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活屍



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英文小叢書之一

活 屍



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Ivan Turgenev

凡曾讀過 Turgenev 的小說的，總都曉得他具有整鍊和渾一等等完全的藝術手腕，那末對於他的短篇小說，當然也可期望它有同樣的特色，而這特色之於短篇，覺其尤其相宜了。這裡所選的一篇，是從他最著名的獵人筆記 (a Sportsman Sketches) 裏選出的，直是一篇精妙的散文詩。這是俄國作家所最擅長的

一種作品。我們覺得它的情節很平淡，但經細細咀嚼，就覺得它趣味是在骨子裏，美也就在平淡裏。

他以 1818 年生於俄國中南部的 Orel 地方，一個貴族的舊式家庭裏。他的幼年時代，因為家中發生激烈的騷亂，所以極感不樂。他的母親是個性情暴躁的殘酷的女子，使他受了很大的刺激，就在本篇也有些流露出來，而他的著作所以多同情於下層階級，大半是由這種激刺來的。他把俄國的農民生活刻劃得極其細緻，不期然要引起讀者的同情，所以後來人說他的獵人筆記對於俄國的農奴解放與有功勞，實在不錯的。

他卒於 1883 年。

他的小說最著名的有 Virgin Soil

(中譯新時代)，Smoke (烟) Fathers
and Sons (父與子)，Rudin (羅亭) 等。
但要知道他何以博得 “poetic realist”
一個稱號，可先多讀他的短篇。

A LIVING RELIC

活 屍



A LIVING RELIC

A French proverb says that "a dry fisherman and a wet hunter are a sorry sight." Never having had any taste for fishing, I cannot decide what are the fisherman's feelings in fine bright weather, and how far in bad weather the pleasure derived from the abundance of fish compensates for the unpleasantness of being wet. But for the sportsman rain is

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有句法蘭西的諺語道，“乾漁人和濕獵者是種可慘的景象。”我從來不曾有過釣魚的趣味，不能決定什麼是漁人在佳好光明天氣中的感情，及在不良天氣中因獲多魚而獲得的快樂如何足以賠補濯濕的不快。但是雨對於獵者，就確實是

a real calamity. It was to¹ just this calamity that Yermolaï and I were exposed on one of our expeditions after² grouse in the Byelevsky district. The rain never ceased from early morning. What didn't we do to escape it? We put mackintosh capes almost right over our heads, and stood under the trees to avoid the raindrops. The waterproof capes, to say nothing of their hindering our shooting, let the water through in the most shameless fashion; and under the trees, though at first, certainly, the rain did not reach us, afterward the water collected on the leaves suddenly rushed through, every branch dripped on us like a waterspout, a chill stream made its way under our neckties, and

1. to — exposed 後所屬的 preposition.

一種災難。葉莫賴依和我有一次在皮愛累夫斯基地方作追逐鶉鷄的遠征時所嘗受的，正是這種災難。那雨從一清早起就不會停。我們爲躲避它，什麼法子不會用過？我們帶着防水布的坎肩，幾乎把頭都罩着，並且站在樹下躲避雨點。……那防水布的坎肩，就不說它要防礙我們的射獵，還讓水極厲害地漏了進來；而且在樹底下，雖然起初的時候，確乎那雨是及不到我們，後來積在葉上的水突然衝過，每一樹枝就都像水龍一般淋在我們身上，一道寒冷的水溜進入我們的領帶底

2. after—in pursuit of, 追逐。

trickled down our spines. This was "quite unpleasant," as Yermolaï expressed it. "No, Piotr Petrovitch," he cried at last; "we can't go on like this. There's no shooting to-day. The dogs' scent is drowned. The guns miss fire. Pugh! What a mess!"¹

"What's to be done?" I queried.

"Well, let's go to Aleksyevka. You don't know it, perhaps—there's a settlement of that name belonging to your mother; it's seven miles from here. We'll stay the night there, and to-morrow."

"Come back here?"

"No, not here. I know of some places beyond Aleksyevka. ever so much better than here for grouse!"

I did not proceed to question my faithful companion why he had not

1. mess—difficulty.

下，流下我們的脊梁。……這真像葉莫賴依說的，實在“好生不快。”
“不，皮奧脫·貝脫羅維基，”他最後嘆道；“我們不能再像這麼下去了。……今天打不成獵了。狗的嗅跡已被淹沒了。鎗又發不出火。唉，好爲難！”

“怎麼辦呢？”我質問道。

“喔我們到阿累克細耶夫加去罷。大概你不曉得——有個叫那名字的別業是你母親所有的；它離這裏七哩路。我們到那裏住這一宵，等明天……”

“回到這裏來嗎？”

“不，不到這裏。……我曉得阿累克細耶夫加外面有幾處地方，比這裏打鶉鷄還要好得多！”

我並不追問我的忠實的侶伴，

taken me to those parts before, and the same day we made our way to my mother's peasant settlement, the existence of which, I must confess, I had not even suspected up till then. At this settlement, it turned out,¹ there was a little lodge. It was very old, but, as it had not been inhabited, it was clean; I passed a fairly tranquil night in it.

The next day I woke up very early. The sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; everything around shone with a double brilliance—the brightness of the fresh morning rays and of yesterday's downpour. While they were harnessing me a cart, I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which inclosed the little lodge on all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth.

1. it turned out—it was found to be

爲什麼他當初不就帶我到那些部份去，就在那一天，我們取道到我母親的鄉村別業，這別業的存在，我老實說，是我直到那時連猜也不會猜到過的。及待看見，才知在這別業上有一所小小的村屋。這屋是很舊的，但是因它不曾住過，所以是乾淨的；我在裏面過了很安靜的一夜。

第二天我醒來很早。太陽剛剛上昇；天上沒有一點雲頭；周圍的一切都顯出一種加倍的光輝——新鮮的早晨的光線和昨日的大雨的光輝。當他們替我配車的當兒，我走到一個小菓園去散步，那園如今是無人照管的，成荒了的，帶着它的芬芳多汁的產物四面圍住那小屋。

Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were trilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. I took my cap off my head and drew a glad deep breath. On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark-green hemp.

I turned along this path; I reached the beehive. Beside it stood a little wattled shanty, where they put the beehives for the winter. I peeped into the half-open door; it was dark, still, dry within; there was a scent of mint and balm. In the corner were some trestles fitted together, and on

啊，在開曠的空氣中，光明的天底下，那裏有雲鵲嘯出歌聲，從那裏，他們的鐘一般的調子像銀珠似的落了下來，這是多麼有趣啊！在他們的翼上，無疑的，他們曾經帶走了露點，而他們的歌聲似乎是浸在露裏的。我從我的頭上脫下帽子，抽了一個快樂的深呼吸。……在一個淺谷的斜坡上，貼近籬笆，可以看見一個蜂房；有一條狹窄的小徑通到那裏，彎曲像一條蛇，夾在高的草和蕁麻的濃密的牆間，在那上面，掙扎出上帝才曉得從那裏來的暗綠色的大麻的尖莖。

我轉向這條小徑；我走到那個蜂房。在它旁邊，豎着一座小小的樹枝編成的茅屋，是他們放蜂房過冬的。我窺進那半開的門，裏面是黑暗的，靜悄悄的，枯寂的；有一種薄荷和香草的氣味。在角落頭，有一些棚架搭在一起，棚架上，蓋

them, covered with a quilt, a little figure of some sort. . . . I was walking away. . . .

"Master, master! Piotr Petrovitch!" I heard a voice, faint, slow, and hoarse, like the whispering of marsh-rushes.

I stopped.

"Piotr Petrovitch! Come in, please!" the voice repeated. It came from the corner where were the trestles I had noticed.

I drew near, and was struck dumb¹ with amazement. Before me lay a living human being; but what sort of a creature was it?

A head utterly withered, of a uniform coppery hue—like some very ancient holy picture, yellow with age; a sharp nose like a keen-edged knife; the lips could barely be seen—only the teeth flashed white and the eyes;

1. to be struck dumb, 驚的目瞪口呆。

着一條棉被的，是個某種模樣的小
小人形。……我正要走開……

“主人，主人！皮奧脫·貝脫羅維基！”我聽見一個聲音，微弱的，
低低的，啞聲的，像澤中燈心草的
微語一般。

我站住了。

“皮奧脫·貝脫羅維基！請進來
罷！”那聲音重復起來。這是從我看
見棚架的那隻角落裏發出的。

我走近了，不覺驚得發呆。在
我面前躺着一個活的人類；但他是
怎麼一種生物呢？

一個全然枯乾的頭，一律的黃
銅顏色——好像什麼極古的神聖的
畫圖，陳得黃了的；一個尖鼻子像
似一把鋒利的刀；嘴唇僅能辨識
——只有牙齒和眼睛閃着白色；從

and from under the kerchief some thin wisps of yellow hair straggled on to the forehead. At the chin, where the quilt was folded, two tiny hands of the same coppery hue were moving, the fingers slowly twitching like little sticks. I looked more intently; the face, far from¹ being ugly, was positively beautiful, but strange and dreadful; and the face seemed the more dreadful to me that on it—on its metallic cheeks—I saw, struggling. . . . struggling, and unable to form itself—a smile.

“You don’t recognize me, master?” whispered the voice again: it seemed to be breathed from the almost unmoving lips. “And, indeed, how should you? I’m Lukerya. . . . Do you remember, who used to lead the dance at your mother’s² at Spasskoye? Do you remember, I

1. far from, 遠非。

頭帕底下有細細的數莖黃髮蔓延在額上。在棉被裹着的領際，兩隻同樣黃銅色的小手在那裏動，手指像小棒子一般在那裏抽搖。我看得更真切些；那臉遠非醜惡，是實在的美的，但是奇怪而可怕；而對於我，那臉似乎更可怕，因為在那上面——在它的金屬的面頰上面——我看見掙扎着……掙扎着，却不能將自己裝成——一個微笑。

“你不認識我嗎，主人？”那聲音又低語了：這是似乎從那差不多不動的嘴唇裏吹出來的。“實在的，你怎麼會認識？我是盧克利亞……你還記得，就是在斯巴斯科耶你母親家裏常慣領導跳舞的嗎？……你還

2. mother's—mother's home.

used to be leader of the choir, too?"

"Lukerya!" I cried. "Is it you? Can it be?"

"Yes, it's I, master—I, Lukerya."

I did not know what to say, and gazed in stupefaction at the dark, motionless face with the clear, death-like eyes fastened upon me. Was it possible? This mummy Lukerya—the greatest beauty in all our household—that tall, plump, pink-and-white, singing, laughing, dancing creature! Lukerya, our smart Lukerya, whom all our lads were courting, for whom I heaved some secret sighs—I, a boy of sixteen!

"Mercy, Lukerya!" I said at last; "what is it has happened to you?"

"Oh, such a misfortune befell me! But don't mind me, sir; don't let my trouble revolt you; sit there on that little tub—a little nearer, or

記得我又常慣做唱歌隊的領導的？”

“盧克利亞！”我呼道，“是你嗎？會有這種事嗎？”

“是的，是我，主人——我，盧克利亞。”

我不知道說什麼，呆呆瞪視在那張帶着一雙清明而如死的眼睛釘牢我看的黑暗的不動的臉上。能有這種事嗎？這個乾屍般的盧克利亞——就是我們一家最美貌的一個人——就是那個高高的，肥胖的，紅白鮮明的，會唱，會笑，會跳舞的人嗎！盧克利亞，我們的活潑的盧克利亞，是我們所有的孩子們都向她求婚的，我曾為她暗地裏嘆過些氣的——我，一個十六歲的孩子！

“可憐啊，盧克利亞！”我終於說道；“你是怎麼弄到如此的？”

“啊，這樣的不幸落在我身上！可是不要替我費心，先生；不要為我的苦楚心裏難過；請坐在那邊那個小桶上——略為坐近些，否則你

you won't be able to hear me.
I've not much of a voice nowadays!
. Well, I am glad to see you!
What brought you to Aleksyevka?"

Lükerya spoke very softly and feebly, but without pausing.

"Yermolai, the huntsman, brought me here. But you tell me"

"Tell you about my trouble? Certainly, sir. It happened to me a long while ago now—six or seven years. I had only just been betrothed then to Vassily Polyakov—do you remember, such a fine-looking fellow he was, with curly hair?—he waited at table at your mother's. But you weren't in the country then; you had gone away to Moscow to your studies. We were very much in love, Vassily and me; I could never get him out of my head;¹ and

1. to get out of head—forget.

要聽不出我的聲音……我如今是不大能成聲的了！……好罷，我看見你很快活！什麼使你到阿累克細耶夫加來的？”

盧克利亞說話很柔和而虛弱，可是沒有停頓。

“獵人葉莫賴依帶我這裏來的。可是你告訴我……”

“把我的苦楚告訴你嗎？那一定的，先生。這是離開現在許久以前的事——六七年了。那時我是剛和佛雪利·波里亞可夫訂了婚——你還記得嗎，他是這麼一個好看的人兒，頭髮鬆着的？——他是在你母親家裏伺候食菓的。可是你那時不在鄉下；你已出門到莫思科求學去了。我們很是相愛，佛雪利和我；我從來不能忘記他；事情都是春天

it was in the spring it all happened. Well, one night. . . . not long before sunrise, it was. . . . I couldn't sleep; a nightingale in the garden was singing so wonderfully sweet! I could not help¹ getting up and going out on to the steps to listen. It trilled and trilled. . . . and all at once² I fancied³ some one called me; it seemed like Vassya's⁴ voice, so softly, 'Lusha!'⁵. . . . I looked round, and being half asleep, I suppose, I missed my footing and fell straight down from the top step, and flop onto the ground! And I thought I wasn't much hurt, for I got up directly and went back to my room. Only it seems something inside me—in my body—was broken. . . . Let

1. could not help. . . . , 不得不, 禁不住。

2. all at once——suddenly.

3. to fancy——be inclined to suppose,

發生的。是罷，有一天夜裏……時間離太陽上來已經不遠，……我睡不着；園裏一隻夜鶯正唱得這般出奇的好聽！我禁不住起了牀，走出到台階上去聽。那夜鶯囀着囀着……突然間，我彷彿覺得有人叫喚；似乎是佛雪亞的聲音，這般的柔和，“盧舍！”……我四面看了一眼，我猜那時還是半睡，因而失了腳，從頂上一步台階直跌下來，撲倒地上了！但我想不甚受傷，因為我立即爬起身來，回到我的房間去。只不過似乎在我裏面的——在我身體裏面的——有點東西是破了

彷彿覺得，意想。

4. Vassily 的親愛的稱呼。
5. Lukerya 的親愛的稱呼。

me get my breath. . . .half a minute
. . . .sir,"

Lukerya ceased, and I looked at her with surprise. What surprised me particularly was that she told her story almost cheerfully, without sighs and groans, not complaining nor asking for sympathy.

