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# A 当代英雄

## Hero of Our Time

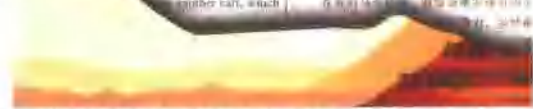
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# 当代英雄

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英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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## 导 读

米哈依尔·尤里耶维奇·莱蒙托夫(1814—1841)是19世纪俄罗斯文坛上一颗耀眼夺目的明星。他是公认的普希金继承者,俄罗斯第二位大诗人。

莱蒙托夫生于一个没落的贵族家庭,不到3岁,母亲去世,由外祖母抚养成人。他自幼性格忧郁、孤僻。1828年入莫斯科贵族寄宿中学,开始写诗。初期的作品有长诗《切尔克斯人》、《高加索的俘虏》、《海盗》和一些短诗。1830年考入莫斯科大学,中途转至彼得堡近卫军骑兵团士官学校。这一时期他写了长诗《卡勒》、《伊斯梅尔—贝》和《乞丐》、《天使》、《帆》等抒情诗,其中《一八三一年六月十一日》是具有代表性的一篇。1834年毕业后在骠骑兵团服役。1835年发表长诗《哈吉·阿勃列克》和剧本《假面舞会》。1837年2月普希金遇难,莱蒙托夫写了《诗人之死》一诗。1839年发表歌颂叛逆精神的长诗《童僧》。1840年长篇小说《当代英雄》问世,一年之后,完成著名长诗《恶魔》。终因遭遇仇恨,在一场决斗中饮弹身亡,年仅27岁。

《当代英雄》是俄罗斯文学中一颗璀璨的明珠,它以抒情散文的形式,多角度多层次地塑造了19世纪30年代俄国贵族青年的典型形象,以中心人物的自我意识为焦点,多侧面地展示他与命运搏击的栩栩如生的画面,揭示了造成这种典型的社会根源。

这部长篇小说完全打破了传统的按部就班的顺时而叙的方式,面代之以将人物个性层层递进式展示开来的内在逻辑顺序:以故事讲述人(作者)的游踪为线索,串联着五个故事——他从同路人马克西姆·马克西梅奇口中听到的第一个故事《贝拉》,讲述了毕巧林与高加索山林少女贝拉的爱,表现了那种在十九世纪之初的伦理哲学中至为重要的“自然之爱”,第二个故事《马克西姆·马克西梅奇》,通过第三者的叙述来介绍毕巧林。在这个故事快结束时,作者得到了“毕巧林记事簿”里面记着的第三、四、五个故事,即《塔曼》、《宿命论者》、《梅丽公爵小姐》。

《塔曼》曾被许多的文学大师一致推举为美妙绝伦的散文名篇。

别林斯基认为这篇故事是不容许摘录的,要摘录就得逐字逐句全部抄录下来;列夫·托尔斯泰曾毫不犹豫地认定《塔曼》为俄罗斯散文作品中最完美的一篇。《宿命论者》中因为毕巧林的“成全”,沃里奇中尉“必死”的恶兆也终于应验。《梅丽公爵小姐》中描述了毕巧林与公爵夫人维拉、公爵小姐梅丽的爱、是备受扭曲、已经异化的“现实之爱”,使得毕巧林这一在激情游戏中检验自身生命活力的“水手”形象,放射着一层又一层的光芒。其中,毕巧林与维拉的藕断丝连,不仅现实地勾勒出“当代英雄”在爱情生活上的一往情深,也隐喻着这位英雄对稍从即逝的人生理想的执着追求,还暗示着这一理想之可望而不可及。

《当代英雄》堪称是具有开创性拥有高品位的一流作品。其在人物形象体系,情节结构安排、叙事语言风格等方面都达到了炉火纯青的境界,赢得了无数艺术大师异口同声的称赞。

别林斯基当年就赞赏道:“每一个词都是那样意义深远,连奇谈怪论都是那样富有教益,每一个情境都是那样饶有兴味,描写得那样栩栩如生”,那样贴近每一个“思索着和感受着的人”的心,以致每个“这样的人”不仅把它看作是小说主人公的自白,而且看作是自己心灵的自白。

果戈理曾声称:我们无论谁也写不出这样真实、这样美妙,散发着这样馥郁芳香的散文。

列夫·托尔斯泰叹息道:如果莱蒙托夫活着,那我和陀思妥耶夫斯基就谁也不必存在了。

总之,莱蒙托夫的小说是“注定要永远不老的书,因为在它刚刚诞生的时候,它就洒上了诗的灵水!”

译者

# BOOK I

BELA

## CHAPTER I

I was travelling post from Tiflis.

All the luggage I had in my cart consisted of one small portmanteau half filled with travelling notes on Georgia; of these the greater part has been lost, fortunately for you; but the port manteau itself and the rest of its contents have remained intact, fortunately for me. As I entered the Koishaur Valley the sun was disappearing behind the snow-clad ridge of the mountains. In order to accomplish the ascent of Mount Koishaur by nightfall, my driver, an Ossete, urged on the horses indefatigably, singing zealously the while at the top of his voice. What a glorious place that valley is! On every hand are inaccessible mountains, steep, yellow slopes scored by water-channels, and reddish rocks draped with green ivy and crowned with clusters of plane-trees.

# 第一部

贝 拉

## 第一章

我乘驿车从梯比里斯出发。

车上的全部行李就是一只不大的箱子，我在格鲁吉亚旅行途中所作的笔记塞满了半箱子；对你们来说，幸运的是这些笔记大部分已经遗失；箱子本身和里面的其他东西都完整无缺，这就是我的幸运了。当我进入科伊沙乌尔谷时，太阳已开始往白雪覆盖的山脊后隐去。车夫是个奥塞梯族人，他不停地赶马，想在天黑前登上科伊沙乌尔山，一面还热情地放声高歌。这山谷真是绝妙的所在！放眼四望，尽是难以攀援的高山，一面面黄色的悬崖上，雨水划出了道道壕沟，万仞峭壁微微泛红，上面挂

Yonder, at an immense height, is the golden fringe of the snow. Down below rolls the River Aragva, which, after bursting noisily forth from the dark and misty depths of the gorge, with an unnamed stream clasped in its embrace, stretches out like a thread of silver, its waters glistening like a snake with flashing scales.

Arrived at the foot of Mount Koishaur, we stopped at a dukhan. About a score of Georgians and mountaineers were gathered there in a noisy crowd, and, close by, a caravan of camels had halted for the night. I was obliged to hire oxen to drag my cart up that accursed mountain, as it was now autumn and the roads were slippery with ice. Besides, the mountain is about two versts in length.

There was no help for it, so I hired six oxen and a few Ossetes. One of the latter shouldered my portmanteau, and the rest, shouting almost with one voice, proceeded to help the oxen.

Following mine there came another cart, which I was surprised to see four oxen pulling with the greatest ease, notwithstanding that it was loaded to the top. Behind it walked the owner, smok-

满了葱翠的常春藤的藤蔓，头上戴着一顶顶悬铃木扎制的凤冠，那边，积雪的金色流苏从高高的地方垂下，而下面，则是阿拉格瓦河，与从昏昏暗暗的、雾气腾腾的峡谷深处呼啸不止冲出的——一条无名小河交汇后，银练般地伸向远方，像长蛇闪耀自己的鳞片一样，光芒四射。

来到科伊沙乌尔山麓，我们在一家小饭馆前停下。这里闹哄哄地聚集着二十来个格鲁吉亚人和山民。不远处有一个驼队停下来宿夜。我必须雇几头公牛把驿车拉上这座该死的高山，因为此时已到了秋天，地面上结着滑滑的薄冰。况且，山路有近两俄里。

没有办法，我雇了六头牛和几个奥塞梯人。一个奥塞梯人把我的箱子背到肩上，其余的人说是帮着牛拉车，其实几乎只是吆喝两声而已。

在我的马车后面，我惊奇地发现有四头牛在拉另一辆马车，似乎毫不费力，虽然那辆车上装的东西一直堆到车顶。车的主人随

ing a little, silver-mounted Kabardian pipe. He was wearing a shaggy Circassian cap and an officer's overcoat without epaulettes, and he seemed to be about fifty years of age. The swarthinness of his complexion showed that his face had long been acquainted with Transcaucasian suns, and the premature greyness of his moustache was out of keeping with his firm gait and robust appearance. I went up to him and saluted. He silently returned my greeting and emitted an immense cloud of smoke.

