

快速阅读35部世界一流名著



英汉对照 35 部

世界文学名著  
精彩篇章 下

hijie wenxue mingzhu  
jingcai pianzhang

丁志凌 刘秀芬 编译

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## AESOP'S FABLES

### 伊索寓言

#### THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A hare one day ridiculed the short feet and slow pace of the Tortoise, who replied, laughing: "Though you be swift as the wind, I will beat you in a race." The Hare, believing her assertion to be simply impossible, assented to the proposal; and they agreed that the Fox should choose the course and fix the goal. On the day appointed for the race the two started together. The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course. The Hare, lying down by the wayside, fell fast asleep. At last waking up, and moving as fast as he could, he saw the Tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

Slow but steady wins the race.

#### THE FARMER AND THE SNAKE

One winter a Farmer found a Snake stiff and frozen with cold. He had compassion on it, and taking it up, placed it in his bosom. The Snake was quickly revived by the warmth, and resuming its natural instincts,

#### 兔子与乌龟

一天兔子看到乌龟的小短腿和那沉重的背甲就嘲笑她。乌龟却不以为然,还大胆地挑衅说,“兔子先生,别看你跑得那么快,要是真的来比赛我看你还不一定就能赢!”结果兔子接受了挑战并选出狐狸来做他们的裁判以决定最后的胜负。比赛开始了,乌龟始终不紧不慢地前行,坚定而自信。而兔子呢,他看到早被他几下就甩在后面的乌龟感到得意极了。心想:哼,让我睡一觉再追你也不迟。然而等他醒来,乌龟已经到了终点,他再快跑也来不及了。龟兔赛跑就这样以乌龟的最后胜出而结束。

(只有持之以恒才能成就大业。)

#### 农夫与蛇

一个冬天,农夫看到了一条冻僵的蛇。他可怜它,就把它拾起来,放在胸口温暖。很快蛇就苏醒过来,然而出于本性,却咬了农夫一口。毒液迅速传遍了他的全身。

bit its benefactor, inflicting on him a mortal wound. "Oh," cried the Farmer with his last breath, "I am rightly served for pitying a scoundrel."

The greatest kindness will not bind the ungrateful.

## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A famished fox saw some clusters of ripe black grapes hanging from a trellised vine. She resorted to all her tricks to get at them, but wearied herself in vain, for she could not reach them. At last she turned away, hiding her disappointment and saying: "The Grapes are sour, and not ripe as I thought."

## THE FOX AND THE CROW

A crow having stolen a bit of meat, perched in a tree and held it in her beak. A Fox, seeing this, longed to possess the meat himself, and by a wily stratagem succeeded. "How handsome is the Crow," he exclaimed, in the beauty of her shape and in the fairness of her complexion! Oh, if her voice were only equal to her beauty, she would deservedly be considered the Queen of Birds! "This he said deceitfully; but the Crow, anxious to refute the reflection cast upon her voice, set up a loud caw and dropped the flesh. The Fox quickly picked it up, and thus addressed the Crow: "My good Crow, your voice is right e-

临死前,农夫悔恨地说,“这是我应得的报应啊,谁让我去怜悯不该怜悯的东西!”

(同情恶人等于伤害自己。)

## 狐狸与葡萄

一只饥饿的狐狸看见葡萄架上挂着的串串葡萄,晶莹剔透,垂涎欲滴,就试着用各种办法去够,却都够不到,累得跌坐在地上。最后,她只好悻悻地离开了,一边还自我安慰地说,“那葡萄根本就没有熟,都是酸的。”

(人有时也有这种酸葡萄心理,为自己做不到的事寻找托辞。)

## 狐狸与乌鸦

一次,乌鸦偷了一块肉,衔在嘴里,站在枝头。狐狸看到了,渴望得到那块肉。于是,他想出了一个好主意。他堆起笑脸恭维道,“啊,乌鸦小姐,你的体形可真优美,容貌也是没比的,要是你的嗓音也一样美妙的话,那乌中皇后可就非你莫数啦!”这当然是骗人的鬼话,可是我们的乌鸦小姐已经被吹捧得忘乎所以,对此深信不疑了。她要证明自己的嗓音也是无可挑剔的。于是“哇”的一声,随着乌鸦的歌唱,她嘴里的肉也跟着掉了下去。狐狸得到了肉,抬头笑

nough, but your wit is wanting."

