

英汉对照

红茶坊名著欣赏

爱伦·坡 短篇小说精选

*The Best Short Stories
of Allan Poe*

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目 录

CONTENTS

- 8 The Tell-Tale Heart
泄密的心
- 24 Hop-Frog
跳 蛙
- 48 The Murders in the Rue Morgue
莫格街谋杀案
- 106 The Black Cat
黑 猫
- 130 The Masque of the Red Death
“红死”的假面舞会
- 148 The Purloined Letter
窃信案
- 188 The Fall of the House of Usher
厄谢尔府的倒塌

前 言

中国英语学习者一直在被称为“考试文化”的怪圈中徘徊。虽然花费了大量的时间和精力,但许多英语学习者的英语能力只停留在应付各种考试的水平上,另有一些英语学习者甚至连考试都望而生畏,就更谈不上以英语为工具进行交际了。即使许多英语学习者通过了某种考试,其交际能力仍然有限,在很多场合他们仍会不知所措。

造成以上局面的主要原因在于许多英语学习者很少阅读文学作品,没有受西方文化的熏陶,对西方社会习俗及人文知识知之甚少。

语言是文化的载体。文学作品历来被誉为语言的经典。要想真正学好英语,就必须阅读优秀的文学作品。然而,由于受英语水平的影响和时间的限制,中国英语学习者很难欣赏英文文学原著,从而在某种程度上限制了英语学习者学习英语的积极性和英语水平的提高。

为了提高广大英语学习者的英语学习兴趣及社会文化修养,我们上海交通大学外语学院几名酷爱外国文学的教授、副教授精心遴选,编写了这套《红茶坊名著欣赏》。我们用简单而又不失原作风格的英语,配以文笔流畅的汉语译文,向读者展示了这几位世界顶级作家独具特色和风格的短篇小说的魅力,以期读者在学习英语语言的同时熟悉其历史背景、政治演变、经济发展;了解其社会习俗、人文心理及价值观念;品味人生,增强自己对人生意义的感悟,提高文学修养和人文素质。

相信读者在读完本套丛书后,会心悦诚服地同意我们以上的观点!

编 译 者

2005年3月

Edgar Allan Poe

(1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was an American poet, short fiction writer and critic. He was also a master of the horror tale, and the patron saint of the detective story.

Edgar Allan Poe was born on January 19, 1809 in Boston. His parents were itinerant actors. His mother died in Richmond on December 8, 1811, and Edgar was taken into the family of a Richmond tobacco-merchant John Allan.

After attending schools in England and Richmond, young Poe registered at the University of Virginia on February 14, 1826. He became an active member of the Jefferson Literary Society, and passed his courses with good grades at the end of the session in December. Mr. Allan failed to give him enough money for necessary expenses, and Poe made debts of which his so-called father did not approve. Mr. Allan probably sent him a little money later, and Poe went to Boston. There he published a little volume of poetry, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*.

He lived Baltimore with his aunt, on the small amounts of money sent by Mr. Allan until he received an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Meanwhile, Poe published a second book of poetry in

1829: *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems*. After another quarrel with Allan (who had married a second wife in 1830), Poe no longer received aid from his foster father. Poe then took the only method of releasing from the Academy, and got himself dismissed on March 6, 1831.

Soon after Poe left West Point, a third volume appeared: *Poems by Edgar Allan Poe*, Second Edition. While living in Baltimore, Poe began writing prose tales.

With the December issue of 1835, Poe began editing *The Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond; In 1836, he married his young cousin, Virginia Clemm in Richmond on May 16, 1836, who was not yet 14 years old.

Poe's slashing reviews and sensational tales made him widely known as an author; however, he failed to find a publisher for a volume of burlesque tales.

In 1840, Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* were published in two volumes in Philadelphia. In 1845, Poe became famous with the spectacular success of his poem *The Raven*, and in March of that year, he joined C. F. Briggs in an effort to publish *The Broadway Journal*. Also in 1845, *Tales by Edgar A. Poe* and *The Raven and Other Poems* were issued.

The year 1846 was a tragic one. Poe rented the little cottage at the outskirt of New York, where he lived the last three years of his life. *The Broadway Journal* failed, and Virginia became very ill and died on January 30, 1847. After his wife's death, Poe perhaps yielded more often to a weakness for drink, which had beset him at intervals since early manhood. He was unable to take even a little

alcohol without a change of personality, and any excess was accompanied by physical prostration. Throughout his life those illnesses had interfered with his success as an editor, and had given him a reputation for intemperateness that he scarcely deserved.

Poe suffered from bouts of depression and madness, and he attempted suicide in 1848. In September the following year he disappeared for three days after a drink at a birthday party. He was found in Baltimore in a pitiable condition and taken unconscious to a hospital where he died on Sunday, October 7, 1849. He was buried in the yard of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, Maryland.

In personal appearance, Poe was a quiet, shy-looking but handsome man; he was slightly built, and was five feet, eight inches in height. His eyes, with long dark lashes, were hazel-gray.

