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THE FIELD OF OLIVES

by GUY DE MAUPASSANT

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THE FIELD OF OLIVES

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I

When the men of Garandou, a little Provençal seaport at the end of the Bay of Pisca, between Marseilles and Toulon, made out the Abbe Vilbois boat returning from fishing, they went down to the shore to help in hauling her up.

The Abbé was alone, and, in spite of his fifty-eight years, he pulled at the oars with uncommon energy, like an able seaman. With his sleeves rolled over his muscular arms, with his cassock turned up and held in place by his knees, and partly unbuttoned at the chest, with his three-cornered hat lying on the seat by his side, and wearing instead a cork helmet covered with white cloth, he looked like a robust and exceptional priest in a tropical land, a man more suited for adventure than for saying mass.

From time to time he glanced behind him to make certain of the landing point, then recommenced pulling with a rythmical, powerful steady stroke, to show those inferior sailors of the South once more how the men of the North can handle the oars.

The boat, keeping her way to the last, run up the shore as if she meant to climb the sands, ploughing a furrow with her keel; then she stopped short, and the five men who had been watching the Abbé's arrival, drew near, looking pleased, appreciative, and full of good-will toward their priest.

格蘭陶是比斯開海灣上普羅文斯地方的一個小海口，地當馬賽與土倫之間。當地的漁夫，看見維爾坡教士捕魚的小船來了，大家都到岸上幫他把船拖起。

船上只教士一人，他雖然是年已五十八歲了，但划起船來仍孔武有力，和一個強壯的水手一樣。他兩袖捲起，露出健碩的手臂，法衣曳起用兩膝夾住，胸口敞開一部分，頭上戴着外覆白布的軟木帽，本來的三角法帽却擱置在身旁；看上去真像一個熱帶地方壯健而特別的教士，比較地適於探險，而不宜祈禱。

他不時回轉身來看看那裏是可以登岸的地方，隨又用力把槳悠然地打着水，好像要在無能的南方水手之前，再接再厲誇示北方人打槳的技能。

小船始終向着岸邊筆直地駛去，好像要爬上沙灘，那船底在沙上犁出一條溝來；於是船便停止了，那時候，岸上有等着教士的五個人，就迎上前去，他們不但高興，而且尊重，對於這位教士有滿懷的好意。

“Well,” said one, with his strong Provencal accent, “have you had a good catch, monsieur le curé?”

The Abbé Vilbois stowed his oars, changed his helmet for the three-cornered hat, turned down his sleeves, and buttoned up his cassock; then, having resumed the appearance and bearing of a village minister, he replied proudly:

“Yes, yes, excellent—three loups, two murènes and some girelles.”

The five fishermen went up to the boat, they leant over the gunwale, and with the air of connoisseurs examined the dead creatures, the fat louns, the flat-headed murènes, hideous serpents of the sea, and the violet girelles, streaked with zigzag, golden orange-coloured stripes.

One of the men said:

“I will carry them for you, monsieur le curé.”

“Thank you, my boy.”

The priest shook hands all round, started off, followed by the one man, leaving the others occupied with his boat.

He took long, slow strides, with an air of strength and dignity. He was still warm from having rowed with so much vigour; in passing under the light shade of the olive trees he took off his hat now and then to expose, to the sultry evening air cooled a little by a slight breeze, his square forehead of an officer rather than of a

『喂，』其中一人用普羅文斯(註一)的語調說，『教士先生，這次你發了利市麼？』

維爾坡教士收起雙槳，除下窄邊帽，換上了三角帽，放下袖子，扣起法衣；這纔恢復了鄉村教士的身分，他於是得意的答道：

『很好，很好，——三尾 loup，兩尾海縵，還有幾尾 girelles。』

五個漁夫走上船去，身子靠着船舷，像鑒賞家似的觀察那已死的魚類；loup 身子很肥；murens 頭部平扁，像海中怕人的大蛇；girelles 周身發紫，滿是橙黃色的鋸齒形的條紋。

其中有一個說：

『教士先生，我來給你拿罷。』

『好孩子，謝謝你。』

教士和大家都握過手，便動身走了，一個漁夫拿着魚跟着他，其餘的留在那裏照顧他的船。

他大踏步慢慢地走去，有一種堅毅莊嚴的神氣。他因為划船太用力，這時還覺得熱；所以走過橄欖園的樹蔭時，他便除下帽子，讓他四方的前額不時露出，在那微風吹

priest. The village came into sight, on a rising knoll, in the middle of a broad open valley sloping towards the sea.

It was a July evening. The dazzling sun, nearly touching the jagged crest of the distant hills, cast the interminable shadow of the priest slantingly over the white road that was buried under a shroud of dust. An enormous three-cornered hat went along in the neighbouring field, like a large sombre blotch, that seemed to play at climbing nimbly on to all the trunks of the olive tree that it met, to fall again immediately and creep along the ground.

From under the feet of the Abbé Vilbois a cloud of fine dust, of that impalpable flour-like powder with which the provencal roads are covered in summer, rose up like smoke around his cassock, veiled it and shaded its hem with a grey tint, which, by degrees, grew lighter and lighter. He went along, refreshed now, with his hands in his pockets and the slow and powerful gait of a mountaineer making an ascent. His tranquil eyes looked at the village, his village, where he had been priest for twenty years—the village chosen by him, obtained by great favour, and where he counted on dying. The church—his church—crowned the large cone of houses packed closely together with its two unequal and square towers

過已經稍稍減殺的傍晚的鬱熱中，從這前額看去，他是個軍人而非僧侶。他這樣走去，村莊便在望了，是在一個隆起的高墩上，四圍是一座向海面傾斜廣闊的谿谷。

這時正當七月的傍晚，耀目的太陽差不多要碰着遠處起伏的山頂，把教士無限的長影斜斜地在那塵埃披滿的白色的大道上。他的三角帽子變得非常大，落在近旁的田野中，好像一大塊的墨跡，碰到一株橄欖樹，便疾速地爬過所有的樹梢，隨又立即落在地上，蠕行向前了。

維爾坡教士的足下起了一陣像麵粉般的無從感觸的細末，如煙的上升繞着他的法衣，又漸漸地遮住了法衣，把衣邊都染成灰色，這灰色更逐漸地淡下去。這是因為當地的道路，在夏季裏總是滿布着這樣的粉末。他向前走去，兩手插在袋裏，現在精神已經恢復了；那山裏人慢而有力的步法登上山去。他凝靜的目光注視着村莊，他的村莊，他於此卓錫有二十年了——這村莊是他自己選定的，由於一種特別的恩寵，才落到他手裏，他還打算靠着終老的。那所教堂——他的教堂——的兩座方塔，是用褐色的石塊築成的，不過大小不同。村上的居戶如大圓錐形似的緊聚着，兩塔便聳峙在圓錐的頂點，向着美麗的南谷。實在，

of brown stone, that raised, in this beautiful southern valley, their ancient silhouettes, more like turrets of a strong castle than belfries of a sacred edifice.

The Abbé felt pleased, for he had caught three loupes, two murènes, and some girelles.

He would have this fresh little triumph amongst his parishioners—he whom they esteemed above all, perhaps because he was, in spite of his age, the most muscular man in the neighbourhood. Those slight, innocent vanities were his greatest pleasure. He could cut the stem of flowers in two with a pistol shot, he fenced sometimes with his neighbour the tobacconist, an old regimental fencing master, and he could swim better than anyone on that coast.

He has once been a man of the world, well known and very elegant—the Baron Vilbois, who had taken orders at thirty-two, after an unfortunate love affair.

Descended from an old Picardian royalist and religious family, who, for several generations, had given their sons to the army, to the bench, or to the church, he had thought at first of following his mother's advice and taking orders; then, at the instance of his father, he had decided to go simply to Paris, to take his degree and afterwards to devote himself seriously to the law.

But while he was finishing his studies, his

這兩座古塔的側面的輪廓，倒很像堡砦的堞樓，說是寺院的鐘樓，似乎有些不像呢。

教士因為捉到了三尾 loups，兩尾 murenes，幾尾 girrelles，心裏覺得很高興。

他在教區中很得法，一般人尊敬他，這似乎無關他的年齡，大概因為他是鄰近最有膂力的人。他很想把今天的小勝利，向區民誇耀。這微細的純粹的虛榮觀念，使他非常得意。他能用手鎗擊斷花枝；他有一個鄰居，是烟草商人，曾在軍營中當過劍師，他有時常與之比劍；此外，他還能游泳，在這海岸上，比什麼人都強。

他從前本也是個有名的人物，風流倜儻，所謂維爾坡男爵就是他；三十二歲那年，他遇到一個戀愛的悲劇，從此看破紅塵，做了教士。

他的祖先本是披加爾特地方的王黨。他的家庭富於宗教的感情，歷來，有的做軍人，有的做法官或教士。他最初，曾想聽從母親的教訓去做教士；不過後來，他又依了父親的先例，決定到巴黎學法律，要在獲得學位以後，再投身法界。

但是，他方才畢業，他的父親因為在沼澤中打了一天

father succumbed to pneumonia after a day's shooting in the fens, and his mother, overcome with grief, died shortly afterwards. Then, having suddenly inherited a large fortune, he gave up the idea of making any kind of career, in order to enjoy the life of a rich man.

Being a handsome youth, and intelligent, although his mind was confined by beliefs, traditions and principles hereditary like his muscles of the Picardian squire, he pleased people; he was a success in good society, and enjoyed the life of a high-principled, wealthy, and esteemed young man.

But it happened that, after some meetings at a friend's house, he fell in love with a young actress, quite a young pupil from Conservatoire, who had made a brilliant début at the Odéon.

He fell in love with her with all the violence, with all the passion, of a man born to believe in absolute ideas. He fell in love with her, seeing her through the romantic part in which she had obtained her great success the first time she appeared before the public.

She was pretty, naturally perverse, with the air of a naive child, which he called the air of an angel. She knew to conquer him completely, how to make of him one of those raving madmen, one of those lunatics that a single glance or a fluttering skirt of a woman kindles into flame on the pile of mortal passions. He took her as his

獵，肺病猝發，便死去了；他的母親悲傷過度，不久也就去世。他突然間繼承了大宗遺產；他爲了享樂富人的生活，便把從前的壯志，都拋棄得乾乾淨淨。

他少年英俊，不過他的頭腦却像披加爾特紳士們的一樣局限於傳統的信仰中，但是他很得人們的愛敬。他在上流社會中佔了地位，他帶着高尚的理想，過那有錢青年的快樂的生活。

但是，這時候，有一個新自伶工學校出來的女伶，在巴黎奧迪安劇院初次出演，很受歡迎；他自和她在友人的家中見過數次，便不禁鍾情於她了。

他好像生來就相信絕對的觀念，竭他情熱的全量去戀愛她。他自從看見她初次出演，扮演浪漫的角色，博得極大的成功，他就墮入愛河之中了。

她容貌很美，生性倔強，却有孩子的天真，這天真被他稱爲天仙的風度。她知道怎樣去制服他，使他成爲那些狂人中的一個，只須見了女子眼睛的一瞥或衣角的一飄，便會心神向往，在熱情堆上燃起火炬。因此，便把他當作她情人，使她離去舞台，他熱烈的愛她，感情一天天地濃厚有四年之久，真的，他情願丟開他的聲名和他家庭世襲

mistress, made her leave the stage, and loved her for four years, with continually increasing ardour. Certainly, in spite of his name and the honourable traditions of his family, he would have ended by marrying her, if he had not discovered one day that she had been deceiving him for a long time, with the friend who had introduced him to her.

