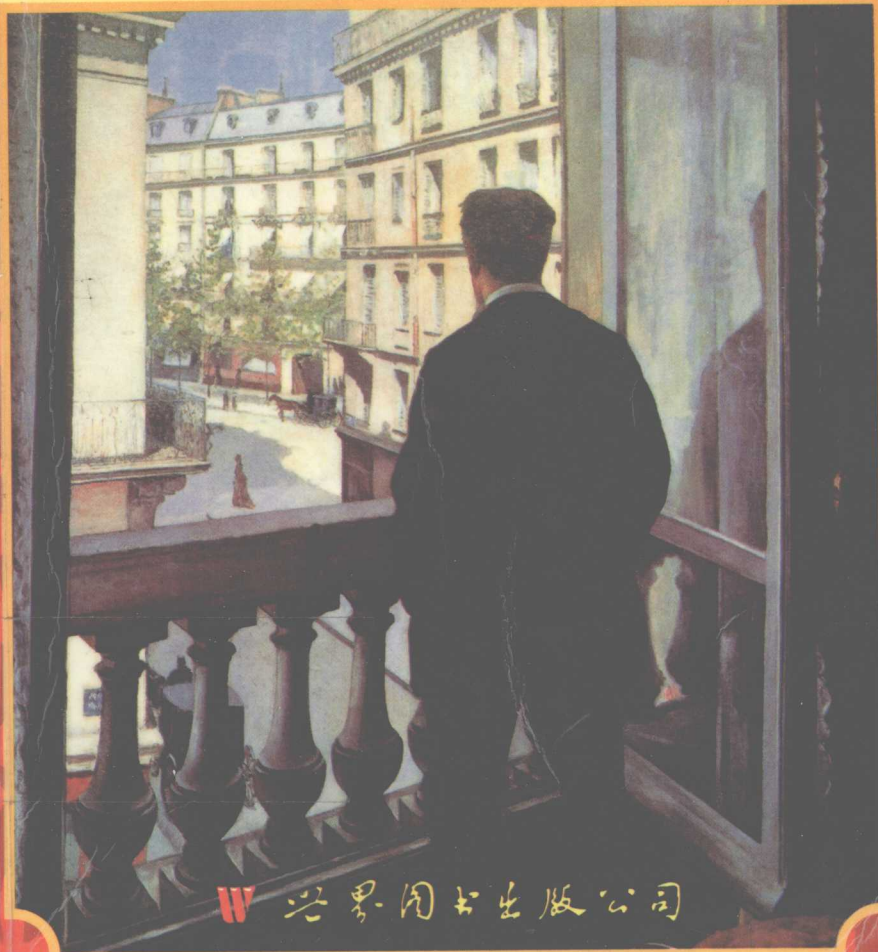


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

*Ethel Lilian Voynich*

# THE GADFLY

牛 虻



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## 作者简介

艾捷尔·丽莲·伏尼契(Ethel Lilan Voynich)于1864年5月11日出生于爱尔兰的科克市。就在她出生的同一天,她的父亲乔治去世。他是一位数学家及伦理学家。这一不幸事件对她的家庭及她以后坚强性格的形成,产生了深刻的影响。艾丽·伏尼契于1885年从柏林音乐学院毕业。1887~1889年侨居俄国彼得堡市,在一将军家庭中任家庭教师。她同情革命,因此当时俄国的一些革命团体利用她的外侨身份及她所在的将军家庭来掩护,从事革命活动。她经常为关押在监狱中的爱国志士送食,送衣,并传递秘密信件。她的丈夫米·伏尼契也是这些爱国志士之一。他在西伯利亚服刑期间,从另一难友中得知她在伦敦的地址,后逃到伦敦遂与其认识,来往并产生爱情,1892年结婚定居。在此期间伏尼契曾与国际共产主义运动的导师恩格斯以及俄国的革命家普列汉诺夫相识。他们在政治思想上无疑对她有很大启发和影响。此外她还结识了当时在伦敦的俄国著名作家赫尔岑和克拉甫钦斯基,他们对她在文学方面的天赋给予高度评价,并在文学领域给了她许多帮助和指导。当时的伦敦也是意大利革命流亡者们云集之地。她经常和他们来往,于是从这些革命者中汲取了丰富的政治思想营养及源源不断的文学创作素材,为以后成功地塑造意大利民族解放运动的英雄形象牛虻打下了坚实的基础。

艾·丽·伏尼契一生写了不少长篇和中篇小说,但这些作品的思想性和艺术性都远不及“牛虻”成功。“牛虻”一发表很快就博得了盛誉,被译成好几国文字。在我国五、六十年代也曾广为流传,发行一百万册以上。牛虻的英雄形象曾激励和鼓舞过我国无数为革命和建设而奋斗的人,在与帝国主义分子以及与