埃德加·爱伦·坡

(1809-1849)

埃德加·爱伦·坡是美国著名诗人、短篇小说家、文学评论家；恐怖小说大师，侦探小说之父。

埃德加·爱伦·坡于 1809 年 1 月 19 日出生于波士顿，其父母是巡回剧团的演员。他的母亲于 1811 年 12 月 8 日去世，于是他被里士满市的一位名叫约翰·爱伦的烟草商人所抚养。

他先后在英国和里士满上学，后于 1826 年 2 月 14 日在弗吉尼亚大学注册入学。在校期间，他是杰斐逊文学社团的积极成员，并在 12 月学期结束时各门学科都取得了很好的成绩。而此时其养父不能给他足够的钱供他开支，他就开始负债。后来养父可能给了坡一些钱，坡就去了波士顿并出版了一本诗集《帖木儿和其他诗》。

在巴尔的摩，坡和姑妈住在一起，每月的生活费用全靠养父寄来的一点钱。之后被指派去西点军校学习。

同时，在 1829 年，坡出版了他的第二本诗集《艾尔·阿拉夫，帖木儿和其他诗》。在和养父再一次发生争执之后（其养父于 1830 年再婚），坡再也得不到任何资助了。他只能采用离开西点军校的惟一办法：于 1831 年 5 月 6 日故意触怒校方把他开除。

离开西点军校不久,同年,坡又出版了一本诗集《埃德加·爱伦·坡的诗(第二版)》。其后几年,他一直居住在巴尔的摩,开始了他个人的文学生涯:写故事。

从 1835 年 12 月起至 1837 年一月,他在里士满从事《南方文学信使》这一杂志的编辑工作。坡于 1836 年与未满 14 岁的表妹维吉尼亚·克莱米结婚。

坡凭其犀利的笔调以及引起轰动故事赢得了大批读者的青睐,但是却没有一个出版商愿意出版他的一本讽刺作品集。

坡的第一本小说集《述异集》于 1840 年分两册在费城问世,其中收录了他最为著名的 70 篇小说。1845 年,坡由于《乌鸦》一诗的成功而出名。三月,他成为《百老汇杂志》的所有人之一。在同一年,他的《埃德加·爱伦·坡故事集》和《乌鸦及其他诗》被出版发行。

1846 年是充满悲剧色彩的一年。坡租了纽约郊外的一间小屋,在那儿度过了他生命中的最后三年。《百老汇杂志》的创办失败了。维吉尼亚病重,并于 1847 年 1 月 30 日病故。妻子死后,他再次酗酒,酒精使他性格发生了变化,身体变得虚弱。在他的有生之年,这些病疾使他作为编辑难以获得成功,并致使名誉受损,被认为没有道德、神经错乱。

妻子的病故,对他是一个很大的打击。他从此一蹶不振,精神失常,1848 年,曾企图自杀。次年 9 月在一场生日晚会中喝了酒

之后，他失踪了三天。有人在巴尔的摩发现了处于昏迷状态的坡，并送他去了医院。1849年10月7日他于医院去世。死后被埋葬在巴尔的摩的威斯敏斯特长老会教堂。

爱伦·坡在外表上是一个缄默、腼腆但英俊的人。他个子矮小，身高5英尺8英寸。他的眼睛是灰褐色的，睫毛又黑又长。



The Tell-Tale Heart

泄密的心





作品导读

本文的主人公“我”是一个自以为没有发疯，而是感觉敏锐的人，因为害怕“那个老头”的眼睛，而把他杀害了。之后，又把尸首肢解，撬起房间里的地板，藏匿于间柱之间。正当“我”得意之时，警察来搜查屋子。“我”听到越来越响的心跳声，终于无法忍受了。本文中有大段的关于“我”是如何潜入老头的房间，“我”对于老头的反应以及“我”听到心跳声的心理活动的描写。

The Tell-Tale Heart

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled^① them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute^②. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad?

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived^③, it haunted^④ me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! He had the eye of a bird—pale blue eye, with a film^⑤ over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so very gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch^⑥ of his door and opened it—oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly^⑦ I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. And then, when

泄密的心



千真万确，我过去一直非常非常地神经紧张。现在也是如此，但是你为什么说我疯了呢？这种病没有使我的感觉失灵，也没有使我变迟钝，反而更为敏锐了。尤其是我的听觉很敏锐。我听到了来自天上人间的一切响声，也听到了地狱的种种声音。那么我怎么会是疯了呢？

现在我可说不出我是怎么想到这个念头的。但是这念头一旦形成之后，就日日夜夜萦绕在我心头。我没有什么目的，也不是什么冲动。我爱那老头。他从来没得罪过我，也没侮辱过我。我也不贪图他的金银财宝。我认为原因是他的眼睛。没错，就是他的眼睛。他有着鸟一样的眼睛——浅蓝色的，蒙着一层薄膜。只要目光落在我身上，我就浑身发冷。就这样渐渐地，我下定了决心要取那老头的性命，这样就能永远摆脱那只眼睛了。

在杀他之前的整整一个星期，我对他前所未有的友善。每天晚上大约到了半夜，我轻轻地拧开了他的门闩，推开门，露出一条门缝，大小只够我的头伸进去。然后我把一盏牛眼灯放进门去，这盏灯被我蒙得严严实实的，连一丝光都透不出来，最后我把头伸了进去。

1. dull *v.* 使……迟钝；使减轻
2. acute *a.* 敏锐的
3. conceive *v.* 想出
4. haunt *v.* 萦绕在……心头
5. film *n.* 薄膜
6. latch *n.* 门闩
7. cunningly *ad.* 狡猾地

my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon his eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who made me angry, but his Evil Eye.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually careful in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my wisdom. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph^⑧. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he had not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly laughed quietly at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters^⑨ were close fastened, through fear of robbers) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out—"Who's there?" I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening.