

SELECTED STORIES OF JOSEPH CONRAD

英汉对照 ● 英美文学精品

康

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拉德短篇小说选

隋刚 杜芳 译

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人类心灵的探索者

康拉德

小说家约瑟夫·康拉德(Joseph Conrad, 1857-1924)是现代英国文学史上的一位杰出人物。虽然英语不是他的母语,但他笔下的英语词句富有特殊的表现力和强烈的感染力。虽然他游离于当时主要的文学流派之外,但他写出了数目可观的不朽的名作,如:《“水仙号”船上的黑大汉》(The Nigger of the “Narcissus”, 1897)、《黑暗的心灵》(Heart of Darkness, 1899)、《吉姆老爷》(Lord Jim, 1900)、《青春》(Youth, 1902)、《台风》(Typhoon, 1903)、《诺斯特罗莫》(Nostromo, 1904)、《特务》(The Secret Agent, 1907)、《秘密的分享者》(The Secret Sharer, 1910)、《在西方的注视下》(Under Western Eyes, 1911)、《阴影线》(The Shadow-Line, 1917),等等。

康拉德的精神生活和他的作品一样充满了矛盾和变化。他既是悲观主义者,又是理想主义者;他既憎恨独裁暴政,又憎恨无政府主义的暴力行为;他既揭露西方文明社会的弊端,又揭露非洲原始部落的野蛮;他既深切同情孤独的个人,又坚决反对利己主义。他热爱自己的祖国波兰,但他最终加入了英国国籍;他为自己20年的水手生涯而感到自豪,但他最终离开了大海,成为一名专业作家。

康拉德敏感,内向,深沉。一方面,他在作品中把很多事件描写得极为生动逼真,另一方面,他坚持认为:最有价值的内容不是那些事件本身,而是具体的人物对那些事件的内心感受。康拉德强调个人道德观的重要性,他关注着在精神痛苦中奋力挣扎的个人灵魂。

康拉德的作品中心主题是自我。他把对主观世界的探索和对客观世界的探索紧密地结合在一起，赋予自我这一主题以超越自我的意义，歌颂信仰、真诚、友谊和博爱，鞭挞贪婪、残暴、虚伪和自私。他围绕着自我这一主题，运用多义的意象从各个侧面表现了自我孤立、自我冲突、自我抵触、自我节制、自我发现和自我拯救，并以此为起点探索人生的意义。在他的作品中可以看出：自我孤立是弥漫于现代社会的普遍现象，是人和人社会异化的结果；自我冲突是发生在人的意识和潜意识之间的、理性和非理性之间的心理搏斗；自我抵触是由人性和人的生存环境所决定的不可逃避的精神磨难和心灵痛苦；自我节制是人赖以抗拒私欲的诱惑并保护自己免遭灭顶之灾的内在的道德力量；自我发现是对人的行善作恶的双重潜能的深刻认识；自我拯救是人在整个一生中苦苦地追寻着的希望——人需恪守信仰，依靠内在的精神力量和外部的真正的文明力量来拯救自我。

康拉德痛感于现代社会中的人性的堕落、道德的沦丧和精神的空虚，怀着文学家的良知、责任感和危机感，揭露社会的黑暗和文明的衰败，展示人性中的善与恶的激烈冲突，描述人的原始的贪婪和残暴失去节制时所造成的悲剧。这的确是难能可贵的。

康拉德运用西方文学传统中源远流长的象征和比喻，以“旅程”(journey)来表现生命历程和对人生的意义的步步探索。他在作品中重新安排时空，使“旅程”之路不仅向前延伸而且向后延伸，不仅向上延伸而且向下延伸，不仅向外部世界延伸而且向人的内心延伸，从而赋予“旅程”以历史、道德和心理等多层次的内涵。

康拉德的多数作品在世界范围内素负盛誉，其中最具有影响力的是中篇小说《黑暗的心灵》。这个故事在黑暗中开始，在黑暗中结束，颇具象征意义。马洛船长奉命驾船沿刚果河溯流而上，直达黑非洲的腹地，去拯救白人同胞科尔兹——一个病入膏肓的现代西方文明的“杰出的”代表人物。马洛最终找到了科尔兹，但他发现：科尔兹在异国他乡的荒野丛林中已经由一个传奇式的天才和英雄蜕变为一个强盗、恶棍和杀人魔王，比茹毛饮血的原始部落的