The drama was all the more terrible in that she was enceinte, and he was awaiting the birth of the child to make up his mind about the marriage.

When he held in his hands the proofs (some letters he had discovered in a drawer), he reproached her for her unfaithfulness, her perfidy, and her ignominy, with all his half savage brutality.

But she, impudent and audacious, as certain of the one man as of the other, a child of the people that erect barricades, braved and insulted his anger; and when he was on the point of giving way to his fury, she cried:

“Don’t kill me. The child is not yours, it’s his.”

This arrested him; and she, afraid at last of the death which she saw coming from the glance and terrifying gestures of that man, repeated:

“It isn’t yours. It’s his.”

He murmured with clenched teeth, thunder-struck:

“The child.”

“Yes.”

“You lie.”

的榮譽，與她正式結婚，要不是他因為一天，他發覺她私通一個介紹給他的朋友，並且瞞着他已經長久了。

不過這齣劇，還要演得更可怕，因為她已懷孕了，他呢，正在等着孩子生下來，好決定究竟和她結婚否。

當他抓住些憑據(是他在抽屜裏發現的幾封信)，他便使着半野蠻的性子，嚴厲的責她不貞，不信，卑鄙無恥。

但是她也老臉大胆，知道維爾坡是和那一個男人同樣的愛她，便築起壁壘，存心要去惹起維爾坡的憤怒。在他發作得正是厲害的時候，她大聲喊道：

『不要殺害我。這孩子是他的，不是你的！』

這把他堵得閉口無言。但她畢竟覺到從他的眼光和可怕的舉動中，死神也許快要降臨了，她害怕起來，便重複着說：

『這是他的，不是你的！』

他如同受了雷擊，囁囁地咬緊着牙關說：

『是說孩子麼？』

『是的。』

『你說誑了！』

他不能相信這句話；他依舊保持着威嚇的樣子。她為

He could not believe it. And before the persistent menace of his aspect she made a last effort to save her life.

“I tell you it is his. Think how long we have been living together! You would have been a father before now.”

This argument struck him as being like truth itself. In one of those flashes of thought, when so many arguments appear at the same time with illuminating clearness, precise, irrefutable, conclusive, and irresistible, he was convinced; he was sure that he could not be the father of that unborn, miserable offspring of a prostitute; and, suddenly relieved, set free, and almost appeased, he gave up all thought of killing this infamous creature.

He said in a calmer voice:

“Get up, be off, and don't let me ever see you again,”

She obeyed. She was vanquished, and went away.

He never saw her again.

He, for his part, went away also. He went towards the south, towards the sun, and stopped in a village, in the middle of a valley, by the side of the Mediterranean. The appearance of a little inn, with a view of the sea, pleased him; he took a room in it and resolved to stay. He lived there with the preying memory of the treacherous woman, of her charm, her atmosphere, her indescribable sorcery, her presence, and her caresses.

保全自己的生命，做最後的努力。

『我明白的告你，這孩子是他的。你要知道，我和他的往來已是很長久了！你要是好做父親的話，怎會遲到現在呢！』

她的爭辯使他信爲事實。他在同時出現的許多明晰真確的理由中取得了信任。他知道自己決不能做一個娼妓未出世而就可憐的兒子的父親；他的心忽地靜了下來，他覺得一無牽掛，他放棄了殺害這個不名譽的人的心思。

他鎮靜的說：

『去罷，不要使我再看見你。』

她依了他的話。她得着勝利走了。

從此以後，他就不再看見她。

他上南方溫暖的地方去，到了地中海畔，山谷中的一個小村。那村上有一個旅館，舉目就可以望見海景，他覺得很愜意，便借定房間，住了下來。他悲哀絕望的獨自居住，他時時想到那淫婦的姿態儀容，想到她不可言說的媚術，她的豐神，她的擁抱，覺得非常的苦痛。

他遊遍了普羅文斯山谷；他常閒步橄欖園中，一縷縷的陽光透射着灰綠色的橄欖樹葉；他時時覺得有一種思想

He wandered about the Provencal valleys, walking in the sunlight that fell sifting through the grayish leaves of the olive trees, haunted by his one thought, brain-sick and weary.

But his old pious ideas, his first faith (its ardour a little cooled) returned very gently to his heart in this dolorous solitude. Religion, which had appeared to him before like the abandonment of an unknown world, appeared to him now like a refuge from a life full of deceit and torture. He had preserved that habit of prayer. In his grief he took refuge in that, and he often went, in the twilight, to kneel down in the shadowy church, where the speck of light sparkled from the lamp, alone at the end of the choir, sacred guardian of the sanctuary and symbol of the divine presence.

He dared to confide his trouble to God; to his God; and he told Him of all his wretchedness. He asked Him for advice, pity, help, protection, and consolation; and each time he put more feeling into his prayers, which he repeated every day with an increasing fervour.

His bruised heart, eaten up by the love for a woman, remained open and throbbing, always desirous of tenderness; and little by little, by dint of praying, by living like a hermit with growing habits of piety, by abandoning himself to the secret communication of devout souls with the

纏繞他；他頭痛極了，他厭疲極了。

這樣，他舊時虔誠的觀念，從前的信心，（是業已冷淡了的，）當此孤寂無告的時候，便漸次在他胸中熱了起來。以前宗教對於他好像一個未知的世界，儘可以捨棄，絲毫不在他的意中；到了今日，却變成滿是虛偽和冷酷的人生的避難地了。他向來就保持着禱告的習慣。他每當悲哀縈心，常乘着晨昏陽光朦朧，獨自走到暗澹的禮拜堂去，跪下來禱告。禮拜堂中毫無聲息，只有那在經台上的聖燈的幾道微光，表示神明的照臨。

他把自己的苦痛都披露給上帝；他的上帝；他向上帝懺悔自己的罪惡。他請求上帝訓戒他，扶助他，給他同情和慰安，他的禱辭，一次次的熱烈。他天天祈禱！他的信心也天天增加。

他受傷的心，被女子的愛所侵蝕的心，是依舊展開，不住地跳動，他不住地尋求溫存。到了後來，由於祈禱；由於遁世隱居的生活而增加了信心；由於虔敬的靈魂與救世主的神秘的交通，獲得了上帝的慰安，獲得了上帝的庇護寬恕；結果維爾坡對於上帝的玄秘的敬愛，漸漸消除他靈魂中的熱情了。

Saviour who consoles and enshrouds the wretched sinner, the mystical love for God took possession of his soul and drove away the other passion.

Then he resumed his early plans, and decided to offer to the Church a shattered life which he had been so near giving her with its purity intact.

He was ordained a priest. Using the influence of his family and his high connections, he got himself appointed to serve in this poor village-parish in Provence, where chance had thrown him at first; having given away a great part of his wealth to charity, he kept only as much as would allow him to remain useful and helpful to the poor until his death; and he took refuge in a tranquil existence of pious practices and devotion to his fellow beings.

He made a worthy priest, with narrow views, a kind of religious guide with a soldier's temperament, a guide of the Church who masterfully leads into the straight road erring, blind humanity, lost in this forest of life, where all our instincts, our tastes, our desires are tracks that direct us astray. But much of the man of another time remained alive in him. He did not lose his love of violent exercise, active sports, and fencing; and he dreaded women, all of them, with the fear of a child before a mysterious danger.

他重抱初時的計劃，決定把他已被毀壞的生命，供宗教的驅使，雖然，先前是幾乎要純潔無偽奉獻給她的。

他於是做了教士。他利用家族和上流交際的力量，獲得了他初時暫住，後來才自己選定的普羅文斯省貧苦的教區。他把自己的財產，大部都散棄了作慈善的事業；他只留下一點，好在生時資助貧人。他隱遁於甯靜的生活，獻身給他的同胞。

他成爲令人尊敬的教士；他抱着狹隘的見解；他是一個具有武人氣質的宗教家；本能，嗜好，和欲望常易使人迷惑於人生的路上，他却以宗教的正道指示錯誤盲目的人。但是在他的內心，畢竟殘留先前的遺跡。他本來愛好強烈的運動，活潑的競技和擊劍，現在依然是如此；只是對於女人，一切女人，他常覺得可怕，就像兒童畏懼神妙難測的危險。

II

The sailor who followed the priest had on the tip of his tongue all the southerner's desire to talk. He was afraid to, for the Abbé cast a spell of respect over his flock. At last he hazarded:

"Well, does your little bastide please you, monsieur le curé?"

This little place was one of those microscopic houses where the Provençals settle down in summer for a change from town and village. The Abbé had hired this tiny dwelling in a field, five minutes' walk from the vicarage (which was too small and confined), in the centre of the parish, close to the church.

He did not live in the bastide continuously even in summer, he only went there for a few days, now and again, to breathe freely in the midst of the fields and to do some pistol practice.

"Yes, my friend," said the priest, "I like being there."

Built amongst trees, the low pink-painted dwelling came into sight. Striped, welted, and cut into little pieces by the branches and leaves of the olive trees, with which the unenclosed field was planted, the little place seemed to have sprung up like a Provençal mushroom.

A tall woman was to be seen passing many

二

漁夫隨在教士的後面，像有什麼話要說似的；但是因爲教士對他把尊嚴的眼光瞟了一下，他有些怕，不敢說了。不過到了後來，他畢竟拚着危險道：

『教士先生，那所小屋可適意麼？』

這小屋，本是普羅文斯人造來避暑的許多小屋中間的一所，在田野中，離他在教區中心貼近教堂的那所教士住宅，只不過五分鐘的路程。他因爲那所住宅太狹隘，便借了這間小房子。

實在，就是在夏天，他也不常住在小屋，他只是每隔兩三天來一次，在田野中吸吸空氣，練習手鎗。

『正是，朋友，』教士說，『我很喜歡住在那裏。』

這時候，那所埋在黃綠叢中，紅而低矮的房子已經在望了，不過它被橄欖樹的枝葉遮着，只露出零零碎碎的屋角。房子四圍是並無遮圍的橄欖園，在此綠樹叢中。就像普羅文斯地方突然生在地上的菌蕈。

有一個長身女子在小屋門口來往好多次，預備着晚膳。

times before the door, preparing a little table for dinner. She laid with methodical deliberation a solitary knife and fork, a plate, a serviette, a piece of bread, a glass. She wore a little Arlésienne cap, peaked up with black silk velvet, with a mushroom-like crown of white muslin.

When the Abbé was within earshot, he called out to her:

“Hey, Marguerite!”

She paused to look up, and recognized her master.

“Té! Here you are, monsieur le curé?”

“Yes. I have brought you a good catch; go and cook this loup immediately, in butter, nothing but butter, melted butter, d’ you hear?”

The servant approaching them examined, with the eye of a connoisseur, the fish which the sailor carried.

“But we have already got a boiled fowl,” she said.

“That can’t be helped. Fish a day old is nothing to fish that is fresh from the water. I will have a little feast, it does not happen too often, and besides the sin is not a great one.”

The woman picked out the loup, and as she was going away carrying it, she turned back.

