



111. 蝴蝶

The Butterfly



一只蝴蝶想要在群花中找到一位可爱的小恋人，因此他就把她们都看了一遍。可是她们的数目非常多，选择很不容易。蝴蝶飞到雏菊那儿去。法国人把这种小花叫做“玛加丽特”，他们认为她能作出预言。蝴蝶来问自己应该娶哪一位，可是“玛加丽特”不回答他。他飞走了，并且立刻开始他的求婚活动。他要寻找年纪较大一点的女子。

秋牡丹未免苦味太浓了一点，紫罗兰太热情，郁金香太华丽，黄水仙太平民化，菩提树花太小，苹果树花看起来倒很像玫瑰，但是今天开了，明天就谢了。豌豆花最惹人爱，她是家庭观念很强的妇女，外表既漂亮，在厨房里也很能干。当他正打算向她求婚的时候，看到这花儿的近旁有一个豆荚的尖端上挂着一朵枯萎了的花。当他知道这是豌豆花的姐姐后，大吃一惊，想到将来她也会这样，于是他就飞走了。金银花板平面孔，皮肤发黄，他不喜欢这种类型的女子。

春天过去了，夏天也快要告结束。现在是秋天了，但是他仍然犹豫不决。现在花儿已经失去了那种新鲜的、喷香的青春味儿。因此蝴蝶就飞向地上长着的薄荷那儿去。他就对她提出婚事。薄荷只愿意跟他交朋友，她认为彼此已经老了，可以彼此照顾，但是年纪大了，结婚不合适。结果蝴蝶就成了大家所谓的老单身汉了。

这是晚秋季节，天气多雨而阴沉。蝴蝶趁着一个偶然的溜到一个房间里去了。这儿火炉里面生着火，像夏天一样温暖。他撞着窗玻璃飞，被人观看和欣赏，然后就被穿在一根针上，藏在一个小古董匣子里面。“现在我像花儿一样，栖



在一根梗子上了，”蝴蝶说。“这的确是不太愉快的。这几乎跟结婚没有两样，因为我现在算是牢牢地固定下来了。”

他用这种思想来安慰自己。

“这是一种可怜的安慰，”房子里栽在盆里的花儿说。

“可是，”蝴蝶想，“一个人不应该相信这些盆里的花儿的话。她们跟人类的来往太密切了。”

The Butterfly wished for a bride; naturally, he wanted a very pretty one from among the flowers; so he looked at them, and found that every flower sat quietly and demurely on her stalk, just as a maiden ought to sit before she is engaged; but there were a great many of them, and the choice threatened to become wearisome. The Butterfly did not care to take much trouble, and so he flew off to the daisy. The French call this floweret “Marguerite”, and they know that Marguerite can prophesy, when lovers pluck off its leaves, and ask of every leaf they pluck some question concerning their lovers. “Heartily? Painfully? Loves me much? A little? Not at all?” and so on. Every one asks in his own language. The Butterfly also came to inquire; but he did not pluck off her leaves: he kissed each of them, for he considered that most is to be done with kindness.

“Darling Marguerite daisy!” he said to her, “You are the wisest woman among the flowers. Pray, pray tell me, shall I get this one or that? Which will be my bride? When I know that, I will directly fly to her and propose for her.”

But Marguerite did not answer him. She was angry that he had called her a “woman”, when she was yet a girl; and there is a great difference. He asked for the second and for the third time, and when she remained dumb, and answered him not a word, he would wait no longer, but flew away to begin his wooing at once.

It was in the beginning of spring; the crocus and the snowdrop were blooming around.

“They are very pretty,” thought the Butterfly. “Charming little lasses, but a little too much of the schoolgirl about them.” Like all young lads, he looked out for the elder girls.



Then he flew off to the anemones. These were a little too bitter for his taste; the violet somewhat too sentimental; the tulips too showy; the eastern lilies too plebeian; the lime blossoms were too small, and, moreover, they had too many relations; the apple blossoms—they looked like roses, but they bloomed today, to fall off tomorrow, to fall beneath the first wind that blew; and he thought that a marriage with them would last too short a time. The Pease Blossom pleased him best of all: she was white and red, and graceful and delicate, and belonged to the domestic maidens who look well, and at the same time are useful in the kitchen. He was just about to make his offer, when close by the maiden he saw a pod at whose end hung a withered flower.

