

WORLD FAMOUS FICTIONS

尼 勒 斯 萊 尼  
NIELS LYHNE

J. P. JACOBSEN 著

伍 光 建 選 譯

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# NIELS LYHNE

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## 作者傳略

丹國的想像派大作家雅各生 (J. P. Jacobsen) 生於一八四七年。他的父親是個富商，有子五人，他居長。他的母親富有浪漫精神，過了一世庸俗生活，卻很懇切的要她這個兒子做一個詩人。一八六八年他入可奔海長 (Copenhagen) 大學讀書。他從小就好科學，尤其好植物學。有一個科學會派他往某某兩島研究花卉。這個時候達爾文的新發明，起首引他注意，他把達爾文所著的物種原始及人類世系譯成丹國文。一八七二年他在某澤地採植物標本，得了肺病；這一病使他不能研究科學，他只好致力於文學。他雖然是個有名的科學家，少年時卻很自命為一個詩人。享世界大名的批評家佐治·卜蘭底斯 (George Brandes) 看見他的文章雄健，很詫異；他在這個批評家的潛力之下，遂於一八七三年起首撰一部歷史小說。他作文是很句斟字酌，不輕易下筆的；他“崇拜字句，”以為全世界裏只有一個字或一句話能夠準確的發表他的意思，所以這部歷史小說遲至一八七六年年底纔出版。一八七九年他病重不能執筆，到了一八八〇年他的病勢見好，今所譯的他的第二部小說尼勒斯·萊尼 (Niels Lyhne) 脫稿，費了他四年工夫。一八八二年他刊行六篇短小說，其中的大部分還是前幾年寫的；以後就無什麼著作了。他享過夫婦之樂，可惜享得不久，一八八五年他死於他母親家裏。這部尼勒斯·萊尼 (H. A. Larsen 英文譯本) 寫他少年時代的夢想及

理想，書裏的人物幾乎無一個不作夢，幾乎無一頁無幾個夢字。書裏的愛情故事卻全是杜撰的，他本人卻是很端方的，絕不肯做可以損害他人的事。有人很早就認得他是丹國的最偉大的散文作家。有人比他作法國的佛羅波爾特 (Flaubert)，英國的狄·昆西 (De Quincey) 及裴爾特 (Pater)，這是說他的文章富有個性，且說他很注意於色彩形狀，及音節。他的潛力在北方頗能及遠。自從一八八〇年以來，挪威及丹馬的慘淡經營作者們，無不被他的潛力所移。

民國二十四年乙亥

月伍光建記

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## CHAPTER III

Niels was quite a lad now, twelve years old, nearing thirteen, and he no longer needed to hack thistles and burdocks in order to feed his knightly fancies, any more than he had to launch his explorer's dreams in a mussel-shell. A book and a corner of the sofa were enough for him now, and if the book refused to bear him to the coast of his desires, he would hunt up Frithjof and tell him the tale which the book would not yield. Arm in arm, they would saunter down the road, one telling, both listening; but when they wanted to revel<sup>1</sup> to the full and really give their imagination free play<sup>2</sup>, they would hide in the fragrant dimness of the hayloft. After a while, these stories, which always ended just when you had really entered into them, grew into a single long story that never ended, but lived and died with one generation after the other; for when the hero had grown old, or you had been careless enough to let him die, you could always give him a son, who would inherit everything from the father, and whom, in addition, you could dower with any other virtues that you happened to value particularly just at the moment.

Whatever stamped itself on Niels's mind, what he saw, what he understood and what he misunderstood,

<sup>1</sup> revel, 尋快樂. <sup>2</sup> play, 發揮.

