

E. L. Voynich

THE GADFLY

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出版者的話

“牛虻”第一次发表于1897年，作者是英国女作家艾·丽·伏尼契。

艾·丽·伏尼契生于1864年，是英国的一位数学家的女儿。她在青年时代曾与一些政治流亡者結識，后来嫁给从沙俄流放地逃出避居倫敦的波兰革命者伏尼契（克里契夫斯基）。

艾·丽·伏尼契接触过世界上最进步的俄国文学，又曾与当时流亡的革命者交遊，其中有很多是意大利人，这个机缘对于她的第一部作品“牛虻”的题材的选择，無疑地是有影响的。

艾·伏尼契一生写了不少长篇和中篇小说，但是其余的作品在思想上和艺术上都远不及“牛虻”，因此“牛虻”这样为广大的讀者群众所称道。

“牛虻”发表后很快就博得了盛誉，被译成好几国文字。在沙皇俄国，“牛虻”在革命青年中間流传，在伟大的十月社会主义革命以后，

“牛虻”在苏联曾多次再版，一直受到許多读者的欢迎。

为什么“牛虻”能够如此受到各国进步读者的喜爱呢？

这首先是由于它的思想内容，“牛虻”的思想内容使它成为19世纪英国文学上最优秀的作品之一。这部小说的锋芒所向是政治上的反动派及其主

要同盟者羅馬天主教會。“牛虻”撕下天主教僧侶階級的基督教慈善道德的假面具，在全世界人面前揭露了梵帝岡——國際反動派和黑暗勢力的主要中心之一——的可憎的本質。

“牛虻”以上一世紀30—40年代意大利人民爭取民族解放和國家統一的鬥爭為內容，敘述為意大利的獨立和統一而鬥爭的意大利愛國者亞瑟·勃爾頓（牛虻）的一生。

牛虻所採取的密謀活動的方法，是革命運動的未成熟階段的產物，這種方法已為歷史所否棄。但是這位意大利獨立運動的鬥士的光輝形象所表現的那種高貴精神，永遠令人欽慕。

尼·奧斯特洛夫斯基的小說“鋼鐵是怎樣煉成的”的主人公保爾·柯察金在談到“牛虻”時說了這樣的話：“我讚賞牛虻身上最主要的品質——讚賞他那勇敢無畏，堅忍不拔的精神，讚賞他這樣能忍受磨難而不到處炫示的人。我讚賞這個公爾忘私的革命者的形象。”

不論在什麼時候，甚至在羅馬教皇“陛下”的劊子手們對他施行最殘酷的拷打的時候，亞瑟都沒有喪失人類尊嚴的感覺和他所獻身的事業終必勝利的信念。他認為能夠盡到對祖國對同志的責任，能夠成為使敵人胆寒的鬥士，便是他的無上幸福。他在被教區軍事法庭判處槍決之後寫信對他的朋友們說：

“我已經盡到了自己的一份職責，我被判處死刑，這說明我忠實地履行了我的職責。他們要殺我，是因為他們怕我。”

書中所描寫的意大利普通人民是同情和愛戴牛虻的。雖然牛虻犧牲了，但是讀者毫不懷疑：牛虻所奮鬥的事業終將取得勝利。

對正義事業必然勝利的信心，對這個事業的無限忠誠，對戰友的始終如一的忠心，使牛虻成為各國無數讀者所喜愛的書籍之一。

今天，当意大利人民进行着反对美帝国主义及其在教会中的僕从們的政策，保卫民主自由和国家独立的斗争的时候，这一部关于英勇無畏的牛虻的小說更具有特殊的意义和价值。

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PART ONE

CHAPTER I

Arthur sat in the library of the theological seminary¹ at Pisa,² looking through a pile of manuscript sermons. It was a hot evening in June, and the windows stood wide open, with the shutters half closed for coolness. The Father Director,³ Canon⁴ Montanelli, paused a moment in his writing to glance lovingly at the black head bent over the papers.

"Can't you find it, *carino*?⁵ Never mind; I must rewrite the passage. Possibly it has got torn up, and I have kept you all this time for nothing."