"Ever since that happened," Lukerya went on, "I began to pine away and get thin; my skin got dark; walking was difficult with me; and then—I lost the use of my legs altogether; I couldn't stand or sit; I had to lie down all the time. And I didn't care to eat or drink; I got worse and worse. Your mamma, in the kindness of her heart, made me see doctors, and sent me to a hospital. But there was no curing me. And not one doctor could even say what my illness was. What didn't they do to me?—they burned my spine

……讓我轉口氣……半分鐘……先生。”

盧克利亞住口了，我驚異地看着她。特別使我驚異的，是她差不多很高興地說她的故事，沒有感慨，沒有呻吟，也不埋怨，也不求人同情。

“自從那事發生，”盧克利亞繼續說，“我就開始憔悴而消瘦；我的皮膚變黑；行步也覺艱難；然後——我就完全失却我的腿的功用；我也不能站，也不能坐；我不得不一逕躺着了。而且我也無心吃喝；我就一天壞似一天。你的母親發了好心，叫我去看醫生，並且送我到一個醫院裏去。但是沒有一個治得好我。而且甚至沒有一個醫生能說究竟我是什麼病。他們什麼不給我做過呢？——他們用熱熨鉄燙我的脊

with hot irons,¹ they put me in lumps of ice, and it was all no good. I got quite numb in the end. . . . So the gentlemen decided it was no use doctoring me any more, and there was no sense in keeping cripples up at the great house. . . . well, and so they sent me here—because I've relations here. So here I live, as you see."

Lukerya was silent again, and again she tried to smile.

"But this is awful—your position!" I cried. . . . and not knowing how to go on, I asked: "and what of Vassily Polyakov?" A most stupid question it was.

Lukerya turned her eyes a little away.

"What of Polyakov? He grieved—he grieved for a bit²—and he is married to another, a girl from Glin-

1. irons, 作與鐵解, 常用複數。

梁，他們放我在冰塊裏而都沒有用處。末了我就十分麻痺了。因此，那些先生們決定以爲無用再治我，而且把殘廢人養在大戶人家是無意識的。……好罷，所以他們就送我到這裏來了——因爲我有親屬在這裏。所以我就住在這裏，爲你所看見。”

盧克利亞又不響了，而且她又嘗試要微笑。

“不過這是可怕的——你的處境！”我叫道……且因不知怎樣繼續說下去，我便問道：“那末佛雪利·波里亞可夫怎麼樣了呢？”這是一個極蠢的問題。

盧克利亞把眼睛稍稍移開一點。

“波里亞可夫怎麼樣嗎？他也悲傷——他略爲悲傷些時——這才就

2. for a bit——for a short time.

noe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far from us. Her name's Agrafena. He loved me dearly—but, you see, he's a young man! he couldn't stay a bachelor. And what sort of a helpmeet could I be? The wife he found for himself is a good, sweet woman—and they have children. He lives here; he's clerk at a neighbor's; your mamma let him go off with a passport, and he's doing very well, praise God!"

"And so you go on lying here all the time?" I asked again.

"Yes, sir, I've been lying here seven years. In the summer time I lie here in this shanty, and when it gets cold they move me out into the bath house: I lie there."

"Who waits on you? Does anyone look after¹ you?"

"Oh, there are kind folks here as

1. look after, 照顧。

跟另外一個結了婚，一個從格林諾來的女子。你知道格林諾嗎？它離開我們不遠。她的名字是阿革拉芬娜。他是親熱地愛我的——可是你總明白，他是一個青年人呢！他不能老做繆夫的。而且我能做怎樣的內助呢？他替他自己尋來的妻是個可愛的好女子——他們已有孩子了。他就住在這裏；他在一個隣人家裏做書記；你的母親給一張護照放他走的，他現在過得很好，讚美上帝罷！”

“那末你一逕就躺在這裏嗎？”我又問。

“是的，先生，我已躺在這裏七年了。在夏天，我躺在這裏這間草屋裏，到天氣冷的時候，他們就把我搬到浴房裏去：我就躺在那裏。”

“誰服侍你呢？有什麼人照顧你嗎？”

“哦，到處都有好人，這裏也是

everywhere; they don't desert me. Yes, they see to' me a little. As to food, I eat nothing to speak of; but water is here, in the pitcher; it's always kept full of pure spring water. I can reach to the pitcher myself: I've one arm still of use. There's a little girl here, an orphan; now and then she comes to see me, the kind child. She was here just now You didn't meet her? Such a pretty, fair little thing. She brings me flowers. We've some in the garden—there were some—but they've all disappeared. But, you know, wild flowers, too, are nice; they smell even sweeter than garden flowers. Lilies of the valley, now. what could be sweeter?"

"And aren't you dull and miserable, my poor Lukerya?"

"Why, what is one to do? I

2. see to——take care of.

一樣；他們並不拋棄我。是的。他們略為照顧我。至於食物，我是說不出什麼吃的；不過水是有的，在水瓶裏；這是常有乾淨的泉水裝滿的。我自己勾得及那個水瓶：我有一隻手臂仍舊可用。這裏有個小女孩子，是個孤女；她不時來看我，那好心的孩子。她剛才還在這裏。……你沒有碰見她嗎？這麼一個美麗可愛的小東西。她拿花來給我。我們園裏有——從前有過——可是統統都不見了。不過，你知道的，就是野花也是好的；它們的香味比園花還要好。山谷裏的百合，現在……什麼能比它更香呢？”

“你感着憂悶和悲傷嗎，我的可憐的盧克利亞？”

“怎麼，叫人怎麼辦呢？關於這

wouldn't tell a lie about it. At first it was very wearisome; but later on I got used to it, I got more patient—it was nothing; there are others worse off still."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, some haven't a roof to shelter them, and there are some blind or deaf; while I, thank God, have splendid sight, and hear everything—everything. If a mole burrows in the ground—I hear even that. And I can smell every scent, even the faintest! When the buckwheat comes into flower in the meadow, or the lime-tree in the garden—I don't need to be told of it, even; I'm the first to know directly. Anyway, if there's the least bit of a wind blowing from that quarter. No, he who stirs God's wrath is far worse off than me. Look at this, again: anyone in health may easily fall into sin; but I'm cut off even from sin.

件事我不肯說謊。起初是很厭人的；但是後來我弄慣了，我更忍耐了——這就沒有什麼；別人還有更難受的哩。”

“你這話怎麼講？”

“怎麼，有些人沒有房子可遮蓋，還有些是瞎的，聾的；至於我，謝謝上帝，還有明亮的眼光而且什麼——什麼都還聽得見。若是有個田鼠在地裏扒掘——我甚至連那個也聽得見。而且我能嗅一切氣味，雖是極微的！當牧地中蕎麥開花的時候，或者園中菩提樹開花的時候——我甚至無須別人告訴我；我是第一個立即知道的。無論如何，只消有一些兒風從那方面吹來的話。不，那種激動上帝忿怒的人是比我更加不堪。再看這個：無論誰有健康的都容易落入罪惡；但我是甚至跟罪惡也隔絕了的。近日

'The other day,' Father Aleksy, the priest, came to give me the sacrament, and he says: 'There's no need,' says he, 'to confess you; you can't fall into sin in your condition, can you?' But I said to him: 'How about sinning in thought, father?' 'Ah, well,' says he, and he laughed himself, 'that's no great sin.'

