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最纯洁、最真挚的爱情
献给情人最美的礼物

The Devil's Pool

魔 沼

【法】乔治·桑 George Sand

苏勇强 译



陕 西 出 版 集 团
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序

两千五百多年前，遥远而神秘的东方土地上，一个美丽的姑娘收拾好自己的行装，准备出发。看着自己成长的地方，到处都留下点点滴滴成长的记忆。突然心里弥漫着一种说不出的怅惘，从此之后，这里再也不是属于她的地方了。而且她在这瞬间明白了一个道理，那就是——这里从来就没有属于过她，因为今天她才真正要回归到属于自己的家园。前半生就是为了这一天的到来，这一天到来之际，自己的生活才真正开始。

那天，是她一生中最美好最灿烂最绚丽的一天，阳光明媚，爱抚的光芒洒遍每一个角落。放眼望去，满眼都是灼灼的桃花，开得那样的热情而又热烈，好像她的命运与这桃花有着某种默契。耳畔传来了悠扬的歌声：“桃之夭夭，灼灼其华。之子于归，宜其室家。”

她终于找到了自己的归宿，阳光下，一切都是那么美丽，充满了色彩的生机。所以，没有人愿意去想，桃花开到最艳丽的时候，等待着它们的将会是什么。没有人肯承认，桃花的艳丽是一个姿态优雅的谏语，阳光背后隐藏着它的忧郁。所以，古今中外美丽的神话传说最后总是用千篇一律的一句话收尾——从此，他们过上了幸福的生活。总之，花开花落，一时的繁华过后，等待着守候的人儿，期待着沉甸甸的果实，饱满而甜蜜。就像《诗经·桃夭》中的那个女孩子，春华秋实，回到了属于自己的家。从此，日复一日，年复一年，时光流逝，爱情的基调却就这样固着了一般，新翻的曲子永远在这个调子上婉转流动，始终无法摆脱它的纠缠。

然而，我们也许是习惯了在美丽虚幻中麻痹自己，不想去面对桃之夭夭过后还可能出现的其他情形，比如雨打桃花、落红满地，比如华而不实、有花无果，甚至有始无终、始乱终弃，那些悲悲凄凄的惨状，有谁愿意面对？何况还有更加令人痛心疾首惨不忍闻的故事。现实中受够了痛苦的人，怎么会愿意在别人故事里再去揭开刚刚复原的伤口。所以，无数人面桃花相映红的故事在流传着，鲜艳欲滴的花儿旁边播出的是满心欢喜的爱情剧，戏里戏外的人都在快乐地欢笑中忘掉了悲与愁。

可是，在遥远的西方却有着完全不同的爱情故事。在那里，故事里的花是断了根、剪了枝、打了包、带了修饰的，故事里的人却是真真实实的存在。人生无常，命运多蹇，该是什么就是什么，没有粉饰没有遮掩。本来，爱情就难得看到一个圆圆满满的收梢，何必非要让它粉墨登场呢？

于是，一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

虽然真实与虚幻没有严格的界限，但爱情的果子一定不会只有一种，酸、甜、苦、辣，五味俱陈，而它之所以让人心驰神往，就在于着了魔的人正处于期待中。桃之夭夭给予人的是启示，表明爱情都有那浓艳耀眼的一刻；同时它也有暗示，群芳过后必然是狼藉残红，谁也无法遮住爱情的无奈和凄凉。

这次，我们选取国外多篇著名爱情小说，汇编成《罗密欧与朱丽叶·奥赛罗》《卡门·高龙巴》《红字》《曼依》《傲慢与偏见》《呼啸山庄》《麦琪的礼物》《了不起的盖茨比》《魔沼》《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》十种，并做成英汉对照版，以期使读者在阅读一篇篇震撼人心的爱情故事的同时，也能潜移默化地提高自己的英文水平。

乔治·桑的《魔沼》开篇就是美丽乡村风景，但重点当然还是小说中的故事和人物。主人公日耳曼和小玛丽的爱情，绝不是什么才子佳人式的结合，自然也不是以引发读者对于美好爱情的憧憬和向往。因为经典的爱情故事，往往要求故事中的男女主角首先要具备靓丽俊俏的外表，能给读者以幻想般的亲切。然而，日耳曼“红润的面色，天空般闪亮、湛蓝的眼睛，殷红的嘴唇，整齐的牙齿，以及像从未离开过牧场的小马驹那般健美柔软的身体”，这样的描写让人想象到的，仅是一个久居乡下的法国农民，除了身体健硕、农活熟练之外，并没有什么值得我们羡慕的东西。