"We are fellow-travellers, it appears."

Again he bowed silently.

"I suppose you are going to Stavropol?"

"Yes, sir, exactly—with Government things."

"Can you tell me how it is that that heavily laden cart of yours is being drawn without any difficulty by four oxen, whilst six cattle are scarcely able to move mine, empty though it is, and with all those Ossetes helping?"

He smiled slyly and threw me a meaning glance.

"You have not been in the Caucasus long, I should say?"

"About a year," I answered.

行在车后,不时从一只小小的卡巴尔达式镶银烟斗里抽上几口。他穿着一身没有肩章的军官礼服,戴着一顶切尔克斯人的长绒帽,看上去约五十来岁。脸上黝黑的肤色使人一眼就看得出来,他的脸早已结交了外高加索的太阳,而过早灰白的胡子,则与他矫健有力的步履和朝气蓬勃的神态互不协调。我走到他身边,行了个礼;他默默地回了一礼,嘴里吐出一个很大的烟团。

"看来我们要同路了。"

他又是不言不语的一躬。

"您是不是要到斯塔夫罗波尔去?"

"不错,先生——给政府送货。"

"请问,您这辆车这么重,四头公牛拉起来那么轻松,而我的空车用六头牲畜拉,还要这些奥塞梯人帮忙,却走不动,这是为什么?"

他诡秘地笑了笑,意味深长地看了我一眼。

"您大概是不久前才到高加索的吧?"

"快一年了,"我回答。

He smiled a second time.

“Well?”

“Just so, sir,” he answered. “They’re terrible beasts, these Asiatics! You think that all that shouting means that they are helping the oxen? Why, the devil alone can make out what it is they do shout. The oxen understand, though; and if you were to yoke as many as twenty they still wouldn’t budge so long as the Ossetes shouted in that way of theirs…… Awful scoundrels! But what can you make of them? They love extorting money from people who happen to be travelling through here. The rogues have been spoiled! You wait and see: they will get a tip out of you as well as their hire. I know them of old, they can’t get round me!”

“You have been serving here a long time?”

“Yes, I was here under Aleksei Petrovich,” he answered, assuming an air of dignity. “I was a sub-lieutenant when he came to the Line; and I was promoted twice, during his command, on account of actions against the mountaineers.”

“And now —?”

“Now I’m in the third battalion of the Line. And you yourself?” I told him.

他又笑了笑。

“这有什么关系?”

“当然有关系! 先生,”

他回答说,“这些亚细亚人简直禽兽不如了! 您以为他们这样吆喝是在帮助公牛赶车吗? 鬼知道他们吆喝什么。可是这些牛懂他们吆喝的意思;就算你套上20头牛,只要他们这样一吆喝,牛却一步也不动……这都是些可恶的滑头! 可你拿他们有什么办法? 他们就是喜欢诈来往旅客的钱。这帮骗子手都被惯坏了! 您等着吧:他们还要向您要小费的。我可是看透了他们,他们别想骗我!”

“您在这儿服务很久了  
吗?”

“是啊,阿列克赛·彼特洛维奇在这儿的时候,我就在他手下服务了,”他摆出一副很了不起的样子回答,“他来到边界的时候,我是个少尉;在他手下,我因为征讨山民有功,还升了两级呢。”

“那么您现在——?”

“现在我在第三边防营服务。那么您呢?”我告诉

With this the conversation ended, and we continued to walk in silence, side by side. On the summit of the mountain we found snow. The sun set, and—as usually is the case in the south — night followed upon the day without any interval of twilight. Thanks, however, to the sheen of the snow, we were able easily to distinguish the road, which still went up the mountain-side, though not so steeply as before. I ordered the Ossetes to put my portmanteau into the cart, and to replace the oxen by horses. Then for the last time I gazed down upon the valley; but the thick mist which had gushed in billows from the gorges veiled it completely, and not a single sound now floated up to our ears from below. The Ossetes surrounded me clamorously and demanded tips; but the staff-captain shouted so menacingly at them that they dispersed in a moment.

“What a people they are!” he said. “They don’t even know the Russian for ‘bread,’ but they have mastered the phrase ‘Officer, give us a tip!’ In my opinion, the very Tartars are better, they are no drunkards, anyhow. ....”

