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每天读点经典文学

短篇小说（英汉版）



顾问◎杜平 主编◎辜涛



中央编译出版社
Central Compilation & Translation Press

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前 言

本系列丛书精选自欧美 18、19 世纪以来的著名作家经典作品，包括散文家，小说家，历史学家等等，题材丰富多样，内容深刻有趣，读来不但能陶冶情操，净化心灵，文学大师的地道英文更能在潜移默化中提高你的英文水准，人文素养。

本卷为短篇小说卷，挑选了乔治·爱略特，查尔斯·兰姆，乔治·桑，华盛顿·欧文，杰克·伦敦等人的经典短篇小说，进行了精心翻译，有些是第一次翻译成中文，一定能使你有最新鲜的阅读乐趣，有些则是在前面译者的基础上改进翻译，也许能让你温故而知新。小说内容广泛，从战争的残酷，到旅行的乐趣，从读书岁月，乃至家庭的生活，从各个方面深刻地探讨了人性的宽容和伟大，动物的善良和有趣，世界的博大和多彩，读来有趣有益，并能极大地拓展你的知识面，提高你的文学素养。

为了方便读者理解，我们为每一篇文章适当补充了作者简介，单词解析等，相信能使你更好的阅读和学习，做到学有所获。本书不但适合在校的大学生作为课余补充读物，提高他们的文学素养，英文阅读能力，理解能力和翻译能力；同时也适合广大的英文自学者和文学爱好者，作为业余读物提高英语水平，在忙碌的现代生活中慢慢体会文学经典的力量，陶冶心灵。

小说卷出版之后，其他诗歌，散文卷等将随后出版，敬请关注。

编者
2011. 10

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A LEAF IN THE STORM

Bernadou clung to his home with a dogged devotion. He would not go from it to fight unless compelled, but for it he would have fought like a lion. His love for his country was only an indefinite shadowy existence that was not clear to him; he could not save a land that he had never seen, a capital that was only to him as an empty name; nor could he comprehend the danger that his nation ran; nor could he desire to go forth and spend his lifeblood in defence of things unknown to him. He was only a peasant, and he could not read nor greatly understand. But affection for his birthplace was a passion with him, —mute indeed, but deep-seated as an oak. For his birthplace he would have struggled as a man can struggle only when supreme love as well as duty nerves his arm. Neither he nor Reine Allix¹ could see that a man's duty might lie from home, but in that home both were alike ready to dare anything and to suffer everything. It was a narrow form of patriotism, yet it had nobleness, endurance, and patience in it; in song it has been oftentimes deified as heroism, but in modern warfare it is punished as the blackest crime.

So Bernadou tarried in his cottage till he should be called, keeping watch by night over the safety of his village and by day doing all he could to aid the deserted wives and mothers of the place by tilling their ground for them and by tending such poor cattle as were left in their desolate fields. He and Margot and Reine Allix, between them, fed many mouths that would otherwise have been closed in death by famine, and denied themselves all except the barest and most meagre subsistence, that they might give away the little they possessed.

And all this while the war went on, but seemed far from them, so seldom did

any tidings² of it pierce the seclusion in which they dwelt. By and by, as the autumn went on, they learned a little more. Fugitives coming to the smithy for a horse's shoe; women fleeing to their old village homes from their light, gay life in the city; mandates from the government of defence sent to every hamlet in the country; stray news-sheets brought in by carriers or hawkers and hucksters, ——all these by degrees told them of the peril of their country, ——vaguely, indeed, and seldom truthfully, but so that by mutilated rumors they came at last to know the awful facts of the fate of Sedan, the fall of the Empire, the siege of Paris. It did not alter their daily lives: it was still too far off and too impalpable. But a foreboding, a dread, an unspeakable woe settled down on them. Already their lands and cattle had been harassed to yield provision for the army and large towns; already their best horses had been taken for the siege-trains³ and the forage-wagons; already their ploughshares were perforce idle, and their children cried because of the scarcity of nourishment; already the iron of war had entered into their souls.

The little street at evening was mournful and very silent: the few who talked spoke in whispers, lest a spy should hear them, and the young ones had no strength to play: they wanted food.

Bernadou, now that all means of defence was gone from him, and the only thing left to him to deal with was his own life, had become quiet and silent and passionless, as was his habit. He would have fought like a mastiff for his home, but this they had forbidden him to do, and he was passive and without hope. He closed his door, and sat down with his hand in that of Reine Allix and his arm around his wife. "There is nothing to do but wait" he said sadly. The day seemed very long in coming.

The firing (which had come nearer each day) ceased for a while; then its roll commenced afresh, and grew still nearer to the village. Then again all was still.

