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中篇

小说

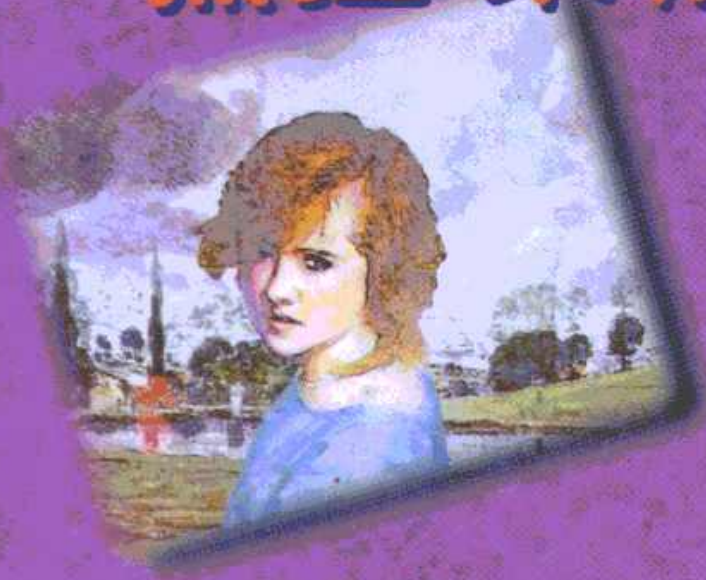
丛书

英汉对照

亨利·詹姆斯 著

Daisy Miller

黛丝·米勒



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本书介绍

作者亨利·詹姆斯(Henry James, 1843—1916)出生于美国纽约一个环境优越的学者家庭。他的父亲老亨利·詹姆斯是一位享有盛誉的哲学家兼作家。这位学识渊博、趣味高雅,头脑开明的父亲让自己的两个儿子从小就受到美国和欧洲的良好教育。他的两个儿子长大成人后都成了成就卓著的学者。大儿子威廉·詹姆斯成了著名的哲学家,小儿子亨利·詹姆斯则在美国现代文学史上占了重要的位置。

亨利·詹姆斯从小就随父亲往返于美国和欧洲,对这两地都极为熟悉。美国和欧洲上流社会的文化和生活方式的对比,成了亨利·詹姆斯早期作品的一个重要主题。《黛丝·米勒》就是这类小说中的一个典型。

《黛丝·米勒》的情节并不复杂:风流倜傥的美国青年温特朋长期居住在欧洲。在风景如画的瑞士小城费维,他邂逅了美国富商之女黛丝·米勒。黛丝年轻、漂亮、风情万种,令温特朋深深着迷。但这位理性而富于才智的贵族青年,尽管喜欢研究女性心理,却琢磨不透黛丝的心思。后来在古城罗马,这两位年轻人再次相遇,而黛丝的言谈举止更是令温特朋迷惑不解了。直到黛丝突然病逝,温特朋才似有所悟。

这不是一个简单的“捉迷藏”般的爱情故事。小说女主人公黛丝的名字在英文中同“雏菊”。书中的她,

Les Trois Couronnes

At the little town of Vevay, in Switzerland, there is a particularly comfortable hotel. There are, indeed, many hotels; for the entertainment of tourists is the business of the place, which, as many travellers will remember, is seated upon the edge of a remarkably blue lake — a lake that it behooves every tourist to visit. The shore of the lake presents an unbroken array of establishments of this order, of every category, from the “grand hotel” of the newest fashion, with a chalk-white front, a hundred balconies, and a dozen flags flying from its roof, to the little Swiss *pension* of an elder day, with its name inscribed in German-looking lettering upon a pink or yellow wall, and an awkward summer-house in the angle of the garden. One of the hotels at Vevay, however, is famous, even classical, being distinguished from any of its upstart neighbors by an air both of luxury and of maturity. In this region, in the month of June, American travellers are extremely numerous; it may be said, indeed, that Vevay assumes at this period some of the characteristics of an American watering-place. There are sights and sounds which e-

三冠大酒店

在瑞士的一个小城——费维，有一家特别舒适的旅馆。其实费维有许多旅馆，因为这是一个以旅游业为主的地区。许多游客都会记得，费维位于一个特别蓝的湖边。这湖可是每一位游客的必游之地。湖岸上各式各样的旅馆鳞次栉比，排列成行。从最新潮的“大酒店”到旧式的瑞士式小公寓，应有尽有。“大酒店”的正面粉白，带着上百个小阳台，屋顶上飘扬着十几面旗帜；瑞士式小公寓的店名用德语字体刻在粉红色或黄色的墙上，花园一角有一座简陋的凉亭。然而在费维的这许许多多旅馆中，独有一家最为著名，甚至可以说久盛不衰的旅馆别具特色。该宅与周围的那些有暴发户气息的旅馆相比，显得既富丽豪华又端庄稳重。六月间，这个地区的美国游客特别多；简直可以说，这段时间的费维带有美国海滨胜地的某些特色。有些景象和声音，使人联想起美国的纽波特和萨拉托加。这里

