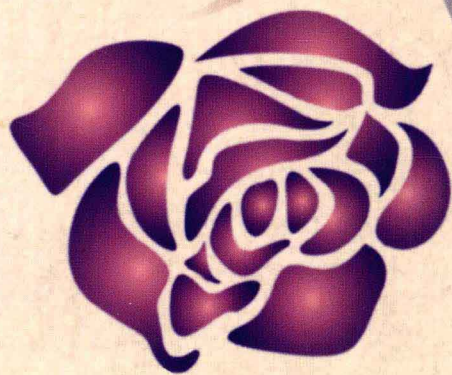


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桃之夭夭

最纯洁、最真挚的爱情  
献给情人最美的礼物



*Daisy Miller*

野姑娘黛西·米勒

【美】亨利·詹姆斯

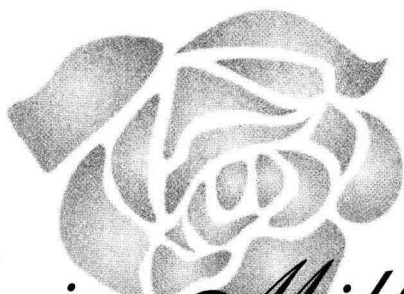
Henry James

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

于是，一幕幕的悲剧开始上演……

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

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

亨利·詹姆斯（Henry James, 1843—1916）出生于纽约，1876年定居伦敦，1915年加入英国国籍。英国文学史将他列为英国小说家，而美国文学史则将他列为美国小说家。他凭1879年创作的中篇小说《野姑娘黛茜·密勒》一举成名。小说描写了美国姑娘黛茜·密勒游历欧洲时的遭遇。她天真浪漫、热情开朗的性格招来了许多误解和麻烦，最后使她客死他乡。小说将美国人的天真浪漫与欧洲人的世故奸诈进行了比较，肯定了前者，讽刺了后者。

《跨国婚姻》讲述了两位年轻美貌的美国姐妹韦斯特盖特夫人和贝西与英国年轻人兰贝斯和博蒙特之间的交往。她们曾经在波士顿热情招待了这两个英国青年，后来两姐妹到了英国，兰贝斯和贝西心生爱意，相互倾心，但是由于双方文化的巨大差异，贝西和兰贝斯最终分道扬镳。

近年来，笔者先后重译了《精神分析引论》、《国富论》等世界名著。笔者的朋友以及同事在祝贺的同时眼神里流露出一解的神情。他们纳闷这些著作既然有了译本，为什么还要重译呢？是否多此一举，浪费资源？事实上，持这种观点的大有人在，笔者觉得很有必要对此做一回答。

回顾中国翻译史，重译现象在20世纪30年代非常普遍，重译本的数量占翻译著作出版总数的一半多（参考乐黛云、王向远《比较文学研究》），许多著名翻译家如鲁迅、郭沫若、茅盾、郑振铎、梁实秋等不仅参与了名著重译，而且就此发表了自

己的观点。鲁迅在1935年写了《非有复译不可》一文，对翻译界存在的那种独占选题，在报纸上登广告，声称“已在开译，请万勿重译为幸”的现象进行了辛辣讽刺，说这些人“看得翻译好像结婚，有人译过了，第二个便不该再来碰一下，否则，就仿佛引诱了有夫之妇似的。”鲁迅坚决提倡复译，发表了“非有复译不可”，其中提到：“复译还不止是击退乱译而已，即使已有好译本，复译也还是必要的。曾有文言译本的，现在当改译白话，不必说了。即使先出的白话本已很可观，但倘使后来的译者自己觉得可以译得更好，就不妨再来译一遍，无需客气，更不必管那些无聊的唠叨。取旧译的长处，再加上自己的新心得，这才会成功一种近于完全的定本。”（参考《鲁迅全集》第六卷）

在笔者看来，重译不仅可以不同的译本展开比较和比赛，更重要的在于每一部不同的译作都是对原作的重新解读，它们延长了原作的生命，参与了经典的塑造。按照解释学观点，人类的理解具有历史性的特点。理解是以历史性的方式存在的，无论是翻译者还是翻译者赖以翻译的原文，都是历史的存在，都处于历史的发展变化之中。这种历史性使得对象本文和翻译主体都具有各自的历史演变之中的“视界”，理解也就变成了本文所拥有的诸多过去视界与主体的现在视界的叠合，即“视界融合”。理解的历史性特点加上翻译主体的创造性叛逆使得不同的重译本具有了独立存在的价值。所以，莎士比亚作品拥有6套汉译全集、《国富论》拥有十多个汉语译本、《共产党宣言》十多部汉译本，也就在情理之中。