Whoever listens to the music of flatterers must expect to pay the piper.

## THE FATHER AND HIS SONS

A father had a family of sons who were perpetually quarreling among themselves. When he failed to heal their disputes by his exhortations, he determined to give them a practical illustration of the evils of disunion; and for this purpose he one day told them to bring him a bundle of sticks. When they had done so, he placed the faggot into the hands of each of them in succession, and ordered them to break it in pieces. They tried with all their strength, and were not able to do it. He next opened the faggot, took the sticks separately, one by one, and again put them into his sons' hands, upon which they broke them easily. He then addressed them in these words: "My sons, if you are of one mind, and unite to assist each other, you will be as this faggot, uninjured by all the attempts of your enemies; but if you are divided among yourselves, you will be broken as easily as these sticks."

到，“嗯，你的嗓子是不错，不过头脑要是聪明些就更好了。”

（虚荣的人易为他人的恭维所蒙骗。）

## 父亲与他的儿子们

当父亲发现他的儿子们整日吵闹不休又不听他的告诫，就决定用实际演示的办法教育他们不团结的害处。一天，他要他们拿来一捆筷子，并且将筷子轮流地放在他们每个人的手里，要他们将筷子捆折断。当然，他们每个人都使出浑身的力气，却谁都不能做到这一点。于是，父亲把筷子捆拆开并把它们一一分发到每个人的手里，这样他们很容易就把单根的筷子折断了。这时，父亲说，“孩子们，如果你们能团结为一体，互相帮助，你们就像一捆筷子合在一起，能抵得住任何敌人的伤害。相反，如果你们互相疏远，各行其事，那么，就像单根的筷子一样极易折断，不能保全自己。”

（团结就是力量。）

## MADAME BOVARY

### 包法利夫人

....

She had read 'Paul and Virginia', she had dreamed and dreamed of the little bamboo house, of Domingo the nigger, Fidelio the dog, and especially of some devoted little brother who runs off to find you nice red fruit in trees as high as church steeples, or races bare-foot along the sand with a bird's nest for you in his hand.

When she was thirteen, her father came up himself with her to Rouen to settle her in at the convent. They put up at an inn in the Saint-Gervais quarter. Their supper was served on coloured plates depicting the story of Mademoiselle de la Valliere. The wording underneath, which had been worn away in places by the knives and forks, spoke of the glories of religion, the delights of true love and the splendours of Court life.

So far from finding the convent dull in the early days, she loved being with the kind sisters, who, to keep her amused, took her into the chapel, reached through a long passage leading from the refectory. She went in but little for games, acquired a good knowledge of the catechism, and she it was who always answered the curate when any knotty question was propounded to the class. Living perpetually in the warm atmosphere of the classrooms, among these pale-faced women with

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她读过《保耳与维尔吉妮》，梦见过小竹房子、黑人道曼戈、狗“忠心”，特别是，一个好心小哥哥，情意缠绵，爬上比钟楼还高的大树，给你摘红果子，或者赤脚在沙地跑，给你带来一个鸟巢。

十三岁上，父亲送她到修道院，亲自带她进城。他们投宿圣·皆尔外区一家客店，晚饭用的盘子上，画着拉·法里耶尔小姐的故事。解释图画的文字都是宣扬宗教，赞美心地善良，歌颂宫廷荣华富贵的，可是被刀叉刮得东一道痕，西一道印，看不清楚了。

她起初在修道院并不觉得烦闷，反倒喜欢和修女们待在一起，她们要她高兴，就带她去餐厅，走过长廊，去看小礼拜堂。休息的时候，她也不太爱玩，但对教理问答课很熟悉，只要出了难答的问题，她总是抢着回答助理神父。因此，她从来没有离开教堂里温馨的气氛，生活在这些戴铜十字架念珠、面色苍白的修女中间。神坛的香味，圣水的清新与蜡烛的光焰攻发

their beads and crosses, she insensibly yielded to the mystic languor that exhales from the perfumes of the altar, the shadowy coolness of the holy-water stoups, and the soft radiance of the tapers. Instead of following the Mass, she pored upon the religious pictures in azure borders that adorned her prayer-book and she loved the sick lamb, the Sacred Heart pierced with spears, or poor Jesus falling by the way-side upon His cross. By way of mortifying the flesh she would try to go all day without food. And she ransacked her brains to think of some disciplinary obligation she could lay upon herself.