披着宗教外衣进行文化侵略渗透的反动份子的斗争中，起了难以估量的作用。

艾·丽·伏尼契于1960年卒于美国纽约，享年96岁。

艾·丽·伏尼契(Elizabeth Follen)生于1864年，是伏尼契家族的一员。她的父亲是著名的作家和诗人，她的母亲是著名的作家和诗人。她从小就受到文学的熏陶，对文学有着浓厚的兴趣。她曾在多所大学学习，包括哈佛大学和耶鲁大学。她的一生都在为文学事业而奋斗，她的作品在文学史上占有重要的地位。她的代表作是《伏尼契手稿》，这是一部神秘的文学作品，至今无人能够解读。她的去世是文学界的一大损失。

## 故事梗概

英国船主勃尔顿之子亚瑟是位私生子。他的母亲是勃尔顿年青美貌的妻子葛拉第斯，生父是天主教神甫蒙太尼里。亚瑟十七岁时成了比萨神学院哲学系的学生，该院院长正是生父蒙太尼里。蒙太尼里对亚瑟关怀备至，笃心教诲，他们很快成了忘年之交，像恋人一样终日形影不离。在假期期间也相依相随，一起漫游了瑞士明媚秀丽的山川景色。

十九世纪三十年代的意大利，外受奥地利的奴役统治，内受王公贵族的压迫剥削，民族矛盾和阶级矛盾错综复杂尖锐激烈。意大利人民难以忍受统治阶级的奴役统治，在 G·玛梯尼的领导下创立了革命组织“青年意大利党”。这是个秘密组织。亚瑟在参加该组织的一次活动中，意外地发现他青梅竹马的朋友——琼玛也在其中，这使他欣喜万分。他的秘密活动虽受到蒙太尼里的猜疑，但终究没有暴露。不久新上任的卡尔狄神父来到比萨，他以同情学生对当局不满的面目出现，很快赢得了亚瑟的信任。不谙世故的亚瑟在向这位道貌岸然老奸巨滑的神父忏悔时，无意中坦露了青年意大利党的某些活动，因而不久被捕入狱。在狱中亚瑟和上校进行了尖锐激烈的斗争，经受了种种折磨和难言的苦难，充分表现了革命者的英勇顽强和坚毅不拔。最后由于蒙太尼里的干预而重获自由。出狱后的亚瑟既受到家人的冷落嘲弄，也受到朋友们的误解歧视，他痛苦万分。在万般无奈之下，一天黑夜他躲进一远洋航轮的船仓，背井离乡远远地离开了意大利。

十三年后的意大利，一次巨大的社会风暴又在酝酿之中。青年意大利党的革命志士们开始出版刊物，印刷报纸，散发传单进行宣传鼓动。在这些活动中他们深感缺少一位笔锋犀利，

锋芒毕露的人物，此时有人提议邀请名闻遐迩的列瓦雷士——绰号牛虻的人参加。牛虻不是别人正是十三年前逃亡南美的亚瑟。他的突然消失使人们以为他已溺水身亡。在南美流浪期间他饱尝了人间的苦难和辛酸。在利马港口当过仆役，在杂耍班当过小丑，在干蔗场当过临时工，在杜普雷探险队当过苦工。他的足迹遍及智利、秘鲁、厄瓜多尔等地，结果腿瘸了，脸上留下了深深的疤痕，弄得遍体鳞伤。最后携带着情人，吉卜赛姑娘绮达·莱尼辗转回到了欧洲，继续从事革命活动。牛虻在玛梯尼领导的革命队伍中又遇到青年时的恋人——琼玛，此时他们相见不相识，形同路人。十三年前，由于反动派的迫害，她和波拉流亡伦敦，并在那里结婚定居。天有不测风云，丈夫波拉和他们的女儿先后染病身亡，琼玛在万般无奈中只身一人返回意大利。此时人们均称她为波拉太太。十三年后的蒙太尼里已是大主教，朝庭革新派的代表，蜚声遐迩。牛虻和蒙太尼里由于其不同的阶级地位而代表着不同的阶级利益，在斗争的两个营垒中，针锋相对。牛虻恨透了基督教的虚伪和欺骗伎俩。当大主教来到佛罗伦萨时，牛虻以极其激烈的言词对其进行讽刺，揭露和打击，充分展示了他对宗教刻骨铭心的仇恨和讽刺嘲笑的才能。