。小桌上陳列一副刀叉，一隻盆子，一塊飯巾，一塊麵包，一個玻璃杯。她布置的時候輕便捷巧。她頭上戴着亞魯爾人的帽子，綴有黑色的絲絨，頂上是一個白毛絲綸的結子，正像一朵菌蕈。

教士等到走近了耳力聽得見的地方，便喊她道：

『喂，馬格俐！』

她聽見呼聲，停止工作，抬頭一望，立刻認識是她的主人。

『哦，教士先生！你回來了！』

『正是，我今天捕了好幾尾魚呢。快去把這尾 loup 燒了，用奶油烹調，不要再用別的東西，奶油要用已溶化的，聽見麼？』

她走近前來，像鑑賞家似的揣摩漁夫手上拿着的魚。

『可是今天我已做好一隻燉鷄了，』她說。

『那也可以不必管。你得知魚過了夜，便和新自水中捕得的，味道大不相同呢。我今天想舉行一個小宴會，這也是不常有的，並且就說起造孽的話，這也還不能算是很厲害。』

下女選好了魚，正待轉身走，忽然又回來；

“Oh! A man has been here three times to see you, sir!”

He asked with indifference:

“A man! What sort of a man?”

“A fellow that’s not much good.”

“What! A beggar?”

“Perhaps, yes, I can’t say. I should rather think an evil-doer—a maoufatan.”

The Abbé Vilbois laughed at this Provençal word, which signified a malefactor and a tramp, for he knew of Marguerite’s timid disposition; whenever she stayed in the lonely bastide, she would imagine all day long, and above all at night, that they were going to be murdered.

He gave some coppers to the fisherman, who went off; and then, having retained all the careful habits and customs of his previous life, he was saying: “I will go and wash my face and hand,” when Marguerite from the kitchen, where she was already scraping the fish, whose scales came off a little besmeared with blood, like infinitesimal silver sequins, called out:

“Look—here he is.”

The Abbé turned to look along the road, and saw a man, who appeared in the distance to be very poorly clad, coming slowly towards the house. He waited, still smiling over his servant’s terror,

『哦！先生，有一個男人到此地來看你三次了！』

他漫不在意的問：

『一個男人！是怎樣的一個人！』

『看上去好像不大正經的。』

『什麼！可是乞丐麼？』

『也許是的，但我不知道。據我想來，大概是一個不幹好事的——一個惡漢。』

維爾坡聽到了這個普羅文斯的流氓惡徒的粗話，不禁笑了起來，因為他知道馬格侖膽子很小，平常獨居小屋，總是見神疑鬼，尤以到了夜間，生怕有人去加害她和主人。

他掏出幾個銅幣，打發漁夫走了。他從前事事細心的習慣，現在還保存着。他說道：『我要洗一洗手和臉，』這時，馬格侖正從廚下出來；她已把魚鱗刮去了，鱗色很白像威尼斯的小銀幣，不過上面帶着一點血腥。她喊道：

『請看——他又來了！』

教士於是回身向路上望去，看見有一個人正對自己的房子緩步走來，距離很遠，衣服看去非常襤褸。他等候着，還在笑下女的懦怯膽小，他想，『真的，她說得不錯，

and thinking: "Really, I believe she is right, he certainly looks like a maoufatan."

The stranger came near, without hurrying himself, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the priest. He was young, with a long, fair curly beard; locks of hair waved about under his soft felt hat dirty and knocked about that no one would have been able to guess its original colour and shape. He wore a long,—maroon overcoat, a pair of trousers frayed at the ankles, and shoes of plaited grass, called espadrills, which gave him a soft, suspicious, almost silent gait, the inaudible step of a prowler.

When a few strides away from the priest, he took off the ragged felt hat that screened his brow, baring to view, with rather a theatrical air, a crapulous, worn, good-looking face, a head with a bald patch on the top, a sign of privation or precocious debauch, for this man certainly did not look more than five-and-twenty.

The priest also took off his hat, feeling instinctively that this fellow was no ordinary vagabond, no casual, on labourer out of work, or habitual criminal on the tramp between two terms of imprisonment, speaking nothing but the mysterious slang of the jails.

"Good day, monsieur le curé," said the man. The priest answered simply, "Good day to you" —not wishing to address this suspiciously ragged person as "Monsieur." They looked at one another

這人看上去的確像個惡漢。』

那人從容不迫地走近來了，兩手插在袋內，兩眼望着教士。他正在壯年，鬍鬚長而鬚曲，頗為美觀；他的頭髮飄在呢帽外，髒得辨不清原來是什麼顏色，什麼形狀。他身上着了一件長的栗色外衣，袴腳已經破了；登着一雙草鞋，走起路來，毫無聲息；偷偷掩掩，像個潛巡暗伺的人。

後來，愈走愈近，等到了相離不過數步的時候，他除下掩至眉際的破呢帽，態度很不自然。他面目美好，可惜已因為縱酒而衰頹，並且頭上露出禿頂，表示他是貧乏困苦或是早就荒唐；因為論起年齡，他真還不過二十五歲呢。

教士也除去了帽子。他本能地覺得這人決不像普通的流氓，也不是窮無所歸或失業的工人，更不像一個犯人，滿嘴都是監獄的切口，乘尚未入獄前，到各處來浪游。

『教士先生，你好，』那人說。但是教士只回答『你好』——他不願對這形跡可疑的窮漢說『先生』。他們倆目不轉睛的互視着，在這流氓的目光下，維爾坡教士，覺得非常不安，就像遇見一個不相識的仇人。他異樣地憂慮，

fixedly, and the abbé Vilbois, under the gaze of this tramp, felt uneasy and agitated, as though face to face with an unknown enemy; invaded by one of those strange anxieties which creep with shudders through flesh and blood.

At last the vagabond answered:

“Well, d’ you know me?”

The priest answered, very astonished:

“I? Not in the least: I don’t know in the least.”

“Ah, not in the least. Take another good look at me.”

“It’s no use by looking at you, I am sure I’ve never seen you in my life.”

“That’s true enough.” replied the other, ironically, “but I will show you some one that you’ll know better”

He put on his hat again and unbuttoned his overcoat. His chest was bare underneath. Around his thin stomach a red belt kept his trousers up over his hips.

He took an envelope out of his pocket; one of those amazing envelopes, stained, marbled with every possible blotch; one of those envelopes produced out of the coat linings of wandering scoundrels, together with some sort of papers, either stolen or genuine, the precious upholders of liberty against any gendarme. He drew out a photograph, a carte-de-visite, an old-fashioned portrait gone yellow, rubbed and much worn, warmed in the contact with the man’s flesh, and dimmed by the heat of his body.

一種戰慄在潛入他的血肉間。

後來，那流氓開口了：

『喂，你認識我麼？』

教士好生訝異，答道：

『我麼？一點也不，我一點也不認識你！』

『哦，一點也不！那末請你再仔細看一看。』

『這有什麼用呢，我從來沒有看見過你。』

『你這話不錯，』那人嘲笑地回答，『但是我可以給你看看你比較相識的那個人。』

他重把帽子戴上，解開外衣，露出他不穿襯衣的胸部，有一條紅色的帶子圍着他瘦小的腰身，把袴子繫住。

他從袋中拿出一個信封：這是一般流氓常從衣袋裏拿出來的信封之一，也是一種可異的信封，信封上面髒得一踢糊塗。他取出的時候，夾着許多紙片，這是他自己的或竊來的，雖然不得而知；但是意在保護他的自由，好不受警憲的侵害，却是十分無疑的。接着他就拿出像名片大小的一張相片來。這是一個舊式的肖像，顏色轉黃，四角也擦破了，又因為貼身藏着，受了體溫的燻烘，面目模糊不辨了。

Then, holding it up on a level with his face, he asked:

“And this one here, do you know him?”

The Abbé took two steps forward to see it better, and stood there growing pale, astounded, for it was his very own portrait given to *her* in the remote time of their love.

He said nothing, not understanding.

The vagabond repeated:

“D’ you know him—this one?”

The priest stammered:

“Yes, of course.”

“Who is it?”

“It’s myself.”

“Is it really you?”

“Of course.”

“Well then, look at us—look at both of us now: look at your portrait and look at me.”

He had seen it already, the wretched man. He had seen that these two beings, the one on the card and the one who grinned beside it, resembled each other like two brothers; but he did not yet understand it all, and he faltered,

“What do you want with me in any case?”

Then replied the scoundrel, in a wicked

他把相片舉到與面部相平的地位，問道：

『我不知道這個人，你可認識麼？』

教士爲着看得清楚些，走近兩步；他看了之後，不禁目瞪口呆，面色蒼白，因爲這正是他許久以前贈給他的情婦的像片，

他呆立不響，不曉得如何是好。

流氓又說：

『你可認識他麼；——這個人？』

教士啞啞地說道：

『自然認識。』

『那末是誰呢？』

『是我自己！』

『真的就是你麼？』

『自然！』

『那末請你看看我們——看看我們倆：看看你的照片和我的面貌。』

這惡徒的樣子，他早就看清了。他看見那兩個人——相片中的和那立在身旁露齒猶笑的，真同兄弟一般；但是他看過之後，却依然不能明白，他惶惑的說道：

voice:

“What do I want? Why! First of all I want you to recognize me”

“Who are you, then?”

“Who am I? Go and ask anyone on the road; ask your servant: let us go and ask the mayor if you like, and show him this, and he will fairly laugh, I can tell you! Ah! So you don't want to acknowledge me for your son, papa curé?”

Then, the old man, raising up his arms with a biblical and despairing gesture, groaned:

“It is not true.”

The young man closed up with him, face to face.

“Ah, it is not true! Ah, Abbé, there's an end to lying now—do you hear?”

His face was menacing and his hands clenched, he spoke with so violent a conviction, that the priest, gradually drawing back, was asking himself which of the two at this moment was mistaken.

However he persisted once more:

“I have never had a child.”

The other retorted:

“Nor yet a mistress, perhaps?”

『你的意思到底怎樣呢？』

流氓猶笑：

『我的意思麼？什麼！第一，我要求你承認我。』

『那末，你是誰？』

『我是誰麼？請你去問問路上隨便那一個，或者去問問你的用人；再不然，我們倆都去見村長，把相片給他看，我想他一定要發笑罷。唉！難道你不承認我是你的兒子麼，教士爸爸。』

老人聽了這話，像讀聖經一般地嚴肅，同時又很絕望地舉起兩臂，嘆了口氣：

『這是不確的！』

少年走近教士的身傍，和他面對面地站着：

『唉，這是不確的麼？唉，教士，現在已不是說謊的時候了。』

惡漢怒目握拳，非常自信地說，教士不禁倒退，心中估量着究竟那一個是錯了。但是他依舊固執：

『我從來不曾有過孩子。』

那人回答：

『難道情婦也沒有過嗎？』

The old man uttered resolutely one single word, a proud avowal:

“Yes.”

“And that mistress was not expecting a child when you drove her away?”

Suddenly the old anger of twenty-five years past, not really stifled, but only immured in the depths, broke through the vaultings of faith, of resigned devotion, of complete renunciation which he had erected over his lover's heart; and, beside himself, he exclaimed:

“I cast her out because she had deceived me and because she bore the child of another—or else I should have killed her, monsieur, and you too at the same time.”

The young man hesitated, surprised in his turn by the sincere passion of the priest; then he replied slowly:

“Who told you this story, that it was someone else's child?”

“She did, she herself, she told me so, defying me.”

The vagabond, without disputing this assertion, concluded with the indifferent tone of a street rough, pronouncing a judgment.

“Well, then, mamma made a little mistake when she defied you, that's all.”