经典小说需要慢慢品评，夜深人静时，品茗思古，书香遍地，时空逆转，置身作家所描绘的那个年代，与主人公展开心灵交流，娓娓细叙，或紧张激动、或泪雨滂沱、或感慨万千、或叹息哽咽……这就是艺术的文字给我们带来的美丽。

贺爱军

2009年3月于宁波大学

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# Daisy Miller

*Classical Gems*



## 第一部分

瑞士小镇沃韦有一家极其舒服惬意的酒店。诚然，此处酒店很多，因为旅游接待是该地的主要生意。成千上万的游客来过这里，他们肯定记得，小镇坐落在一泓碧水之滨——正是这潭美丽的湖水吸引游客来此驻足。湖滨一线，各种饭店鳞次栉比，错落有致。最时髦的“豪华酒店”，正面装饰得雪白一片，露台多达百座，屋顶飘扬着数十面旗帜；瑞士传统的旧式公寓，小巧玲珑，粉色或黄色的墙面上以德文字样镂着它们的名称，内设花园，花园的一角还有一处简陋的凉亭。然而，在沃韦的这些大小酒店之中，有一家古店闻名遐迩，既富丽堂皇，又古色古香，显得与左邻右舍那些暴发户似的建筑迥然不同。六月的沃韦，美国游客如潮似水，我们确实可以断言，此时的沃韦镇颇似美国的滨水胜地。在这里纷繁的景象与嘈杂的声音，令人想起美国的避暑胜地纽波特和萨拉托加。这里可以看到时髦佳丽来回穿梭，还可以听到衣裙花边摩擦的窸窣声响、清晨就开始的音乐跳舞之声以及无时不在的尖细的叫喊声。在“三冠”这家一流酒店里，你会感到自己仿佛住进了观海楼或国会大厦。必须补充说明的是“三冠”酒店自有与上述截然不同的其他特征：这里有穿戴整洁的德国男侍，他们看起来酷似使馆秘书；有俄罗斯贵族小姐，她们正闲坐在花园之中；有活泼可爱的波兰少年，他们在家庭教师的带领下正闲庭信步；当然，从这里也可以看到米第山顶的灿烂阳光和西隆城堡中风景如画的众多尖塔。

两三年前，一位美国青年就坐在“三冠”大酒店的花园里，悠闲地环顾四周，欣赏着我刚才提到的那些美景。但到底是富丽堂皇的建筑还是那与众不同的特征吸引了这位青年，我就不得而知了。那是一个夏日的早晨，阳光明媚，不管这位青年在从何种角度欣赏这些风景，他肯定是被吸引住了。他一直住在日内瓦，前几天，他刚乘小汽船从日内瓦来到这里，探望姑母。他姑母就住在“三冠”大酒店。但是他姑母患有头痛病——习惯性头痛。现在她正把自己关在房间，吸樟脑止痛，因此

long time his place of residence. But his aunt had a headache – his aunt had almost always a headache – and now she was shut up in her room, smelling camphor, so that he was at liberty to wander about. He was some seven-and-twenty years of age; when his friends spoke of him, they usually said that he was at Geneva “studying.” When his enemies spoke of him, they said – but, after all, he had no enemies; he was an extremely amiable fellow, and universally liked. What I should say is, simply, that when certain persons spoke of him they affirmed that the reason of his spending so much time at Geneva was that he was extremely devoted to a lady who lived there – a foreign lady – a person older than himself. Very few Americans – indeed, I think none – had ever seen this lady, about whom there were some singular stories. But Winterbourne had an old attachment for the little metropolis of Calvinism; he had been put to school there as a boy, and he had afterward gone to college there – circumstances which had led to his forming a great many youthful friendships. Many of these he had kept, and they were a source of great satisfaction to him.

