guilty of one of those acts of generosity, denominated by the laws of that time "crimes," and such as might bring her to the scaffold. However, the Public Prosecutor whispered that they must be silent, and try to save the unfortunate lady from the abyss into which she was hurrying.

"If you publish this affair abroad," he added, "I shall be obliged to interfere, search her house, and then—!" He said no more, but every one understood his reticence.

The Countess's true friends were so much alarmed for her, that, on the morning of the third day, the *Procureur Syndic* of the Commune got his wife to write her a note, entreating her to hold her reception that evening as usual. The old merchant, bolder still, presented himself during the morning at Madame de Dey's house. Confident in his desire to serve her, he insisted on being shown in, when to his utter amazement he caught sight of her in the garden, engaged in cutting the last flowers in her borders to fill her vases.

"There's no doubt she has given refuge to her lover," said the old man, struck with pity for this charming woman. The strange expression of her face confirmed his suspicions. Deeply moved by a devotion natural in woman but always touching to us—because every man is flattered by the sacrifices a woman makes for one of them—

晚上來見她。市長相信有一個不肯宣誓的教士（參觀法國大革命史。譯者注。）從拉萬狄逃來，在她家裏躲藏。本區的主席相信一個拉萬狄的領袖（當時拉萬狄地方舉旗反對革命。譯者注。）被人窮追到這裏。其餘許多人傾向於相信有一個貴族從巴黎監獄脫逃。說句單簡話，人人都疑心伯爵夫人慷慨激昂收留逃亡人，當時的法律稱這樣行為為罪惡，可以使她上斬頭台的。檢察官卻附耳低聲對衆人說，他們必不可以說出來，他嘗試拯救這個不幸的貴婦，不令她這樣匆匆的走入深坑。

他說道，『你們若在外播傳這件事，我就不能不干預，不能不搜她的宅子，那就……！』他不再說啦，人人都明白他閉口不言的原因。

伯爵夫人的真正朋友們很為她擔驚恐，所以在第三天早上，自治局的會員叫他的夫人寫一封信給伯爵夫人，力勸她當天晚上照常見客。那個老商人更大膽，當天早上居然親到瑪當狄第的宅子求見。他深信他自己意在幫助她，一定要見，他瞥見她在花園裏，他很詫異，她在園裏摘邊上的最後的花插瓶。

這個老人很憐恤這個能迷人的女人，說道，『她必定是收留她的愛人。』她臉上的奇怪神色證實他的疑團。女人甘願犧牲是出於自然的，男人見了是常要動情的，因為一個女人既為一個男人而犧牲自己，凡是男人都會覺得

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the merchant informed the Countess of the reports which were going about the town, and of the danger she was in. "For," he concluded, "if certain of our functionaries would not be disinclined to pardon your heroism, if a priest were the object, no one will have any pity on you, if it is discovered that you are sacrificing yourself to the dictates of the heart."

At these words Madame de Dey looked at him in such a strange, wild way, that, old man as he was, he could not help shuddering.

"Come," said she, taking him by the hand and leading him into her own room. After making sure that they were alone, she drew from her bosom a soiled and crumpled letter.

"Read it," she cried, pronouncing the words with a violent effort.

She fell back into her easy chair completely overcome. While the old merchant was looking for his spectacles and wiping them clean, she raised her eyes to his face, and for the first time gazed at him curiously; then she said sweetly, and in a changed voice: "I can trust you."

"Am I not going to take a share in your crime?" answered the worthy man simply.

She shuddered. For the first time in that little town her soul found sympathy in the soul of another. The old merchant understood immediately both the dejection and the joy of the Countess. Her son had taken part in the expedition of Granville, he had written to his mother from the depth of his prison to give her one sad, sweet hope. Confident in his plan of escape, he named three days within which he would present himself at her house in disguise.



得意的，——這個商人被夫人這種行爲所深動，就把本鎮所播傳的謠言告訴伯爵夫人，且把她所處的危險地位告訴她。他最後說道，『倘若我們的官吏中有幾個不願饒恕你的英雄舉動，設使你所收留的是一個教士，倘若被他們查出你被良心所動犧牲你自己，無人肯憐恤你的。』

瑪當狄第聽見他這番話看看他，神色是奇怪慌亂的，他雖然上了年紀，他卻禁不住不發抖。

她說道，『你來，』她抓住他的手，領他到她自己的屋子。她四面一看，着實曉得前後左右無人，她就從懷袖掏出一封污了的摺縐了的信。』

她說道，『請你讀信，』她很費力才說出這句話來。

她倒在她的舒服椅子上，筋疲力盡了。當老商人一面找眼鏡與擦乾淨眼鏡的時候，她抬頭看他的臉，第一次起首看他的臉，詳細看他的臉色；隨後她很和藹的說話，腔調改了，說道，『我能够相信你。』

這個可敬的商人不過說道，『我豈不是分任一部分你的罪惡麼？』

她渾身發抖。這是第一次在這個小市鎮她的靈魂在另一個靈魂裏頭找着同情。老商人立刻明白伯爵夫人的悲苦與歡喜。原來她的兒子預聞格蘭維爾 (Granville) 之役，他曾從他的牢獄深處寫信給他的母親，給她一個愁苦的卻是甜美的希望。他深信他的越獄逃走的計策，就指定某某三天內他會改裝打扮到家來見她。這封慘信有一句

The fatal letter contained heartrending *adieux* in case he should not be at Carentan by the evening of the third day. He also entreated his mother to remit a considerable sum of money to the messenger who had undertaken to carry this missive to her, through innumerable dangers.

The paper quivered in the old man's hands.

"And this is the third day," cried Madame de Dey.

Then she rose hastily, took the letter, and began to walk up and down the room.

"You have not been altogether prudent," said the merchant. "Why did you have provisions got in?"

"But he may arrive dying with hunger, worn out with fatigue, and——" She could not go on.

"I am certain of my brother," answered the old man; "I will go and get him on your side."

The merchant summoned up all the keenness which he had formerly employed in his commercial affairs. He gave the Countess the most prudent and sagacious directions, and after having agreed together as to everything they both were to say and do, the old man invented a plausible<sup>1</sup> pretext for visiting all the principal houses of Carentan. He announced in each that he had just seen Madame de Dey, and that she would hold her reception that evening, in spite of her indisposition. In the cross-examination which each family subjected him to on the nature of the Countess's malady, his keenness was a match for the shrewd Normans. He managed to start on the wrong track almost every one who busied themselves with this mysterious affair. His first visit did

<sup>1</sup> plausible, 動聽.

傷心話，說明倘若第三天晚上他不能到卡倫旦，他只好同他母親永訣啦。他還求他母親交一筆很大的款給送信人，因為這個人擔任經歷無數的危險送這封信給她。

這封信在老商人手上發抖。

瑪當狄第說道，『這是第三天啦。』

她隨即匆匆起來，拿了信，起首在屋裏走來走去。

商人說道，『你有多少欠謹慎。你爲什買許多食物？』

『他到了也許餓得要死，疲倦到動不得，況且——』  
她再不能往下說啦。

老商人說道，『我敢保我的兄弟，我肯去叫他幫你。』

商人從前做生意是很精明的，他現在搜集全數這樣的精明替夫人設法。他把最審慎與最聰敏的方法指教夫人，他們約好他們該說什麼該做什麼之後，老商人就造出一段可以動聽的藉口話，以便拜訪卡倫旦的全數重要人家。他到了每處都宣布他才見過瑪當狄第，又說她雖然有病，今晚扶病出來仍然照常見客。每家都盤問伯爵夫人得的是什病，他的精明，很是麻利的諾曼人的敵手。他們關於這件神祕事體，無人不是忙於走錯路的，他就設法於此入手。他第一次拜訪很收奇效；他最先拜訪的是一個犯痛

wonders; it was to an old lady who suffered from gout. To her he related that Madame de Dey had almost died from an attack of gout on the stomach, and went on to say that the famous Tronchin having formerly prescribed, on a similar occasion, the skin of a hare flayed alive to be laid on the chest, and for the patient to lie in bed without stirring; the Countess, who was in imminent danger two days before, after having scrupulously carried out Tronchin's extraordinary prescription, now felt sufficiently convalescent to receive any one who liked to visit her that evening. This tale had an enormous success, and the doctor of Carentan, himself a royalist *in petto*<sup>1</sup>, increased its effect by the earnestness with which he discussed the remedy. However, suspicion had taken too deep root in the minds of certain obstinate or philosophic persons to be entirely dissipated; so that evening the guests of Madame de Dey were eager to arrive at her house at an early hour, some to spy into her face, some out of friendship, and most from astonishment at her marvelous cure. They found the Countess sitting in her salon at the corner of the large chimney-piece.

Her room was almost as severe as the salons of Carentan, for, to avoid wounding her narrow-minded guests, she had denied herself the pleasures of luxury to which she had been accustomed before, and had made no changes in her house. The floor of the reception-room was not even polished; she let the old dingy stuffs still hang upon the walls, still kept the country furniture, burned tallow candles, and in fact followed the fashions of Carentan.

<sup>1</sup> *in petto*, 秘密.

風病的老貴婦。他對她說瑪當狄第肚子犯痛風病，病到幾乎要死，他往下說有名的特朗金從前診同樣的病開過一個方子，活剝一隻野兔皮放在病人胸上，病人躺在床上不動；伯爵夫人兩日前原是很危險的，很仔細照着特朗金的奇方辦理，現在覺得好了，能够接見今晚來訪的客人。這一篇謊話有奇效，卡倫旦的醫生自己原是一個祕密的宗社黨，他很認真的討論這個治法，就增加他這片謠言的效力。但是疑團已在某某幾個執拗人或好講哲學人的心裏，長了深根，非這番謊話所能完全解釋的，所以當天晚上瑪當狄第的客人急於很早就到她的宅子，有幾個是因為要窺探她的面色，有幾個是由於交情，最多數是驚怪她的奇異的治法。他們看見伯爵夫人坐在大廳裏，坐在大牆爐角落。她的客廳是很樸素的幾乎同卡倫旦的客廳一般，因為她要避免得罪她的小器客人們，她就不享她從前所慣享的華麗的娛樂，所以在她的宅子裏並無什麼更動，地板不會油漆過；她隨得許多舊的黑的東西仍掛在牆上，用的還是鄉下家具，點的是牛羊油蠟燭；其實就是隨着卡倫旦的

She had adopted provincial life without shrinking from its cruellest pettiness or its most disagreeable privations. But knowing that her guests would pardon her any expenditure conducive to their own comfort, she neglected nothing which could afford them personal enjoyment; at her house they were always sure of an excellent dinner. She even went so far as to feign avarice to please their calculating minds, and led them on to disapprove of certain details as concessions to luxury, in order to show that she could yield with grace.

Toward seven o'clock in the evening the upper middle-class society of Carentan was assembled at her house, and formed a large circle round her hearth. The mistress of the house, supported in the trouble by the old merchant's compassionate glances, submitted with unheard-of courage to the minute questionings and stupid, frivolous talk of her guests. But at every rap of the knocker, and whenever a footstep sounded in the street, she could scarcely control her emotion. She raised discussions affecting the prosperity of the district and such burning questions as the quality of ciders, and was so well seconded by her confidant<sup>1</sup> that the company almost forgot to spy upon her, the expression of her face was so natural and her assurance so imperturbable. However, the Public Prosecutor and one of the Judges of the Revolutionary Tribunal kept silence, watching attentively the least movement of her features, and listening, in spite of the noise, to every sound in the house. Every now and then they would ask some question calculated to embarrass her,

<sup>1</sup> confidant, 心腹人.

風俗。她遷就着過鄉下生活，卻不學鄉下的最苛刻的小器，或鄉下的最不適意的吝嗇。但是她曉得她爲客人們的舒服而花的錢，客人們是不會怪她的，凡有許多事物能够使客人享受的，她絕不忽略；客人到她家裏，必定享受極好的筵席。她有時還裝作貪得，以悅他們的善打算盤的心，惹他們不贊成某某碎事以爲是讓步於奢侈，以便表示她能够很大方的讓步。

到了晚上七點鐘，卡倫旦的上中等客人聚在她家裏，一大羣人圍住她的火爐。女主人是滿腔愁苦，卻有老商人的憐恤眼色支持她，她用向未聽過的勇氣，甘受她的客人們的詳細盤問，與他們的無味的不相干的談話。但是她只要一聽見敲門聲，無論什麼時候聽見街上有腳步聲，她幾乎不能控制她的情緒。她發起關於本區繁榮的討論，與平果酒味厚薄的熱烈問題，她的心腹人贊成她，座中人由是幾乎忘記窺探她，她的臉色是很自然的，她的鎮靜是不能擾動的。但是檢察官和革命法庭的一個裁判員仍然緘默，留心觀察她臉色的最輕微的變動，席上雖然說話說得很熱鬧，他們卻很留心聽宅內的無論什麼聲響。有時他們問她幾句話意在難她，她卻用很可稱讚的鎮靜答復。她證實

but these she answered with admirable presence of mind<sup>1</sup>. She proved how great a mother's courage can be.

After having arranged the card tables and settled every one to *boston*, or *reversi*, or *whist*, Madame de Dey still remained talking with the greatest nonchalance<sup>2</sup> to some young people; she played her part like a consummate actress. Presently she led them on to ask for *loto*, pretended to be the only person who knew where it was, and left the room.

"*Ma pauvre Brigitte*," she cried, "I feel almost suffocated."

Her eyes were brilliant with fever and grief and impatience as she dried the tears which started quickly from them. "He is not coming," she said, looking into the bedroom into which she had come. "Here I can breathe and live. But in a few minutes more he will be here! for he is alive, I am certain he is alive. My heart tells me so. Do you not hear something, Brigitte? Oh! I would give the rest of my life to know whether he is in prison or walking across the country. I would give anything not to think."

She looked around once again to see if everything was in order in the room. A good fire burned brightly in the grate, the shutters were shut close, the furniture was polished until it shone again; the very way in which the bed was made was enough to prove that the Countess herself as well as Brigitte had been busy about the smallest details. Her hopes too were manifest in all the delicate care that had evidently been spent upon this room. The

<sup>1</sup> presence of mind 在擾亂中能鎮靜. <sup>2</sup> nonchalance, 不熱, 冷靜.



