

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

# 87  
罪惡與刑罰  
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

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伍光建選譯

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WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

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## 作者傳略

杜退夫斯基是一個外科醫生的兒子，以一八二一年生於他父親所住在的莫斯科醫院裏。當他十八歲的時候他父親被受虐待的田奴殺死，他從此得了癩病。一八四四年他撰他的第一部小說名「貧民」。他曾辦了一個社會主義討論會，一八四九年四月他與其他會友四十三人同時被捕，定了死罪；是年十二月他與其他二十一被綁赴市曹，登了殺人台，第一批三個人已經被綁在柱，用巾遮眼，正要槍斃，忽然有軍官馳來宣讀赦書，改爲發往西比利亞作苦工，三人中有一人已經失了本性變作瘋子；他在第二批，與其餘被赦的人多少都得了神經病。他在西比利亞四年多，常在想像中構造一部小說，以一八六六年刊行，就是所選譯的「罪惡與刑罰」，銷路甚廣；此外他還撰了幾部很有名的小說。他雖以著作聞名，卻常貧窘，有時捱餓，有時連外衣也當了，後來曾因欠債逃走。他出獄後當過軍官，娶過妻，妻死娶再。他死於一八八一年，送葬的有四萬俄羅斯人。他相信現在的九千萬俄羅斯

人及此後所生長的將來有一天全會受教育，全會進化，全會享受歡樂；他更堅信世人全變作文明是絕不會有害的。托爾斯泰與他殊途同歸，兩人素未謀面，向來亦無直接關係；托爾斯泰卻引他爲同志，他一死，托爾斯泰如失左右手。據稱尼采亦頗受此書的潛力所移。這部小說包孕甚富，可怕的，可憐的，及人道主義，與高超思想都散布書中。本書的英雄拉柯尼柯(Raskolnikov)是個殺人兇手，並不是出於妒忌，報仇，或謀財，全是出於悲憤，後來毅然自首，不害他人。他這部書最能動人憐憫，令人恐怖，非他書所能及。Poe 的短篇小說與此相比，未免太吃力；Hoffman 的著作與此相比未免太過矯揉造作；Stevenson 的變作燭光放在陽光裏：杜退夫斯基真不媿爲俄國文學界三大巨頭之一。

民國二十四年

伍光建記

罪 惡 與 刑 罰

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

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## PART I

### CHAPTER I

ON an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house, and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady, who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen; the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject,<sup>1</sup> quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained, irritable condition, verging on hypochondria.<sup>2</sup> He had become so completely absorbed in himself and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting,

<sup>1</sup> abject, 卑鄙. <sup>2</sup> hypochondria, 憂鬱病.

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## 第一部

### 第一回

七月初間有一天晚上非常的熱，有一個少年住在愛斯街的一間房子的金字閣裏，他從房子走出來，好像遲疑不決的慢慢向開克橋走。

他居然辦到在梯子上躲避他的女房東。他所住的金字小閣是在一所五層樓高房子的房頂底下，不甚像一間屋子，更像一個棚。女房東住在他底下一層房子，住食及照應都是她供給他；他每次出門都得經過她的廚房，廚房門永遠是開的。這個少年每次在廚房經過總覺得難受與害怕，使他皺眉與慚愧。他欠女房東許多錢，無法歸還，所以他很怕碰見她。

這並不是因為他為人怯懦與卑鄙，他的性情其實是很勇敢很高貴的；不過近來他憂慮太過，容易發怒，幾乎得了

病。他久已完全獨居，不與人交，他不獨怕見他的女房



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not only his landlady, but any one at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial,<sup>1</sup> irrelevant<sup>2</sup> gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate,<sup>3</sup> to lie—no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

"I want to attempt a thing *like that* and am frightened by these trifles," he thought, with an odd smile. "H'm . . . yes, all is in a man's hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that's an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word i what they fear most. . . . But I am talking too much. It's because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I've learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking . . . of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of *that*? Is *that* serious? It is not serious at all. It's simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything."

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust

<sup>1</sup> trivial, 不要緊.    <sup>2</sup> irrelevant, 不相干.    <sup>3</sup> prevaricate, 說謊閃話.



東，無論什麼人他都怕見。他被貧窮壓倒，但是新近他並不把他的憂慮掛在心頭。他已經全不顧任何要緊的世事；他的心全不想到這些事體啦。無論那一個女房東所能做到的事，他全不害怕啦。不過被房東在樓梯上截住，不得不聽她說不要緊與不相干的閒話，聽她追着他要房火錢，聽她說恐嚇話及訴苦話，他還得擾動他的腦海找藉口的話，還要說許多躲閃話，還要說謊——他寧願如同一隻貓一般爬下樓去，不讓她看見就溜走了，也不願意碰見她。

但是今天晚上一走出大街，他卻很尖利的覺得他害怕。他很怪異的微笑，說道，「我要嘗試做如同那樣的一件事，卻被許多這樣不要緊的事所驚嚇。哼……是呀，全在一個人的掌握中，他卻因為無胆就錯過了，這是一句格言。要曉得人們所最怕的是什麼，這是很有意味的。人們所最怕的就是做一件新鮮事，說一句新鮮話……但是我說話太多啦（這是他的大毛病。譯者註）。因為我只好說話，所以不做事。這一個月來，一連好幾天躺在我的洞裏想……我就學會好說話，我所想的是殺巨人的查克。我現時為什麼要往那裏去？我能够做那件事麼？這是一件重要的事麼？並不是的。不過是一種胡思亂想，我自作消遣；不過是一件頑意兒罷了！是呀，很許不過是一件頑意兒。」

街上的熱氣是很可怕的：街上的悶氣，人來人往，石灰，構架，磚頭，塵土，與比得堡的特別臭氣（凡是不能離開這

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all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer—all worked painfully upon the young man's already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting<sup>1</sup> misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man's refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any short-coming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working-class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets

<sup>1</sup> revolting, 惡心; 令人憎惡.

個地方去避暑的都聞慣的)——無不擾動這個已經用腦太過的少年。在都城這個部分的酒店特別的多，從這些酒店出來的不能忍受的臭氣，與他所接連碰見的醉漢（雖然是做工的日子，醉漢還是很多的，）就做成這幅圖畫的令人惡心的慘象。這個少年的很斯文的臉，在俄頃間流露出極其憎惡的神氣。他原是一個特別美的少年，身材高過中人，纖弱，體格合度，一雙很好看的黑眼睛，一頭黑棕色的頭髮。他不久就沉思啦，若要說得更確切些，他心裏完全毫不思想；他一面走，並不觀察前後左右有些什麼事物，他不要觀察那些事物。有時他自言自語，他剛才已經承認，這是由於他習慣對自己說話。當他自言自語的時候，他會曉得他的思想有時鬆懈在一堆，他又覺得他自己很弱；他有兩天幾乎不會吃東西。

他穿得很不像樣，即使是習慣穿得不整齊的人，如他這樣穿了一身襤褸衣服在街上走，也會覺得難以爲情的。但是在這個地方，穿這樣的衣服是不會令人詫異的。因爲這裏與乾草市相近，不名譽的所在，多數的做小買賣的人和工匠，全聚在比得堡中心的大街和小巷裏，街上所看見的有各式各樣的人，無論怎樣奇怪打扮的人都不會令人詫異的。但是

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that no figure, however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter!" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him—the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable. . . . It looks absurd<sup>1</sup> and that makes it noticeable. . . . With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered. . . . What matters is that people would remember it, and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible. . . . Trifles, trifles are what

<sup>1</sup> absurd, 不近情理; 無理.

這個少年心裏塞滿了痛恨和藐視，少年人雖然是樣樣都要講究，他所最不注意的就是在街上穿破爛衣服。當他遇見熟人或從前的同學時又當別論，他無論什麼時候都不願遇見他們。但是遇有一個醉漢（不知爲什麼，一匹呆馬，拖着一輛大貨車，送他往什麼地方）當在這個少年身邊趕過，忽然大聲對他喊道，「喂，你這個日耳曼製帽匠！」一面很大聲喊叫一面指着他——這個少年忽然站住，手抖抖的抓他的帽子。這是從西木爾曼店裏買來的一頂高圓帽，卻完全戴破了，舊到生鏽的了，全破了，全濺汗了，帽邊也沒得了，一邊還彎了，極其難看。這個少年並不覺得難爲情，他得了很另外一種與恐怖相近的感覺。

他很擾亂的喃喃地說道，「我曉得啦，我原是想到的！最不好的就是這種事！爲什麼如這樣的蠢物，最不相干的小事，可以破壞全個計劃，我的帽子確是太過令人注意……不近情理就令人注意……我既穿了一身破爛衣服，我該戴小帽，戴無論什麼舊的油煎餅都可以，不必戴這樣古怪東西。無人戴這樣帽子，隔一里路就有人看見，看見了就會記得（全書都是描寫心理作用，從這裏起首啦。譯者註）。……最要緊的就是人們會記得，這就給他們一種線索。我今要做這件事須要極其小心不要太過顯露……凡是不常注意的小事

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matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything. . . ."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging-house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalising<sup>1</sup> himself by their hideous but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous"<sup>2</sup> dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realise this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, &c. There was a continual coming and going through the two gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back

<sup>1</sup>tantalising, 作弄人; 使人失望. <sup>2</sup>hideous, 令人恐怖

都是要緊的；就是這樣的小事害事……。」

他用不着走遠；他曉得從他的宿舍到那裏有多少步：剛好是七百三十步。有一次當他埋沉於夢想裏頭的時候，曾數過一次有多少步。那時候他不相信這些夢想，他以為這許多可怕的與大胆妄為的夢想，不過是作弄他，使他失望。現時已經過了一個月啦，他起首作不同的觀念啦，他雖自言自語嘲笑他自己的無能力與無決斷，他卻不由自主的當這許多『令人恐怖』的夢想是一種要嘗試的大事業，他自己卻仍然不會明白。他現時確要去試演一番他的計劃，他每走一步他的激刺變作更劇烈。

他的心是沉下去，他害怕到發抖，他就走上一所大房子，房子是一面向着運河，一面向着大街。這所大房隔成許多小屋，是各式各樣工人們住的，——住戶有裁縫，鎖匠，廚子，各種德國人，設法謀生的女子們，小錄事們，等等。這所房子有兩個院子，兩道大門，不停的人來人往。管房子有三四個人。這個少年並不會碰見那一個，心裏很高興，立刻溜進右手的大門，無人看見他，他就上樓。他所上的是後樓梯，又窄

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staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings: in such darkness even the most inquisitive<sup>1</sup> eyes were not to be dreaded.

"If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. . . . .

"Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," the young man made haste to mutter, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

"And here . . . I am again on the same errand," Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman's mistrust. "Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time," he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating; then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:

<sup>1</sup>inquisitive, 好管閒事; 好窺探; 好問



又黑，他卻是已經走熟的了，曉得怎樣走，他喜歡全數這樣的環境：在這樣黑暗裏頭他不怕最好窺探的眼。

當他走到第四層樓的時候，他不能不自問道，「現時我若這樣害怕，倘若我辦我真想做的事的時候，我會怎樣害怕呀？」有幾個夫役在一層樓面上正在搬家具，阻住他不能前進。他曉得有一個文事衙署裏的一個錄事和他的家眷住在這層樓上。原來這個德國人搬家，第四層樓無人住，只有那老婆子住。當他按老婆子那一層樓面的鈴時，他一面想道，「無論怎樣，這卻是一件好事。」（門開了，他走進去，她帶點壞神色看他。譯者註。）

少年趕快喃喃的說道，「我姓拉柯尼柯 (Raskolnikov)，是個學生，一個月前我曾到過這裏，」他記得他應該更客氣些，他就鞠一半躬。

老婆子很清楚的說道，「我的好先生，我記得，我很記得你到我這裏，」她一面兩眼仍然瞪着他的臉。

拉柯尼柯看見老婆子疑心他，有多少失措與詭異，接着說道，「我又來當東西。」他覺得不安，想道，「很許她向來是這樣的，不過從前我不曾留意罷了。」

老婆子好像遲疑，停頓一會，指着屋子的門，讓她的客人在她面前走過，她說道：

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"Step in, my good sir."

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.

"So the sun will shine like this *then* too!" flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remember its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along the walls and two or three half-penny prints in yellow frames, representing German damsels with birds in their hands—that was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small ikon.<sup>1</sup> Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were brightly polished; everything shone.

"Lizaveta's work," thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat.

"It's in the houses of spiteful old widows that one finds such cleanliness," Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a curious glance at the cotton curtain over the door leading into another tiny room, in which stood the old woman's bed and chest of drawers and into which he had never looked before. These two rooms made up the whole flat.

"What do you want?" the old woman said severely.

<sup>1</sup>ikon = icon, 神像.

『我的好先生，我請你進去。』

少年走進去，看見這間小屋子是黃紙糊的牆，窗子有洋繡球花，有窗幔，這時候還有落日照得很光。

拉柯尼柯好像忽然想道，『原來太陽也是這樣的照這個地方！』他匆匆的一瞬就看見屋裏的東西，嘗試盡他的所能，注意這間屋子，記着屋子的布置。但是屋裏並無什麼特別東西。家具全是很舊的，黃色木頭製的，屋裏有一張榻床，有一個大的彎的木製的背，榻前有一張橢圓桌子，兩窗中間放着一張梳妝桌子，桌上安了一面照鏡，沿牆擺幾張椅子，還有不過值幾個銅錢的幾幅裝在黃色架子裏的印板畫，畫的是許多德國婦女，手上拿着烏——並無別的啦。在一個角落裏有一盞燈在一個小 ikon 前點着。各樣東西都是很乾淨的；地板及家具都是擦得很亮的；無一不是發光的。

少年想道，『這是利沙維塔(Lizaveta)的生活。』全層樓面都是一塵不染的。

拉柯尼柯又想道，『我們惟有在好發怒的老寡婦家裏看得見這樣的乾淨，』他好奇，於是偷看那幅布門簾，從這個門口進去又是一間小屋，屋裏放着老婆子的床及抽屜櫃，他從前一向未曾往裏看過這個屋子。這一層樓面只有這兩間屋子。

老婆子很嚴厲的說道，『你要什麼？』她一面走進來，

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coming into the room and, as before, standing in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

"I've brought something to pawn here," and he drew out of his pocket an old-fashioned flat silver watch, on the back of which was engraved a globe; the chain was of steel.

"But the time is up for your last pledge. The month was up the day before yesterday."

"I will bring you the interest for another month; wait little."

"But that's for me to do as I please, my good sir, to wait or to sell your pledge at once."

"How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona vanovna?"

"You come with such trifles, my good sir, it's scarcely worth anything. I gave you two roubles last time for your ring and one could buy it quite new at a jeweller's for a rouble and a half."

"Give me four roubles for it, I shall redeem it, it was my father's. I shall be getting some money soon."

"A rouble and a half, and interest in advance, if you like!"

"A rouble and a half!" cried the young man.

"Please yourself"—and the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object also in coming.

"Hand it over," he said roughly.

The old woman fumbled in her pocket for her keys, and disappeared behind the curtain into the other room. The

又同剛才一樣，站在他面前，以便正看他的臉。

他說道，「我拿東西來當，」他就從他的衣袋裏掏出一個古老式平銀表，表背刻一個地球，表鏈是鋼的。

「但是你最後所當的東西已經到了取贖的期限了。前天就是一月期滿。」

「你且等等，我將送你再當一個月的利錢。」

「我的好先生，這要看我喜歡怎樣辦，我或是等候你來贖，或是立刻賣了你所當的東西。」

「阿利安納·伊万諾瓦(Alyona Ivanovna)，我當這個表，你肯出多少呀？」

「我的好先生，你拿這樣不值錢的東西來，這件東西不值什麼錢。前次當戒指我給你兩羅布，我們到首飾店買一個新的也不過要花到一個半羅布。」

「你給我四個羅布，我將來要來贖的，這件東西原是我父親的。我不久就有錢到手。」

「你若喜歡當的話，我給你一個半羅布，先扣利錢！」

少年喊道，「不過一個半羅布麼？」

老婆子把表交還他，說道，「你願意就當。」少年拿表在手，很發怒，幾乎要走啦；但是他立刻節制自己，他記得他更無別處可當，況且他這次來原有另一目的。

他很無禮的說道，「拿錢來。」

老婆子在她的衣袋裏摸索她的鎖匙，拉開門簾走入那

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young man, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened inquisitively, thinking. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers.

"It must be the top drawer," he reflected. "So she carries the keys in a pocket on the right. All in one bunch on a steel ring. . . . And there's one key there, three times as big as all the others, with deep notches; that can't be the key of the chest of drawers . . . then there must be some other chest or strong-box . . . that's worth knowing. Strong-boxes always have keys like that . . . but how degrading it all is."

The old woman came back.

"Here, sir: as we say ten copecks the rouble a month, so I must take fifteen copecks from a rouble and a half for the month in advance. But for the two roubles I lent you before, you owe me now twenty copecks on the same reckoning in advance. That makes thirty-five copecks altogether. So I must give you a rouble and fifteen copecks for the watch. Here it is."

"What! only a rouble and fifteen copecks now!"

"Just so."