After knocking at his aunt’s door and learning that she was indisposed, he had taken a walk about the town, and then he had come in to his breakfast. He had now finished his breakfast; but he was drinking a small cup of coffee, which had been served to him on a little table in the garden by one of the waiters who looked like an attachè. At last he finished his coffee and lit a cigarette. Presently a small boy came walking along the path – an urchin of nine or ten. The child, who was diminutive for his years, had an aged expression of countenance, a pale complexion, and sharp little features. He was dressed in knickerbockers, with red stockings, which displayed his poor little spindle-shanks; he also wore a brilliant red cravat. He carried in his hand a long alpenstock, the sharp point of which he thrust into everything that he approached – the flowerbeds, the garden benches, the trains of the ladies’ dresses. In front of Winterbourne he paused, looking at him with a pair of bright, penetrating little eyes.

“Will you give me a lump of sugar?” he asked in a sharp, hard little voice – a voice immature and yet, somehow, not young.

Winterbourne glanced at the small table near him, on which his coffee service rested, and saw that several morsels of sugar remained. “Yes, you may take one,” he answered; “but I don’t think sugar is good for little boys.”

This little boy stepped forward and carefully selected three of the coveted fragments, two





装饰。她天生丽质，引人注目。“多美的姑娘啊！”温特伯恩心中暗想，于是他坐直身体，似乎准备站起来。

年轻女郎停在他坐的长椅前，站在花园的栏杆旁，栏杆下面就是湖水。小男孩现在把登山杖当作撑竿跳的杆子，在砂石地上跳来跳去，不时溅起一些沙子。

“伦道夫，你究竟在做什么？”年轻女子喊道。

伦道夫回答说：“我在登阿尔卑斯山，就这样登！”他又跳了下，把小碎石溅到了温特伯恩的耳际。

“那怎么下来呢？”温特伯恩问道。

伦道夫用尖细的声音喊道：“他是个美国人！”

年轻女子对弟弟的话并没有在意，只是直直地盯着他，说：“你最好还是老实点。”

温特伯恩觉得孩子是在引荐他，于是便站起身来，扔掉烟头，慢慢地向姑娘走去，文质彬彬地说：“我认识小弟弟。”他十分明白，在日内瓦，除非情况特殊，年轻男子是不可以随随便便与未婚女子搭讪的。但是此地是沃韦，花园里，窈窕淑女款款而来，就站在你面前，这难道还不是天赐良机吗？美国女郎听到他的搭讪后，只是瞟了他一眼，然后转过头去，注视着栏杆外面的湖水和对面的群山。他怀疑自己是否有些冒失，可一转念，就决定决不退却，一定要更进一步。正在他思考该说些什么时，年轻女子再次转向小男孩。

“你从哪里弄到这根棍子的？”

伦道夫回答道：“买的。”

“你不会把这根棍子带到意大利吧？”

“我是要把它带到意大利。”小孩一本正经地说。

年轻女子瞥了一眼衣服的前襟，抚了抚缎带结子，然后又把目光转向前面的湖光山色。过了一会儿，她开口说道：“喂，你最好还是把棍子扔掉。”

“你们要去意大利吗？”温特伯恩毕恭毕敬地询问。





The young lady glanced at him again. "Yes, sir," she replied. And she said nothing more.

"Are you – a – going over the Simplon?" Winterbourne pursued, a little embarrassed.

"I don't know," she said. "I suppose it's some mountain. Randolph, what mountain are we going over?"

"Going where?" the child demanded.

"To Italy," Winterbourne explained.

"I don't know," said Randolph. "I don't want to go to Italy. I want to go to America."

"Oh, Italy is a beautiful place!" rejoined the young man.

"Can you get candy there?" Randolph loudly inquired.

"I hope not," said his sister. "I guess you have had enough candy, and mother thinks so too."

"I haven't had any for ever so long – for a hundred weeks!" cried the boy, still jumping about.

