

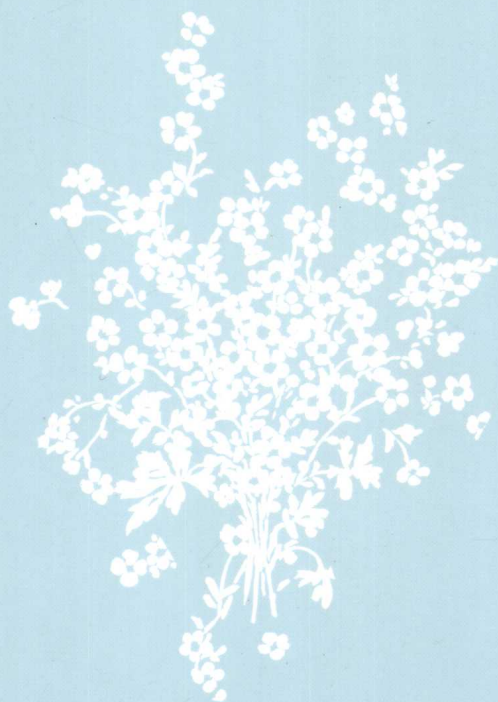
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# 纯真年代

*The Age of Innocence*

◆ [美] 伊迪丝·华顿 著

◆ 刘一南 编译



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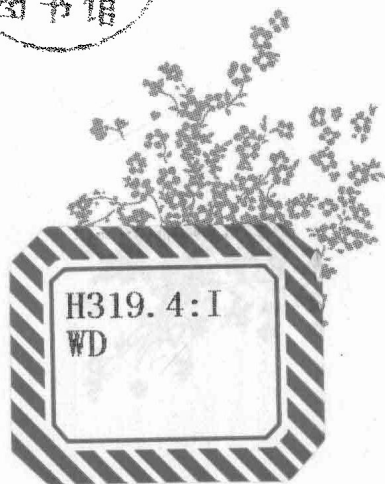
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## 纯真年代

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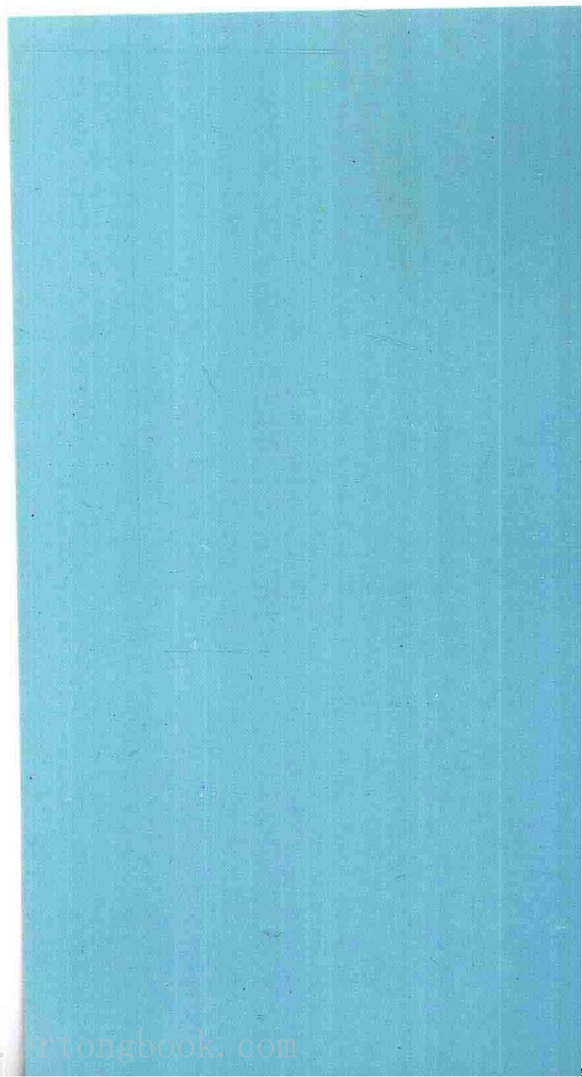
**伊迪丝·华顿**（1862~1937）美国现代著名女作家。生于纽约名门望族，后移居法国。在第一次世界大战期间，伊迪丝·华顿积极参与社会救助活动，并因此获得法国政府颁发的荣誉勋章。华顿的小说题材广泛；尤以描绘美国上流社会世态风俗见长。其作品注重细腻生动地展示人物丰富复杂的内心世界，被誉为心理现实主义小说的代表。华顿的代表作有《高尚的嗜好》、《欢乐之家》、《纯真年代》、《月亮的隐现》等。