At noon a shepherd staggered into the place, pale, bleeding, bruised, covered with mire. The Prussians, he told them, had forced him to be their guide, had knotted him tight to a trooper's saddle, and had dragged him with them until he was half dead with fatigue and pain. At night he had broken from them and had fled: they were close at hand, he said, and had burned the town from end to end because a

man had fired at them from a house-top. That was all he knew. Bernadou, who had gone out to hear his news, returned into the house and sat down and hid his face within his hands.

It grew dark. The autumn day died. The sullen clouds dropped scattered rain. The red leaves were blown in millions by the wind. The little houses on either side the road were dark, for the dwellers in them dared not show any light that might be a star to allure to them the footsteps of their foes. Bernadou sat with his arms on the table, and his head resting on them. Margot nursed her son; Reine Allix prayed.

Suddenly in the street without there was the sound of many feet of horses and of men, the shouting of angry voices, the splashing of quick steps in the watery ways, the screams of women, the flash of steel through the gloom. Bernadou sprang to his feet, his face pale, his blue eyes dark as night. "They are come!" he said under his breath. It was not fear that he felt, nor horror; it was rather a passion of love for his birthplace and his nation, —a passion of longing to struggle and to die for both. And he had no weapon!

He drew his house-door open with a steady hand, and stood on his own threshold and faced these, his enemies. The street was full of them, —some mounted, some on foot; crowds of them swarmed in the woods on the roads. They had settled on the village as vultures on a dead lamb's body. It was a little, lowly place; it might well have been left in peace. It had had no more share in the war than a child still unborn, but it came in the victor's way, and his mailed heel crushed it as he passed. They had heard that arms were hidden and francs-tireurs sheltered there, and they had swooped down on it and held it hard and fast. Some were told off to search the chapel; some to ransack the dwellings; some to seize such food and bring such cattle as there might be left; some to seek out the devious paths that crossed and recrossed the field; and yet there still remained in the little street hundreds of armed men, force enough to awe a citadel or storm a breach.

The people did not attempt to resist. They stood passive, dry-eyed in misery, looking on whilst the little treasures of their household lives were swept away forever, and ignorant what fate by fire or iron might be their portion ere the night was done. They saw the corn that was their winter store to save their offspring from famine

poured out like ditch-water. They saw oats and wheat flung down to be trodden into a slough of mud and filth. They saw the walnut presses in their kitchens broken open, and their old heirlooms of silver, centuries old, borne away as booty. They saw the oak cupboard in their wives' bedchambers ransacked, and the homespun linen and the quaint bits of plate that had formed their nuptial dowers cast aside in derision or trampled into a battered heap. They saw the pet lamb of their infants, the silver earrings of their brides, the brave tankards they had drunk their marriage wine in, the tame bird that flew to their whistle, all seized for food or spoil⁴. They saw all this, and had to stand by with mute tongues and passive hands, lest any glance of wrath or gesture of revenge should bring the leaden bullets in their children's throats or the yellow flame amidst their homesteads. Greater agony the world cannot hold.

——LOUISE DE LA RAMEE (Ouida) .

注释:

1. 瑞恩·阿丽克斯，主人公本纳多的祖母
2. 同 news，消息
3. 攻城队列
4. 战利品，此处具体处理为“囊中物”，与“盘中餐”相对。

作者简介:

刘易丝·德·拉·雷姆 (1839~1908)，笔名奎达，英国女作家，出生在英格兰，二十几岁时开始小说创作，自1874年起侨居意大利，直至1908年去世。奎达终身未婚，著述颇丰，名篇包括《纽伦堡的炉子》和《弗兰德斯斯的狗》。

篇选自奎达所著的同名小说，主人公农夫本纳多，其妻玛格特，还有祖母瑞恩·阿丽克斯。故事发生在1870年普法战争期间，法军在色当



一役遭遇惨败，以本纳多为代表的村庄农夫们，怯弱惧死，最终大祸临头，饱受普鲁士入侵者羞辱与蹂躏。借此小说，奎达无情鞭挞了只顾家不爱国的狭隘爱国主义。

风雨中的一片叶子

本纳多这人顾家，爱得固执坚毅，恋得耗心竭力。除非迫不得已，他绝不会离家奔赴沙场。可要是为了这个家，他会像雄狮一样去英勇战斗。对他来说，爱国情怀这东西朦胧缥缈，连他自己也识得不太清楚。他，不会去搭救一个从未见过的国家和一座在他看来不过是空虚名号的都城，不明白祖国目前所处的险境，更不愿为了保卫那些自己一无所知的东西而奔赴前线、空洒鲜血。他不过一介农夫，既目不识丁，又难以洞彻深义奥理。然而，对故乡的热爱成为他胸中涌动的一股激情——虽沉寂无声，却若橡树根基一般深沉而厚重。正如世人在责任与至爱为臂膀鼓足勇气之时必将奋起一战，本纳多为了生他养他的那片土地也准会拼死一搏。然而，无论是瑞恩·阿里克斯，还是本纳多，却不太懂得这一道理——人之职责绝非止于自家庭院。在家里，这两人为了自家的事儿什么都敢做，并甘于承受一切。这种爱国主义，虽说狭隘，却透出高尚、坚韧和毅力的品质，难怪在歌曲中时常被奉为英雄主义，受人顶礼膜拜；然而，在现代战争中则被贬为最阴暗的罪行，遭人严加斥挞。

