

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】



The Selected Stories of Pushkin - Marie

普希金小说精选 ——上尉的女儿

[俄] 普希金 著
郭文韬 等 编译

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内 容 简 介

本书收录了俄国著名诗人、小说家普希金的三篇代表作:《上尉的女儿》、《黑桃皇后》和《神射手》。《上尉的女儿》是普希金最重要的代表作之一,被果戈理誉为“俄国最优秀的叙事作品”,在俄国乃至世界文学史上具有非常重要的地位。小说以贵族军官格里尼奥夫与“上尉的女儿”玛丽的爱情故事为线索,再现了18世纪震惊俄国的普加乔夫起义的历史。故事的主人公格里尼奥夫在白山要塞开始了自己的军事生涯,在那里他爱上了上尉的女儿玛丽。普加乔夫起义爆发以后,受坏人诬陷,格里尼奥夫被当局指控勾结叛军,遭到逮捕,准备流放西伯利亚。玛丽只身前往皇宫为他鸣冤,在女皇叶卡捷林娜二世的干预下,格里尼奥夫最终得到赦免,并同玛丽结了婚,过上了幸福的生活。

一个世纪以来,这三部作品被译成一百多种文字,在世界上广为流传。无论作为英语语言学习的课本,还是作为经典文学读本,本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高英文阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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亚历山大·谢尔盖耶维奇·普希金（Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin，1799—1837），俄国著名文学家、诗人、小说家，现代俄国文学的创始人，19世纪俄国浪漫主义文学主要代表、现实主义文学的奠基人，现代标准俄语的创始人，被誉为“俄国文学之父”。

1799年6月6日，普希金出生在莫斯科一个家道中落的贵族家庭。童年时代，他由法国家庭教师管教，接受了贵族教育，8岁时已可以用法语写诗。因家中藏书丰富，普希金自小就博览群书；农奴出身的保姆常常给他讲述俄罗斯的民间故事和传说，使得他从小就领略了丰富的俄罗斯语言；结交文学名流，启蒙了他的文学创作思想；这些都为他日后的文学创作奠定了坚实的基础。1811年，普希金进入贵族子弟学校皇村学校学习，年仅12岁就开始了文学创作生涯。在早期的诗作中，他效仿浪漫派诗人巴丘什科夫和茹科夫斯基，学习17~18世纪法国诗人安德列谢尼埃的风格。在皇村学校学习期间，他还接受了法国启蒙思想的熏陶并且结交了一些后来成为十二月党人的禁卫军军官。

成年后的普希金曾在彼得堡外交部任职，在此期间，他深深地被以后的十二月党人及其民主自由思想所感染，创作了许多反对农奴制、讴歌自由的诗歌，如《自由颂》、《致恰达耶夫》、《乡村》。1820年，普希金创作童话叙事长诗《鲁斯兰与柳德米拉》。普希金的这些作品引起了沙皇政府的不安，1820年他被变相流放到俄国南部任职。在此期间，他与十二月党人的交往更加频繁，追求自由的思想更强烈了。之后，他发表了《短剑》、《囚徒》、《致大海》等名篇，出版了《高加索的俘虏》、《强盗兄弟》、《巴赫切萨拉依的泪泉》、《茨冈》四篇浪漫主义叙事长诗，写出了抒情诗《太阳沉没了》、《囚徒》和《短剑》等，这些作品表达了诗人对自由的强烈憧憬。从这一时期起，普希金完全展示了自己独特的写作风格。他的这些作品使沙皇政府感到恐慌，普希金再次被幽禁。在这一时期，普希金写下了



不少热情赞扬十二月党人的崇高志向的诗歌,《致西伯利亚的囚徒》就是其中著名的一首。1830 年秋天,普希金因故滞留父亲的领地,这三个月成了普希金创作的丰收时期,他完成了《叶甫盖尼·奥涅金》、《别尔金小说集》(其中包括《神射手》、《暴风雪》、《村姑小姐》和《驿站长》等)、四部小型悲剧和几十首抒情诗。普希金与冈察罗娃结婚后,定居彼得堡。他的行动仍受到沙皇政府的监视。这一时期,普希金在创作上仍不断有优秀作品出现,如小说《上尉的女儿》、《黑桃皇后》、《杜勃罗夫斯基》,叙事诗《波尔塔瓦》、《青铜骑士》,抒情诗《致诗人》、《秋天》和《纪念碑》等。19 世纪 30 年代中期,普希金与当局的矛盾日益加剧,此时一个法国流亡者丹特士又放肆地追逐他的妻子,在忍无可忍的情况下,普希金于 1837 年 2 月 8 日与丹特士决斗,身负重伤,两天后去世。他的早逝令俄国进步文人曾经这样感叹:“俄国诗歌的太阳沉落了”。