至于小玛丽，作者描述她是“本地最漂亮的姑娘。虽然面色不太好，但是她的小脸蛋却像野玫瑰那样娇嫩。她有那么可爱的嘴唇，那么小巧的鼻子！就年龄来说，她个子不大，但是却有小鹤鹑一样的身材，体态轻盈如小鸟一般。”如此描绘，令读者在想象小玛丽的美貌时，颇费心力。

而在日耳曼生活的村子里，人们喜欢的是“粗壮高大、脸色红润的胖女人”，他们认为，那样的女人能干活，又能生养，这是一种实用的“美”。所以，像小玛丽这类“身体单薄”的女人是受欢迎的。这么说来，日耳曼反而成了村子里的审美另类。原因或许可归结为日耳曼本就具有强壮的体魄，且精于农事，完全应付得了乡下的劳作，所以他并不需要找个“胖女人”来帮忙操持。由此，日耳曼缺乏功利的心思，本就决定了他有可能成为法国乡下一位具有文人审美潜质的农夫。他判断女人的标准显然是审

美的标准，而非功利标准。这是因为本书其实是乔治·桑女士将自己的爱情理想赋予小说人物的结果。那么，乔治·桑所推崇的“爱情理想”究竟是何种模样的呢？

乔治·桑，原名 Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin（阿曼蒂娜·露西·奥萝尔·杜邦）。其父亲是一位尽管非世系出身，然而却很高贵的军官。与之相比，其母亲的地位却有些低下。1804年7月1日，乔治·桑出生在巴黎。孩提时期的大部分时光，她都是在诺昂一个叫贝里的乡村屋舍，和她的贵族祖母度过的。乔治·桑受天主教修道院教育，并且受卢梭学说影响颇深。有三年时间，她成了修道院的成员，经历了一次神秘的转变。祖母亡故后，乔治·桑嫁给了贵族乡绅卡西米尔·杜德望，成为男爵夫人。但她很快就不能忍受丈夫的平庸和缺乏诗意，开始了一次又一次红杏出墙的婚外情恋……

因为作者有如此的人生经历，所以其小说中的爱情，也被赋予极其浓重的个人理想化色彩。从《魔沼》的故事叙述中，我们可以看出，小说作者所追求的理想爱情应有如下特性：其一，爱情双方的结合不完全是基于财富的目的，即任何一方的功利态度都是对美好爱情的破坏。其二，相爱主要基于双方彼此审美情感的接受。其三，爱情双方的结合首先要基于对方的美貌，然而更深入下去的，却是彼此的真诚和善良。

小玛丽不仅拥有如小白羊一般的美貌，更重要的是她能够接受日耳曼前妻遗留下来的三个孩子，而小皮埃尔也打心眼里喜欢玛丽，满心希望玛丽成为自己的妈妈。所有这一切都印证了这样一个事实：美丽只是男人喜欢女人的第一步，然而接下来决定爱情成功的关键因素却是女人的真诚与善良。否则，我们就很难解释为什么男人尽管喜欢潘金莲的美貌，然若谈到结婚，武大郎的角色并不令人神往。原因就在于世界上任何男人都不希望自己娶一个蛇蝎心肠的女人，即便是这位女人沉鱼落雁、闭月羞花，也不值得男人们以命犯险。

“前言”琐谈至此，突然想起此前自己曾译有一本杂书，也写过类似的“琐言”。译本出版，内心感觉，该书对于自己来说，最有价值的东西就是那些附于前页的“琐言”。愿此次感觉亦如是。

温州大学人文学院

苏勇强

2009年3月20日草写于温大C区



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Author's Preface

When I wrote *The Devil's Pool*, the first of a series of pastoral tales which I meant to bring out together under the title of *Tales of a Hemp-dresser*, I had no system in view, and no design of introducing a revolution into literature. No one man has ever effected a revolution; for a revolution, especially in art, is an unconscious change which everybody has had a hand in. But this is not applicable to tales of rustic life, which have always existed, at all times, and under all forms, and have been sometimes pompous, sometimes affected, and sometimes natural.