“野蛮人”野蛮千百倍。科尔兹的黑暗心灵与外界的黑暗势力相呼应，驱使他披着“文明”的外衣犯下了令人发指的种种暴行。这篇小说对科尔兹的堕落和毁灭的描写从一个侧面揭露了西方殖民主义的贪婪、残暴和虚伪的本质，揭露了人性中固有的恶的一面，反证了自我节制和自我拯救的重要性。马洛通过自己的具有启蒙意义的非洲之行加深了对人的善恶两重性的理解，加深了对真正的信仰的理解，获取了对光明和黑暗的独立的感性认识和理性认识，为进行人生的自我选择奠定了心理基础和道德基础。

康拉德通过文学创作和生活体验，历经磨难，执著地追求着人生的意义。他的作品生动形象地表明：人生的意义存在于对它的追求之中。人生的意义是无限的，对它的追求也是无止境的。

本书的前言和小说简介由隋刚撰写；《青春》和《跃进前哨》由隋刚翻译；《秘密的分享者》和《黑大副》由杜芳翻译，隋刚校译。

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青春

小说的主人公马洛是一个充满青春激情的小伙子。他在破旧的“圣地”号货船上任二副。在年老的船长和大副的反衬下，马洛更显得朝气蓬勃。他渴望随船驶向神奇的东方，探索未知世界，展示独立人格；“圣地”号遇到的一连串的厄运不仅没使马洛感到沮丧，反而使他兴奋不已。他兢兢业业地坚守自己的岗位，满心喜悦地与厄运抗争，和同伴一起经历水与火的反复洗礼。虽然“圣地”号后来遭到了灭顶之灾，但全体水手分乘救生艇继续向东方挺进。马洛指挥着最小的救生艇率先抵达了陌生的海岸，终于赢得了青春的胜利。

An Outpost of Progress

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跃进前哨

这篇小说富有讽刺意味。作为现代西方文明的“尖兵”，两个白人踌躇满志地来到黑非洲，意欲在蛮荒之地大显身手，建功立业，却身不由己地走上了自我迷失、自我毁灭的不归路。身居“跃进前哨”，他们感受到极度的孤独、迷茫、恐惧、焦躁、无奈和绝望。他们没能传播文明，却被野蛮所同化；他们没能征服黑暗，却被黑暗所吞没；他们没能弘扬理性，却被自己的非理性所扼杀。他们的人生悲剧反映了“文明人”个人的致命的精神危机，也反映了整个现代西方社会的深刻的文明危机。

The Secret Sharer

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秘密的分享者

小说中的“我”是一个首次担任船长职务的敏感的年轻人。他

初来乍到，人地两生。他与船员之间缺乏相互了解；他与刚接手的货船之间存在隔膜感。他对自己的潜能和局限也知之甚少。因此，他深感孤独无助。他无意中碰见了一个登船避难的逃亡者莱戈特。年轻的船长不由自主地将莱戈特视为“第二自我”，两人成了心灵的秘密的分享者。船长想方设法帮助莱戈特继续逃亡，以自我放逐的方式开始新的生活。在与莱戈特长时间密谈的过程中，在剖析自己的心理的反思中，在危机四伏的夜航中，年轻的船长逐步地认清了自我，真切地了解了船员，正确地把握了货船的航向。从象征意义上说，他勇敢地接受了严峻的考验，成功地完成了人生历程的处女航。

The Black Mate 黑大副

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邦特是商船蓝宝石号新招的大副。他的外表引起了很多人的议论，因为他长着与众不同的乌黑的头发和胡须。琼斯是蓝宝石号的船长，是一个笃信鬼魂和招魂术的小老头。从伦敦到加尔各答的航程开始了，但邦特却一直闷闷不乐，因为他跟琼斯船长相处得很不愉快，而且他心里还藏着一个不可告人的秘密。航程中一切顺利，可是有一天邦特突然从艙梯上摔了下去，磕破了头；又过了几天，他乌黑的头发突然神秘地变白了。对此，琼斯船长的解释是：有一个附在邦特身上的鬼魂显灵了。事情的真相是如此吗？邦特心里的秘密究竟是什么？他和琼斯的关系又如何发展？何为真？何为假？何为实？何为虚？孰是孰非？在这些精心设置的悬念和扑朔迷离的鬼魂幻象背后，实际上是一场美与丑、善与恶之间的斗争。本篇小说以悬念和对比取胜，隐情中另有隐情，结局出人意料，是康拉德一系列海上历险作品中较为独特的一篇。

注释

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SELECTED STORIES OF JOSEPH CONRAD

人类心灵的探索者

康拉德短篇小说选

Youth

This could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak — the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of bread-winning.