The young man did not dispute it and took the money. He looked at the old woman, and was in no hurry to get away, as though there was still something he wanted to say or to do, but he did not himself quite know what.

"I may be bringing you something else in a day or two, Alyona Ivanovna—a valuable thing—silver—a cigarette box, as soon as I get it back from a friend . . ." he broke off in confusion.

"Well, we will talk about it then, sir."

"Good-bye—are you always at home alone, your sister

間屋子。這個少年獨自一人站在外間屋子中間，一面留神細聽，一面思想。他能聽見她開抽屜櫃的鎖。

他想到，『這必定是第一層的抽屜。她的鑰匙放在右邊衣袋。好幾把鑰匙穿在一個鋼圈上……那裏有一把鎖匙比全數其他鎖匙有三倍大，缺口是很深的；這不能是抽屜櫃的鎖匙……此外必定還有別的櫃或堅固箱子……這是值得知道的。堅固箱子常有那樣的鎖匙……這是多麼卑劣呀。』

老婆子走回來。

『先生：這就是你的錢，我們說明每月一個羅布十個柯貝，所以我必得從一個半羅布裏頭先扣十五個柯貝作一個月的利錢。但是我從前借給你兩個羅布，照樣計算，你現在欠我二十個柯貝，我要先扣。共總就是三十五個柯貝。所以我現在拿你的表只能給你一個羅布十五個柯貝。這裏就是啦。』

『什麼呀？現在不過一個羅布十五個柯貝嗎！』

『可不是。』

這個少年不同她爭，把錢拿過來，他看看老婆子，並不急於要走開，好像他還有要說的話或要做的事，他自己卻不十分曉得是那一樣。

『阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，一兩天後我許拿些別的東西來——一件值錢東西——是銀的——是一個紙烟盒子，我——從我的朋友處取回來，我就要來……』他自己慌亂了，說不下去。

『先生，拿來再說罷。』

『我同你告辭啦，你常是獨自一人在家，你的妹妹不在

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is not here with you?" He asked her as casually as possible as he went out into the passage.

"What business is she of yours, my good sir?"

"Oh, nothing particular, I simply asked. You are too quick. . . . Good-day, Alyona Ivanovna."

Raskolnikov went out in complete confusion. This confusion became more and more intense. As he went down the stairs, he even stopped short, two or three times, as though suddenly struck by some thought. When he was in the street he cried out, "Oh, God, how loathsome it all is! and can I, can I possibly? . . . No, it's nonsense, it's rubbish," he added resolutely. "And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head? What filthy things my heart is capable of. Yes, filthy above all, disgusting, loathsome!—and for a whole month I've been. . . ." But no words, no exclamations, could express his agitation. The feeling of intense repulsion, which had begun to oppress and torture his heart while he was on his way to the old woman, had by now reached such a pitch and had taken such a definite form that he did not know what to do with himself to escape from his wretchedness. . . . .

. . . . .

## CHAPTER II

. . . . .

"Well," the orator began again stolidly and with even increased dignity, after waiting for the laughter in the room to subside. "Well, so be it, I am a pig, but she is a lady! I have the semblance of a beast, but Katerina



這裏陪你麼？」他走出過道的時候，就是這樣問她，很像是出於偶然的。

「我的好先生，你同她有什麼相干呀？」

「呀，我並不因為什麼特別事體，不過隨便問問罷了。你太好着急啦，……阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，我同你告辭啦。」

拉柯尼柯走出來的時候全糊塗了。越久越糊塗。當他下樓的時候，他停頓兩三次，好像忽然被一種思想所激動。他到了街上就說道，「上帝呀，這是多麼可厭的事呀！我怎樣能夠？」……他又很堅決的說道，「這是糊塗事，這是不值得做的事！這樣兇惡的事怎樣能夠走入我的頭腦？我的心能夠作多麼污穢的事。是呀，那是最污穢的，可惡可厭，可厭！——我有一個月來……」但是無話語，無吁嗟，能夠達出他的擾亂。當他在路上來見老婆子的時候，這樣濃烈的憎惡已經起首逼壓及擾動他的心，使他很受痛苦，現在更加利害，況且又有了定形，他不曉得做些什麼，才能够避免這樣難堪的痛苦……〔他以為是他的身體有病，吃塊麵包，喝錫啤酒就會好啦。他走入酒店看見許多醉漢，其中有一個名瑪梅拉多（Marmeladov）是在政府當一個小錄事的，獨自一人喝得大醉，同拉柯尼柯談起來，說了許多話，比自己作豬，人們聽了大笑。譯者註。〕

## 第 二 回

這個好說話的瑪梅拉多，等候屋裏的笑聲停止，又起首更不動情的說，卻說得更鄭重；他說道，「我雖然是一條豬，她卻是一位貴夫人！我很像一個畜牲，我的女人卡塔林納。」

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Ivanovna, my spouse, is a person of education and an officer's daughter. Granted, granted, I am a scoundrel, but she is a woman of a noble heart, full of sentiments, refined by education. And yet . . . oh, if only she felt for me! Honoured sir, honoured sir, you know every man ought to have at least one place where people feel for him! But Katerina Ivanovna, though she is magnanimous, she is unjust. . . . And yet, although I realise that when she pulls my hair she only does it out of pity—for I repeat without being ashamed, she pulls my hair, young man," he declared with redoubled dignity, hearing the sniggering again—"but, my God, if she would but once. . . . But no, no! It's all in vain and it's no use talking! No use talking! For more than once, my wish did come true and more than once she has felt for me, but . . . such is my fate and I am a beast by nature!"

"Rather!" assented the innkeeper, yawning. Marmeladov struck his fist resolutely on the table.

"Such is my fate! Do you know, sir, do you know, I have sold her very stockings for drink? Not her shoes—that would be more or less in the order of things, but her stockings, her stockings I have sold for drink! Her mohair shawl I sold for drink, a present to her long ago, her own property, not mine; and we live in a cold room and she caught cold this winter and has begun coughing and spitting blood too. We have three little children and Katerina Ivanovna is at work from morning till night; she is scrubbing and cleaning and washing the children, for she's been used to cleanliness from a child. But her chest is weak and she has a tendency to consumption and I feel it! Do you suppose I don't feel it? And the more

伊万諾瓦 (Katerina Ivanovna) 卻是一個受過教育的，又是一個軍官的小姐。我承認，我承認，我是一個無賴，她卻是一個心地高貴的女人，富於思想，受過教育的雕磨。哎，但願她只要替我想！先生，先生，你是曉得的，一個人至少要有一个人替他着想呀！卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦雖然是光明磊落的，她卻是不公道的……我雖然領略她扯我的頭髮時她原是出於憐憫——少年，我不怕難為情再說一遍，她扯我的頭髮，』他聽見人們又笑他，他說得更鄭重——『我的上帝呀！倘若她不過是一次……我不說啦，我不說啦！說了也是枉然，說了也是無用！說了也是無用！有過不止一次，我的欲望果然達到，有過不止一次她果然為我設想……但是我的命運不好，天生我是一個野獸！』

店主東打呵欠，與他表同意，說道，『你其實是的。』瑪梅拉多很決絕的用拳頭拍桌子，說道。

『這是我的命運！先生，你曉得麼，你曉得我把她的襪子賣了，拿錢去喝酒？我不是賣她的鞋子——其實是應該先賣鞋子的，我賣的是她的襪子，賣襪子吃酒！許久以前有人送她一條肩巾，是她的東西，不是我的東西，我把她的山羊毛肩巾賣了吃酒；我們住在一間冷屋子裏，這次冬天她受了寒，咳嗽咯血。我們有三個小兒女，她日夜做工；她洗刷兒女們，因為她從孩子時代起就習慣乾淨。她的肺弱，她有肺癆的趨勢，我覺得很難過！你猜我不會感覺麼？我越吃酒越覺

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I drink the more I feel it. That's why I drink too. I try to find sympathy and feeling in drink. . . . I drink so that I may suffer twice as much!" And as though in despair he laid his head down on the table.

"Young man," he went on, raising his head again, "in your face I seem to read some trouble of mind. When you came in I read it, and that was why I addressed you at once. For in unfolding to you the story of my life, I do not wish to make myself a laughing-stock before these idle listeners, who indeed know all about it already, but I am looking for a man of feeling and education. Know then that my wife was educated in a high-class school for the daughters of noblemen, and on leaving, she danced the shawl dance before the governor and other personages for which she was presented with a gold medal and a certificate of merit. The medal . . . well, the medal of course was sold—long ago, h'm . . . but the certificate of merit is in her trunk still and not long ago she showed it to our landlady. And although she is most continually on bad terms with the landlady, yet she wanted to tell some one or other of her past honours and of the happy days that are gone. I don't condemn her for it, I don't blame her, for the one thing left her is recollection of the past, and all the rest is dust and ashes. Yes, yes, she is a lady of spirit, proud and determined. She scrubs the floors herself and has nothing but black bread to eat, but won't allow herself to be treated with disrespect. That's why she would not overlook Mr. Lebeziatnikov's rudeness to her, and so when he gave her a beating for it, she took to her bed more from the hurt to her feelings than from the blow. She was a widow when I married her,

得難過！我因為難過所以吃酒。我嘗試從酒中求憐憫求感覺……我吃酒原是因為我可以倍加我的痛苦！」（這都是從肺腑中出來的話。譯者註）。他好像是絕望了，把頭放在桌上。

他又抬頭說道，「少年，我看你的臉，你好像是心懷隱憂的。你一進來我就看得出，所以我立刻同你說話。我把我的生平告訴你，並非要作這些來消遣的旁聽人的笑柄，他們其實全曉得我的故事，我原為的是要找一個有感情有教育的人。你須知我的女人曾在教育貴族小姐們的高級學校讀書；出校的時候，她曾在總督及其他達官面前跳肩巾舞，她得了一個金寶星與優等文憑。寶星……自然是賣了——賣了許久……文憑卻還在她的箱子裏，不久以前她曾拿出來給我們的女房東看。她雖然同女房東接連不對，她卻要把她的從前榮耀及已往的歡樂日子，不是告訴這個，就是告訴那個。我並不責她，我並不怪她，因為她只剩下往日的記憶，其餘的事全是灰土了。是呀，是呀，她是一個有氣概的女人，驕傲，剛果。她自己親身磨擦地板，所吃的不過是黑麵包，她卻不許人<sub>不</sub>以禮待她。所以她不受利沙尼柯 (Lebeziatnikov) 待她無禮，所以當她被他打的時候，她就睡床，這是因為他傷她的感情，並不是因為他傷她的身體。我娶她的時候她是一個寡婦，帶了三個孩子過來，一個比一個小。她是因為戀

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with three children, one smaller than the other. She married her first husband, an infantry officer, for love, and ran away with him from her father's house. She was exceedingly fond of her husband; but he gave way to cards, got into trouble and with that he died. He used to beat her at the end: and although she paid him back, of which I have authentic documentary evidence, to this day she speaks of him with tears and she throws him up at me; and I am glad, I am glad that, though only in imagination, she should think of herself as having once been happy. . . . And she was left at his death with three children in a wild<sup>1</sup> and remote district where I happened to be at the time; and she was left in such hopeless poverty that, although I have seen many ups and downs of all sorts, I don't feel equal to describing it even. Her relations had all thrown her off. And she was proud, too, excessively proud. . . . And then, honoured sir, and then, I, being at the time a widower, with a daughter of fourteen left me by my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not bear the sight of such suffering. You can judge the extremity of her ca'amities, that she, a woman of education and culture and distinguished family, should have consented to be my wife. But she did! Weeping and sobbing and wringing her hands, she married me! For she had nowhere to turn! Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn? No, that you don't understand yet. . . . And for a whole year, I performed my duties conscientiously and faithfully, and did not touch this" (he tapped the

wild, 荒

愛嫁她的第一個丈夫，他是一個步兵軍官，她是從她父親家裏逃走出來的，與他同逃的。她非常的愛她的丈夫；不料他好賭，惹出禍來，因此就死了。後來他常打她：她雖然也還手打他（我有可靠憑據證明她還打他，）現在她一談起她的前夫還是落淚的，她拿他作榜樣罵我；她雖然不過是在想像中以爲她自己曾享過歡樂日子，我卻喜歡她會有這種想像。……當他死的時候，她帶着三個孩子住在荒遠的地方，那時候我剛好也在那裏；那時候她是無希望的那樣貧苦，我雖然曾見過各式各樣的盛衰，我覺得我不能實寫她的景況。她的親戚們全不顧她。她又是個驕傲人，她太過驕傲了……先生，那時候我已經斷絃，剩下我的第一個女人所生的十四歲的女孩子，我因不忍看見這樣的痛苦，我就對她求婚。她原是一個受過教育，受過培植的人，又是顯達人家的小姐，她卻肯嫁我這樣的人，你就能够曉得她是窮到極端的了。她卻肯嫁我！她痛哭，她嗚咽，她扭她的兩手，就嫁與我。因爲她沒路走啦！先生，你曉得一個人絕對無路可走有多麼可憐嗎？你現還不能曉得。……有一整年我對得住我的良心，我盡我的本務，有一整年我不會摩這個東西（他用手指敲酒瓶，）因

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jug with his finger), "for I have feelings. But even so, I could not please her; and then I lost my place too, and that through no fault of mine but through changes in the office; and then I did touch it! . . . It will be a year and a half ago soon since we found ourselves at last after many wanderings and numerous calamities in this magnificent capital, adorned with innumerable monuments. Here too I obtained a situation. . . . I obtained it and I lost it again. Do you understand? This time it was through my own fault I lost it: for my weakness had come out. . . . We have now part of a room at Amalia Fyodorovna Lippevechsel's; and what we live upon and what we pay our rent with, I could not say. There are a lot of people living there beside ourselves. Dirt and disorder, a perfect Bedlam . . . h'm . . . yes. . . . And meanwhile my daughter by my first wife has grown up; and what my daughter has had to put up with from her step-mother whilst she was growing up, I won't speak of. For, though Katerina Ivanovna is full of generous feelings, she is a spirited lady, irritable and short-tempered. . . . Yes. But it's no use going over that! Sonia, as you may well fancy, has had no education. I did make an effort four years ago to give her a course of geography and universal history, but as I was not very well up in those subjects myself and we had no suitable books, and what books we had . . . h'm, anyway we have not even those now, so all our instruction came to an end. We stopped at Cyrus of Persia. Since she has attained years of maturity, she has read other books of romantic tendency any of late she has read with great interest a book she got through Mr. Lebeziatnikov, Lewes' Physiology—do



爲我是有感情的。我只管這樣做，卻還不能令她歡喜；隨後我失丟我的差使，這卻不是我的錯，只因局裏有調動；隨後我就吃酒啦！……後來我們走了許多地方，遇着許多禍害，一年半前，我們才到了這個雄麗都城，這裏有無數的古物作裝飾。我在這裏也得過一個差使，得了又失了。你明白麼？這次我丟了差使原是我自己不好：因爲我的酒癮又發作啦……我們現時住在利帕瓦沙的一間屋子的一部分；我不能說我們靠什麼過活，花多少房錢。除了我們外，還有許多人住在那裏。那裏又髒又亂，完全是一所瘋人院……是的……當下我前妻的女兒長大了，當她一面長大的時候，她要怎樣忍受她的後母，我不必說啦。因爲卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦雖然是頗是一個豁達大度的人，卻是性情高傲的，脾氣不好，容易發怒……是的。我說這番話也無用。索尼亞(Sonia) 不會受過教育，你是可以想得到的。四年前我曾努力教她地理及通史，但是我自己並不深諳這兩種學問，況且又無合用的書，我們原有幾部書……並這幾部書我們現在也沒得了（大約又是換酒吃了。譯者註。）所以我們的功課就告終啦。我們讀到波斯大帝居魯斯 (Cyrus) 就停止啦。自從她成年以來，她會讀過其他有浪漫趨勢的書籍，新近她從利沙尼柯借來一本書，是留伊斯的生理學——你曉得這部書麼？——她讀得

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you know it?— and even recounted extracts from it to us: and that's the whole of her education. And now may I venture to address you, honoured sir, on my own account with a private question. Do you suppose that a respectable poor girl can earn much by honest work? Not fifteen farthings a day can she earn, if she is respectable and has no special talent and that without putting her work down for an instant! And what's more, Ivan Ivanitch Klopstock the civil counsellor—have you heard of him?—has not to this day paid her for the half-dozen linen shirts she made him and drove her roughly away, stamping and reviling her, on the pretext that the shirt collars were not made like the pattern and were put in askew. And there are the little ones hungry. . . . And Katerina Ivanovna walking up and down and wringing her hands, her cheeks flushed red, as they always are in that disease: 'Here you live with us,' says she, 'you eat and drink and are kept warm and you do nothing to help.' And much she gets to eat and drink when there is not a crust for the little ones for three days! I was lying at the time . . . well, what of it! I was lying drunk and I heard my Sonia speaking (she is a gentle creature with a soft little voice . . . fair hair and such a pale, thin little face). She said: 'Katerina Ivanovna, am I really to do a thing like that?' And Darya Frantsovna, a woman of evil character and very well known to the police, had two or three times tried to get at her through the landlady. 'And why not?' said Katerina Ivanovna with a jeer, 'you are something mighty precious to be so careful off' But don't blame her, don't blame her, honoured sir, don't blame her! She was not herself when she spoke, but

很有趣味，她還擇鈔幾段重述給我們聽：她的教育全在這裏啦。先生，我爲我自己起見，我今胆敢問你一句私話。依你猜，一個顧面子的貧窮女子，願意做忠實工作，能够得着許多薪金麼？她若是顧體面的，卻無特別才能的，一刻不停的做工，她每天只能得十五個小銅錢。還有一層，有一個當參議的名卡洛斯托 (I. Klopstock)——你曾聽過有人說他麼？——他曾叫她縫六件細布內衣，今天他還不曾給她工錢，他還很無禮的開她走，頓腳罵她，藉口說衣領不曾按樣子縫好，縫歪了。當下孩子們捱餓……卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦走來走去扭手，滿臉通紅，凡是患肺病的人常是臉紅的：她說道，「你同我們住在這裏，你吃飽了，穿暖了，你卻不做事幫我們」。當那些孩子們有三天連麵包都得不着的時候，她有什麼吃的喝的呀！我那時候躺着……爲什麼躺！我吃醉了躺着，我聽見我的素尼亞說（她是一個柔和孩子，說話帶着柔和的孩子聲音，……淡黃色頭髮，一個很灰白的小臉）。她說道：「卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦，你當真要我做這樣的事麼？」有一個人品很壞，巡警所深知的女人名大利亞·法蘭索納曾嘗試轉托女房東對她說過兩三次。卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦帶着嘲笑說道，「爲什麼不做呀？你爲什麼顧忌，你未免太自寶貴啦！」先生，你不要責備她，你不要責備她！她說話的時候全不是她自己啦，

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driven to distraction by her illness and the crying of the hungry children; and it was said more to wound her than anything else. . . . For that's Katerina Ivanovna's character, and when children cry, even from hunger, she falls to beating them at once. At six o'clock I saw Sonia get up, put on her kerchief and her cape, and go out of the room and about nine o'clock she came back. She walked straight up to Katerina Ivanovna and she laid thirty roubles on the table before her in silence. She did not utter a word, she did not even look at her, she simply picked up our big green *drap de dames* shawl (we have a shawl, made of *drap de dames*), put it over her head and face and lay down on the bed with her face to the wall; only her little shoulders and her body kept shuddering. . . . And I went on lying there, just as before. . . . And then I saw, young man, I saw Katerina Ivanovna, in the same silence go up to Sonia's little bed; she was on her knees all the evening kissing Sonia's feet, and would not get up, and then they both fell asleep in each other's arms . . . together, together . . . yes . . . and I . . . lay drunk."