When she went to confession, she invented little sins in order to linger in the dim light, kneeling down with her hands clasped before her face, listening to the murmuring tones of the priest above her. Similes bringing in such words as 'betrothed', 'spouse', 'heavenly bridegroom', and 'eternal marriage', which occur again and again in sermons, awoke unsuspected sensations of pleasure in the hidden depths of her soul.

At night, before prayers, passages from a religious book would be read aloud in the schoolroom. On weekdays it would generally be some manual of Sacred History, or the Lectures of the Abbe Frayssinous; and on Sundays, as a treat, extracts from the 'Genie du Christianisme'. With what enchantment she listened, at first, to the sonorous lamentations of romantic melancholy borne on all the echoes of earth and eternity! If her childhood had been spent in a shop parlour in some busy street, she might have been susceptible to the poetic charms of nature, which, generally speaking, only reach us through the medium

出一种神秘的颓丧,逐渐地她也变得无精打采、昏昏沉沉。她不听弥撒,只着迷于书中天蓝的插图,她爱病态的绵羊,利箭穿过圣心,或者在十字架上倒下的可怜的耶稣。她试着禁欲苦修,呆着一整天不吃饭,还挖空心思寻找要许的愿。

临到忏悔,为了在那里多呆一会儿,她面对口中念念有词的教士,跪在暗影里,双手合十,脸贴在铁栏杆上,编造出一些小过失。修女们在训诫时,反复拿未婚夫、丈夫、天国的情人和永恒的婚姻这些概念进行比较,在她的灵魂深处唤起意想不到的柔情。

黄昏做晚祷之前,总要在自修室里读宗教作品。星期一到星期六,读的是《圣史》概要和佛来西鲁院长的《讲演录》;星期日则读几节夏多布里昂的《基督教真谛》,用来打发时间。浪漫主义忧伤的哀诉,低低哀诉,朗朗书声回应着尘世和来生的呼唤,爱玛头几回听得入了神!我们一般是通过作家们的作品接受的大自然充满诗情的感染。爱玛假若是在商街区店铺的里厢度过自己的童年,她也许容易接受这种感染。可是她对乡间过于熟悉,听惯了牛羊的叫唤,看惯了挤



of books. But she knew only too much about the country; she was familiar with the lowing of cattle, she knew all about milking and ploughing. With eyes accustomed to look on the tranquil aspects of nature, she turned for contrast to the wild and precipitous. She only cared for the sea when it was lashed to fury by the storm, and for verdure when it served as a background to a ruin. Everything must needs minister to her personal longings, as it were, and she thrust aside as of no account whatever everything that did not immediately contribute to stir the emotions of her heart, for her temperament was sentimental rather than artistic, seeking, not pictures, but emotions.

There was a queer old maid at the convent who used to come for a week every month to see to the linen. Under archiepiscopal protection, as belonging to a family of gentlefolks that had been brought to ruin during the Revolution, she took her meals in the refectory with the sisters, and afterwards had a nice little gossip with them before going upstairs again to her work. Often the boarders would slip out of the schoolroom to go and see her. She knew by heart all the romantic ballads of the last generation, and sang them in a low voice while she was sewing. She would tell stories, retail the news, and do little odd jobs for you in the town. She always carried a novel of some sort or another in her pocket, which she would secretly lend to some of the big girls, and of which the worthy spinster herself would devour long passages in the intervals of her labours. It would be all about love, lovers, fair maidens, persecuted ladies swooning in lonely bowers, postilions mur-

奶和耕田犁地的情景,以致领略不到这种情感。她习惯了平静的景物,因此追求刺激。她爱海洋,只因为海洋有惊涛骇浪,她爱绿色,但只爱废墟中的新绿。一切事物,她都要从中得到好处,凡是不能立即满足她的感情需要的,她都视为废物,不屑一顾。她的性格是情感冲动型的,而不是艺术品味型的,她需要的不是欣赏风景,而是刺激感情。

有一个老姑娘,每个月来修道院做一个星期的针线活。她是一个古老贵族家庭出身,大革命时期她家衰败下来,为此大主教对她特别照顾,让她在膳室里和修女们同桌吃饭,饭后她和她们说几句闲话,然后再去做活。在修道院寄住的姑娘们,常常从教室溜出来找她。上一世纪的情歌好些她都会唱,她一边做针线,一边低声哼着。她常常讲故事、谈新闻或是给人在城里买点东西。她围裙口袋里经常都揣有一本小说,常常偷偷地借给大姑娘们看,而这位老姑娘自己,在歇息的时候,也一大章一大章贪婪地读。书上讲述的无非是恋爱、情男、情女,在冷清楼阁里晕倒的落难女子,每个驿站都要遇害的驿夫,每页都有累垮的马匹、阴暗的森林、心乱如麻、誓言、哭泣、眼泪与吻抱、月下小艇、丛林夜莺、男子汉勇猛如狮、温和如羔羊、人品出

dered at every stage, horses ridden till they dropped dead, gloomy forests, sombre forebodings, vows, sobs, tears and kisses, skiffs gliding on moonlit waters, nightingales in bosky dells, noble gentlemen as brave as lions and as gentle as lambs, incredibly virtuous, always dressed in fine raiment and ready to weep like urns. For six months, Emma, when she was fifteen, battered on the garbage of these out-of-date 'Libraries of Choice Fiction'. Later on she came to read Walter Scott and got enthusiastic about historical things, forever dreaming of coffers, guardrooms and minstrels. She would have loved to dwell in some old manor, like those chatelaines with the long bodices who, beneath the trefoil window with its Gothic arch, spent their days with their elbow on the parapet and their chin in their hand, gazing far away into the distance for the coming of a cavalier with a white plume in his hat, galloping on a black charger. At that time she adored Mary Queen of Scots and evinced an enthusiastic veneration for illustrious or ill-fated women. Joan of Arc, Eloise, Agnes Sorel, la belle Ferronniere and Clemence Isaure shone out, in her eyes, like comets on the dark immensity of history, where there were still discernible here and there, but more deeply involved in shadow and quite disconnected one from another, Saint Louis and his oak, the dying Bayard, certain cruelties perpetrated by Louis XI, some fragmentary notions about Saint Bartholomew, the plumed hat of Henri IV, and, still as distinct as ever, the recollection of that pictorial dinner service on which the glorious days of King Louis XIV were held up to admiration.

众,总是衣着整齐、哭起来泪如雨下。十五岁的爱玛,半年以来,双手沾满了古老书店的灰尘。后来,她读瓦尔·泰·斯科特的书,酷爱历史事物;梦中也见到衣柜、警卫室和吟游诗人。她巴不得自己也能住进一座古老城堡,像那些腰身纤细的领主夫人一样,整日在三叶尖形穹隆下,胳膊倚着石头,手托住下巴,遥望田野深处一位白羽骑士,脚蹬黑骏马,疾驰而来。她当时崇拜玛利·斯图亚特,衷心尊敬那些出名或者不幸的妇女。在她看来,贞德、艾劳伊丝、阿涅丝·扫赖耳、美人拉·弗隆与克莱芒丝·伊叟尔,超群出众,彗星一般,扫过历史的黑暗天空,而圣·路易与他的栎树、宁死不屈的勇士巴亚、毒死索蕾的路易十一、圣·巴特勒米之夜对新教徒的大屠杀,头戴白缨冲锋陷阵的亨利四世,还有爱玛难忘的、晚餐盘子上的彩画所颂扬的路易十四,虽然也在黑暗的天空中发出闪烁的光辉,但和那些受到宗教迫害的妇女,似乎没有什么关系。

In the music class, the songs she had to learn were all about little angels with golden pinions, madonnas, lagoons, gondoliers, compositions in which silly words and shoddy music did not avail to conceal the attractive phantasmagoria of their sentimental substratum. Some of her fellow pupils brought with them to the convent autograph albums they had had given them as New Year's presents. They had to be kept secret, and it was a terrible business to conceal them. The girls read them in the dormitory. Delicately handling their beautiful satin bindings, Emma gazed with wondering admiration on the names of the authors unknown to literary fame, mostly counts or viscounts, who had put their signatures to their contributions.

She felt a thrill as she tried to blow back the tissue paper which protected the pictures, and which rose in a curling fold at her breath and then fell back softly on the page. She saw behind the rail of a balcony a young man in a short cloak clasping in his arms a maiden in a white dress wearing an alms-bag in her girdle; or else portraits of anonymous English ladies with golden curls, who gazed at you with big bright eyes beneath their round straw hats. They were to be seen lolling in carriages, gliding through stately parks, with a greyhound bounding on before a team of trotting horses guided by a pair of diminutive postilions in white breeches. Others lay dreamily reclining on sofas, an open letter beside them, gazing at the moon through a half-open window partly veiled by a dark curtain. An innocent damsel, with a tear on her cheek, was seen giving food to a dove between the bars of a

上音乐课的时候,她歌唱的不过是金翅膀的小天使、圣母玛利亚、威尼斯的环礁湖、湖上的船夫。全是一些悠闲之作,文字庸俗,音调轻浮,她在这里,影影绰绰,看见感情世界的动人形象。有些同学,年节贺礼收到诗文并茂的画册,带到修道院来,必须藏好;查出来,非同小可;她们躲在寝室读。爱玛小心翼翼,掀开美丽的绵缎封面,就见每首诗文底下,陌生作家署名,大多数不是伯爵,就是子爵,她看着这些名字看呆了。

她胆战心惊,用口吹开版画上  
的保护纱纸,薄薄的纱纸折过一半,又轻轻地落在对页。图上画着:在阳台栏杆后,一位穿着短斗篷的青年男子,紧紧地搂着一位穿白裙子的姑娘,她腰上系着一个钱袋;或者画着不知名的英国贵妇的肖像,金发环鬟,圆草帽下露出一双明亮的大眼睛望着你。只见有的贵妇斜靠在马车上,马车在草地中间驰骋,马前有一只猎犬在前面跳跃,两上穿着白短裤的小僮在驭马。另外几个贵妇坐在沙发上,身旁一封开口的信,凝神看月,窗户半闭,还被黑幔挡住一半。有些天真烂漫的贵妇,腮上挂着晶莹泪珠,隔着古色古香鸟笼的细杆,逗弄斑鸠,要不就是笑咪咪的偏着头,一片片摘雏菊花瓣,钩起尖尖的手指,像一只翘头鞋。画上面还

Gothic cage, or smiling, head on one side, as, with tapering fingers, she pulled off, one by one, the petals of a marguerite. And ye too were there, ye sultans with your long pipes, stretched drowsily in the shade of an arbour in the arms of Bayaderes, and Giaours, Turkish scimitars, Greek caps, and you, above all, pale landscapes of dithyrambic regions, which so often indulge us with a simultaneous display of palms and fir-trees, tigers on this side and lions on that, Tartar minarets on the horizon, Roman ruins in the foreground and kneeling camels in the middle distance—the whole within a framework of virgin forest very neatly trimmed, with a great perpendicular ray of sunlight trembling on the water, whereon, in patches of white on a steel-grey surface, swans are depicted proudly oaring their way far and near.

The shade of the argand lamp fixed in the wall above Emma's head illumined with its rays all these pictures of a romantic world which passed one by one before her eyes in the silence of the dormitory, a silence broken only by the distant sound of some belated fiacre rolling home along the boulevards.

At first, when her mother died, she wept bitterly. She had a memorial card made containing the hair of the deceased, and, in a letter which she wrote home to les Bertaux full of melancholy reflections on life, she begged that when her time came she herself might be laid in the same grave. The honest farmer thought she must be ill, and came post-haste to see her. Emma was inwardly gratified at the thought that she had risen at a bound to those ethereal heights which the more com-

有吸长烟斗的苏丹,在凉棚底下昏倒在舞姬怀里;还有异教徒,土耳其刀,希腊帽,尤其是酒神故乡色调暗淡的风景,往往同时看到棕榈、冷杉,右边几只老虎,左边一头狮子,天边耸立几座塔塔尔尖塔,近处却是古罗马的断壁残垣,以及几匹正在休息的骆驼。一片明丽的原始森林把这一切环绕,一大束垂直倾下来的阳光,在水面闪耀,而青灰色的湖面上,几只天鹅在游动,或远或近,微漾着一道道白色水波。

在爱玛头顶的墙上挂着煤油灯,灯罩聚下来的光,映照着这一幅幅展现在她眼前世俗图画;寝室里静悄悄的,只有远处迟迟未收工的出租马车,还在街上行驶,偶尔传来车轮声。

母亲去世的头些日子,她大哭了一场,请人用母亲的头发粘贴成一幅画,留在身边作悼念。她给贝尔托家中寄了一封信,通篇是哀词悲语。她要求死后与母亲归葬一处。诚挚的老爹以为她悲伤成疾,急忙赶来看她。爱玛心里暗自感到满足,因为她一下就达到了理想之境。这种境界,苍白的人生本就难以达到,而平庸的心灵更是永远无法企及的。

monplace beings of the earth are never permitted to attain.