普希金开创了俄国文坛诗歌创作的黄金时代,而他的小说同样是世界文学宝库中的珍品,其中《上尉的女儿》是他最著名的代表作之一。《上尉的女儿》是俄国文学史上第一部反映农民斗争的现实主义作品,被果戈理誉为“俄国最优秀的叙事作品”,在俄国乃至世界文学史上占据着非常重要的地位,至今被译成一百多种文字。1903 年,该小说被译介入中国,成为最早被翻译到中国的俄国文学作品。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《上尉的女儿》,同时选编普希金另外两篇短篇小说的代表作《黑桃皇后》和《神射手》,采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前,可以先阅读中文导读,这样有利于了解故事背景,从而加快阅读速度。我们相信,该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种,编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试,无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE,要取得好的成绩,就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识,而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构,啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书,可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时,了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等,



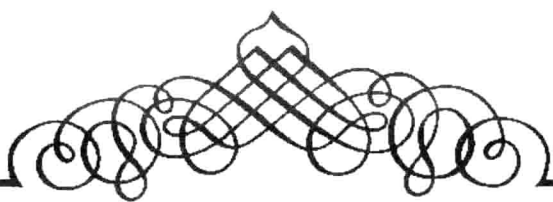
并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由郭文韬编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、熊红华、熊建国、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亨、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。

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1. 黑桃皇后

The Queen Of Spades



冬季的夜晚寂静而漫长，几个青年禁卫军围坐在牌桌前消磨时光，小小的屋子里时而人声鼎沸，时而又安静得听得见火炉里木屑细微的劈啪声。一位名叫赫尔曼的德国军人自始至终都在静静地围观，他奉行的人生哲学是不奢求意外之财，没有百分之百的把握他从不出手。一位叫做托姆斯基的贵族青年告诉大家，这世界上还真有神秘的赢钱秘诀，这个秘诀埋藏在他的祖母——安娜·菲德罗芙纳伯爵夫人的心底。老太太像一只牡蛎一般紧紧地守护着秘密，就连她的亲生儿子

对此都一无所知。六十年前，安娜伯爵夫人可谓是名噪一时的交际花，她穿着最精美的衣服，行走在法国最高贵的宴会上，男人们迷醉的眼光与女人们低声的赞叹更衬托出她的绝代风华。她颇有挥金如土的气魄，在一场发生在牌桌上的战役里，她输掉了将近五十万卢布，这也令她那懦弱的丈夫第一次大发雷霆。天无绝人之路，安娜伯爵夫人从一位颇有魅力的术士那里得到一张赢钱的秘方，她翻开那三张决定她命运的纸牌，她提到嗓子眼里的心终于放下了，她赢了！天已经大亮了，围坐在桌边打牌的几个禁卫军也打起了哈欠，他们谁都没有将这个故事当真，只有赫尔曼的眼睛里散发出奇异的光芒。

流逝的光阴如水般滑过，它不声不响，但是却带走了欢声笑语和如花容颜，伯爵夫人的脸庞犹如被揉皱了的白纸，再也看不到曾经的风流婉转。不过老伯爵夫人还是会花费大量的时间来梳妆打扮，她的衣柜里还放着当年带给她无限荣耀的衣裙，当梳子缓缓滑过她苍白的头发时，她微微闭着



赫尔曼

双眼，好像在追忆似水流年。她没有什么朋友，当然她的敌人也早已入土，她孤零零地活在这个已经不属于她的世界里，只有一位叫做丽莎维塔的姑娘照顾着她的饮食起居。丽莎维塔是个苦命的姑娘，虽然她贤惠美丽，但是她卑微的出身却成为她进入上流社会的绊脚石。在舞会上她静静地坐在阴暗的角落里，她的耳边响起动听的舞曲，她的眼前贵族小姐们的舞裙像蝴蝶的双翼般绚烂，而她只能守护着浓妆艳抹的老伯爵夫人，忍受她肆无忌惮的抱怨与颐指气使。老伯爵夫人的脾气像一只倔强的猫，健忘的她会不时地提出一些莫名其妙的要求，而当丽莎维塔完成时她又想出了新的花招。