We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret-glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. The director had been a *Conway* boy, the accountant had served four years at sea, the lawyer — a fine crusted Tory, High Churchman, the best of old fellows, the soul of honour — had been chief officer in the P. & O. service in the good old days when mail-boats were square-rigged at least on two masts, and used to come down the China Sea before a fair monsoon with stun'sails set alow and aloft. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea, and also the fellowship of the craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

Marlow (at least I think that is how he spelt his name) told the story, or rather the chronicle, of a voyage: —

“Yes, I have seen a little of the Eastern seas; but what I remember best is my first voyage there. You fellows know there are those voyages that seem ordered for the illustration of life, that might stand for a symbol of existence. You fight, work, sweat, nearly kill yourself, sometimes do kill yourself, trying to accomplish something — and you can't. Not from any fault of yours. You simply can do nothing, neither great nor little — not a thing in the world — not even marry an old maid, or get a wretched 600-ton cargo of coal to its port of destination.

“It was altogether a memorable affair. It was my first voyage to the East, and my first voyage as second mate; it was also my skipper's first command. You'll admit it was time. He was sixty if a day; a little man,

青春

这个故事不可能发生在英国以外的其它地方。在英国，男人与大海是亲密无间的，可以这么说——大海溶入了多数男人的生活，男人在海上找乐儿，航行，谋生，因而或多或少地了解大海。

我们围坐在一张红木桌子的旁边，胳膊肘撑在桌面上。桌面映出酒瓶、红葡萄酒杯和我们的脸庞的倒影儿。这几个人中有一个公司董事、一个会计师、一个律师，还有马洛和我自己。那个董事曾经在“康伟”号教练船上受过训；那个会计师曾经有过4年的航海经历；那个律师——德高望重的保守党党员、高教会派^①成员、最好的老人、道义的化身——曾经在“太平洋东方航线”^②轮船公司担任过大副一职，以往美好的日子真值得留恋，邮船那时最起码挂有双桅横帆，再扯起高高低低的翼帆，顺季风而行，驶入中国海。我们都是在商船上开始航海生涯的。联结我们5人的坚韧的纽带是大海以及海上同行的交情，这与泛舟戏水、乘船巡游之类的闲情逸致不能相提并论，因为后者只是生活中的娱乐，而前者则是生活本身。

马洛(至少我个人认为他是如此这般地拼写自己的名字)讲述了一个航海的故事，或者更确切地说，他讲述了一段航海的历程：

“没错儿，我是对东方的大海有些见识；但我现在记得最清楚的是我第一次去东方的航程。伙计们，你们知道：有一些航程好像是特意用实例解说人生的，可以被看成生存的某种象征。你拼搏，猛干，流血流汗，差不多是走上了绝路，有时真的走上了绝路，一心只想取得某种成就——但最后仍是两手空空。这不是你的过错。世上的大事小事，你就是干不成，这真没一点儿办法——就好像连老姑娘也要不来，又好像连区区600吨煤的船货也运不到目的地的码头。

“那绝对是一件值得怀念的往事。那既是我去东方的首航，又是我担任二副的首航；我的船长上司竟也是首次全权指挥货船远航。谁都会承

with a broad, not very straight back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other, he had that queer twisted-about appearance you see so often in men who work in the fields. He had a nut-cracker face — chin and nose trying to come together over a sunken mouth — and it was framed in iron-gray fluffy hair, that looked like a chin-strap of cotton-wool sprinkled with coal-dust. And he had blue eyes in that old face of his, which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul. What induced him to accept me was a wonder. I had come out of a crack Australian clipper, where I had been third officer, and he seemed to have a prejudice against crack clippers as aristocratic and high-toned. He said to me, 'You know, in this ship you will have to work.' I said I had to work in every ship I had ever been in. 'Ah, but this is different, and you gentlemen out of them big ships; ... but there! I dare say you will do. Join to-morrow.'