voke a vision, an echo, of Newport and Saratoga.^① There is a flitting hither and thither of “stylish” young girls, a rustling of muslin flounces, a rattle of dance-music in the morning hours, a sound of high-pitched voices at all times. You receive an impression of these things at the excellent inn of the Trois Couronnes, and are transported in fancy to the Ocean House or to Congress Hall.^② But at the Trois Couronnes, it must be added, there are other features that are much at variance with these suggestions: neat German waiters, who look like secretaries of legation, Russian princesses sitting in the garden; little Polish boys walking about, held by the hand, with their governors; a view of the sunny crest of the Dent du Midi and the picturesque towers of the Castle of Chillon.

I hardly know whether it was the analogies or the differences that were uppermost in the mind of a young American, who, two or three years ago, sat in the garden of the Trois Couronnes, looking about him, rather idly, at some of the graceful objects I have mentioned. It was a beautiful summer morning, and in whatever fashion the young American looked at things they must have seemed to him charming. He had come from Gene-

① Newport and Saratoga 两处均为美国旅游胜地。

② Ocean House 和 Congress Hall 是美国旅游胜地的两处游人密集的地方。

那里时常有一些“时髦”女郎轻盈走过，滚着细薄荷叶边的长裙发出窸窸窣窣的声音；早晨常听得见节奏鲜明的舞曲，而尖声尖气的说话声则随时可闻。在出色的“三冠大酒店”里得到的这些印象会使你感觉像是到了大洋旅馆或国会厅。但是必须说明的是：三冠大酒店还有一些与上述“美国式特点”迥然不同的地方：在这里有衣履整洁的德国侍者，看起来活像使节的秘书；花园里坐着俄罗斯公主；波兰小男孩由家庭男教师牵着手走来走去；从酒店远眺，还可看见米迪峰阳光灿烂的峰顶，以及美丽如画的锡庸城堡的塔状建筑。

两三年以前，有一个年轻的美国人坐在三冠大酒店的花园里，懒洋洋地环顾着上述景象。我不知道他首先注意到的是与他的祖国相像的特点还是那些不同的特点。那是一个美丽的夏日清晨。我想，无论这位年轻的美国人观点如何，他一定认为周围的一切都非常迷人。他在日内瓦住了很长时间，前天刚从那儿坐

va the day before by the little steamer to see his aunt, who was staying at the hotel — Geneva having been for a 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 afterwards 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

小汽船到费维来探望他住在三冠大酒店的姑母。但是他的姑母却正在害头痛病——她似乎总在头痛——现在她正关在屋里嗅樟脑油，所以这年轻人就可以各处走走了。他大约二十七岁。朋友们谈到他时，总说他“在日内瓦读书”；仇人们提到他时，却说——不过，其实他并没有什么仇人；他人缘极好，谁都喜欢他。我的意思只是，当某些人提到他时，强调他之所以长期待在日内瓦，是因为他迷恋上了住在那儿的一位女士——一位外国女士，年纪比他要大。很少有美国人——其实我认为根本就没有任何美国人——见到过这位女士，不过人们却听到过有关她的一些奇闻轶事。其实，这位温特朋先生对那座加尔文主义的小都市怀有深厚的感情；他从小就在那儿念书，后来又在那儿上了大学。这种经历自然使他结交了许多青年时代的朋友。其中许多人一直与他保持着友谊，使他每一念及，就十分欣慰。

温特朋敲了敲他姑母的房门，得知她身体不适，就到城里去逛了一圈，然后回来吃早餐。此刻他已吃完

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 attaché. 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 flower-beds, 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 of which he buried in the pocket of his knickerbockers, depositing

了早餐，不过仍坐在花园里一张小桌旁喝咖啡。这一小杯咖啡是一位参赞模样的侍者送上来的。最后，他喝完咖啡，点上一支烟。这时，一个十来岁的小男孩沿着小径走过来。这孩子小小的身子却长着一付老气的面孔：脸色苍白，小小的五官轮廓分明。他穿着灯笼裤，红袜子，衬得他细瘦的长腿更加显眼。他还系着一条鲜红的老式领带，拿着一根很长的登山杖，一边走，一边用杖尖捅捅靠近的每一样东西——花坛、花园里的长凳，还有太太小姐们长长的裙摆。他走到温特朋前面，忽然停下脚步，用他那一双明亮的、逼人的小眼睛盯住温特朋。

“给我一块方糖，好吗？”他问道，那声音又尖细又生硬——既不是成人的，可不知怎么，却又并不像是孩子的。

温特朋瞥了一眼身边小桌上的咖啡具，见糖罐里还剩下几块方糖。“好，你就拿一块吧。”他说，“不过我想小男孩最好不要多吃糖。”

那小男孩走上前来，仔细挑选了3块他垂涎的方糖。他飞快地把两块藏在灯笼裤的裤袋里，然后同样

the other as promptly in another place. He poked his alpenstock, lancefashion, into Winterbourne's bench, and tried to crack the lump of sugar with his teeth.