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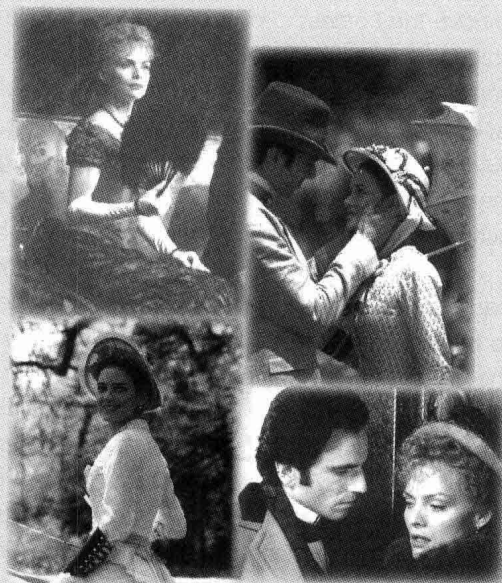
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# The Age of Innocence



# BOOK ONE

## *Chapter 1*

On a January evening of the early seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in *Faust*<sup>1</sup> at the Academy of Music in New York.

Though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances "above the Forties," of a new Opera House which should compete in costliness and splendour with those of the great European capitals, the world of fashion was still content to reassemble every winter in the shabby red and gold boxes of the sociable old Academy. Conservatives cherished it for being small and inconvenient, and thus keeping out the "new people" whom New York was beginning to dread and yet be drawn to; and the sentimental clung to it for its historic associations, and the musical for its excellent **acoustics**, always so problematic a quality in halls built for the hearing of music.

It was Madame Nilsson's first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had already learned to describe as "an exceptionally brilliant audience" had gathered to hear her, transported through the slippery, snowy streets in private **broughams**, in the spacious family **landau**, or in the humbler but more convenient "Brown **coupé**". To come to the Opera in a Brown **coupé** was almost as honourable a way of arriving as in one's own carriage; and departure by the same means had the immense advantage of enabling one (with a playful allusion to democratic principles) to scramble into the first Brown **conveyance** in the line, instead of waiting till the cold-and-gin **congested** nose of one's own coachman gleamed under the **portico** of the Academy. It was one of the great **livery-stableman's** most masterly intuitions to have discovered that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box the curtain had just gone up on the garden scene. There was no reason why the young man should not have come earlier, for he had dined at seven, alone with his mother and sister, and had lingered afterward over a cigar in the Gothic library with glazed black-walnut bookcases and finial-topped chairs which was the only room in the house where Mrs. Archer allowed smoking. But, in the first place, New York was a metropolis, and perfectly aware that in metropolises it was "not the thing" to arrive early at the opera; and what was or was not "the thing" played a part as important in Newland Archer's New York as the inscrutable **totem** terrors that had ruled the destinies of his **forefathers** thousands of years ago.

## 第一章

world of fashion

上流社会

acoustics

[ə'ku:stiks]

n. 音响效果

brougham

['bru(:)əm]

n. 布鲁厄姆马车, 带篷  
四轮轿式马车

landau

['lændə:]

n. 朗道马车, 双座活顶  
四轮马车

coupé

n. (法文)带篷双座四轮  
轿式马车

conveyance

[kən'veiəns]

n. 运输工具, 交通工具,  
车辆

gin

[dʒin]

n. 姜酒, 杜松子酒

congested

[kən'dʒestid]

adj. 充血的

portico

['pɔ:tikəu]

n. (有圆柱的)门廊

livery-stableman

出租马车夫

finial

['fainiəl]

n. 尖顶饰, 物件顶端的  
装饰物

totem

['təutəm]

n. 图腾

七十年代初某年一月的晚上, 克丽丝汀·尼尔森正在纽约音乐院演唱歌剧《浮士德》。

虽然人们已经在议论即将在第四十街以北的大都市远郊兴建的新歌剧院——其奢华和壮观堪与欧洲那些伟大都城的歌剧院媲美——但上流社会却仍然满足于每年冬天在这座适合交际的古老音乐院那红黄两色的陈旧包厢里举行社交聚会。保守派的人们很喜爱它, 因为它窄小不便, 可以把纽约开始惧怕但又为之吸引的那些“新人”拒之门外; 多愁善感的人们因为它引发了许多对历史的遐想而对它恋恋不舍; 爱好音乐的人们则因为它那极佳的音响效果而对它欣赏有加——在专门为听音乐而建造的厅堂中, 音响效果向来都是一个棘手的质量问题。