一個爲人母勇敢能够有多麼大。

瑪當狄第把打牌的桌子安排好，請他們打兩三樣的牌，她還在屋裏同幾個少年談話，還是極其冷靜的；她如同一個技藝純熟的女戲子一般，演得極好。不久她就引他們要陸圖（loto 一種賭具名。譯者注。）她裝作只有她曉得這樣賭具在那裏，就走出屋子。

她說道，『我的可憐的畢列吉，我覺得幾乎喘不出氣來。』

她發熱，又憂愁，又着急，當她擦她的很快流出來的眼淚的時候，她兩眼是發光的。她走到臥室，往裏看看，說道，『他還不曾來。』我在這裏能够呼吸，能够活啦。再過幾分鐘他就到啦！因爲他是活着，我很曉得他必定是活着。我的心告訴我他是活着的。畢列吉，你不聽見什麼聲響麼？』我寧願拋棄我的餘年，要曉得他仍然在監獄裏，抑或是走向這裏來。我寧願什麼都不要，不想這件事。』

她又四面看看，看看屋裏的一切東西是否全安排好了。爐裏點着很光的火，窗門是關得緊緊的，家具擦到又發亮；只要看床是怎樣鋪的，就曉得伯爵夫人自己與畢列吉，已經是很忙碌過一番，極小的事情也全照應到了。她顯然在這間屋子很細心的安排過，這就表示她的種種希望。她擺了許多花在屋裏，花香好像噴出愛情的嫵雅的甜

scent of the flowers she had placed there seemed to shed forth, mingled with their own perfume, the gracious sweetness and the chastest caresses of love. Only a mother could thus have anticipated a soldier's wants, and prepared him such complete satisfaction of them. A dainty meal, choice wines, slippers, clean linen—in short, everything necessary or agreeable to a weary traveler, were collected together, that he might want for nothing, and that the delights of home might remind him of a mother's love.

The Countess went and placed a seat at the table as if to realize her prayers and increase the strength of her illusions. As she did so she cried in a heartrending voice, "Brigitte!"

"Ah, Madame, he *will* come; he cannot be far off. I am certain that he is alive and on the way," replied Brigitte. "I put a key in the Bible, and rested it on my fingers, while Cottin read the Gospel of St. John—and, Madame, the key did not turn."

"Is that a sure sign?" asked the Countess.

"Oh, Madame, it's well known; I would stake my soul that he is still alive. God would never deceive us like that."

"In spite of the danger he will be in here; still, I long to see him."

"Poor Monsieur Auguste," cried Brigitte, "no doubt he is on the roads, on foot<sup>1</sup>."

"Hark, that is eight striking," exclaimed the Countess in terror.

<sup>1</sup> on foot, 步行.

美與最貞潔的撫摩，與花香混合。惟有一個母親能夠這樣預先曉得一個軍人的需要，替他全預備好了，使他完全享受。一桌精巧的飯菜，美酒，拖鞋，乾淨內衣——說句單簡話，凡是一個疲倦行路人所需要或樂要的東西無不備具，不令他缺少一樣，且令家庭的樂趣可以使他想起一個母親的親愛（心思既周密，筆墨能達得出。譯者注。）

伯爵夫人走去搬一把椅子放在桌邊，好像要她的祈禱得了具體化，且增加她的妄想的力量。當她擺椅子的時候她一面很傷心的喊道：『畢列吉！』

畢列吉答道，『瑪當，他快到啦，他不能離家很遠啦。我深信他是活着的，在路上走啦。我放一把鎖匙在聖經裏，用我的手指舉着，柯丁（Cottin）一面讀聖約翰福音——瑪當，鎖匙並不曾轉。』

伯爵夫人問道：『這是一個必準的表示麼？』

『呀，瑪當，這是人人都曉得的；我敢賭我的靈魂，他是活着的。上帝絕不會這樣騙我們的。』

『他在家裏雖然有危險；我還是渴想見他。』

畢列吉說道，『可憐的奧古斯提先生，他此時在路徒步回來，這是無疑的了。』

伯爵夫人很恐怖的喊道：『你聽呀，鐘打八點啦。』

SHORT STORIES BY BALZAC

She was afraid that she had stayed too long in the room, but there she could believe that her son still lived when she saw everything bear witness to his life. She went downstairs, but before going into the salon she waited a moment under the colonnade of the staircase, and listened for some sound to awaken the silent echoes of the town. She smiled at Brigitte's husband, who kept watch like a sentinel; his eyes seemed stupefied with straining to catch the murmurs of the *Place* and the first sounds of the night. Everywhere and in everything she saw her son.

A moment afterward she had returned to her guests, affecting an air of gaiety, and sat down to play at *loto* with some girls. But every now and then she complained of feeling unwell, and went to recline in her easy chair by the fireplace.

Such was the situation, material and mental, in the house of Madame de Dey. Meanwhile, on the high road from Paris to Cherbourg, a young man clad in a brown *carmagnole*<sup>1</sup>, a costume in vogue at this period, directed his steps toward Carentan.

In the commencement of the *Réquisitions* there was little or no discipline. The exigencies of the moment scarcely allowed the Republic to equip its soldiers fully at once, so that it was nothing unusual to see the roads full of *réquisitionnaires* still wearing their civil clothes. These young men arrived at the halting-places before their battalions or remained there behind them, for the progress of each man depended on his personal capability of enduring the fatigues of a long journey. The traveler in question found

<sup>1</sup>*carmagnole*, 一種外衣名。

她怕在這間屋裏逗留太久了，但是當她看見屋裏全數事物都表示是他生平所用的，她就能相信他是活着的。她下樓，但是當她快要進大廳的時候，她在樓梯底下稍停一會，細聽有什麼驚動本鎮寂靜的聲響。畢列吉的男人如同一個把門兵一般在那裏看守，她對他微笑；他的兩耳很留心聽市場上的喃喃聲音與晚上的最先發生的聲響，聽到兩眼好像傻了。她無論看什麼地方，無論看什麼東西，她都看見她的兒子。（以極淺近極有力量的一句總寫一次。譯者注。）

過了一會她回去客廳，裝出快樂態度，坐下同幾個少年女子賭陸圖。但是她隨時說她覺得不適，走去斜靠着火爐邊的她的一把舒服椅子。

這就是當時在瑪當狄第的宅子裏，有形的景象與無形的心境。（以上說瑪當家裏的情形，以下說她兒子在路上的情形。譯者注。）當下有一個少年男子穿了一件棕色外衣，這是這個時代通行的外衣，在從巴黎往舒爾堡的大路上走，走向卡倫旦。

當開首徵兵的時候，幾乎是全無規則的。正在危急的時候共和國幾乎不能立刻供給軍人們全身軍服，所以常在路上看見許多徵兵，仍然穿的不是軍服。這許多少年到了暫停的地方，有時在他們的大隊之先，有時在大隊之後，因為各人的進步不同，各視本人能否忍受長途的疲倦。我

himself considerably in advance of a battalion of *réquisitionnaires* which was on its way to Cherbourg, and which the Mayor of Carentan was waiting for from hour to hour to billet<sup>1</sup> on the inhabitants. The young man walked with heavy steps, but still he did not falter, and his gait seemed to show that he had long been accustomed to the severities of military life. Though the moon shed her light upon the pastures around Carentan, he had noticed a thick white bank of clouds ready to cover the whole country with snow. The fear of being caught in a hurricane no doubt hastened his steps, for he was walking at a pace little suited to his weariness. He carried an almost empty knapsack on his back and in his hand a boxwood stick, cut from one of the high thick hedges which this shrub forms round most of the estates of Lower Normandy.

The towers of Carentan, thrown into fantastic relief by the moonlight, had only just come into sight, when this solitary traveler entered the town. His footfall awakened the echoes of the silent streets. He did not meet a creature, so he was obliged to inquire for the house of the Mayor from a weaver who was still at his work. The Mayor lived only a short distance off, and the *réquisitionnaire* soon found himself under shelter in the porch of his house. Here he applied for a billet order and sat down on a stone seat to wait. However, the Mayor sent for him, so he was obliged to appear before him and become the object of a scrupulous examination. The *réquisitionnaire* was a foot soldier, a young man of fine bearing, apparently belonging to a family of distinction. His manners had the air of

<sup>1</sup>to billet, 指派寄宿處。

們所說的行人見得他自己在一隊徵兵之前，相離很遠，這一隊原是往舒爾堡的，卡倫旦的市長時時刻刻在那裏等候，以便指派他們分往各居民家裏投宿。這個少年很難邁步，他卻並不遲疑落後，他的走路狀態好像表示他曾慣受軍人生活的辛苦。月光雖然照在卡倫旦四面的牧場上，這個少年卻看見一大厚堆的白雲，快要把這大片地方鋪滿雪啦。他怕被大風雪所趕上，所以走得更快，這是無疑的了，因為他走得很快，與他的疲倦身體實不相宜。他指着一個幾乎空了的行囊，手執一條黃楊手杖，這是從一個高的密的樹林斬下來的，下諾曼地的田地居多在四圍種黃楊。

卡倫旦的許多高塔被月光照成種種奇形異狀的影子，當這個孤身行客走入市鎮的時候，纔看見這許多高塔。他的脚步驚醒寂寞街上的迴響。他不曾碰見一人，他只好問一個仍然在那裏作工的織匠，問市長住在什麼地方。原來市長所住的地方離這裏不遠，這個徵兵不久就走到了，站立他的宅子的門廊下。他坐在一個石座上，等候市長指派寄宿處。市長卻要見他，他不得不走到市長面前，市長很留心考察他。這個徵兵是一個步隊裏的軍人，是一個

gentle birth, and his face expressed all the intelligence due to a good education.

"What is your name?" asked the Mayor, casting a knowing glance at him.

"Julien Jussieu," replied the *réquisitionnaire*.

The magistrate let an incredulous smile escape him.

"And you come ——"

"From Paris."

"Your comrades must be some distance off," replied the Norman in a bantering tone.

"I am three leagues in front of the battalion."

"No doubt some sentiment draws you to Carentan, *citoyen réquisitionnaire?*" said the Mayor with a shrewd look. "It is all right," he continued. The young man was about to speak, but he motioned him to be silent and went on, "You can go, *Citoyen Jussieu!*"

There was a tinge of irony discernible in his accent, as he pronounced these two last words and held out to him a billet order which directed him to the house of Madame de Dey. The young man read the address with an air of curiosity.

"He knows well enough that he hasn't got far to go; when he's once outside he won't be long crossing the *Place!*" exclaimed the Mayor, talking to himself as the young man went out. "He's a fine bold fellow; God help him! He's got an answer ready to everything. Ay, but if it had been any one else but me, and they had demanded to see his papers—it would have been all up with him."

At this moment the clocks of Carentan struck half-past nine. In the antechamber at Madame de Dey's the lanterns were lighted, the servants were helping their masters



儀表很好的少年，好像是一個顯達人家的子弟。他的態度有貴族出身的神氣，他的臉露出曾受過好教育的全數智識。

市長瞬他一眼，表示他有所知曉，問道，「你姓甚名誰？」

徵兵答道，「我叫朱理安·查素。」

市長露出不相信的微笑。

「你來自——」

「從巴黎來」

這個諾曼人用笑弄腔調答道，「你的同袍們必定與你相離很遠。」

「我在大隊前有十哩。」

市長帶着麻利神色說道，「公民徵兵，必定有什麼感想引你到卡倫旦，是不是？」

市長又說道，「不錯的！少年正想說話，市長叫他不要響，又說道「公民查素，你可以走啦！」

當市長說最後那句話，拿出指定宿舍命令的時候，這個命令派他到瑪當狄第的宅子，從他的聲音，可以聽出稍有嘲笑腔調。少年讀住址，帶着詫異神色。

當少年走出去的時候，市長自言自語道，「他很曉得他用不着走遠；只要他一出門，他不久就會穿市場走去！他是一個很好的有胆的人；但望上帝幫他！無論問他什麼，他都預備好答話。哈，設使不是我問他，是他人問他，就會要他呈公文來看——他就會全毀了的。」

這時候卡倫旦許多的鐘敲九點半。瑪當狄第的招待

and mistresses to put on their clogs and *houppelandes* and mantles, the card players had settled their accounts, and they were all leaving together, according to the established custom in little towns.

When they had exhausted all the formularies of adieu and were separating in the *Place*, each in the direction of his own house, one of the ladies, observing that that important personage was not with them, remarked, "It appears that the Prosecutor intends to remain."

As a matter of fact, the Countess was at that moment alone with that terrible magistrate; she waited, trembling, till it should please him to depart.

After a long silence, which inspired her with a feeling of terror, he said at last, "*Citoyenne*, I am here to carry out the laws of the Republic."

Madame de Dey shuddered.

"Hast thou nothing to reveal to me?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, in astonishment.

"Ah, Madame," cried the Prosecutor, sitting down beside her and changing his tone, "at this moment one word could send us—you and me—to the scaffold. I have watched your character, your mind, your manners too closely to share in the mystification by which you have succeeded in misleading your guests this evening. You are expecting your son, I have not the least doubt of it."

The Countess made an involuntary gesture of denial; but she had grown pale, the muscles of her face had contracted under the necessity of displaying a coolness she did not feel; the pitiless eye of the Prosecutor had not lost one of these movements.

室點上許多燈，僕人們幫他們的男主人們及女主人們穿木鞋，穿大衣，穿外罩，打牌的客人們算清賭帳，一齊出來，小市鎮的習慣是這樣的。

當客人們行盡告辭的全數禮節，在市場分手各散的時候，有一個貴夫人看見那個要緊人物不在他們堆裏，說道，「檢察官好像想逗留。」

其實這個時候伯爵夫人正在獨自一人同這個可怕的地方官在廳裏；她抖了的候着，候他走。

他閉口不說話，令她很恐怖，後來他說道，「女公民，我在這裏要奉行共和國的法律。」

瑪當狄第渾身打顫。

他問道，「難道你還無祕密話對我說麼？」

她很驚奇的答道，「沒有。」

檢察官坐下，坐在她身邊，換了腔調說道，「瑪當，這個時候只要一句話就能夠把我們，——你與我——送到斬頭台上。我很嚴密的觀察你的性情，你的心，你的態度，你用神祕手段今晚瞞過你的客人們，卻瞞不了我。我深信你是等候你的兒子。」

伯爵夫人不由自主的做出否認態度；但是她的臉變作死白色，她因為要表示她所不感覺的冷靜，她臉上的肌肉已經收縮了；檢察官的毫不憐憫的眼全看見這種動作。

"Well! receive him," replied this magistrate of the Revolution, "but do not let him remain under your roof after seven o'clock in the morning. To-morrow at daybreak I shall come to your house armed with a denunciation which I shall get drawn up."