Montanelli's voice was rather low, but full and resonant, with a silvery purity of tone that gave to his speech a peculiar charm. It was the voice of a born orator, rich in

¹ theological seminary—here: a college controlled by the Roman Catholic Church for training young men as priests or missionaries

² Pisa (pi:zə)—on the Arno, at one time a centre of Italian culture

³ the Father Director—the name "father" is applied to priests of the Roman Catholic Church

⁴ canon—a dignitary of the Church who conducts service in a cathedral

⁵ *carino* (It.) (masculine gender)—darling

possible modulations. When he spoke to Arthur its note was always that of a caress.

(“No, Padre,¹ I must find it; I’m sure you put it here. You will never make it the same by rewriting.”

Montanelli went on with his work. A sleepy cockchafer hummed drowsily outside the window, and the long, melancholy call of a fruitseller echoed down the street: “*Fragola!*”² “*fragola!*”²

“On the Healing of the Leper”;³ here it is.” Arthur came across the room with the velvet tread that always exasperated the good folk at home. He was a slender little creature, more like an Italian in a sixteenth-century portrait than a middle-class English lad of the ‘thirties. From the long eyebrows and sensitive mouth to the small hands and feet, everything about him was too much chiselled, overdelicate. Sitting still, he might have been taken for a very pretty girl masquerading in male attire; but when he moved, his lithe agility suggested a tame panther without the claws.

“Is that really it? What should I do without you, Arthur? I should always be losing my things. No, I am not going to write any more now. Come out into the garden, and I will help you with your work. What is the bit you couldn’t understand?”

They went out into the still, shadowy cloister garden. The seminary occupied the buildings of an old Dominican⁴ monastery, and two hundred years ago the square courtyard had been stiff and trim, and the rosemary and lavender had grown in close-cut bushes between the straight box

¹ Padre [‘pa:dri] (It.)—father, a title used to address a priest without using his name

² *fragola* (It.)—strawberries

³ “the Healing of the Leper”—according to the biblical legend Christ cured a leper by touching him

⁴ Dominican—belonging to the religious order founded by the Spanish preacher Dominic in the 13th century for the struggle against heretics

edgings. Now the white-robed monks who had tended them were laid away¹ and forgotten; but the scented herbs flowered still in the gracious midsummer evening, though no man gathered their blossoms for simples any more. Tufts of wild parsley and columbine filled the cracks between the flagged footways, and the well in the middle of the courtyard was given up to ferns and matted stone-crop. The roses had run wild, and their straggling suckers trailed across the paths; in the box borders flared great red poppies; tall foxgloves drooped above the tangled grasses; and the old vine, untrained and barren of fruit, swayed from the branches of the neglected medlar-tree, shaking a leafy head with slow and sad persistence. |

In one corner stood a huge summer-flowering magnolia, a tower of dark foliage, splashed here and there with milk-white blossoms. A rough wooden bench had been placed against the trunk; and on this Montanelli sat down. Arthur was studying philosophy at the university; and, coming to a difficulty with a book, had applied to "the Padre" for an explanation of the point. Montanelli was a universal encyclopaedia to him, though he had never been a pupil of the seminary.

"I had better go now," he said when the passage had been cleared up; "unless you want me for anything."

"I don't want to work any more, but I should like you to stay a bit if you have time."

"Oh, yes!" He leaned back against the tree-trunk and looked up through the dusky branches at the first faint stars glimmering in a quiet sky. The dreamy, mystical eyes, deep blue under black lashes, were an inheritance from his Cornish² mother, and Montanelli turned his head away, that he might not see them. ✓

"You are looking tired, *carino*," he said.)

1 laid away—buried

2 Cornish—coming from Cornwall, a county in the extreme southwest of England where people of the Celtic type (with blue eyes and dark hair) predominate

~~Elizabeth~~ "I can't help it." There was a weary sound in Arthur's voice, and the Padre noticed it at once. } 3

3 ("You should not have gone up to college so soon; you were tired out with sick-nursing¹ and being up at night. I ought to have insisted on your taking a thorough rest before you left Leghorn."²)

"Oh, Padre, what's the use of that? I couldn't stop in that miserable house after mother died. Julia would have driven me mad!"

Julia was his eldest step-brother's wife, and a thorn in his side.