Marmeladov stopped short, as though his voice had failed him. Then he hurriedly filled his glass, drank, and cleared his throat.

"Since then, sir," he went on after a brief pause—"Since then, owing to an unfortunate occurrence and through information given by evil-intentioned persons—in all which Darya Frantsovna took a leading part on the pretext that she had been treated with want of respect—since, then my daughter Sofya Semyonovna has been forced to take a yellow ticket, and owing to that she is unable to go on living with us. For our landlady, Amalia

她被她的疾病與她的捱餓孩子們的哭聲所逼，變糊塗了；她說那句話原是傷害她，並無別的意思……因為卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦有特別脾氣，當孩子們啼哭的時候，那怕是因為肚餓啼哭，她立刻打他們。到了六點鐘，我看見索尼亞站起來，披上她的頭巾與她的披肩，走出去，約九點鐘她回來。她一直走到卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦面前，一聲不響，放三十羅布在她面前的桌子上。她並不說一句話，並不曾看她，不過拾起我們的綠呢大肩巾（我們有一件肩巾，是呢做的，）蓋在她的頭上與身上，躺在床上，面向着牆；只有她的兩隻小肩膀和她的身體接連在那裏發抖……（說得可憐。譯者註。）我同從前一樣走去躺在那裏……少年呀，我隨後看見卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦也是一樣不響的，走上索尼亞的小床；她終夜跪在那裏，吻索尼亞的腳，不肯起來，隨後她們兩人摟住睡着了，是的……她們兩人同睡……我吃醉躺着。」（寫得隱隱約約，令人讀了下淚。譯者註。）

瑪梅拉多停住不說啦，好像說不出來啦。隨後他匆匆的斟滿一盃，喝下去，清清喉嚨。

他歇了一會，又說道，「先生，從此以後，因為發生不幸的事，又因有幾個心懷不良的人走去報告巡警——大利亞·法蘭索納是個爲首的人，藉口她受了無禮的待遇——從此以後，我的女兒素斐亞·西梅諾納（Sofya Semyonovna 卽索尼亞。譯者註。）就不能不領一張黃執照，因為領了執照，就不能仍然與我們同居。因為我們的女房東不許她住（她從前卻一力幫助大利亞·法蘭索納）利沙尼柯也……卡塔

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Fyodorovna, would not hear of it (though she had backed up Darya Frantsovna before) and Mr. Lebeziatnikov too . . . h'm. . . All the trouble between him and Katerina Ivanovna was on Sonia's account. At first he was for making up to Sonia himself and then all of a sudden he stood on his dignity: 'how,' said he, 'can a highly educated man like me live in the same rooms with a girl like that?' And Katerina Ivanovna would not let it pass, she stood up for her . . . and so that's how it happened. And Sonia comes to us now, mostly after dark; she comforts Katerina Ivanovna and gives her all she can. . . . She has a room at the Kapernaumovs, the tailors, she lodges with them; Kapernaumov is a lame man with a cleft palate and all of his numerous family have cleft palates too. And his wife, too, has a cleft palate. They all live in one room, but Sonia has her own, partitioned off. . . . H'm . . . yes . . . very poor people and all with cleft palates . . . yes. Then I got up in the morning, put on my rags, lifted up my hands to heaven and set off to his excellency Ivan Afanasyevitch. His excellency Ivan Afanasyevitch, do you know him? No? Well, then, it's a man of God you don't know. He is wax . . . wax before the face of the Lord; even as wax melteth! . . . His eyes were dim when he heard my story. 'Marmeladov, once already you have deceived my expectations . . . I'll take you once more on my own responsibility'—that's what he said, 'remember,' he said, 'and now you can go.' I kissed the dust at his feet—in thought only, for in reality he would not have allowed me to do it, being a statesman and a man of modern political and enlightened ideas. I returned home, and when I announced that I'd been taken

林納·伊万諾瓦與他不和，全是因為索尼亞。當初他原想同索尼亞講和，後來他忽然擺起架子來，他說道，「如我這樣受過很高教育的人怎樣能夠同這樣一個女子同住在一起呀？」卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦不許他說這句話，要維護她……這件事就是這樣發生的。現在索尼亞居多在天黑後到我們這裏來；她安慰卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦，儘她的能力，把錢全交給她……她在裁縫們卡朴莫甫（Kapernaumovs）所住的地方，租了一間屋子，與他們同居；這個人是一個癩子，又是個缺嘴（兔脣。譯者註）的，他的兒女很多，全是缺嘴。他的女人也是缺嘴。他們住一間屋子，隔開一間給索尼亞住。是呀……他們是很窮的，全是缺嘴的。我早上起來，穿我的破爛衣服，向天高舉我的兩手，我就去見阿芬西維（Afanasyevitch）大人。你認得這位大人麼？你不認得嗎？你不認得這個上帝的人。他是蠟……見了主就是蠟；如同蠟一般會鎔化！……他聽見我所說的故事，他兩眼含淚。「瑪梅拉多，你已經有一次不曾副我的期望啦……我自己負責再收留你，」——這就是他說的話，他又說道，「你要記得，你可以走啦。」我吻他腳下的塵土——我不過心裏是這樣想。其實他不會讓我吻的，他是一個大臣，又是存了新時代的政治見解與文明見解的。我回家，當我宣布大人又收留我，我

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back into the service and should receive a salary, heavens, what a to-do there was . . . !”

. . . . .

“That was five weeks ago, sir. Yes. . . . As soon as Katerina Ivanovna and Sonia heard of it, mercy on us, it was as though I stepped into the kingdom of Heaven. It used to be: you can lie like a beast, nothing but abuse. Now they were walking on tiptoe, hushing the children. ‘Semyon Zaharovitch is tired with his work at the office, he is resting, shh!’ They made me coffee before I went to work and boiled cream for me! They began to get real cream for me, do you hear that? And how they managed to get together the money for a decent outfit—eleven roubles fifty copecks, I can’t guess. Boots, cotton shirt-fronts—most magnificent, a uniform, they got up all in splendid style, for eleven roubles and a half. The first morning I came back from the office I found Katerina Ivanovna had cooked two courses for dinner—soup and salt meat with horse-radish—which we had never dreamed of till then. She has not any dresses . . . none at all, but she got herself up as though she were going on a visit; and not that she’d anything to do it with, she smartened herself up with nothing at all, she’d done her hair nicely, put on a clean collar of some sort, cuffs, and there she was, quite a different person, she was younger and better looking. Sonia, my little darling, had only helped with money ‘for the time,’ she said, ‘it won’t do for me to come and see you too often. After dark maybe when no one can see.’ Do you hear, do you hear? I lay down for a nap after dinner and what do you think: though Katerina



有薪俸可領，天呀，他們是多麼……！』

瑪梅拉多又說道，「先生，這是五星期前的事。是呀……卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦與索尼亞一聽見這個好消息，天可憐呀，她們以為我一步跳上天國啦。她向來是：你只管如同一頭畜牲躺在那裏吧，她只是罵我。現在卻不同啦，她們都是用腳趾踏地輕輕的走，不許孩子們響「嘶嘶，西曼·沙哈維治 (Semyon Zaharovitch 即瑪梅拉多。譯者註)在公事房辦事辦到疲倦了，他要休息啦。」在我快要去辦公事之前，她們為我預備咖啡，為我煮酪酥！你聽見嗎，她們起首為我買真酪酥啦。共總不過是十一個羅布五十個柯貝，我不能猜得着她們怎樣設法置一套看得過的衣服等等。極好看的靴子，有護胸的棉布內衣的一套制服，把我裝扮起來是很好看的，只花了十一個半羅布。第一天我從公事房回來，卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦製兩色菜作大餐——一味是湯，一味是蘿蔔燒鹹肉——我們一向不敢作此夢想，到了今天才有這樣好東西吃。她並無什麼衣服……一向都未曾有過，現在她打扮起來好像要去拜客；她並不是要拜客，她並無什麼東西就打扮得很漂亮，她不過把她的頭髮理好些，戴上乾淨的領條與袖頭，她很與從前不同啦，年紀變少些，比從前好看些。我的小寶貝索尼亞說道，「我不過暫時拿錢幫你們，我不可以常來看你們，天黑後無人看見我許來。」你聽見她這句話麼？你聽見麼？我飯後躺下打個盹；你試猜卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦作些什

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Ivanovna had quarrelled to the last degree with our landlady Amalia Fyodorovna only a week before, she could not resist then asking her in to coffee. For two hours they were sitting, whispering together. 'Semyon Zaharovitch is in the service again, now, and receiving a salary,' says she, 'and he went himself to his excellency and his excellency himself came out to him, made all the others wait and led Semyon Zaharovitch by the hand before everybody into his study.' Do you hear, do you hear? 'To be sure,' says he, 'Semyon Zaharovitch, remembering your past services,' says he, 'and in spite of your propensity to that foolish weakness, since you promise now and since moreover we've got on badly without you,' (do you hear, do you hear?) 'and so,' says he, 'I rely now on your word as a gentleman.' And all that, let me tell you, she has simply made up for herself, and not simply out of wantonness, for the sake of bragging;<sup>1</sup> no, she believes it all herself, she amuses herself with her own fancies, upon my word she does! And I don't blame her for it, no, I don't blame her! . . . Six days ago when I brought her my first earnings in full—twenty-three roubles forty copecks altogether—she called me her poppet: 'poppet,' said she, 'my little poppet.' And when we were by ourselves, you understand? You would not think me a beauty, you would not think much of me as a husband, would you? . . . Well, she pinched my cheek; 'my little poppet,' said she."

Marmeladov broke off, tried to smile, but suddenly his chin began to twitch. He controlled himself however. The tavern, the degraded appearance of the man, the five

<sup>1</sup> bragging, 說誇口話.

麼：不過一禮拜前，她同我們的女房東阿美利亞·福杜那 (Amalia Fyodorovna) 吵到不可開交，現在她簡直不由自主的請她吃咖啡。她們坐下附耳低聲說了兩點鐘的話。她說道，「西曼·沙哈維治現在又有差使啦，領薪俸啦，他去見大人，大人叫全數其他的來客等着，親自出來，當着衆人的面，手拉手領他進書房。」你聽見嗎，你聽見嗎？大人說道，「西曼·沙哈維治，我當真記得你從前同我辦過事，你雖然偏向你的糊塗弱點（殆指好吃酒。譯者註），因為你現在答應不再喝酒，又因為沒得你我們進行得不很好，」（你聽見嗎，你聽見嗎？）「所以我現在相信你是個上等人，說話是算數的。」我告訴你，這番話全是她自己造出來的；她並不是任意亂造說誇張的話；她全相信她所說的話，她用她的妄想以自遣，我並不怪她！……六天前我把我的全份薪俸交給她——共總是二十三個羅布四十個柯貝——她喊我是她的小寶貝；她說道，「小寶貝，我的小寶貝。」你曉得嗎？這是她當我們兩人在一起的時候說的。你當然不當我是一個美男子，你當然不甚當我是個好丈夫，是不是？……好嗎，她擰我的嘴巴；她說道，「我的小寶貝。」（這段文章，頗饒諧趣，淋漓盡致的描寫他的女人喜出望外，以反跌下文。譯者註。）

瑪梅拉多說到這裏，住了口，嘗試微笑，不料他的下頷忽然抖動。他卻節制他自己。這所酒店，他的卑賤面目，在乾

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nights in the hay barge, and the pot of spirits, and yet this poignant<sup>1</sup> love for his wife and children bewildered his listener. Raskolnikov listened intently but with a sick sensation. He felt vexed that he had come here.

“Honoured sir, honoured sir,” cried Marmeladov recovering himself—“Oh, sir, perhaps all this seems a laughing matter to you, as it does to others, and perhaps I am only worrying you with the stupidity of all the trivial details of my home life, but it is not a laughing matter to me. For I can feel it all. . . . And the whole of that heavenly day of my life and the whole of that evening I passed in fleeting dreams of how I would arrange it all, and how I would dress all the children, and how I should give her rest, and how I should rescue my own daughter from dishonour and restore her to the bosom of her family. . . . And a great deal more. . . . Quite excusable, sir. Well, then, sir (Marmeladov suddenly gave a sort of start, raised his head and gazed intently at his listener) well, on the very next day after all those dreams, that is to say, exactly five days ago, in the evening, by a cunning trick, like a thief in the night, I stole from Katerina Ivanovna the key of her box, took out what was left of my earnings, how much it was I have forgotten, and now look at me, all of you! It’s the fifth day since I left home, and they are looking for me there and it’s the end of my employment, and my uniform is lying in a tavern on the Egyptian bridge. I exchanged it for the garments I have on . . . and it’s the end of everything!”

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> poignant, 尖利.

草船上過了五夜，那一瓶燒酒，顯露他是一個很下賤的人，但是他這樣尖利的愛他的女人與他的兒女，卻令聽者迷惑。拉柯尼柯很用心聽，聽着卻是很難過的。他很後悔他走入這所酒店來。

瑪梅拉多恢復他自己，又說道，「先生，別人當我這件事是笑話，也許你也以為是笑話，我把我家庭的全數瑣事的糊塗動作告訴你，也許我不過是麻煩你，但是我卻不當是笑話。因為我能感覺全數這樣的瑣事……我生平最樂的這個整天與我生平最樂的這個整夜，我所過的是走得很快的夢境，我做夢我該怎樣布置一切，我該怎樣打扮全數孩子們，我該怎樣使她休息，我該怎樣拯救我自己的女兒，免她操不名譽的職業，把她接回家裏……我還夢想許多事……先生，你可以原諒我。（瑪梅拉多忽然一跳，抬頭，定睛看拉柯尼柯，說道，）先生，不料作這許多好夢的第二天，這就是剛好是五天前，我那天晚上用一詭計，如同晚上的竊賊一般，我從卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦身上偷了她箱子的鑰匙，偷出我的薪俸所剩下的錢，我卻忘記了是多少，現在你們全來看我呀！我離家有五天啦，他們正在找尋我，我的差使是完了，我的制服在埃及橋的一個酒店裏。我把制服換我現在身上所穿的……無論什麼全完了！」

（後來瑪梅拉多領拉柯尼柯到他家裏，親見不忍見的慘象。譯者註。）

## CHAPTER VI

.....

Almost beside him at the next table there was sitting a student, whom he did not know and had never seen, and with him a young officer. They had played a game of billiards and began drinking tea. All at once he heard the student mention to the officer the pawnbroker Alyona Ivanovna and give him her address. This of itself seemed strange to Raskolnikov; he had just come from her and here at once heard her name. Of course it was a chance, but he could not shake off a very extraordinary impression, and here some one seemed to be speaking expressly for him; the student began telling his friend various details about Alyona Ivanovna.

"She is first rate," he said. "You can always get money from her. She is as rich as a Jew, she can give you five thousand roubles at a time and she is not above taking a pledge for a rouble. Lots of our fellows have had dealings with her. But she is an awful old harpy. . . ."