# 尼勒斯萊尼

• • • • •

## 第三回

〔萊尼是一個毫不浪漫的男子，娶了一個女人卻是很浪漫的，好讀詩，自己以為是一個奇能女子。他們生下一個兒子名尼勒斯（Niels）譯者注〕。尼勒斯現在很是一個大孩子，有十二歲，快到十三歲啦，用不着砍薊草及牛蒡以供養他的俠士幻想啦，也用不着在一個蛤蜊殼子裏做他的探險家的夢啦。現在他在楊床的一個角落上讀一本書就夠啦，倘若那本書不肯送他到他所想望到的海岸，他會找着佛烈若甫（Frithjo），告訴他這本書所不肯告訴他的故事。他們手拉手在路上往下走，一個說，兩個聽；但是一到他們要淋漓盡致的快樂一番，當真使他們的幻想得以自由的發揮，他們會躲在乾草堆頂上有香氣的黑暗中。過了一會這些故事（常是當你正在聽得有意思的時候就完了）變作一篇有頭無尾的很長的故事，這一代的人生了，死了，又說一代；因為當那個英雄年紀老了，或因你不小心讓他死了的時候，你常能夠給英雄一個兒子，兒子得了父親的全數遺傳性，況且當時你若特別看重無論任何美德，你還可以賜與英雄的兒子。

無論尼勒斯心裏得了什麼印象，無論他看見什麼，無論他曉得什麼，或誤會什麼，無論他讚美什麼，亦無論他

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what he admired and what he knew he ought to admire—all was woven into the story. As running water is colored by every passing picture, sometimes holding the image with perfect clearness, sometimes distorting it or throwing it back in wavering, uncertain lines, then again drowning it completely in the color and play of its own ripples, so the lad's story reflected feelings and thoughts, his own and those of other people, mirrored human beings and events, life and books, as well as it could. It was a play life, running side by side with real life. It was a snug retreat<sup>1</sup>, where you could abandon<sup>2</sup> yourself to dreams of the wildest adventures. It was a fairy garden that opened at your slightest nod, and received you in all its glory, shutting out everybody else. Whispering palms closed overhead; flowers of sunshine and leaves like stars on vines of coral spread at your feet, and among them a thousand paths led to all the ages and the climes. If you followed one, it would lead you to one place, and if you followed another, it would lead you to another place, to Aladdin and Robinson Crusoe, to Vaulunder and Henrik Magnard, to Niels Klim and Mungo Park, to Peter Simple and Odysseus—and the moment you wished it, you were home again.

About a month after Niels's twelfth birthday, two new faces appeared at Lönborggaard.

One was that of the new tutor; the other was that of Edele Lyhne.

The tutor, Mr. Bigum, was a candidate for orders and was at the threshold of the forties. He was rather small,

<sup>1</sup> retreat, 退藏地方. <sup>2</sup> abandon, 縱容.



曉得他應該讚美什麼——他全拿來組織這篇故事。有如流水被其所經過的風景染成顏色，有免得了完備清楚的形影，有時使形影變作奇形怪狀，有時使形影變作浪紋，成為無定形的綫，隨後又完全使形影沉理在流水自己的微波的顏色及流動裏，（以流水比人心，可謂妙喻，譯者注）這個孩子的故事也是這樣反照感情及思想，所反照的就是他自己的及他人的思想及感情，盡其所能照出人類及世事，生活及書籍。這是一種演劇的生活，與真實生活並行。又是一個窄小舒服的退藏地方，你在這裏就能夠縱容你自己做最離奇冒險事的夢。（有人批評，說本書的英雄原是一個極其浪漫的詩人，日夜在夢中過活，所以這部書幾乎無一頁不有幾個夢字。譯者注。）你只要極其稍微的點一點頭，一座仙人的花園就開門迎接你，只請你看園裏的全數光華，無論什麼人都閉門不納。近在你的頭上有低聲作響的棕櫚樹；鋪在你腳下的是有日光那樣鮮艷的花及如同衆星那樣閃光的葉，下如同珊瑚那樣的枝上，在這許多樹木叢中有一千條小徑引到全數的古代及地方。你若跟着一條小徑走，就會引你到一處地方，你若跟着另一條小徑走，就引你到另一處地方，引你到阿拉丁（Aladdin 見天方夜談，譯者注。）及羅濱孫（Robinson Crusoe），領你到和蘭特爾及顯理克瑪額持（Vaulunder and Henrik Magnard），領你到尼勒斯克力木及蒙哥帕爾克（Niels Klim and Mungo Park），領你到比得西木普及奧地西阿（Peter Simple and Odysseus）——你只要一想，你又回到家來啦。