这是尼尔森夫人在那年冬天的首场演出, 那些被日报精心形容为“超群绝伦的听众”的人士已经云集于此, 来领略她的歌喉。他们有的乘着私人轿式马车, 有的乘着宽敞的家庭双篷马车, 有的乘着档次较低却更为便利的“布朗马车”, 沿着溜滑多雪的街道驶到了这里。乘坐“布朗马车”来听歌剧, 几乎跟乘坐自己的马车前来一样体面; 而且, 坐这样的马车离开剧场还有一个极大的优势, 那就是可以让人(对民主原则开一句玩笑)抢先登上车队里的第一辆布朗马车, 而用不着苦苦等待自己的那位由于天气寒冷、喝了姜酒而鼻子发红的车夫在音乐院柱廊下面冒出来。美国人想要离开娱乐场所的愿望甚至比他们想要到那里去的愿望还要迫切, 这是那位了不起的出租马车夫凭着最为精妙的直觉获得的重大发现之一。

当纽兰·阿彻打开俱乐部包厢后面的门时, 花园那一场的帷幕刚刚拉开。这个年轻人没有理由不来得更早一些, 因为他七点钟就跟母亲和妹妹共进了晚餐, 然后又在摆放着光滑的黑色胡桃木书橱和尖顶椅子的哥特式图书室里慢吞吞地抽了一支雪茄——这个图书室是整座房子里阿彻太太允许吸烟的唯一房间。但最重要的是: 纽约是个大都市, 而他十分清楚, 在大都市里听歌剧, 早到是“不合宜”的。什么是“合宜”的, 什么是“不合宜”的, 这在纽兰·阿彻时代的纽约发挥着重要作用, 和几千年前支配着他的远祖们的命运的那些难以理解的图腾恐惧同样重要。



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The second reason for his delay was a personal one. He had dawdled over his cigar because he was at heart a dilettante, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realisation. This was especially the case when the pleasure was a delicate one, as his pleasures mostly were; and on this occasion the moment he looked forward to was so rare and exquisite in quality that—well, if he had timed his arrival in accord with the prima donna's stage-manager he could not have entered the Academy at a more significant moment than just as she was singing "He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me! —" and sprinkling the falling daisy petals with notes as clear as dew.

She sang, of course, "*M'ama!* " and not "he loves me, " since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences. This seemed as natural to Newland Archer as all the other conventions on which his life was moulded: such as the duty of using two silver-backed brushes with his monogram in blue enamel to part his hair, and of never appearing in society without a flower (preferably a gardenia) in his buttonhole.

"*M'ama... non m'ama...*," the prima donna sang, and "*M'ama!* , " with a final burst of love triumphant, as she pressed the dishevelled daisy to her lips and lifted her large eyes to the sophisticated countenance of the little brown Faust-Capoul, who was vainly trying, in a tight purple velvet doublet and plumed cap, to look as pure and true as his artless victim.

Newland Archer, leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs. Manson Mingott, whose monstrous obesity had long since made it impossible for her to attend the Opera, but who was always represented on fashionable nights by some of the younger members of the family. On this occasion, the front of the box was filled by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, and her daughter, Mrs. Welland; and slightly withdrawn behind these brocaded matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically fixed on the stage-lovers. As Madame Nilsson's "*M'ama!* " thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids, and suffused the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved finger-tips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

No expense had been spared on the setting, which was acknowledged to be very beautiful even by people who shared his acquaintance with the Opera Houses of Paris and Vienna. The foreground, to the footlights, was covered with emerald green cloth. In the middle distance symmetrical mounds of woolly green moss bounded by croquet hoops formed the base of shrubs shaped like orange-trees but studded with large pink

**dawdle**

[ˈdɔːdl]

*vi.* 浪费时间, 拖延

**dilettante**

[ˌdɪlɪˈtænti]

*n.* 业余艺术爱好者

**prima**

[ˈpri:mə]

*adj.* (来自意大利文) 第一的, 主要的

**donna**

[ˈdɒnə]

*n.* (来自意大利文) 夫人, 女士

**monogram**

[ˈmɒnəʊgræm]

*n.* 交织字母, 花押字

**enamel**

[ˈɪnæməl]

*n.* 瓷釉, 瓷漆

**gardenia**

[ɡɑːˈdiːni]

*n.* 栀子花

**disheveled**

[dɪˈʃevəld]

*adj.* 散乱的, 蓬乱的

**ecstatically**

[eksˈtætɪkli]

*adv.* 入迷地, 出神地

**lilies-of-the-valley**

铃兰

**symmetrical**

[sɪˈmetrɪkəl]

*adj.* 对称的, 均匀的

**croquet**

[ˈkraʊkeɪ]

*n.* 槌球游戏

**stud**

[stʌd]