为了开展武装暴动，革命党人从英国走私了一批军火，牛虻戴上假发胡子化装成朝圣的香客，和其它地下党人一起出色地完成了任务，将军火安全地运送到了教皇领地。下一步是如何将军火迅速安全地分发到各地。这是艰巨而危险的工作。牛虻力排众议，主动挑起了重担，化装成科西嘉人再闯山城。当牛虻如约奔赴联络地时适逢集市，敌人骑巡队穿梭往来，敌人暗探密布，不幸在和敌人遭遇后的千钧一发之际，加之蒙太尼里的突然干扰，使牛虻无法摆脱敌人重围，因而被捕。牛虻被捕无疑对革命组织是个沉重打击，他们想尽办法全力以赴设法营救。牛虻在牢房内对敌兵说服瓦解，以图里应外合，但不料第一



次营救败于垂成，敌人因而加强了防范。蒙太尼里在探监时知悉牛虻不是别人正是他的儿子亚瑟。虽然他也假仁假义地予以关照，但却极力说服牛虻改弦更张，放弃革命理想。而牛虻则针锋相对，劝蒙太尼里放弃神职，回到人民中来。双方各执一词寸步不让，在最后时刻蒙太尼里凶相毕露，让出儿子，经军事法庭判为死刑。就这样牛虻为祖国的独立解放献出了宝贵的生命。在牛虻慷慨就义后不久，另一噩耗震动全城：红衣主教蒙太尼里因心脏破裂而突然身亡。

《牛虻》是部成功的小说。它一出版就引起了轰动性效应，被译成多种文字，风行世界历久不衰。其作者艾·丽·伏尼契也因此而一举成名，在群星灿烂的英国文坛据有一席之地。

# PART ONE

## CHAPTER 1

Arthur sat in the library of the theological seminary at Pisa, 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, Canon Montanelli, paused a moment in his writing to glance lovingly at the black head bent over the papers.

"Can't you find it, *carino*? 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 possible modulations. When he spoke to Arthur its note was always that of a caress.

"No, Padre, 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 fruit-seller echoed down the street: "'Fragola! fragola!'" "On 'Healing of the Leper'; 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, overd delicate. Sitting still, he might have been taken for a very pretty girl masquerading in male attire; but when he moved, his lithe agility sug-

gested 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 Dominican 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 edgings. Now the white-robed monks who had tended them were laid away 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 milkwhite 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 Cornish mother, and Montanelli turned his head away, that he might not see them.

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

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

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

"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 foxglove 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 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——"

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 awestruck wonder. 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 away 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 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 Arezzo 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, and he made a speech to us—a-a sort of—lecture."

"What did he lecture about?"

Arthur hesitated. "You won't ask me his name, Padre will you? Because I promised——"

"I will ask you no questions at all, and if you have promised secrecy of course you must not tell me; but I think you can almost trust me by this time."

"Padre, of course I can. He spoke about—us and our duty to the people—and to—our own selves; and about what we might do to help——"

"To help whom?"

"The *contadini*—and——"

"And?"

"Italy."

There was a long silence.

"Tell me, Arthur," said Montanelli, turning to him and speaking very gravely, "how long have you been thinking about this?"

"Since—last winter."

"Before your mother's death? And did she know of it?"

"N-no. I—I didn't care about it then."

"And now you—care about it?"

Arthur pulled another handful of bells off the foxglove.

"It was this way, Padre," he began, with his eyes on the ground. "When I was preparing for the entrance examination last autumn, I got to know a good many of the students; you remember? Well, some of them began to talk to me about—all these things, and lent me books. But I didn't care much about it; I always wanted to get home quick to mother. You see, she was quite alone among them all in that dungeon of a house; and Julia's tongue was enough to kill her. Then, in the winter, when she got so ill, I forgot all about the students and their books; and then, you know, I left off coming to Pisa altogether. I should have talked to mother if I had thought of it; but it went right out of my head. Then I found out that she was going to die—You know, I was almost constantly with her towards the end; often I would sit up the night, and Gemma Warren would come in the day to let me get to sleep. Well, it was in those long nights; I got thinking about the books and about what the students had said—

and wondering—whether they were right and—what—our Lord would have said about it all.”

“Did you ask Him?” Montanelli’s voice was not quite steady.

“Often, Padre. Sometimes I have prayed to Him to tell me what I must do, or to let me die with mother. But I couldn’t find any answer.”

“And you never said a word to me. Arthur, I hoped you could have trusted me.”

“Padre, you know I trust you! But there are some things you can’t talk about to anyone. I—it seemed to me that no one could help me—not even you or mother; I must have my own answer straight from God. You see, it is for all my life and all my soul.”

Montanelli turned away and stared into the dusky gloom of the magnolia branches. The twilight was so dim that his figure had a shadowy look, like a dark ghost among the darker boughs.

“And then?” he asked slowly.

“And then—she died. You know, I had been up the last three nights with her——”

He broke off and paused a moment, but Montanelli did not move.