And he began describing how spiteful and uncertain she was, how if you were only a day late with your interest the pledge was lost; how she gave a quarter of the value of an article and took five and even seven per cent. a month on it and so on. The student chattered on, saying that she had a sister Lizaveta, whom the wretched little creature was continually beating, and kept in complete bondage like a small child, though Lizaveta was at least six feet high.

第六回

〔拉柯尼柯曉得素尼亞操皮肉生涯養家的慘狀；他得了家信，從墨裏行間看出他的妹妹因為要供他在大學讀書，不久也要幾乎學素尼亞的榜樣；他又看見公園裏有一個富人灌醉一個小女孩子，將不利於她，經他作不平鳴，那女孩子始免於禍；他受了種種激刺，就想做一件事。有一天他在老婆子那裏當了一件東西，他走入一個酒店。譯者註〕在他身邊的桌子坐了一個他不認得的，向來不曾見過的學生，還有一個少年軍官同他在一起。他們打過象牙球，起首喝茶。他忽然聽見那個學生對軍官說起開當舖老婆子阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，還把她的住址告訴他。這件事使他覺得奇怪；他剛才從當舖來，立刻就聽見有人說她的名。這誠然不過是偶然碰巧的事，他卻擺脫不了一個極其非常的印象，況且這裏還有人好像爲他而說的；那個學生起首把阿利安納·伊万諾瓦的各種瑣事告訴他的朋友。

他說道，『她是最好不過的，你常能夠同她借錢。她有猶太人那麼富，她能夠一次過給你五千羅布，但是一個羅布的東西她也肯當。我們有許多朋友都同她有交易。但是她是一個可怕的老女怪。……』

他於是起首描寫她的心腸有多麼毒，又多麼喜怒無常，你若只遲了一天付利錢，她就不許你贖；她不過給你物價的四分之一，每月卻要取五釐或七釐利息。這個學生只管往下說，說她有個妹妹名利沙維塔，她常打這個可憐的小東西，完全奴役她，當她是個小孩子，其實利沙維塔至少有六尺高。

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"There's a phenomenon<sup>1</sup> for you," cried the student and he laughed.

They began talking about Lizaveta. The student spoke about her with a peculiar relish and was continually laughing and the officer listened with great interest and asked him to send Lizaveta to do some mending for him. Raskolnikov did not miss a word and learned everything about her. Lizaveta was younger than the old woman and was her half-sister, being the child of a different mother. She was thirty-five. She worked day and night for her sister, and besides doing the cooking and the washing, she did sewing and worked as a charwoman and gave her sister all she earned. . . . .

. . . . .

"You seem to find her attractive yourself," laughed the officer.

"From her queerness. No, I'll tell you what. I could kill that damned old woman and make off with<sup>2</sup> her money, I assure you, without the faintest conscience-prick,"<sup>3</sup> the student added with warmth. The officer laughed again while Raskolnikov shuddered. How strange it was!

"Listen, I want to ask you a serious question," the student said hotly. "I was joking of course, but look here; on one side we have a stupid, senseless, worthless, spiteful, ailing, horrid old woman, not simply useless but doing actual mischief, who has not an idea what she is living for herself, and who will die in a day or two in any case. You understand? You understand?"

<sup>1</sup>phenomenon, 怪事. <sup>2</sup>make off with, 拿走. <sup>3</sup>conscience-prick, 對不起良心.



那個學生喊道，「這是一件怪事，」說完大笑。

他們起首談利沙維塔。這個學生說她說得特別有滋味，接連的大笑，軍官聽得很有意味，請他打發利沙維塔來替他縫補。拉柯尼柯聽得入神，一字也不會放過，曉得她的種種情形。原來利沙維塔比老婆子少年些，與她同父不同母。她現在是三十五歲。她日夜替她的姊姊做活，不獨煮飯洗衣，還要縫衣服與做種種的粗事如同一個女打雜一般，凡是她所得的工錢都交給姊姊……（她身高面黑，性情卻是很柔和的，很有動人之處。譯者註。）

軍官大笑道，「你好像見得她很有動人之處。」

這個學生說道，「她的怪相動人。不是的，我來告訴你。我老實告訴你，我能殺了那個受天譴的老婆子（他人先露殺機。譯者註），把她的錢拿走，我絕不會對不住我的良心，」這個學生說得很激烈。軍官又大笑，拉柯尼柯聽了發抖。這是多麼奇怪呀！（心心相應啦。譯者註。）

這個學生很熱烈的說道，「你且聽着，我要問你一句要緊話。我剛才自然是說笑話，但是你試想看；在這一方面有一個糊塗，無知識，無價值，心腸惡毒，帶病，可怖的老婆子，不獨是無用，而且做了許多實在罪惡，她全不曉得她自己爲着什麼要活在人世，況且無論怎樣，她一兩天就會死的。你明白麼？你明白麼？」

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"Yes, yes, I understand," answered the officer, watching his excited companion attentively.

"Well, listen then. On the other side, fresh young lives thrown away for want of help and by thousands, on every side! A hundred thousand good deeds could be done and helped, on that old woman's money which will be buried in a monastery! Hundreds, thousands perhaps, might be set on the right path; dozens of families saved from destitution, from ruin, from vice—and all with her money. Kill her, take her money and with the help of it devote<sup>1</sup> oneself to the service of humanity and the good of all. What do you think, would not one tiny crime be wiped out by thousands of good deeds? For one life thousands would be saved from corruption and decay. One death, and a hundred lives in exchange—it's simple arithmetic! Besides, what value has the life of that sickly, stupid, ill-natured old woman in the balance of existence? No more than the life of a louse, of a black beetle, less in fact because the old woman is doing harm. She is wearing out the lives of others; the other day she bit Lizaveta's finger out of spite; it almost had to be amputated."<sup>2</sup>

"Of course she does not deserve to live," remarked the officer, "but there it is, it's nature."

"Oh well, brother, but we have to correct and direct nature, and, but for that, we should drown in an ocean of prejudice. But for that, there would never have been a single great man. They talk of duty, conscience—I don't want to say anything against duty and conscience;—

<sup>1</sup>devote, 專心致志    <sup>2</sup>amputated, 割斷

軍官很留心觀察他的激烈同伴，答道，「我明白，我明白。」

「你既明白，你再留心聽我說。在那一方面，有許多精神煥發的少年們因為無助，有上千的人糟塌了性命，無論那裏都有呀！那個老婆子的錢將來不過埋在寺院裏，她這筆錢很可以做十萬件好事，很可以幫助做這樣的好事。這筆錢很可以幫助幾百人或幾千人走上正路；可以拯救幾十家人不致受凍餓，不致被毀，不致造孽。殺她，拿她的錢，有了錢就可以專心致志幫許多人做事，做有益於衆人的事。小小的一件罪惡，會被幾千件好事所洗刷，你看何如呀？犧牲一命，可以救幾千人，使其不致朽腐。死一個人交換一百條人命——這是很淺的算法！況且一個多病，糊塗，性情惡劣的老婆子，在人世的天平上稱，會有什麼價值呀！她的性命不過值得一隻虱子的性命，一條黑甲蟲的性命，其實還沒有這樣的價值，因為老婆子會害人。她折磨他人的性命，要折磨到死；有一天她因為怨恨，咬利沙維塔的手指；這隻手指幾乎要開刀割去。」

軍官說道，「她自然不配活，但是天意如此。」

「兄弟，好吧，但是我們要逆天，要修正與指導天意，不然，我們要墜入成見的海裏。不然，世界絕不會有一個偉人的。人們說本務，良心——我不說什麼話反對本務與良心；

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but the point is what do we mean by them. Stay, I have another question to ask you. Listen!"

"No, you stay, I'll ask you a question. Listen!"

"Well!"

"You are talking and speechifying away, but tell me, would you kill the old woman *yourself*?"

"Of course not! I was only arguing the justice of it. . . . It's nothing to do with me. . . ."

"But I think, if you would not do it yourself, there's no justice about it. . . . Let us have another game."

Raskolnikov was violently agitated. Of course, it was all ordinary youthful talk and thought, such as he had often heard before in different forms and on different themes. But why had he happened to hear such a discussion and such ideas at the very moment when his own brain was just conceiving<sup>1</sup> . . . *the very same ideas*? And why, just at the moment when he had brought away the embryo of his idea from the old woman, had he dropped at once upon a conversation about her? This coincidence always seemed strange to him. This trivial talk in a tavern had an immense influence on him in his later action; as though there had really been in it something preordained, some guiding hint. . . .

.....

He rushed to the door, listened, caught up his hat and began to descend his thirteen steps cautiously, noiselessly, like a cat. He had still the most important thing to do—to steal the axe from the kitchen. That the deed must be done with an axe he had decided long ago. He had

conceiving, 領想.

——最要緊的是要曉得什麼是本務什麼是良心。且慢，我還要問你一句話，你得留心聽！』

『不，你且等着，我要問你一句話，你得留心聽着！』

『好嗎！』

『你在這裏說話，滔滔不絕的大發議論，你卻要告訴我，你自己肯去殺那個老婆子麼？』（越逼越緊啦。譯者註。）

『我自然不去！我不過討論這件事是公道的……與我有什麼相干……』（正應上文所謂儒夫，所謂不能破除成見。譯者註。）

『但是我想，你自己若不肯去殺她，殺她就是不公平啦……我們不如再打球吧。』

拉柯尼柯聽了這番話就受了激烈的擾動。這番話自然是平常少年人的說話與思想，他從前屢次聽過這樣的議論，不過形式不同，題目不同罷了。但是這個時候他自己的腦海正在懷了同樣的思想，爲什麼他會同時聽見這樣的議論與這樣的思想？他剛好從那個老婆子那裏帶着他的思想的胚胎出來，爲什麼立刻會聽見人談論她？他覺得這樣的湊巧是很奇怪的。他在一個酒店所聽見的不關重要的話有極大的潛力及於他後來的動作；好像實在有過前定的事，有過指導的暗示……

〔他回家把許多東西都預備好了，把掛斧子的活結做好，把要當的東西（是一塊薄木片。譯者註。）加上一塊薄鐵片用繩子往來交加細好了。就聽見有人說六點鐘早已打過啦。譯者註。〕

他衝到門口，細心聽聽，拿他的帽子，起首小心走下十三級樓梯，如同一隻貓一般不作聲響。他還要做一件最要緊的事——要從廚房裏偷那把斧子。他久已決定必定用斧子辦這件事。他也有一把修樹的小刀子，但是他不能依賴這

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also a pocket pruning-knife, but he could not rely on the knife and still less on his own strength, and so resolved finally on the axe. We may note in passing, one peculiarity in regard to all the final resolutions taken by him in the matter; they had one strange characteristic; the more final they were, the more hideous and the more absurd they at once became in his eyes. In spite of all his agonising inward struggle, he never for a single instant all that time could believe in the carrying out of his plans.

. . . . .

Luckily for him, everything went well again at the gates. At that very moment, as though expressly for his benefit, a huge waggon of hay had just driven in at the gate, completely screening him as he passed under the gateway, and the waggon had scarcely had time to drive through into the yard, before he had slipped in a flash to the right. On the other side of the waggon he could hear shouting and quarrelling; but no one noticed him and no one met him. Many windows looking into that huge quadrangular yard were open at that moment, but he did not raise his head—he had not the strength to. The staircase leading to the old woman's room was close by, just on the right of the gateway. He was already on the stairs. . . .

Drawing a breath, pressing his hand against his throbbing heart, and once more feeling for the axe and setting it straight, he began softly and cautiously ascending the stairs; listening every minute. But the stairs, too, were quite deserted; all the doors were shut; he met no one. One flat indeed on the second floor was wide open and

把小刀子，更不能依賴他自己的氣力，所以最後決定用斧子。我們在這裏要注意，在全數他的決定裏頭，都有一種奇怪特點；凡是更爲在後決定的辦法，他以爲更兇惡，更無理。無論全數他心裏的奮鬥是多麼痛苦，他絕無一刻能夠相信他能夠實行他的計劃。

〔他有許多瑣碎事還未打點到，卻費了許多事偷了斧子，出門，在大街上走，走到那所房子啦，聽見打七點鐘啦。譯者註。〕

他的運氣好，到了大門口，諸事全順手。剛好這個時候，好像專爲利便他，有一大車乾草剛好趕到大門口，當他在閘門走過的時候，草車完全遮住他，大車還未曾趕入院子的時候，他一瞬眼就溜往右邊了。他能聽見有人在大車的那一邊大喊與爭論；卻是無人看見他，亦無人碰見他。這時候有許多窗子向着四方大院的，都是打開的，他卻不曾抬頭——他無抬頭的氣力。傾到老婆子屋子的樓梯相離甚近，剛在閘門右手。他已經登樓啦……

他喘一口氣，用手壓他的亂跳的心，又摩摩那把斧子，把斧子擺正了，他起首輕輕的很小心的登樓，時時刻刻留心聽着。但是樓梯也是無人；全數的門都關了；他不曾碰見人。第二層房子卻是房門大開的，有幾個油漆匠在裏頭作活，他

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painters were at work in it, but they did not glance at him. He stood still, thought a minute and went on. "Of course it would be better if they had not been here, but it's two storeys above them."

And here was the fourth storey, here was the door, here was the flat opposite, the empty one. The flat underneath the old woman's was apparently empty also; the visiting card nailed on the door had been torn off—they had gone away! . . . He was out of breath. For one instant the thought floated through his mind "Shall I go back?" But he made no answer and began listening at the old woman's door, a dead silence. Then he listened again on the staircase, listened long and intently . . . then looked about him for the last time, pulled himself together,<sup>1</sup> drew himself up, and once more tried the axe in the noose. "Am I very pale?" he wondered. "Am I not evidently agitated? She is mistrustful. . . . Had I better wait a little longer . . . till my heart leaves off thumping?"

But his heart did not leave off. On the contrary, as though to spite him, it throbbed more and more violently. He could stand it no longer, he slowly put out his hand to the bell and rang. Half a minute later he rang again, more loudly.

No answer. To go on ringing was useless and out of place. The old woman was, of course, at home, but she was suspicious and alone. He had some knowledge of her habits . . . and once more he put his ear to the door. Either his senses were peculiarly keen (which it is difficult to suppose), or the sound was really very distinct.

<sup>1</sup> pulled himself together, 提起精神.



們卻不曾看他。他站了一會，想了一分鐘，又往前走。他想到，「設使無他們在這裏，自然更好些，但是……他們頭上還有兩層樓啦。」

這裏就是第四層樓，這裏就是門，這裏就是對過的一層，是空的。在老婆子房子底下那一層好像也是空的；釘在門上的名片已經扯丟了——他們已經走了！……他喘不出氣。有一會子有一個思想在他心裏浮過「我還是回去嗎？」他卻不作答復，起首在老婆子的門細聽，內裏是一片如死那麼寂靜。他隨即又在樓梯上細聽，很用心的聽，聽了許久……最後他四面看看，提起精神，站得直直的，又試試掛在活結的斧子。他懷疑，自猜道，「我的臉色很灰白麼？我顯然露出驚擾神色麼？她是多疑的……我還是不如再等一會麼？……要等我的心不亂跳麼？」

但是他的心還不肯不亂跳。他的心好像反對他，跳得更兇。他不能再等啦！他慢慢伸手拉鈴。過了半分鐘，他又按鈴，鈴聲更響。

屋裏無人答。接連拉鈴是無用的，又是用不着的。老婆子自然是在家，不過她多疑，況且又是獨自一人。他多少曉得她的習慣……他又用耳靠門細聽。也許是他的官覺特別銳利（我們難以猜他是這樣）不然那聲響是特別清楚。無

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Anyway, he suddenly heard something like the cautious touch of a hand on the lock and the rustle of a skirt at the very door. Some one was standing stealthily close to the lock and just as he was doing on the outside was secretly listening within, and seemed to have her ear to the door. . . . He moved a little on purpose and muttered something aloud that he might not have the appearance of hiding, then rang a third time, but quietly, soberly and without impatience. Recalling it afterwards, that moment stood out in his mind vividly, distinctly, for ever; he could not make out how he had had such cunning, for his mind was as it were clouded at moments and he was almost unconscious of his body. . . . An instant later he heard the latch unfastened.

## CHAPTER VII

THE door was as before opened a tiny crack, and again two sharp and suspicious eyes stared at him out of the darkness. Then Raskolnikov lost his head<sup>1</sup> and nearly made a great mistake.

Fearing the old woman would be frightened by their being alone, and not hoping that the sight of him would disarm her suspicions, he took hold of the door and drew it towards him to prevent the old woman from attempting to shut it again. Seeing this she did not pull the door back, but she did not let go the handle so that he almost dragged her out with it on to the stairs. Seeing that she was standing in the doorway not allowing him to pass, he

<sup>1</sup> lost his head, 他糊塗了.

論是那一層，他忽然聽見些聲響，好像是一隻小心的手摩鎖聲，與靠着門的衣裙索索聲。有人偷偷的站近門鎖，在門內細聽，如同他在門外細聽一般，好像也用她的耳朵緊靠着門……他特爲略動一動喃喃的高聲說話，免得她疑心他躲藏，隨即拉第三次鈴，按得很安詳，並無不耐煩的表示。後來他追憶這個時候的情景，他心裏的印象還是很活現的，永遠都是清楚的，他想不到他當時怎樣會有這樣的狡詐，因爲那個時候他心裏有時好像有了一層蒙蔽，況且他幾乎不覺得他的身體……再過一會，他就聽見開門門聲響。

第七回

房門還是同從前一樣，只開了一條小縫，又有兩隻尖利與多疑的眼睛，從黑暗中瞪着他。拉柯尼柯隨即糊塗了，幾乎做一件大錯事。

他恐怕老婆子看見只是他們兩個人，會恐怖，他又不曾希望她看見是他就會放心不疑，他拿住房門拖向自己，免得老婆子嘗試再關。她一看見他拿住門，她就不再拖回去，她卻抓住門把不撒手，他幾乎連人帶門拖她出來，拖到梯口。他看見她站在門口不許他走過，他就一直走到她面前。她害

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advanced straight upon her. She stepped back in alarm, tried to say something, but seemed unable to speak and stared with open eyes at him.

"Good-evening, Alyona Ivanovna," he began, trying to speak easily, but his voice would not obey him, it broke and shook. "I have come . . . I have brought something . . . but we'd better come in . . . to the light. . . ."

And leaving her, he passed straight into the room uninvited. The old woman ran after him; her tongue was unloosed.

"Good heavens! What is it? Who is it? What do you want?"

"Why, Alyona Ivanovna, you know me . . . Raskolnikov . . . here, I brought you the pledge I promised the other day . . . " and he held out the pledge.

The old woman glanced for a moment at the pledge, but at once stared in the eyes of her uninvited visitor. She looked intently, maliciously and mistrustfully. A minute passed; he even fancied something like a sneer in her eyes, as though she had already guessed everything. He felt that he was losing his head, that he was almost frightened, so frightened that if she were to look like that and not say a word for another half minute, he thought he would have run away from her.

"Why do you look at me as though you did not know me?" he said suddenly, also with malice. "Take it if you like, if not I'll go e'sewhere, I am in a hurry."

He had not even thought of saying this, but it was suddenly said of itself. The old woman recovered herself, and her visitor's resolute tone evidently restored her confidence.

怕，縮回去，嘗試說話，卻好像說不出來，只是睜大眼睛他。

他說道，『阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，我同你請晚安啦，』他嘗試從容不迫的說，但是他的聲音不服從他，說得斷斷續續的，又是抖抖的。『我來……我帶了些東西來……我們不如進去到有光……』

他撇開她，不等她請，就一直走進屋裏。老婆子隨後趕來：她的舌頭得了解放，就說道。

『天呀！什麼事呀？你是誰呀？你要什麼呀？』

『阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，你認得我呀……我就是拉柯尼柯……我前幾天答應把我要當的東西送來給你，我拿來啦……』他就把要當的東西拿出來。

老婆子看了一會子那件東西，立刻瞪眼看她的不請自來的客人。她很留心看他，兩眼帶着惡意與懷疑神氣。過了一分鐘；他以爲她的兩眼還帶着嘲笑神色，好像她已經全猜着啦。（這是寫拉柯尼柯的心虛。譯者註。）他覺他好像糊塗了，好像很覺得驚慌，假使她總是這樣瞪他，再過半分鐘還是不說話，他以爲他會逃走的。

他帶着怨恨腔調說道，『你爲什麼瞪眼看我，好像不認得我呀？你若喜歡就拿去，如若不然，我就拿往別處去，我忙得很呀。』

他原不想說這兩句話的，無奈這兩句話忽然吐出來。這時候老婆子恢復鎮靜啦，她的客人的決絕腔調，顯然使她放心相信他。

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"But why, my good sir, all of a minute. . . . What is it?" she asked, looking at the pledge.

"The silver cigarette case; I spoke of it last time, you know."

She held out her hand.

"But how pale you are, to be sure . . . and your hands are trembling too? Have you been bathing, or what?"

"Fever," he answered abruptly. "You can't help getting pale. . . if you've nothing to eat," he added, with difficulty articulating the words.

His strength was failing him again. But his answer sounded like the truth; the old woman took the pledge.

"What is it?" she asked once more, scanning Raskolnikov intently and weighing the pledge in her hand.

"A thing . . . cigarette case. . . . Silver. . . . Look at it."

"It does not seem somehow like silver. . . . How he has wrapped it up!"

Trying to untie the string and turning to the window, to the light (all her windows were shut, in spite of the stifling heat), she left him altogether for some seconds and stood with her back to him. He unbuttoned his coat and freed the axe from the noose, but did not yet take it out altogether, simply holding it in his right hand under the coat. His hands were fearfully weak, he felt them every moment growing more numb and more wooden. He was afraid he would let the axe slip and fall. . . . A sudden giddiness came over him.

"But what has he tied it up like this for?" the old woman cried with vexation and moved towards him.

她問道，『我的好先生，你爲什麼忽然走來呀……是什麼東西呀？』她一面說一面看東西。

『你該記得，是一個銀製的紙烟盒；我前次說過的。』

她伸出手來。

『你的臉爲什麼這樣死白色呀，你的手爲什麼這樣發抖呀？……你會洗浴麼，不然，爲什麼呀？』

他突如其來的答道，『我害熱病，你若無東西吃，你的臉也不能不發死白色，』他很爲難才說出這句話來。

這個時候他又無氣力啦，但是他的答話說得真實；老婆子就把他所要當的東西拿過來。

她又問道，『是什麼東西呀，』她一面問一面很留心看拉柯尼柯，一面把東西放在手上試試分量。

『是一件東西，香烟盒子……銀的……你試看看。』

『不甚像是銀的……他用多少紙裹起來呀！』

她嘗試解繩子，走向窗子，走到有亮光地方（屋子雖然悶熱，全數窗子都關了，）有幾秒鐘她離開他，背着他。他解開外衣的扣子，放開掛斧子的活結，還不取出斧子來，不過用右手插入外衣底，拿着斧子。他的兩手很無力，令他害怕，他覺得兩手越變越麻木。他很怕他會讓斧子溜下來，跌在地下……他忽然覺得頭暈。

老婆子嫌麻煩，走向他，說道，『他爲什麼用這許多繩子裹這件東西？』

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He had not a minute more to lose. He pulled the axe quite out, swung it with both arms, scarcely conscious of himself, and almost without effort, almost mechanically, brought the blunt side down on her head. He seemed not to use his own strength in this. But as soon as he had once brought the axe down, his strength returned to him.

The old woman was as always bare-headed. Her thin, light hair, streaked with grey, thickly smeared with grease, was plaited in a rat's tail and fastened by a broken horn comb which stood out on the nape of her neck. As she was so short, the blow fell on the very top of her skull. She cried out, but very faintly, and suddenly sank all of a heap on the floor, raising her hands to her head. In one hand she still held "the pledge." Then he dealt her another and another blow with the blunt side and on the same spot. The blood gushed as from an overturned glass, the body fell back. He stepped back, let it fall, and at once bent over her face; she was dead. Her eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets, the brow and the whole face were drawn and contorted convulsively.

. . . . .

He unfastened the latch, opened the door and began listening on the staircase.

He listened a long time. Somewhere far away, it might be in the gateway, two voices were loudly and shrilly shouting, quarrelling and scolding. "What are they about?" He waited patiently. At last all was still, as though suddenly cut off; they had separated. He was meaning to go out, but suddenly, on the floor below, a door was noisily opened and some one began going downstairs



他不能錯過一分鐘的機會啦。他把斧子全拔出來，兩手揮斧，他幾乎不覺得有他自己，幾乎毫不用力，又幾乎是不由自主的，把斧子的鈍邊在她頭上打下來。他好像不用自己的氣力。但是他既把斧子向下打，他的氣力就回來啦。

這個老婆子常是光着頭不戴帽子的。她的斑白稀薄頭髮，擦了許多油，辮成一條老鼠尾，用一個破的明角梳子插住，梳子垂在頸背上。她身材短，那一打正打在她頭頂。她叫喊，聲很弱，她忽然變成一團倒在地板上，高舉兩手摩她的頭。一隻手還拿住當的東西。他隨後用斧子的鈍邊一連打她好幾下，都是打那一處地方。她的血噴出來如同傾倒的玻璃瓶一般，身體向後倒。他退一步，隨她倒，他立刻低頭，看見她死了。她的兩眼好像從眼眶突出來，她的額與臉顫動的抽縮。

〔他隨即取她的鎖匙，開她箱子，取了她許多首飾，塞在他的褲袋及衣袋裏。他忽然聽見有嗚咽聲，原來是老婆子的妹妹利沙維塔，兩手抱着一大包東西，哭她的姊姊。拉柯尼柯用斧子的利刃把她劈死。他洗手，洗斧子，隨即想到逃走。譯者註。〕他開了門，開了門，起首在樓梯口聽細。

他聽了許久。他聽見遠處，好像就是在大門口，有兩個人大聲尖聲叫喊，相爭相罵。『他們幹什麼呀？』他耐煩的等。後來全無動靜，好像是忽然截斷了；他們分頭走了。他正在要出去，忽然聽見在下一層樓上有人很響的開門，有人下

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humming a tune. "How is it they all make such a noise!" flashed through his mind. Once more he closed the door and waited. At last all was still, not a soul stirring. He was just taking a step towards the stairs when he heard fresh footsteps.

The steps sounded very far off, at the very bottom of the stairs, but he remembered quite clearly and distinctly that from the first sound he began for some reason to suspect that this was some one coming *there*, to the fourth floor, to the old woman. Why? Were the sounds somehow peculiar, significant? The steps were heavy, even and unhurried. Now *he* had passed the first floor, now he was mounting higher, it was growing more and more distinct! He could hear his heavy breathing. And now the third storey had been reached. Coming here! And it seemed to him all at once that he was turned to stone, that it was like a dream in which one is being pursued, nearly caught and will be killed, and is rooted to the spot<sup>1</sup> and cannot even move one's arms.

At last when the unknown was mounting to the fourth floor, he suddenly started, and succeeded in slipping neatly and quickly back into the flat and closing the door behind him. Then he took the hook and softly, noiselessly, fixed it in the catch. Instinct helped him. When he had done this, he crouched holding his breath,<sup>2</sup> by the door. The unknown visitor was by now also at the door. They were now standing opposite one another, as he had just before been standing with the old woman, when the door divided them and he was listening.

<sup>1</sup> rooted to the spot, 長了根的; 站着不動. <sup>2</sup> holding his breath, 他屏息.

樓，一面下樓一面哼一個調。他忽然想道，『他們爲什麼這樣吵！』他又關門等候。後來全是寂靜，並無人動。他正在要踏步走下樓梯，又聽見新的腳步聲。

腳步聲是從遠處來的，在樓梯底下，但是他卻很清楚的很明白的記得他一聽見第一次的聲音他就有理由起首疑心這是有人來這裏，來第四層樓找老婆子。爲什麼？聲音是不是有點特別的，有所表示的？腳步是重的，不慌不忙的。現在『他』已經走過第一層了，現時走得更高啦，腳步聲音越來越清楚啦！他能聽見他的重呼吸。現在他到了第三層樓啦。他往這裏來！他忽然覺得他自己變成石頭，好像做夢，夢見被人追趕；幾乎被人捉了，將來會被殺的；好像長了根的一般站在那裏，連膀子都不能動。

後來這個不知姓名的人正在登樓到第四層，他忽然驚了一跳，居然很快的溜回這一層樓面，溜得很麻利，進去就把門關了。他隨即拿門鈎輕輕的，不響的，鈎好了門。本能幫助他。他既把門鈎好，他蹲在門邊，屏息不響。這個無名氏來客這時候幾乎走到門口啦。現時他們面對面站着，如同剛才他同老婆子相對站着一般，只有一層門分隔他們，他在那裏細聽。

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The visitor panted several times. "He must be a big, fat man," thought Raskolnikov, squeezing the axe in his hand. It seemed like a dream indeed. The visitor took hold of the bell and rang loudly.

As soon as the tin bell tinkled, Raskolnikov seemed to be aware of something moving in the room. For some seconds he listened quite seriously. The unknown rang again, waited and suddenly tugged violently and impatiently at the handle of the door. Raskolnikov gazed in horror at the hook shaking in its fastening, and in blank terror expected every minute that the fastening would be pulled out. It certainly did seem possible, so violently was he shaking it. He was tempted to hold the fastening, but *he* might be aware of it. A giddiness came over him again. "I shall fal' down!" flashed through his mind, but the unknown began to speak and he recovered himself at once.

"What's up? Are they asleep or murdered? D-damn them!" he bawled in a thick voice. "Hey, Alyona Ivanovna, old witch! Lizaveta Ivanovna, hey, my beauty! open the door Oh, damn them! Are they asleep or what?"

And again, enraged, he tugged with all his might a dozen times at the bell. He must certainly be a man of authority and an intimate acquaintance.

At this moment light hurried steps were heard not far off, on the stairs. Some one else was approaching. Raskolnikov had not heard them at first.

"You don't say there's no one at home," the new-comer cried in a cheerful ringing voice, addressing the first visitor who still went on pulling the bell. "Good-evening, Koch."

來客喘了好幾次氣。拉柯尼柯一手緊執斧子，想道，「他必定是一個大胖子。」這時候他很像在夢境。來客很響的按鈴。

錫鈴一響，拉柯尼柯好像覺得有東西在屋裏動。他很鄭重的細聽幾秒鐘。那個不知姓名的人又按鈴，等候，忽然很兇猛的，很不耐煩的，拉門把。拉柯尼柯看見門鈎震動，很恐慌，他只是害怕，預料時時刻刻門鈎會被他拉出來。他很撼動那扇門，誠然是可以拉出來的。他原想抓住門鈎，他恐怕門外的人可以曉得是有人抓住。他又暈了。他忽然想道，「我快要跌倒啦，」但是那個不識姓名的人起首說話，他立刻又恢復原狀啦。

他用很重濁聲音喊道，「出了什麼事啦？她們睡着了麼，抑或是被人殺死啦？天譴她們。喂，阿利安納·伊万諾瓦，老妖精！利沙維塔·伊万諾瓦，我的美人！你開門呀！嗨！天譴她們！她們睡着了，抑或出了什麼事啦？」

他發怒，盡力拉鈴，拉了約有十幾次。他必定是一個有權力的人又是一個熟人。

這個時候聽見不遠有輕輕的快跑的腳步聲，是在梯上走的聲音。又有人走來啦。拉柯尼柯初時不曾聽見。

新來的人喊道，「你不是說無人在家，」這個人對第一個來客（他還在那裏拉鈴）說話，聲音是很高興的，很響亮的。他又說道，「柯取，我同你問晚安啦。」

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"From his voice he must be quite young," thought Raskolnikov.

"Who the devil can tell? I've almost broken the lock," answered Koch. "But how do you come to know me?"

"Why! The day before yesterday I beat you three times running at billiards at Gambrinus'."

"Oh!"

"So they are not at home? That's queer? It's awfully stupid though. Where could the old woman have gone? I've come on business."

"Yes; and I have business with her, too."

"Well, what can we do? Go back, I suppose. Aie— aie! And I was hoping to get some money!" cried the young man.

"We must give it up, of course, but what did she fix this time for? The old witch fixed the time for me to come herself. It's out of my way. And where the devil she can have got to, I can't make out. She sits here from year's end to year's end, the old hag; her legs are bad and yet here all of a sudden she is out for a walk!"

"Hadn't we better ask the porter?"

"What?"

"Where she's gone and when she'll be back."

"H'm. . . . Damn it all! . . . We might ask. . . . But you know she never does go anywhere."

And he once more tugged at the done-handle.

"Damn it all. There's nothing to be done, we must go!"

"Stay!" cried the young man suddenly. "Do you see how the door shakes if you pull it?"

"Well?"

拉柯尼柯想道，「從他的聲音看來，他必定是年紀很青的。」

柯取答道，「誰能說有人在家沒有？我幾乎把鎖打破了。你卻怎樣認得我？」

「什麼呀！前天我在甘布列那店裏一連贏了你三盤牙球。」

「哈！」

「她們不在家麼？豈不是怪嗎？這是很無爲的。這個老婆子能夠往那裏去了？我是有事來的。」

「是呀，我也是有事來找她的呀。」

少年說道，「既是這樣，我們能夠作些什麼？我猜，不如回去。哎，哎！我原想來取些錢的。」

「我們自然只好不等她，但是她爲什麼約定這個時候？老婆子原是自己約定這個時候叫我來的！我來此原不是順路。我不能想出她能夠往那裏去了。老婆子終年坐在這裏；她的兩腳不良，她卻忽然出去散步！」

「我們不如問看門的，好不好？」

「問什麼？」

「問她往那裏去了，幾時回來。」

「哼……天譴的……我們未嘗不可以問……但是你是曉得的，她一向無論那裏都不去的。」

他又拉門把。

「天譴的，這裏無事可辦，我們必得走！」

少年忽然喊道，「且慢！你不看見你若拉門，門怎樣震動麼？」

「震動便怎麼樣？」

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"That shows it's not locked, but fastened with the hook! Do you hear how the hook clanks?"

"Well?"

"Why, don't you see? That proves that one of them is at home. If they were all out, they would have locked the door from outside with the key and not with the hook from inside. There, do you hear how the hook is clanking? To fasten the hook on the inside they must be at home, don't you see. So there they are sitting inside and don't open the door!"