"But I fancy I'm no great sinner even in that way, in thought," Lukerya went on, "for I've trained myself not to think, and above all,² not to remember. The time goes faster."

must own I was astonished. "You're always alone, Lukerya: how can you prevent the thoughts from coming into your head? or are you constantly asleep?"

"Oh, no, sir! I can't always sleep. Though I've no great pain,

1. the other day, 過去不久的一日。

做牧師的亞拉克西神父來送聖餐給我，並且說道：‘這是沒有必要，’他說，‘替你懺悔的；在你這種狀況，你是不能落入罪惡的，你能嗎？’但是我對他說：‘思想裏的犯罪怎樣呢，神父？’‘哦，好罷，’他說，他自己笑了，‘那不算是大罪。’

“但是我想雖屬那樣的犯罪，雖在思想裏，我也不是個大罪人，”盧克利亞繼續說，“因為我已訓練好自己不思想，而尤其是不記憶了。時間就過得更速。”

我應當承認我是詫異了。“你是一逕孤獨的，盧克利亞；你怎能防止思想到你的頭裏來呢？或者你是不斷地睡着的罷？”

“啊，不，先生！我不能一逕睡着。雖然我沒有大痛，仍舊有點酸

2. above all — chiefly.

still I've an ache, there, right inside, and in my bones, too; it won't let me sleep as I ought. No....but there, I lie by myself; I lie here and lie here, and don't think: I feel that I'm alive, I breathe; and I put myself all into that. I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hive; a dove sits on the roof and coos; a hen comes along with her chickens to peck up crumbs; or a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—that's a great treat for me.¹ Last year some swallows even built a nest over there in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, how interesting it was! One would² fly to the nest, press close, feed a young one, and off again. Look again: the other would be in her place already. Sometimes it wouldn't fly in, but only fly

1. that's a great treat for——that gives me great satisfaction.

疼，在那裏，就在裏面，又在骨頭裏；這就不容我如我應該睡的睡着。不，……可是那裏，我獨自躺着；我躺在這裏，躺在這裏，並不思想：我感覺着我是活的，我呼吸；而我的全身就都用在上面。我看且聽。蜜蜂在蜂房裏窸窣營營的作聲；一隻鴿子坐在屋頂咕咕的叫。一隻母鷄帶着她的小鷄來啄碎屑；或者一隻麻雀飛進來，或者一個蝴蝶——那就使我大適意了。去年有幾隻燕子甚至造一個窠在那邊角落裏，並且養起他們的小燕。啊，這是如何有趣啊！有一隻會飛到窠裏來，挨緊着，餵一隻小燕，這才又飛開去。再看罷：另外一隻已經代替她的地位了。有時它會飛

3. 這裏 would 是表示習慣的動作。

past the open door; and the little ones would begin to squeak, and open their beaks directly.' I was hoping for them back again the next year, but they say a sportsman here shot them with his gun. And what could he gain by it? It's hardly bigger, the swallow, than a beetle. What wicked men you are, you sportsmen!"

"I don't shoot swallows," I hastened to remark.

"And once," Lukerya began again, "it was comical, really. A hare ran in, it did really! The hounds, I suppose, were after it; anyway, it seemed to tumble straight in at the door! It squatted quite near me, and sat so a long while; it kept sniffing with its nose, and twitching its whiskers—like a

1. directly — immediately.

進來，但只從開着的門口飛過；那些小的就會開始啾啾的叫起來，立即張開它們的嘴。……我本希望它們明年還回來的，但是他們說有個獵人在這裏拿鎗打它們。可是那獵人能得什麼好處呢？它，那燕子，是不見得比一個甲虫大些的。……你們是怎樣的壞人啊，你們這些獵人！”

“我們是不射燕子的，”我急忙的聲明。

“還有一次，”盧克利亞重又開口，“那是真的好玩。一隻兔子跑了進來，真的跑進來的！我猜是獵狗追趕它；無論如何，它似乎是從門口一直滾進來的！……它靠我很近的蹲着，坐到那麼好久；他不住的拿鼻子聞着，按着鬍子——像個老

regular officer! and it looked at me. It understood, to be sure, that I was no danger to it. At last it got up, went hop-hop to the door, looked round in the doorway; and what did it look like? Such a funny fellow it was!"

Lukerya glanced at me, as much as to say, "Wasn't it funny?" To satisfy her, I laughed. She moistened her parched lips.

"Well; in the winter, of course, I'm worse off, because it's dark: to burn a candle would be a pity, and what would be the use? I can read, to be sure, and was always fond of reading, but what could I read? There are no books of any kind, and even if there were, how could I hold a book? Father Aleksy brought me a calendar to entertain me, but he saw it was no good, so he took and carried it away again. But even though it's dark, there's always

軍官！他還對我看看。一定，它懂得我是對它沒有危險的。末了它站起來，一跳一跳的走到門口，在門洞裏四周看看；看它像個什麼呢？這是怎麼個好玩的朋友啊！”

盧克利亞斜看我一眼，猶之乎說，“這不是好玩嗎？”爲要使她滿意，我笑了。她潤濕了她的焦燥的嘴唇。

“是罷，在冬天，當然我是更難受些，因爲天是黑的；點蠟燭又可惜，而且有什麼用呢”？我確是能讀書的，且常喜歡讀書，可是我能讀什麼呢？那一種的書都沒有，而且即使有，我又怎麼能夠拿書呢？亞拉克西神父曾拿一本歷本來給我消遣，但他看看沒有用，所以仍復拿回帶走了。但是雖則天黑，却常有東

something to listen to: a cricket chirps, or a mouse begins scratching somewhere. That's when it's a good thing—not to think!

“And I repeat the prayers, too,” Lukerya went on, after taking breath a little; “only I don't know many of them—the prayers, I mean. And, besides, why should I weary the Lord God? What can I ask Him for? He knows better than I what I need. He has laid a cross upon me:’ that means that He loves me. So we are commanded to understand. I repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn to the Virgin, the Supplication of all the Afflicted, and I lie still again, without any thought at all, and am all right!”

Two minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, and did not stir on the narrow tub which served

1. 意即“把苦難加在我身上”。

西可聽；一個蟋蟀兒叫，或者一個老鼠開始在什麼地方抓刮。當這樣的時候，這個——不思想——正是一件好事！”

“我又念禱告，”盧克利亞稍稍轉了一口氣之後又繼續說；“只不過我知道的不多——那些禱告，我說的是。而且，還有一層，我為什麼該叫主上帝厭煩呢？我能向他要求什麼呢？我需要什麼，他比我曉得些。他已經放一個十字架在我身上：那就是他愛我的意思。這是我們受命該明白的。我念主的禱告詞，對聖母的贊美詩，和一切受難人的共同祈禱，然後我又靜躺着，什麼思想也沒有，而我也就很好！”

兩分鐘過去了。我不會打破靜寂，也不會在那供我做座兒的桶上

me as a seat. The cruel stony stillness of the living, unlucky creature lying before me communicated itself¹ to me; I, too, turned, as it were,² numb.