She looked at him with a bewildered, numbed look that might have drawn pity from a tiger.

"I shall demonstrate," he continued sweetly, "the falsity of this denunciation by a careful search. You will then be screened by the nature of my report from all ulterior<sup>1</sup> suspicions. I shall speak of your patriotic gifts, your *civism*, and we shall be saved."

Madame de Dey suspected a snare; she remained motionless, her tongue was frozen and her face on fire. The sound of the knocker echoed through the house.

"Ah," cried the mother as she fell in terror upon her knees, "save him! save him!"

The Public Prosecutor cast a passionate glance at her.

"Yes, let us save him," he replied, "even at the cost of our own lives." He raised her politely.

"I am lost," she cried.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, with an oratorical gesture, "I would not owe you to anything—but to yourself alone."

"Madame, he's ——" cried Brigitte, thinking her mistress was alone.

At the sight of the Public Prosecutor, the old servant, who had burst in, beaming with joy, grew pale and motionless.

<sup>1</sup>ulterior, 别有作用, 意在言外.

這個革命政府的地方官答道，「也罷，你只管見他，你卻切勿挽留他在你的宅子裏太久，不得過明早七點鐘。明早天破曉我就到這裏來，帶我將寫好的一通告發書。」

她帶着慌亂與麻木不仁的神色看着他，設使是老虎看見也會憐憫她。

他接連很和藹的說道，「我將很小心的搜查一遍，我將證明告發書不實。我的報告會迴護你，免你受全數別有作用的嫌疑。我將說及你的愛國捐，說你贊成教士歸文官節制，我們就得了救啦。」

瑪當狄第疑心他設客罪害她；她坐着不動，她的舌頭是冰凍了，她的臉卻熱如火燒。在宅裏聽見敲門聲。

這個做母親的很恐怖，跪在地下，喊道，「你救他！你救他！」

檢察官很可憐她，看她一眼。

他答道，「是呀，我們救他，那怕犧牲我們的性命也要救他。他很客氣的扶她起來。

她喊道，「我是完了」

他答道，「呀，瑪當，我不要你謝我，我只要你謝你自己。」

畢列吉以爲她的女主人獨自一個在這裏，就說道「瑪當，他是……。」

這個老僕原是很高興衝進來的，一看見檢察官，她臉上變作死白色，身不能動。

"Who is it, Brigitte?" asked the magistrate, with an air of gentle intelligence.

"A *réquisitionnaire* sent us from the Mayor's to lodge," answered the servant, showing him the billet order. The Prosecutor read the paper. "True," said he; "a battalion is coming to us to-night." He went out.

At that moment the Countess had too much need to believe in the sincerity of her former attorney for the least doubt of it to cross her mind!

Though she had scarcely the power to stand, she ascended the staircase precipitately, opened the door of the room, saw her son, and threw herself half dead into his arms. "My child, my child," she sobbed, almost beside herself<sup>1</sup>, as she covered him with kisses.

"Madame!" said a stranger's voice.

"Ah, it is not he!" she cried, recoiling in horror. She stood upright before the *réquisitionnaire* and gazed at him with haggard eyes. "My good God, how like he is!" said Brigitte. There was a moment's silence; even the stranger shuddered at the sight of Madame de Dey.

The first blow had almost killed her, and now she felt the full extent of her grief. She leaned for support on Brigitte's husband. "Ah, Monsieur," she said, "I could not bear to see you any longer. Allow me to leave you for my servants to entertain."

She went down to her own room, half carried by Brigitte and her old man-servant. "What! Madame," cried the housekeeper, as she led her mistress to a chair; "is that man going to sleep in Monsieur Auguste's bed, and wear Monsieur

<sup>1</sup> beside herself, 忘其所以, 她糊塗了.

檢察官用和藹明智的神氣問道，『畢列吉，是誰呀！』

女僕把寄宿命令給他看，說道，『一個徵兵奉市長命令來我們這裏借宿。』檢察官看看命令，說道，『真是的，今晚有一大隊到我們這裏來。』他走出去。

這個時候伯爵夫人不得不相信她從前所用的律師是出於至誠的，她心裏就絕不懷疑！

她雖然無力站得穩，她還是匆匆上樓，開了房門，看見她的兒子，她樂到半死滾入他的懷裏。她嗚咽道，『我的兒呀，我的兒呀，』她亂吻他，她幾乎糊塗了。

一個素不相識的人的聲音說道，『瑪當！』

她嚇慌了，往後退喊道，『不是他！』她直直的站在徵兵面前，兩隻憔悴眼瞪着他。畢列吉說道，『上帝呀，他多麼像他呀！』有一會子無人說話；連這個素不相識的人看見瑪當狄第也渾身打顫。

這第一打擊幾乎嚇死他，現在她盡量覺得她的悲痛。她靠着畢列吉男人身上。她說道，『先生，我受不了多見你。你讓我去開，由我的僕人們招呼你，』

她下樓回去她自己的屋子，她的老男僕與畢列吉半抬她回去。當這個管家婆扶她的女主人坐在一把椅子上的時候，說道，『瑪當，什麼呀！你讓這個人睡在奧古斯提

SHORT STORIES BY BALZAC

Auguste's slippers, and eat the pasty that I made for Monsieur Auguste? If I was to be guillotined for it, I —— ”

“Brigitte!” cried Madame de Dey.

Brigitte was mute.

“Hold thy tongue, chatterbox,” said her husband in a low voice. “Dost want to kill Madame?”

At this moment the *réquisitionnaire* made a noise in his room as he sat down to the table.

“I cannot stay here,” cried Madame de Dey. “I will go into the conservatory; I shall be able to hear better there what goes on outside during the night.”

She was still tossed between the fear of having lost her son and the hope of seeing him come back to her.

The silence of the night was horrible. The arrival of the battalion of *réquisitionnaires* in the town when each man sought his lodging, was a terrible moment for the Countess. Her hopes were cheated at every footfall, at every sound; presently nature resumed her awful calm.

Toward morning the Countess was obliged to return to her own room.

Brigitte, who was watching her mistress's movements, not seeing her come out, went into the room and found the Countess dead.

“She must have heard that *réquisitionnaire*,” cried Brigitte. “As soon as he has finished dressing, there he is, marching up and down Monsieur Auguste's bedroom, as if he were in a stable, singing their damned *Marseillaise*! It was enough to kill her.”

The death of the Countess was due to a deeper sentiment, and doubtless caused by some terrible vision. At the



先生的床上，穿他的拖鞋，吃我專為奧古斯提先生而製的點心麼？我寧願登斬頭台，我……」

瑪當狄第喊道，「畢列吉！」

畢列吉不響。

她的男人低聲說道，「你這個好嘖嘖說話的人，你不要響。難道你要害死瑪當麼？」

這個時候那個徵兵在他的屋子裏坐下要吃東西的時候，作點聲響。

瑪當狄第喊道，「我不能逗留在這裏，我要進去花塢；我在那裏能夠聽見今晚外邊有什麼事。」

她這時候還是喜懼交集，懼的是失了她的兒子，喜的是希望再見她的兒子回來。

晚上的寂靜是很可怕的。大隊徵兵到來，當各人找各人的宿舍的時候，很令伯爵夫人恐怖。每人腳步聲，每人聲響，都使她失望；過了一會，深夜又變作可怕的安靜啦。

快到天亮伯爵夫人只好回去她自己的屋裏。

畢列吉很留心觀察她的女主人的舉動，不看見她出來，走進屋裏，看見伯爵夫人死了。

畢列吉喊道，「她必定聽見那個徵兵的聲音。他一穿好衣服，就在奧古斯提先生的臥室裏走來走去，唱他們的受天譴的「瑪塞健兒」歌，好像當他自己是在馬號裏一般。這就够嚇死她啦。」

伯爵夫人是死於一種更深的感想，死於某種可怕的

exact hour when Madame de Day died at Carentan, her son was shot in le Morbihan.

We may add this tragic event to all the evidence of sympathies ignoring the laws of space, which has been collected through the learning and curiosity of certain recluses. These documents will some day serve as the groundwork whereon to base a new science—a science which has hitherto lacked its man of genius.

### DOOMED TO LIVE

The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at discretion<sup>1</sup>. Then followed one of those instances of devotion not rare in the Peninsula. The assassins of the French, foreseeing, from the cruelty of the General, that Menda would probably be given over to the flames and the whole population put to the sword, offered to denounce themselves. The General accepted this offer, inserting as a condition that the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the Marques himself, should be placed in his hands. This capitulation agreed upon, the General promised to pardon the rest of the population and to prevent his soldiers from pillaging or setting fire to the town.

He went up and took military possession of the castle. The members of the family of Leganes and the servants were gagged, and shut up in the great hall where the ball had taken place, and closely watched. The windows of

<sup>1</sup>at discretion, 任從敵軍自由處置。

幻見，這是無疑的了。當瑪當狄第死的時候正是她兒子在利摩比漢被槍斃的時候。

某某幾個有學問與好奇的隱士們，曾搜集許多關於兩人相離頗遠而心心相應的證據，我們可以把這件慘事加入他們的證據裏頭。這許多證據將來有一天可以用作一種新科學的根基——可惜這種新科學尙無富於天才的人研究。

### 罰他獨生

〔拿破崙部將葛提爾軍長 (General Gantier) 以重兵鎮守西班牙某省，命裨將維克陀·瑪爾珊 (Victor Marchand) 以一營人駐紮曼達 (Menda)。裨將住在該處的利甘尼侯爵 (Maques de Leganes) 堡裏，頗蒙侯爵全家優待，侯爵長女克拉拉 (Clara) 尤屬意於維克陀。不料侯爵及該處人民與英國海軍通，乘夜襲殺法國駐兵。克拉拉臨時報警，且指示逃生的路，維克陀幸得逃回大營。葛提爾與維克陀於是圍攻該處諸小鎮。譯者注。〕居民大恐，請降，任從敵軍自由處置。隨後就發生一件在西班牙並非罕見的事。襲殺法軍的居民們曉得軍長殘忍，預料他大約必定將民居付諸一炬，把全數居民殺死，情願交出叛徒。軍長承認他們這個辦法，卻加上一個條件，凡是住在堡裏的人，上自侯爵下至最低的僕人，都要交與他處置。他們答應了這個條件，軍長就答應赦了其餘的居民，且阻止部下焚死。……〔軍長把防守諸事布置好了，紮好了營之後。譯者注。〕他就派兵取了侯爵的堡。他用布塞住利甘尼的家族及僕人們的口，關在前天晚上在那裏跳舞的大廳裏，斃

SHORT STORIES BY BALZAO

the apartment afforded a full view of the terrace which commanded the town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, and the General proceeded at once to hold a council of war on the measures to be taken for opposing the debarkation. After having despatched an aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, with orders to plant batteries along the coast, the General and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had surrendered, were shot down then and there upon the terrace. After this military execution the General ordered as many gallows to be erected on the terrace as there were prisoners in the hall of the castle, and the town executioner to be brought. Victor Marchand made use of the time from then until dinner to go and visit the prisoners. He soon returned to the General.

"I have come," said he, in a voice broken with emotion, "to ask you a favor."

"You?" said the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "it is but a melancholy errand that I am come on. The Marques has seen the gallows being erected, and expresses a hope that you will change the mode of execution for his family; he entreats you to have the nobles beheaded."

"So be it!" said the General.

"They further ask you to allow them the last consolations of religion, and to take off their bonds; they promise not to attempt to escape."

"I consent," said the General; "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man also offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

密看守。從這間大廳的窗子可以全看見俯視市鎮的高坡。部下的軍官們住在附近的大廳，軍長立刻起首開軍事會議，商量用什麼方略阻止英國軍隊登岸。軍長打發一個副官去見大將尼伊(Ney)，帶了命令沿岸分布砲隊，隨後軍長與他的部下商量怎樣處置俘虜。居民交出二百西班牙人，就在高坡槍斃。其後軍長吩咐在高坡上設若干絞人架，一如大廳裏的人數，還吩咐把本鎮的劊子手傳來。現在還要有一會子纔是吃飯時候，維克陀·瑪爾珊就趁這個工夫去探望俘虜們。他不久就回來見軍長。

他很動情的，話不成聲的說道，『我來求情。』

軍長很痛恨的帶着口與心違的腔調說道，『你麼？』

維克陀答道，『哎呀！我不過來代達一件愁慘的請求。侯爵看見高坡上搭了絞人架子，他希望你用別種殺人方法處置他一家；他哀求你不要絞貴族們，但求你用刀斬他們的頭。』

軍長說道，『可以的！』

『他們又求你許他們得着最後的宗教安慰，又求你鬆了他們的綁；他們答應不嘗試逃走。』

軍長說道，『我答應；但是你必得負責。』

『老人又情願把全數家財獻與你，只要你救了他的少子。』

"Really!" said the General. "His goods already belong to King Joseph; he is under arrest." His brow contracted scornfully, then he added: "I will go beyond what they ask. I understand now the importance of the last request. Well, let him buy the eternity of his name, but Spain shall remember forever his treachery and its punishment. I give up the fortune and his life to whichever of his sons will fulfil the office of executioner. Go, and do not speak to me of it again."

Dinner was ready, and the officers sat down to table to satisfy appetites sharpened by fatigue.

One of them only, Victor Marchand, was not present at the banquet. He hesitated for a long time before he entered the room. The haughty family of Leganes were in their agony. He glanced sadly at the scene before him; in this very room, only the night before, he had watched the fair heads of those two young girls and those three youths as they circled in the excitement of the dance. He shuddered when he thought how soon they must fall, struck off by the sword of the headsman. Fastened to their gilded chairs, the father and mother, their three sons, and their two young daughters, sat absolutely motionless. Eight serving-men stood upright before them, their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that surged within them. Only profound resignation<sup>1</sup> and regret for the failure of their enterprise left any mark upon the features of some of them. The soldiers stood likewise motionless, looking at them, and respecting

<sup>1</sup> resignation, 聽天由命

軍長說道，『當真呀！他的財產已經屬於國王約瑟啦；他是在拘的人。』軍長很藐視的皺着眉頭又說道：『我肯越過他們的請求。我現在明白最後的要求是很要緊的。也罷，他既要不絕嗣，隨他出代價，但是西班牙要永遠記得他的叛逆與叛逆所受的懲罰。無論他那一個兒子肯做劊子手，我就把他的財產與他的性命交與這個兒子。你去罷，我不許你再同我說啦。』

飯是預備好啦，軍官們坐下，他們勞倦了，肚子很餓，吃個大飽。

只有一個軍官，就是維克陀·瑪爾珊，不在席上。他遲疑好一會纔走進大廳。這個驕蹇的利甘尼氏一家人正在那裏悲痛。他很愁苦的看看眼前的淒慘情狀。不過是前天晚上，他就是在這間大廳，當那兩個少年女子及三個少年男子們在那裏旋轉跳舞的時候，看見他們的淡黃頭髮的頭。他一起不久他們的頭就要被劊子手的刀斬下來，他就發抖。父與母，他們的三個兒子，兩個少年女兒，都綁在鋪金椅子上，坐在那裏，絕對不能動。有八個僕人直挺挺的站在他們面前，兩手綁在背後。這十五個人很嚴肅的面面相視，他們的眼睛幾乎並不流露在他們心裏衝擊的思想。其中有幾個面上只露出深藏於內的聽天由命神色，與此次謀舉大事不成的惱悔。守兵們也站着不動，看他們，尊重他們的殘忍仇敵們的悲痛（其慘象可想而知。譯者

the affliction of their cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to unbind the condemned, and went himself to loose the cords which fastened Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly. He could not refrain from touching her arm, and looking with admiring eyes at her black locks and graceful figure. She was a true Spaniard; she had the Spanish complexion and the Spanish eyes, with their long curled lashes and pupils blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you been successful?" she said, smiling upon him mournfully with somewhat of the charm of girlhood still lingering in her eyes.

Victor could not suppress a groan. He looked one after the other at Clara and her three brothers. One, the eldest, was aged thirty; he was small, even somewhat ill made, with a proud disdainful look, but there was a certain nobleness in his bearing; he seemed no stranger to that delicacy of feeling which elsewhere has rendered the chivalry of Spain so famous. His name was Juanito. The second, Felipe, was aged about twenty; he was like Clara. The youngest was eight, Manuel. The old Marques, his head still covered with white locks, seemed to have come forth from a picture of Murillo. The young officer shook his head. When he looked at them, he was hopeless that he would ever see the bargain proposed by the General accepted by any of the four; nevertheless he ventured to impart it to Clara. At first she shuddered, Spaniard though she was; then, immediately recovering her calm demeanor, she went and knelt down before her father.

"Father," she said, "make Juanito swear to obey faithfully any orders that you give him, and we shall be content."



注。)維克陀走進來，他們滿臉都是要曉得吉凶的神氣。他命守兵們鬆綁，自己去解克拉拉被綁在椅子上的繩索。她慘然微笑。他不由自主的摩她的膀子，用一雙讚美的眼看她的黑頭髮和她的苗條身材。她是一個真正西班牙人；她有西班牙人的面皮，有西班牙人的眼睛，有長而彎的睫毛，瞳子比烏鴉翅更黑。

她慘然微笑說道，『你求情成功麼？』她的兩眼還多少有少年女子的迷人神氣在那裏逗留。

維克陀禁不住哼了一聲。他看看克拉拉，看看她的三個兄弟。她的長兄有三十歲，他身材小，有點不好看，臉上帶着驕傲與藐視神色，却還有高貴態度；他好像有精細感情，這種感情使西班牙的義俠馳名國外。這個人名朱安尼圖。第二個名腓烈，年約二十歲；他像克拉拉。最少的八歲，名曼紐爾。老侯爵還有滿頭白髮，好像是木利洛（Murillo 是西班牙有名的畫師。譯者注。）畫片中的人物。少年軍官搖頭。當他看他們的時候，他絕不希望這四個人裏頭無論那一個都不肯承受軍長所提的交換條件；他雖是這樣想，卻不好不放膽，只管把條件告訴克拉拉。她雖然是個西班牙人，她一聽見不能不發抖；她立刻恢復她的鎮靜態度，隨即走過去，跪在她父親面前。

她說道，『我請父親叫朱安尼圖宣誓，竭誠奉行你所給他的無論什麼命令，我們就可以滿意啦。』

¶

The Marquesa trembled with hope; but when she leaned toward her husband, and heard—she who was a mother—the horrible confidence whispered by Clara, she swooned away. Juanito understood all; he leaped up like a lion in its cage. After obtaining an assurance of perfect submission from the Marques, Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers. The servants were led out, handed over to the executioner, and hanged. When the family had no guard but Victor to watch them, the old father rose and said, "Juanito."

Juanito made no answer, except by a movement of the head, equivalent to a refusal; then he fell back in his seat, and stared at his parents with eyes dry and terrible to look upon. Clara went and sat on his knee, put her arm around his neck, and kissed his eyelids.

"My dear Juanito," she said gaily, "if thou didst only know how sweet death would be to me if it were given by thee, I should not have to endure the odious touch of the headsman's hands. Thou wilt cure me of the woes that were in store for me—and, dear Juanito, thou couldst not bear to see me belong to another, well——" Her soft eyes cast one look of fire at Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito's heart his horror of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Felipe, "or else our race, which has almost given kings to Spain, will be extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed round Juanito separated, and his son, dutiful in his disobedience, saw his aged father standing before him, and heard him cry in a solemn voice, "Juanito, I command thee."

The young Count remained motionless. His father fell on his knees before him; Clara, Manuel, and Felipe did the

侯爵夫人身子抖抖的以爲有了希望；但是當她斜着身子問她的丈夫，聽見（讀者要記得她是這幾個兒女的母親）克拉拉附耳低聲所說的可怕的祕密話，她就暈倒了。朱安尼圖全明白了；他如同柙裏的一條獅子一般，跳起來。維克陀從侯爵口中得了必定完全服從的切實擔保話，就自己做主，把守兵打發走了。把僕人們領出去，交與劊子手，絞死了。等到全家無衛兵看守只有維克陀看管他們的時候，老父站起來，說道，「朱安尼圖。」

朱安尼圖不答，只是搖頭，等於表示不聽命；他隨即倒在他的椅子上，瞪着兩眼看他的父母，兩眼無淚，令人看見恐怖。克拉拉走過去，坐在他膝上，一手摟住他的頸頸子，吻他的眼皮。

她很高興的說道，「我的寶貝朱安尼圖，你若曉得設使是你動手殺我，不令我忍受劊子手的污穢手摩我，我會死得很甜美的。你就治好留以有待於我的愁苦——寶貝朱安尼圖你能够忍受我屬於別人麼——」她的柔和眼如冒火一般看看維克陀，好像要在朱安尼圖心裏驚醒他仇恨法國人。

他的兄弟腓烈說道，「你只管放膽，不然我們這一族人（我們這一族幾乎做到西班牙王）就要滅絕無後啦。」

克拉拉忽然起來，圍住朱安尼圖的一羣人走開啦，這個兒子以不服從命令盡子職，看見他的老父站在他面前，聽見他用嚴肅聲音說道，「朱安尼圖我命令你。」

這個少年伯爵還是不動。他的父親跪在他面前：克拉拉，曼紐爾，腓烈不由自主的也跪在他面前。他們全向他

same instinctively. They all stretched out their hands to him as to one who was to save their family from oblivion<sup>1</sup>; they seemed to repeat their father's words—"My son, hast thou lost the energy, the true chivalry of Spain? How long wilt thou leave thy father on his knees? What right hast thou to think of thine own life and its suffering? Madam, is this a son of mine?" continued the old man, turning to his wife.

"He consents," cried she, in despair. She saw a movement in Juanito's eyelids, and she alone understood its meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, still knelt on her knees, and clasped her mother in her fragile arms; her little brother Manuel, seeing her weeping hot tears, began to chide her. At this moment the almoner of the castle came in; he was immediately surrounded by the rest of the family and brought to Juanito. Victor could bear this scene no longer, he made a sign to Clara, and hastened away to make one last effort with the General. He found him in high good-humor in the middle of the banquet, drinking with his officers; they were beginning to make merry.

An hour later a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda came up to the terrace, in obedience to the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was drawn up to keep back the Spanish burghers who were ranged under the gallows on which the servants of the Marques still hung. The feet of these martyrs almost touched their heads. Thirty yards from them a block had been set up, and by it gleamed

<sup>1</sup> oblivion, 遺沒.

伸手，好像是求他保存他們的民族不使埋沒無聞；他們好像述他們父親的話，說道——『我的兒子，你失了西班牙的真正俠義的精力麼？你隨得你的父親下跪多麼久呀？你有什麼權利只顧你自己的生活與其痛苦呀？瑪當，這是我的兒子麼？』老侯爵掉過頭去，問他的夫人。

她絕望了，喊道，『他肯啦，』她看見朱安尼圖眼皮動了一動，只有她明白這一動的意思。

第二個女兒瑪理吉塔仍然跪着，兩隻弱手抱住她母親；她的小兄弟曼紐爾看見她流熱淚，起首責她。本堡的司賑人（亦即家庭的教士。譯者注。）這時候走進來，全家的人都圍住他，領他到朱安尼圖這裏。維克陀不忍看見這樣的慘狀；他對克拉拉使手勢，匆匆出去，再努力向軍長求情。他看見軍長正在很高興的置酒高會，同他的部下喝酒；他們起首快樂啦。

一點鐘後有曼達鎖的一百名重要居民奉軍長命令走上高坡來，看利甘尼全家正法。排列一小隊兵彈壓許多西班牙市民，市民們排列在絞人架下，侯爵的僕人們還吊在架上。這些殉難人的腳幾乎摩着市民們的頭。離他們三十碼遠搭了一個斬頭架，掛着一把閃光的彎刀。劊子手站在

a scimitar. The headsman also was present, in case of Juanito's refusal. Presently, in the midst of the profoundest silence, the Spaniards heard the footsteps of several persons approaching, the measured tread of a company of soldiers, and the faint clinking of their muskets. These diverse sounds were mingled with the merriment of the officers' banquet; just as before it was the music of the dance which had concealed preparations for a treacherous massacre. All eyes were turned toward the castle; the noble family was seen advancing with incredible dignity. Every face was calm and serene; one man only leaned, pale and haggard, on the arm of the Priest. Upon this man he lavished all the consolations of religion — upon the only one of them doomed to live. The executioner understood, as did all the rest, that for that day Juanito had undertaken the office himself. The aged Marques and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Juanito was led thither by the Priest. As he approached the block the executioner touched him by the sleeve and drew him aside, probably to give him certain instructions.

The Confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the executioner; but like true Spaniards, they knelt erect without a sign of emotion.

Clara was the first to spring forward to her brother. "Juanito," she said, "have pity on my faint-heartedness; begin with me."

At that moment they heard the footstep of a man running at full speed, and Victor arrived on the tragic scene. Clara was already on her knees, already her white neck

那裏，以備朱安尼圖不肯動手。正在靜寂無聲的時候，西班牙人不久就聽見有幾個人走來的腳步聲，這是一營兵的整齊步伐聲，還有輕微的叮噹槍聲。這幾種聲響同軍官們暢飲的聲響混成一片；如同前天跳舞的音樂聲，遮掩着陰謀屠殺法國兵的籌備聲。人們的眼全向堡壘看；他們看見侯爵的全家走來，帶着令人不能相信的莊嚴神色。貴族們的臉色無一個不是鎮靜雍容的，只有一個臉色死白，形容憔悴，靠着教士的膀子。教士盡情把全數宗教的安慰話對他說——軍長罰他們全家受死，——只留這一個人，罰他獨生。別人全曉得，劊子手也曉得，今天是侯爵的長子朱安尼圖自己擔任作劊子手，殺他自己的全家。老侯爵與他的夫人，克拉拉，瑪理吉塔，和她們兩個兄弟，走來，離殺人地幾步跪下。教士領朱安尼圖到這裏。當朱安尼圖走近斬頭架的時候，劊子手摩他的衣袖，拉他到旁邊，大約是教他怎樣用刀。（作者偏要詳寫這樣不忍目睹的慘狀，確能盡文章的能事。譯者注。）

懺悔教士把這幾個快要受死的人們排列好了，使他們不能看見劊子手；他們卻同真正西班牙人一般，毫不動情，跪得直直的。

克拉拉首先跳向她的兄弟。她說道，『朱安尼圖，你得可憐我膽怯；你先殺我吧。』

這個時候他們聽見有一個人很快跑來的腳步聲，原來是維克陀跑來演慘劇的地方。克拉拉已經跪下，她的

seemed to invite the edge of the scimitar. A deadly pallor fell upon the officer, but he still found strength to run on.

"The General grants thee thy life if thou wilt marry me," he said to her in a low voice.

The Spaniard cast a look of proud disdain on the officer. "Strike, Juanito," she said, in a voice of profound meaning.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. When the Marquesa heard the sound a convulsive start escaped her; this was the only sign of her affliction.

"Am I placed right so, dear Juanito?" little Manuel asked his brother.

"Ah, thou weepst, Mariquita!" said Juanito to his sister.

"Yes," answered the girl; "I was thinking of thee, my poor Juanito; thou wilt be so unhappy without us."

At length the noble figure of the Marques appeared. He looked at the blood of his children; then he turned to the spectators, who stood mute and motionless before him. He stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said in a firm voice: "Spaniards, I give my son a father's blessing. Now, *Marques*, strike without fear, as thou art without fault."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the Confessor, he groaned aloud, "She fed me at her own breast." His cry seemed to tear a shout of horror from the lips of the crowd. At this terrible sound the noise of the banquet and the laughter and merry-making of the officers died away. The Marquesa comprehended that Juanito's courage was exhausted. With one leap she had thrown herself over the balustrade, and her head was dashed to pieces against the rocks below. A shout of admiration burst forth. Juanito fell to the ground in a swoon.