尼勒斯過十二歲生日後約一個月，就有兩個生人的臉出現於朗坡伽特（Lönborggaard）。

一個就是新請來的先生；一個就是伊狄爾萊尼（Edele Lyhne）。

先生名貝甘木（Bigum），是個要當教士的，快到四十歲啦。他們身材略小，卻有一條做工的馬的結實氣力，胸脯

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but with a stocky strength like that of a work-horse, broad-chested, high-shouldered, and slightly stooping. He walked with a heavy, slow, deliberate tread, and moved his arms in a vague, expressionless way that seemed to require a great deal of room. His high, wide forehead was flat as a wall, with two perpendicular lines between the eyebrows; the nose was short and blunt, the mouth large with thick, fresh lips. His eyes were his best feature, light in color, mild, and clear. The movements of his eye-balls showed that he was slightly deaf. Nevertheless, he loved music and played his violin with passionate devotion; for the notes, he said, were not heard only with the ears, but with the whole body, eyes, fingers, and feet; if the ear failed sometimes, the hand would find the right note without its aid, by a strange, intuitive genius of its own. Besides, the audible tones were, after all, false, but he who possessed the divine gift of music carried within him an invisible<sup>1</sup> instrument compared to which the most wonderful Cremona<sup>2</sup> was like the stringed calabash of the savage. On this instrument the soul played; its strings gave forth ideal notes, and upon it the great tone-poets had composed their immortal works.

. . . . .

Music, however, was by no means Mr. Bigum's chief interest. He was first of all a philosopher, but not one of the productive philosophers who find new laws and build new systems. He laughed at their systems, the

<sup>1</sup> invisible, 看不見, 無形. <sup>2</sup> Cremona, 意大利人名, Cremona 所製的提琴。

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是寬的，兩肩是高的，背略駝。他走路是腳步很重，走得慢，很費事纔走一步，他們兩隻膀子搖得空空洞洞，很無表示的，好像要很寬大的地方纔夠得搖擺。他的額高闊，如同牆壁那樣平，兩眉間有兩條很直的線；他的鼻子短而鈍，一個大口，帶着厚而鮮潤的兩脣。他臉上最好看的就是他的兩眼，顏色淡，溫和，清明。他的兩睛的舉動表示他有點聾。他卻喜歡音樂，最喜歡奏提琴；他說因為不獨是用兩耳聽音調，用全身、兩眼、手指、兩腳都可以聽見；若兩耳有時聽不見，用手的一種奇怪的及直覺的天才，用不着耳幫助也會找着正當的音調。況且耳所能聽的音調到底不過是假的，但是一個人既有天賦的知音本領，他心裏就有一件無形的樂器，拿最奇異的一種提琴來相比，不過如野人們在瓢上穿絃的樂器。靈魂演這樣無形的樂器；其上的絃子發生意想的音調，偉大的聲調詩人們就是在這種樂器上編製他們的不朽的歌曲（上文以流水比心，此處以心聲論樂，饒有創解，本書如此等處甚多。譯者注。）

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貝甘木所最注意的卻不止是音樂。他又是一個哲學家，卻不是一個有生發的，有生發的哲學家找出新法律及設立新系統。他笑他們的系統，說是蝸牛的殼，他們拖着

snail-shells in which they dragged themselves across the illimitable field of thought, fondly imagining that the field was within the snail-shell! And these laws—laws of thought, laws of nature! Why, the discovery of a law meant nothing but the fixing of your own limitations: I can see so far and no farther—as if there were not another horizon beyond the first, and another and yet another, horizon beyond horizon, law beyond law, in an unending vista! No, he was not that kind of a philosopher. He did not think he was vain, or that he overvalued himself, but he could not close his eyes to the fact that his intellect had a wider span than that of other mortals<sup>1</sup>.

. . . . .

Yet there were other times when the solitude of his greatness weighed upon him and depressed him.

