

# 英汉名篇选译

Translation of Selected English and  
Chinese Masterpieces

董俊峰 方克平 李海滨 编译

• 《自然》拉尔夫·爱默生

• 《人性枷锁》(节选) D.H. 劳伦斯

• 《波斯托罗莫》(节选) 约瑟夫·康拉德

• 《红字》(节选) 纳撒尼尔·霍桑



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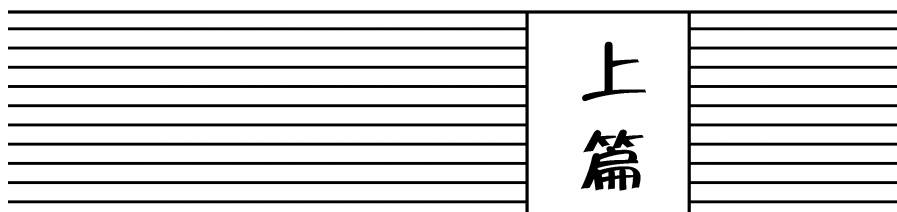
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## 英语名篇选译





## 停靠马耳他

亨利·德·蒙费瑞德

我们在马耳他稍作停留。这是个奇怪的小镇，镇里除了教堂还是教堂，而唯一显示生命迹象的声音也就是教堂的钟声。这整个地方让我想起人在精神错乱时做的噩梦中所见到的奇怪城镇。

轮船甫一抛锚，反复上演的船老板之间争夺乘客的大战就开始了。不幸的旅客们被推来搡去，直至最后其中一位像断了线的木偶一样手臂乱舞，终于失了重心，仰面翻入一艘船内。随着一声欢呼，这船立即载之而去。失利方的船老大于是载着他的行李往另一方向划走，算是报了一箭之仇。伴随着这一切的，是乱糟糟的马耳他语的咒骂声，中间夹杂着许多污秽的阿拉伯语。

二等舱里是刚出校门未涉世事的牧师，见此脸涨得通红，虔诚的修女们用面纱挡住脸，狼狈逃离，一位蓄着山羊须的老传教士用嘲弄的目光看着她们。他可不会为这种小事大惊小怪。

我没有上岸，因为返回轮船是一个棘手的难题。有些乘客不得不付出结实实一笔赎金才得以返回。两个法国水手本要寻找什么地方，却误入了教堂迷阵。他们解决问题的办法很简单，把漫天要价的船老大往水里一扔，用力划几桨，就到了船边。正好一只拖船要开走，他们就把小船往上一系，而一边的船老大则愤怒地嘶声大骂，他还在水里挣扎着呢！

（方克平 译）

原文：

## Landing at Malta

Henry De Monfreid

We called at Malta , a curious town where there is nothing but churches , and the only sound of life is the ringing of church bells . The whole place reminded me of the strange towns one often sees in the nightmares of delirium .

As soon as the ship anchored , a regular battle began between the boatmen for possession of the passengers . These unhappy creatures were hustled hither and thither , and finally one , waving his arms like a marionette unhinged , lost his balance and fell back into a boat . It immediately bore him off with a cry of triumph , and the defeated boatman revenged himself by carrying off his luggage in a different direction . All this took place amid a hail of oaths in Maltese , with many suggestive Arab words intermingle .

The young priests in the second class , freshly hatched out of the seminary , turned vividly pink , and the good nuns covered their faces with their veils and fled under the mocking gaze of an old bearded missionary , who wasn't to be upset by such trifles .

I did not go ashore , for getting back to the ship was too much of a problem . Some passengers had to pay a veritable ransom before they could return . Two French sailors , who had got mixed up with churches when looking for a building of quite another character , solved the matter very simply by throwing their grasping boatman into the sea . A few strokes with the oars , and they were alongside , and as a tug was just leaving they tied the little boat to it , to the accompaniment of indignant shrieks from the owner as he floundered in the water .