"Well! And so they must be!" cried Koch, astonished. "What are they about in there!" And he began furiously shaking the door.

"Stay!" cried the young man again. "Don't pull at it! There must be something wrong. . . . Here, you've been ringing and pulling at the door and still they don't open! So either they've both fainted or . . ."

"What?"

"I tell you what. Let's go and fetch the porter, let him wake them up."

"All right."

Both were going down.

"Stay. You stop here while I run down for the porter."

"What for?"

"Well, you'd better."

"All right."

"I'm studying the law you see! It's evident, e-vi-dent there's something wrong here!" the young man cried hotly, and he ran downstairs.

Koch remained. Once more he softly touched the bell which gave one tinkle, then gently, as though reflecting



「這就表明門是不會鎖的，只是用鈎子鈎住的！你不聽見鈎子的響聲麼？」

「有響聲便怎麼樣？」

「什麼呀，你不明白麼？這就證實有一個在家。設使她們全出去了，她們必定在外面鎖門，不會在裏面用鈎鈎門的。（門裏人聽見豈不恐怖到要死。譯者註。）你聽見鈎子怎樣響麼？在裏面鈎住門，她們必在家。她們坐在裏面不肯開門！」

柯取詫異，喊道，「可不是！她們必定在裏面。她們在裏面幹什麼！」他起首洶洶的搖動房門。

少年又喊道，「且慢！不要拉！裏面必定鬧了什麼事啦……你在這裏拉鈴，拉門，她們還是不開！她們不是暈倒就是……」

「就是什麼？」

「我告訴你怎麼辦吧。我們不如去找看門人，由他去驚醒她們。」

「好呀。」

兩人下樓。

「且慢。你不如守住這裏，我一面下樓找看門的。」（又令拉柯尼柯捏一把汗。譯者註。）

「爲什麼？」

「你還是守住這裏好。」

「好吧。」

「你須曉得，我是研究法律的！這裏頭顯然是出了事啦！」這個少年說話說得很激烈，他就跑下樓。

柯取不走。他又輕輕的拉鈴，鈴響一聲，隨後他好像反

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and looking about him, began touching the door-handle pulling it and letting it go to make sure once more that it was only fastened by the hook. Then puffing and panting he bent down and began looking at the keyhole: but the key was in the lock on the inside and so nothing could be seen:

Raskolnikov stood keeping tight hold of the axe. He was in a sort of delirium.<sup>1</sup> He was even making ready to fight when they should come in. While they were knocking and talking together, the idea several times occurred to him to end it all at once and shout to them through the door. Now and then he was tempted to swear at<sup>2</sup> them, to jeer at them, while they could not open the door! "Only make haste!" was the thought that flashed through his mind.

"But what the devil is he about? . . ." Time was passing, one minute, and another—no one came. Koch began to be restless.

"What the devil?" he cried suddenly and in impatience deserting his sentry duty, he, too, went down, hurrying and thumping with his heavy boots on the stairs. The steps died away.

"Good heavens! What am I to do?"

Raskolnikov unfastened the hook, opened the door—there was no sound. Abruptly, without any thought at all, he went out, closing the door as thoroughly as he could, and went downstairs.

He had gone down three flights when he suddenly heard a loud noise below—where could he go! There was nowhere to hide. He was just going back to the flat.

<sup>1</sup> delirium, 精神錯亂. <sup>2</sup> swear at, 罵

省與四面看看，起首摩門把，先拉一拉，隨即放鬆，再要曉得確實門是用鈎鈎住的。他隨後氣喘喘的把身子彎下去，起首從鎖眼往裏看：不料鎖匙在裏面放在鎖眼裏，他不能看見什麼。

拉柯尼柯站着，緊緊抓住斧子。他有點精神錯亂了。他預備好，他們一進來，他就同他們打。當他們敲門及說話的時候，他有幾次想到大聲同他們說話，以了結這件事。有幾次當他們不能開門的時候他想罵他們，挖苦他們！他心裏只想，「你們只要趕快！」

「他在那裏幹什麼呀？……」時光過得很快，過了一分鐘，又過一分鐘——還是無人來。柯取起首不安啦。

他忽然喊道，「等什麼呀？」他不耐煩，拋棄他的守門責任，他也下樓，他的厚靴在梯子作匆匆的踏步聲。腳步聲響聽不見啦。

「天呀！我作什麼是好？」拉柯尼柯放了鈎子，開門——並無聲響。他並不想過，就忽然走出來，儘他的能力把門關緊了就下樓。

他走下三層樓梯，忽然聽見底下大聲叫喊——他能夠往那裏走呀！（至此又替他捏一把汗。譯者註。）他正要回去第四層樓。

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‘Hey there! Catch the brute!’

Somebody dashed out of a flat below, shouting, and rather fell than ran down the stairs, bawling at the top of his voice:

“Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Blast him!”

The shout ended in a shriek; the last sounds came from the yard; all was still. But at the same instant several men talking loud and fast began noisily mounting the stairs. There were three or four of them. He distinguished the ringing voice of the young man. “They!”

Filled with despair he went straight to meet them, feeling “come what must!” If they stopped him—all was lost; if they let him pass—all was lost too; they would remember him. They were approaching; they were only a flight from him—and suddenly deliverance! A few steps from him on the right, there was an empty flat with the door wide open, the flat on the second floor where the painters had been at work, and which, as though for his benefit, they had just left. It was they, no doubt, who had just run down, shouting. The floor had only just been painted, in the middle of the room stood a pail and a broken pot with paint and brushes. In one instant he had whisked in at the open door and hidden behind the wall and only in the nick of time;<sup>1</sup> they had already reached the landing. Then they turned and went on up to the fourth floor, talking loudly. He waited, went out on tiptoe and ran down the stairs.

<sup>1</sup>in the nick o. time, 正是時候; 剛好來得及.

『喂！你們捉住野獸！』

有人從底下那一層樓面衝出去，大聲喊叫，一面跌下樓去，並不是跑下去的，盡力大聲喊：

『米特卡！米特卡！米特卡！毀了他！』大喊完了又很尖利的叫；最後的聲響是從院子來的；全無動靜。但是同時有幾個人大聲說話，說得很快，起首很吵的登樓。那裏有三四個人。他認得那個少年的響亮聲音。『他們呀！』

他滿是絕望的了，一直走去會他們，覺得『無論什麼禍害，要來就來！』他們若攔阻他——那就全完了；他們若讓他過去——也是全完了；他們會記得他。他們向他走來；他們離他不過一層樓梯——忽然有救啦！在他的右邊不過幾步，有一層空的樓面，門是大開的，就是油漆匠所在做工的第二層樓面，匠人好像要利便他，才走了。剛才大聲走下樓的無疑就是他們。地板才油漆完，屋子中間放了一個桶，與一個破瓶，有油漆有幾個刷子。他立刻從大開的門溜進去，剛好來得及躲在牆後，他們已經走到梯口啦。他們轉灣，登樓，往第四層，一面大聲說話。他等着，用腳趾踏步出來，下樓。

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

No one was on the stairs, nor in the gateway. He passed quickly through the gateway and turned to the left in the street.

.....

## PART II

### CHAPTER VII

.....

Timidly and noiselessly a young girl made her way through the crowd, and strange was her appearance in that room, in the midst of want, rags, death and despair. She, too, was in rags, her attire was all of the cheapest, but decked out in gutter finery of a special stamp, unmistakably betraying its shameful purpose. Sonia stopped short in the doorway and looked about her bewildered, unconscious of everything. She forgot her fourth-hand, gaudy silk dress, so unseemly here with its ridiculous long train, and her immense crinoline that filled up the whole doorway, and her light-coloured shoes, and the parasol she brought with her, though it was no use at night, and the absurd round straw hat with its flaring flame-coloured feather. Under this rakish y-tilted hat was a pale, frightened little face with lips parted and eyes staring in terror. Sonia was a small thin girl of eighteen with fair hair, rather pretty, with wonderful blue eyes. She looked intently at the bed and the priest; she too was out of breath with running. At last whispers, some words in the crowd probably, reached her. She looked down and took a

樓梯上沒得人，大門也沒得人。他快快走出大門，向左轉，到了大街。（他受了許多恐怖逃出啦。譯者註。）

## 第二部

### 第七回

〔有一天晚上拉柯尼柯看見一個醉漢滾在地下，被馬車壓到半死，他認得是瑪利，就叫人抬他回家，替他請醫診治，醫說無法可救，就要死。隨即替他請教士來念經。於是家裏的人亂作一團。譯者註。〕有一個少年女子怯怯的，不響的，從門口的人堆中走過來；屋裏是赤貧景象，家裏人穿得全身破爛，正是死了人絕望的時候，有她這樣的人走來是很奇怪的。她所穿的也是破爛；她所穿的全是最便宜的東西，她的打扮卻是很特別，是一種跑街的華麗衣服，一看就曉得她是操下賤行業的。索尼亞到了門口就站着，她糊塗了，四面張望，什麼也不覺得。她忘記了她身上所穿的轉賣第四次的綢衣服，拖得令人好笑的那麼長；在這裏是很不像樣的，還有她的很寬大的撐裙的箍子塞滿了門口，她的淡色鞋子，手拿一把陽傘，到了晚上原是用不着的，頭上一頂無理取鬧的圓草帽；插着發亮的染火焰色的羽毛。（活畫一個俄國最下等妓女。譯者註。）在這頂斜戴在頭上的草帽下有一片死白色害怕的小臉，兩脣分開，兩眼恐怖到直瞪着。索尼亞是一個十八歲的小女子，淡黃色頭髮，長得很秀美，一雙很藍的眼睛。她留心看床上與教士；她也是匆匆跑來的，跑到喘不出氣。後來她聽見大約是那堆人所低聲說的話。她

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step forward into the room, still keeping close to the door.

. . . . .

"Ah, father! That's words and only words! Forgive! If he'd not been run over, he'd have come home to-day drunk and his only shirt dirty and in rags and he'd have fallen asleep like a log, and I should have been sousing and rinsing till daybreak, washing his rags and the children's and then drying them by the window and as soon as it was daylight I should have been darning them. That's how I spend my nights! . . . What's the use of talking of forgiveness! I have forgiven as it is!"

A terrible hollow cough interrupted her words. She put her handkerchief to her lips and showed it to the priest, pressing her other hand to her aching chest. The handkerchief was covered with blood. The priest bowed his head and said nothing.

Marmeladov was in the last agony; he did not take his eyes off the face of Katerina Ivanovna, who was bending over him again. He kept trying to say something to her; he began moving his tongue with difficulty and articulating indistinctly, but Katerina Ivanovna, understanding that he wanted to ask her forgiveness, called peremptorily to him:

"Be silent! No need! I know what you want to say!" And the sick man was silent, but at the same instant his wandering eyes strayed to the doorway and he saw Sonia.

Till then he had not noticed her: she was standing in the shadow in a corner.

"Who's that? Who's that?" he said suddenly in a thick gasping voice, in agitation, turning his eyes in horror



往下看，向屋子走一步，還是緊靠着門邊。

〔經念完了。卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦只是詛罵死人。教士勸她。譯者註〕

她說道，「神父呀！你說的是空話，不過是空理。什麼饒恕呀！設使他不是被馬車壓死，他今天回家又是吃醉了的，身上只穿一件破內衣，倒下來就睡，如同一塊死木頭一般，我還得泡衣服洗衣服洗到天破曉，洗他的破衣服與孩子們的衣服，在窗邊晾。一到天亮我就得補綻。天天晚上我就是這樣過的！……談饒恕有什麼用處！我這樣還不算是饒恕他嗎！」

一陣可怕的空咳嗽攔住她往下說，她用手帕握嘴脣，一隻手遞給教士看，一隻手按住她的發痛的胸口。原來滿手帕都是血。教士垂頭，不發一言。

瑪梅拉多這時候痛楚到極端啦，他兩眼只是看他女人的臉，不曾看別處，他的女人又彎着腰看他。他屢次嘗試要同她說話；他起首很爲難的動他的舌頭，他又說得不清楚，她卻曉得他要求她饒恕他，她就很嚴厲的對他說道：

『不要說啦！用不着啦！我曉得你要說什麼！』病人果然不響，同時他的一雙四處望的眼望到門口，就看見索尼亞。

這時候他才看見她：她站在一個角落的黑影裏。

他忽然喘氣用不清楚的聲音說道，「那個人是誰？那個人是誰？」他渾身顫動，很恐怖的兩眼轉過來看他女兒所

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

towards the door where his daughter was standing, and trying to sit up.

"Lie down? Lie do-own!" cried Katerina Ivanovna.

With unnatural strength he had succeeded in propping himself on his elbow. He looked wildly and fixedly for some time on his daughter, as though now recognising her. He had never seen her before in such attire. Suddenly he recognised her, crushed and ashamed in her humiliation and gaudy finery, meekly awaiting her turn to say good-bye to her dying father. His face showed intense suffering.

"Sonia! Daughter! Forgive!" he cried, and he tried to hold out his hand to her, but, losing his balance, he fell off the sofa, face downwards on the floor. They rushed to pick him up, they put him on the sofa; but he was dying. Sonia with a faint cry ran up, embraced him and remained so without moving. He died in her arms.

.....

"Enough," he pronounced resolutely and triumphantly. "I've done with fancies, imaginary terrors and phantoms! Life is real! haven't I lived just now? My life has not yet died with that old woman! The Kingdom of Heaven to her—and now enough, madam, leave me in peace! Now for the reign of reason and light . . . and of will, and of strength . . . and now we will see! We will try our strength!" he added defiantly, as though challenging some power of darkness. "And I was ready to consent to live in a square of space!

.....

站的門口，要坐起來。

她的女人喊道，「你躺下！你躺下！」

他用不自然的氣力，居然用他的一肘支住他自己。他神色很擾亂的低頭定睛看他的女兒好一會，好像不認得她。她一向不曾見過她這樣打扮。他忽然認得她，他看見她穿這樣華麗衣服去出醜，很柔順的躲在那裏，等候輪到她同她的瀕死父親訣別，他就覺得很慚愧，很難以自持。他的臉上露出極其劇烈的痛苦。

他喊道，「素尼亞！女兒！你饒恕我！」他嘗試伸手給她，因為不能勻稱他的身子，從榻上倒下來，爬在地板上。他們趕快去扶他，把他放在榻上；但是他快死啦。素尼亞微微喊一聲，跑過來，抱住他，動也不動。他死在她懷裏。（慘不忍讀。這是一篇批評家所最稱讚的文章。譯者註。）

〔後來拉柯尼柯說明他是死者的朋友，送卡塔林納·伊万諾瓦二十個羅布。他走出門，素尼亞打發她的妹妹問他的姓名住址。他回到橋上（剛才他在這裏看見女人投水。）譯者註。〕他很決絕很得意的說道，「我看夠啦。我從此拋棄妄想，與幻想的恐怖及鬼影啦！人生是實境！我剛才不是親眼看見嗎？我殺了那個老婆子，我還不會死！她上了天國——瑪當够啦，你讓我安心做人吧！現在我要理性與曙光用事……意志與氣力用事……我們試看看！我們將嘗試我們的氣力！」他用挑戰態度說話，好像同黑暗的勢力挑戰。『我一向預備願意住在一四方塊的地面上！』

PART III

CHAPTER V

.....

"Your party yesterday, brother, has left my head rather. . . . And I am out of sorts altogether," he began in quite a different tone, laughing to Razumihin.

"Was it interesting? I left you yesterday at the most interesting point. Who got the best of it?"<sup>1</sup>

"Oh, no one, of course. They got on to everlasting questions, floated off into space."

"Only fancy, Rodya, what we got on to yesterday. Whether there is such a thing as crime. I told you that we talked our heads off."

"What is there strange? It's an everyday social question," Raskolnikov answered casually.

"The question wasn't put quite like that," observed Porfiry.

"Not quite, that's true," Razumihin agreed at once, getting warm and hurried as usual. "Listen, Rodion, and tell us your opinion, I want to hear it. I was fighting tooth and nail<sup>2</sup> with them and wanted you to help me. I told them you were coming. . . . It began with the socialist doctrine. You know their doctrine; crime is a protest against the abnormality of the social organisation and nothing more, and nothing more; no other causes admitted! . . ."

<sup>1</sup>got the best of it, 贏了; 勝了. <sup>2</sup>fighting tooth and nail, 極力奮鬥.