“Who is that?” he asked.

“That is my sister,” replied the Pease Blossom.

“Oh, indeed; and you will get to look like her!” he said.

And away he flew, for he felt quite shocked.

The honeysuckle hung forth blooming from the hedge, but there were a number of girls like that, with long faces and sallow complexions. No, he did not like her.

But which one did he like?

The spring went by, and the summer drew towards its close; it was autumn, but he was still undecided.

And now the flowers appeared in their most gorgeous robes, but in vain — they had lost the fresh fragrant air of youth. But the heart demands fragrance, even when it is no longer young, and there is very little of that to be found among the dahlias and dry chrysanthemums, therefore the Butterfly turned to the Mint on the ground.

This plant has no blossom; but indeed it is blossom all over, full of fragrance from head to foot, with flower scent in every leaf.

“I shall take her,” said the Butterfly,

And he made an offer to her.

But the Mint stood silent and stiff, listening to him. At last she said,

“Friendship, but nothing more. I am old, and you are old, we may very well live for one another; but as to marrying — no — don’t let us appear ridiculous at our age.”

And thus it happened that the Butterfly had no wife at all. He had been too long choosing, and that is a bad plan. So the Butterfly became what we call an old bachelor.

It was late in autumn, with rain and cloudy weather. The wind blew cold over the backs of the old willow trees, so that they creaked again. It was no weather to be flying about in summer clothes, nor, indeed, was the Butterfly in the open air. He had got under shelter by chance, where there was fire in the stove and the heat of summer. He could live well enough, but he said.

"It's not enough, merely to live. One must have freedom, sunshine, and a little flower."

And he flew against the window-frame, and was seen and admired, and then stuck upon a pin and placed in the box of curiosities; they could not do more for him.

"Now I am perched on a stalk, like the flowers," said the Butterfly. "It certainly is not very pleasant. It must be something like being married, for one is stuck fast."

And he consoled himself with that thought.

"That's very poor comfort," said the potted Plants in the room.

"But," thought the Butterfly, "one cannot well trust these potted Plants. They've had too much to do with mankind."



112. 素 琪

The Psyche



在罗马一条狭小的巷子里有一幢古老的房子。它曾经是一座神庙，而现在里面住着一个年轻的艺术
家。他很贫穷，没有什么名气。他有些艺术家朋友，他们认为他有很高的才气和能力。但是他老是把自己用黏土雕塑出来的东西打得粉碎，他老是不满意，从来不曾完成一件作品。

有一天，他走过一个华丽的宫殿，他在一个敞开的大门面前停下来，看到了一个挂满了美丽画幅的长廊。这个长廊围绕着一个小小的花园。这时有一个人轻盈地走过去了，这是一个年轻的姑娘，这座王府家里的女儿。她是那么美丽！的确，他从来没有见到过

这样一个女性——她就像拉斐尔画出来的素琪的形象。

她在他的心中活下来了。他回到他那座简陋的房间里去，用黏土塑造了一个素琪的形象，这就是那位华丽的、年轻的罗马姑娘。这也是他第一次对自己的作品感到满意。他所有的朋友快乐地欢呼起来，这件作品显示出他的艺术天才。

这个黏土塑像真是栩栩如生，但是它没有大理石所具有的那种洁白和持久性。他有一块贵重的大理石，那是他父母的财产。素琪将要从这块石头中获得生命。

一群罗马的贵客来参观这个年轻艺术家的作品。那位年轻的姑娘现在就站在他的房间里，她的父亲对她说“这简直是你的一个缩影。”

艺术家用自己辛勤的劳动让那块大理石渐渐成为一个躯体，一个“美”的形态，最后变成素琪。之后，他到那个豪华的公馆里去，说那个大理石的素琪已经完工了。这家高贵的老主人对他非常热情。他们谈完话以后，在告别时还叫他去看不