直到赫尔曼的出现才给丽莎维塔的生活增添一抹亮色，那是一个清晨的奇妙偶遇，丽莎维塔的剪影倒映在明亮的玻璃窗上，如同一朵恬静的白莲花。赫尔曼正一动不动地望着美丽的姑娘，虽然丽莎维塔矜持地绣着花，但是她的心头如小鹿一般乱撞，甜蜜的忧愁、恐惧的矜持一瞬间充斥了她的脑海。从那一天起，两个人常常在窗台邂逅，他们并没有交谈，他们只是四目相对，含情脉脉的眼神传达着爱的火焰。赫尔曼真的爱上了这位平凡的姑娘了么？答案是否定的，他只是迫切地想要得到老伯爵夫人的打牌秘方，他甚至想过当伯爵夫人的情夫。丽莎维塔的出现给整个事件带来一个突破口，赫尔曼幻想着通过她获得接近老伯爵夫人的机会，他从浪漫爱情小说中摘抄着暧昧的词句，他竭尽所能编写着动人的情书，他成功地打动了姑娘的心。在一个狂风呼啸的冬夜，赫尔曼在丽莎维塔的帮助下潜入了伯爵夫人的家中，黑暗的卧室里摆放着古旧的家具，时钟在嘀答作响，而赫尔曼的心弦也慢慢绷紧。伯爵夫人回来了！赫尔曼从来没有发觉她是如此的苍老，厚厚的脂粉从她的老脸上卸下，她的脸就像一个放干瘪了的核桃。老伯爵夫人静坐在摇椅上，忽然她睁开了眼睛，她的眼前出现了一位陌生的男子，她没有发出尖叫，只是愣愣地望着眼前的赫尔曼。赫尔曼的舌头像打了结一般不灵便，他激动地语无伦次地向老伯爵夫人吐露着心声，但是他感觉自己像是在对着雕塑讲话。恼羞成怒的赫尔曼拔出手枪，手枪里并没有装子弹，但是这一举动却要了老太太的命，或许是因为惊吓，或许是她的生命真的走到了尽头，她死了，带着她那惊天的秘密走进了坟墓。

赫尔曼心中十分不安，他出席了伯爵夫人的葬礼，他深深地凝望着她苍白冰冷的脸，他感到那双没有生机的眼睛似乎嘲弄地瞅了他一眼。晚上赫尔曼梦到了老伯爵夫人，她告诉赫尔曼压三张牌，分别是三点、七点、

么点，不过她要求赫尔曼一天只许压一张牌，而且要娶丽莎维塔为妻。赫尔曼怀着忐忑的心情来到了富豪切尔林斯基开设的赌场，刚开始没有人注意到其貌不扬的赫尔曼，但是当他将全部家当用来压注时，人们不禁对他刮目相看。第一天赫尔曼压中了三点，第二天他压中了七点，令人期待的第三天到来了，人们都一窝蜂地聚集在赫尔曼的周围。时间凝固了，当最终牌被翻过来的一瞬间，赫尔曼感到一阵眩晕，不是他压的么点，是一张黑桃皇后！他输得倾家荡产，他感觉到那张黑桃皇后的眼睛像老伯爵夫人一样，他发出一声惨叫。赫尔曼疯了，从那时起他只会念叨着：“三点，七点，皇后！”

AT the house of Naroumov, a cavalry officer, the long winter night had been passed in gambling. At five in the morning breakfast was served to the weary players. The winners ate with relish; the losers, on the contrary, pushed back their plates and sat brooding gloomily. Under the influence of the good wine, however, the conversation then became general.

“Well, Sourine?” said the host inquiringly.

“Oh, I lost as usual. My luck is abominable. No matter how cool I keep, I never win.”

“How is it, Herman, that you never touch a card?” remarked one of the men, addressing a young officer of the Engineering Corps. “Here you are with the rest of us at five o’clock in the morning, and you have neither played nor bet all night.”

“Play interests me greatly,” replied the person addressed, “but I hardly care to sacrifice the necessities of life for uncertain superfluities.”

“Herman is a German, therefore economical; that explains it,” said Tomsy. “But the person I can’t quite understand is my grandmother, the Countess Anna Fedorovna.”

“Why?” inquired a chorus of voices.

“I can’t understand why my grandmother never gambles.”

“I don’t see anything very striking in the fact that a woman of eighty refuses to gamble,” objected Naroumov.

“Have you never heard her story?”