"Listen, Lukerya," I began at last; "listen to the suggestion I'm going to make to you. Would you like me to arrange for them to take you to a hospital—a good hospital in the town? Who knows, perhaps you might yet be cured; anyway, you would not be alone. . . ."

Lukerya's eyebrows fluttered faintly. "Oh, no, sir," she answered in a troubled whisper: "don't move me into a hospital; don't touch me. I shall only have more agony to bear there! How could they cure me now? Why, there was a doctor came here once; he wanted to examine me. I begged him, for Christ's sake,

1. 代 stillness.

動彈一下。躺在我面前那個活的不幸人的殘酷的石頭般的安靜，將它自己傳到我身上來；我也可說是變麻木了。

“聽罷，盧克利亞，”我終於開口道；“聽我給你的提議。你願我去跟他們商妥送你到一個醫院——一個城裏的好醫院裏去嗎？誰知道，或者你是還可治好的；無論如何，你總不至孤獨了。……”

盧克利亞的眉毛微微顫動。
“啊，不，先生，”她用一種勉強的微語回答道：“不要搬我到醫院裏去：不要碰着我。我到那裏只有更多的苦楚要挨受！現在他們怎麼能治好我呢？……怎麼，有一次曾有一個醫生到這裏來過；他要診察我。我求他，為基督的緣故，不要

2. as it were——so to speak, 可說是。

not to disturb me. It was no use. He began turning me over, pounding my hands and legs, and pulling me about. He said, 'I'm doing this for Science; I'm a servant of Science—a scientific man! And you,' he said, 'really oughtn't to oppose me, because I've a medal given me for my labors, and it's for you simpletons I'm toiling.' He mauled me about, told me the name of my disease—some wonderful long name—and with that he went away; and all my poor bones ached for a week after. You say 'I'm all alone; always alone.' Oh, no, I'm not always; they come to see me—I'm quiet—I don't bother them. The peasant girls come in and chat a bit; a pilgrim woman¹ will wander in, and tell me tales of Jerusalem² of Kiev,³ of the holy towns. And I'm

1. a pilgrim woman—a woman who travels to visit some holy place.

打擾我。這是沒有用處。他開始將我翻身，敲着我的手和腿，並且將我拉着。他說，‘我是爲着科學這樣做，我是一個科學的僕人——一個科學家！而你，’他說，‘實在不應該反對我，因爲我是有一塊獎章給我做工作的，而且我是爲着你這種蠢人在勞苦。’他四面的槌着我，把我的病名告訴我——一種奇異的長名字——這樣他就走開了；以後我全副可憐的骨頭就痛了一個禮拜。你說‘我是孤獨；常常孤獨。’啊，不是的，我並不常孤獨；他們都來看我——我是安靜的——我並不騷擾他們。那些農家的女孩子會進來和我談一會兒；一個巡拜的女人會遊過這裏，告訴我耶路撒冷，基輔，及

2. Jerusalem, 耶蘇陵墓之所在。

3. Kiev, S. W. of Russia.

not afraid of being alone. Indeed, it's better—aye, aye! Master, don't touch me, don't take me to the hospital. . . . Thank you, you are kind; only don't touch me, there's a dear!"

"Well, as you like, as you like, Lukerya. You know, I only suggested it for your good."

"I know, master, that it was for my good. But, master dear, who can help another? Who can enter into his soul? Every man must help himself! You won't believe me, perhaps. I lie here sometimes so alone and it's as though¹ there were² no one else in the world but me. As if I alone were living! And it seems to me as though something were blessing me. . . . I'm carried away³

1. as though——as if as, 恰如, 彷彿。

2. were, subjunctive mood, 下句 were 亦同。

猶聖城的故事。而且我並不怕孤獨。實在的，這樣倒還好些——是的，是的。主人，不要動我，不要送我到醫院去。……謝謝你，你是好心；只是不要動我，這就是好人了！”

“好罷，隨你，隨你，盧克利亞。你知道的，我是爲你的好才提議的。”

“我知道，先生，這是爲我的好。可是，親愛的主人，誰能幫助別人呢？誰能進入他的靈魂裏去呢？各個人都必須幫助他自己；或者你不相信我罷。我躺在這裏，有時是如此的寂寞，……而且彷彿世界上除我之外更沒有別人，彷彿我獨個人是活着！而且我覺得彷彿有什麼東西在祝福我……我是被真正

3. carried away——transported, 心往神馳。

by dreams that are really marvelous!"

"What do you dream of, then Lukerya?"

"That, too, master, I couldn't say; one can't explain. Besides, one forgets afterward. It's like a cloud coming over and bursting, then it grows so fresh and sweet; but just what it was, there's no knowing! Only my idea is, if folks were near me, I should have nothing of that, and should feel nothing except my misfortune."

Lukerya heaved a painful sigh. Her breathing, like her limbs, was not under her control.

"When I come to think, master, of you," she began again, "you are very sorry for me. But you mustn't be too sorry, really! I'll tell you one thing; for instance, I sometimes, even now. . . . Do you remember how merry I used to be in my time? A

奇異的夢所迷惑啊！”

“那末你夢見什麼呢，盧克利亞？”

“那個，主人，我也不能說；人家不能解釋呵。而且，一個人後來是要忘記的。這是像一陣雲移來而裂開，然後它長得如此的新鮮而甜蜜；但究竟它是什麼，那就不能知道！不過我的觀念是，倘如有人接近我，我就不會有那樣的東西，我就除開我的不幸之外別的都感不着了。”

盧克利亞做了一個慘痛的嘆息。她的呼吸也和她的四肢一樣。是不受她支配的。

“當我想到你的時候，主人，”她重新開言道，“你是很替我難過的。但是你必須不要太難過，當真的！我將告訴你一件事；例如，我有時候，即使是現在……你記得我當初向來是怎樣快樂的嗎？是個照

regular madcap! So do you know what? I sing songs even now."

"Sing? You?"

"Yes; I sing the old songs, songs for choruses, for feasts, Christmas songs, all sorts! I know such a lot of them, you see, and I've not forgotten them. Only dance songs I don't sing. In my state now it wouldn't suit me."

"How do you sing them? to yourself?"

"To myself, yes; and aloud, too. I can't sing loud, but still one can understand it. I told you a little girl waits on me. A clever little orphan she is. So I have taught her; four songs she has learned from me already. Don't you believe me? Wait a minute, I'll show you directly. . . ."

Lukerya took breath. . . . The thought that this half-dead creature

例的狂妄之人呢！……那末你知道什麼？我就是現在也還要唱歌的。”

“唱嗎？……你？”

“是的；我唱舊的歌兒，合唱隊的歌兒，宴會的歌兒，耶穌聖誕的歌兒，一切種類的歌兒！我知道那麼許多，你曉得的而且我還沒有忘記它們。只有跳舞的歌我不唱。在我現在的狀況，這是於我不宜的。”

“你怎樣唱它們呢？……對你自己唱嗎？”

“對我自己唱，是的；而且還高聲的唱。我不能高聲的唱，但是別人仍舊能勾懂得。我會告訴你有一個小女孩兒服侍我的。她是一個伶俐的小孤女。所以我曾教她唱；她已經從我學會四隻歌兒了。你不相信我嗎？我馬上就唱給你聽……”

盧克利亞轉了氣。我一想起這

was making ready to begin singing raised an involuntary feeling of dread in me. But before I could utter a word, a long-drawn-out, hardly audible, but pure and true note, was quivering in my ears. . . . it was followed by a second and a third. "In the meadows," sang Lukerya. She sang, the expression of her stony face unchanged, even her eyes riveted on one spot. But how touchingly tinkled out that poor struggling little voice, that wavered like a thread of smoke: how she longed to pour out all her soul in it! . . . I felt no dread now; my heart throbbed with unutterable pity.