Ah, how often, when he had communed<sup>2</sup> with himself in sacred silence, hour after hour, and then returned again to consciousness of the audible, visible life round about him, had he not felt himself a stranger to its paltriness and corruptibility. Then he had often been like the monk who listened in the monastery woods to a single trill of the paradise bird and, when he came back, found that a century had died. Ah, if the monk was lonely with the generation that lived among the groves he knew, how much more lonely was the man whose contemporaries<sup>3</sup> had not yet been born.

In such desolate moments he would sometimes be seized with a cowardly longing to sink down to the level

<sup>1</sup> mortals, 人. <sup>2</sup> communed, 親密談話. <sup>3</sup> contemporaries, 志同道合的人, 同時代的人.

殼子在無限的思想區域上走，他們還很高興的想像他們所走的地方是在殼子裏！他們的法律——思想法律，自然法律！有什麼道理好說呀，發明一條新法律算不了什麼，不過規定你自己的界限：不過是說我只能看見這樣遠，再遠我卻不能看見了——好像在第一線天涯外並無另一個天涯，在這另一個天涯外更無天涯，他們不曉得律外還有律，看過去原是無窮無盡的！不是的，他不是這種哲學家。他既不以自己爲自視太高，亦不太過看重自己，他不過不能閉目無睹，他曉得他的知性所見更廣，廣過他人的。

。 。 。 。 。 。

〔他原是一個很偉大的思想家。譯者注。〕但是有時他索解不得的孤立的偉大反拖累他，壓下他。

呀，當他在神聖的無言中自己用自己很親密的討論的時候，過了一點鐘又過一點鐘，隨後又走回頭覺得在他左右前後的耳能聞目能見的世界，很曉得世界的卑劣及腐敗。這時候他往往好像那個和尚，在寺院的樹林裏不過聽見天堂鳥的單獨一聲的顫動的歌唱，等他回到寺院裏，就覺得已經過了一百年。倘若這個和尚與他所曉得的住在叢林的那一代的人們同居，自己還是孤立無偶的，一個人既尚無與他志同道合的人們出世，他是多麼孤寂呀。

當他覺得這樣孤寂的時候，有時會作一種懦夫的渴想，要沉下來，沉到同平常人一樣，分享他們的下賤歡樂

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of the common herd, to share their lowborn happiness, to become a native of their great earth and a citizen of their little heaven. But soon he would be himself again.

The other newcomer was Edele Lyhne, Lyhne's twenty-six-year-old sister. She had lived many years in Copenhagen, first with her mother, who had moved to the city when she became a widow, and, after her mother's death, in the home of a wealthy uncle, Councillor of State Neergaards. The Neergaards entertained on a large scale and went out a great deal, so Edele lived in a whirl of balls and festivities.

She was admired wherever she went, and envy, the faithful shadow of admiration, also followed her. She was talked about as much as one can be without having done anything scandalous, and whenever men discussed the three reigning beauties of the town there were always many voices in favor of striking out one name and substituting that of Edele Lyhne, but they could never agree on which of two others should yield to her—as for the third, it was out of the question.

Yet very young men did not admire her. They were abashed<sup>1</sup> in her presence, and felt twice as stupid as usual when she listened to them with her look of mild toleration—a maliciously emphasized toleration which crushed them with a sense that she had heard it all before and knew it by heart. They made efforts to shine in her eyes and their own by assuming *blasés* airs, by inventing wild paradoxes, or, when their desperation reached a climax, by making bold declarations; but all these at-

<sup>1</sup> abashed, 自覺慚愧, 有愧色.

(所謂同流合污。譯者注。),變作他們的大地的一個本土人,做他們的小天下的一個市民。但是不久他恢復他自己的常態。

另一個新來的人就是伊狄爾萊尼 (Edele Lyhne),她是萊尼的妹妹,現年二十六歲。她在丹馬都城住過幾年,最初是同她的母親住,她一當了寡婦就搬到國都住,後來她的母親死了,就住在一個有錢的叔父家裏,他名尼爾伽特 (Neergaards),是一個參政。尼爾伽特們好大規模的宴客,常出門應酬,所以伊狄爾常在跳舞會及慶節的漩渦裏過活。