雪白頸子已經好像請彎刀的利刃殺她。這個軍官的臉作死白色，他卻還有氣力向前跑。

他低聲對她說道，「你若肯嫁我，軍長就饒你的命。」

這個西班牙女子帶着驕傲神色，很藐視的看軍官一眼。她說道，「朱安尼圖，你開刀。」她的聲音是很有深意的。

她的頭滾在維克陀脚下。當侯爵夫人聽見聲響的時候，她只露出一陣顫動；她的悲痛只有這一點表示。

小曼紐爾問他的哥哥道，「寶貝朱安尼圖，我這樣跪着，跪得對麼？」（寫這個小孩子死得從容。譯者注。）

朱安尼圖對他的妹妹說道，「瑪理吉塔，你哭呀！」

這個女孩子答道，「是呀，我的可憐的朱安尼圖呀，我是爲你設想呀；你沒得我們，你將來是很不歡樂的。」

後來是侯爵的高貴形狀出現啦，他看看他兒女的血；他隨即掉過臉來向着站在他面前不響亦不動的旁觀人們。他伸出兩手向着朱安尼圖，聲音很堅決的說道：「西班牙人們，我以一個父親的求福給我的兒子。侯爵，你是個無過的人，你只管開刀，不要害怕。」

但是當懺悔教士扶他的母親走來的時候，他大聲哼道，「她是抱我在她的懷裏乳哺我的。」他這一喊，好像從羣衆的口裏扯出一陣恐怖的喊聲來。（這是多麼大的筆力。譯者注。）軍官們一聽見這一陣喊聲，他們置酒高會的大笑聲與快樂聲就消滅了。侯爵夫人曉得朱安尼圖的勇敢消耗淨盡了。她縱身一跳，跳過欄杆，她的頭撞在底下的石頭上，撞成碎塊。羣衆喊成一片，讚美她。朱安尼圖暈倒在地。

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"Marchand has just been telling me something about this execution," said a half-drunken officer. "I'll warrant, General, it wasn't by your orders that ——"

"Have you forgotten, Messieurs," cried General Gautier, "that during the next month there will be five hundred French families in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you wish to leave your bones here?"

After this speech there was not a man, not even a sub-lieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

In spite of the respect with which he is surrounded—in spite of the title of El Verdugo (the executioner), bestowed upon him as a title of nobility by the King of Spain—the Marques de Leganes is a prey to melancholy. He lives in solitude, and is rarely seen. Overwhelmed with the load of his glorious crime, he seems only to wait the birth of a second son, impatient to seek again the company of those shades who are about his path continually.

## THE ATHEIST'S MASS

Doctor Bianchon, a physician to whom science is indebted for a grand physiological theory, and who, though still a young man, is considered one of the celebrities of the School of Paris (itself a center of light to which all the physicians of Europe pay homage), had practiced surgery for a long time before he devoted himself to medicine. His early studies were directed by one of the greatest of French surgeons, a man who passed through the scientific world like a meteor—the celebrated Despleins. As his enemies themselves acknowledge, an intransmittable method

有一個半醉軍官說道，『瑪爾班剛才告訴我關於這次殺人的一件事。軍長，我敢保，並不是你的命令——』

葛軍長喊道，『諸位，難道你們已經忘記了下一個月將有五百法蘭西人的家庭流淚麼？難道你們已經忘記了我們是在西班牙麼？難道你們想把你們的骨頭留在這裏麼？』

衆人聽過他這兩句話之後，無人敢乾鍾，連一個少尉也不敢。

利甘尼侯爵（即是朱安尼圖。譯者注。）雖然得許多人敬重，他雖然得了西班牙封他爲劊子手侯，他總是愁悶不樂的。他閉門獨居，很少人看見他。他被他的光明磊落的重罪所壓倒，他好像只是等候他再生第二個兒子，他原是急於要同接連跟隨他的幾個已死的親人結伴。

#### 不信教的人聽教士念經

貝安臣(Bianchon)是一個內科醫生，科學虧他得了一條偉大的生理學的學說，他雖然還是個少年，人家都看重他，稱他爲巴黎學校（這是一個發曙光的中心點，歐洲全數的內科醫生所敬禮的，）的幾個馳名的醫生中的一個，在他未專心研究醫學之前，他當過外科醫生許久。他最初求學的時候，就是受一個最偉大的法蘭西外科醫生所指導，這個人經過科學世界如同天上的流火一般——這就是有名的狄普朗(Despleins)。他的仇敵們自己也承認，一個不能傳授與人的方法葬在他的墳裏。他同全數有天才

was buried in his tomb. Like all men of genius he had no heirs; he carried—and he carried away everything with him. The fame of a surgeon is like the fame of an actor; it exists only as long as they live, and their talent is no longer appreciable after they have disappeared. Actors and surgeons, like great singers also, and those masters who increase the power of music tenfold by their execution, are all heroes of the moment.

. . . . .

The talent of Despleins was part and parcel of his belief, and consequently mortal. To him the terrestrial atmosphere was a generative bag; he could see the earth like an egg in its shell, and not being able to decide whether the egg or the fowl came first, he admitted neither the shell nor the egg. He believed neither in the animal anterior nor the spirit posterior to man. Despleins was not in doubt, he affirmed. In his frank, unmixed atheism he was like so many *savants*, the best men in the world, but invincible atheists<sup>1</sup>, such atheists as religious men will not acknowledge can exist. This opinion could not be otherwise in a man accustomed from early youth to dissect the being *par excellence* before, during, and after his life, to search him through all his organization, without finding that single soul which is so necessary to religious theories. Recognizing in man a cerebral center, a nervous center, and an aëro-sanguineous center, the two former supplying each other's places so well that he was convinced during the last two or three days of his life that the sense of hearing was not ab-

<sup>1</sup>atheists, 無神派, 不信宗教的人.

的人們一樣，他無後嗣；他把無論什麼全帶走了。一個外科醫生的名譽與一個戲子的名譽相同；他們只是享當世的名，他們死後就不復有人領略他們的才能。戲子及外科醫生又與大歌唱家相同，凡是增加音樂力量十倍的大家全是當世的英雄。

……狄普朗的才能與他的信仰是一件事，所以不是不朽的。他看地球的空氣如同一個有產生能力的囊；他能看到地球如同一個有殼的蛋，他卻不能說究竟是先有蛋抑或先有雞，他就並殼與蛋都不承認。他既不相信人類之先是個野獸，亦不相信人死之後還有靈魂。狄普朗並不懷疑，他肯定。他的無神主義是坦白的，無攙雜的，與許多有名的科學家相同，都是世界上最好的人，卻是不能打服的無神派，信教的人們不肯承認世上能有這樣的無神派。一個人從小就習慣解剖人胎，解剖活人，解剖死人，人的全數組織無不搜查到，並不曾找着宗教論說所必需的靈魂，他只能相信無神，不能相信別的。他承認人身上有一個腦海的中心點，有一個神經的中心點，又有一個氣血的中心點，第一第二兩個中心點善能互代，他就相信當他快要死的那兩三天，不必一定要有耳官才能聽見，亦不必有視官

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absolutely necessary for hearing, nor the sense of sight absolutely necessary for seeing, and that the solar plexus could replace them beyond suspicion of any change; Despleins, I say, finding two souls in man, confirmed his atheism by this fact, although it still proves nothing on the subject of God. This man, it is said, died in the final impenitence of, unhappily, so many fine geniuses; may God forgive them!

. . . . .

In the case of Despleins, his reputation and scientific knowledge being unassailable, his enemies found ground for attack in his extraordinary temper and his moral character; as a matter of fact, he certainly did possess that quality which the English call "eccentricity." At times he dressed superbly, then all at once he would affect a strange indifference in the matter of clothes; sometimes he appeared in a carriage, sometimes on foot. He was by turns brusque and kind, though apparently hard and stingy; yet he was capable of offering his fortune to his masters when they were in exile, and they actually did him the honor of accepting it for a few days. No man has been the object of more contradictory<sup>1</sup> judgments.

. . . . .

Among the enigmas<sup>2</sup> which the life of Despleins offer, to the eyes of his contemporaries, we have chosen one of the most interesting, because the point comes at the end of the story, and will answer accusations which have been

<sup>1</sup> contradictory, 互相矛盾. <sup>2</sup> enigmas, 令人難測的事.

才能看見，他又相信腹腔叢（？）能够替代這兩官，絕不會令人疑到有任何更變；我說狄普朗見得人有兩個靈魂，他就用這件事實就證實他的無神主義，這卻不能證明上帝的問題。有人說這個人死的時候如同許多有很好天才的人們一般，到底不肯懺悔，據說他們死得很不歡樂；但望上帝饒赦他們！

……以狄普朗論，他的名譽與他的科學知識原是不能攻擊的，他的仇敵們卻拿他的異常脾氣與他的道德性格作根據，肆行攻擊他；其實他確有英國人所稱的『乖僻』。他有時穿得很華麗 隨後他會忽然很奇怪的對於衣服上是很冷淡的；有時他出門坐馬車，有時步行。有時粗率，有時和藹，從外表看來他是很吝嗇的；但是當他的先生們被貶出外的時候他送錢財與他們，他們收受幾天，給他面子。他最受互相矛盾的批評。

……狄普朗一生所做的事，許多是令人難測的，我們選擇一件是他並世的人們以為是最有意味的，因為要點在這段故事的盡頭，將能答復人們反對他的種種貶斥。狄

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made against him. Of all the pupils that Despleins had at his hospital, Horace Bianchon was one of those to whom he was most warmly attached. Before going into residence at the Hotel Dieu, Horace Bianchon was a student of medicine, and lodged in le quartier Latin at a wretched *pension*, known under the name of La Maison Vauquer. At this place the poor youth experienced the pangs of that acute poverty which acts as a sort of cresset from which young men of great talent should come forth refined and incorruptible, like diamonds which can be subjected to any shock without breaking.. In the violent flames of passions, just freed from restraint, they acquire habits of the most unswerving probity<sup>1</sup>, and accustom themselves, by means of the constant labor wherewith they have baffled and confined their appetites, to those struggles which await on genius. Horace was a straightforward young man, incapable of double-dealing<sup>2</sup> in a question of honor, going straight to the point without palavering<sup>3</sup>, and as ready to pawn his cloak for a friend as to give him his working time or his evenings. He was one of those friends who do not trouble themselves about what they receive in exchange for what they give, being certain of receiving in their turn more than they have given. Most of his friends had that inward respect for him which unobtrusive goodness inspires, and many of them were afraid of his censure. But Horace displayed his good qualities without priggishness. He was neither a Puritan nor a preacher; and he swore with a will when he gave advice, and was quite ready to take his slice of good cheer if the occasion offered. He was

<sup>1</sup> probity, 方正行爲. <sup>2</sup> double-dealing, 欺騙. <sup>3</sup> palavering, 空話.



普朗在他的醫院裏頭有許多學生，他所與最親熱的就是貝安臣。當貝安臣未住在狄烏醫院之先，原是一個學醫的學生，他住在拉丁街的一間很卑陋的寄宿舍，名倭克爾堂。這個窮少年在這個地方閱歷過酷貧的許多痛苦，這是一種鍛鍊，少年人受過之後就精細了，不能朽腐了，如同金剛鑽一般，只管受打也不會碎的。當他們在才脫離束縛的激情的烈焰中的時候，得了最不能動搖的行爲方正習慣，他們又常時努力以阻遏及節制他們的肉慾，以便習慣於有天才的人們所遇的困難奮鬪。何雷斯（貝安臣的名。譯者注。）是一個正直坦白的少年，遇有與廉恥攸關的問題是不會欺騙的，不說一句空話就一直做去，他預備為一個朋友買他的外衣，他也一樣的預備撇開自己的事不做，或拿晚上的時間去幫朋友。他是一個好朋友，殊不計較施多報少的，他很曉得將來會輪到他受報，多過他所施的。大多數他的朋友們心裏很敬重他，這是他的毫不賣弄的好處所激發的，有許多他的朋友怕他貶斥。何雷斯表示他的好德性，卻不自大。他既不是一個清潔派，又不是一個講道人；當他勸人的時候，他很會說粗話的，遇有機會，他是要享受一點快樂的。他是一個好同伴，不比一個當兵的更假正經，他是個開心見誠的坦直人——不像一個水手

good company, not more prudish than a trooper, open and straightforward—not like a sailor—a sailor nowadays is a wily diplomatist—but like a fine young man who has nothing in his life to hide, he held his head high, and walked on with a light heart. In fact, to sum up everything in a word, Horace was the Pylades of more than one Orestes—creditors serving nowadays as the nearest representation of the ancient Furies. He wore his poverty with that gaiety which is perhaps one of the greatest elements of courage, and, like all those who have nothing, he contracted few debts. As sober as a camel, and as watchful as a stag, his ideas and his conduct were equally unwavering. The happiness of Bianchon's life began on the day on which the famous surgeon received a proof of the faults and good qualities which, the one as much as the other, made Doctor Horace Bianchon doubly precious to his friends. When the chief clinical lecturer takes a young man under his wing, that young man has, as they say, his foot in the stirrup. Despleins did not fail to take Bianchon with him as his assistant to wealthy houses, where some present almost always found its way into the pupil's purse, and where the mysteries of Parisian life were insensibly revealed to his provincial experience. He kept him in his study during consultations, and gave him employment there. Sometimes he would send him to accompany a rich patient to the baths. In fact, he nursed a practice for him. Consequently, at the end of a certain time, the despot of surgery had a *seid*. These two men, one at the height of his celebrity and at the head of his own science, enjoying an immense fortune and an immense reputation; the other, a humble Omega, without either fortune or fame—became

——今日的水手是一個狡猾的外交家——他其實是一個好少年，生平無不可告人的事，他的頭抬得很高，走路並不想心事。我說一句總括的話，何雷斯是一個排拉狄，幫助過許多奧利斯（Pylades 是 Orestes 的最好朋友，替他報仇。譯者注。）——今日的債主很可以代表古時的司復仇的女神。他很快樂的忍受他的貧窮，這就許是勇氣的一個最重要的元素，他與全數一無所有的人們一般，他欠很少的債。他有駝駝那樣冷靜，有鹿那樣警醒，他的理想與他的行為同是一樣不能動搖的。貝安臣一生的歡樂起自那一天這個有名外科醫生得了他這個學生的才具短長的證據，貝安臣的或短或長都被他的朋友們加倍看重。當這個當主任的臨床診病的講師收一個少年在他的翼下的時候，這個少年就可以算是一腳踏在馬鐙上啦。狄普朗自然當安貝臣是他的幫手，帶他往有錢人家看病，幾乎常有禮拜到了學生的衣袋裏，巴黎人的生活的神祕不知不覺揭露於這個鄉下醫生眼前。先生在醫室診病的時候，學生也在室裏，先生給他許多事做。有時他打發這個學生陪有錢的病人去洗礦泉。其實先生培養學生，使他將來可以掛招牌。所以到了若干年後，這個外科大王就有了一個 soid。這師徒兩人，一個享大名，做了醫界的巨頭，享受很富的財產與很高的名；一個不過是無名小卒（Omega 是希臘字母的末後一個。譯者注。）既無錢財又無聲譽——這

intimates. The great Despleins told his assistant every thing. He knew if such and such a woman had sat on a chair by the master, or on the famous couch which stood in the study, and on which he slept. He knew thoroughly the great man's temperament—half lion, half bull—which at last developed and amplified his bust to such a degree as to cause his death by enlargement of the heart. He studied the strange corners of that busy life, the projects of its sordid avarice, the hopes of the politician hidden beneath the *savant*; he could foresee the deceptions which awaited the one sentiment buried in a heart not so much bronzen as bronzed.

One day Bianchon told Despleins that a poor water-carrier of le quartier Saint Jacques had a terrible illness caused by fatigue and poverty; the poor Auvergnat had eaten nothing but potatoes during the great winter of 1821. Despleins left all his patients; he flew, at the risk of breaking his horse's wind, followed by Bianchon, to the poor man's lodgings, and himself had him carried into the private hospital founded by the celebrated Dubois, in le faubourg Saint Denis. He went and attended the man, and when he had cured him gave him the necessary sum to buy a horse and a water-cart. This Auvergnat was remarkable for an original trait. One of his friends fell ill, so he promptly brought him to his benefactor, saying, "I could not bear for him to go to any one else."

Despleins, crabbed as he was, grasped the water-carrier's hand, and said, "Bring them all to me." Then he got this son of Le Cantal taken in at the Hotel Dieu and took the greatest care of him while he was there. Bianchon had

兩個人卻變作親密朋友。這位大狄普朗無論什麼都告訴他的幫手。他曉得某某女人是否坐在他先生旁邊的一把椅子，抑或坐在書房裏的有名的榻床，這是他所睡的榻。他曉得很深透這個大人物的脾氣——一半是獅子，一半是牡牛——這種脾氣後來發展，使他的身體膨脹得很利害，使他死於心臟膨脹。他研究這個忙碌生活的幽深處，窺見他的鄙吝計劃，窺見他外作科學專家內裏卻存着政客的希望；他能夠預料種種奸詐等候深藏於心裏的一種感情，這個心其實不是黃銅製的，不過是黃銅鍍的。

有一天貝安臣對狄普朗說，有一個住在聖查克地方的貧苦水夫得了發生於疲勞與貧窮的可怕病症；這個可憐的奧瓦爾納(Auvergnat)當一八二一年酷寒的冬天沒得什麼吃，只吃些馬鈴薯。狄普朗憐憫全數他的病人，他冒險，不怕跑他的馬跑到屁滾尿流，飛到那個貧人的住處，貝安臣緊緊的跟隨，他吩咐把病人送到有名的杜坡亞所設的在聖丁尼士街的私立醫院。他自己去照應五個病人，等到他把他治好的時候，還送他錢買一匹馬及一部水車。這個奧瓦爾納有一種很可以注意的特別脾氣，是世人所向來未有過的。他有一個朋友病了，他豈快送他到他的恩人那裏，說道，『我不忍看他找別人治病。』

狄普朗雖然是個性情乖僻的人，抓住水夫的手，說道，『你把他們全送到我這裏來。』他隨即將這個利甘特爾的兒子送到狄烏醫院，當他在這裏的時候他極其小心的照

already several times noticed in his chief a predilection<sup>1</sup> for Arvergnats, and especially for water-carriers; but as Despleins made his duties at the Hotel Dieu a sort of point of honor, he did not see anything so very strange in it. One day as Bianchon was crossing la place Saint Sulpice, he caught sight of his master going into the church. Despleins, who at that time never went a step out of his *cabriolet*, was on foot, and slipped out of la rue du Petit Lion as if he had been into a house of doubtful reputation. Naturally seized with curiosity, the assistant, who knew his master's opinions, and was *un cabaniste en dyable* slipped also into Saint Sulpice. He was not a little astonished at seeing the great Despleins—that atheist without pity for the angels, because they offer no resistance to the bistoury, and cannot have either fistulas or gastritis;—in fact, the dauntless *désireur* kneeling humbly on his knees, and where? In the chapel of the Virgin, at which he was hearing a mass. He gave for the expenses of the ceremony, he gave for the poor, as serious all the time as if he had been performing an operation. “He can't be come to throw light on questions relative to the parturition of the Virgin,” said Bianchon, whose astonishment was boundless. “If I had seen him holding one of the tassels of the canopy of Corpus Christi, it would only have been a joke; but at this hour, alone, without any one to see!—it certainly is something to think about.” Bianchon did not like to appear to be spying upon the first surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, so he went away. It chanced that Despleins had invited him to dinner that very day, not at his own house, but at a restaurant. At

<sup>1</sup> predilection, 偏好.

應他。貝安臣有好幾次看見他的先生偏好奧瓦爾納人，尤其偏向於挑水夫們；但是狄普朗在狄烏醫院診治病人原是一件爲名譽的事，卻不見有什麼奇怪。有一天貝安臣正在穿過聖沙爾披廣場的時候，看見他的先生進教堂（讀者注意這篇故事慢慢引到結穴啦。譯者注。）狄普朗這個時候總是坐單馬車絕不走一步路的，今天卻是步行，從小獅街溜出來，好像是剛從不名譽地名出來的。這個幫手自然是被好奇心所動，他曉得他先生的意見，他又是一個 *cabaniste en dyable*，也溜進聖沙爾披教堂。這個偉大的狄普朗原是一個不信神的，不憐恤天使們的，因爲他們無肌肉阻抗外科醫生的小刀，又不能犯痔漏或胃炎病；他看見他的先生，這個無畏的 *désireur* 低首下心的跪下，他看見自然是很詫異的。他跪在那裏？他跪在聖母的經堂，他在那裏聽聖餐經。他聽經是花錢的，他還給錢賑濟貧人，他聽經的時候是很認真的如同他開刀那麼認真。貝安臣覺得無窮的詫異，說道，『他不能到這裏來發明聖母分娩的問題呀。』設使我看見他抓住遮聖體的華蓋的縫子，我不過當作笑話看；但是這個時候，他獨自一人，無人看見他！——這必定是值得研究的事。』貝安臣不願被人看見他偵探狄烏醫院的第一個外科醫生，他就走開。碰巧當天狄普朗請他吃飯，不是在他自己家裏，是在一間飯館裏。

dessert Bianchon succeeded by skilful maneuvering in bringing the conversation round to the subject of the mass, which he pronounced a nummery and a farce. "It's a farce," said Despleins, "which has cost Christianity more blood than all the battles of Napoleon, and all the leeches of Broussais! The mass is a Papal invention, based on *Hoc est corpus*<sup>1</sup>, and does not go back further than the sixteenth century. What torrents of blood had to be shed in order to establish the observance of Corpus Christi!

. . . . .

One day during the year, one of the physicians of the Hotel Dieu took Despleins by the arm in Bianchon's presence, as if to ask him a question.

"What were you going to do at Saint Sulpice, *mon cher Maître?*" said he.

"I went there to see a priest who has *caries* of the knee, whom Madame la Duchesse d'Angouleme did me the honor to recommend to me," said Despleins.

The doctor was satisfied with this excuse—not so Bianchon.

"Oh! he goes to see bad knees in the church, does he? He went to hear his mass," said he to himself. He determined to watch Despleins. He made a note of the day and the hour when he had caught him going into Saint Sulpice, and determined to be there the year following at the same day and hour to see if he could catch him again. If he did, the regular recurrence of his devotion would justify a scientific investigation, for it would not be becoming in so great a man to show a direct contradiction between his thought

<sup>1</sup> *Hoc est corpus*, 這是體。



當吃點心的時候，貝安臣用巧妙手段居然設法談到聖餐問題，還說這是一種傀儡戲，又是一種小戲。狄普朗說道，「原是小戲，這種小戲流了世人許多血，比拿破崙全數的戰事及卜魯西全數的醫生所流的血多得多！聖餐原是教王造出來的，根據於「這就是體」一句話，不過是第十六世紀才起首有的。因為要人奉行聖體節流了多少血呀！（他還說了許多嘲笑的話。貝安臣不再提，也不再去教堂窺探。過了三個月後。譯者注。）本年有一天，狄烏醫院的一個內科醫生當着貝安臣的面，抓住狄普朗的膀子，好像要問他一句話。

他說道，「我的先生，你往聖沙爾披教堂作什麼呀？」

狄普朗答道，「我往那裏看一個教士，他得了膝骨疽，原是某公爵夫人薦我去看的。」

這箇醫生聽了這句藉口話就滿意啦，但是貝安臣卻不滿意。

他對自己說道，「哈！他當真往教堂看爛膝麼？他去聽聖餐經。」他決計偵察狄普朗，他記下他看見他進聖沙爾披教堂的日時，等到來年同日同時，他試試能否再看見他進教堂。他若再去，他既是按期去聽經，就值得當一個科學問題研究，因為這樣一個大人物不會表示言行不符的。

and his action. The following year, at the day and hour named, Bianchon, who was by this time Despleins's assistant no longer, saw his friend's *cabriolet* stopping at the corner of la rue de Tournon and la rue du Petit Lion; from there Despleins crept jesuitically along the walls of Saint Sulpice, and again heard his mass at the altar of the Virgin. It certainly was Despleins! the chief surgeon, the atheist *in petto*, the chance *dévo*t. The plot was thickening. The famous *savant's* persistency complicated it all. When Despleins had gone out, Bianchon went up to the sacristan who had come to invest the chapel, and asked him whether the gentleman was a regular attendant there.

"I have been here for twenty years," said the sacristan, "and all that time Monsieur Despleins has come four times a year to hear this mass; he founded it himself."

"A foundation by him!" said Bianchon, as he walked away. "It's as great a mystery as the Immaculate Conception—a thing enough of itself to make a doctor incredulous."

Some time passed by before Doctor Bianchon, although he was Despleins's friend, was in a position to talk to him of this strange incident in his life. If they met in consultation or in society, it was difficult to find that moment of confidence and solitude when one sits with one's feet on the fire-dogs<sup>1</sup> and one's head resting on the back of an armchair, when two men tell each other their secrets. At last, seven years later, after the Revolution of 1830, when the people rushed upon the Archbishop's palace, when Republican inspiration drove them to destroy the gilded

<sup>1</sup> fire-dogs, 薪架.

到了來年，同日同時貝安臣（這時候他不是狄普朗的幫手啦，）看見他朋友的單馬車停在某某兩條街轉角地方；狄普朗從這裏很狡猾的沿着聖沙爾披教堂的牆走，又在聖母神座聽聖餐經。那個人的確是狄普朗！那個領袖外科醫生，祕密的無神派，偶然的虔奉宗教人。戲情越演越緊啦。這個有名的科學專家屢次來聽經，把情節弄得更繁複啦。貝安臣等狄普朗出了教堂，就走上去見那個祭器管理員，他原是來裝飾經堂的，貝安臣問他，那個先生是不是按期到這裏來的。

管理員說道，『我在這裏有二十年啦，在這二十年裏頭，狄普朗先生每年來四次聽經；這原是他捐錢念的。』

貝安臣一面走出來一面說道，『是他捐錢的嗎！』這與『聖母不夫而孕』同是一樣的大神秘——這件事就足夠使一個醫生不肯相信。』

貝安臣雖然是狄普朗的朋友，他過了許久才有地位能夠同他談他生平這件奇怪事。他們若當診病的時候或在社會上碰見，難以得着密談與無外人的機會，不如當坐下把腳放在薪架上，頭靠着一把舒服交椅背上，這才是以祕密彼此相告的時候。再過七年，在一八三〇年革命之後，那個時候人民衝入總主教府，共和思想逼他們毀壞在

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crosses that flashed up like lightning in this immense ocean of houses, when disbelief side by side with sedition stalked the streets, Bianchon caught Despleins again going into Saint Sulpice. The doctor followed, and took a place near his friend without his making him the least sign or showing the least surprise. They heard the votive mass together.

"Tell me, *mon cher*," said Bianchon to Despleins, when they were outside the church, "what is the reason for this *capucinade* of yours? I have now caught you three times going to mass—you! You must give me a reason for this mysterious proceeding, and explain the flagrant inconsistency between your opinions and your practice. You don't believe in God, and yet you go to mass! My dear master, you are really bound to answer me."

"I am like many *dévots*, men profoundly religious in appearance, but quite as much atheists as we are, you and I."

Then came a torrent of epigrams on certain political personages, the best known of whom represent in this century a second edition of Molière's *Tartuffe*.

"I did not ask for all that," said Bianchon. "I want to know the reason for what you have just been doing here; why did you found this mass?"

"*Ma fois, mon cher ami*," said Despleins. "I am on the brink of the grave, so it is as well that I should speak to you of the beginning of my life."

. . . . .

"The mass that I have just heard is connected with events which took place at the time when I lived in the garret in which you tell me d'Arthez used to live; the one

這極大片的房子裏頭許多閃光如電的鍍金十字架，這時候不信宗教與陰謀作亂在大街上攜手慢行，貝安臣又看見狄普朗走入聖沙爾披教堂。這個醫生尾隨他，醫生所在的地方，與他們的朋友相近，既不對他有何表示，亦不流露任何詫異。他們兩人同聽許過願的經。

當他們走出教堂的時候，貝安臣就對狄普朗說道，『我的好朋友，我請你告訴我你有什麼理由做這樣capucinate?我已經看見你三次來聽經——你呀!你必得告訴我為什麼做這樣神祕的事，你必得解說你的言行為什麼極其顯明的不相符。你不相信有上帝，你卻走來聽經!我的先生，你必得答復我。』

『我像許多奉教虔篤的人，這些人表面上是極其信奉宗教的，內裏卻很不信神，如同你我一般。』

他隨即滔滔不絕的說了許多俏皮話罵某某政客們，其中有幾個爲人所共知可以代表本世紀的莫利愛的塔爾塔甫（這是莫利愛所寫的一齣諧劇名，可以稱爲宗教的僞君子。譯者注）。

貝安臣說道，『我並不曾請你說這許多話;我要曉得你剛才爲什麼在教堂裏聽經;你爲什麼捐錢請人念經?』

狄普朗說道，『好嗎，我的好朋友，我快要死啦，我不妨把我少年的事告訴你。』

（這時候貝安臣同這個大人物剛好走到一條巴黎最可怕的大街。狄普朗指一所房子的第六層樓，說他在那裏住過兩年。譯者注。）狄普朗說道，『剛才你我所同聽的經，與我從前住在那金字閣（你剛才告訴我達爾茲 D'Arthez在那裏住過，時所發生的事體有相干;那一間有

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with the window where the line with the clothes on it is floating over the pot of flowers. I had such a rough start, my dear Bianchon, that I can dispute the palm of the sufferings of Paris with any one. I have endured everything: hunger, thirst, want of money, of clothes, of boots and shoes, and of linen—all the hardest phases of poverty. I worked through one winter when I could see my head steaming and a cloud of my own breath rising as you see the breath of horses on a frosty day. I do not know where a man gets his support from to enable him to offer any resistance to such a life. I was alone, without help, without a sou either to buy books or to pay the expenses of my medical education. Not having a friend, my irritable, gloomy, restless temperament stood in my way. No one was willing to see in my irritability the labors and difficulties of a man who, from the bottom of the social state where he is, is toiling to reach the surface. But—I can say this to *you*; before you I have no need of disguise—I had that foundation of noble sentiments and vivid sensibility which will always be the appanage<sup>1</sup> of men who are strong enough to climb to any summit whatever, after having trudged for a long time through the sloughs of poverty. I could get nothing from my family, nor my home, beyond the meager allowance they made me. At this time then, all I had to eat in the morning was a little loaf which the baker in la rue du Petit Lion sold me cheaper, because it had been baked the evening before, or the evening before that. This I crumbled into some milk; so my morning meal only cost me two *sous*. I only dined every other day, at a *pension*

<sup>1</sup> appanage, 屬性.