We were now within a verst or so of the Station. Around us all was still, so still, indeed, that it was possible to fol-

了他。

交谈到这里就结束了，随后我们又沉默不语，继续并肩朝前走。在山顶上，我们见到了积雪。太阳落山了，——就像通常南方的天气那样——紧接着黑夜来临了；山虽已不那么陡峭，但毕竟是在山坡上走路，不过多亏雪地反光，我们轻易就可辨出路径。我吩咐几个奥塞梯人把我的箱子放到车上，用马替下公牛，并最后一次朝下面的山谷看了一眼；可是从峡谷波涛般涌出的浓雾，把山谷遮得严严实实，下面的任何声息也难抵耳际。奥塞梯人把我围了起来，闹闹嚷嚷向我讨要小费；但上尉声色俱厉，向他们大喝一声，他们便立即散去。

“这个民族真不怎么样！”他说，“连‘面包’这个词的俄语都不会说，可学会了说‘军官，给几个酒钱吧！’我看鞑靼人还好些，他们至少不是酒鬼……”

距驿站还有约一俄里的路程。周围静穆无声，静得能根据蚊子振翅的嗡嗡

low the flight of a gnat by the buzzing of its wings. On our left loomed the gorge, deep and black. Behind it and in front of us rose the dark-blue summits of the mountains, all trenched with furrows and covered with layers of snow, and standing out against the pale horizon, which still retained the last reflections of the evening glow. The stars twinkled out in the dark sky, and in some strange way it seemed to me that they were much higher than in our own north country. On both sides of the road bare, black rocks jutted out; here and there shrubs peeped forth from under the snow; but not a single withered leaf stirred, and amid that dead sleep of nature it was cheering to hear the snorting of the three tired post-horses and their regular tinkling of the Russian bell.

"We will have glorious weather tomorrow," I said.

The staff-captain answered not a word, but pointed with his finger to a lofty mountain which rose directly opposite us.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Mount Gut."

"Well, what then?"

"Don't you see how it is smoking?"

True enough, smoke was rising from Mount Gut. Over its sides gentle cloud-

声辨别它的方向。我们的左面是黑沉沉的深深的峡谷。峡谷后面千峰万岭迎面矗立;在晚霞的余晖里,苍白的天穹上呈现出一派深蓝的高峰之巅,那上面布满沟纹,覆盖着层层白雪。在深暗的天空,已有几颗星在闪烁,奇怪的是,我觉得它们比我们北方的星星要高得多。道路两旁兀立着一块块光秃秃黑乎乎的石块;雪地上疏疏落落地露出几丛灌木;但上面的枯叶却纹丝不动。在这大自然沉寂的梦乡里听着三匹困倦的驿马发出的嘶鸣和俄罗斯铃铛有规律的丁当声,真是令人心旷神怡。

"明天的天气一定很好,"我说。

上尉一声不吭,只用一根指头向我指指耸立在我们正前方的一座高山。

"那是什么?"我问。

"古德山。"

"古德山又怎样?"

"难道您没有看到它那里烟雾缭绕吗?"

果然,古德山烟雾腾腾,它两边都有轻柔的云流

currents were creeping, and on the summit rested one cloud of such dense blackness that it appeared like a blot upon the dark sky.

By this time we were able to make out the Post Station and the roofs of the huts surrounding it; the welcoming lights were twinkling before us, when suddenly a damp and chilly wind arose, the gorge rumbled, and a drizzling rain fell. I had scarcely time to throw my felt cloak round me when down came the snow. I looked at the staff-captain with profound respect.

"We shall have to pass the night here," he said, vexation in his tone. "There's no crossing the mountains in such a blizzard. —I say, have there been any avalanches on Mount Krestov?" he inquired of the driver.

"No, sir," the Ossete answered; "but there are a great many threatening to fall—a great many."

Owing to the lack of a travellers' room in the Station, we were assigned a night's lodging in a smoky hut. I invited my fellow-traveller to drink a tumbler of tea with me, as I had brought my cast-iron teapot—my only solace during my travels in the Caucasus.