看小姐，因为她也希望看到他。在小姐和他谈话时，他拉起小姐的手来吻着。他对她表示了自己的爱意。她脸上露出一种藐视，掉转身不再理他。他回到自己的家里来，陷入一种疯狂和痛苦中。他拿起锤子，要把这尊大理石像打得粉碎。可他的朋友安吉罗就在他的旁边，一把抓住他的手臂，制止了他。安吉罗把他拉走了，带去了罗马郊区的一个酒店里，艺术家们常常到那儿去。朋友们欢呼着把这两个艺术家迎接进去。他们吃得很少，可是酒喝得很多，他们唱歌，跳舞。

狂欢之后，他回到了自己家里，发出一种痛苦的叹息。天亮的时候，他跳下床来，看到那尊大理石的素琪，颤抖起来。他似乎觉得自己的视线不纯洁，用布把她盖起来。许多日子、许多星期过去了。有一天早晨，他的面孔发白，全身因为发热而颤抖。他走向那座大理石像，把那块覆盖着的布拉向一边，以悲痛的眼光把他的作品凝望了好久。最后他把这座石像拖向花园里去，把这个素琪推到了一口颓败的枯井里，然后用土把她盖上。最后他用枝条和荨麻掩住了这个洞口。

他在发烧，病得要死。修道士依洛纳提乌斯作为朋友和医生来看他，带给他宗教上安慰的话语。他觉得他现在第一次认识了自己，找到了真理和和平的道路。这个年轻艺术家舍弃了人世，到修道院里隐居起来了。

后来他死了，人们把他埋葬了。

许多世纪过去了，在那块曾经是一条狭窄的小巷和一个神庙的废墟的地方，现在建立起了一个修女庵。在修女庵的花园里，人们挖了一个坟坑，因为有一个年轻的修女死了，要在这天早晨下葬。铲子碰到了一块石头，它发着雪亮的光。人们小心地使着铲子。在这个要埋葬一位年轻修女的坟坑里，人们取出了一个用雪白大理石雕刻的素琪的形象。“它是多美，多完整啊！它是一件最兴盛时代的艺术品！”人们说。但是人们不知道它的雕刻师是谁。这个人已经死了，但是他最高尚的精神和最光荣的劳作成果表现出他生存的神圣的一面——这个永远不灭的、比他具有更悠久生命的素琪。这个凡人所发出的光辉，他所遗下的成果，现在被人观看、欣赏、景仰和爱慕。至美的东西会照着后世，等后世一代一代地过去了以后，素琪仍然还会充满着生命！

In the fresh morning dawn there gleams in the rosy air a great Star, the brightest Star of the morning. His rays tremble on the white wall, as if he wished to write



down on it what he can tell, what he has seen there and elsewhere during thousands of years of our rolling world. Let us hear one of his stories.

“A short time ago”—the Star’s “short time ago” is called among men “centuries ago”—“my rays followed a young artist. It was in the city of the Popes, in the world-city Rome. Much has been changed there in the course of time, but the changes have not come so quickly as the change from youth to old age. Then already the palace of the Caesars was a ruin, as it is now; fig trees and laurels grew among the fallen marble columns, and in the desolate bathing-halls, where the gilding still clings to the wall; the Coliseum was a ruin; the church bells sounded, the incense sent up its fragrant cloud, and through the streets marched processions with flaming tapers and glowing canopies. Holy Church was there, and art was held as a high and holy thing. In Rome lived the greatest painter in the world, Raphael; there also dwelt the first of sculptors, Michael Angelo. Even the Pope paid homage to these two, and honoured them with a visit: art was recognized and honoured, and was rewarded also. But, for all that, everything great and splendid was not seen and known.

“In a narrow lane stood an old house. Once it had been a temple; a young sculptor now dwelt there. He was young and quite unknown. He certainly had friends, young artists, like himself, young in spirit, young in hopes and thoughts; they told him he was rich in talent, and an artist, but that he was foolish for having no faith in his own power; for he always broke what he had fashioned out of clay, and never completed anything; and a work must be completed if it is to be seen and to bring money.

“‘You are a dreamer,’ they went on to say to him, ‘and that’s your misfortune. But the reason of this is, that you have never lived, you have never tasted life, you have never enjoyed it in great wholesome draughts, as it ought to be enjoyed. In youth one must mingle one’s own personality with life, that they may become one. Look at the great master Raphael, whom the Pope honours and the world admires: he’s no despiser of wine and bread.’