I have said somewhere, and must now repeat, that pastoral life has always been the ideal of cities and of the courts of kings. I have attempted nothing new in following the easy path which brings back civilized man to the charms of primitive life. I have not tried to invent a new language nor to affect a new style, though many newspaper articles have told me so. I understand my own intentions better than anybody else can, and I am continually surprised that criticism should be so farseeking, when the simplest ideas and most trivial circumstances are all that inspire the creations of art. Especially as regards *The Devil's Pool*, as I have related in the introduction, an engraving of Holbein, that had struck me, and a real scene that I had before my eyes at the same time, while the men were sowing the crops, were all that induced me to write the modest story laid among the humble landscapes of my daily walks.

If I am asked what I meant to do, I shall answer that I meant to write a very touching and very simple story, and that I have not succeeded to my satisfaction. I have indeed seen and felt the beauty of simplicity, but seeing and describing are not the same thing. The best the artist can hope for is to persuade those who have eyes to see for themselves. Look at what is simple, my kind reader; look at the sky, the fields, the trees, and at what is good and true in the peasants; you will catch a glimpse of them in my book but you will see them much better in nature.

George Sand.

Nohant, the twelfth of April, 1851.



作者自序

在我创作《魔沼》的时候，我本意是要创作一批田园小说，并将之编纂命名为《梳麻人夜话》。我的想法虽谈不上完整，但也绝没有革新文学的企图。没有任何人曾经实现一场变革，对于变革来说，尤其是在艺术领域，变革是众人联手、无意识完成的转变，但是这并不适用于乡野生活背景下发生的故事。乡土文学历来都有，只是表现形式各有不同，有的华丽夸饰，有的矫揉造作，而有的则显得纯朴自然。

我曾在某些场合说过，现在有必要再重申一下，田园生活一直都是都市和宫廷的理想憧憬。我没有做更多的努力，只是顺应潮流，将文明社会的人们带回到充满魅力的原始生活中去。尽管许多报道都如此评价我，但我并没有尝试发明一种新的语言，更没有形成所谓新的风格。我比其他任何人都清楚自己的创作意图，最单纯的想法和最细微的环境往往更能激发艺术创作的灵感，然而令人惊讶的是评论界为何总是如此附会远寻。至于《魔沼》，正如我在介绍中所述，贺尔拜因的一幅版画触动了我的内心，一个逼真的场景同时展现在我眼前，适逢人们正在播种庄稼，这一切都驱使我根据每日散步所闻所见的风景，写下这最纯朴的故事。

若有人追问我的创作意图何在，我会回答，我想描述的是一个动人而又非常自然纯朴的故事，只是我至今对自己仍不满意。我的确目睹和感受到了纯朴的美，然而看见和描述出来却是两码事。最优秀的艺术家总是希望说服人们自己亲眼去看（那些美好的事物）。关注这些纯朴的事物吧，我亲爱的读者。看这天空、这土地、这树木，再看看农夫所拥有的纯美与真挚。你当然可以从我的书里瞥见上述这些美好事物的影子，然而若要见识事物更为美好的一面，你则要投身到大自然中去感受。

乔治·桑

公元 1851 年 4 月 12 日写于诺昂

The Author to the Reader

*A la sueur de ton visaige ,
Tu gagnerois ta pauvre vie.
Après long travail et usaige ,
Voicy la mort qui te convie.*

This quaint old French verse, written under one of Holbein's pictures, is profoundly melancholy. The engraving represents a labourer driving his plough through the middle of a field. Beyond him stretches a vast horizon, dotted with wretched huts; the sun is sinking behind the hill. It is the end of a hard day's work. The peasant is old, bent, and clothed in rage. He is urging onward a team of four thin and exhausted horses; the ploughshare sinks into a stony and ungrateful soil. One being only is active and alert in this scene of toil and sorrow. It is a fantastic creature. A skeleton armed with a whip, who acts as ploughboy to the old labourer, and running along through the furrow beside the terrified horses, goads them on. This is the spectre Death, whom Holbein has introduced allegorically into that series of religious and philosophic subjects at once melancholy and grotesque, entitled "The Dance of Death."

In this collection, or rather this mighty composition, where Death, who plays his part on every page, is the connecting link and predominating thought, Holbein has called up kings, popes, lovers, gamesters, drunkards, nuns, courtesans, thieves, warriors, monks, Jews, and travellers – all the people of his time and our own; and everywhere the spectre Death is among them, taunting, threatening, and triumphing. He is absent from one picture only, where Lazarus, lying on a dunghill at the rich man's door, declares that the spectre has no terrors for him; probably because he has nothing to lose, and his existence is already a life in death.

Is there comfort in this stoical thought of the half-pagan Christianity of the Renaissance, and does it satisfy religious souls? The upstart, the rogue, the tyrant, the rake, and all those haughty sinners who make an ill use of life, and whose steps are dogged by Death, will be surely punished; but can the reflection that death is no evil make amends for the long hardships of the blind man, the beggar, the madman, and the poor peasant? No! An inexora-

敬告读者

汗流满面，
换来你贫瘠一生。
长年辛苦操劳，
死神已向你发出邀请。

这首用古法文写成的四行诗，古朴优雅，饱含忧伤，题写在贺尔拜因一幅版画的下方。这幅版画中，一个农夫正扶着犁把耕田。广漠的原野伸展至地平线外，那里点缀有几所破败的小茅屋，太阳也已沉到小山后面，一天的辛勤劳作结束了。画中的农夫已然上了年纪，疲惫佝偻，衣衫褴褛。其用于拉犁的四匹瘦马，也已筋疲力尽，犁头深深划入多石而贫瘠的土地。在这个辛劳而痛苦的画面中，唯有一个人物，步履轻盈，活力四射。这是一个想象中、骷髅模样的人物，画面中他充当老农的耕童，沿着犁沟向前奔走。他手持马鞭抽打身边几匹受惊吓的马，驱使马匹前行。他就是画家笔下的死神。贺尔拜因还曾寓言式地引入哲学和宗教的主题，创作出一套忧郁而怪诞的组画，并将之冠名为“死神之舞”。

在这本画集中，或毋宁说在这幅内容浩大的构图中，死神在每一页都扮演着自己的角色，它是占有支配地位、贯穿整幅画的形象。贺尔拜因在画集中描绘了君主、祭司、情侣、赌徒、酒鬼、修女、妓女、窃贼、武士、僧侣、犹太人、旅行者——所有他那个时代和我们这个时代的诸色人等，然而死神却总是在嘲讽、威胁人们，最终总是以胜利者的姿态出现。只在一幅画里没有出现死神，在那幅画中，乞丐拉撒路躺在富人门口的粪堆上，声称自己不惧怕死亡。或许这是因为他没有什么可失去的，活着等于已经死了。

禁欲苦行这种源于文艺复兴时期而又半带异教色彩的基督教精神，果真能给人以慰藉吗？虔诚的心灵也能从中得到安慰吗？野心家、骗子、暴君、浪荡公子等不同凡响的罪人惯于巧取豪夺、恣意享受，而死神的幽灵会令他们担忧命在旦夕，这种人当然会为此受到惩罚。但是盲人、乞丐、疯子、贫困的农夫呢？他们一辈子受苦受难，难道他们只要想到死后不会比生前苦难更深就能得到解脱吗？不！画家

ble sadness, an appalling fatality brood over the artist's work. It is like a bitter curse, hurled against the fate of humanity.

Holbein's faithful delineation of the society in which he lived is, indeed, painful satire. His attention was engrossed by crime and calamity; but what shall we, who are artists of a later date, portray? Shall we look to find the reward of the human beings of to-day in the contemplation of death, and shall we invoke it as the penalty of unrighteousness and the compensation of suffering?

No, henceforth, our business is not with death, but with life. We believe no longer in the nothingness of the grave, nor in safety bought with the price of a forced renunciation; life must be enjoyed in order to be fruitful. Lazarus must leave his dunghill, so that poor need no longer exult in the death of the rich. All must be made happy, that the good fortune of a few may not be a crime and a curse. As the labourer sows his wheat, he must know that he is helping forward the work of life, instead of rejoicing that Death walks at his side. We may no longer consider death as the chastisement of prosperity or the consolation of distress, for God has decreed it neither as the punishment nor the compensation of life. Life has been blessed by Him, and it is no longer permissible for us to leave the grave as the only refuge for those whom we are unwilling to make happy.

There are some artists of our own day, who, after a serious survey of their surroundings, take pleasure in painting misery, the sordidness of poverty, and the dunghill of Lazarus. This may belong to the domain of art and philosophy; but by depicting poverty as so hideous, so degraded, and sometimes so vicious and criminal, do they gain their end, and is that end as salutary as they would wish? We dare not pronounce judgment. They may answer that they terrify the unjust rich man by pointing out to him the yawning pit that lies beneath the frail covering of wealth; just as in the time of the Dance of Death, they showed him his gaping grave, and Death standing ready to fold him in an impure embrace. Now, they show him the thief breaking open his doors, and the murderer stealthily watching his sleep. We confess we cannot understand how we can reconcile him to the human nature he despises, or make him sensible of the suffering of the poor wretch whom he dreads, by showing him this wretch in the guise of the escaped convict or the nocturnal burglar. The hideous phantom Death, under the repulsive aspect in which he has been represented by Holbein and his predecessors, gnashing his teeth and playing the fiddle, has been powerless to convert the wicked and console