The young lady inspected her flounces and smoothed her ribbons again; and Winterbourne presently risked an observation upon the beauty of the view. He was ceasing to be embarrassed, for he had begun to perceive that she was not in the least embarrassed herself. There had not been the slightest alteration in her charming complexion; she was evidently neither offended nor flattered. If she looked another way when he spoke to her, and seemed not particularly to hear him, this was simply her habit, her manner. Yet, as he talked a little more and pointed out some of the objects of interest in the view, with which she appeared quite unacquainted, she gradually gave him more of the benefit of her glance; and then he saw that this glance was perfectly direct and unshrinking. It was not, however, what would have been called an immodest glance, for the young girl's eyes were singularly honest and fresh. They were wonderfully pretty eyes; and, indeed, Winterbourne had not seen for a long time anything prettier than his fair countrywoman's various features – her complexion, her nose, her ears, her teeth. He had a great relish for feminine beauty; he was addicted to observing and analyzing it; and as regards this young lady's face he made several observations. It was not at all insipid, but it was not exactly expressive; and though it was eminently delicate, Winterbourne mentally accused it – very forgivingly – of a want of finish. He thought it very possible that Master Randolph's sister was a coquette; he was sure she had a spirit of her



那位女子又看了他一眼，回答道：“是的，先生。”接着就一声不吭了。

温特伯恩有点儿尴尬，但却接着追问道：“你们要过辛普隆吗？”

她回答道：“不知道，我想你说的是某座山吧。伦道夫，我们要路过什么山吗？”

“去哪里？”小男孩追问。

温特伯恩马上解释：“去意大利。”

“我不晓得。”伦道夫回答，“我不要去意大利，我想回美国。”

“意大利是个美丽的地方！”温特伯恩插嘴说。

“那儿有奶糖吗？”伦道夫大声询问

“我希望没有。你吃的糖太多了，妈妈也是这么说。”他姐姐说。

“我好久没有吃糖了，有一百个星期了！”小男孩蹦跳着嚷道

这位女子又看了看自己裙子的花边装饰，理了理缎带。温德伯恩趁势赞美了一下这里的美好风景。他不再尴尬，因为他感觉到这位女子一点儿也没有局促不安。她富有魅力的面容上没有丝毫的变化，一直神态自若。很明显，她既没有生气也没有得意。他和她讲话的时候，她目不正视，看起来心不在焉，但这仅仅是她的习惯和行为方式。然而，他继续往下讲，并指出一些她并不熟悉的景致时，姑娘的目光便逐渐转向了他。他开始注意到姑娘的目光是那么直率，那么坚定。然而，这些目光不是下流的媚眼，因为姑娘的眼里流露出异乎寻常的真诚和纯真。她明眸善睐，不仅如此，她的皮肤、鼻子、耳朵和牙齿，以及她身上的每一部分，都那样美丽无比，温特伯恩好久没有看到如此美丽的美国女同胞了。他对女性美是有鉴别力的，而且还乐于观察分析女性之美。对于眼前的这位年轻女子，他三番五次地看不停。姑娘一点儿也不呆滞，但表情也不丰富。尽管姑娘的面容相当精致灵巧，温德伯恩内心却埋怨它不够完美无缺。他盘算着伦道夫少爷的姐姐很可能是个风骚女子。他可以肯定这女子个性很强，因为从她那明快甜美、不甚深沉的面容上看不到丝毫冷嘲热讽的神态。很快，可以清楚地看出来她很健谈。她说母亲、伦道夫和她将去罗



own; but in her bright, sweet, superficial little visage there was no mockery, no irony. Before long it became obvious that she was much disposed toward conversation. She told him that they were going to Rome for the winter – she and her mother and Randolph. She asked him if he was a “real American”; she shouldn’t have taken him for one; he seemed more like a German – this was said after a little hesitation – especially when he spoke. Winterbourne, laughing, answered that he had met Germans who spoke like Americans, but that he had not, so far as he remembered, met an American who spoke like a German. Then he asked her if she should not be more comfortable in sitting upon the bench which he had just quitted. She answered that she liked standing up and walking about; but she presently sat down. She told him she was from New York State – “if you know where that is.” Winterbourne learned more about her by catching hold of her small, slippery brother and making him stand a few minutes by his side.

“Tell me your name, my boy,” he said.

“Randolph C. Miller,” said the boy sharply. “And I’ll tell you her name”; and he leveled his alpenstock at his sister.

“You had better wait till you are asked!” said this young lady calmly.

“I should like very much to know your name,” said Winterbourne.

“Her name is Daisy Miller!” cried the child. “But that isn’t her real name; that isn’t her name on her cards.”

“It’s a pity you haven’t got one of my cards!” said Miss Miller.

“Her real name is Annie P. Miller,” the boy went on.