### 第 三 部

#### 第 五 回

〔拉柯尼柯殺人之後，心神不寧，言語舉動往往有所流露。有一次他昏迷不省，說出幾句與當日殺人情景有關的話。於是辦理這件命案的聰明麻利，深於心理學的律師名頗非利·頗特洛維就疑心到他；他與同學拉素米興同訪律師，要回他所當的東西，且探虛實。他們辯論一會，律師本來是很嚴肅的，忽然變作很歡樂的問道：譯者註。〕

『兄弟，你昨天的殺會使我的頭……我簡直覺得很不舒服，』他起首用極其不同的腔調，對拉素米興（Razumihin）大笑着說話。

『有趣味麼？昨天當你們談到最有味道的时候我就走了。誰辯論贏啦？』

『自然沒得人贏。他們向前討論許多永遠不能解決的問題，浮入空際啦。』

『洛狄亞（Rodya 即拉柯尼柯的小名。譯者註。）你試猜我們昨天談到什麼。我們所討論的就是世上有無所謂罪惡。我告訴你，我們討論到頭到丟了。』

拉柯尼柯隨便答道，『這有什麼奇怪？這是平常的社會問題。』

頗非利（Porfiry 律師名。譯者註。）說道，『昨天卻不是這樣發問的。』

拉素米興還是如同向來那樣熱心與性急，立刻表示同意，說道，『誠然不是這樣發問。洛狄安（Rodion 即 Rodya。譯者註。）你試細聽，把你的見解告訴我，我要聽聽。我同他們極力奮鬥，我曾想要你幫忙我。我告訴他們你快來啦。……初時原是討論社會主義。你曉得他們的主義；罪惡並不是別的，不過是一種抗議，反對社會組織的不合；不承認其他理由！』

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

"You are wrong there," cried Porfiry Petrovitch; he was noticeably animated and kept laughing as he looked at Razumihin, which made him more excited than ever.

"Nothing is admitted," Razumihin interrupted with heat. "I am not wrong. I'll show you their pamphlets. Everything with them is 'the influence of environment,' and nothing else. Their favourite phrase! From which it follows that, if society is normally organised, all crime will cease at once, since there will be nothing to protest against and all men will become righteous in one instant. Human nature is not taken into account, it is excluded; it's not supposed to exist! They don't recognise that humanity, developing by a historical living process, will become at last a normal society, but they believe that a social system that has come out of some mathematical brain is going to organise all humanity at once and make it just and sinless in an instant, quicker than any living process! . . . . ."

"Now he is off, beating the drum! Catch hold of him, do!" laughed Porfiry. "Can you imagine," he turned to Raskolnikov, "six people holding forth like that last night, in one room, with punch as a preliminary! No, brother, you are wrong, environment accounts for a great deal in crime; I can assure you of that."

"Oh, I know it does, but just tell me: a man of forty violates<sup>1</sup> a child of ten; was it environment drove him to it?"

"Well, strictly speaking, it did," Porfiry observed with noteworthy gravity; "a crime of that nature may be very well ascribed to the influence of environment."

<sup>1</sup> violates; 強姦; 行強暴.

顏菲利·顏特洛維(Petrovitch 律師的姓。譯者註。)說道，「你是錯了」；他顯然是提起精神，一面看拉素米興，一面大笑，使他越受激刺。

拉素米興很熱烈的打叉，說道，「並不會承認什麼，我並不錯。我將他們的小冊給你看。他們無論什麼都不承認，只承認「環境的勢力。」這是他們所最喜歡用的句子！從他們的主義看來，社會若組織得合法，全數的罪惡立刻會停止，因為這樣一來，就無可反抗的，世人全會立刻變作正人。他們不計及人性，他們撇開人性，作為沒得人性！他們不承認人類既經過一番歷史的活進行所發展，最後會變作一個合法的社會，但是他們相信從算學腦海出來的社會能立刻組織全數人類，立刻使人類變作公道與良善，比無論什麼活進行快得多……」(他滔滔不絕的說了許多話。譯者註。)

顏菲利大笑，說道，「他敲着大鼓，盡情發議論啦！你捉住他！」回頭對拉柯尼柯說道，「你能夠想像他們麼？昨夜他們六個人在一間屋子裏先喝了許多香甜燒酒，就是這樣討論！兄弟，你錯了，我能使你相信，罪惡有大部分是由於環境。」

「呀，我曉得，但是我請你告訴我：一個四十歲的人強姦一個十歲的孩子；是不是環境逼他的？」

顏菲利很可以注意的鄭重的神色說道，「說句謹嚴話，是環境逼他的；這樣的罪惡很可以歸咎於環境的潛力。」

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Razumihin was almost in a frenzy. "Oh, if you like," he roared, "I'll prove to you that your white eyelashes may very well be ascribed to the Church of Ivan the Great's being two hundred and fifty feet high, and I will prove it clearly, exactly, progressively, and even with a Liberal tendency! I undertake to! Will you bet on it?"

. . . . .

" . . . . . All these questions about crime, environment, children, recall to my mind an article of yours which interested me at the time. 'On Crime' . . . or something of the sort, I forget the title, I read it with pleasure two months ago in the *Periodical Review*."

"My article? In the *Periodical Review*?" Raskolnikov asked in astonishment. "I certainly did write an article upon a book six months ago when I left the university, but I sent it to the *Weekly Review*."

"But it came out in the *Periodical*."

"And the *Weekly Review* ceased to exist, so that's why it wasn't printed at the time."

"That's true; but when it ceased to exist, the *Weekly Review* was amalgamated with the *Periodical*, and so your article appeared two months ago in the latter. Didn't you know?"

Raskolnikov had not known.

"Why, you might get some money out of them for the article! What a strange person you are! You lead such a solitary life that you know nothing of matters that concern you directly. It's a fact, I assure you."



拉素米與幾乎糊塗了。他喊道，「呀，你若是喜歡的話，我將證明你的白眉毛很可以歸咎於大伊万教堂高有二百二十尺，我將很清楚的很準確的，逐步逐步的證明，我的證法還帶自由主義趨勢！我敢擔任這件事，你肯同我賭麼？」

〔後來頗菲利問拉柯尼柯，說道。譯者註。〕「罪惡，環境，小孩子等等問題，使我追憶你的一篇論說，當時我很注意你這篇文章。題目是「罪惡論」……或與此相類的題目，我現在忘記了，兩個月前我在「按期評論」讀過，讀得很高興。」

拉柯尼柯很詫異的問道，「我的議論麼？登在「按期評論」麼？六個月前，我離開大學的時候，我確曾因為評論一本書，寫過一篇論，我卻是送與「星期評論」的。」

「但是登出來的時候是在「按期」。」

「星期評論關閉了，所以當時未曾刊登。」

「這是不錯的；不過當該報關閉的時候，「星期評論」與「按期評論」合並為一，所以你的論說在兩個月前登在該報。你不曉得麼？」

拉柯尼柯不會曉得。

「你為什麼這樣，你可以同他們要些錢作稿費呀！你是多麼一個怪人呀！你過孤獨生活，所以你不曉得與你直接有關係的事。你可以相信我的話，這是一件實事。」

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.....

"How did you find out that the article was mine? It's only signed with an initial."

"I only learnt it by chance, the other day. Through the editor; I know him. . . . I was very much interested."

"I analysed, if I remember, the psychology of a criminal before and after the crime."

"Yes, and you maintained that the perpetration of a crime is always accompanied by illness. Very, very original, but . . . it was not that part of your article that interested me so much, but an idea at the end of the article which I regret to say you merely suggested without working it out clearly. There is, if you recollect, a suggestion that there are certain persons who can . . . that is, not precisely are able to, but have a perfect right to commit breaches of morality and crimes, and that the law is not for them."

Raskolnikov smiled at the exaggerated and intentional distortion of his idea.

"What? What do you mean? A right to crime? But not because of the influence of environment?" Razumihin inquired with some alarm even.

"No, not exactly because of it," answered Porfiry. "In his article all men are divided into 'ordinary' and 'extraordinary.' Ordinary men have to live in submission, have no right to transgress the law, because—don't you see?—they are ordinary. But extraordinary men have a right to commit any crime and to transgress the law in any way, just because they are extraordinary. That was your idea, if I am not mistaken?"

「你怎樣曉得那篇論是我的？我不過用起首的字母簽字。」

「我不過是那一天碰巧曉得的；我認得主筆，是他對我說的……我很注意這篇論。」

「我若記得的話，我解析犯罪之前及犯罪之後的罪人的心理。」

「是的，你堅持一種主義，說犯罪常有疾病相陪。這是極其新鮮的創解，但是尤能令我注意的卻不是這一部分，卻是在論尾的一個意思，可惜你不過提議，並未清清楚楚的發揮出來。你提議世上原有某種人能夠破滅道德與作奸犯科，若要說得更準確些，這種人雖然並不是真正能夠，卻有完全權利破滅道德，與作奸犯科，法律原是不為彼輩設的。」

律師特為誇大其詞，且任意深文周內他，拉柯尼柯聽了，付諸一笑。

拉素米與帶點慌張問道，「什麼呀？你是什麼意思呀？有犯罪的權利麼？這卻並不是因為環境的潛力？」

頗菲利答道，「不是的，並不是的確因為環境潛力。他在他的議論裏頭，把人類分為平常人與非常人，平常人只好忍受法律以求過活，無權利違犯法律——你不明白麼？——這是因為他們是平常人。非常人卻有權利犯無論什麼罪惡，違犯無論什麼法律，只因他們是非常人。我若不誤會，這就是你的意思，是不是？」

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"What do you mean? That can't be right?" Razumihin muttered in bewilderment.

Raskolnikov smiled again. He saw the point at once, and knew where they wanted to drive him. He decided to take up the challenge.

"That wasn't quite my contention," he began simply and modestly. "Yet I admit that you have stated it almost correctly; perhaps, if you like, perfectly so." (It almost gave him pleasure to admit this.) "The only difference is that I don't contend that extraordinary people are always bound to commit breaches of morals, as you call it. In fact, I doubt whether such an argument could be published. I simply hinted that an 'extraordinary' man has the right . . . that is not an official right, but an inner right to decide in his own conscience to overstep . . . certain obstacles, and only in case it is essential for the practical fulfilment of his idea (sometimes, perhaps, of benefit to the whole of humanity). You say that my article isn't definite; I am ready to make it as clear as I can. Perhaps I am right in thinking you want me to; very well. I maintain that if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton could not have been made known except by sacrificing the lives of one, a dozen, a hundred, or more men, Newton would have had the right, would indeed have been in duty bound . . . to *eliminate* the dozen or the hundred men for the sake of making his discoveries known to the whole of humanity. But it does not follow from that that Newton had a right to murder people right and left and to steal every day in the market. Then, I remember, I maintain in my article that all . . . well, legislators and leaders of men, such as Lycurgus, Solon, Mahomet, Napoleon,

拉素米與迷惑了，喃喃說道，「你是什麼意思呀？這個意思能够是真正的嗎？」

拉柯尼柯又微笑。他立刻看破他們的用意，又曉得他們更逼他往那裏走。他決計同他們挑戰。

他很單簡很客氣的說道，「我所爭辯的並不在此。我卻承認你敷陳我的意思，幾乎是不錯的；你若是喜歡聽的話，我還可以說，也許是很對的。」（他承認這一層，使他幾乎歡樂）不過有點差別，我不曾堅持非常人必定常時破壞道德，這是你的句語。其實我不相信這樣的理論是否能够登報。我不過示意說，一個非常人有權利……不是職守所給他的權利，只是一種內裏的權利，在他自己的良心裏頭，決定跳過……幾種障礙，況且惟有當他要實在履行他的思想時，非做不可，才可以做（有時或者全有利於全數人類）。你說我的論說界限不清；我會盡我的能力說明給你聽。我想你要我解說，很許我想得不錯；很好。我主持一個道理，說開普勒與奈端（Kepler & Newton）若非犧牲一個人的性命，或十二人的性命，或一百人的性命，或更多人的性命，不能發明他們的天文新理，奈端就應有權利，他不能不執行他的權利……除去十二個人或一百人，以使天下人知道他的新發明。我們卻不能推論，說奈端有權利可以左殺一個人，右殺一個人，我們又不能說他有權利可以天天在市上偷東西。我又記得我在論說上又力持我的見解，說全數立法人與人們的領袖，例如李克格（Lycurgus），素倫（Solon），摩訶末，拿破崙等，無一

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and so on, were all without exception criminals, from the very fact that, making a new law, they transgressed the ancient one, handed down from their ancestors and held sacred by the people, and they did not stop short at bloodshed either, if that bloodshed—often of innocent persons fighting bravely in defence of ancient law—were of use to their cause. It's remarkable, in fact, that the majority, indeed, of these benefactors and leaders of humanity were guilty of terrible carnage. In short, I maintain that all great men or even men a little out of the common, that is to say capable of giving some new word, must from their very nature be criminals—more or less, of course. Otherwise it's hard for them to get out of the common rut; and to remain in the common run is what they can't submit to, from their very nature again, and to my mind they ought not, indeed, to submit to it. You see that there is nothing particularly new in all that. The same thing has been printed and read a thousand times before. As for my division of people into ordinary and extraordinary, I acknowledge that it's somewhat arbitrary, but I don't insist upon exact numbers. I only believe in my leading idea that men are *in general* divided by a law of nature into two categories, inferior (ordinary), that is, so to say, material that serves only to reproduce its kind, and men who have the gift or the talent to utter *a new word*. There are, of course, innumerable subdivisions, but the distinguishing features of both categories are fairly well marked. The first category, generally speaking, are men conservative in temperament and law-abiding; they live under control and love to be controlled. To my thinking it is

個不是罪犯，不用說別的，只說他們造一條新律就是違犯舊律，人民所視為神聖不可侵犯的，又是他們祖宗所遺傳下來的，就是舊律，有許多無辜的人們很勇敢的為保護舊法律而奮鬥，這幾個領袖只要殺人而有利於他們，他們就肯殺許多無辜的人。其實大多數所謂人類的恩人們及領袖們，都是犯了可怕的殺人大罪的，這是一件極可注意的事實。我說句簡單話，我堅持凡是大人物或與平常人微有不同的人們，這就是說凡是能夠說句新話的人們，從他們的性情看來，必定是罪犯——自然有或深或淺的分別。如若不然，他們難以走出常軌；他們不能忍受久走常軌，我又從他們的性情看來，他們其實不應忍受。你是明白的，這許多說話並不是特別新鮮的。這樣的議論，從前刊行過一千遍，人民又讀過一千遍。我承認我分人類為平常人與非常人多少有點任意，但是我並不堅持準確的數目。我不過相信我的主要見解，大概而論，自然法律分人類為兩種，下等的（平常的），這就是說這種人不過是傳種的材料，一種有天才或本領，說出一番新道理的人物。其間自然還有無數可以再分的人類，不過那兩種人的面目是很有表記的。說句大概話，第一類的人生來是好保守的，畏法的；他們在束縛之下過活，他們愛受束縛。據

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their duty to be controlled, because that's their vocation,<sup>1</sup> and there is nothing humiliating in it for them. The second category all transgress the law; they are destroyers or disposed to destruction according to their capacities. The crimes of these men are of course relative and varied; for the most part they seek in very varied ways the destruction of the present for the sake of the better. But if such a one is forced for the sake of his idea to step over a corpse or wade through blood, he can, I maintain, find within himself, in his conscience, a sanction for wading through blood—that depends on the idea and its dimensions, note that. It's only in that sense I speak of their right to crime in my article (you remember it began with the legal question). There's no need for much anxiety, however; the masses will scarcely ever admit this right, they punish them or hang them, and in doing so fulfil quite justly their conservative vocation. But the same masses set these criminals on pedestal in the next generation and worship them. The first category is always the man of the present, the second the man of the future. The first preserve the world and people it, the second move the world and lead it to its goal. Each class had an equal right to exist. In fact, all have equal rights with me—till the New Jerusalem, of course!"

"Then you believe in the New Jerusalem, do you?"

"I do," Raskolnikov answered firmly; as he said these words and during the whole preceding tirade<sup>2</sup> he kept his eyes on one spot on the carpet.

"And . . . and do you believe in God? Excuse my curiosity."

<sup>1</sup> vocation, 使命.    <sup>2</sup> tirade, 長議論.



我看來，他們是應該受束縛的，因為他們的使命就是受束縛，他們不覺得有什麼屈辱。第二種人全是犯法的；他們都是破壞家，或各視其才具，意存破壞。這種人物的罪惡自然是相對的，又是各有不同的；他們居多用各種方法，為改良起見，破壞現在。但若這樣的一個人，因為欲行其意，被逼而在一個死屍上走過，或在血渠中涉過，我說他能夠在他的良心裏頭找着涉血渠而過的許可——這全靠他的意思及這個意思的大小，你得注意這一點。我在我的議論中說他們有犯罪的權利，我不過是用這個意義（你記得我的論文原是用法律問題起首的）。但是用不着多所顧慮；衆人不甚會承認這種權利的，他們懲罰他們或絞死他們，他們這種辦法很能公道的履行他們的保守使命。但是到了下一代，衆人卻把這些罪犯供在神座上，崇拜他們。第一類人常是今世的人物，第二類人是將來的主人翁。第一類人保存世界增加人口，第二類人激動世人，領世人達其目的。每一類各有其相等的權利以活於世上。其實我看這兩類的人全有相等的權利——等到新耶路撒冷出現那一天！』

『你相信新耶路撒冷麼？』

拉柯尼柯果決的答道，『我相信；當他說這句話的時候，當他發這篇長議論的時候，他的兩眼只看地毯的一點。

『你相信上帝麼？請你不要怪我好問。』

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"I do," repeated Raskolnikov, raising his eyes to Porfiry.  
"And . . . do you believe in Lazarus' rising from the dead?"

"I . . . I do. Why do you ask all this?"

"You believe it literally?"

"Literally."

"You don't say so. . . . I asked from curiosity. Excuse me. But let us go back to the question; they are not always executed. Some, on the contrary . . ."

"Triumph in their lifetime? Oh, yes, some attain their ends in this life, and then . . ."