窗子的屋子，現在有條繩子晾了許多衣服，在花盆上動搖的，說是我所住過的。我的寶貝貝安臣，我的出身是很苦的，巴黎有許多受痛苦的人，我若同他們賭是誰最受苦，我能贏他們。我無論什麼苦都受過：饑，渴，無錢，無衣，無靴，無鞋，無內衣，——凡是最貧窮的景况我全受過。我做過一冬的苦工，我能够看見我的頭冒熱氣，我能够看見我自己所呼出來的氣如同一片雲一般上升，如同你看見冬天的馬噴氣。我不曉得一個人從那裏得着他的堅忍力使他能够抵禦這樣生活的痛苦。我孤零一人，無人幫助，無錢買書，無錢給學醫的學費。我既無一個朋友，我的易怒的，愁悶的，暴躁的脾氣阻我不能進行。我在社會階級的最低一層，我要辛苦努力升到最高一層，無人願意在我的易怒脾氣裏頭，看見有我的努力與爲難在。我能够對你說這樣的話，我在你面前用不着掩飾——我原有高貴思想與活現的靈敏感覺作根基，凡是強有力的人，久受貧乏的痛苦之後，既有這樣的美德，就能够爬到無論什麼最高頂。我從我的家族，從我的家庭，不能得着什麼，所得的不過是很微薄的供給。這個時候，我所食的早飯不過是一個小麵包，小獅街的麵包店便宜賣給我，因爲是前天晚上或大前天晚上焙的。我把小麵包擘碎了泡在不多的牛奶裏；我的早飯只花我兩個銅錢。我隔一天吃一頓飯，我在一所

where the dinner cost sixteen *sous*. In this way I only spent nine *sous* a day. You know as well as I do what care I had to take of my clothes, and my boots and shoes! I don't know whether we feel later as much trouble over the treason of a comrade as we feel—you have felt it too—at the sight of the mocking grin of a shoe that is coming unsewed, or at the sound of a split in the lining of an overcoat. I drank nothing but water. I had the greatest respect for the *cafés*. Well, I carried into my work the fever with which my poverty inspired me. I tried to acquire positive details of knowledge, that I might possess an immense personal value, and so deserve the place I was to reach on the day when I passed out of my state of nothingness. I consumed more oil than bread; the light that lit me during those stubborn nights cost me more than my food. The struggle was long, obstinate, and without any consolation. I awoke no sympathy about me. In order to make friends, a young man must mix with his fellows, possess a few *sous* to be able to go and drink with them, and go with them everywhere where students do go! I had nothing! and no one in Paris realizes what a nothing 'nothing' is. I should very much like to see one of these rich people, who complain that I charge them too much for operating—yes, I should like to see him alone in Paris without a *sou* or a scrap of baggage, without a friend and without credit, forced to work with his five fingers to live. What would he do? Where would he go to stay his hunger? Bianchon, if you have seen me sometimes hard and bitter, it was that I was laying my former troubles upon the callousness and egoism of which I have had thousands of proofs in high quarters; or I may



宿食舍吃的，這裏一頓飯只要六文銅錢。我一天只花九文銅錢。你與我都曉得，我要多麼小心照應我的衣服與我的靴子及鞋子！我們從前看見一隻鞋子裂了縫，張着大口恥笑我們，或聽見一件外衣的裏子裂了作聲響，我們是覺得很難爲情的（你也曾有過這樣的感覺），後來我們的一個朋友陰謀陷害我們，我們覺得難堪，不知是否同從前一樣。我所飲的只是水。我最看重咖啡店。……我窮苦到發熱病，我就用這樣的熱烈做工。我嘗試得到學識的切實詳情，以便我可以得着極大的個人價值，等到我從貧乏景況出來的時候，我可以配處我將來所得的地位。我所用的油多過我所吃的麵包；我長夜讀書所用的燈油，花錢多過我所買的食物。我這場奮鬥是很久長的，堅持不捨的，又得不着任何安慰。我並不會驚動在我左右的人們的同情。一個少年要交朋友，必得與人們往來，必得要幾文銅錢同他們吃酒，同他們到學生們所到的無論什麼地方！我什麼都無有！巴黎無人能夠體會什麼是什麼都沒有。（他說富人不知貧人的困難。譯者注。）富人們說不滿意的話，說我的手術太貴——我很想看見一個有錢的獨自一人在巴黎，身上一文也沒有，一點行李也沒有，無一個朋友，無從借貸，只好用五隻手指做工謀生。他會作什麼？他往那裏充饑？貝安臣，你有時看見我苛刻，我是把我從前的困難堆在毫無感覺與自私自利的人們身上，我在高等人家見過幾千次這樣的事體；不然，我就是想到阻我成功的種種

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have been thinking of the obstacles that hate and envy and jealousy and calumny have raised between me and success. At Paris, as soon as certain people see you ready to put your foot in the stirrup, some of them catch you by your coat tail; others loose the buckle of the girth so that you may fall and break your head; another takes the shoes off your horse; another steals your whip; the least treacherous is the one you can see coming up to shoot you, with the muzzle of his pistol close to you. You have enough talent, *mon cher enfant*, to know very soon the horrible, incessant warfare that mediocrity wages against a man of greater power. If you lose twenty-five *louis* one evening, the next morning you will be accused of being a gambler, and your best friends will say that the night before you lost twenty-five thousand *francs*. If your head is bad, you will pass for a lunatic. If you feel irritable, you will be unbearable. If, in order to resist this army of pigmies, you collect your superior forces, your best friends will cry out that you want to eat up everything, that you think you have a right to domineer and play the tyrant. In short, your good qualities will become faults, your faults will become vices, and your vices will be crimes. If you have saved a man, you will have killed him; if your patient recovers, it will be certain that you have assured the present at the expense of the future; if he is not dead, he will die. Stumble, and you will have fallen. Invent whatever you will, claim your just rights, you will be a sharp man, a man difficult to deal with, a man who won't let young men get on. So you see, *mon cher*, if I do not believe in God, much less do I believe in man. You recognize in me, don't you? an entirely different Despleins from the Des-

怨恨及妬忌所發生的障礙。在巴黎地方，某某種人只要看見你的腳已經踏在馬鐙上，就會有人抓住你的衣裾；又有另外幾個人放鬆馬肚帶，使你墜馬跌破你的頭；另外又有一個卸了你的馬的馬鞋；又有一個偷你的馬鞭；你還能看見一個人走上來開槍打你，把手槍口緊緊的對住你，這一個還算是光明的，最不用陰謀的。我的好孩子，你是個有才能的人，足以曉得不久就有許多庸碌無能的人對更有能力的人不停的打可怕的仗。有一天晚上你若輸了二十五個路易，翌日就有人做你謠言，說你是個賭棍，你的最好朋友會說前天晚上你輸了二萬五千佛朗。你若覺得頭有點痛，就有人說你是個瘋子。你若覺得容易發怒，就有人說你這個人令人難以忍受。你若因為要對付這一枝小人軍，收集你的更高等的兵力，你的最好朋友們就說你要吃光一切，不讓他人吃，他們說你以為你自己有權利可以節制一切，做個霸王。說句單簡話，你的好處變作壞處，你的壞處變作過失，你的過失變作罪惡。你若今日救了一個人，人們就說你害他在將來；你的病人若好了，人們就說你只是顧住眼前，病人將來必定是不會好的；病人現在若不死，將來是會死的。你要一失足，你就會跌倒在地下。你無論創作什麼，你只要要求你所應得權利，就會有人說你這個人太過麻利，難以對付，還說你不讓少年人出頭。我的寶貝，所以你該曉得，我若不相信上帝，我更不相信人。你是不是辨得出來，我完全另是一個狄普朗，與人人所詬

pleins whom every one abuses. But don't let us stir up the mud! Well, I lived in that house; I was hard at work so as to be able to pass my first examination; I hadn't got a stiver. I had come to one of those last extremities when, you know, a man says, 'I must enlist<sup>1</sup>.' I had one hope. I was expecting a trunk full of linen from my home—a present from one of those old aunts who, knowing nothing about Paris, think of one's shirts, under the idea that with thirty *francs* a month their nephew lives on ortolans. The trunk arrived while I was at the school; the carriage cost forty *francs*. The porter, a German shoemaker, who lodged in a loft, had paid the money and kept the trunk. I went for a walk in la rue des Fosses Saint Germain des Prés, and in la rue de l'Ecole de Medecin, but I could not invent a stratagem which would deliver me up my trunk, without my being obliged to give the forty *francs*, which I should naturally have paid after having sold the linen. My stupidity in this taught me that I had no other vocation than surgery. Delicate minds which exercise their power in a lofty sphere are wanting in that spirit of intrigue which is so fertile in resource and combination; *their* talent is chance; they do not seek—they *find*. Well, at night I returned. My neighbor, a water-carrier, named Bourgeat, a man from Saint Flour, was going in at the same moment. We knew each other in the way that two lodgers get to know each other who have rooms on the same landing and hear each other sleeping, coughing, and dressing, until at last they get used to one another. My neighbor informed me that the landlord, whom

<sup>1</sup>enlist, 求人幫助.

罵的狄普朗極不相同？我們不必攪動那堆臭泥吧！我住在那所房子裏，我辛苦作工，以備我能够第一次考試及格；我連一文銅錢也沒有。我窮到極點了，你是曉得的，一個人窮到這個地位，就要說，我必得求人幫助啦。我有一個希望。我正在等候家裏送來的一箱子滿滿的內衣等等——這是一個老姨母（或舅母等等）送我的，她不曉得巴黎情形，只想到我的內衣，她們以為姪輩每月有三十個佛朗就可以吃精美東西過活啦。當我在學校的時候，箱子到了；運費要四十佛朗。小工是個德國鞋匠，住在高閣裏的，他花四十個佛朗，把箱子扣留。我在聖吉爾曼街及醫學校街散步，我卻想不出一條妙計，使我不必花四十佛朗就可以得我的箱子，我賣了內衣後，自然就會歸還四十佛朗。我因為我這樣蠢笨想不出妙法，才曉得我只配做外科醫生，不配操其他行業。心思精細的人們在高超的區域用心，就沒得精力去想詭計，要富於策劃與聯絡手段才能想得出來；他們的本領就是機會；他們不去找——他們只是碰着。到了晚上我回家。我的隣居名布爾沙（Bourgeat），是個挑水的，是聖佛羅爾人，我們剛好同時進去。我們同住在一層樓上，常聽見彼此的鼾聲，咳嗽聲，穿衣服聲，彼此就認得，後來彼此都見慣了。我的隣居告訴我，房東因為我欠三期的房租未交，已經關我出去啦；我明天就得捲

I owed for three terms, had turned me out; I had to pack off on the following day. He himself had notice to quit on account of his trade. The night I spent was the most miserable in my life. Where was I to get a messenger to carry my few belongings and my books? How was I to pay a messenger and the carter? Where was I to go to? I asked myself these unanswerable questions again and again, through my tears, like madmen repeating their refrains. I fell asleep. Poverty has a divine sleep of its own, full of beautiful dreams. The next morning, while I was eating my bowl of bread crumbled into milk, Bourgeat comes in and says in his bad French:

“ ‘*Monchieur l’Etudiant*, I’m a poor fellow, a foundling from the hospital at *Chian Flour*; I’ve no father or mother and I’ve never been rich enough to marry. You’ve not a lot of people belonging to you neither; you’ve not got anything to speak of. Look here, I’ve got a hand-cart down below which I’ve hired for two *sous* an hour. It’ll hold all our things; if you’re agreeable, we’ll look out for a place where we can lodge together, as we’re driven out of this. After all it’s not such a paradise on earth.’

“ ‘I know that, my good Bourgeat,’ I said; ‘but I am in great difficulties. Down below I have got a trunk containing linen with a hundred *écus*; with that I should be able to pay the landlord and also what I owe the porter, but I haven’t got a hundred *sous*.’

“ ‘H’m! I’ve got some *chink*,’ he answered cheerfully, showing me a filthy old leather purse. ‘You’d better keep your linen.’

“Bourgeat paid for my three terms and his own, and settled with the porter. Then he put our furniture and

鋪蓋走。房東因為他是個挑水的，也叫他搬走。我生平過了許多愁苦的晚上，以今天晚上所過的為最愁苦。我往那裏找人替我搬我的不多幾件東西與我的書呀？我怎樣能夠給腳力及車錢呀？我往那裏去呀？我把這幾個不能答復的問題屢次請問我自己，一面問一面流淚，如同瘋子唱曲終的疊句一般（善寫英雄末路。譯者注。）我睡着了。窮人有窮人的一種神聖酣睡，所做的滿是好夢。翌日早上我正在吃我那一碗牛奶泡麵包的時候，布爾沙走進來，用不好的法國話說道：

「學員先生，我是一個窮漢，我是聖佛羅爾醫院的一個棄子，我無父無母，我無錢，始終不能娶親。你也是沒得幾個親眷的人。你幾乎什麼都沒有。你看呀，我有一把手車在樓下，這是我每點鐘花兩個銅錢租來的。這把手車能夠裝我們全數的東西；你若是願意的話，房東既開我們出來，我們何妨去找一個地方同住。其實這裏並不能算是什麼天堂。」

「我說道，「我的好布爾沙，我何嘗不曉得，但是我有很大的困難。我有一個箱子在樓下，裝滿內衣，還有一百伊庫，有了這許多東西我該能夠還房租與我所欠小工的力錢，但是我連一百個銅錢也沒有。」

「「哼，我卻有幾文，」他很高興的答復我，一面掏出一個髒的舊皮包給我看。「你不如留住你的內衣。」

「布爾沙替我還三期的房租，與他自己所欠的房租，同小工算清。他於是把我們的家具與我的那箱內衣放在他

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my linen onto his barrow and pushed it through the streets, stopping before every house where there was a placard hung out. I went up to see if the place to let would be likely to suit us. At midday we were still wandering about le quartier Latin without having found anything. The price was a great obstacle. Bourgeat proposed that we should dine at a wine shop; we left our barrow at the door.