"Oh, blazes; it's har-r-d!" he exclaimed, pronouncing the adjective in a peculiar manner.

Winterbourne had immediately perceived that he might have the honor of claiming him as a fellow-countryman. "Take care you don't hurt your teeth," he said, paternally.

"I haven't got any teeth to hurt. They have all come out. I have only got seven teeth. My mother counted them last night, and one came out right afterwards. She said she'd slap me if any more came out. I can't help it. It's this old Europe. It's the climate that makes them come out. In America they didn't come out. It's these hotels."

Winterbourne was much amused. "If you eat three lumps of sugar, your mother will certainly slap you," he said.

"She's got to give me some candy, then," rejoined his young interlocutor. "I can't get any candy here—and American candy. American candy's the best candy."

"And are American little boys the best little boys?" asked Winterbourne.

"I don't know. I'm an American boy," said the child.

快速地将剩下的一块塞到了另外一个地方。接着他像使长矛似地把那登山杖戳在温特朋的长椅中，开始格格作响地咬那块方糖。

“噢，见鬼，真——硬！”他用一种很特别的口音说那个“硬”字。

一听这口音，温特朋立刻意识到，他可能很荣幸地与这孩子是同乡。“小心别咬坏了牙齿。”他慈祥地说。

“我根本没什么可以咬坏的牙齿。全掉了。就剩7颗。昨晚我妈刚数过。可一数完，又掉了一颗。妈说我的牙要是再掉下去，她就要揍我了。我又没办法。都怪这倒霉的老欧洲。这种天气叫人掉牙齿。在美国的时候就没掉。都怪这些旅馆。”

温特朋觉得很有趣。“如果你吃3块方糖，你妈妈肯定要揍你的。”他说。

“那她就应该给我吃点糖，”小家伙回答道。“在这儿我吃不到糖——什么美国糖都吃不到。美国糖是世界上最好吃的糖。”

“美国小男孩是不是也是世界上最好的小男孩？”温特朋问。

“那我可不知道。我自己就是美国男孩。”孩子说。

"I see you are one of the best!" laughed Winterbourne.

"Are you an American man?" pursued this vivacious infant. And then, on Winterbourne's affirmative reply—"American men are the best!" he declared.

His companion thanked him for the compliment; and the child, who had now got astride his alpenstock, stood looking about him, while he attacked a second lump of sugar. Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe at about this age.

"Here comes my sister!" cried the child, in a moment. "She's an American girl."

Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. "American girls are the best girls!" he said, cheerfully, to his young companion.

"My sister ain't the best!" the child declared. "She's always blowing at me."

"I imagine that is your fault, not hers," said Winterbourne. The young lady meanwhile had drawn near. She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bareheaded; but she balanced in her hand a large parasol, with a deep border of embroidery; and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. "How pretty they are!" thought Winterbourne, straightening himself in his

“看得出你就是最好之一。”温特朋大笑道。

“你是美国人吗？”那活泼的孩子追问道。温特朋刚一承认，他马上宣布：“美国男人是全世界最好的男人！”

温特朋谢了他的恭维，那孩子跨坐在他的登山杖上，东张西望地开始啃第二块方糖。温特朋不禁想，自己小时候是否也是这个样儿，因为他被带到欧洲时差不多也正是这个年龄。

“我姐姐来了！”一会儿过后，孩子嚷起来。“她是个美国女孩。”

温特朋朝小径那边看去，只见一个美丽的少女正翩然走来。“美国女孩是世界上最好的女孩。”他笑盈盈地对他的小朋友说。

“我姐姐才不是最好的女孩呐！”孩子大声宣布。“她成天冲我发脾气。”

“我想一定是你不对，她没错，”温特朋说。这时那位小姐已经走近了。她穿着白色薄纱裙子，上面打着无数细褶和荷叶边，还钉着许多浅色的缎带结。她没有戴帽子，撑着一把镶着宽花边的太阳伞；她长得非常之美，令人钦羨。“这些女孩子可真漂亮！”温特朋心

seat, as if he were prepared to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his bench, near the parapet of the garden, which overlooked the lake. The little boy had now converted his alpenstock into a vaulting-pole, by the aid of which he was springing about in the gravel, and kicking it up a little.

“Randolph,” said the young lady, “what *are* you doing?”

“I’m going up the Alps,” replied Randolph. “This is the way!” And he gave another little jump, scattering the pebbles about Winterbourne’s ears.

“That’s the way they come down,” said Winterbourne.

“He’s an American man!” cried Randolph, in his hard little voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. “Well, I guess you had better be quiet,” she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. “This little boy and I have made acquaintance,” he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he had been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried lady except under certain rarely occurring conditions; but here at Vevay, what conditions could be better than these? — a pretty Amer-