"They begin executing other people?"

"If it's necessary; indeed, for the most part they do. Your remark is very witty."

"Thank you. But tell me this: how do you distinguish those extraordinary people from the ordinary ones? Are there signs at their birth? I feel there ought to be more exactitude, more external definition. Excuse the natural anxiety of a practical law-abiding citizen, but couldn't they adopt a special uniform, for instance, couldn't they wear something, be branded in some way? For you know if confusion arises and a member of one category imagines that he belongs to the other, begins to 'eliminate obstacles,' as you so happily expressed it, then . . ."

"Oh, that very often happens! That remark is wittier than the other."

"Thank you."

"No reason to; but take note that the mistake can only arise, in the first category, that is among the ordinary people (as I perhaps unfortunately called them). In spite of their predisposition to obedience very many of

拉柯尼柯答道，「我相信，」他抬頭看頗非利。

「你相信耶穌死而復活麼？」

「我相信。你爲什麼問我這幾句話？」

「你照着字的原意相信麼？」

「我照着字的原意相信。」

「你真是這樣說……我好奇，所以問你。請你勿怪。但我們不如折回那個問題；那些大人物不常是受刑戮的。也有反得……」

「當他們活在世上的時候反得勝利，是不是？是呀，有幾個今生達到目的，隨後……」

「他們起首刑戮別人，是不是？」

「若是必要的話；有好幾個確是刑戮他人的。你的話說得很聰明。」

「我謝你。但是我請你告訴這一層：你怎樣分別誰是非常人誰是平常人？難道他們生下來就有記號麼？我覺得應該有更準確更顯露於外的斷定。我是一個實行的畏法市民，我請你勿怪我的自然的顧慮；譬如說，他們不能用一種特別制服，他們不能穿戴一件東西，不能用什麼東西作表記，以示區別麼？你是曉得的，倘若發生混亂，這一黨的人以爲他屬於那一黨，起首「排除障礙」，有如你所說得那樣輕巧的，豈不是……」

「呀！這是常有的事！你這句話比前一句說得更聰明啦。」

「謝謝你。」

「用不着；但是你得注意，只有第一類人，即是平常人（也許我不幸這樣稱他們）能夠辦錯了。他們雖然天生是服從他人的，其中有許多，由於造化的擲揄，有時見了母牛

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them, through a playfulness of nature, sometimes vouchsafed even to the cow, like to imagine themselves advanced people, 'destroyers,' and to push themselves into the 'new movement,' and this quite sincerely. Meanwhile the really *new* people are very often unobserved by them, or even despised as reactionaries of grovelling tendencies. But I don't think there is any considerable danger here, and you really need not be uneasy for they never go very far. Of course, they might have a thrashing sometimes for letting their fancy run away with them and to teach them their place, but no more; in fact, even this isn't necessary as they castigate<sup>1</sup> themselves, for they are very conscientious: some perform this service for one another and others chastise themselves with their own hands. . . . They will impose various public acts of penitence upon themselves with a beautiful and edifying effect; in fact you've nothing to be uneasy about. . . . It's a law of nature."

"Well, you have certainly set my mind more at rest on that score; but there's another thing worries me. Tell me, please, are there many people who have the right to kill others, these extraordinary people? I am ready to bow down to them, of course, but you must admit it's alarming if there are a great many of them, eh?"

"Oh, you needn't worry about that either," Raskolnikov went on in the same tone. "People with new ideas, people with the faintest capacity for saying something *new*, are extremely few in number, extraordinarily so in fact. . . . One in ten thousand perhaps—I speak roughly,

<sup>1</sup>castigate, 鞭打; 重賞.

也要害怕的。反喜歡自以為有進步的人，自以為「破壞家」，擠入「新舉動」裏頭，（這種人很多。譯者註）還是很出於至誠的。當下真正新人物往往不為他們所注意，有時且被他們所藐視，當新人物為有卑鄙趨勢的反動派。但是我以為其中並無任何大危險，你其實不必煩心，因為他們絕不會進行得很遠的。他們因為胡鬧，有時自然受打擊，受教訓，不要思出其位，也就罷了；其實連這樣的打擊都用不着，因為他們是很有良心的，會重責自己的：有些人互相重責，有些人親自動手重責自己……他們會當眾作種種懺悔舉動以自責，得了很好的與可以示教的效果；其實你不必煩心……這是一條自然法律。」

「好呀，你的確使我對於這件事體很放心；但是還有一件事體使我憂慮。我請你告訴我有殺人權利的非常人。我自然是願意對他們低低的鞠躬，但是你也要承認，倘若世上有很多這樣的人，豈不可怕嗎？」

拉柯尼柯用同樣腔調說道，「呀，你也不必為這件事煩心。有新思想的人，有極微末本事說新話的人原是極小數的，這是很異常的一件事實。也許千中有一（我不過說大概

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approximately—is born with some independence, and with still greater independence one in a hundred thousand. The man of genius is one of millions, and the great geniuses, the crown of humanity, appear on earth perhaps one in many thousand millions. . . . .

“Why, are you both joking?” Razumihin cried at last. “There you sit, making fun of one another. Are you serious, Rodya?”

Raskolnikov raised his pale and almost mournful face and made no reply. And the unconcealed, persistent, nervous, and *discourteous* sarcasm of Porfiry seemed strange to Razumihin beside that quiet and mournful face.

“Well, brother, if you are really serious . . . You are right, of course, in saying that it’s not new, that it’s like what we’ve read and heard a thousand times already; but what is really *original* in all this, and is exclusively your own, to my horror, is that you sanction bloodshed *in the name of conscience*, and, excuse my saying so, with such fanaticism. . . . That, I take it, is the point of your article. But that sanction of bloodshed *by conscience* is to my mind . . . more terrible than the official, legal sanction of bloodshed. . . .”

“You are quite right, it is more terrible,” Porfiry agreed.

“Yes, you must have exaggerated! There is some mistake, I shall read it. You can’t think that! I shall read it.”

“All that is not in the article, there’s only a hint of it,” said Raskolnikov.

“Yes, yes.” Porfiry couldn’t sit still. “Your attitude to crime is pretty clear to me now, but . . . excuse me for my impertinence (I am really ashamed to be worrying

的話)是天生多少好獨立的,其更好獨立的,不過十萬中有一。有天才的人不過百萬中有一,有偉大天才的人,出類拔萃的人,不過幾萬萬中有一個……」

拉素米興到了這個時候說道,「什麼呀,你們兩人在這裏說笑話麼?你們兩人坐在這裏互相開頑笑。洛狄亞,你是說當真的話麼?」

拉柯尼柯高舉他的灰白色與幾乎悲哀的臉,並不答話。頗非利坐在那個安靜而悲哀的臉旁邊,帶着顯露的,不肯罷休的,神經受了激刺的,與無禮的嘲笑,拉素米興看來,覺得很奇怪。

「兄弟,你若是實在認真……原是很好的,你說道並不是新話,你又說這種話如同我們所讀過聽過一千遍的話一般,你自然是對的;但是其中卻有創新的話,這是惟有你自己說過的話,你用良心名義許人殺人,我聽了卻恐怖,況且你是帶着誤會的狂熱說的,請你勿怪我這樣說……我以為這是你的論說的要點。但是許人只憑良心殺人,據我看來,比法權法律許人殺人還要可怕得多……」

頗非利表同意說道,「的確可怕得多,你說得不錯。」

「是呀,你必定說得太過火啦。其中有點錯誤,我要讀這篇論說,你不能作這樣的思想!我要讀這篇論說。」

拉柯尼柯說道,「你所說的話,全不在這篇論說裏頭,其中不過有點暗示罷了。」

頗非利坐不住,說道,「是呀,是呀。我現在頗明白你對於罪惡作什麼態度,但是我請你不要怪我無禮(我這樣麻煩你,我實在覺得很難為情),你須曉得,關於那兩等人互相

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you like this), you see, you've removed my anxiety as to the two grades' getting mixed, but . . . there are various practical possibilities that make me uneasy! What if some man or youth imagines that he is a Lycurgus or Mahomet—a future one, of course—and suppose he begins to remove all obstacles. . . . He has some great enterprise before him and needs money for it . . . and tries to get it . . . do you see?"

Zametov gave a sudden guffaw in his corner. Raskolnikov did not even raise his eyes to him.

"I must admit," he went on calmly, "that such cases certainly must arise. The vain and foolish are particularly apt to fall into that snare; young people especially."

"Yes, you see. Well then?"

"What then?" Raskolnikov smiled in reply; "that's not my fault. So it is and so it always will be. He said just now (he nodded at Razumihin) that I sanction bloodshed. Society is too well protected by prisons, banishment, criminal investigators, penal servitude. There's no need to be uneasy. You have but to catch the thief."

"And what if we do catch him?"

"Then he gets what he deserves."

"You are certainly logical. But what of his conscience?"

"Why do you care about that?"

"Simply from humanity."

"If he has a conscience he will suffer for his mistake. That will be his punishment—as well as the prison."

"But the real geniuses," asked Razumihin frowning, "those who have the right to murder? Oughtn't they to suffer at all even for the blood they've shed?"



混雜，你使我很放心，但……還有多種實行上的可能使我不放心！倘若有一個人或一個少年以爲他自己是一個李克格或摩訶末——自然是將來的一個——譬如他起首挪動全數障礙……他將來要做許多大事，做大事卻是要錢的……譬如他設法取錢……你明白麼？」

沙米托甫（Zametov）從他所躲在的角落裏忽然狂笑。拉柯尼柯並不曾舉目看他。

他安詳的往下說道，「我必要承認必定有這種事發生。輕浮人與糊塗人特別容易陷入網羅；尤其容易還是少年人。」

「是呀，你明白這一層。又怎麼樣呢？」

拉柯尼柯微笑說道，「怎麼樣呀！這不是我的錯。情形是這樣，將來永遠是這樣。（他對拉素米興點頭）他剛才說我許人流血。社會有許多保護，有監牢，有遠貶，有研究刑事犯的人員，有犯罪當苦工的條例做護衛。用不着煩心。你只要捕拏盜賊就完了。」

「我們若拏獲這個賊，又該怎樣呢？」

「他就該受他所該受的刑法。」

「你確是很合邏輯的。但是他的良心怎麼樣？」

「你爲什麼要顧良心？」

「我不過是爲人道主義起見。」

「他若有良心，他會爲他的錯誤而受苦的，這就是他的懲罰——監牢也是的。」

拉素米興皺眉說道，「但是真正天才，有殺人權利的人們，怎麼樣？他們不該受殺人的罪麼？」

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"Why the word *ought*? It's not a matter of permission or prohibition. He will suffer if he is sorry for his victim. Pain and suffering are always inevitable for a large intelligence and a deep heart. The really great men must, I think, have great sadness on earth," he added dreamily, not in the tone of the conversation.

He raised his eyes, looked earnestly at them all, smiled, and took his cap. He was too quiet by comparison with his manner at his entrance, and he felt this. Every one got up.

"Well, you may abuse me, be angry with me if you like," Porfiry Petrovitch began again, "but I can't resist. Allow me one little question (I know I am troubling you). There is just one little notion I want to express, simply that I may not forget it."

"Very good, tell me your little notion," Raskolnikov stood waiting, pale and grave before him.

"Well, you see . . . I really don't know how to express it properly. . . . It's a playful, psychological idea. . . . When you were writing your article, surely you couldn't have helped, he-he, fancying yourself . . . just a little, an 'extraordinary' man, uttering a *new word* in your sense. . . . That's so, isn't it?"

"Quite possibly," Raskolnikov answered contemptuously.

Razumihin made a movement.

"And, if so, could you bring yourself in case of worldly difficulties and hardship or for some service to humanity—to overstep obstacles? . . . For instance, to rob and murder?"

And again he winked with his left eye, and laughed noiselessly just as before.

『爲什麼用『該』字。這不是或許或禁的事。他若可惜他的犧牲，他就會受罪的。凡是一個識大心深的人，痛苦常是免不了的（所謂悲天憫人。譯者註），我看凡是真正大人物，在世上必有很大的傷悲，』他說這句話的時候，如同在夢中說的，不是會談的腔調。

他舉目很鄭重的看他們，微笑，拿他的小帽。他覺得他比他初進來的時候安靜得多。人人都站起來。

顏菲利·顏特洛維又說道，『你若喜歡，你只管罵我，你只管對我生氣，我卻不能不說，你讓我問一句不要緊的話（我曉得我麻煩你）。我只有一個不要緊的意思要發表，我不過要記這個意思。』

拉柯尼柯站在他面前等，臉色是死白的，又是嚴肅的。『很好，請你把你的不要緊意思告訴我。』

『好嗎，你看呀，……我其實不曉得怎樣把我的意思發表清楚……這是一個好頑的，心理學的意思……當你寫你那篇論說的時候，嘻嘻，你決不能不稍微以你自己爲一個非常人，發表你意中所謂新道理……是不是？』

拉柯尼柯帶着藐視神氣答道，『很有可能的。』

拉素米興動一動。

『若是這樣，遇有世上爲難及痛苦或要爲人類做事的時候——你不能挺身出來跳過那許多障礙麼？……譬如說，謀財與殺人麼？』

他又瞬他的左眼，如同剛才那樣放聲大笑。

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"If I did I certainly should not tell you," Raskolnikov answered with defiant and haughty contempt.

"No, I was only interested on account of your article, from a literary point of view . . ."

"Foo, how obvious and insolent that is," Raskolnikov thought with repulsion.

"Allow me to observe," he answered drily, "that I don't consider myself a Mahomet or a Napoleon, nor any personage of that kind, and not being one of them I cannot tell you how I should act."

"Oh, come, don't we all think ourselves Napoleons now in Russia?" Porfiry Petrovitch said with alarming familiarity.

Something peculiar betrayed itself in the very intonation of his voice.

"Perhaps it was one of these future Napoleons who did for Alyona Ivanovna last week?" Zametov blurted out from the corner.

Raskolnikov did not speak, but looked firmly and intently at Porfiry. Razumihin was scowling gloomily. He seemed before this to be noticing something. He looked angrily around. There was a minute of gloomy silence. Raskolnikov turned to go.

"Are you going already?" Porfiry said amiably, holding out his hand with excessive politeness. "Very, very glad of your acquaintance. As for your request, have no uneasiness, write just as I told you, or, better still, come to me there yourself in a day or two . . . to-morrow, indeed. I shall be there at eleven o'clock for certain. We'll arrange it all; we'll have a talk. As one of the last to be

拉柯尼柯帶着挑戰的與驕蹇的藐視神色答道，「我若有過這樣的事，我決不告訴你。」

「不是的，我不過從文學的觀點，我不過因為你的論說而注意……」

拉柯尼柯心裏很討厭的想道，「嗨，這是多麼顯現與無禮呀。」

他冷冷的答道，「我得說明，我並不以我自己為一個摩訶末或一個拿破崙，我並不以我自己為任何這樣的人物，我既不是這樣的人物，我就不能告訴你我會怎樣做。」

頗非利·頗特洛維帶着令人恐怖的親熱，說道，「來，來，現時在俄羅斯的人們不是全以自己為拿破崙麼？」

他的聲音的腔調顯然流露多少特別意思。

沙米托甫（他是警察局祕書。譯者註）從角落裏突如其來的說道，「上個星期殺阿利安納·伊万諾瓦的，就許是一個將來的拿破崙。」

拉柯尼柯不說話，只是很堅決很留心看頗非利。拉素米興很憂悶的皺眉，他剛才好像注意什麼東西。他很生氣的四面看看。他們有一分鐘很沉悶的不響。拉柯尼柯掉過身子要走。

頗非利帶着過火的客氣，伸出一隻手，很和氣的說道，「你要走麼？我很喜歡同你認識。至於你所托的事（這是指當與老婆子的東西。譯者註），你只管放心，你只要照着我所告訴你的話寫，最好莫如你一兩天內……或明天你親自到那裏會我。十一點鐘我必定在那裏。我們將布置一切；我們將談談。你是最後一個到那裏，你許能夠告訴我們幾件

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*there*, you might perhaps be able to tell us something," he added with a most good-natured expression.

"You want to cross-examine me officially in due form?" Raskolnikov asked sharply.

"Oh, why? That's not necessary for the present. You misunderstand me. I lose no opportunity, you see, and . . . I've talked with all who had pledges. . . . I obtained evidence from some of them, and you are the last. . . ."

. . . . .

事，」他的說話神色是最和氣的。

拉柯尼柯很尖利的問道，「你要正式審問我麼？」

「這是爲什麼？現在還不必。你誤會我。你曉得我趁着機會……同當東西的人們談過……我從他們得着多少證據，你是最後一個……」〔他忽然好像很高興對拉素米興說兩句話，隨後又問拉柯尼柯登樓是否在七點鐘後。他答稱是的。頗非利又問他曾否看見幾個油漆匠。他答稱不會看見，只記得有人抬榻床出去。他們於是散了。後來律師又用心理學審問拉柯尼柯，居然證實他殺人。當時卻並不拘拏他，又不怕他逃走，卻要他自己出首供認。後來拉柯尼柯果然自己招認阿利安納·伊万諾瓦及她的妹妹全是他殺的。於是解他往西比利亞作苦工七年，素尼亞在那裏伺候他七年，以爲是她的最歡樂日子。譯者註。〕

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