“‘And he even appreciates the baker’s daughter, the pretty *Fornarina*,’ added Angelo, one of the merriest of the young friends.

“Yes, they said a good many things of the kind, according to their age and intelligence. They wanted to draw the young artist out with them into the merry wild life, the mad life as it might be called; and at certain times he felt an inclination for it.



He had warm blood, a strong imagination, and could take part in the merry chat, and laugh aloud with the rest; but what they called 'Raphael's merry life' disappeared before him like a vapour when he saw the divine radiance that beamed forth from the pictures of the great master; and when he stood in the Vatican, before the forms of beauty which the masters had hewn out of marble, thousands of years since, his breast swelled, and he felt within himself something high, something holy, something elevating, great, and good, and he wished that he could produce similar forms from the blocks of marble. He wished to make a picture of that which was within him, stirring upward from his heart to the realms of the infinite; but how, and in what form? The soft clay was fashioned under his fingers into forms of beauty, but the next day he broke what he had fashioned, according to his wont.

"One day he walked past one of those rich palaces of which Rome has many to show. He stopped before the great open portal, and beheld a garden surrounded by cloistered walks. The garden bloomed with a goodly show of the fairest roses. Great white lilies with green juicy leaves shot upward from the marble basin in which the clear water was splashing; and a form glided past, a young girl, the daughter of the princely house, graceful, delicate, and wonderfully fair. Such a form of female loveliness he had never before beheld — yet, stay: he had seen it, painted by Raphael, painted as a Psyche, in one of the Roman palaces. Yes, there she was painted; but here she walked alive.

"The remembrance lived in his thoughts, in his heart. He went home to his humble room, and modelled a Psyche of clay. It was the rich young Roman girl, the noble maiden; and for the first time he looked at his work with satisfaction. It had a meaning for him, for it was *she*. And the friends who saw his work shouted aloud for joy; they declared that this work was a manifestation of his artistic power, of which they had long been aware, and that now the world should be made aware of it too.

"The clay figure was lifelike and beautiful, but it had not the whiteness or the durability of marble. So they declared that the Psyche must henceforth live in marble. He already possessed a costly block of that stone. It had been lying for years, the property of his parents, in the courtyard. Fragments of glass, fennel tops, and remains of artichokes had gathered about it and sullied its purity; but under the surface the block was as white as the mountain snow; and from this block the Psyche was to



arise.”

Now, it happened one morning—the bright Star tells nothing about this, but we know it occurred — that a noble Roman company came into the narrow lane. The carriage stopped a little way off, the company came to inspect the young sculptor’s work, for they had heard it spoken of by chance. And who were these distinguished guests? Poor young man! Or fortunate young man he might be called. The young girl stood in the room and smiled radiantly when her father said to her, “It is your living image.” That smile could not be copied, any more than the look could be reproduced, the wonderful look which she cast upon the young artist. It was a look that seemed at once to elevate and to crush him.

“The Psyche must be executed in marble,” said the wealthy patrician. And those were words of life for the dead clay and the heavy block of marble, and words of life likewise for the deeply-moved artist. “When the work is finished I will purchase it,” continued the rich noble.

A new era seemed to have arisen in the poor studio. Life and cheerfulness gleamed there, and busy industry plied its work. The beaming Morning Star beheld how the work progressed. The clay itself seemed inspired since *she* had been there, and moulded itself, in heightened beauty, to a likeness of the well-known features.

“Now I know what life is,” cried the artist rejoicingly; “it is Love! It is the lofty abandonment of self for the dawning of the beautiful in the soul! What my friends call life and enjoyment is a passing shadow; it is like bubbles among seething dregs, not the pure heavenly wine that consecrates us to life.”

The marble block was reared in its place. The chisel struck great fragments from it; the measurements were taken, points and lines were made, the mechanical part was executed, till gradually the stone assumed a human female form, a shape of beauty, and became converted into the Psyche, fair and glorious—a divine being in human shape. The heavy stone appeared as a gliding, dancing, airy Psyche, with the heavenly innocent smile—the smile that had mirrored itself in the soul of the young artist.