"Ah, I can't!" she said suddenly. "I've not the strength. I'm soupset with joy at seeing you."

She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand on her tiny, chill fingers. . . . She glanced at me, and her dark lids, fringed with

個半死的人正在預備開始歌唱，就在我心上引起一種不由自主的恐怖的感覺。但不等我能夠說出一句話來，一個拖長的，幾乎聽不見的，却是純粹而真切的音調，已在我耳中顫動了。……這個後面又跟着第二個和第三個。“在牧場上，”盧克利亞唱道。她唱着，她的石頭般的臉的表情並無變動，就是她的雙眼也是釘牢在一點地方的。但那可憐的掙扎的小聲音是如何動人地流嚀出來，像一縷烟一般的搖曳；她是如何要把她所有的靈魂都傾注在裏面啊！……我現在已不感着恐怖；我的心帶着說不出的憐憫而跳躍了。

“啊，我不能了！”她突然的說，“我沒有氣力了。我看見你，是這麼的樂得心亂了。”

她閉上她的眼睛。

我把我的手放在她的微小的寒冷的手指上。……她斜視了我，而她

golden eyelashes, closed again, and were still as an ancient statue's. An instant later they glistened in the half-darkness. . . . They were moistened by a tear.

As before, I did not stir.

"How silly I am!" said Lukerya suddenly, with unexpected force, and opened her eyes wide: she tried to wink the tears out of them. "I ought to be ashamed! What am I doing? It's a long time since I have been like this. . . .not since that day when Vassya Polyakov was here last spring. While he sat with me and talked, I was all right; but when he had gone away, how I did cry in my loneliness! Where did I get the tears from? But, there;¹ we girls get our tears for nothing², Master," added Lukerya, "perhaps you have

1. there 此處不作‘那裏’解，不過叫人注意的意思。

的鑲着金色睫毛的暗黑的眼皮重又閉上，就靜得如一個古代雕像的眼睛了。一會兒之後，它們在那半暗之中閃出光來。……它們是被一顆眼淚沾濕了。

我還是照常的不動。

“我是多麼愚蠢啊！”盧克利亞用一種意外的氣力說，且把眼睛張得很大：她嘗試把眼淚睜了出來。“我該覺得羞恥罷！我是在做什麼了？我是好久不像這麼樣了……自從佛雪亞·波里亞可夫去年春天在這裏的時候不曾這麼樣過。當他同我坐着談天的時候，我是很好的；但到他去了之後，我在寂寞中是如何的哭啊！我的眼淚是那裏來的？可是，你聽；我們女子的眼淚是不要錢買的。主人，”盧克利亞補上

2. get.....for, 用……換得。

a handkerchief. If you won't mind, wipe my eyes."

I made haste to carry out her desire, and left her the handkerchief. She refused it at first. "What good's such a gift to me?" she said. The handkerchief was plain enough, but clean and white. Afterward she clutched it in her weak fingers, and did not loosen them again. As I got used to the darkness in which we both were, I could clearly make out her features,¹ could even perceive the delicate flush that peeped out under the coppery hue of her face, could discover in the face, so at least it seemed to me, traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, master," Lukerya began again, "whether I sleep. I sleep very little, but every time I fall asleep I've dreams—such splen-

1. features 作‘面容’解恆用多數。

說，“你或者有一塊手帕兒，……你若是不介意，就擦擦我的眼睛。”

我急忙的進行她的願欲，並把手帕留給她。她起初不肯受。……“把這樣的贈品給我有什麼好處呢？”她說。那手帕十分樸素，却是干淨而白的。後來，她將它抓在她的虛弱的手指裏，就再也不放鬆了。我因為已經慣了我兩人所在的黑暗，我就能夠明白看出她的面容，甚至能夠覺察那從她的臉的黃銅色底下透出的淺淡的紅暈，且能夠從她的臉上發見出——至少在我覺得如此——它的從前的美的痕跡。

“你會問我，主人，”盧克利亞又開始道，“睡覺不睡覺。我睡的很少，但我每次入睡總都有夢——這麼燦爛的夢！我在夢中從來不曾有

did dreams! I'm never ill in my dreams; I'm always so well, and young. . . . There's one thing's sad: I wake up and long for a good stretch, and I'm all as if I were in chains. I once had such an exquisite dream! Shall I tell it you? Well, listen. I dreamed I was standing in a meadow, and all round me was rye, so tall, and ripe as gold! . . . and I had a reddish dog with me—such a wicked dog; it kept trying¹ to bite me. And I had a sickle in my hands; not a simple sickle; it seemed to be the moon itself—the moon as it is when it's the shape of a sickle. And with this same moon I had to cut the rye clean. Only I was very weary with the heat, and the moon blinded me, and I felt lazy; and cornflowers² were growing all about, and such big

1. keep 之後連以 verb+ing, 作不住的作某事解。

病；我是常常這麼的健康，而且年輕的。……有一件可悲的事；我醒過來，渴望好好的挺一挺，而我總彷彿帶着鎖鍊似的。我有一次會有這麼一個美妙的夢！要我說給你聽嗎？好罷，你聽。我夢見我是站在一塊收場上，四週都是黑麥，這麼的高，而且跟金一般的熟！……我還有一條淺紅色的狗跟着我——是這麼一條刁惡的狗；它一逕的試要咬我。我手裏有一柄鐮刀；並不是一柄單純的鐮刀；它簡直就像月亮一船——像鐮刀形時的月亮一般。就用着這個月亮，我得把那黑麥割淨。只不過我很厭倦那熱，月亮又照得我目眩，我覺得懶惰；穀田花是到處的長着，而且是這麼大朵

21. cornflower 穀田花。

ones! And they all turned their heads to me. And I thought in my dream I would pick them; Vassya had promised to come, so I'd pick myself a wreath first; I'd still time to plait it. I began picking corn-flowers, but they kept melting away from between my fingers, do what I would. And I couldn't make myself a wreath. And meanwhile I heard some one coming up to me, so close and calling, 'Lush! Lusha!'. . . . 'Ah,' I thought, 'what a pity' I hadn't time! No matter: I put that moon on my head instead of corn-flowers. I put it on like a tiara, and I was all brightness directly; I made the whole field light around me. And, behold! over the very top of the ears there came gliding very quickly toward me, not Vassya, but Christ

1. what a pity!—(interjection) 真可惜!

的！而且它們都把頭朝着我。我在夢中心想要去摘它；佛雪亞是會應許我來的[☞]，所以我得先替自己摘起一個花圈；我仍舊還有時間將它編起。我便開始摘那穀田花，但它們從我的手指中間融化了去，無論我怎麼辦。我就不能替自己做成一個花圈。這個當兒，我聽見有人向我走來，走得那麼近，而且叫道，‘盧希！盧沙！’……‘啊，’我想道，‘我竟來不及，真是可惜！’不要緊，我把那月亮放在頭上，來代替穀田花。我將它像古波斯的冠冕一般帶上，而我立刻就滿身光輝起來；我使周圍的田全部都亮了。而且，你瞧！經過那麥穗的頂上，很快向我滑溜過來的，並不是佛雪亞，却是

2. no matter—it is of no importance.