"I joined to-morrow. It was twenty-two years ago; and I was just twenty. How time passes! It was one of the happiest days of my life. Fancy! Second mate for the first time — a really responsible officer! I wouldn't have thrown up my new billet for a fortune. The mate looked me over carefully. He was also an old chap, but of another stamp. He had a Roman nose, a snow-white, long beard, and his name was Mahon, but he insisted that it should be pronounced Mann. He was well connected; yet there was something wrong with his luck, and he had never got on.

"As to the captain, he had been for years in coasters, then in the Mediterranean, and last in the West Indian trade. He had never been round the Capes. He could just write a kind of sketchy hand, and didn't care for writing at all. Both were thorough good seamen of course, and between those two old chaps I felt like a small boy between two grandfathers.

"The ship also was old. Her name was the *Judea*. Queer name, isn't it? She belonged to a man Wilmer, Wilcox — some name like that; but he has been bankrupt and dead these twenty years or more, and his name don't matter. She had been laid up in Shadwell basin for ever so long. You may imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime — soot aloft, dirt on deck. To me it was like coming out of a palace into a ruined cottage.

认：好时机来啦。船长肯定已经满60岁了；他身材矮小，脊背虽宽但不是很直，肩膀朝前弯着，两腿朝外弯着，有一条腿弯得特别明显，他的模样怪怪的，倚里倚气，活像典型的种田人。他的脸像一个胡桃夹子——下巴与鼻尖儿凑得很近，嘴显得很瘪——脸庞的周围长着一圈儿铁灰色的蓬松的须发，看起来就像是帽带一样的沾有煤粉的棉絮。他的老脸上的那两只蓝眼睛却酷似儿童的眼睛，流露着一种坦率的神情，某些平凡的人就是靠自己固有的宝贵的童心和正直的灵魂过活，自始至终都保持着那种神情。我不知道他为什么挑上了我。我原先在一艘一流的澳大利亚快速帆船上担任三副，他对一流的快速帆船好像抱有偏见，觉得贵族味儿太浓，过于浮华。他对我说：‘你要知道，在这艘船上非得干活不可。’我说，我以往在自己呆过的每一艘船上都得干活。‘啊，可不这是一回事儿，你们这些从大船上来的绅士……不说啦！我敢说你能干好。明天来上班。’

“我第二天就上班了。那已是22年前的事儿啦；我刚满20岁。时间过得真快！那一天是我一生中最快活的一天。你们想想看！我第一次当二副——这是个要真正尽责的官职！即使给我金银财宝，我也不会放弃这份新的工作。大副把我打量了个够。他也是个老汉，但是属于另一类人。他长着鹰钩鼻，留着雪白的长胡子，他的名字是‘毛恩’，但他坚持说自己的名字应发‘曼’这个音。他有良好的社会关系；不过他自己的运气不佳，从未飞黄腾达。

“再说说船长，他曾在沿海货船上干了多年，后来在地中海的货船上做事，最后又登上了去西印度群岛的货船。他从未绕好望角航行过。他会写的字不多，他打心眼儿里就不喜欢写字。他俩当然都是非常棒的老水手，我在这两个老汉中间总觉得自己像个小孩儿，由两个老大爷在左右陪着。

“我们的船也是艘老船，名叫‘圣地’号^③。这船名很怪，对吧？船主的名字是威尔莫，或是威尔考克斯——或是其它类似的名字；他在20多年前就破产了，一命呜呼，他叫什么名字都无所谓。这艘船曾在沙德威尔的船坞里停泊了很长时间。你们想像得出它的尊容。整个船身裹满了铁锈、灰土、污垢——桅杆上挂着煤灰，甲板上积满尘土。我好像从一座宫殿来

She was about 400 tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches to the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in big letters, a lot of scrollwork, with the gilt off, and some sort of a coat of arms, with the motto 'Do or Die' underneath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing — something that appealed to my youth!

"We left London in ballast — sand ballast — to load a cargo of coal in a northern port for Bankok. Bankok! I thrilled. I had been six years at sea, but had only seen Melbourne and Sydney, very good places, charming places in their way — but Bankok!

"We worked out of the Thames under canvas, with a North Sea pilot on board. His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galley drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear sparkling at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble — couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my common-sense, any my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways. I dare say he was right. It seems to me I knew very little then, and I know not much more now; but I cherish a hate for that Jermyn to this day.