Regaining mastery over himself, after this outburst of fury, the Abbé enquired:

老人毅然決然用一個字回答他；

『是。』

『不過，那個女人在被你逐去之後，難道就不會生出孩子麼？』

二十五年前的舊怨，在外面好似消滅盡了，實在原還壓在心上，到了這時，便從他築在心情上的宗教信仰，和皈依神明的監中忽地突圍而出了，他奮然大呼：

『我棄絕她，因為她欺誑我，因為她給別人養了個孩子——當時要是不如此，我也可以把她殺了，先生，也把你殺了。』

少年躊躇着，教士這樣真切的話，使他非常驚異；他徐徐答道：

『誰告訴你那個孩子是別人的？』

『這是她，她自己，告訴我的，她以此侮蔑我！』

但是流氓聽了，毫不置辯，只隨便使用市井無賴的口吻下了斷論：

『哦，是這樣呀！那末母親侮蔑你，有點點小錯了！』

教士在盛怒下，強自抑制：

“And who was it told you that you were my son?”

“She did, when she was dying, monsieur le curè. And then—this.”

He held out the little photograph.

The old man took it in his hand; slowly, for a long time, with rising anguish, he compared this unknown prowler with his old likeness, and he could doubt no longer that this was indeed his own son.

A feeling of distress swept into his soul, an inexpressible emotion, unbearably painful, like the remorse of a former crime. He understood a little, he could guess the rest. He saw again the brutal scene of separation. It had been in order to save her own life, threatened by the outraged man, that the woman, the false and perfidious woman, had thrown out that lie at him. And the lie had been successful. A son had been born to him, had grown up, had become this mean street runner, who exhaled the scent of vice as a he-goat exhales odour.

He murmured:

“Will you come a few steps with me, so that we may have some further talk about this?”

The other chuckled.

“Of course, parbleu! That’s just I came here for.”

They started off together, side by side, along the field of olives. The sun had disappeared. The

『誰告訴你，你是我的兒子？』

『是她，是她臨死的時候和我說的，教士先生。』

他把小相片遞給教士。

教士把相片接在手中。他把舊日的照像和那素不相識的流氓比較了好久，他心頭苦悶不禁漸次加增，到了最後，他竟不能不承認這是他自己的兒子了。

這時，他覺得一陣心酸，萬分傷感，那難堪的苦痛，和前次疾首痛心於自己的罪惡一樣。他現在已知大略，對於其餘也不難猜得。他想起了先前離絕時殘忍的情狀。這虛偽的女人，受強暴男子的威嚇，爲了保全性命，所以只好說謊了。不想謊話竟有這樣的成功，他自己有了兒子，兒子現在成人了，變成一個飄流鬼，身上所蓄的惡德敗行簡直比得上牡羊體上的臊氣。

他含糊的說道：

『請你同我去走一回兒，把這事再仔細討論一下，好不好？』

那人吃吃的笑：

『當然！這是我來見你的目的！』

於是他們倆便並肩向橄欖園行去。太陽已經西沉了。

exceeding freshness of a southern twilight spread a cold invisible mantle over the country. The Abbé shivered, and suddenly lifting his eyes with the customary movement of an officiating minister, he perceived all around him, trembling in the sky, the little grayish leafage of the sacred tree which had sheltered in its frail shadow the greatest sorrow, the one moment of Christ's weakness.

A short and desperate prayer rose up to his lips, formed by that internal voice, which does not pass at all through the mouth, and by which believers implore the Saviour: "My God, help me."

Then turning towards his son:

"So you say your mother is dead?"

A fresh grief awoke in him while uttering the words, "your mother is dead," and gripped his heart; a strange misery of the flesh which has never done with remembering, and a cruel echo of the torture that he had passed through: but still more, perhaps, now that she was gone, a revival of that short, delicious happiness of youth whereof nothing remained but the wound of her recollection.

The young man replied:

"Yes, monsieur le cure, my mother is dead."

"A long time ago?"

"Yes, these three years already."

南方的暮色非常清澄，全個園林上冷靜而不可見的外衣。教士不禁打了一個寒戰。他改不了那教士的習慣，突然舉起眼來，他看見周圍都是橄欖聖樹的蒼綠枝葉，在空中顫動。樹影婆娑，淡而不明，其中實藏着最大的悲哀，基督一時的優柔。(註二)

一個急促而絕望的禱告，衝上他的喉頭，但這只是發於內心，並沒有說出口來。他禱告的是；『上帝呀！救我！』是一般信徒對於上帝最普通的籲請。

他於是回轉身來向兒子說：

『你不是說你的母親已經死了麼？』

在說到「你的母親已死去了」的時候，他覺得有一種新的悲哀，潛上身來，抓住他的一顆心。久已忘懷的人生的不幸，曾經受過良心呵責的痛苦，此時也都一一兜上心來。並且，她已與世長逝了，然而青春的快樂，都成過眼雲烟，只有記憶的傷痕，尚殘遺在心頭。

少年答道：

『是的，教士先生，母親已死去了。』

『死去多年了麼？』

『是的，已三個年頭了。』

Another doubt occurred to the priest.

"How is it you have not come to see me before this?"

The other hesitated.

"I couldn't. I have had hindrances. . . . But pardon my interrupting these disclosures which I will go into later as minutely as you please, in order just to mention that I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

A sudden feeling of pity quite moved the old man, and holding out both his hands hastily:

"Oh, my poor child," he said.

The young man received his large, stretched-out hands, which grasped his more slender, warm and feverish fingers.

Then he answered with that chaffing sneer which hardly ever left his lips:

"Well, really! I begin to think we shall understand one another after all."

The priest walked briskly.

"Let us go and dine."

He thought suddenly, with a little feeling of pleasure, odd and confused, of the fine fish that he had caught, which, together with boiled fowl, would make a good meal for his miserable child.

The Arlesienne, restless and already grumbling was waiting at the door.

"Marguërite," called the Abbe, "clear the table and carry it into the sitting room. Quickly, quickly, and set two places quickly."

教士聽了這話，不禁又懷疑起來，問道：

『那末這些時候你爲什麼不來見我呢？』

那人遲疑着。

『我不能夠。我因爲有點阻礙……但這只好等將來再詳細告訴你，現在請你原諒我不能夠明說，因的我從昨天早晨，已兩天沒有喫東西了。』

驀然間，老人不禁可憐他，急急地伸出兩手，說道：

『唉，我可憐的孩子！』

少年同時也伸出手來讓教士粗大的兩手握住自己細小而熱烈的手指。他並用譏嘲蔑視的態度回答，但是語聲却不出口外。

『哦！我兩人到底都理解了。』

教士加緊脚步。

『我們喫飯去罷。』

忽然教士想起了他剛纔捕得的美魚，和那已經煮就的嫩鷄，現在可作請他可憐孩子的佳餚，心裏有點高興。

這時，亞魯爾望着門外，正等得不耐煩，喃喃自語。

『馬格俐，』教士喊道，『快把餐檯整好，移到起坐室中去。快些，快些，預備兩個座位！』

The servant was scared at the thought of her master's going to dine with his good-for-nothing.

Then the Abbe Vilbois himself commenced to clear away and to transfer the table, laid out for him alone, into the only room on the ground floor.

Five minutes later he was seated opposite the vagabond, before a tureen full of cabbage soup, from which a little cloud of steam rose up between both their faces.

下女自想，難道主人和這個無賴同喫飯麼，她詫異極了。

維爾坡教士親自動手拾清那給他備好的餐檯，移至樓下唯一的室中。

過了五分鐘，他與那個流氓對坐就餐。他們的面前是一盤菜羹，輕微的熱氣如雲霧般飄揚在兩個面孔的中間。

III.

When the plates had been filled, the vagabond began to swallow his soup eagerly in rapid spoonfuls. The Abbé was no longer hungry, and he sipped the savoury cabbage soup slowly, leaving the bread at bottom of his plate.

Suddenly he asked:

“How do you call yourself?”

The man laughed with the satisfaction of appeased hunger.

“Father unknown,” said he. “No other surname than my mother’s, which you probably have not forgotten. Hence I’ve two Christian names, which, by-the-by, are hardly suitable: ‘Philip Auguste.’”

The Abtê, turned pale, and asked with a lump in his throat:

“Why did they give you those names?”

The vagabond shrugged his shoulders. “You can easily guess. After you had gone, mother wished to make your rival believe that I was his, and he did believe it until I was about fifteen. But at the time I commenced to resemble you too much. And he disowned me, the scoundrel. You see I have been given two Christian names, Philippe-Auguste, and if I had happened not to resemble anyone in particular, or to have been

三

那流氓等各人的盆中都倒滿了湯，就一瓢一瓢狼吞虎咽的狂喫。教士此時，已不覺得餓，緩緩的嘗味，任麵包留在盆底。

忽然他問道：

『你叫什麼名字呢？』

那人飢腸滿足，笑道：

『陌生的父親，我是姓母親的姓的，大概你也還記得罷。因此我有二個教名腓力和奧古斯特，說起來實是不相宜。』

教士面色蒼白，喉間像有什麼東西梗住似的問道：

『他們爲什麼給你取那樣的名字呢？』

流氓把肩一聳。『你不難想像。自從你走了以後，母親要使你的情敵相信我是他的兒子，所以纔這樣做的。果然，他便深信不疑，直到我大約十五歲。我從那時起，一天天的和你相像了。於是他——那個無賴，便不承認我。我已有了腓力和奧古斯特兩個名字，但是即使我並不特別

simply the son of third rascal, who had never shown up, I should call myself today Vicomte Philippe Auguste de Pravallon, the lately recognized son of the count of that name, the Senator. As for me, I have christened myself 'Ill-starred.'

"How do you know all that?"

"Because they had it out before me, parbleu!—rowing each other like anything. You may guess. Ah, that's the sort of thing to open your eyes."

Something more painful and more tormenting than all he had endured and suffered for the last half-hour oppressed the priest. It created in him a feeling of suffocation, which would grow and would end by killing him; and this came not so much from the things that he heard as from the way in which they were said, and from the vile expression of the rascal that underlined their meaning. Between this man and himself, between his son and himself, he was beginning to perceive the depths of moral turpitude, like a foul sewer, which acts like fatal poison on certain souls.

Was this a son of his own? He could not believe it. He wished for all the proofs, all of them; to learn everything, to hear everything, to listen everything, to suffer everything. He thought again of the olive trees that surrounded his little bastide, and murmured for the second time: "Oh, My God, help me."

Philippe Auguste had finished his soup. He asked: "Isn't there anything more to eat, Abbé?"

The kitchen was outside the house, in an

肖似那一個，或者甚至於是另外一個無人知悉的無賴的兒子，我却可以自稱為某某子爵，某某伯爵新近承認的兒子，也就是一位參議員。唉，說起來我真是一個倒運人』。

『這些事你爲怎樣都知道的呢？』

『他們都毫無顧忌地在我面前說過呀！——像討論什麼似的爭吵着。你也該猜想得到的。這樣的事會使你睜開眼睛的。』

這時，比半小時前所還要難受的東西，壓上教士的心頭。他差不多要窒息，甚至於悶死。這初不由於他所聽見的事情，而是因爲那流氓說話時候的態度，和那些下流的聲調。教士知道在他與那流氓，也就是他自己與他兒子的中間，有一條穢德的深溝，像骯髒的陰溝，人們若與相接，靈魂便受致命的創傷。

這就是他自己的兒子麼？他實不能相信。他希望有一切的證據；他情願知道一切，聽到一切，留心一切，忍受一切。他重又想到圍繞小屋的橄欖樹林，第二次喃喃自語：『上帝救我呀！』

這時，腓力奧古斯特已把湯喫完，他問道：『教士，還有什麼東西可喫嗎？』

adjoining building, and as Marguerite could not hear her master's voice so far, he would call her by striking a Chinese gong, which hung on the wall behind him.