“All those two days before they buried her,” Arthur went on in a lower voice, “I couldn’t think about anything. Then, after the funeral, I was ill; you remember, I couldn’t come to confession.”

“Yes; I remember.”

“Well, in the night I got up and went into mother’s room. It was all empty; there was only the great crucifix in the alcove. And I thought perhaps God would help me. I knelt down and waited—all night. And in the morning when I came to my senses—Padre, it isn’t any use; I can’t explain. I can’t tell you what I saw—I hardly know myself. But I know that God has answered me, and that I dare not disobey Him.”

For a moment they sat quite silent in the darkness. Then Montanelli turned and laid his hand on Arthur’s shoulder.

“My son,” he said: “God forbid that I should say He has not spoken to your soul. But remember your condition when this thing happened, and do not take the fancies of grief or illness for His solemn call. And if, indeed, it has been His will to answer you out of the shadow of death, be sure that you put no false construction on His word. What is this thing you have it in your heart to do?”

Arthur stood up and answered slowly, as though repeating a cat-

echism.

"To give up my life to Italy, to help in freeing her from all this slavery and wretchedness, and in driving out the Austrians, that she may be a free republic, with no king but Christ."

"Arthur, think a moment what you are saying! You are not even an Italian."

"That makes no difference; I am myself. I have *seen* this thing, and I belong to it."

There was silence again.

"You spoke just now of what Christ would have said——" Montanelli began slowly; but Arthur interrupted him:

"Christ said: 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'"

Montanelli leaned his arm against a branch, and shaded his eyes with one hand.

"Sit down a moment, my son," he said at last.

Arthur sat down, and the Padre took both his hands in a strong and steady clasp.

"I cannot argue with you tonight," he said; "this has come upon me so suddenly — I had not thought — I must have time to think it over. Later on we will talk more definitely. But, for just now, I want you to remember one thing. If you get into trouble over this, if you—die, you will break my heart."

"Padre——"

"No; let me finish what I have to say. I told you once that I have no one in the world but you. I think you do not fully understand what that means. It is difficult when one is so young; at your age I should not have understood. Arthur, you are as my—as my—own son to me. Do you see? You are the light of my eyes and the desire of my heart. I would die to keep you from making a false step and ruining your life. But there is nothing I can do. I don't ask you to make any promises to me; I only ask you to remember this, and to be careful. Think well before you take an irrevocable step, for my sake, if not for the sake of your mother in heaven."

"I will think—and—Padre, Pray for me, and for Italy."

He knelt down in silence, and in silence Montanelli laid his hand on the bent head. A moment later Arthur rose, kissed the hand, and went softly away across the dewy grass. Montanelli sat alone under the magnolia tree, looking straight before him into the blackness.

"It is the vengeance of God that has fallen upon me," he



thought, "as it fell upon 'David. I, that have defiled his sanctuary, and taken the Body of the Lord into polluted hands—he has been very patient with me, and now it has come. "For thou didst it secretly, but I will do this thing before all Israel, and before the sun; *the child that is born unto thee shall surely die.*"

## CHAPTER 2

Mr. James Burton did not at all like the idea of his young step-brother "careering about Switzerland" with Montanelli. But positively to forbid a harmless botanizing tour with an elderly professor of theology would seem to Arthur, who knew nothing of the reason for the prohibition, absurdly tyrannical. He would immediately attribute it to religious or racial prejudice; and the Burtons prided themselves on their enlightened tolerance. The whole family had been staunch Protestants and Conservatives ever since Burton & Sons, shipowners, of London and Ighorn, had first set up in business, more than a century back. But they held that English gentlemen must deal fairly, even with 'Papists, and when the head of the house, finding it dull to remain a widower, had married the pretty Catholic governess of his younger children, the two elder sons, James and Thomas, much as they resented the presence of a step-mother hardly older than themselves, had submitted with sulky resignation to the will of Providence. Since the father's death the eldest brother's marriage had further complicated an already difficult position; but both brothers had honestly tried to protect Gladys, as long as she lived, from Julia's merciless tongue, and to do their duty, as they understood it, by Arthur. They did not even pretend to like the lad, and their generosity towards him showed itself chiefly in providing him with lavish supplies of pocket money and allowing him to go his own way.

In answer to his letter, accordingly, Arthur received a cheque to cover his expenses and a cold permission to do as he pleased about his holidays. He expended half his spare cash on botanical books and pressing-cases, and started off with the Padre for his first Alpine ramble.

Montanelli was in lighter spirits than Arthur had seen him in for a long while. After the first shock of the conversation in the garden he had gradually recovered his mental balance, and now looked upon the case more calmly. Arthur was very young and inexperienced; his