"We were a week working up as far as Yarmouth Roads, and then we got into a gale — the famous October gale of twenty-two years ago. It was wind, lightning, sleet, snow, and a terrific sea. We were flying light, and you may imagine how bad it was when I tell you we had smashed bulwarks and a flooded deck. On the second night she shifted her ballast into the lee bow, and by that time we had been blown off somewhere on the Dogger Bank. There was nothing for it but go below with shovels and try to right her, and there we were in that vast hold, gloomy like a cavern, the tallow dips stuck and flickering on the beams, the gale howling above, the ship tossing about like mad on her side; there we all were, Jermyn, the captain, every one, hardly able to keep our feet, engaged on that gravedigger's work, and trying to toss shovelfuls of wet sand up to windward. At every tumble of the ship you could see vaguely in the dim light men falling down with a great flourish of shovels. One of the ship's boys (we had two), impressed by the weirdness of the scene, wept as if his heart

到了一间破旧不堪的村舍。船的自重大概是400吨左右，起锚机很粗劣，门闩都是木制的，船身上下没有一丁点儿铜锌合金，大大的船尾呈方形。船尾上涂着大号字体的船名，船名下面有不少涡形装饰，镀金涂料都已脱落了，还有一个类似盾形纹章的标记，下面写着‘奋斗到底’的座右铭。我记得这个座右铭对我来说有极大的吸引力，它蕴涵着一种浪漫的神韵，使我对这艘老船恋恋不舍——使我找到了自己的青春的感觉！

“我们的船仅装着压舱的沙子驶离伦敦，去北方的一个码头装煤，准备运往曼谷。曼谷！我太兴奋了。我已经在海上闯荡了6年，但只是去过墨尔本和悉尼，那些地方都非常好，自有迷人之处——但曼谷更诱人！”

“我们扯着风帆驶出了泰晤士河，由一名北海的引水员在船上领航。他名叫捷尔珉。他整天在船上的厨房四周躲清闲，在炉子前面把自己的手帕烘干。他似乎从不睡觉。他是个情绪低落的人，鼻尖上一直挂着一滴闪亮的泪水，他要么是吃过苦，要么是正在吃苦，要么是预感将要吃苦——如果一切正常，他就会感到很不开心。他对我的青春激情、航海常识和水手素质均持怀疑态度，多次在鸡蛋里面挑骨头，故意显示他对我的不信任。我敢说 he 看人的眼光很准。我现在觉得自己当时是很无知，现在懂得的也不多；不过直到今天我对那个捷尔珉还怀恨在心。

“经过一个星期的航行，我们驶进亚茅斯锚地，接着就遇上了一场大风——那是22年前恶名远扬的10月大风。暴风、闪电、冰雹、雪片扑面而来，海面上怒涛翻天。我们的船轻飘飘地随风飞舞，你们要是知道舷墙已被冲碎，甲板上全是海水，就不难想像险情有多大啦。第二天的晚上，压舱的沙子折进了船头的背风面，那时我们已经被风刮到了道戈海岸的岸边。只有带着铁锹钻进底舱倒腾沙子，才能把船身扳正。在宽大的底舱，我们像是置身于阴暗的洞穴，别在横梁上的油烛闪烁不定，狂风在船的上方咆哮，船体倾斜着颠簸不停，像发了疯一样；我们都在底舱——捷尔珉、船长和每一个水手都在那儿，虽说大家连站都站不稳，可还是在拼命地干着掘墓人的活儿，使劲儿用铁锹把湿沙甩向迎风面。在昏暗的烛光下，你会隐隐约约地看到：船体每晃动一次，都有几个人挥着铁锹重重摔倒。一个侍役（我们的船上有两个侍役）被这惊心动魄的一幕吓坏了，撕心裂肺地哭起来。我们听见他在阴影笼罩下的某个地方大放悲声。

would break. We could hear him blubbering somewhere in the shadows.