He took up the stick with a leather head and struck the flat disc of metal several times. A feeble ringing sound came forth at first, then, growing louder, became an accentuated, vibrating piercing, over-powering, ear-splitting uproar—the horrible plaint of beaten brass.

The servant appeared. She had a sour expression, and she cast furious glances at the maoufatan, as if she had a presentiment with her faithful, doglike instinct, of the drama that had fallen on her master. In her hands she carried the grilled loup, from which wafted up a savoury odour of melted butter. The Abbé divided the fish from end to end with a spoon, and offered the fillet out of the back to the child of his youth:

“I caught it myself a little while ago,” he said, with the remains of pride that welled up in his distress.

Marguerite did not go away.

“Bring some wine—the best, the white wine of Cap Corse.”

She made almost a gesture of revolt, and he had to repeat severely.

“Go along: two bottles.” For, when he offered some wine to anyone, a rare pleasure to him, he always allowed himself a bottle of it.

Philippe Auguste, beaming, murmured:

廚房在屋外的一所毗連的房子裏，離開很遠，因為馬格俐聽不見主人的呼聲，所以有一面中國的銅鑼掛在牆上，主人可以擊鑼爲號，去呼喚她。

他用頭上包着皮的錘子在這金屬的平圓板上敲了幾下。先是一種輕微的聲響，接着音浪漸高，成爲聲勢續增的，震顫的，刺耳的，無敵的，震耳欲聾的，巨響——一種銅器被擊的悲號。

下女站在面前了。她面酸溜溜的把那流氓窺視了幾眼，好像她那如狗般的忠誠的本能，已使她覺得一齣悲劇將降於她主人的身上。她手拿那尾燒好的 Loup，融化的奶油香從魚身發出。教士用匙把魚從頭至尾分爲兩半，將魚背上一片片的肉授給他少年時候的兒子：

『這是剛纔我自己捕來的，』他說話時，雖然苦悶，却還帶着一點先前捕魚的歡喜。

馬格俐沒有離開；

『拿些酒來！——要最好的，要開北高士的白酒！』

馬格俐作出差不多要反抗的姿勢，於是他更厲聲重說

『快去：拿兩瓶來，』原來教士最愛請人喫酒，不過他

“That’s prime, It’s a long time since I have had a meal like this.”

The servant came back in two minutes. They had seemed long to the Abbé, like eternity. for a desire to know everything was now burning in his blood, consuming it as with an infernal flame.

The bottles had been uncorked, but the servant stayed there with her eyes on the man.

“You may leave us,” the priest said.

She pretended not to hear.

He repeated almost roughly:

“I have told you to leave us alone.”

Then she went off.

Philippe Auguste devoured the fish with voracious haste; his father watched him, more and more surprised and tormented by all the vileness he discovered in this face which resembled his own so much. The little morsels that the Abbé lifted to his lips, that his parched throat refused to swallow, remained in his mouth, and he masticated them a long time, while he sought amongst all the questions that came into his mind, the one which he wished to be first answered.

自己常須獨佔一瓶。

腓力·奧古斯特滿面喜色，低語道：

『好極了。這樣的盛饌我已長遠沒有吃過了。』

過了二分鐘，下女回來。但是教士已覺是無限長久了，因為他血裏正燃燒求知一切的欲望，那地獄之火更要焚盡他的血。

酒瓶的塞子業已經拔去，但是下女却依舊留在一旁，注視新來的人。

『你可以去了，』教士說。

她裝作不聽見。

他差不多發怒似的又道：

『我不是叫你出去嗎！』

她這纔出去。

腓力、奧古斯特饞極了，很快就把魚吃完；他的父親望着他，在這酷肖自己的面上，發見種種的醜態，驚奇之餘，心中難受到萬分。他把小片的魚肉慢慢納入口中，但是他喉頭枯渴，不能咽下，他只好含在口內，細細咀嚼了好久，同時，他在許多問題中，找求那最應該首先解答的。

He ended by murmuring:

“What did she die of?”

“The lungs.”

“Was she ill for a long time?”

“About eighteen months.”

“What did it come from?”

“Nobody knows.”

They became silent. The Abbê was pondering. So many things that he might have wished to know before depressed him, for since the day of parting, since the day when he had almost killed her, he had heard nothing whatever about her. Certainly, he had not wished to hear; he had cast her away resolutely into a pit of forgetfulness, her and his days of felicity; but now she was dead, there had sprung up in him an ardent desire to hear all about her, a jealous longing, almost a lover's desire.

He went on:

“She was not living alone, was she?”

“No, she was still with him.”

The old man started.

“With him, with Pravallon?”

最後他低聲問：

『她是怎樣死的？』

『肺病。』

『她病得很久麼？』

『大約有十八個月。』

『肺病是怎樣來的呢？』

『那却沒有人知道。』

兩人都默然。教士在沉思。他自和她離別以來，也就是打從他幾乎想要動手殺她以來，消息沉沉，不相聞問，所以現在他所急於曉得的事情太多了，他好生抑悶。固然，他以前不曾願意聽見關於女人的消息，並且還想把兩人昔日的幸福都毅然決然丟入健忘的坑裏；但是現在，她已死了，於是他不禁發生熱烈的願望，也就是愛人的妬念，要知道她別後的一切。

他接着又問：

『她可是一個人過活的？』

『不，她是依舊和他一道的。』

老人吃了一驚。

『和他，和巴來伏倫麼？』

“Why, yes!”

And the formerly betrayed man calculated that this same woman who had deceived him had lived faithfully with his rival for more than thirty years.

He stammered almost in spite of himself:

“Were they happy together?”

The young man replied, chuckling:—

“Oh, yes, with up and downs. It would have been all right without me. I always spoilt everything—I did.”

“How, why?” said the priest.

“I have already told you about it. Because he believed I was his son until I was about fifteen. But he was not a fool, the old fellow: he discovered the resemblance quite of his own accord, and then there were rows.

“As for me, I listened at the keyholes. He accused mother of having taken him in. Mother retorted: ‘Is it my fault? You knew very well when you took me that I was someone else’s.’ That someone was you.”

“Ah, then, they spoke of me sometimes?”

“Yes, but they never mentioned you before me, except at the last, just at the end, in the

『自然是他！』

這個一度失戀的男人，默計那欺瞞他的女人，已和他情敵同居三十多年了。

他禁不住結了舌頭：

『他們倆在一處，可幸福麼？』

少年吃吃地笑着回答：

『是的，有時候好，也有時候不好。如果沒有我，他們是很好的。我時常作梗，——實在，我確是如此。』

『怎樣，爲什麼呢？』教士問，

『這是我已經和你說過了。因爲他在我十五歲以前，本相信我是他的兒子。但是他，這個老人，不是個蠢漢；後來他自己發覺；我究竟酷肖誰，於是家庭裏發生好多次爭吵。

『這時我呢，常側着耳朵在鑰匙洞裏竊聽。他詬責母親不應愚弄他。母親反問道：「這難道是我的過失嗎？當你和我結合的時候，你已知道很清楚，我是他人的情婦。」她的所謂他人，便是指你。』

『他們可有時說到我嗎？』

『是的，不過他們當我在面前的時候，却從來不說的

last days, when mother felt herself lost. They were careful enough in that way, anyhow."

"And you, you soon learnt that your mother's position was irregular?"

"Rather! I'm not a fool, I'm not, and I never have been. One guesses these things directly, as soon as one begins to know the world."

Philippe Auguste filled himself glass after glass. His eyes brightened; he was getting drunk all the quicker for his long fast. The priest noticing his state, was on the point of interfering, when it occurred to him that a drunken man will chatter without reserve of what is uppermost in his mind, and, taking the bottle, he filled the young man's glass again.

Marguerite brought in the boiled fowl. Having placed it on the table, she glared at the tramp again; then she said to her master indignantly:

"But look at him, monsieur le cure—he's drunk."

"Leave us in peace," replied the priest, "and go away."

She went out, slamming the door.

He asked:

"What did your mother say about me?"

"Why, just what one always says of a man one has thrown over; that you were not easy to get on with—worrying to a woman—and would have made her life very difficult with your ideas."

。後來母親自己曉得不行了，他們纔不避我的耳目，然而仍是非常小心的。』

『你在當時，可知道你母親的地位是不規則嗎？』

『早就知道了！我不傻，不，我從來不。一個人只要懂得人情世故，那有不曾馬上猜出這些事情的。』

腓力·奧古斯特一杯杯的飲着。他的眼睛發亮；他因爲許久沒有喝酒，不禁已有了醉意。教士看見這種情形，本想阻止他，忽然心想，人當醉後，不管一切隱情，都能說出，他於是拿起瓶來，又給少年倒滿一杯。

馬格俐端着燉雞進來。她把雞放在桌上，不禁又向那流氓瞅了一眼；她悻悻向她的主人說：

『教士先生，你看他的樣子，——他已醉了。』

『就讓我們這樣，』教士回答，『你自去罷。』

她於是出來，砰然把門關上。

教士問：

『你的母親怎樣說我呢？』

『沒有什麼，也不過和一個女人通常說到她所拋棄的男子一樣；她說你是一個難以同居的使女子討厭的人！因爲你的理想常使她的日子難過。』

"Did she often say that?"

"Yes, sometimes in a roundabout way, so that I should not understand, but I guessed everything all the same."

"And you, how did they treat you in that house?"

"Me? Very well at first, and afterwards very badly. When mother saw that I was spoiling her game, she kicked me out."

"How was that?"

"How was that? Very simple. I had played a few pranks when I was about sixteen, and then those heartless swine put me into a reformatory, to get rid of me."

He propped his elbows on the table, rested his two cheeks between his hands, and, quite inebriated, the balance of his mind upset by the wine, he was suddenly seized with one of those irresistible impulses to talk of himself, which make drunkards ramble into the most fantastic bragging speeches.

He smiled prettily, with feminine grace in the curl of the lip, a perverse grace, well known to the priest. Not only did he recognize it, but he felt the hateful and endearing charm that had conquered him and had ruined his life in the past. It was the mother that the child most resembled now; he resembled her not so much in feature as in the captivating and false expression of his face, and above all, by the seduction of the deceitful smiling lips, which seemed to open the door to all the infamy inside.

Philippe Auguste related:

"Ah! Ah! Ah! I have had a life of it, I have, since the reformatory; a funny life, for

『她常這樣講麼？』

『是的，不過她有時繞着灣子說，好使我聽了不懂；那曉得我卻依舊能夠推想到。』

『你在那裏，他們待你如何？』

『我麼？起初很好，後來很壞。當母親知道我在破壞她的計劃，她便把我趕出來。』

『怎樣趕出來？』

『怎樣趕出來？這很簡單的。我十六歲那年，幾次惡作劇，於是這般情義毫無的畜生，爲着驅逐我，便把我送進感化院。』

他把兩肘撐在桌上，雙手托住兩頰，已是酩酊大醉，人凡是爛醉了，便有一種不可遏抑的衝動，毫不經意地說出怪誕的大話，如今這少年也是如此。

他微笑，很美，嘴唇一動帶着女性的優雅，這邪惡的神氣教士還熟知。不但立即曉清楚，並且還感到這可恨可愛的丰神曾經毀過他。這少年現在酷肖他的母親；不過他的身材姿態，還不是最像她；最像她的是那迷人的笑唇，虛偽的雙渦好像展開導入醜穢的那扇門。

腓力·奧古斯特繼續講：

which a big novelist would give a tidy *price*, I can tell you! Really Pere Dumas, in his Monte Cristo, has found nothing more extravagant than what I've passed through."