"Toward evening I discovered in la cour de Bohan, passage du Commerce, two rooms separated by a staircase, at the top of a house, under the tiles. We could have lodgings for sixty *francs* a year each. Here then we settled down, I and my humble friend. We dined together. Bourgeat, who earned about fifty *sous* a day, possessed about a hundred *écus*. He would soon have been able to realize his ambition and buy a horse and water-cart. When he discovered my situation, for he could draw out my secrets with a depth of cunning and a kindness the memory of which even now touches my heart, he gave up for some time the ambition of his whole life. Bourgeat had worked in the streets since he was twenty-two; he sacrificed his hundred *écus* to my future."

Here Despleins pressed Bianchon's arm.

"He gave me the necessary money for my examinations. He understood, *mon ami*, that I had a mission—that the needs of my intelligence exceeded his own. He took charge of me; he called me his *petit*; he lent me the money necessary for my purchases of books; sometimes he would come in very quietly to watch me at work; in short, he took all the care of me that a mother would that I might be able to have wholesome nourishment instead of the bad and insufficient food to which I had been condemned.



的手車上，在大街上推過，遇見掛有出租條子的地方，就停車。我走上去看出租的房子是否合我們的用。日中我們還在拉丁街走來走去，找不着合我們意思的，房價是一件大障礙。布爾沙提議在酒店吃飯；我們把手車放在門外。

『快到傍晚，我們在布漢大院找着兩間屋子中間，有樓梯隔開，屋子是在房頂，在瓦下。我們每人每年花六十佛朗就可以租住啦。我同我的卑下朋友就住在這裏。我們同食。布爾沙每天大約賺五十個銅錢，他有一百伊庫。他不久就能夠實行他的大志，買一匹馬及一部水車。他原是一個很乖覺的人，能夠窺見我的祕密，又是一個心地慈祥的人，我今日追憶他的一番美意還是動心的，他一看出我所處的地位，他就暫時不實行他生平的大志啦。布爾沙自從二十二歲以來就在街上做工，他為我的前程起見，犧牲他所蓄積的一個百伊庫。』

狄普朗說到這裏，用力捏貝安臣的膀子。

狄普朗說道，『他給我考試所需用的錢。我的朋友，他曉得我是一個有使命的人（這就是說他曉得他將來是個大人物。譯者注）——他曉得我的睿智的需要多過他自己的。他照應我；他稱我是他的小兄弟；他借錢給我買書；有時他會很安靜的走來觀察我用功；說句單簡話，他如同一個母親一般，無事不照應我，使我能夠吃有益的滋養品，不使我食我向來所食的不好的與食不飽的東西。』

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“Bourgeat was a man of about forty, with the face of a medieval burgher, and prominent forehead, and a head that a painter might have taken as a model for Lyncurgus. The poor man felt his heart big with dormant<sup>1</sup> affection; he had never been loved except by a poodle, which had died a short time before. He was always talking to me about it, and used to ask me if I thought that the Church would consent to say masses for the repose of its soul. He said his dog was a true Christian; it had accompanied him to church for twelve years without ever having barked. It listened to the organ without opening its mouth, sitting quietly by him with an air which made him believe that it was praying with him. This man centered all his affections on me; he accepted me as a being who came in trouble; he became the most attentive of mothers to me, the most delicate of benefactors—in short, the ideal of that virtue which delights in its own work. If I met him in the streets he cast on me a look of intelligence full of inconceivable nobleness. On these occasions he walked as if he were carrying nothing; it seemed to make him happy to see me in good health and well clad. In fact, his was the devotion of the people, the love of the *grisette*, carried into a higher sphere. He did my commissions, woke me at night at certain hours, cleaned my lamp, and polished our landing; he was as good a servant as he was a father, as neat as an English girl. He kept house; like Philopœmen, he sawed up our wood; doing everything in a simple way of his own without ever compromising his dignity, for he seemed to feel that the end he had in view could

<sup>1</sup> dormant, 睡着的, 不曾發洩的。

『布爾沙大約是四十歲，一副中古時代市民的面目，一片顯露的額，他的頭可以做一個畫師所要畫的 Lycurgus 的頭的模達爾。這個可憐人覺得他滿腔都是不會發洩的愛情；他生平無人愛過他，只有一隻狗愛他，不久以前這隻狗死了。他常同我談這隻狗，他常問我，教堂肯不肯爲這隻狗念經，使牠的靈魂安息。他說他的狗是一個真正基督教徒（作者罵世。譯者注。）牠跟他到教堂十二年，從來不曾吠過一聲。這隻狗在教堂聽風琴，不曾張過嘴，安安靜靜的坐在他身邊，牠的神氣使他相信牠在那裏同他一齊祈禱。這個人把他的全副愛情集中在我身上；他當我是一個遇難求救於他的人；他待我如同一個最細心善體貼的母親待兒子一般，他是個最細心的恩人——說句單簡話，他有人們意想中的美德，不望報酬，以行善爲樂。我若在大街上碰見他，他帶着很有知識的神色看我一眼，他的神色滿是不能想像的高貴。他在街上碰見我的時候，他走路走得鬆快，好像不是車水；他看見我身體康健穿得好好的，好像使他很歡樂。其實他愛我就是人們的克己，就是做工女子的愛情，卻施行於更高的區域。他替我做事情，晚上到了一定時候就叫醒我，擦我的燈，磨擦我們的梯口，他是一個好僕人，又是一個好父親，有一個英國女孩子那麼整潔。他管家；他很像 Philopoemen（古時希臘大將。譯者注。）他劈我們的柴；他有他的單簡方法做事，却永不失他的身分，因爲他好像覺得他意中的目的能够

ennoble whatever he did. When I left this good man to enter at the Hotel Dieu as a resident, I cannot describe the sadness and gloom he felt at the thought that he could no longer live with me; but he consoled himself with the prospect of saving up the money necessary for the expenses of my thesis, and made me promise to come on the days when we had leave, to see him. He was proud of me; he loved me for my own sake, and for his own too. If you were to look up my thesis, you would see that it was dedicated to him. During the last year of my term of residence I had earned enough money to repay the noble Auvergnat all I owed him, by buying him a horse and water-cart. He was furiously angry to think that I was depriving myself of the money, and yet enchanted at seeing his wishes realized; he laughed and scolded me together, looking at the horse and water-cart, and saying, as he wiped away a tear, 'It's too bad. Oh! what a splendid cart! you ought not to have done it. . . . The horse is as strong as an Auvergnat.' I never saw anything more touching than this scene. Bourgeat absolutely insisted on buying me the case of instruments mounted in silver which you have seen in my study; to me it is the most precious thing I possess. Although elated at my first success, he never let the least word escape him or the least sign that implied: 'This man is due to me.' And yet without him poverty would have killed me. The poor man was killing himself for me; he had eaten nothing but bread rubbed with garlic, so that I might have enough coffee for my vigils<sup>1</sup>. He fell ill. As you may imagine, I spent the nights at his

<sup>1</sup> vigils, 熬夜

使他所作的無論什麼事變作高貴。當我離開他，到了狄烏醫院居住的時候，我不能寫出他所覺得的那一種悽慘與憂戚，他以爲他不復能夠與我同居啦；但是他一想到將來他能夠節省一筆款，供我考試作論的費用，他又使我答應當我們放假的那幾天來看他，他就能聊以自慰啦。他以我傲人；他爲我而愛我，他亦爲他自己而愛我。你若看看我那篇論說，你就會看見我是題他的名的。當我末後一期住院的時候，我得了些收入，足以歸還我所欠這個高貴與瓦爾納的債，我用這筆款替他買一匹馬與一部水車。他以爲我花了這些錢，自己就沒得用，他很生氣，但是他看見他如願以償，卻是歡喜欲狂的；他一面責我一面大笑，看看馬，看看水車，擦擦眼淚，說道「你花錢太多啦。哈！這是多麼好的一部車子呀！你不該買的……這匹馬也有一個與瓦爾納人那麼強健。」（情景逼真。譯者註。）我始終未見過有比這樣更能動人的情景。布爾沙必定要買一盒鍍銀的開刀器具給我，你曾在我的書房見過這盒器具；據我看來，這是我的最寶貴東西。他看見我第一次得意，他絕不會讓一句話說出口，亦不會有任何流露表示德色：「這個人全虧得我」。（這却更難能可貴啦。譯者註。）但是若沒得他，貧窮會殺了我。這個可憐人爲我而自殺；他什麼都不肯吃，只吃大蒜擦麪包，以便我可以喝足咖啡好熬夜。他病倒啦。你是可以想像的，我終夜不離他的病榻；第一次

bedside; I pulled him through the first time, but he had a relapse<sup>1</sup> two years afterward, and in spite of the most devoted care, in spite of the greatest efforts of science, he had to give in. No king was ever nursed as he was. Yes, Bianchon, I tried things unheard of before to snatch that life from death. I would have made him live, as much as anything that he might witness his own work, that I might realize all his prayers for him, that I might satisfy the only feeling of gratitude that has ever filled my heart and extinguish a fire which burns me even now.

“Bourgeat,” continued Despleins, who was visibly moved, after a pause, “my second father, died in my arms. He left me everything he possessed by a will he had had made by a scrivener, dated the year when we went to lodge in la cour de Rohan. He had all the faith of a charcoal burner; he loved the Blessed Virgin as he would have loved his wife. Though he was an ardent Catholic, he had never said a word to me about my irreligion. He besought me, when he was in danger, to spare no pains that he might have the assistance of the Church. I had a mass said for him every day. He would often express to me during the night fears as to his future; he was afraid that he had not lived a holy enough life. Poor man! he toiled from morning till night. To whom else could Paradise, if there is a Paradise, belong? He received the sacraments like the saint he was, and his death was worthy of his life. No one followed his funeral except me. When I had placed my only benefactor in the earth, I pondered how I could perform my obligations to him. I remembered that he had

<sup>1</sup> relapse, 舊病復發.

我治好他的病，兩年後他的舊病復發，我雖然最盡心竭力的照應他，雖然有科學的最大努力，他還是好不了。無論什麼帝王都不曾得過如他所得的看護，貝安臣，是呀，我嘗試用向來所不曾聽見過的事物同他治病，要從死症中奪回他的性命。我盡我的能力要他活，使他可以親眼看見他周濟我的效果，以便我可以替他使全數他的祈禱得以實現，我滿腔全是熱烈的感激，卻只是感激他一個人。（這句話帶點悲憤。譯者註。）我若救了他，庶幾可以使我的感激滿意，且可以消滅現時還是燒我的烈火。』

狄普朗這時候很感動，過了一會又說道，『我的第二父親布爾沙死在我的懷裏。他曾請一個代書立了一個遺囑把他所有的東西遺贈與我，這是我們遷往洛漢大院居住那一年立的。他有一個燒炭人的全數信仰；他愛聖母如同他若娶了親會愛他的妻室一般。他雖然是一個熱心的天主教徒，他卻始終不曾因為我不信教對我說過一個字。當他病危的時候，他求我無論怎樣費力也要使他得着宗教的幫助。我每天請人爲他念經。晚上他常對我說他恐怕來世；他怕他自己的生活的不够虔敬。這個可憐人呀！他從朝做工做到晚。倘若有天堂，除了他誰能登天堂呀？他如同一個宗教聖賢一般受聖餐，他生平這樣做人，值得這樣死。送殯只有我一個人，當我埋葬了我的惟一恩人之後，我就酌量我怎樣能夠報他的恩。我記得他無家族，無朋

no family, or friends, or wife, or children; but he believed; he had a religious conviction. Had I any right to dispute it? He had spoken to me timidly about masses said for the repose of the dead. He had not chosen to impose that duty upon me, thinking that it would be like asking for a return for his devotion. As soon as I could establish a foundation, I gave the necessary sum to Saint Sulpice for having four masses a year said there. As the only thing I could offer Bourgeat in satisfaction of his pious wishes, I go in his name, on the day on which this mass is said at the beginning of every season, and recite for him the necessary prayers. I say with the good faith of a doubter: 'My God, if there is a sphere where Thou puttest after their death those who have been perfect, think of good Bourgeat; and if there is anything for him to suffer, give me his sufferings that he may enter more quickly into what is called Paradise.' That, *mon cher*, is all that a man of my opinions can allow himself. God must be *un bon diable*<sup>1</sup>; he could not be annoyed with me. I swear to you I would give my fortune for the belief of Bourgeat to enter into my brain."

<sup>1</sup> *un bon diable*, 一個好脾氣的人。



友，無妻，無子；他卻是一個信教的人；他深信宗教。我有什麼權利駁他信教呀？他曾帶着畏縮同我說過念經以安慰死者。他卻不肯強我爲他做這件事，他以爲這樣一來就是要我報他的恩。我一旦能够捐一筆大款替他按期念經，我即刻就送應用的款子給聖沙爾披教堂，每年在本教堂裏替他念四次經。我爲的是要使布爾沙的虔篤欲望滿意，我只能做一件事，就是當每季初期念經的那一天，我用他的名義進教堂，替他誦所需的祈禱文。我所說的祈禱文，是帶着一個不信教的人有心要相信的意思：「我的上帝，在世的完人死後，你若有一個地方安置他們，我求你不要忘記了良善的布爾沙；倘若他死後要受無論什麼痛苦，請你把這些痛苦交與我受，以便他可以更快的走入所謂天堂。」我的好朋友，一個存我的見解的人，只能做到這個地步。上帝必定是一個脾氣很好的人；他不會同我生氣的。我敢同你發誓，我肯犧牲我的身家，使布爾沙的信仰走入我的腦海。」



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