Himself! And how I knew it was Christ I can't say; they don't paint Him like that—only it was He! No beard, tall, young, all in white, only His belt was golden; and He held out His hand to me. 'Fear not,' said He; 'My bride adorned, follow Me; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise'. And how I clung to His hand! My dog at once followed at my heels. . . . but then we began to float upward! He in front. . . . His wings spread wide over all the sky, long like a seagull's—and I after Him! And my dog had to stay behind. Then only I understood that that dog was my illness, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was no place for it."

Lukerya paused a minute.

"And I had another dream, too,"

1. 據聖經創世記 (Genesis) 上帝最初造

基督自己！至我怎麼認識基督，我却不知道；他們並不曾畫他像那個樣子——可是那却是他呵！沒有鬚鬚，身材高高，年輕，滿身是白，不過他的帶是金色的；而他伸他的手給我。‘不要怕，’他說，‘我的裝飾了的新娘，跟我來；你當在天的王國裏領導合唱的跳舞，而且唱樂的歌。’我就如何的抓牢他的手！我的狗立刻隨在我的脚跟……但是那時，我們就開始向上浮起了！他在前……他的翅膀大大張着，掩蓋了全天，長似一頭海鷗的——而我在他後面！我的狗就不得不留在後面了。到了那時，我才明白那隻狗就是我的病，且知在天國裏是沒有它的地位的。”

盧克利亞停了一分鐘。

“而我還有一個夢，”她又開始；

一男一女，居之樂園中。

she began again; "but maybe¹ it was a vision. I really don't know. It seemed to me I was lying in this very shanty, and my dead parents, father and mother, come to me and bow low to me, but say nothing. And I asked them, 'Why do you bow down to me, father and mother?' 'Because,' they said, 'you suffer much in this world, so that you have not only set free your own soul, but have taken a great burden from off us, too. And for us in the other world it is much easier. You have made an end of² your own sins; now you are expiating our sins.' And having said this, my parents bowed down to me again, and I could not see them; there was nothing but the walls to be seen. I was in great doubt afterward what had happened with me. I even told the

1. maybe—perhaps.

“但也許這是一個幻象。我實在是不曉得。我似乎就是躺在這個草屋裏，而我的已死的雙親，父親和母親，到我這裡來，低低的向我鞠躬，但是沒說什麼。我就問他們，‘爲什麼你們拜我，父親和母親？’‘因爲，’他們說，‘你在這世界上吃苦吃多了，所以你不但已將你自己的靈魂解放，且已從我們身上卸去一副重担了。你會斷絕了你自己的罪惡；如今你是在替我們贖罪了。’說完這話，我的父母又向我拜，我就不能看見他們，除四壁之外什麼都看不見了。後來我對於這所遇的事大大的懷疑。我甚至曾對牧師供認

2. make an end of — 終止，斷絕。

priest of it in confession.¹ Only he thinks it was not a vision, because visions come only to the clerical gentry.

“And I’ll tell you another dream,” Lukerya went on. “I dreamed I was sitting on the highroad, under a willow; I had a stick, had a wallet on my shoulders, and my head tied up in a kerchief, just like a pilgrim woman! And I had to go somewhere, a long, long way off, on a pilgrimage. And pilgrims kept coming past me; they came along slowly, all going one way; their faces were weary, and all very much like one another. And I dreamed that moving about among them was a woman, a head taller than the rest, and wearing a peculiar dress, not like ours—not Russian. And her face, too, was peculiar—a worn face and

1. to tell in confession, 招供。

過。他只想這不是一個幻象，因為幻像是只有牧師界裏的人會見的。

“我還要告訴你一個夢，”盧克利亞繼續說。“我夢見坐在公路上，在一株柳樹底下；我有一根棒，有個行囊在肩上，我的頭用一塊帕兒紮着，正像一個巡拜的女人！我得到什麼地方去巡拜，很遠很遠的路外。巡拜的人不住打我面前走過；他們走得很慢，大家都走一條路；他們的臉是疲倦的，而且大家都相像。我又夢見在他們當中走動的有一個女人，比其餘的高出一個頭，穿着一件特殊的衣服，不像我們的——不是俄國的。而她的臉也特別——一張憔悴的臉而且嚴肅的。

severe. And all the others moved away from her; but she suddenly turns, and comes straight to me. She stood still, and looked at me; and her eyes were yellow, large, and clear as a falcon's. And I ask her, "Who are you?" And she says to me, 'I'm your death.' Instead of¹ being frightened, it was quite the other way. I was as pleased as could be:² I crossed myself! And the woman, my death, says to me: 'I'm sorry for you, Lukerya, but I can't take you with me. Farewell!' Good God! how sad I was then! 'Take me,' said I, 'good mother, take me, darling!' And my death turned to me, and began speaking to me. I knew that she was appointing me my hour, but indistinctly, incomprehensibly. 'After St. Peter's day',

1. instead of——代替之意, 與下句連用時, 即非如此却如彼之意。

其他所有的人都離開她；但她突然的轉身，一直向我走來。她靜立着，看着我；她的眼睛是黃色的，大的，而且像老鷹一般明的。我就問她，‘你是誰？’她對我說，‘我是你的死神。’我並不驚嚇，却正是另一情形。我是極其快樂的；我在自己身上作十字號！而那婦人，我的死神，對我說道，‘我是替你難過，盧克利亞，可是我不能帶你走。再會罷！’好上帝！我那時是多麼傷心啊！……‘帶我去，’我說，‘好母親，帶我去罷，親愛的！’我的死神就朝着我，開始對我說話。……我知道她是指定我的時間，可是不分明的，不可解的。‘在聖彼得節日之

2. as pleased as could be——極其快樂。

3. St Peter's day——June 29th。

said she. . . . With that I awoke.
. . . . Yes, I have such wonderful
dreams!"

Lukerya turned her eyes upward.
. . . . and sank into thought. . . .

"Only the sad thing is, some-
times a whole week will go by
without my getting to sleep once.
Last year a lady came to see me,
and she gave me a little bottle of
medicine against sleeplessness; she
told me to take ten drops at a time.
It did me so much good, and I used
to sleep; only the bottle was all
finished long ago. Do you know
what medicine that was, and how to
get it?"

The lady had obviously given
Lukerya opium. I promised to get
her another bottle like it, and could
not refrain from¹ again wondering

1. could not refrain from; 禁不住; 不自

後，她說。……這一來我就醒了。

……是的，我有這樣奇異的夢！”

盧克利亞將眼睛朝上，……而且沉入思想裏去了……

“不過可悲的事情是，有時整個禮拜過去了，我竟一次也睡不着。去年有個太太來看我，她給我一小瓶治不眠症用的藥；她告訴我每次吃十滴。這於我有很多益處，我就常能睡着；只不過那瓶藥是早已用完了。你知道那是什麼藥嗎？並且怎樣可以買到它？”

那太太分明是拿鴉片給盧克利亞。我答應她再拿一瓶像那樣的藥給他，却又禁不住說出我對於她的

禁。

aloud¹ at her patience.