He became silent, with the philosophical gravity of a drunken man who is reflecting; then, slowly:

"When one wishes a boy to turn out well, one should never send him into a reformatory, whatever he may have done, because of what he learns in there. I had played a good joke, I had, but it turned out badly. As I was fooling about with three chums, all of us a little tight, one evening towards nine o'clock, on the high-road, near the ford across the Folac, I came across a trap full of people, all asleep. There was the driver and his family, and they were some people from Martinon returning from a dinner in town. I took hold of the horse by the bridle. I led him quietly down into the ferry boat, and then I shoved the whole thing into the middle of the river. That made some noise: the chap who was driving wakes up, the night was dark, he sees nothing and whips up his gee-gee. Then the old crock starts off with a jump and tumbles into the river, trap and all. All drowned! My pals gave me away. They had laughed enough at first, watching my little joke. Certainly, we didn't think it would turn out so badly. We wanted to give them nothing more than a bath, something funny to laugh at.

『呀！呀！呀！自從走進了感化院，我又添了點經驗；這種奇怪的材料，偉大的小說家恐怕要出重價收買呢！真的，像大仲馬的蒙德·克利斯禿所敘述，也還沒有我所經歷那樣的奇怪。』

他不作聲了，思索什麼哲理似的，過了一會。纔緩緩地說：

『人如果要兒子改過爲善，什麼都可以作，切不可把他送進感化院；因爲他在那裏能夠學得些什麼。我在那裏的時候，曾幹過一件很有味的玩意，可惜結果不好。那是晚上九點鐘的模樣，我和三個朋友，都有些醉醺醺，一齊向大街走去，快到福賴河擺渡的地方，我們看見一輛馬車，車中坐滿人，都已沉沉入睡了。據說這是馭者和他的家人，他們是馬丁農地方的人，從城中赴宴會歸去的。我走上前去，用手拉住馬的韁轡，躡手躡足把牠引上渡船，一面我使用力把船向河心推去。那當然是有些響聲的：正濃睡着的馭者驚醒了，但是那時四圍漆黑，他什麼都看不見，只一味地鞭他的馬。那馬向前直躡，仆通一聲，連人帶車跌入河中。他們這樣，都溺死！然而，我的同夥竟把我犧牲了。他們當初，只不過好笑我幹這個玩意。我們的意

"Since that I have done worse things to revenge myself for the first, which did not deserve the reformatory, upon my honour. But it's not worth while telling you all. I will tell you only the last, because it will please you, I'm sure. I have revenged you, papa."

The Abbé looked at his son with terrified eyes, and he ate nothing more.

Philippe Auguste was ready to go on.

"No," said the priest, "not just now—presently."

Turning round, he beat the strident gong and made it cry out.

Marguerite entered immediately.

Her master gave his orders in such a harsh voice, that she bent her head submissive and alarmed.

"Bring us the lamp and all that you have still to put on the table, then you need not come in again until you hear the gong."

She went away, came back and put on the cloth a white porcelain lamp, covered with a green shade, a big piece of cheese, some fruit, and then left them.

The Abbé said resolutely:

"Now, I am ready to listen to you."

Philippe Auguste calmly filled his dessert plate and poured some wine into his glass. The second bottle was nearly empty, although the curé had drunk nothing at all.

思，不過想給他們洗一個澡，大家笑笑，誰也想不到是會釀成大禍的。

『從此以後，我做過再要壞點的事件，第一次給自己報仇，不過，老實說，這也用不着把我送入感化院。但這也值不得告訴你。我現在單就最後的一樁事情來說說，我想你一定喜歡聽。爸爸，我已給你報了仇了。』

教士用驚惶的眼睛看他的兒子，他一點也不再吃了。

腓力·奧古斯特預備說下去。

『不，』教士說，『現在不要說——且等一等。』

教士一面便轉身，擊着聲音粗大的鑼呼喚那下女。

馬格侖立刻進來。

主人的命令嚴厲得很，她低頭服從，一面有點驚異。

『快把和其餘的食物拿來，以後你不聽見鑼響，不要再來。』

她出去，回來時把綠罩的白瓷燈，和一大塊牛酪，一些水果放在檯布上，返身出去。

教士決然的說道：

『我現在預備再聽你講。』

腓力·奧古斯特從容地又倒了一杯酒，把食品放在自

The young man commenced again, stammering, his utterance made thick with food and drunkenness.

“The last, here it is. It’s a good one: I had returned home,.....and I stayed there in spite of them, because they were afraid of me.....afraid of me.....Ah! I’m not a person to be put upon.....I’m capable of anything when I’m roused.....you know.....they lived.....not together. He had two houses—he had the house of a senator and the house of a lover. But he lived more with mother than alone, for he could not get on without her. Ah.....she was a clever one and a fine one. She knew how to keep hold of a man, she did. She had him in her clutches, body and soul, and she kept him until the end. What fools men are. So, I returned, and I made them afraid of me. I know my way about, I do! When I am put to it, for malice, craftiness, and strength, too, I am up to any man alive. Well then, mother fell ill and he took her to a beautiful estate near the Meulan, in the middle of a park as large as a forest. That lasted about eighteen months.....as I have told you.....Then we saw the end was coming. He

己的盆中。第二瓶酒差不多又要完了，可是教士一滴也不會進口。

少年重新開始，因為吃得太多，酒又醉了，所以言語含糊，斷斷續續的。

『最後的一樁事情是這樣。這很有趣：我已從感化院回家了。……我不管他們怎樣，自己就住了下來；因為他們是畏懼我的，……是畏懼我的。……哼！我不是容易欺騙的人！……要是使我發起怒來，我便什麼事都能幹！……他們倆是……不住在一起的。他有兩個家庭，——一是他參議員的公館，一是他情婦的小房子，但是他獨居的時候到底很少，日常總是和母親在一起；因為他若沒有了她，是幾乎一刻也不能過活。說起來，……她真是一個有材幹，有本事的女子。她知道怎樣去牢籠男子。她把他的全身——肉體和精神，都握在掌中，這樣直至於死。你看男人們是多末愚蠢呀！……却說我從感化院回轉家來，他們都當我是恐怖的分。但我不是笨漢，我是知道怎樣對付的！要是給我實行起來，不論是計謀，技能，力量，我自想總在他人之上。以後，母親害病了，他把她帶往他的別墅中去養病。別墅的風景很好，靠近茂倫江，在一個巨大

came from Paris every day, and he grieved—certainly real grief.

“Then, one morning, they had been chattering for nearly an hour, and I was asking myself what they could find to jabber about so long, when they called me in. And mother said to me:

“ ‘ I am near dying, and there is something that I want to disclose to you in spite of the count’s advice.’ She always called him the count in speaking of him. ‘It is the name of your father, who is still alive.’

“I had asked her more than a hundred times . . . more than a hundred times . . . my father’s name . . . more than a hundred times . . . and she had always refused to tell me.

“I believe, even, that one day I gave her a slap in the face, to make her blurt it out, but it was no good. And then, in order to get rid of me, she had told that you had died penniless, that you were a man of not much account, anyhow—an error of her youth, a young girl’s mistake, don’t you see? She went about it so jolly well, that she took me in completely, took me in with that story of your death.

“Then she said to me:

“ ‘ It is your father’s name.’

如森林的公園的中央。他們這樣住了十八個月……這是我已經和你說過了……後來我們都覺得她的病是不起了。他每日回轉巴黎，他傷心得很——當然這是真正的傷心。

『一天早晨，他們唧唧噥噥地談了差不多一點鐘，我心裏正在自忖，他們那裏來的許多話，過了許久，他們忽地叫我進去，母親對我說道：

『我是將死的人了，現在乘着一息尚存，我有點事情要和你說，雖然這是有拂伯爵心意的。』她每當說到他的時候，是常常這麼稱呼的。「這是你生父的名字，他現在還活着哩。」

『從前我曾問了她不知多少次……真不知多少次……問她以父親的名字，……但是她始終不肯告訴我。

『有一天，我因為想她告訴我，甚至打她一下嘴巴，但是依然無效。後來，她爲了免除我的麻煩，常告訴我說你是一個遊手好閒的飯桶，是窮得要死的——這是她年少無知時的過失，是青年女郎的錯誤。她像實有其事似的說着，使我完全信以爲真；所以在從前的時候，我總以爲你是已經死了。

『這時，她對我說道：

The other, who was seated in an arm chair, said like this three times:

“ ‘You are doing wrong, you are doing wrong, you are doing wrong, Rosette.’

“ ‘Mother sat up in bed, and I see her still, with her red cheek bones and brilliant eyes; for she loved me very much, in spite of everything; and she said to him:

“ ‘Then do something for him yourself, Philippe!’

“ ‘In speaking to him, she called him Philippe, and me she called Augustste.

“ ‘He began to shout like a madman.

“ ‘For that drunkard, for that scamp, that liberated convict, that....that....that....’

“ ‘And he found as many names for me as if he had not tried for anything else all his life.’

“ ‘I was getting angry, too: mother pacified me, and said to him:

“ ‘You wish him to starve then, for I haven’t, anything, I haven’t.’

『『這是你生父的名字。』』

『同時，那個坐在圈手椅上的，便這樣重複了三次：

『『你弄錯了，你弄錯了，你弄錯了，羅瑟蒂！』』

『母親便在床上坐起身來，兩頰緋紅，目光閃閃，她那時的情狀，我現在想起來，還歷歷在眼前呢。因為她是不論我怎樣的使她痛苦，懊惱，依然始終如一的疼愛我。她對我說道：

『『腓力，既然如此，請你幫助他些罷！』』

『這是母親通常對他的稱呼，至於對我，總是喚我奧古斯特。

『他像狂人似的大聲怒號道

『『叫我幫助這酒徒，幫助這無賴，這剛剛釋出的罪犯這……這……』』

『他這樣替我舉出種種的名稱，好像他的一生除罵詈以外，不知什麼其它了。

『這時，我也發怒。母親竭力勸止我，一面並對他說道：

『『咳，生父的名字你既不許我告訴他，而你自己又不肯幫助他，我是一個錢也沒有，一個錢也沒有，照此說來

“He replied, without upsetting himself very much:

“‘Rossette, I have given you thirty-five thousand francs a year for thirty years: that makes more than a million. You have lived with me a rich woman, a beloved woman, I may say, a happy woman. I do not owe anything to this scoundrel, who has spoilt our last years; and he shall have nothing from me. It is useless to insist. Refer him to the other one if you like. I regret it, but I wash my hands of all this.’

“Then mother turned towards me. I said to myself: ‘Good....here I am finding out my father at last....if he has got the tin, I am a made man....’

“She continued:

“‘Your father, Baron Vilbois, is now called the Abbé Vilbois, curé of Garandou, near Toulon. He was my lover when I left him for this one.’

“And she told me all, except that she made a fool of you about her pregnancy. But women, you know, never can speak the truth.”

He chuckled, letting out unconsciously and freely all his vileness. He drank again, and, with his face continually beaming, he continued:

，難道你的意思要他餓死麼？」

『他比較平和一些的回答道：

『羅瑟蒂，三十年來我每年必給你三萬五千法郎，合起來也有百萬多了。你一向過着富人的生活，我的愛人的生活，說起來總是一個幸福快活的女子。這個惡徒，年來使我們日在愁境，我對他一點也沒有什麼責任，他也不必想我的錢。你這樣堅持着，也是無用的。我想還是叫他到那個人那裏去的好，我對於這事固然非常抱歉，但我究竟是和他沒有關係的。』

『於是母親又面向着我，我心裏自忖：「哼……我到底找出我的生父來了……要是他有錢的話，我也是個闊人了……。」

『她接下去說道：

『你的父親，名叫維爾坡男爵，現在是在近土倫的格蘭陶地方出了家了，稱作維爾坡教士。當我沒有離去他和這人同居的時候，他實是我的情人。

『她除了瞞却你她的懷孕外，她把其餘的事都原原本本的告訴我。但是，像你所知道的一般，女子口中是少有真話的呀！』

“Mother died two days, two days after. We followed the coffin to the cemetery, he and I, isn't it funny....eh?....he and I....and three servants....that was all. He wept like a cow ..we were side by side..one would have said the father and the father's son.