## 《瓦尔登湖》(节选)

亨利·大卫·梭罗

这是一个甜蜜的夜晚,整个身体都成为了一个感觉器官,通过所有毛孔吸吮着大自然美景带来的愉悦。我在自然界中来回走动,带着异样的自由感,我成了她的一个部分。在铺满石子的湖边徜徉着,仅穿件衬衣,天上布满阴云,晚风习习,令人感到有些凉意,也没有什么特别吸引人的地方,我倒特别地喜欢这种天气。蛙声阵阵,夜幕降临;微风徐来,水波涟漪,三声夜鹰,鸣声从湖面吹拂而来。桤树和杨树在风中沙沙作响,令人屏息,然而,我宁静的心绪宛如这湖水虽被吹皱,但仍未掀起巨澜。这些晚风吹出的小涟漪如同这晶莹透亮的湖面,还远不能称其为风暴。虽已是夜晚时分,劲风在林中呼啸着,湖水掀起的浪拍打着岸边,有些动物以它们的叫声为其他动物催眠。万籁从未真正寂静过。野生动物并未歇息,而是在寻觅猎物;狐狸,臭鼬和兔子都在田野和树林里漫游着,毫无恐惧地寻觅着。它们是大自然的守护者——与白昼生机勃勃世界的连接者。

回到我的房子里,发觉有来访者留下的印记,一束花或常绿植物花环,或用铅笔在胡桃黄叶或棕榈叶上写下的名字。不经常到树林来的人会顺手从林中采下树叶玩一玩,然后不经意地放下,或有意识地留下。有人削了一根嫩柳枝,编成环,放在我桌上。我总能通过下面这些方式

知道我不在时有人造访过：扭弯的枝条、青草，或他们的脚印等；也能从他们留下的蛛丝马迹知晓他们的性别、年龄或个性，如丢在地上的花，拔起又扔掉的青草，甚至能带到半英里之外的铁路边才扔掉，或雪茄或烟斗抽后残留的烟味久久不散。不仅如此，我常常从烟斗留下的余味判断出他已经走在六十杆开外的高速公路上。

我们周围一般总有足够的空间。地平线并不近在咫尺。密林并不是推门可见，湖水也一样，但总有那么一块熟悉的、供我们使用的空地，它被人从自然掠走，私占，圈起来。我有什么理由独自占有这么大片无人问津的广袤林地？离我最近的邻居也在一英里之外，哪儿也看不见有屋舍，除非登上离我半英里之远的山头。我的视野全被密林遮掩，铁路从瓦尔登湖的那边掠过，而另一边则是围栏环绕林中道。但我多数时候孑然一人，就像生活在大草原。与其说新英格兰，倒不如说是在亚洲或非洲。可以说，我有自己的太阳、月亮和星星，一个完全属于自己的小世界。晚上，从未有人路过我的屋舍，敲我的门，好像我是第一个人或者说最后一个人；除了在春天，很长一段时间会有人从村庄来钓条鳕鱼，——他们显然更多的是随心情而垂钓瓦尔登湖，以夜色为诱饵——但很快又撤离，往往篮子里空空如也，然后将“世界留给黑暗与我，”夜晚的黝黑核心并未被任何人类亵渎过。我相信人类一般对黑暗还是有一点害怕，尽管巫婆都被绞死了，基督教与烛光都已普照大地。

（董俊峰 译）

原文：

## Walden (Excerpt)

Henry David Thoreau

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrog trump to usher in the night and the note of the whip-poor-will is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods. They are Nature's watchmen, —links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the

print of their shoes , and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left , as a flower dropped , a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away , even as far off as the railroad , half a mile distant , or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe . Nay , I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe .

There is commonly sufficient space about us . Our horizon is never quite at our elbows . The thick wood is not just at our door , nor the pond , but somewhat is always clearing , familiar and worn by us , appropriated and fenced in some way , and reclaimed from Nature . For what reason have I this vast range and circuit , some square miles of unfrequented forest , for my privacy , abandoned to me by men ? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant , and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own . I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself ; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand , and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other . But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies . It is as much Asia or Africa as New England . I have , as it were , my own sun and moon and stars , and a little world all to myself . At night there was never a traveler passed my house , or knocked at my door , more than if I were the first or last man ; unless it were in the spring , when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts , —they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures , and baited their hooks with darkness , —but they soon retreated , usually with light baskets and left “the world to darkness and to me ,” and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood . I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark , though the witches are all hung , and Christianity and candles have been introduced .