“Ask him HIS name,” said his sister, indicating Winterbourne.

But on this point Randolph seemed perfectly indifferent; he continued to supply information with regard to his own family. “My father’s name is Ezra B. Miller,” he announced. “My father ain’t in Europe; my father’s in a better place than Europe.”

Winterbourne imagined for a moment that this was the manner in which the child had been taught to intimate that Mr. Miller had been removed to the sphere of celestial reward. But Randolph immediately added, “My father’s in Schenectady. He’s got a big business. My father’s rich, you bet!”

“Well!” ejaculated Miss Miller, lowering her parasol and looking at the embroidered border. Winterbourne presently released the child, who departed, dragging his alpenstock along the path. “He doesn’t like Europe,” said the young girl. “He wants to go back.”



马过冬。她问他是否是“真正的美国人”，却又对他的回答表示不相信。沉吟片刻，她说他更像德国人，特别是说话像德国人。温特伯恩哈哈笑了，回答道，他见到过说话像美国人的德国人，但至今还没有遇到过说话像德国人的美国人。接着他邀请姑娘坐在他刚刚腾出的椅子上。姑娘回答说她喜欢站着来回走动。虽然如此，她还是立即就坐下了，并告诉他自己来自纽约州——“如果你知道纽约州在哪里的话。”温特伯恩一把抓住女子瘦弱而灵巧的弟弟，让他站在自己身旁，好进一步了解这位女子的情况。

“小弟弟，你叫什么名字？”他问道。

小孩尖声尖气地回答：“伦道夫·米勒。”他用登山杖指着姐姐说，“我还要告诉你她的名字呢。”

“最好还是别人问时再说。”年轻女子平静地说。

温特伯恩连忙说：“我非常想知道你的名字。”

男孩喊道：“她叫黛茜·密勒，但那不是她的真名，不是她名片上的名字。”

“可惜你没有我的名片！”密勒小姐说道。

“她的真名叫安妮·P·密勒。”小男孩接着说。

“问问他的名字。”姐姐指指温特伯恩说道。

伦道夫似乎对此毫无兴趣，继续提供他家里的情况。“我爸叫埃士勒·B·密勒，”他说，“我爸不在欧洲了，他到了一个比欧洲更好的地方。”

温特伯恩猜想，密勒先生肯定已经魂归西天了，这是大人教给孩子的一种隐讳说法。但是伦道夫立刻补充：“我父亲去了斯克内克塔迪，在那里做大生意。他是富翁，没错儿！”

“够了！”密勒小姐喝住弟弟，然后放下太阳伞，端详着阳伞的绣花边。温特伯恩立刻松开了小男孩，小男孩拖着登山杖沿着小路走开了。“他不喜欢欧洲，他想回去。”年轻姑娘说。



“你是说他想回斯克内克塔迪？”

“没错，他想回家，这里没有小孩和他一起玩。只有一个小男孩，可惜还经常被老师带着，大人们不让他玩。”

“那么你弟弟没有老师吗？”温特伯恩问道。

“我母亲想给他找一个，顺便陪着我们一道旅游。有位太太和母亲提起过一个很好的老师。那位太太也是美国人，或许你认识她，杉德士太太，我想她来自波士顿。她给母亲介绍了这位教师，而且我们想请他一块儿旅行。但是，伦道夫说他不想要老师同我们一块儿旅行。他不想在车子里面上课。确实，我们有一半的时间是在车里度过的。我们在车上曾经遇到过一位英国女士。我想她叫费瑟斯东小姐，或许你认识。她问我为什么不给伦道夫上课——用她的话说，就是给他以‘指导’。我看与其说我能指导他还不如说他能指导我。他很聪明。”

“是的，他看起来很聪明。”温特伯恩说。

“我们一到意大利，母亲就会给他找个老师。你能在意大利找到好老师吗？”