“Then we went back to the house. Only we two. I said to myself: ‘I suppose I must be off without a sou.’ I had only fifty francs. What could I do to revenge myself?

“He touched my arm, and said:

“ ‘I want to speak to you.’

“I followed him into his study. He sat down before his desk; then, slobbering and all in tears, he told me that he did not wish to be as disagreeable to me as he had told mother; he begged me not to worry you..This concerns us, though, you and me....He offered me a bank note for a thousand....a thousanda thousand What could I do with a thousand francs....I.... a man like me? I saw that he had more money in his drawer, a whole lot of notes. The sight of all that paper made me itch to stick the

他格格の狂笑，無意中表現種種的醜態。他又喝了一杯酒；他面色紅暈，繼續說：

『這樣過了兩天，過了兩天，母親就死了。我們都送棺材到坟山去，他和我……這不是很滑稽的事麼？……他和我……還有三個用人……此外便沒有別人了。他哭得像一頭牝牛一樣……我們並肩走着……在不知的人看來，還以為我們是父子哩。

『葬事畢後，我們就回家。只有我們兩人了。我自己在想：「我大概便要一個錢也沒有的走罷。袋中只剩五十法郎了，我怎樣才能給自己報仇呢？」

『他走來把我的手臂拉了一下，說道：

『來，我有話要和你說。』

『我於是隨他同到他的書室。他在寫字桌前坐了下來，他禁不住淚如雨下了。他含淚對我說，他並不打算像他和母親所說的那樣虐待我；他要求我不要來擾你……不過，這是只關係我和你的事。……他接着給我一張一千法郎的銀票……一千法郎……一千法郎，……但是一千法郎有什麼用呢？……以我……這樣的人？我看見他的抽屜裏還有許多銀票，成束地放着。這使我大動食指，立刻想奪過

beast. I stretched out my hand to take the note he was holding out, but instead of taking hold of his cursed dole, I spring on him, I throw him on to the ground, I grasp his throat until his eyes began to start out of his head; then, when I saw he was pretty near gone, I gagged him, tied him up hand and foot, undressed him and turned him over....Ah....ah....ah....I revenged you....”

Philippe Auguste coughed, spluttered with glee, and on his lips, parted with a grin of ferocious gaiety, the Abbé Vilbois saw always the old smile of the woman who had made him lose his head.

“And then?” he asked,

“Then....Ah....ah....ah....There was a big fire in the grate....it was in December...in the cold weather....that she died....mother....a large fire of coal....I took the poker....I make it red hot....and then....I burned some crosses with it on his back, eight, ten, I don't know how many....Wasn't that a lark, eh? papa. That's the way they used to brand the convicts. He writhed like an eel....but I had gagged him well....he couldn't shout. Then I took the notes ...twelve—with mine that made thirteen (they brought me no luck). And then I bolted, telling the servants not to disturb the count until dinner time, as he was asleep.

來。他把銀票遞給我，於是我就伸過手去；但是這點施捨有什麼用，我立刻撲上前去，把他打倒在地上；我用力把他的咽喉扼住，直到他眼珠突出，氣息奄奄，方才罷手。我看見他已是將死的人了，於是用東西塞住他的嘴，一面把他的手足都捆起，再剝去衣服，把他的身子翻了一個面。……哈……哈……哈……我到底給你復仇了？……』

腓力·奧古斯特說時涎沫四濺，氣急得喘不過來；那非常自得的面上現出凶狠的獠笑。維爾坡教士看了這情狀，禁不住想起從前曾使他沉迷不悟的那個女人的笑容。

『以後怎樣呢？』他問。

『以後是……哈……哈……母親死時……是在十二月裏……天氣很冷……壁爐中生着一大堆火……火光熊熊地……我拿了一枝燒紅的火棒……在他的背上烙了幾個十字，……八個十個，我記不清楚了……爸爸，這不是一樁很好的玩意麼？他們給囚犯烙印也常是這樣的。他拘攣着，像是一條蚯蚓……可是我塞得很好……他一聲也喊不出口。我接着便取了銀票……十二張——合着我的共十三張（難怪我依舊沒有什麼佳運）（註三）我把門關好，吩咐用人說伯爵刻正睡去，不要驚動他。這樣，我就遠走高飛了。

"I really thought he would say nothing for fear of the scandal, seeing that he is a senator. I made a mistake. Four days after I was nabbed in restaurant in Paris. I had three years in chokey. That is why I have not been able to come to see you sooner."

He drank again, and stammering so that he could hardly pronounce his words:

"Now....Papa....papa curè!....It's funny to have a priest for a father! Ah....ah....you must be nice, very nice with bibi, becaues bibi is not of the common sort....and because he played a good joke....is it not true....a good one....on the old fellow...."

The same anger which formerly had maddened the Abbé Vilbois against his treacherous mistress roused him now against this abominable man.

He, who had pardoned so much in God's name the infamous secrets whispered in the mystery of the confessional, felt without pity, without mercy in his own name, and now he no longer called to his aid the God of succour and of pity, for he understood that no protection, celestial or earthly, can save those here below upon whom fall such misfortunes.

『我初時以爲他以參議員身分，決不至洩出口來，致遭社會的譏諷，然而，我所想的完全錯了。四天之後，我在巴黎飯館就被人逮捕，結果判處徒刑三年。這便是我所以遲至今天纔來望你的緣故。』

他接着又喝了一杯酒，這時候已吃吃地語不成聲了。

『現在……爸爸……教士爸爸……教士父親，真正好笑！哈……哈……你必定能好好的，好得不得了待你的孩子罷，因爲這個孩子不是一個尋常人……他曾幹了一樁很有趣的事情……在那老賊身上出了一口氣……』

現在，維爾坡教士，把他舊日對那淫婦的憤慨，不禁都集在這個可惡的棍徒身上了。從前在懺悔室中以上帝的名義，恕宥一切凶惡的秘的他，現在對於自己凶頑的孩子，實在也覺得罪不容赦，不足憐憫。他知道不論在天上或地下，對於身罹這般不幸的人，已沒有一點保護，所以他只好死心蹋地，不求上帝的拯救和憐憫。

這時候，他從來爲了獻身神聖的職務而熄滅幾盡的熱情熱血，忽又奮發起來。對這自己的孩子的惡徒，對這酷肖自己與那不貞的母親(她便是造成他與她相肖的)的男人，對這使惡漢與自己的父親發生密切關係的運命，他都覺

All the ardour of his passionate heart and violent blood, extinguished by his sacred office, awoke with irresistible revolt against this scoundrel who was his son, against this resemblance to himself and also to the mother, the infamous mother who had formed him like her, and against the fate which rivetted this wretch to his paternity as a cannon ball is rivetted to the foot of a galley slave.

He saw, he foresaw everything in the sudden clearness, awakened by this shock from the twenty-five years of pious sleep and tranquillity.

Suddenly, convinced that he must speak strongly to be feared by this malefactor, and to terrify him from the first, he said, his teeth clenched in fury, and no longer thinking of the man's drunkenness:

"Now that you have told me all, listen to me. You shall go away tomorrow morning. I'll tell you where you are to live. You shall never leave the place without my permission. I will make you an allowance which will be sufficient for your necessities, but it will be small, because I have no money. If you disobey me once, all will be at an end, and you'll have to reckon with me."

Although besotted with the wine he had drunk, Philippe Auguste understood the threat. The criminal in him surged up suddenly. He spat out words mingled with hiccoughs.

"Ah, papa, you musn't try it on with me... You are a curé.... I have you.... and you will

得有一種不可抑制的反抗力。

此時，他二十五年來的信心，忽然從那忘懷世事而沉靜如睡着了的一般境地中醒了轉來，他覺得一切都非常清澈了。

忽然，維爾坡教士覺得對於這罪犯不得不疾言厲色，使他有所恐懼，使他自始就有所害怕；他於是咬牙切齒的說着，至於這個惡徒現在正喝得酩酊大醉，能否爲他的言辭所動，他却一點也沒有想到。

『你大概都說完了，現在且聽我的話。明天上午你須離開此地，到我所指定的地方去過活。如果沒有我的允許，你也不得離開那裏。你的生活所需，我當給你津貼，使你夠用，但因爲我沒錢，這個數目只好小點了。要是你不聽我的話，那末，從此恩斷義絕，我和你便是毫無關係的路人。』

腓力·奧古斯特這時候雖然醉了，但仍舊明白這是一種威嚇。忽然，他的心中湧上了罪犯的特性；他斷斷續續的夾着呃噎聲音說：

『唉，爸爸，你就是這樣，也是無用的……你是一個教士……我可以制服你……而你也必得……像其餘的人似

have to cave in....you too....like the rest."

The Abbé started up: and there was twitching in his muscles of an old Hercules an invincible impulse to seize this monster, to bend him like a twig, and to show him that he must yield to his will.

He shouted, shaking the table with both his hands against the other's chest.

"Ah! take care, take care....you'll find that I'm not afraid of anyone...."

The drunken man, losing his balance, swayed in his chair. Feeling that he was going to fall, and that he was in the priest's power, he stretched out his hand, with a murderous look, towards one of the knives on the cloth. The Abbe Vilbois saw the movement, and gave a violent push to the table, overturning his son headlong on to his back. He lay sprawling on the floor. The lamp rolled over and went out.

For a few second a delicate tinkle of glasses, ringing against each other, sounded in the darkness; then there was the thud of a soft body falling, then nothing more.

With the shattering of the lamp the sudden night was shed over them—a night so swift, unexpected, and profound, that they were amazed by it, as though by some frightful event. The

的……屈服於我的。』

教士不禁突然站起；在他強壯的肌肉中，有一種不可抑制的衝動，想去抓住那惡徒，像枝條似的把他扭轉，使他畢竟不得不服從自己的意志。

他用兩手把餐桌緊貼着對面那人的胸前，不住地撼動，一面怒喝道：

『哼！當心，當心，……你要知道我是誰都不怕的……』

醉人坐在椅上，身子已經有些支持不住了。他自己像覺得要倒去似的，知道自己現在不是教士的敵手，突然以謀殺的眼光伸出兩手，想去抓住桌上的刀子。教士一見情勢不好，便猛力把桌子向他推去，醉人站立不住，便仰跌在地上，伸張着四肢。桌上的燈，也給打翻在地，火熄滅了。

一種優美的玻璃相互撞擊的聲音，在黑暗中響了好幾秒鐘；接着還有一種軟體的東西落在地上的聲響，以後便寂無所聞了。

室中自燈被打翻以後，黑暗立即罩住了他們——並且黑暗的降臨，異常迅速，這實在出於他們的意外。他們倆

drunken man, cowering against the wall, did not move any more; and the priest remained on his chair, immersed in the deep gloom which had swallowed up his anger. This sombre veil cast over him, arresting his passion, stilled also the furious impetuosity of his soul, and other thoughts came to him, as black and sad as the darkness.