“Ah, master!” she answered, “why do you say so? What do you mean by patience? There, Simeon Stylites² now had patience certainly, great patience; for thirty years he stood on a pillar! And another saint had himself buried in the earth, right up to his breast, and the ants ate his face. And I’ll tell you what I was told by a good scholar: there was once a country, and the Ishmaelites³ made war on it, and they tortured and killed all the inhabitants; and do what they would, the people could not get rid of⁴ them. And there appeared among these people a holy virgin; she took a great sword, put on armor weighing eighty pounds,

1. wondering aloud——to utter audiblythe wonder.

2. Stylites 爲古時居於柱頭以修苦行之僧侶。Simeon Stylites 爲此派苦行者之倡首

忍耐的詭異。

“啊，主人！”她答道，“你爲什麼這麼說？你說的忍耐是什麼意思？你看，雪米翁·斯泰力茲才算確是有忍耐，大大的忍耐；他在一根柱上站了三十年呢！還有一個聖者曾把自己埋在地裏，一直埋到胸部，螞蟻吃了他的臉……我還要將一個大學者對我說的話告訴你：從前有個國度，以實瑪利人對它作戰，他們磨難並且殺戮所有的居民；而且姿意所爲，那些人民不能擺脫他們。在那些人民當中出現了一個聖處女；她拿了一把大刀，穿上八十

者，約生於五世紀之中葉。

3. Ishmaelite, Abraham, 之子 Ishmael 的子孫，見舊約創世記十六章十二節。

4. get rid of, 擺脫，驅除。

went out against the Ishmaelites and drove them all beyond the sea. Only when she had driven them out, she said to them: 'Now burn me, for that was my vow, that I would die a death by fire for my people.' And the Ishmaelites took her and burned her, and the people have been free ever since then! That was a noble deed, now! But what am I!"

I wondered to myself whence and in what shape the legend of Joan of Arc' had reached her, and after a brief silence, I asked Lukerya how old she was.

"Twenty-eight. . . . or nine It won't be thirty. But why count the years! I've something else to tell you. . . .

Lukerya suddenly gave a sort of choked cough, and groaned. . . .

1. Joan of Arc (1412—1431), 法國的

磅重的鎧甲，出去抵禦以實瑪利人，將他們統統驅逐到海外。只當她已將他們逐出的時候，她才對他們說：‘現在，燒死我，因為我曾有誓言，要爲了我的人民而死於火。’於是以實瑪利人拿住她，燒死她，而那些人民從此就永遠自由了！那才是一樁可貴的行爲呢！可是我算什麼呢！”

我對自己詫異，這個熊納佛克的傳說是從什麼地方用什麼的形式傳到她的，經過小小一段靜默之後，我就問盧克利亞多大年紀。

“二十八……或九……。不會是三十的。可是爲什麼算我的年紀！我還有別的事情要告訴你……。”

盧克利亞突然發出一種喘咳，並且呻吟……

女英雄，嘗爲 Orleans 的人民禦敵。

"You are talking a great deal," I observed to her; "it may be bad for you."

"It's true," she whispered, hardly audibly; "it's time to end our talk; but what does it matter! Now, when you leave me, I can be silent as long as I like. Anyway, I've opened my heart. . . ."

I began bidding her good-by. I repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and asked her once more to think well and tell me—if there wasn't anything she wanted?

"I want nothing; I am content with all, thank God!" she articulated with very great effort, but with emotion; "God give good health to all! But there, master, you might speak a word to your mamma—the peasants here are poor—if she could take the least bit off their rent! They've not

1. observe——remark, 提示。

“你話說得很多，”我對她提示；
“這也許於你有害。”

“這是真的，”僅能聽見地她微語道；“這是終止我們談話的時候了；但是這有什麼要緊！你一離開我，我就能隨我怎麼長久的靜默了。無論如何，我已是開開我的心了……”

我開始和她囑別。我又把送藥給她之約重述一遍，並且再叫她仔細想想告訴我——究竟她是否沒有可要的東西？

“我不要什麼；我是什麼都滿足了，謝謝上帝！”她很費力地調出字音來，但是帶着感情的；“願上帝把健康給大家！但是你聽，主人，你可以對你母親說句話——這裏的農民是貧苦的——她倘使能設稍微減了他們一點租罷！他們不是很有土

land enough, and no advantages. . . .
They would pray to God for you. . . .
But I want nothing; I'm quite contented with all."

I gave Lukerya my word¹ that I would carry out her request, and had already walked to the door. . . . She called me back again.

"Do you remember, master," she said, and there was a gleam of something wonderful in her eyes and on her lips, "what hair I used to have? Do you remember, right down to my knees! It was long before I could make up my mind to it'. . . . Such hair as it was! But how could it be kept combed? In my state!. . . . So I had it cut off. . . . Yes. . . . Well, good-by, master! I can't talk any more. . . ."

That day, before setting off to

1. to give one's word, 約定, 應許。

地，也沒有利益。……他們會替你祈禱上帝的……可是我不要什麼；我是什麼都很滿足了。”

我應許盧克利亞將她的請求做到，而且已經走到門口了……她又把我叫回去。

“你記得嗎，主人，”她說，並有一道閃爍的奇異的東西在她的眼裏和她的嘴唇上，“我是向來有怎樣的頭髮的？你記得嗎，一直掛到我膝上的！我許久許久才能下得決心。……像這樣的頭髮！可是怎能常梳呢？在我的狀況！……所以我已將它剪掉了。……是的。……好罷，再會，主人！我不能再談了。……”

那一天，在出發打獵之前，我

2. to make up one's mind, 下決心。

shoot, I had a conversation with the village constable about Lukerya. I learned from him that in the village they called Lukerya the "Living Relic"; that she gave them no trouble, however; they never heard complaint or repining from her. "She asks nothing, but, on the contrary, she's grateful for everything; a gentle soul, one must say, if any there be. Stricken of God," so the constable concluded, "for her sins, one must suppose; but we do not go into that.' And as for judging her, no—no, we do not judge her. Let her be!"

* * * *

A few weeks later I heard that Lukerya was dead. So her death had come for her. and "after St. Peter's day." They told me that on the day of her death she kept hearing the sound of bells, though it

I. to go into that—to agree with

曾和村裏的巡警有一段關於盧克利亞的談話。我從他聽知村裏都叫盧克利亞做“活屍；”可是她並不給他們麻煩；他們從不曾聽見她的怨言或不平語。“她是無所要求的，反之，她是對於什麼都感激的；一個和善的人，人家必須說，如果真有和善人的話。是受上帝殘害的，”那巡警這般結束道，“因為她的罪惡，人家必須要假定；但是我們並不同意。至於說判斷她吧，不——不，我們並不判斷她。隨她去罷！”

* * * *

幾個禮拜之後，我聽說盧克利亞死了。如是，她的死已來找她了……而且是在“聖彼得節日之後。”他們告訴我說，她死的那天，她不住的聽見鐘聲，雖則從阿累克細耶

that。

was reckoned over five miles from Aleksyevka to the church, and it was a week-day.¹ Lukerya, however, had said that the sounds came not from the church, but from above! Probably she did not dare to say—from heaven.

[NOTE.—This story may be compared with *The Life of Nancy*, by Sarah Orne Jewett.]

1. week day, 禮拜日以外的六日。

夫加到禮拜堂算起來要在五哩開外，而且還是一個週日。然而盧克利亞會說那聲音不是從禮拜堂來的，却是從上面來的！大概她不敢說——從天上來的吧。



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