于是，在未被募入行伍之前，本纳多滞留在自家农舍，夜间值班守护村庄安全，白天尽其所能帮助村里那些失了男人的孤妻寡母，要么耕田种地，要么放养那些被弃于荒田的可怜的牲畜。当然，玛格特，瑞恩·阿历克斯和他还要为家中几张嘴张罗吃的，不然他们会因饥荒而活活饿死。一家人在生活上极为克制，日日粗茶淡饭，勉强保命，倘若留下些许剩余，也用来周济街坊邻里。

那阵子，战争仍在继续，可似乎远在天遥，战事消息极少渗入这个蔽塞的村落。不过，等到秋意渐浓之际，村民还是闻悉了一二。逃亡者来到村里的铁匠铺给马匹钉蹄铁，城里的妇人丢弃轻松而快乐的生活逃回乡下老屋，动员人们开展防御的政令传至每个村落，邮差和贩夫零星带来的小报。所有这些都不同程度地告诉村里人国家正处于危难之中——虽然这些消息往往含

糊不清，言不符实，但靠着这些支离破碎的流言蜚语，人们到底还是明白了一些可怕的事实：色当罹难，帝国崩塌，巴黎被围。尽管如此，他们的日常生活并未因此而有何改变。战事离他们还远着呢，既无感知，亦无身受。然而，一种凶兆，一种恐惧，一种难以言述的哀苦渐沉人心。田里的庄稼和牲畜被控制以补军队和大城市之给养；好马良驹被征用以作攻城队列和运输粮草之用；犁铧不可避免地被闲置起来；食物匮乏，逼得孩童大哭大嚷。战争的铁骑早已踏入村民的心灵。

傍晚时分，那条小小村街变得哀郁而静寂。偶而有人说话，也只是窃窃耳语，生怕让探子听到。年轻人连嬉笑玩闹都没了体力：他们需要食物。

眼见防御手段尽失，唯一能把握的也就是自己的小命，本纳多变得沉默寡言，血性全无，可这恰恰暗合他的秉性。他原本可以像犬獒一样为了家庭而战，但家人此时却阻止他这么做，由此，他变得消极无望，关了门，坐了下来，一只手被瑞恩·阿里克斯紧紧抓着，另一只手搂着她的妻子。“啥都做不成，只有死等！”他伤心地说道。黑夜似乎极为漫长。

炮火日益逼近，偶尔停下一会儿，随即轰隆声又再度响起，并且距村子越来越近。不多久，又是万籁俱静。

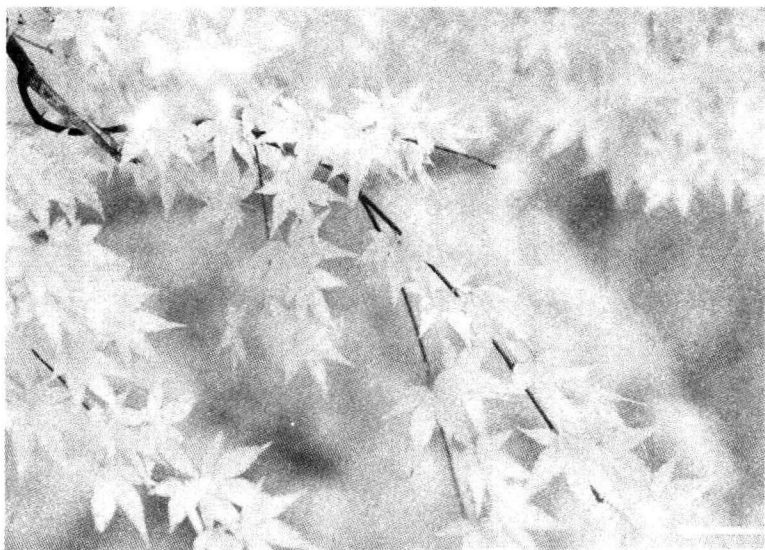
中午时分，有个羊倌跌跌撞撞进了村子，面色惨白，鲜血直淌，青淤处处，满身泥泞。他告诉村里人，一群普鲁士人强迫他作向导，用绳子把他的手死死地系在骑兵坐骑的马鞍上，然后拖着走，直到他被折磨得疲竭不堪，疼痛不已，几近半死时方才作罢。当晚，他摆脱了那群普鲁士人，逃了出来。他接着说，普鲁士人近在咫尺。他们纵火烧了小镇，因为镇上有人从房顶朝他们放了枪。这就是他所知的一切。本纳多在外面听到这条消息，退回家中，掩面而坐。