*n.* 点缀, 装饰

他迟到的第二个原因是个人方面的。他慢悠悠地抽雪茄, 是因为他在内心深处是个艺术爱好者, 对即将来临的快乐的遐想常常使他获得比快乐真正到来时更加美妙的满足。当这种快乐十分微妙时更是如此, 而他的乐趣多半就属于这种类型。这一次, 他所期盼的瞬间是如此珍贵和美妙, 以至于——啊, 倘若他把自己到达音乐院的时机掌握得恰到好处, 能与那位首席女演员的舞台监督合拍, 恰逢女主角一边高唱: “他爱我——他不爱我——他爱我!” 一边伴随着像露珠一般清澈的音符抛洒雏菊花瓣, 那么, 真是没有比这样的入场时刻更加意味深长的了。

当然, 她唱的是“嗨啊嘛”而不是“他爱我”, 因为音乐界有一条不可改变、毫无疑问的法则, 要求把瑞典艺术家演唱的法国歌剧的德语歌词译成意大利语, 以便让讲英语的听众理解得更清楚。在纽兰·阿彻看来, 这一点和构成他的生活的所有其他惯例一样自然, 比如, 他必须用两把用蓝漆印着他的姓名缩写交织字母的银背刷子把头发分开, 必须在纽扣孔里插上一朵鲜花 (最好是栀子花) 才能在社交界露面。

“嗨啊嘛……嗨啊嘛……”女主角唱道, 然后她以赢得爱情之后充满欢欣情绪的最后爆发力唱出了“嗨啊嘛!” 这时她一边把那束乱蓬蓬的雏菊压在唇上, 一边抬起一双大眼睛, 望着那位长着矮小身材和棕色皮肤的浮士德—卡布尔的久经世故的面庞——他穿着一件绷得紧紧的紫色天鹅绒紧身衣, 戴着一顶羽毛帽, 徒劳地装出一副与他那位天真无邪的受害者同样纯洁真诚的表情。

纽兰·阿彻斜倚在俱乐部包厢后面的墙上, 目光从舞台上移开, 扫视着剧场的另一面。正对着他的是年老的曼森·明戈特太太的包厢——严重的肥胖症早已使她无法前来观赏歌剧, 但是在有社交活动的晚上, 她家的一些比较年轻的家族成员总会代表她前来出席。这一次, 坐在包厢前排座位上的是她的儿媳洛弗尔·明戈特太太和女儿韦兰太太; 在这两位身着锦缎的妇人身后坐着一位身穿白衣的年轻姑娘, 正在出神地凝望着舞台上的那对恋人。当尼尔森夫人的那声“嗨啊嘛!” 在寂静的剧院 (在演唱《雏菊歌》期间, 各个包厢总是停止交谈) 上方飘荡时, 一片绯红在姑娘的面颊上泛起, 覆盖了她的额头, 扩散到她的美丽发辫的根际, 漫过她的稚嫩胸脯的斜面, 一直涌到她那尺寸适中、系着一朵栀子花的薄纱领布的上端。她垂下眼睛, 望着膝上的一大束铃兰, 纽兰·阿彻看到她那戴着白手套的指尖轻轻抚摸着花朵。他带着得到满足的虚荣心深深地吸了一口气, 目光又回到了舞台上。

布景的制作是不惜工本的, 就连熟悉巴黎和维也纳歌剧院的人们也承认这里的布景设置得很美。从前景至脚灯铺了一张翠绿的地毯。中景的底层由一些覆盖着毛茸茸的绿色苔藓的对称小丘组成, 以槌球游戏的拱门为界; 上面的灌木丛形状像桔树, 但点缀其间的

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and red roses. Gigantic **pansies**, considerably larger than the roses, and closely resembling the floral pen wipers made by female **parishioners** for fashionable clergymen, sprang from the moss beneath the rose-trees; and here and there a daisy grafted on a rose-branch flowered with a luxuriance prophetic of Mr. *Luther Burbank*<sup>2</sup>'s far-off prodigies.

In the centre of this enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white **cashmere** slashed with pale blue satin, a **reticule** dangling from a blue girdle, and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of her **muslin chemisette**, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned wooing, and affected a guileless incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the groundfloor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

"The darling!" thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting back to the young girl with the lilies-of-the-valley. "She doesn't even guess what it's all about." And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possessorship in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence for her abysmal purity. "We'll read *Faust* together... by the Italian lakes..." he thought, somewhat hazily confusing the scene of his projected honeymoon with the masterpieces of literature which it would be his manly privilege to reveal to his bride. It was only that afternoon that May Welland had let him guess that she "cared" (New York's consecrated phrase of maiden avowal), and already his imagination, leaping ahead of the engagement ring, the **betrothal** kiss and the march from *Lohengrin*<sup>3</sup>, pictured her at his side in some scene of old European witchery.