她無論走到那裏都有人讚美她,有讚美就有妒忌,所以就有許多人妒忌她。有許多人談論她,她並不會做過無論什麼不名譽的事,會有這許多人談論,是很難得的,男人們無論什麼時候討論本京的三個打倒餘人的三個美人,常有許多人說話想除丟一個人的名,把伊狄爾萊尼的名字補上,但是他們永遠不能商定兩個美人裏頭那一個該讓位給她——至於那第三人是不成問題的了。

少年男子們卻不是個個都讚美她。他們一見她就自覺慚愧,當她帶着和平的容忍神氣聽他們說話的時候,他們覺得自己比向來加倍的蠢愚——她的容忍原是一種懷惡意的及很顯露的容忍,表示她從前全聽過,她又很記得,這種容忍很壓倒他們。他們裝出厭倦娛樂的神氣,或造幾句亂雜似若背理的話,或當他們絕望到了極點的時候大膽亂說一番,他們用這種種方法,努力要在她的眼裏及他們自己的眼裏眩耀一番;不料全數這樣的嘗試。在少年人

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tempts, jostling and crowding one upon the other in the abrupt transitions of youth, were met with the faint shadow of a smile, a deadly smile of boredom, which made the victim redden and feel that he was the one hundred and eleventh fly in the same merciless spider's web.

Moreover, her beauty had neither the softness nor the fire to ensnare young hearts. On older hearts and cooler heads she exercised a peculiar fascination.

She was tall. Her thick, heavy hair was blonde with the faint reddish sheen of ripening wheat, but fairer and curling where it grew in two points low on the nape of her neck. Under the high, cleancut forehead, her eyebrows were pale and indefinite. The light gray eyes were large and clear, neither accented by the brows nor borrowing fitful shadows from the thin, delicate lids. There was something indeterminate and indeterminable in their expression. They always met you with a full and open gaze, without any of the changeful play of sidelong glances or lightning flashes, but almost unnaturally wakeful, invincible, inscrutable. The vivacity was all in the lower part of the face, the nostrils, the mouth, and the chin. The eyes merely looked on. The mouth was particularly expressive. The lips met in a lovely bow with deep, gracious curves and flexible lines, but their beauty was a little marred by a hardness of the lower lip, which sometimes melted away in a smile, and then again stiffened into something akin to brutality.

The bold sweep of the back and the luxuriant fullness of the bosom, contrasted with the classic severity of the shoulders and arms, gave her an audacity, an exotic fas-



的忽然變態中互相擠擁，她不過付諸微微的一笑，這是表示討厭的致命傷的微笑，使那個被她所笑的犧牲滿臉通紅，又使他覺得他是投在同一不慈不悲的蜘蛛網裏頭的第一百十一隻蒼蠅。

況且她的美貌既無溫柔又無火焰能迷少年男子的心。她對於心腸更老及頭腦更冷清的人們施行一種特別的潛力。

她的身材高。她的濃重頭髮是老黃色的，微微帶點成熟麥子的淡紅光，卻略淡些，垂在她頸背的長成兩個尖子卻是鬚的。她的兩眉在高而像雕刻得很清楚的額下是淡的又是混成的。淡灰色的眼大而清明，既不被兩眉所襯托，亦不借重於薄而細嫩的眼皮的無定的影。這一雙眼的神色有點無定，又是不能定的。兩眼常是睜得很大，又是很光明磊落的看人，既不斜視，又不是如電光那樣一瞬即逝，全無任何富於改變的作用，幾乎是不自然的警醒，不轉睛的，不能看透的。她的精神全在臉的下部，在鼻孔、口、及下頷。兩眼不過是看着。她的嘴特別有表示。兩脣相合成爲一個很好看的弓形，帶着深的，好看的曲線及柔軟活動的線，可惜兩脣的美稍微被下脣的堅硬所礙，這片下嘴脣有時化作微笑，隨即又變硬了，有點像殘酷。

她的背的剛健曲線及她的胸脯的高聳的飽滿，與她的兩肩兩臂的古時石像的嚴整無華相反襯，給她一種膽