天变暗了。又一个秋日死了。从阴沉的乌云背后洒下点点细雨。百万枝红叶在风中颤栗。道路两旁的小屋一片漆黑。居民们不敢点灯，因为一点光亮就是一颗灾星，会将敌人引向民舍。本纳多坐在那里，双臂伏于桌上，头垂放在手臂。玛格特看护着儿子，而瑞恩·阿里克斯则在一旁做祷告。

突然，从街上传来阵阵脚步声和马蹄声，愤怒的叫喊声，快步踩过水道时溅起的哗哗声，妇人的尖叫声。钢刀的寒光刺破了夜幕。本纳多蓦地弹起，面如死灰白，一双蓝眼如暮夜般晦暗。“他们来了！”他屏气低语道。此刻，他心中并不害怕，也未感觉恐惧，而是升起一股爱乡爱国的激情——一股渴

望战斗和为乡为国牺牲的激情。只可惜，他手上没有武器！

他镇定地拉开房门，立在门口，直面着那帮人——他的敌人。街上处处是普鲁士人，有的骑着战马，有的徒步前进，一群一群，蜂拥钻入路旁树林。他们已在村里驻扎下来，好像一群秃鹰伏在一具羔羊的尸体之上。这个村落渺小且毫不起眼，本该宁静无争，就像腹中胎儿，与战争没有半点干系。哪知她挡了征服者的道。征服者路过时，其铁蹄将她踩得粉身碎骨。普鲁士人听说村里藏匿着武器和狙击手，于是向村子猛扑过来，并将其牢牢控制。普鲁士军人有的被派去搜查教堂，有的洗劫民舍，有的抢夺余下的食物和牲畜，有的在田间地头搜寻纵横交错的羊肠小道，留守小街的仍有数百号之众，军威浩大，攻城堡，破战壕，全不在话下。



村民们不敢抵抗，顺从地立在那里，没有掉泪，一副可怜巴巴的模样，眼睁睁看着那些值不了几个钱儿但对家庭生活弥足珍贵的东西被一掠而空，永不复归。他们不知道在大火或钢枪面前，自己在黎明到来之前会遭遇何种命运。他们看见自己为使儿孙免于饿死而囤来过冬的玉米像污水一样被倾倒出来。他们看见燕麦和小麦被抛到地上，任人肆意践踏，与泥土和污物一起被捣成了泥潭。他们看见厨房里的胡桃木案板被摔得裂了大口，几百年前传下的银质传家宝成为战利品被掠走。他们看见卧室中的柞木衣柜被洗劫一空，由自织亚麻布和古雅的木板拼接而成的嫁妆盒，要么在嘲笑声中被扔到一边，

要么惨遭践踏成为一堆残布碎木。他们看见自家婴孩的宠物羊，新娘的银耳坠，婚宴上用来盛喜酒的华丽酒杯，还有平日里一听口哨便会飞来的驯鸟……如今，这些东西都被虏获，不是化作盘中餐，就是沦为囊中物。惨状历历在目，他们却不得不呆立一旁，缄口装哑，双手规矩地一动不动，不敢怒目对视或打出报复手势，生怕这样会引得铅弹穿破自家孩子的喉咙，害得自家房屋葬于黄色火苗。此等苦痛，世上莫有能持者。

——奎达

CATS

There was once a man in Italy——so the story runs——who said that animals were sacred because God had made them. People didn't believe him for a long time; they came, you see, of a race which had found it amusing to kill such things, and killed a great many of them too, until it struck them one fine day that killing men was better sport still, and watching men kill each other the best sport of all because it was the least trouble. Animals said they, why, how can they be sacred; things that you call beef and mutton when they have left off being oxen and sheep, and sell for so much a pound? They scoffed at this mad neighbour¹, looked at each other waggishly and shrugged their shoulders as he passed along the street. Well! then, all of a sudden, as you may say, one morning he walked into the town——Gubbio it was——with a wolf pacing at his heels——a certain wolf which had been the terror of the country-side and eaten I don't know how many children and goats. He walked up the main street till he got to the open Piazza in front of the great church. And the long grey wolf padded beside him with a limp tongue lolling out between the ragged palings which stood him for teeth. In the middle of the Piazza was a fountain, and above the fountain a tall stone crucifix. Our friend mounted the steps of the cross in the alert way he had (like a little bird, the story says) and the wolf, after lapping apologetically in the basin, followed him up three steps at a time. Then with one arm around the shaft to steady himself, he made a fine sermon to the neighbours crowding in the Square, and the wolf stood with his fore-paws on the edge of the fountain and helped him. The sermon was all about wolves (naturally) and the best way of treating them. I fancy the people came to agree with it in time; anyhow when the man