He did not in the least wish the future Mrs. Newland Archer to be a simpleton. He meant her (thanks to his enlightening companionship) to develop a social tact and readiness of wit enabling her to hold her own with the most popular married women of the "younger set," in which it was the recognised custom to attract masculine homage while playfully discouraging it. If he had probed to the bottom of his vanity (as he sometimes nearly did) he would have found there the wish that his wife should be as **worldly-wise** and as eager to please as the married lady whose charms had held his fancy through two mildly agitated years; without, of course, any hint of the frailty which had so nearly marred that unhappy being's life, and had disarranged his own plans for a whole winter.

How this miracle of fire and ice was to be created, and to sustain itself in a harsh world, he had never taken the time to think out; but he was content to hold his view without analysing it, since he knew it was that of all the carefully-brushed, white-waistcoated, buttonhole-flowered gentlemen who succeeded each other in the club box, exchanged friendly greetings with him, and turned their **opera-glasses** critically on the circle of ladies who were the product of the system. In matters intellectual and artistic Newland Archer felt himself distinctly the superior of these chosen specimens of old New York **gentility**; he had probably read more, thought more, and even seen a

**pansy**

['pænzɪ]

n. 三色紫罗兰, 三色堇

**parishioner**

[pə'riʃənə]

n. 教区居民

**prodigy**

['prɒdɪdʒɪ]

n. 非凡的事物, 奇观

**cashmere**

[kæʃ'miə]

n. 开士米 (一种羊绒),  
开士米织物

**reticule**

['retɪkjʊ:l]

n. (女用)网状手提包

**muslin**

['mʌzlin]

n. 棉布, 平纹细布

**chemisette**

[,ʃɛmɪ(:)'zɛt]

n. 紧身胸衣

**betrothal**

[bi'trəʊðəl]

n. 订婚, 婚约

**hold one's own**

(在批评和困难面前)坚  
持住, 不退让

**worldly-wise**

老于世故的

**opera-glasses**

(观剧用的)小型双眼望  
远镜

**gentility**

[dʒen'tɪlɪti]

n. 上流阶层, 上流社会

却是大朵大朵的粉红色和红色玫瑰。还有一些极大的三色堇, 比这些玫瑰大得多, 颇似女教民为时髦的牧师制作的花形笔擦, 从玫瑰树下面的苔藓中绚烂怒放; 在开满鲜花的玫瑰树枝上, 处处点缀着嫁接过来的雏菊, 预示着卢瑟·伯班克先生很久以后才创造出来的奇观。

在这座令人心醉的花园中心, 尼尔森夫人身穿饰有淡蓝缎子切口的白色开士米外衣, 一个网状手提包在她的蓝腰带上晃来晃去, 宽大的黄色织带很讲究地排列在她那件细棉紧身胸衣的两侧。她低垂着眼睛倾听着卡布尔热情洋溢的求爱; 每当他用有说服力的话语或目光向她指示从右侧斜伸出来的那座雅致的砖造别墅的底层窗口时, 她都装出一副表示对他的意图毫不理解的天真表情。

“亲爱的!” 纽兰·阿彻心想, 他的目光迅速回到那位手抚铃兰的年轻姑娘身上。“她根本猜不出他们在讲些什么啊。”他凝视着她那全神贯注的稚嫩面庞, 心中不由得涌出一股属于拥有者的激动之情, 其中既含有对自己刚刚萌发的男子气概的自豪感, 也含有对她那深不可测的纯洁的温柔敬意。“我们将一起阅读《浮士德》……在意大利的湖畔……”他这样想着, 朦朦胧胧地把自己设计的蜜月场景和文学名著混合在一起, 而向自己的新娘阐释文学名著将是他作为男人的特权。仅仅在当天下午, 梅·韦兰才让他猜出她是“喜欢”(纽约人用于表示未婚少女之认可的神圣用语)他的, 而他的想象却已经超越了订婚戒指、订婚之吻以及走出《罗恩格林》中的婚礼进行曲, 勾画起在某个古老的欧洲魔幻场景中她依偎在他身旁的画面来了。

他绝不希望未来的纽兰·阿彻太太是个傻子。他要让她(由于他在陪伴她时对她的启蒙)养成圆通的社交能力和随机应变的机智, 使她能在“年轻的一代”中那些最受欢迎的已婚女性面前坚持自己的立场; 在那些女性当中, 一条公认的习俗是: 既要引起男人的崇拜, 同时又要开玩笑般地遏制他的热情。假如他早些对他的虚荣心进行深入的探索(有时他几乎已经做到了), 他可能已经发现自己心里潜藏着一个愿望: 希望自己的妻子和某位已婚女士——她的魅力曾经使他心醉神迷, 让他在轻微的焦虑中度过了两年——一样精于世故, 一样渴望取悦他人; 当然, 他没有流露出一丁点儿意志薄弱的迹象, 尽管这种脆弱险些破坏那个不幸的人的生活, 而且还搅乱了他自己整整一个冬季的计划。