And so she suffered herself to glide along in these Lamartinian meanderings. She listened to the sound of harps upon the waters, the songs of dying swans, the sigh of falling leaves; she beheld spotless virgins mounting heavenwards, and heard the voice of the Eternal speaking in the valleys. And then it began to cloy: she wanted no more of it; but nevertheless went on from force of habit and afterwards from vanity, and was surprised in the end to find herself quite calm, with no more trace of sadness in her heart than of wrinkles on her brow.

The good nuns, who had felt so sure of her vocation, perceived with astonishment that Mademoiselle Rouault seemed to be slipping through their fingers. They had, in fact, lavished upon her so many offices, retreats, novenas and sermons, so thoroughly inculcated the respect due to the saints and martyrs, and given her so many good counsels regarding the modesty of her person and the welfare of her soul, that she did what horses do when you hold them in too tight. She pulled up short and jerked the bit from her mouth. Her mind, so material amidst its enthusiasm—she who had loved the church for its flowers, music for the words of its songs, and literature for its passionate excitements—rebelled against the mysteries of faith, even as she chafed against the restraint of discipline, a thing wholly repugnant to her disposition. When her father took her away from the school, the nuns saw her depart without regret. The Mother Superior was of opinion

因此,她听任自己沉湎在拉马丁式的伤感情调里,谛听着湖上的竖琴声和天鹅临死的哀鸣,谛听着枯叶沙沙地飘落,贞女袅袅地升天,谛听神的声音在幽谷回荡。日子久了,对这些她感到厌倦,但对此她却不愿承认。让这种情绪继续了一段时间,但最后她去吃惊地发现自己已平静下来,她心上再没有半点凄伤的感情,正像她额上没有一丝皱纹一样。

好心肠的修女们,一向以为鲁俄小姐一定会献身天主,这时吃惊地感到她似乎离她们越来越远。她们确实让她参加过不少次礼拜静修,九日经礼和听道,她们一再教她崇拜圣者和殉道者,并且反复讲谈如何克制肉体而使灵魂得救。但正因为如此,她就像一匹缰绳拉得过紧的马,突然停住时,马衔就从嘴中脱落出来。她既狂热,又讲求实际,她爱教堂是为了它的花卉,爱音乐是为了歌的词句,爱文学是为了文学的热情刺激,这种精神与宗教信仰的神秘背道而驰,同样,她的性格对院规越来越反感,觉得和她的气质水火不相容。因此,后来父亲接她出修道院时,大家并不对此感到遗憾。院长甚至发现,她到后期,已越来越不把修道院放在眼里。

that of late her conduct had been lacking in reverence towards the Community.

On her return home, Emma found some distraction in managing the household, but she soon grew tired of the country and wished herself back in her convent. When Charles came to les Bertaux for the first time, she regarded herself as vastly disillusioned, one for whom life had nothing new to offer, either in knowledge or experience.

But her longing for a change; possibly, too, the unrest caused by a masculine presence, had sufficed to make her believe that she was at last possessed of that wonderful passion which, till then, had hovered like a great bird with roseate wings, floating in the splendour of poetic skies; and now she could not believe that her present unemotional state was the bliss whereof she had dreamed.

\* \* \*

Nevertheless she sometimes thought that they were the finest days of her life, those 'honeymoon days' as people call them. To enjoy their sweetness to the full it would doubtless have been necessary to go far away to lands whose names fall like music upon the ear, where the nuptials of lovers are followed by morrows of soft languor, lands where, in post-chaises shaded with blue silk hoods, you slowly mount, by precipitous roads, upward, ever upward, giving ear to the postilion's song, echoed back from the mountain and blending with the sound of goat bells and the soft murmur of the waterfall. When the sun sinks down to rest, you breathe, beside the margin of a bay, the fragrant odours of the lemon-trees; and then, by night, on the ter-

爱玛回家,起先还高兴管管仆  
人,过后讨厌田野,又想念她的修  
道院了。夏尔初来贝尔托,她自以  
为万念俱灰,没有东西可学,也没  
有东西值得感受。

但是对新生活的热望,或者也  
许是由于这个男人的存在而起的  
刺激,足以使她相信:她终于得到  
了那种不可思议的爱情。在这之  
前,爱情仿佛是一只玫瑰色的大  
鸟,只在充满诗意的万里长空的灿  
烂光辉中飞翔;可是现在,她也  
不能想象,这样平静的生活,就是她  
从前朝思暮想的幸福。