Silence fell, the heavy silence of a closed tomb, where nothing seemed to live or breathe any more. No sound came from outside, no rumbling of wheels in the distance, no barking of a dog, no rustle in the branches or along the walls of a faint breath of wind.

This lasted a long time; a very long time, perhaps for a whole hour. Then suddenly the gong rang out! It rang out under a single blow, hard, sharp, and strong, after which came a strange noise of something falling heavily and of a chair overturning.

Marguerite, still on the alert, came running to the room; but as soon as she had opened the door she drew back amazed at the impenetrable darkness within. Then, trembling, with a beating heart, and in a gasping, low voice, she called out:

“M’sieu I’curé, m’sieu I’curé!”

No one answered, nothing stirred.

“Good Lord, good Lord,” she thought, “what have they done? What has happened?”

都不禁怔了一怔。醉人蜷縮倚住了牆壁，一動也不動；教士依然坐在椅上，沉入黑暗中，他的憤怒也像被黑暗吞滅盡了。黑暗的幕把他遮住，他的熱情，他的憤慨，都被黑暗的勢力所屈服；此時，另外有一種昏黑如憂愁亦如黑暗的想念，浮上他的心頭。

一切都寂靜無聲，如死人的墟墓，已無人的呼吸了。不但室外沒有聲響，遠處的車聲也沒有聲響，狗的吠聲，枝葉的搖動聲，以及微風在草木牆壁間的呼吸，也都聽不見了。

這樣的寂靜，差不多一點鐘模樣。忽然，鑼聲響了一下！這聲音尖銳而強烈，震破了多時的沈默；接着又有重物墮地以及椅子倒地的聲音。

那時候，馬格俐還在留心等着主人的呼喚，她聽見了鑼聲便立即跑來。但是開門一看，室內是黑得伸手不見五指，她不禁倒退出來，她的心頭有如小鹿撞胸，怦怦地跳個不住，身體發着抖，聲音低而戰慄的喊道；

『教士先生！教士先生！』

沒有回答，也沒有人動彈的聲音。

『哎喲！』她想，『他們在做什麼呢？』

She did not dare to advance, she did not dare to go back to get a light; a wild impulse to run away, to escape, and to shriek out took hold of her, although she felt her legs tremble as if she were going to drop.

She repeated:

“M’sieu l’curé....m’sieu l’curé, it’s me—
Marguerite.”

But suddenly, in spite of her fear, an instinctive desire to help her master, and one of those audacities of women which come to them in heroic moments, filled her soul with terrified boldness. She ran to the kitchen and brought her little lamp.

She stopped at the door of the room. At first she observed the vagabond stretched out against the wall asleep, or seeming to be asleep, then the broken lamp, then, under the table, the two black feet and black stockinged legs of the Abbé Vilbois, who, stretched on his back, must have struck the gong with his head as he fell.

She painted with fright, her hands trembled. She repeated:

“My God! my God! what is this?”

And approaching nearer, slowly, with short steps, she slipped on something greasy, and very nearly fell down.

Then, stooping low, she noticed that on the red floor a liquid equally red was running, spreading around her feet, and flowing quickly

她嚇得不敢進去，也不敢回去拿燈。她雖然兩腳戰慄，幾乎要跪下去，但是她仍極想逃生，想大聲喊叫。

她反覆呼道：

『教士先生，……教士先生，這是我——是我馬格俐。』

她雖在萬分恐懼，却還想救護主人，心中發出勇氣，即使死了也沒有什麼害怕。她立即跑回廚房去拿她自己的那盞小燈。

她拿了燈先在門口立定，她看見那個流氓伸着四肢在牆旁臥着，——看去就像睡着似的；那盞瓷燈，已碎成碎片，桌下有兩隻黑腳，穿着黑色襪子的維爾坡教士的雙足。教士四肢伸着，仰天而臥，大概當跌倒時，他的頭顱一定敲着了銅鑼。

她嚇得喘不過氣來，兩手抖得厲害。她連續的呼道：

『天呀！天呀！這是怎麼一回事呢？』

她躡足慢慢走上前去，她的足下忽然踏着一種像油脂似的東西，幾乎使她滑倒在地上。

她於是慢慢的俯下身來，她看見一片紅如朱漆地板的液質在流着，布滿她足下的四周，疾速流向門口。她立刻

towards the door. She guessed that it was blood!

Nearly out of her mind, she flung away her light in order not to see any more, and took to flight; she flew across the dark land towards the village, stumbling headlong against the trees, with her eyes fixed on the distant lights of the houses, and shrieking as she ran.

Her piercing voice swept out into the night like the sinister cry of a screech owl, and it yelled without ceasing: The maoufatan!...the maoufatan!...the maoufatan!'

When she reached the first houses, a number of excited men ran out and surrounded her, but she only struggled amongst them without answering, for she had very nearly lost her senses.

In the end they understood that there was something very wrong in the Abbé's bastide out in the fields, and snatching up whatever came to hand, a number of them ran in a body to offer assistance.

The little pink-tinted cottage in the middle of the field of olives had become invisible and black in the dark and silent night. Ever since the only light of its bright window had been extinguished like an eye that is closed, it had stood immersed, lost in the darkness, undiscoverable for anyone not a native of the place.

Soon some lights appeared running along close to the ground, amongst the trees. They

猜到這是血！

她幾乎像失去心臟的狂人，她丟開燈，不敢再看，一面就逃出房來，她穿過黑暗的地方，向村莊直奔，有時她因撞着了樹幹跌倒在地，但即刻立起身來又向前奔跑。這樣屢蹶屢起，她只對準遠處村上的燈光行去，一面大聲喊叫。

她尖銳刺耳的呼聲，衝破夜的岑寂，正像不祥的梟鳴。她且奔且呼『流氓！……那個流氓！』一會也不停。

她奔村口的人家，村人聽見聲音立刻跑出來，把她圍住，但她只是指手頓足，說不出話來，因為她幾乎失了神了。

後來，村人知道在教士的小屋中一定發生了什麼事，於是各人連忙拿了武器，一同跑去幫助教士。

紅色的小屋，隱在橄欖園的中心，和寂寥的黑夜中，只是模糊的一片，看不見什麼。此時，窗裏的燈光也如閉着的眼睛，早已熄滅了。全所房子都沒入黑暗中，倘不是當地的土著，真是誰也找不出房子的地位來。

接着樹林中就有好幾道光線沿着地面奔馳。光線很長，帶着黃色，飛快地走過枯草地上；倏忽變幻，爍閃不定

ran over the parched grass with long yellow beams; and, struck by their wandering flashes, the twisted branches of the olive trees showed fitfully like monsters, like serpents from hell entwined and writhing. The reflections falling afar brought out of the darkness something pale and indistinct at first; then the low square wall of the little dwelling became pink again in the light of the lanterns. Some villagers who carried them were escorting two gendarmes revolvers in hand, the garde-champetre, the mayor, and Marguerite, who was being assisted by some men. She was in a half-fainting condition.

Before the door that remained alarmingly open, there was a moment of hesitation. But the brigadier seized a lantern, went in first, and was followed by the others.

The old woman had spoken the truth. The blood, congealed now, covered the tiles like a carpet. It had reached the vagabond, where he lay with one of his feet and one of his hands in the red pool.

The father and the son were both sleeping, the one with his throat cut, in the sleep everlasting, and the other plunged in a drunkard's slumber.

The two gendarmes rushed upon him, and before he was well awake he had the handcuffs on his wrists. He rubbed his eyes in besotted amazement, muddled with the wine; and when he saw the dead body of the priest, his face took on an expression of bewildered terror.

"How is it he didn't clear out?" the mayor wondered.

，時常照在曲的橄欖樹枝上，滿是奇形怪狀，或如異獸，或如地獄中盤曲的毒蛇。因為光明的反照，先時可以看見暗淡不明的東西伏在遠處的黑暗中；跟着那所房子的矮牆，便在燈光下顯出鮮明的紅色了。在赴救的一羣人中，有幾個村人提着燈，有兩個警吏拿着手鎗。村長，村警，也都一齊來了；馬格俐已經氣息奄奄，由村人扶着她走。

此時，房門依然大開着，他們走到門前，不免有一番遲疑。究竟警官勇敢些，他奪過一盞提燈，首先進去，衆人也隨着一闕而入。

老婦的話很對。血已凝結了，粘在地磚上像紅色的地毯；並且流的很多，那個流氓已有一手一足臥在血泊中了。

父子兩人都沉睡着：一個已是割斷咽喉，長睡不醒了，一個則只是酒醉，尚有覺來的時候。

於是兩個警吏便走上前去把他捉住，等到他酒氣全消，豁然醒悟的時候，他的兩手已上了手械，他初時因為喝醉了酒，模模糊糊的，把眼睛拭着，直待看見了教士的屍身，他的面上才不禁現出驚惶駭異的神情。

『他爲什麼不逃走的？』村長在詫異他的行徑。

“He was too drunk,” replied the brigadier.
And they all agreed with him; for the idea would never have occurred to any one, that, perhaps, the Abbé Vilbois had taken his own life.

『他因爲中酒醉倒了，』警吏回答說。

衆人都贊成警吏的話；因爲維爾坡教士自殺的原由，除他自己以外，已經是誰都不能知道的了。

(註一) 法國東南部的古州。

(註二) 新約路加傳二十二章三九至四六：『耶穌出來，照常往橄欖山去，門徒也跟隨他。到了那地方，就對他們說：「你們要禱告，免得入迷惑。」於是離開他們，約有扔一塊石頭那麼遠，跪下禱告說：「父阿！你若願意，就把這杯從我撤去；然而不要我的意思成就，只要你的意思成就。」有一位大使，從天上向他顯現，加添他的力量。耶穌極其傷痛，禱告更加懇切，他的汗如大血點，滴在地上。禱告完了，就起來，到門徒那裏，見他們因爲憂愁都睡着了，就對他們說：「你們爲什麼睡覺呢？起來禱告，免得入了迷惑。」』這是耶穌被殺前的一段故事，本篇所以名爲橄欖園，大概由此。

(註三) 基督最後晚餐時，計十三人，故西人以十三爲凶數，凡數逢十三，率視爲不神的朕兆。

◀英漢對照▶

西洋文學名著譯叢

伍蠡甫主編

本叢書精選西洋文學傑作，由海內名譯家分別擔任，每種除英漢對照外，並將作家思想，時代背景，全書涵義等，撰為長序，作極為深刻之剖解。讀者手此一編，既可增加閱讀英文之能力，又可養成文學之嗜好。

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西洋文學名著選 五版

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本書所選，有歐美的論文，小說，詩歌，童話，書札等名遺三十餘篇；如：雪萊論愛情，基茨黃鶯歌，新俄小說，盧梭新哀綠綺思，郭哥兒外套，哈代兒子否決權，哥德格言，辛克萊詩人，華盛頓別妻詩，小泉八雲文學的情緒，霍桑抱著望者，莫伯桑嫁粧，海涅石像，蘭伯求婚書，我默魯拜集選，莎士比亞歌曲，王爾德黃鶯與玫瑰，柴霍甫打賭等篇，莫不內容精湛，文字優美。每篇均首列中文小序，略述作者的生平，思想、作風，和重要著作；末附註解，凡難字，奧句，習語，廢辭，發音等，詳釋以外，間附例證。訂正五版，內容增加三分之一以上，採本書為英文教本者，今已有三十餘校之多。

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奪 夫 伍光建譯 (\$.50)

本書譯者爲譯學界老前輩，內有哈代等著名小說五篇，均爲文字暢麗，結構緊湊之作品，凡愛好文學者，不可不看。

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