The Star of the roseate dawn beheld and understood what was stirring within the young man, and could read the meaning of the changing colour of his cheek, of the light that flashed from his eye, as he stood busily working, reproducing what had



been put into his soul from above.

"Thou art a master like those masters among the ancient Greeks," exclaimed his delighted friends: "soon shall the whole world admire thy Psyche."

"My Psyche!" he repeated. "Yes, mine. She must be mine. I, too, am an artist, like those great men who are gone. Providence has granted me the boon, and has made me the equal of that lady of noble birth."

And he knelt down and breathed a prayer of thankfulness to Heaven, and then he forgot Heaven for her sake — for the sake of her picture in stone — for the Psyche which stood there as if formed of snow, blushing in the morning dawn.

He was to see her in reality, the living graceful Psyche, whose words sounded like music in his ears. He could now carry the news into the rich palace that the marble Psyche was finished. He betook himself thither, strode through the open courtyard where the waters ran splashing from the dolphins' jaws into the marble basin, where the snowy lilies and the fresh roses bloomed in abundance. He stepped into the great lofty hall, whose walls and ceilings shone with gilding and bright colours and heraldic devices. Gaily dressed serving-men, adorned with trappings like sleigh horses, walked to and fro, and some reclined at their ease upon the carved oak seats, as if they were the masters of the house. He told them his errand, and was conducted up the shining marble staircase, covered with soft carpets and adorned with many a statue. Then he went on through richly furnished chambers, over mosaic floors, amid gorgeous pictures. All this pomp and luxury seemed to weary him; but soon he felt relieved, for the princely old master of the house received him most graciously, almost heartily; and when he took his leave he was requested to step into the Signora's apartment, for she, too, wished to see him. The servants led him through more luxurious halls and chambers into her room, where she appeared the chief and leading ornament.

She spoke to him. No hymn of supplication, no holy chant could melt his soul like the sound of her voice. He took her hand and lifted it to his lips: no rose was softer, but a fire thrilled through him from this rose—a feeling of power came upon him, and words poured from his tongue—he knew not what he said. Does the crater of the volcano know that glowing lava is pouring from it? He confessed what he felt for her. She stood before him astonished, offended, proud, with contempt in her face, an expression as if she had suddenly touched a wet, clammy frog; her cheeks reddened,



her lips grew white, and her eyes flashed fire, though they were dark as the blackness of night.

“Madman!” she cried, “away! begone!”

And she turned her back upon him. Her beautiful face wore an expression like that of the stony countenance with the snaky locks.

Like a stricken, fainting man, he tottered down the stair and out into the street. Like a man walking in his sleep, he found his way back to his dwelling. Then he woke up to madness and agony, and seized his hammer, swung it high in the air, and rushed forward to shatter the beautiful marble image. But, in his pain, he had not noticed that his friend Angelo stood beside him; and Angelo held back his arm with a strong grasp, crying,

“Are you mad? What are you about?”

They struggled together. Angelo was the stronger; and with a deep sigh of exhaustion, the young artist threw himself into a chair.

“What has happened?” asked Angelo. “Command yourself. Speak!”

But what could he say? How could he explain? And as Angelo could make no sense of his friend’s incoherent words, he forbore to question him further, and merely said,

“Your blood grows thick from your eternal dreaming. Be a man, as all others are, and don’t go on living in ideals for that is what drives men crazy. A jovial feast will make you sleep quietly and happily. Believe me, the time will come when you will be old, and your sinews will shrink, and then, on some fine sunshiny day, when everything is laughing and rejoicing, you will lie there a faded plant, that will grow no more. I do not live in dreams, but in reality. Come with me: be a man!”

And he drew the artist away with him. At this moment he was able to do so, for a fire ran in the blood of the young sculptor; a change had taken place in his soul; he felt a longing to tear himself away from the old, the accustomed—to forget, if possible, his own individuality; and therefore it was that he followed Angelo.

In an out-of-the-way suburb of Rome lay a tavern much visited by artists. It was built on the ruins of some ancient baths. The great yellow citrons hung down among the dark shining leaves and covered a part of the old reddish-yellow walls. The tavern consisted of a vaulted chamber, almost like a cavern, in the ruins. A lamp burned