\* \* \*

有时候她思忖:她一生最美  
好的日子,就是所谓的新婚蜜月,为  
了领略到蜜月的温馨,也许该去那  
些名字响亮的地方,那里新婚后的  
日子是最悠闲自在、妙不可言的!  
新人乘坐在驿车里,车窗用白绸布  
帘盖住,道路崎岖,车子缓缓爬上。  
听着驿夫的歌曲在山间回响,山羊  
的响和瀑布沉闷的喧闹声合成一  
部交响乐。太阳下山的时候,人在  
海滨呼吸着柠檬树的香味;等到天  
黑了,两个人又手挽着手,十指交  
叉,站在别墅的平台上,望着天上  
的星星,谈着将来的打算。在她看  
来,似乎地球上只有某些地方才会  
产生幸福,就像只有在特定的土壤  
上才能生长的树木一样,换了地

race, alone with each other, with fingers intertwined, you gaze at the stars and make plans for the future. It seemed to her that there were certain places on the earth which naturally brought forth happiness, as though it were a plant native to the soil, which could not thrive elsewhere.

Why could she not lean upon the balcony of some Alpine chalet, or immure her sadness in a Scottish cottage, with a husband in a black velvet coat with great flaps to the pockets, brown boots, a peaked cap and ruffles on his sleeves?

Possibly she would have liked to unburden herself to someone of all these things; but how was she to describe this vague, elusive unrest, that changed like the clouds and eddied like the winds? She could not find the words, nor the occasion, nor the courage.

If Charles had willed it, however; if it had occurred to him; if, just once, his eyes had read her thoughts, it seemed to her that abundant riches would have fallen from her heart, even as falls, at the lightest touch, the ripe fruitage of a wall-tree. But as the intimacy of their lives increased, so there grew within her a secret feeling of estrangement from her husband.

Charles's conversation was as flat as a street pavement, and everyone's ideas but his own promenaded there all in their humdrum dress, bringing no emotion to his face, no smile, no look of contemplation. He confessed that when he lived in Rouen he never had the slightest desire to go to the theatre to see a Paris company. He couldn't swim, he couldn't fence, he couldn't fire a pistol, and

方,就不会开花结果了。

她怎么就不能倚在一座瑞士山区木屋的阳台上,或者把她的烦愁锁在一所苏格兰茅屋里,而她丈夫穿着活袖口、长尾垂的青绒燕尾服,足蹬软皮靴,头戴尖顶帽!

也许她希望对某个男人倾吐这些心声。可是,这种难以捉摸的骚动不安,像云一样变幻,像风一样旋转,在人前怎么出口呢?她不知道该怎么说,也缺少这种机会和勇气。

然而,假如夏尔想到了这一点,或者假如他看穿了她的心思,假如他希望听她的倾诉,哪怕只有一次,她觉得话语就会像树上熟透的累累果实,手一探就会纷纷掉落一样,源源不断地从她心里涌流出来。可是她不能说,他不能听,生活上越接近,心却离她丈夫越来越远了。

夏尔的谈吐,就像人行道一样平板。各种平庸的见解,恰如衣着平常的各色人等,在上面来来往往,引不起你的丝毫激情、笑意和遐想。他自己也说过,他住在鲁昂的时候,巴黎来了剧团演戏,他就从未动过好奇心,去看看那些演员。他不会游泳,不会使剑,不会放枪。有一天,爱玛读小说,碰到

one day when she came across some term connected with horsemanship in a novel she was reading, he couldn't tell her what it meant.

But wasn't it a man's business to know about things, to shine in all sorts of activities, to display the energy of the passionate lover, to acquaint you with the amenities of life, and to initiate you into all its mysteries? But he couldn't teach anybody anything, that man. He knew nothing, and he wanted nothing. He thought she was happy; and his immovable placidity, his ponderous serenity, the very contentment of which she herself was the cause, got on her nerves.

She wondered whether, if things had taken a different turn, she might not have encountered a different sort of man; and she tried to think what her life might have been if things that hadn't happened had come to pass, and what manner of man was this husband whom she had never met. Husbands were not all like 'him', that was quite certain. Hers 'might' have been handsome, clever, distinguished, fascinating, as doubtless were the men who had married the other girls she had known at the convent. What were they doing now? Enjoying town life, the stir and bustle of the streets, going to theatres and dances, the sort of life that enlivens the heart and quickens the senses. But for her, life was as cold as an attic with a window looking to the north, and ennuï, like a spider, was silently spinning its shadowy web in every cranny of her heart.