“No—”

“Well, then, listen to it. To begin with, sixty years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the fashion. People crowded each other in the streets to get a chance to see the ‘Muscovite Venus,’ as she was called. All the great ladies played faro, then. On one occasion, while playing with the Duke of Orleans, she lost an enormous sum. She told her husband of the debt, but he refused outright to pay it. Nothing could induce him to change his mind on the subject, and grandmother was at her wits’ ends. Finally, she remembered a friend of hers, Count Saint-Germain. You must have heard of him, as many wonderful stories have been told about him. He is said to have discovered the elixir of life, the philosopher’s stone, and many other equally marvelous things. He had money at his disposal, and my grandmother knew it. She sent him a note asking him to come to see her. He obeyed her summons and found her in great distress. She painted the cruelty of her husband in the darkest colors, and ended by telling the Count that she depended upon his friendship and generosity.

“‘I could lend you the money,’ replied the Count, after a moment of thoughtfulness, ‘but I know that you would not enjoy a moment’s rest until you had returned it; it would only add to your embarrassment. There is another way of freeing yourself.’

“‘But I have no money at all,’ insisted my grandmother.

“‘There is no need of money. Listen to me.’

“The Count then told her a secret which any of us would give a good deal to know.”

The young gamblers were all attention. Tomsy lit his pipe, took a few whiffs, then continued:

“The next evening, grandmother appeared at Versailles at the Queen’s gaming-table. The Duke of Orleans was the dealer. Grandmother made some excuse for not having brought any money, and began to punt. She chose three cards in succession, again and again, winning every time, and was soon out of debt.”

“A fable,” remarked Herman; “perhaps the cards were marked.”

“I hardly think so,” replied Tomsy, with an air of importance.



"So you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and you haven't found out the magic secret."

"I must say I have not. She had four sons, one of them being my father, all of whom are devoted to play; she never told the secret to one of them. But my uncle told me this much, on his word of honor. Tchaplitzky, who died in poverty after having squandered millions, lost at one time, at play, nearly three hundred thousand rubles. He was desperate and grandmother took pity on him. She told him the three cards, making him swear never to use them again. He returned to the game, staked fifty thousand rubles on each card, and came out ahead, after paying his debts."

As day was dawning the party now broke up, each one draining his glass and taking his leave.

The Countess Anna Fedorovna was seated before her mirror in her dressing-room. Three women were assisting at her toilet. The old Countess no longer made the slightest pretensions to beauty, but she still clung to all the habits of her youth, and spent as much time at her toilet as she had done sixty years before. At the window a young girl, her ward, sat at her needlework.

"Good afternoon, grandmother," cried a young officer, who had just entered the room. "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What, Pavel?"

"I want to be allowed to present one of my friends to you, and to take you to the ball on Tuesday night."

"Take me to the ball and present him to me there."

After a few more remarks the officer walked up to the window where Lisaveta Ivanovna sat.

"Whom do you wish to present?" asked the girl.

"Naroumov; do you know him?"

"No; is he a soldier?"

"Yes."

"An engineer?"

"No; why do you ask?"

The girl smiled and made no reply.

Pavel Tomsky took his leave, and, left to herself, Lisaveta glanced out of



安娜伯爵夫人

the window. Soon, a young officer appeared at the corner of the street; the girl blushed and bent her head low over her canvas.

This appearance of the officer had become a daily occurrence. The man was totally unknown to her, and as she was not accustomed to coquetting with the soldiers she saw on the street, she hardly knew how to explain his presence. His persistence finally roused an interest entirely strange to her. One day, she even ventured to smile upon her admirer, for such he seemed to be.

The reader need hardly be told that the officer was no other than Herman, the would-be gambler, whose imagination had been strongly excited by the story told by Tomsky of the three magic cards.

"Ah," he thought, "if the old Countess would only reveal the secret to me. Why not try to win her good-will and appeal to her sympathy?"

With this idea in mind, he took up his daily station before the house, watching the pretty face at the window, and trusting to fate to bring about the desired acquaintance.

One day, as Lisaveta was standing on the pavement about to enter the carriage after the Countess, she felt herself jostled and a note was thrust into her hand. Turning, she saw the young officer at her elbow. As quick as thought, she put the note in her glove and entered the carriage. On her return from the drive, she hastened to her chamber to read the missive, in a state of excitement mingled with fear. It was a tender and respectful declaration of affection, copied word for word from a German novel. Of this fact, Lisa was, of course, ignorant.

The young girl was much impressed by the missive, but she felt that the writer must not be encouraged. She therefore wrote a few lines of explanation and, at the first opportunity, dropped it, with the letter, out of the window. The officer hastily crossed the street, picked up the papers and entered a shop to read them.

In no wise daunted by this rebuff, he found the opportunity to send her another note in a few days. He received no reply, but, evidently understanding the female heart, he persevered, begging for an interview. He was rewarded at last by the following:

"To-night we go to the ambassador's ball. We shall remain until two