"I should not have wished you to stay with your relatives," Montanelli answered gently. "I am sure it would have been the worst possible thing for you. But I wish you could have accepted the invitation of your English doctor friend; if you had spent a month in his house you would have been more fit to study."

"No, Padre, I shouldn't indeed! The Warrens are very good and kind, but they don't understand; and then they are sorry for me—I can see it in all their faces—and they would try to console me, and talk about mother. Gemma wouldn't, of course; she always knew what not to say, even when we were babies; but the others would. And it isn't only that——"

"What is it then, my son?"

Arthur pulled off some blossoms from a drooping fox-glove stem and crushed them nervously in his hand.

"I can't bear the town," he began after a moment's pause.

"There are the shops where she used to buy me toys when I was a little thing, and the walk along the shore where I used to take her until she got too ill. Wherever I go it's the same thing; every market-girl comes up to me

¹ sick-nursing—an allusion to Arthur having nursed his dying mother

² Leghorn ('leg'hɔːrɪ) (u: Livorno)—a sea-port, in the Duchy of Tuscany, not far from Pisa

with bunches of flowers—as if I wanted them now! And there's the churchyard—I had to get away; it made me sick to see the place——”⁴

He broke off and sat tearing the foxglove bells to pieces. The silence was so long and deep that he looked up, wondering why the Padre did not speak. It was growing dark under the branches of the magnolia, and everything seemed dim and indistinct; but there was light enough to show the ghastly paleness of Montanelli's face. He was bending his head down, his right hand tightly clenched upon the edge of the bench. Arthur looked away with a sense of awe-struck wonder.¹ It was as though he had stepped unwittingly on to holy ground.

“My God!” he thought: “how small and selfish I am beside him! If my trouble were his own he couldn't feel it more.”

Presently Montanelli raised his head and looked round.

“I won't press you to go back there; at all events, just now,” he said in his most caressing tone; “but you must promise me to take a thorough rest when your vacation begins this summer. I think you had better get a holiday right away² from the neighbourhood of Leghorn. I can't have you breaking down in health.”

“Where shall you go when the seminary closes, Padre?”

“I shall have to take the pupils into the hills, as usual, and see them settled there. But by the middle of August the subdirector will be back from his holiday. I shall try to get up into the Alps for a little change. Will you come with me? I could take you for some long mountain rambles, and you would like to study the Alpine mosses and lichens. But perhaps it would be rather dull for you alone with me?”

“Padre!” Arthur clasped his hands in what Julia called his ‘demonstrative foreign way.’ “I would give anything

¹ ... with a sense of awe-struck wonder— ... with a feeling of deep respect and wonder

² right away—here: far away

on earth to go away with you. Only—I am not sure——”
He stopped.

“You don’t think Mr. Burton would allow it?”

“He wouldn’t like it, of course, but he could hardly interfere. I am eighteen now and can do what I choose. After all, he’s only my step-brother; I don’t see that I owe him obedience. He was always unkind to mother.”

“But if he seriously objects, I think you had better not defy his wishes; you may find your position at home made much harder if——”

“Not a bit harder!” Arthur broke in passionately. “They always did hate me and always will—it doesn’t matter what I do. Besides, how can James seriously object to my going away with you—with my father confessor?”

“He is a Protestant, remember. However, you had better write to him, and we will wait to hear what he thinks. But you must not be impatient, my son; it matters just as much what you do, whether people hate you or love you.”

The rebuke was so gently given that Arthur hardly coloured under it. “Yes, I know,” he answered, sighing; “but it is so difficult——”

“I was sorry you could not come to me on Tuesday evening,” Montanelli said, abruptly introducing a new subject. “The Bishop of Arezzo¹ was here, and I should have liked you to meet him.”

“I had promised one of the students to go to a meeting at his lodgings, and they would have been expecting me.”

“What sort of meeting?”

Arthur seemed embarrassed by the question. “It—it was n-not a r-regular meeting,” he said with a nervous little stammer. “A student had come from Genoa,² and he made a speech to us—a-a sort of—lecture.”

¹ Arezzo (ə'rezou)—a town in Tuscany

² Genoa [dʒenoua]—the Genoa Republic having ceased to exist after the Vienna Congresses (1815), it became the chief sea-port of the Kingdom of Sardinia