“我想可以找到很好的老师。”温特伯恩说。

“或者母亲就会给他找个学校。他应该多学一些。他才九岁，将来应该上大学。”就这样，密勒小姐接着讲了她家里的其他事情和另外一些主题。她坐在那里，纤纤玉手合抱着放在膝盖上，手上戴的戒指闪闪发光，一双妩媚的双眼时而与温特伯恩四目相对，时而转向花园、花园中过路的行人和美丽的风景。她和温特伯恩娓娓而谈，好似一见如故。他感到非常惬意。好多年了，他没有和年轻女子如此倾心地长谈过。或许可以说，是这位与他不相识的年轻女子自己走过来，坐在他的身边与他聊天的。她很恬静，坐的姿势很动人，显得很安逸，但是她的嘴唇和眼睛在不停地动着。她声音柔美元润，亲切宜人，语调随和。她给温特伯恩讲述了她在欧洲的活动和计划，她母亲、她弟弟的活动和计划，还特别列举了她们住过的酒店。她说：“我们在车上遇到的那位英国小姐，费瑟斯东小姐问我，在美国是不是人人都住在酒店里面。我跟她说，在我来欧洲之前，我一生中从来没有住过这么多次酒店。这儿除了酒店似乎就没有别的了。”然而，密勒小姐说这话的时候并没有愤愤不平，看起来她对任何事情都能淡然处之。她断言一旦住惯了，就会觉得这里的酒店非常好，



Miss Miller slowly rose. "See here, Eugenio!" she said; "I'm going to that old castle, anyway."

"To the Chateau de Chillon, mademoiselle?" the courier inquired. "Mademoiselle has made arrangements?" he added in a tone which struck Winterbourne as very impertinent.

Eugenio's tone apparently threw, even to Miss Miller's own apprehension, a slightly ironical light upon the young girl's situation. She turned to Winterbourne, blushing a little – a very little. "You won't back out?" she said.

"I shall not be happy till we go!" he protested.

"And you are staying in this hotel?" she went on. "And you are really an American?"

The courier stood looking at Winterbourne offensively. The young man, at least, thought his manner of looking an offense to Miss Miller; it conveyed an imputation that she "picked up" acquaintances. "I shall have the honor of presenting to you a person who will tell you all about me," he said, smiling and referring to his aunt.

"Oh, well, we'll go some day," said Miss Miller. And she gave him a smile and turned away. She put up her parasol and walked back to the inn beside Eugenio. Winterbourne stood looking after her; and as she moved away, drawing her muslin furbelows over the gravel, said to himself that she had the tournure of a princess.

He had, however, engaged to do more than proved feasible, in promising to present his aunt, Mrs. Costello, to Miss Daisy Miller. As soon as the former lady had got better of her headache, he waited upon her in her apartment; and, after the proper inquiries in regard to her health, he asked her if she had observed in the hotel an American family – a mamma, a daughter, and a little boy.

"And a courier?" said Mrs. Costello. "Oh yes, I have observed them. Seen them – heard them – and kept out of their way." Mrs. Costello was a widow with a fortune; a person of much distinction, who frequently intimated that, if she were not so dreadfully liable to sick headaches, she would probably have left a deeper impress upon her time. She had a long, pale face, a high nose, and a great deal of very striking white hair, which she wore in large puffs and rouleaux over the top of her head. She had two sons married in New York and another who was now in Europe. This young man was amusing himself at Hamburg, and, though he was on his travels, was rarely perceived to visit any particular city at the moment selected by his mother for her own appearance there. Her nephew, who had come up to Vevey



expressly to see her, was therefore more attentive than those who, as she said, were nearer to her. He had imbibed at Geneva the idea that one must always be attentive to one's aunt. Mrs. Costello had not seen him for many years, and she was greatly pleased with him, manifesting her approbation by initiating him into many of the secrets of that social sway which, as she gave him to understand, she exerted in the American capital. She admitted that she was very exclusive; but, if he were acquainted with New York, he would see that one had to be. And her picture of the minutely hierarchical constitution of the society of that city, which she presented to him in many different lights, was, to Winterbourne's imagination, almost oppressively striking.

He immediately perceived, from her tone, that Miss Daisy Miller's place in the social scale was low. "I am afraid you don't approve of them," he said.

"They are very common," Mrs. Costello declared. "They are the sort of Americans that one does one's duty by not – not accepting."

"Ah, you don't accept them?" said the young man.

"I can't, my dear Frederick. I would if I could, but I can't."

"The young girl is very pretty," said Winterbourne in a moment.

"Of course she's pretty. But she is very common."

"I see what you mean, of course," said Winterbourne after another pause.

"She has that charming look that they all have," his aunt resumed. "I can't think where they pick it up; and she dresses in perfection – no, you don't know how well she dresses. I can't think where they get their taste."