的作品浸透着一种无限的哀思和可怕的宿命思想，他似乎是在诅咒，在满怀辛酸地诅咒人类的命运。

这是贺尔拜因对自己心目中的社会所作的真实写照和沉痛讽喻。罪恶和苦难深深打动了。但是我们是另一个世纪的文艺家，我们将描绘什么呢？难道我们也要让当今的人们在死的意念中寻求补偿吗？难道我们也要将死神描绘为对不义的报应和对苦难的解脱吗？

不，从此以后，我们描绘的不再是死亡，而是生活。我们已不相信坟墓的虚无，也不以被迫遁世的代价来换取平安；为了丰富多彩的生活，我希望生活快乐。拉撒路必须离开他的粪堆，穷人无需因富人死亡而高兴。所有人都应享受快乐，如此，少数人的好运气就不会源于罪恶和诅咒。当农夫播种小麦时，就应明白他是在从事有助于谋生的事业，他不应为死神临近而欣喜。死亡既不应构成对幸运兴旺的惩戒，也不应成为痛苦命运的解脱。因为上帝颁令于死神，既无意让它作为生的惩戒，也不曾允许它成为对生的补偿。因为上帝已给生命赐福，坟墓就不再成为生命的避难所，而只会把我们当中那些得不到幸福的人送入其中。

当代某些艺术家在认真观察周围的环境之后，便开始乐于描绘苦难、描绘贫困带来的污秽，以及拉撒路的粪堆。这些也许都属于艺术和哲学表现的领域。但是，通过将贫困描绘得如此丑陋、丢脸，有时甚至描绘成邪恶与罪过，他们便获得自己想要的结果了吗？这结果与他们自己所希望的同样有效吗？我们不敢妄自决断。他们可能会解释，说只要指出在财富这个脆弱的表皮下面有一个深渊，就会令为富不仁者心生恐惧，恰如在死神之舞的时代，人们给富人指示墓穴的入口，死神也随时准备用自己肮脏不堪的双臂将他搂在怀里。如今的作品向富人显示的是盗贼在撬门，而谋杀者正在窥探他的睡眠。我们承认，我们尚不能理解这类作品既然将穷人刻画成恶劣的逃犯和夜间的盗贼，又如何能使富人与其所鄙视的人性和解一处，或者使他感受到贫穷可怜人正遭受其所畏惧的苦难。贺尔拜因及其前辈笔下所表现的死神，个个咬牙切齿，拉着小提琴，均有令人厌恶的模样，并不能使恶人改邪归正，也不

their victims. And does not our literature employ the same means as the artists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance?

The revellers of Holbein fill their glasses in a frenzy to dispel the idea of Death, who is their cup-bearer, though they do not see him. This unjust rich of our own day demand cannon and barricades to drive out the idea of an insurrection of the people which art shows them as slowly working in the dark, getting ready to burst upon the State. The Church of the Middle Ages met the terrors of the great of the earth with the sale of indulgences. The government of to-day soothes the uneasiness of the rich by exacting from them large sums for the support of policemen, jailers, bayonets, and prisons.

Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, Holbein, Callot, and Goya have made powerful satires on the evils of their times and countries, and their immortal works are historical documents of unquestionable value. We shall not refuse to artists the right to probe the wounds of society and lay them bare to our eyes; but is the only function of art still to threaten and appal? In the literature of the mysteries of iniquity, which talent and imagination have brought into fashion, we prefer the sweet and gentle characters which can attempt and effect conversions, to the melodramatic villains who inspire terror; for terror never cures selfishness, but increases it.

We believe that the mission of art is a mission of sentiment and love, that the novel of to-day should take the place of the parable and the fable of early times, and that the artist has a larger and more poetic task than that of suggesting certain prudential and conciliatory measures for the purpose of diminishing the fright caused by his pictures. His aim should be to render attractive the objects he has at heart, and, if necessary, I have no objection to his embellishing them a little. Art is not the study of positive reality, but the search for ideal truth, and the Vicar of Wakefield was a more useful and healthy book than the Paysan Perverti or the Liaisons Dangereuses.

Forgive these reflections of mine, kind reader, and let them stand as a preface, for there will be no other to the little story I am going to relate to you. My tale is so short and so simple, that I felt obliged to make you my apologies for it beforehand, by telling you what I think of the literature of terror.