One side of the hut was stuck against the cliff, and three wet and slippery steps

冉冉浮游,山顶上则压着黑黑的乌云,它非常黑,在昏暗的天幕上都似乎显出它的斑块。

我们已隐约看见驿站和它周围民房的屋顶;在我们眼前,灯火闪烁,似乎在表示欢迎。一阵潮湿的冷风突然掠过,峡谷里飒飒有声,竟然下起了小雨。等我刚一披上斗篷,已是大雪飞扬了。我看了上尉一眼,对他肃然起敬了。

"我们不得不在这里过夜了,"他声调懊恼地说,"这样的暴风雪天气是翻不过这座山的。——情况怎么样? 十字架山那里出现过雪崩吗?"他问车夫。

"没有,老爷,"奥塞梯车夫答道;"不过挂在半山腰的雪很多——很多。"

由于驿站没有客房,便安排我们到一间烟雾弥漫的山民平房中过夜。我约我的同路人一起喝杯热茶,因为我身边带着一只生铁茶壶——这是我高加索旅途中的唯一乐趣。

石屋的一侧紧傍山岩,近上三个又滑又湿的台阶

led up to the door. I groped my way in and stumbled up against a cow (with these people the cow-house supplies the place of a servant's room). I did not know which way to turn—sheep were bleating on the one hand and a dog growling on the other. Fortunately, however, I perceived on one side a faint glimmer of light, and by its aid I was able to find another opening by way of a door. And here a by no means uninteresting picture was revealed. The wide hut, the roof of which rested on two smoke-grimed pillars, was full of people. In the centre of the floor a small fire was crackling, and the smoke, driven back by the wind from an opening in the roof, was spreading around in so thick a shroud that for a long time I was unable to see about me. Seated by the fire were two old women, a number of children and a lank Georgian—all of them in tatters. There was no help for it! We took refuge by the fire and lighted our pipes; and soon the teapot was singing invitingly.

“Wretched people, these!” I said to the staff-captain, indicating our dirty hosts, who were silently gazing at us in a kind of torpor.

“And an utterly stupid people too!” he replied. “Would you believe it, they are absolutely ignorant and incapable of the

就到了门口。我摸黑走进屋里，碰到一头母牛身上（此地人们家里以牛圈代替下房）。我不知该往哪边走——这边羊在咩咩叫，那边的狗在狂吠，幸好借助旁边的一线黯淡的灯光，我才发现有个用作房门的人口，于是眼前呈现出一幅相当有趣的图景。这是间很宽大的房子，屋顶支在两根被烟熏黑的柱子上，房子里挤满了人。屋中间的地上燃着一小堆火在噼啪作响，屋顶上有个洞，大风把烟从那里倒灌进屋内，形成厚厚的烟幕，使我久久都不能看清周围的景象。火堆旁坐着两个老太太、许多小孩和一个瘦瘦的格鲁吉亚男子——大家都衣衫褴褛。没有别的办法！我们只好在火堆旁坐下，抽起烟斗；一会儿茶壶便发出了令人喜悦的响声。

“这些人真可怜！”我指着那些肮脏的主人对上尉说，他们都默默地木然望着我们。

“愚不可及的民众！”他答道。“您信不信？他们什么也不懂，什么教育也不配

slightest civilisation! Why even our Kabardians or Chechenes, robbers and ragamuffins though they be, are regular dare-devils for all that. Whereas these others have no liking for arms, and you'll never see a decent dagger on one of them! Ossetes all over!"

"You have been a long time in the Chechenes' country?"

"Yes, I was quartered there for about ten years along with my company in a fortress, near Kamennyi Brod. Do you know the place?"

"I have heard the name."

"I can tell you, my boy, we had quite enough of those dare-devil Chechenes. At the present time, thank goodness, things are quieter; but in the old days you had only to put a hundred paces between you and the rampart and wherever you went you would be sure to find a shaggy devil lurking in wait for you. You had just to let your thoughts wander and at any moment a lasso would be round your neck or a bullet in the back of your head! Brave fellows, though! ....."

"You used to have many an adventure, I dare say?" I said, spurred by curiosity.

"Of course! Many a one ....."

受!至少说,我们的卡巴尔达人或是车臣人,哪怕身为窃贼,衣衫褴褛,但拼个你死我活的心还是有的,可这些人,摸摸任何兵器的意思都没有;从他们哪个人身上都见不到地地道道的匕首!一帮名符其实的奥塞梯人!"

"您在车臣呆的时间长吗?"

"是,我在那边一个要塞里带一个连,有十年了,在岩石滩那边。您知道这地方吗?"