"On the third day the gale died out, and by-and-by a north-country tug picked us up. We took sixteen days in all to get from London to the Tyne! When we got into dock we had lost our turn for loading, and they hauled us off to a tier where we remained for a month. Mrs. Beard (the captain's name was Beard) came from Colchester to see the old man. She lived on board. The crew of runners had left, and there remained only the officers, one boy and the steward, a mulatto who answered to the name of Abraham. Mrs. Beard was an old woman, with a face all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple, and the figure of a young girl. She caught sight of me once, sewing on a button, and insisted on having my shirts to repair. This was something different from the captains' wives I had known on board crack clippers. When I brought her the shirts, she said: 'And the socks? They want mending, I am sure, and John's — Captain Beard's — things are all in order now. I would be glad of something to do.' Bless the old woman. She overhauled my outfit for me, and meantime I read for the first time *Sartor Resartus* and *Burnaby's Ride to Khiva*. I didn't understand much of the first then; but I remember I preferred the soldier to the philosopher at the time; a preference which life has only confirmed. One was a man, and the other was either more — or less. However, they are both dead and Mrs. Beard is dead, and youth, strength, genius, thoughts, achievements, simple hearts — all dies. ... No matter.

"They loaded us at last. We shipped a crew. Eight able seamen and two boys. We hauled off one evening to the buoys at the dock-gates, ready to go out, and with a fair prospect of beginning the voyage next day. Mrs. Beard was to start for home by a late train. When the ship was fast we went to tea. We sat rather silent through the meal — Mahon, the old couple, and I. I finished first, and slipped away for a smoke, my cabin being in a deck-house just against the poop. It was high water, blowing fresh with a drizzle; the double dock-gates were opened, and the steam-colliers were going in and out in the darkness with their lights burning bright, a great splashing of propellers, rattling of winches, and a lot of hailing on the pier-heads. I watched the procession of headlights gliding high and of green lights gliding low in the night, when suddenly a red gleam flashed at me, vanished, came into view again, and remained. The fore-end of a steamer loomed up close. I shouted down the cabin. 'Come up, quick!' and then heard a startled voice

“第三天风才停。过了不久，一艘英格兰北部的拖船带我们重新上路。我们总共花了16天的时间才从伦敦赶到泰茵河！我们进港太迟了，早过了装煤的期限，因此被拖到一个码头，在那儿又呆了一个月。比尔德夫人（船长名叫比尔德）从考尔切斯特赶来看望老伴儿。她住在船上。那帮水手全都溜了，只剩下我们这几个高级船员，还有一个侍役和一个管理员。那个管理员是黑白混血儿，名叫亚伯拉罕。比尔德夫人是个老太太，满脸皱纹，面色红润，如同冬天里的一只苹果，她的体型像年轻的姑娘一样。一次，她看到我在缀扣子，就非要为我缝补衬衫不可。这的确不同于我在一流快速帆船上认识的那些船长夫人的作派。我把几件衬衫拿给她的时候，她又问道：‘你的袜子呢？肯定也得补补了吧。约翰的——比尔德船长的——东西现在都收拾妥当了。我喜欢找活儿干。’这位老妇人真好。她把我的全套衣装都仔细地拾掇了一遍。就在那个时候，我第一次读了《裁缝的新补钉》^④和博纳比的《走马观基发》^⑤。前一本书中的很多内容，我当时都看不懂；可我记得自己当时就认为军人比哲学家更可爱，后来的现实生活更使我对这一点深信不疑。军人是男子汉，哲学家或是天才——或是蠢才。不过，那两位作者现在都死了，比尔德夫人也死了，青春、活力、才华、思想、成就、纯朴的心灵——全都不复存在……没什么大不了的。

“货总算装上船了。我们雇了一批船员，有8个能干的水手和两个侍役。一天晚上，我们的船挪动到码头出入口的浮标旁，准备离港，有可能在第二天就启航。比尔德夫人打算坐晚班火车回家。船停泊稳当了，我们去吃茶点。我们几个人坐在那儿默不作声地吃完茶点——就是毛恩、船长老俩口儿和我。我最先吃完，就溜出去吸烟，我的卧舱在甲板室里，紧贴着船尾楼。潮水这时处于高水位，劲风裹着小雨掠过海面；码头的双向出入口大敞着，运煤的汽船亮着明灯在黑暗中进进出出。推进器的溅水声、起货机的噪音以及码头上的喧嚣响成一片。夜色中，我望着一串串的桅灯在高处滑动而过，望着一串串的绿灯在低处滑动而过。突然，一束红光朝我射来，转瞬即逝，马上又闪现出来，不再消失。隐约可见一艘汽船的船头正以逼人之势撞将过来。我朝下面的船舱大喊：‘快上来！’这时，我听见一个人在远处的黑暗里惊慌失措地嚷嚷：‘船长，停船。’警报