\* \* \*

The chateau, an extensive modern building in the Renaissance style, with two projecting wings and three flights of stone steps, was sit-

了一个骑马的术语,问他,他却不知如何解释。

一个男人难道不应和他相反,什么都懂得,在各方面都是能手,能让你领略爱情的力量、人生的美好和各种神秘的东西吗?可是这一位,什么也不能教你,什么也不懂,什么也不想。他以为她很快乐。他这样安然自得,这样迟钝却又安详自若,甚至她给他带来了快乐,这都使她生气。

她思忖,巧遇的机缘是否有可能让她遇上另一个男人?她下意识地想象那未曾发生的情景,那不同的另一种生活,那个她不认识的丈夫。是的,那一位决不像一般男人。他可能相貌英俊,才气横溢,出类拔萃,人见人爱,大概就像昔日修道她的同学们所嫁的男人。那些老同学现在都干什么呢?城市里,街道热热闹闹,戏院人声鼎沸,舞厅灯光飞旋,她们生活在那种地方,一定心花怒放,精神百倍。而她的生活一如那天窗朝北开的阁楼冷冰冰的;烦愁无声无息地占据了心灵的每个角落。

\* \* \*

侯爵城堡是一座意大利式的现代建筑物,两翼前伸,三边台阶,在一大片草地上打开。草地上一



uated at the foot of a wide stretch of parkland, on which some cattle were grazing between groups of tall, umbrageous trees, while little clumps of flowering shrubs—rhododendrons, syringas and guelder-roses—clustered, in their varying shades of green, along the curving line of the gravel drive. A stream flowed on beneath a bridge, and through the gathering mist were to be seen some thatched buildings, dotted about in the meadowland, which was bounded on either side by two gently sloping, wooded hills; and in the rear, in two parallel lines, were the stables and coach-house, all that was left standing of the original chateau when it was pulled down.

Charles drew up at the middle flight of steps. The servants appeared on the scene. The Marquis came forward, and, offering his arm to the doctor's lady, escorted her into the hall.

It was floored with marble, and very lofty, and the mingled sound of footsteps and voices awoke the echoes as in a church. Facing the entrance was a straight staircase, and, to the left, a gallery, looking on to the garden, led to the billiard-room, in which the click of the ivory balls was audible as soon as one entered the front door. As she passed through it on her way to the drawing-room Emma perceived some dignified-looking men grouped round the table. They were all wearing high cravats and decorations, and smiled to themselves as they got their cues into position for a stroke. On the sombre woodwork of the panelled walls hung great gilt frames with names lettered in black along the lower border. She read: 'Jean Antoine d'Andervilliers d'Yverbonvine,

丛一丛大树间距相同,树间有几头母牛正在吃草。一簇簇灌木、杜鹃花、山梅花与绣球花,在一条弯弯曲曲的沙砾道上,拱出它们深浅不一的绿叶。一座桥下流过一条小溪。隔着薄雾,隐约可见几幢茅屋,零星地散落在草地上。两座山岗,坡度不大,树木蓊郁,环绕草地。后面密林掩映间,露出平行的两排库房和马厩,是已拆除的老古堡遗留下来的。

夏尔的马车在中间那座台阶前停下,就出来几个仆人。侯爵迎向前,把手臂伸给医生太太,把她引进门厅。

门厅很高,大理石地面,脚步声和说话声发出回响,仿佛在教堂里一样。正对大门一道笔直的楼梯,左手边一条回廊对着花园,通向台球室,还没到门口,就听见象牙球碰撞的声音。穿过台球室去客厅时,爱玛看见球台四周几个表情严肃、下巴紧贴凸起的领结的男人,他们个个佩戴勋章,默默地微笑着,推动着球杆。几幅巨画像挂在深色的护壁板上,画像镶有镀金的框子,下面黑体署名。爱玛看见其中一幅写的是:“让-安托万·德·昂代尔维利埃·迪维蓬维尔·沃比萨尔伯爵、弗雷斯奈男爵,一五八七年十月二十日殉于库特拉之役。”另一幅写的:“让-安托万·亨利