"听说过。"

"老兄,这些车臣亡命徒可让我们烦够了。谢天谢地,现在世道安宁多了;但是在以前,只要走出堡垒一百步,准有个毛茸茸的恶鬼坐在什么地方守候着。稍一不留神,随时随地你不是脖子被马索套住,就是后脑吃枪子儿。这些家伙可真够厉害的! ....."

"您肯定经历过不少危险吧?"我为好奇心所驱使,问了一句。

"当然啦!那是常有的

Hereupon he began to tug at his left moustache, let his head sink on to his breast, and became lost in thought. I had a very great mind to extract some little anecdote out of him—a desire natural to all who travel and make notes.

Meanwhile, tea was ready. I took two travel ling-tumblers out of my portmantau, and, filling one of them, set it before the staff-captain. He sipped his tea and said, as if speaking to himself, "Yes, many a one!" This exclamation gave me great hopes. Your old Caucasian officer loves, I know, to talk and yarn a bit; he so rarely succeeds in getting a chance to do so. It may be his fate to be quartered five years or so with his company in some out-of-the-way place, and during the whole of that time he will not hear "good morning" from a soul (because the sergeant says "good health"). And, indeed, he would have good cause to wax loquacious — with a wild and interesting people all around him, danger to be faced every day, and many a marvellous incident happening. It is in circumstances like this that we involuntarily complain that so few of our country men take notes.

"Would you care to put some rum in your tea?" I said to my companion. "I

事……"

这时他捻捻左边的小胡子,低下头想了一下。我真想从他那里听到一点小故事——出门旅行的人和从事写作的人大都有这种愿望。

这时茶烧好了,我从手提箱里拿出两个旅行杯子,倒满了一杯,放在上尉的面前。他呷了一口,自言自语似地说:“是啊,那是常有的事!”这声感叹使我觉得大有希望。我知道,在高加索待久了的人喜欢说话,讲点什么事;他们不太有这种机会。有的人带一个连在偏远的地方一驻就是五年,这五年里没有一个人向他说过一句“您好”(因为司务长总是说:“祝您健康”)。可心里真想找个人聊聊天——周围的人又粗野又好奇,每天都有危险,常发生一些希奇古怪的事情,在这种环境下,我们会不由自主地抱怨,我们这里的事,人们写得太少了。

“您不在茶里加点朗姆酒吗?”我对这位朋友说,

have some white rum with me—from Tiflis; and the weather is cold now.”

“No, thank you, sir; I don’t drink.”

“Really?”

“Just so. I have sworn off drinking. Once, you know, when I was a sub-lieutenant, some of us had a drop too much. That very night there was an alarm, and out we went to the front, half seas over! We did catch it, I can tell you, when Aleksei Petrovich came to hear about us! Heaven save us, what a rage he was in! He was within an ace of having us court-martialled. That’s just how things happen! You might easily spend a whole year without seeing a soul; but just go and have a drop and you’re a lost man!”

On hearing this I almost lost hope.

“Take the Circassians, now,” he continued; “once let them drink their fill of buza at a wedding or a funeral, and out will come their knives. On one occasion I had some difficulty in getting away with a whole skin, and yet it was at the house of a ‘friendly’ prince, where I was a guest, that the affair happened.”

“How was that?” I asked.

“我有梯比里斯白朗姆酒；现在天气正冷。”

“不，谢谢，先生；我不喝酒。”

“真的不喝酒？”

“就是不喝。我对自己发过誓。我告诉您吧，我还是少尉的时候，有一次我们几个人喝得过量了，晚上响起警报，我们出去上阵时略有点晕晕呼呼地！让阿列克赛·彼特洛维奇知道了，这下我们可狠狠地受了一顿训。老天保佑，别提他的脾气发得有多大！差一点没把我们送上军事法庭。不过这也是实情！有时您过上整整一年，连个人影也见不着，还谈什么喝一杯哩，一个倒了霉的人啊！”

听了这些话，我差点失去信心。

“就说切尔克斯人吧，”他接着说；“一旦在婚宴丧席上布查酒灌多了，他们就动起干戈来。有一次，我好不容易才算溜掉，还是在归顺了的王爷家做客呢，竟发生这样的事情。”

“怎么出这样的事呢？”我问道。