至于这火与冰的奇迹如何才能被创造出来, 又如何在一个严酷的世界上存在下去, 他可是从来没有花时间想过; 但他满足于不加分析地坚持自己的观点, 因为他知道这也是所有那些精心梳过头、穿着白背心、钮孔里插着鲜花的绅士们的观点——他们一个接一个地进入俱乐部包厢, 友好地跟他打招呼, 然后带着批评的眼光把小望远镜对准了作为这个体制的产物的女士群体。在智力和艺术方面, 纽兰·阿彻觉得他自己明显高于古老的纽约上流阶层的这些精选出来的标本, 因为他很有可能比这群人中的任何一位都更加博

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good deal more of the world, than any other man of the number. Singly they betrayed their inferiority; but grouped together they represented "New York," and the habit of masculine solidarity made him accept their doctrine on all the issues called moral. He instinctively felt that in this respect it would be troublesome—and also rather bad form—to strike out for himself.

"Well—upon my soul!" exclaimed Lawrence Lefferts, turning his opera-glass abruptly away from the stage. Lawrence Lefferts was, on the whole, the foremost authority on "form" in New York. He had probably devoted more time than anyone else to the study of this intricate and fascinating question; but study alone could not account for his complete and easy competence. One had only to look at him, from the **slant** of his bald forehead and the curve of his beautiful fair moustache to the long **patent-leather** feet at the other end of his lean and elegant person, to feel that the knowledge of "form" must be **congenital** in any one who knew how to wear such good clothes so carelessly and carry such height with so much **lounging** grace. As a young admirer had once said of him: "If anybody can tell a fellow just when to wear a black tie with evening clothes and when not to, it's Larry Lefferts." And on the question of **pumps** versus patent-leather "**Oxfords**" his authority had never been disputed.

"My God!" he said; and silently handed his glass to old Sillerton Jackson.

Newland Archer, following Lefferts's glance, saw with surprise that his exclamation had been occasioned by the entry of a new figure into old Mrs. Mingott's box. It was that of a slim young woman, a little less tall than May Welland, with brown hair growing in close curls about her **temples** and held in place by a narrow band of diamonds. The suggestion of this headdress, which gave her what was then called a "Josephine look," was carried out in the cut of the dark blue velvet gown rather theatrically caught up under her bosom by a girdle with a large old-fashioned **clasp**. The wearer of this unusual dress, who seemed quite unconscious of the attention it was attracting, stood a moment in the centre of the box, discussing with Mrs. Welland the propriety of taking the latter's place in the front right-hand corner; then she yielded with a slight smile, and seated herself in line with Mrs. Welland's sister-in-law, Mrs. Lovell Mingott, who was installed in the opposite corner.

Mr. Sillerton Jackson had returned the opera-glass to Lawrence Lefferts. The whole of the club turned instinctively, waiting to hear what the old man had to say; for old Mr. Jackson was as great an authority on "family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form." He knew all the **ramifications** of New York's cousinships, and could not only elucidate such complicated questions as that of the connection between the Mingotts (through the Thorleys) with the Dallases of South Carolina, and that of the relationship of the elder branch of Philadelphia Thorleys to the Albany Chiverses (on no account to be confused with the Manson Chiverses of University Place), but could also enumerate the leading characteristics of each family; as, for instance, the **fabulous stinginess** of the younger lines of Leffertses (the Long Island ones); or the fatal tendency of the Rushworths to make foolish matches; or the insanity recurring in every second

**form**

[fɔ:m]

*n.* 行为

**slant**

[sla:nt]

*n.* 倾斜, 斜面

**patent-leather**

黑色漆皮

**congenital**

[kən'dʒenit(ə)]

*adj.* 天生的, 先天的

**lounging**

[laundʒɪŋ]

*adj.* 闲散的, 随意的

**pump**

[pʌmp]

*n.* 轻便舞鞋, 无带平跟女鞋

**Oxford**

['ɒksfəd]

*n.* 牛津鞋 (一种脚背上系鞋带的平底鞋)

**temple**

['templ]

*n.* 鬓角

**clasp**

[kla:sp]

*n.* 扣钩, 扣环

**ramification**

[ræmifi'keɪʃən]

*n.* 分支, 分叉

**fabulous**

['fæbjʊləs]

*adj.* 令人难以置信的, 令人惊异的

**stinginess**

['stɪndʒɪnɪs]