## 尘埃时代

E.B.怀特

上星期一个阳光灿烂的上午,我出去在一棵苹果树下为一个小女孩搭起一个秋千。小女孩不过三岁,那颗苹果树可比她大多了。其时,湛蓝湛蓝的天上飘着朵朵白云,我推着小女孩荡了几分钟秋千,然后回到屋里拿起第六卷第七期《原子科学家通讯》,开始阅读其中一篇关于死亡尘埃——或者说辐射战——的文章。

文章的结尾带着一丝失望的语调。“今天可以被我们现有的裂变产品毒化的地区小得令人失望;每月充其量不过两三座大城市而已。”乍一看,这个句子听上去有嘲讽的意味,但再一读我不由得相信这个科学家的失望最真实不过了——看到这句话所蕴涵的纯粹的一种超然物外。当我在琢磨死亡尘埃究竟是怎么回事儿的时候,那个荡秋千孩子的世界(向蓝天冲去冲回的旅程),越来越像是一个梦幻世界,和天地景物没有一丝真实联系,或者说和那个对城市消失速度之慢感到沮丧的现实世界没有一丝真实联系。

这篇死亡尘埃文章的作者也是科学家,如果他以一种审视的眼光来修改他的文章的话,很可能会改变那个奇怪句子的措辞。可事实上这个句子写了而且还刊登出来了。原子时代的恐怖不在于这种新的力量的暴烈,而在于人类对它适应的速度——或者说人类接受它的速度是何等

之快。君不见,防弹和防蛀已经差不多在同一个水平上了。每个月两三座大城市是不算多大的一块地方,可毕竟是一个开始啊。相对于科学(希望能扩大这个区域面积)的纯粹性,似乎没有相应的政治观点的纯粹性,永远没有同样的超然。我们迫切需要安理会的代表就死亡尘埃发表一则声明,和那个科学家的声明一样也秉持超然态度,不过是用自己的方式。这个代表(他从哪个国家领取俸禄无关宏旨)必须是一个还没有适应核尘时代的人。他必须是一个仍然居住于神秘的梦幻世界的人,这个世界里有秋千,还有荡着秋千的小女孩们。他不仅是一个筹划未来的好棋手,他还必须是一个记得过去的传记作家。

把那个小女孩和核辐射战争分开我似乎做不到——她似乎和它生而俱来,尽管居住在另一个环境中。文章老是让我想到她。“这是一种新型战争,因为它不造成任何毁灭,除了对生命。”作者说,这种武器可以被看做是一种可怕的武器,或者,从另外一方面看,它“可以被看做一种极其人性化的武器。某种意义上,它给目标人群(包括每个小女孩)的每一个人以或生或死的选择。”其结果是,如果要活——如果那是你的选择——尘埃一到就迅速离开城市,用“一块折叠起来的、打湿的手帕”捂住你的鼻子和嘴巴。我又走到室外给那个小女孩推了会儿秋千,她可是常常忘记带自己的手帕。午餐时,我看着她试着折叠餐巾,那样子看上去要花上一辈子的工夫呢。

那天晚上我躺在床上,脑子里尽想着城市还有什么目标人群的时候,我又看到了那个孩子,不过这一次是在地铁里,她和其他的小女孩们一起。当火车到达第242街——那地方远得好像要走出现实,孩子们下了车。她们开始向北慢慢走去。每个孩子都有一块手帕,每块手帕都充分地打湿并且整齐地折叠好——就像故事里说的那样。

(李海滨 译)

原文：

## The Age of Dust

Elwyn Brooks White

On a sunny morning last week , I went out and put up a swing for a little girl , age three , under an apple tree—the tree being much older than the girl , the sky being blue , the clouds white . I pushed the little girl for a few minutes , then returned to the house and settled down to an article on death dust , or radiological warfare , in the July Bulletin of the *Atomic Scientists* , Volume VI , No . 7 .

The article ended on a note of disappointment . “The area that can be poisoned with the fission products available to us today is disappointingly small ; it amounts to not more than two or three major cities per month .” At first glance , the sentence sounded satirical , but a rereading convinced me that the scientist’s disappointment was real enough—that it had the purity of detachment . The world of the child in the swing (the trip to the blue sky and back again ) seemed , as I studied the ABC of death dust , more and more a dream world with no true relation to things as they are or to the real world of discouragement over the slow rate of the disappearance of cities .

Probably the scientist-author of the death-dust article , if he were revising his literary labors with a critical eye , would change the wording of that queer sentence . But the fact is , the sentence got written and published . The terror of the atom age is not the violence of the new power but the speed of man’s adjustment to it—the speed of his acceptance . Already , bombproofing is on approximately the same level as mothproofing . Two or three major cities per month isn’t much of an area , but it is a start . To the purity of science (which hopes to enlarge the area ) there seems to be no corresponding purity