I have allowed myself to be drawn into this digression for the sake of a labourer; and it is the story of a labourer which I have been meaning to tell you, and which I shall now tell you at once.

能给受害者以安慰。我们的文学作品所采用的方式，难道与中世纪和文艺复兴时期的艺术大师们不是一样的吗？

贺尔拜因的酒徒为了驱散死神的困扰，灌满酒杯，狂喝暴饮。虽然他们没见到死神，然而为他们斟酒的人却正是死神。我们自己时代那些为富不仁者要购枪置炮，修筑坞堡，驱除平民暴动的念头，因为艺术作品显示暴乱正在暗中慢慢策划，等待突然到来的机会。中世纪教会用售卖免罪券来迎合世间巨大的恐惧心理。今天的政府则是通过向富人们大量征收那些维持警察、狱卒、刺刀和监狱的税，来抚慰富人的不安。

阿尔伯特·丢勒、米开朗琪罗、贺尔拜因、卡洛和戈雅都曾强力讽刺自己时代和国家的罪过，其不朽的作品都是具有毋庸置疑价值的历史文献。不可否认，艺术家有权探查社会的疮疤，并将之暴露在我们的眼前。但是艺术唯一的功用难道依然是威慑和恐吓吗？在这类流行着天才和想象，充斥着邪恶神秘现象的文学作品中，我们不喜欢那些戏剧活动的恶棍，更偏爱温柔敦厚的人物，因为这些人能感化他人，使之弃恶从善。恶棍只会令人恐惧，而恐惧不但无法治愈自私，反而会使自私变本加厉。

我们相信艺术的使命就是情感与爱的使命。当代的小说应当取代早先的《圣经》故事和寓言，而艺术家为了减轻自己绘画所引起的恐惧，除了提供一些谨慎而抚慰的措施外，还有更为巨大、更为诗意的任务。他的目的应该是提供他存之于内心的那些有吸引力的事物，如有必要，我并不反对艺术家略微美化这些事物。艺术不是对纯粹现实的研究，而是对理想真实的追求。因此，《威克菲尔牧师传》这本小说相比于《堕落的农民》和《危险的联络》这两部小说更有用，也更有益于健康。

亲爱的读者，请原谅我有这番表述，请将这番表述当成序言吧，我要给你们讲述的小故事就不再另写序言了。我的故事是如此短小简单，以至于在阐述自己认为恐怖的故事之前，我要预先表达自己对你们的歉意。

我因为一个农夫的缘故而写下了这些离题的话语，我一直有意并即将告诉你们的正是这样一个农夫的故事。



I. The Tillage of the Soil

I had just been looking long and sadly at Holbein's ploughman, and was walking through the fields, musing on rustic life and the destiny of the husbandman. It is certainly tragic for him to spend his days and his strength delving in the jealous earth, that so reluctantly yields up her rich treasures when a morsel of coarse black bread, at the end of the day's work, is the sole reward and profit to be reaped from such arduous toil. The wealth of the soil, the harvests, the fruits, the splendid cattle that grow sleek and fat in the luxuriant grass, are the property of the few, and but instruments of the drudgery and slavery of the many. The man of leisure seldom loves, for their own sake, the fields and meadows, the landscape, or the noble animals which are to be converted into gold for his use. He comes to the country for his health or for change of air, but goes back to town to spend the fruit of his vassal's labour.

On the other hand, the peasant is too abject, too wretched, and too fearful of the future to enjoy the beauty of the country and the charms of pastoral life. To him, also, the yellow harvest-fields, the rich meadows, the fine cattle represent bags of gold; but he knows that only an infinitesimal part of their contents, insufficient for his daily needs, will ever fall to his share. Yet year by year he must fill those accursed bags, to please his master and buy the right of living on his land in sordid wretchedness.

Yet nature is eternally young, beautiful, and generous, She pours forth poetry and beauty on all creatures and all plants that are allowed free development. She owns the secret of happiness, of which no one has ever robbed her.

The happiest of men would be he who, knowing the full meaning of his labour, should, while working with his hands, find his happiness and his freedom in the exercise of his intelligence, and, having his heart in unison with his brain, should at once understand his own work and love that of God. The artist has such delights as these in contemplating and reproducing the beauties of nature; but if his heart be true and tender, his pleasure is disturbed when he sees the miseries of the men who people this paradise of earth. True happiness will be theirs when mind, heart, and hand shall work in concert in the sight of Heaven, and there