*n.* 吝啬, 小气

学, 更加勤于思考, 甚至也更加见多识广。如果单独来看, 这些人都显露出了各自的卑劣之处; 但若是凑在一起, 他们却代表着“纽约”, 而男性团结一致的习惯使他在被称为道德的所有问题上都接受了他们的原则。他本能地感觉到, 单枪匹马地在这方面标新立异, 将是一种会惹出麻烦、而且也很糟糕的行为。

“啊呀——我的天哪!” 劳伦斯·莱弗茨喊道, 突然把他的小望远镜从舞台上移到了别处。总的来说, 劳伦斯·莱弗茨在“礼节”问题是纽约的最高权威。他在研究这个复杂而诱人的问题上花费的时间大概比任何人都多; 但光是研究还不足以说明他那既全面又娴熟的能力。人们只须看他一眼——从那光秃秃的前额斜面和好看的金黄胡须的曲线, 到那瘦削文雅的身体另一端的穿黑漆皮鞋的长脚——便会觉得, 对于一个知道怎样以十分随便的方式穿着如此华美的衣服、并让自己的高挑身材显得如此闲适而优雅的人, 他在“礼节”方面的学识一定是与生俱来的。正如一位年轻的崇拜者有一次谈到他时所说: “如果有人能告诉你什么时候应当穿晚礼服、打黑领带, 什么时候不应当这样, 那么, 这个人就是拉里·莱弗茨。”至于无带平跟女鞋和漆皮“牛津鞋”孰优孰劣的问题, 他的权威从未遭到过置疑。

“我的上帝!” 他说, 然后默默地把望远镜递给了老西勒顿·杰克逊。

纽兰·阿彻随着莱弗茨的目光望去, 惊讶地发现, 后者的惊讶是由一个新的身影进入明戈特太太的包厢所引起的。那是一位身材苗条的年轻女子, 比梅·韦兰稍矮一点, 棕色的头发在鬓角周围形成浓密的发髻, 用一条窄窄的钻石丝带固定住。这样的发型赋予她一种在当时被称作“约瑟芬式”的外表, 而这一迹象又在她那件深蓝色天鹅绒晚礼服的款式上进一步体现了出来——那件礼服是用一条带有很大的老式扣钩的腰带十分夸张地系在胸脯下面的。可是, 穿着这样一身奇特的衣服的人却似乎完全没有意识到她自己是多么引人注目; 她在包厢中间站了一会儿, 与韦兰太太商量了一下她在后者位于前排右侧角落里的座位就座是否得体的问题, 接着便莞尔听命, 与坐在左侧角落里的洛弗尔·明戈特太太——韦兰太太的嫂子——在同一排就座。

西勒顿·杰克逊先生把望远镜还给了劳伦斯·莱弗茨。全俱乐部的人都本能地转过头, 等着听这位老人要讲的话; 因为正如劳伦斯·莱弗茨是“礼节”方面的最高权威一样, 老杰克逊先生在“家族”问题上是最权威。他了解纽约人的亲戚关系的所有分支; 他不仅能解释清楚某些极其复杂的问题, 如明戈特家族 (通过索利家族) 与南卡罗来纳州的达拉斯家族之间的关系, 以及费城索利家族的上一辈分支与奥尔巴尼·奇弗斯家族 (决不会与大学区的曼森·奇弗斯家族混淆) 的亲戚关系, 而且还能列举每个家族的主要特征, 例如: 莱弗茨家族的年轻一代 (住在长岛的那些人) 吝啬得惊人; 拉什沃斯家族总是在婚配问题上犯下愚蠢的错误; 奥尔巴尼·奇弗



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generation of the Albany Chiverses, with whom their New York cousins had always refused to intermarry—with the disastrous exception of poor Medora Manson, who, as everybody knew... **but then** her mother was a Rushworth.

In addition to this forest of family trees, Mr. Sillerton Jackson carried between his narrow hollow temples, and under his soft **thatch** of silver hair, a register of most of the scandals and mysteries that had **smouldered** under the **unruffled** surface of New York society within the last fifty years. So far indeed did his information extend, and so acutely **retentive** was his memory, that he was supposed to be the only man who could have told you who Julius Beaufort, the banker, really was, and what had become of handsome Bob Spicer, old Mrs. Manson Mingott's father, who had disappeared so mysteriously (with a large sum of **trust money**) less than a year after his marriage, on the very day that a beautiful Spanish dancer who had been delighting thronged audiences in the old Opera House on the Battery had taken ship for Cuba. But these mysteries, and many others, were closely locked in Mr. Jackson's breast; for not only did his keen sense of honour forbid his repeating anything privately imparted, but he was fully aware that his reputation for discretion increased his opportunities of finding out what he wanted to know.