"But, my dear aunt, she is not, after all, a Comanche savage."

"She is a young lady," said Mrs. Costello, "who has an intimacy with her mamma's courier."

"An intimacy with the courier?" the young man demanded.

"Oh, the mother is just as bad! They treat the courier like a familiar friend—like a gentleman. I shouldn't wonder if he dines with them. Very likely they have never seen a man with such good manners, such fine clothes, so like a gentleman. He probably corresponds to the young lady's idea of a count. He sits with them in the garden in the evening. I think he smokes."

Winterbourne listened with interest to these disclosures; they helped him to make up his mind about Miss Daisy. Evidently she was rather wild.





“Well,” he said, “I am not a courier, and yet she was very charming to me.”

“You had better have said at first,” said Mrs. Costello with dignity, “that you had made her acquaintance.”

“We simply met in the garden, and we talked a bit.”

“Tout bonnement! And pray what did you say?”

“I said I should take the liberty of introducing her to my admirable aunt.”

“I am much obliged to you.”

“It was to guarantee my respectability,” said Winterbourne.

“And pray who is to guarantee hers?”

“Ah, you are cruel!” said the young man. “She’s a very nice young girl.”

“You don’t say that as if you believed it,” Mrs. Costello observed.

“She is completely uncultivated,” Winterbourne went on. “But she is wonderfully pretty, and, in short, she is very nice. To prove that I believe it, I am going to take her to the Chateau de Chillon.”

“You two are going off there together? I should say it proved just the contrary. How long had you known her, may I ask, when this interesting project was formed? You haven’t been twenty-four hours in the house.”

“I have known her half an hour!” said Winterbourne, smiling.

“Dear me!” cried Mrs. Costello. “What a dreadful girl!”

Her nephew was silent for some moments. “You really think, then,” he began earnestly, and with a desire for trustworthy information – “you really think that – ” But he paused again.

“Think what, sir?” said his aunt.

“That she is the sort of young lady who expects a man, sooner or later, to carry her off?”

“I haven’t the least idea what such young ladies expect a man to do. But I really think that you had better not meddle with little American girls that are uncultivated, as you call them. You have lived too long out of the country. You will be sure to make some great mistake. You are too innocent.”

“My dear aunt, I am not so innocent,” said Winterbourne, smiling and curling his mustache.



“You are guilty too, then!”

Winterbourne continued to curl his mustache meditatively. “You won’t let the poor girl know you then?” he asked at last.

“Is it literally true that she is going to the Chateau de Chillon with you?”

“I think that she fully intends it.”

“Then, my dear Frederick,” said Mrs. Costello, “I must decline the honor of her acquaintance. I am an old woman, but I am not too old, thank Heaven, to be shocked!”

“But don’t they all do these things – the young girls in America?” Winterbourne inquired.

Mrs. Costello stared a moment. “I should like to see my granddaughters do them!” she declared grimly.

This seemed to throw some light upon the matter, for Winterbourne remembered to have heard that his pretty cousins in New York were “tremendous flirts.” If, therefore, Miss Daisy Miller exceeded the liberal margin allowed to these young ladies, it was probable that anything might be expected of her. Winterbourne was impatient to see her again, and he was vexed with himself that, by instinct, he should not appreciate her justly.

Though he was impatient to see her, he hardly knew what he should say to her about his aunt’s refusal to become acquainted with her; but he discovered, promptly enough, that with Miss Daisy Miller there was no great need of walking on tiptoe. He found her that evening in the garden, wandering about in the warm starlight like an indolent sylph, and swinging to and fro the largest fan he had ever beheld. It was ten o’clock. He had dined with his aunt, had been sitting with her since dinner, and had just taken leave of her till the morrow. Miss Daisy Miller seemed very glad to see him; she declared it was the longest evening she had ever passed.

“Have you been all alone?” he asked.

“I have been walking round with mother. But mother gets tired walking round,” she answered.

“Has she gone to bed?”

“No; she doesn’t like to go to bed,” said the young girl. “She doesn’t sleep – not three hours. She says she doesn’t know how she lives. She’s dreadfully nervous. I guess she sleeps more than she thinks. She’s gone somewhere after Randolph; she wants to try to get him to go to bed. He doesn’t like to go to bed.”