The club box, therefore, waited in visible suspense while Mr. Sillerton Jackson handed back Lawrence Lefferts's opera-glass. For a moment he silently scrutinised the attentive group out of his **filmy** blue eyes overhung by old **veined lids**; then he gave his moustache a thoughtful twist, and said simply: "I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on."

**but then**

但是另一方面,不过,

**thatch**

[θætʃ]

*n.* 浓密的头发

**smoulder**

[ˈsməʊldə]

*vi.* 潜伏,郁积

**unruffled**

[ˈʌnˈrʌfld]

*adj.* 不骚动的,平静的

**retentive**

[riˈtentiv]

*adj.* 记忆力强的,记性好的

**trust money**

委托金

**filmy**

[ˈfilmi]

*adj.* 朦胧的

**veined**

[veind]

*adj.* 有脉纹的,显出静脉的

**lid**

[lid]

*n.* 眼睑

**try it on**

做大胆的尝试(来考验别人能否忍受)

斯家族每隔一代就会出现一个精神病患者,这一家的纽约表亲一直拒绝与之通婚——只有可怜的梅多拉·曼森是个不幸的例外,因为,众所周知,她……不过,她的母亲原是拉什沃斯家的人。

除了由这些“家族树”组成的“森林”以外,在西勒顿·杰克逊先生那狭窄凹陷的两鬓之间和柔软浓密的银发下面,还保存着最近五十年来在纽约社会的平静表面之下积聚起来的大多数丑闻与秘史记录。他的信息范围的确极为广大,他的记忆也精确无误,以至于人们认为只有他才能说出银行家朱利叶斯·博福特究竟是何许人,老曼森·明戈特太太的父亲、英俊的鲍勃·斯派塞的结局究竟如何。后者结婚后不到一年,就在一位美丽的西班牙舞蹈演员——她曾在巴特利的古老歌剧院里让蜂拥的观众如痴如醉——启航前往古巴的那一天(带着一大笔委托金)神秘地失踪了。但是,这些以及其他许多秘闻却都被严严实实地锁在杰克逊先生心中,这不仅因为他强烈的荣誉感不允许他透露别人私下里告诉他的任何事情,而且因为他十分清楚,谨慎的名声会给他带来更多的机会,使他能够查明他想了解的事情。

因此,当西勒顿·杰克逊先生把望远镜还给劳伦斯·莱弗茨的时候,俱乐部包厢里的人们显然在十分焦急地等待着前者将要说出的话。他用布满老筋的眼睑下面的那双朦胧的蓝眼睛对那群洗耳恭听的人默默地审视了一会儿,然后若有所思地抖动了一下胡须,仅仅说了一句:“真没想到明戈特家的人竟然会来这么一手。”

## Chapter 2

Newland Archer, during this brief episode, had been thrown into a strange state of embarrassment.

It was annoying that the box which was thus attracting the undivided attention of masculine New York should be that in which his betrothed was seated between her mother and aunt; and for a moment he could not identify the lady in the **Empire** dress, nor imagine why her presence created such excitement among the **initiated**. Then light **dawned** on him, and with it came a momentary rush of indignation. No, indeed; no one would have thought the Mingotts would have tried it on!

But they had; they undoubtedly had; for the low-toned comments behind him left no doubt in Archer's mind that the young woman was May Welland's cousin, the cousin always referred to in the family as "poor Ellen Olenska." Archer knew that she had suddenly arrived from Europe a day or two previously; he had even heard from Miss Welland (not disapprovingly) that she had been to see poor Ellen, who was staying with old Mrs. Mingott. Archer entirely approved of family solidarity, and one of the qualities he most admired in the Mingotts was their resolute **championship** of the few black sheep that their blameless **stock** had produced. There was nothing mean or ungenerous in the young man's heart, and he was glad that his future wife should not be restrained by false **prudery** from being kind (in private) to her unhappy cousin; but to receive Countess Olenska in the family circle was a different thing from producing her in public, at the Opera of all places, and in the very box with the young girl whose engagement to him, Newland Archer, was to be announced within a few weeks. No, he felt as old Sillerton Jackson felt; he did not think the Mingotts would have tried it on!

He knew, of course, that whatever man dared (within *Fifth Avenue*'s limits) that old Mrs. Manson Mingott, the **Matriarch** of the line, would dare. He had always admired the high and mighty old lady, who, in spite of having been only Catherine Spicer of *Staten Island*<sup>2</sup>, with a father mysteriously discredited, and neither money nor position enough to make people forget it, had allied herself with the head of the wealthy Mingott line, married two of her daughters to "foreigners" (an Italian **marquis** and an English banker), and put the **crowning** touch to her **audacities** by building a large house of pale cream-coloured stone (when brown sandstone seemed as much the only wear as a **frock-coat** in the afternoon) in an inaccessible wilderness near the