

SHERLOCK HOLMES

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

英汉对照
兴趣阅读

福尔摩斯探案

歪唇男人
威斯特里亚寓所

柯南·道尔 著

郭嘉 译

天津人民出版社

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他从洗涤槽下面拖出一个铝桶，桶里满装着血。他又从桌上取来一个盘子，里面放着烧焦了的碎骨头……

The Man with the Twisted Lip

Isa Whitney, brother of the late Elias Whitney, D. D., Principal of the Theological College of St. George's, was much addicted to opium. The habit grew upon him, as I understand, from some foolish freak when he was at college; for having read De Quincey's description of his dreams and sensations, he had drenched his tobacco with laudanum in an attempt to produce the same effects. He found, as so many more have done, that the practice is easier to attain than to get rid of, and for many years he continued to be a slave to the drug, an object of mingled horror and pity to his friends and relatives. I can see him now, with yellow, pasty face, drooping lids, and pin-point pupils, all huddled in a chair, the wreck and ruin of a noble man.

One night — it was in June, '89 — there came a ring to my bell, about the hour when a man gives his first yawn and glances at the clock. I sat up in my chair, and my wife laid her needle-work down in her lap and made a little face of disappointment.

“A patient!” said she. “You'll have to go out.”

I groaned, for I was newly come back from a weary day.

We heard the door open, a few hurried words, and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door flew

圣唇男人

艾萨·惠特尼是圣乔治大学神学院已故院长伊莱亚斯·惠特尼的兄弟，他沉溺于鸦片烟，烟瘾很大。据我所知，他染上这一恶习是源于在大学读书时产生的一种愚蠢的怪念头。当时他因为读了德·昆西^①对梦幻和激情的描绘，就将烟草在鸦片酊里浸泡过后来吸，以期获得同样的效果。他像许多人一样，后来才发觉这玩意儿上瘾容易、戒除难，所以，他多年来便吸毒成癖不能自拔，他的家人和朋友们对他既深感厌恶，同时又不无怜悯。我至今还记得他那可怜样儿：面色青黄憔悴，眼皮耷拉，两瞳无神，身体缩成一团蜷曲在一把椅子上，活现出一副落迫王孙的倒霉相。

1889年6月的一个夜晚，有人在门外撒铃，那正是常人边开始打呵欠、边抬眼望钟的时刻。我当即从椅子上坐了起来，我的妻子把她的针线活放在膝盖上，脸上流露出一副不情愿的神情。

她说：“有病人，你又得出诊了。”

我叹了口气，因为我忙了一整天，刚从外面回来，浑身疲惫不堪。

我听到门开了，随后是一阵急促的说话声，紧跟着一阵快步走过地毯的声响，接着我

open, and a lady, clad in some dark-coloured stuff, with a black veil, entered the room.

“You will excuse my calling so late,” she began, and then, suddenly losing her self-control, she ran forward, threw her arms about my wife’s neck, and sobbed upon her shoulder. “Oh, I’m in such trouble!” she cried; “I do so want a little help.”

“Why,” said my wife, pulling up her veil, “it is Kate Whit-ney. How you startled me, Kate! I had not an idea who you were when you came in.”

“I didn’t know what to do, so I came straight to you.” That was always the way. Folk who were in grief came to my wife like birds to a light-house.

“It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have some wine and water, and sit here comfortably and tell us all about it. Or should you rather that I sent James off to bed?”

“Oh, no, no! I want the doctor’s advice and help, too. It’s about Isa. He has not been home for two days. I am so frightened about him!”

It was not the first time that she had spoken to us of her husband’s trouble, to me as a doctor, to my wife as an old friend and school companion. We soothed and comforted her by such words as we could find. Did she know where her husband was? Was it possible that we could bring him back to her?

们的房门突然敞开。一位妇女身穿深色呢绒衣服，头蒙黑纱，径直走进屋来。

“请原谅我这么晚来打搅你们！”她开始说，随即克制不住自己，快步向前，搂着我妻子的脖子，伏在她的肩上啜泣了起来。她哭着说：“噢！我真倒霉！我多么需要能得到一点儿帮助啊！”

NOTE

“怎么了？”我的妻子问，同时掀开她的面纱。“原来是凯特·惠特尼啊。你可吓着我了，凯特！你进来时我根本就没有认出来！”

“我不知道怎样才好，我就直接来找你了。”事情总是这样。人们一有发愁的事，就来找我的妻子，好像黑夜里的鸟儿飞向光明的灯塔。

“我们很高兴你的来临！不过，你得喝一点儿兑水的酒，平静地坐一会儿，再跟我们讲是怎么回事，要不然我先打发詹姆斯去就寝，你看好吗？”

“哦！不，不！我也需要大夫的指点和帮助呢。是关于艾萨的事情，他两天没回家了。我担心极了！”

我作为一个医生，我妻子作为她的老朋友和老同学，听她向我们诉说她丈夫给她带来的苦恼，这已经不是第一次了。我们尽量找些类似这样的话来安慰她，例如，她知道她的丈夫在哪里吗？我们有可能替她把他找回来吗？

It seems that it was. She had the surest information that of late he had, when the fit was on him, made use of an opium den in the farthest east of the City. Hitherto his orgies had always been confined to one day, and he had come back, twitching and shattered, in the evening. But now the spell had been upon him eight-and-forty hours, and he lay there, doubtless among the dregs of the docks, breathing in the poison or sleeping off the effects. There he was to be found, she was sure of it, at the Bar of Gold, in Upper Swandam Lane. But what was she to do? How could she, a young and timid woman, make her way into such a place and pluck her husband out from among the ruffians who surrounded him?

There was the case, and of course there was but one way out of it. Might I not escort her to this place? And then, as a second thought, why should she come at all? I was Isa Whitney's medical adviser, and as such I had influence over him. I could manage it better if I were alone. I promised her on my word that I would send him home in a cab within two hours if he were indeed at the address which she had given me. And so in ten minutes I had left my armchair and cheery sitting-room behind me, and was speeding eastward in a hansom on a strange errand, as it seemed to me at the time, though the future only could show how strange it was to be.

But there was no great difficulty in the first stage of my adventure. Upper Swandam Lane is a vile alley lurking

看来好像有可能。她得到确切的消息说，近来他的烟瘾一发作，就到老城区最东边的一个鸦片馆去过瘾。到目前为止，他在外游荡从来不超出一天，每到晚上他就抽搐着身体，摇摇晃晃地回到家里。但是，这次已经四十八小时了。现在准是躺在那儿，和码头上的社会渣滓一起吞云吐雾地吸毒。或者竟在酣睡，好从鸦片瘾中缓过劲来。到那儿一定会找得到他，这一点她确信无疑。地点是天鹅闸巷的金色酒吧。但是，她能怎么办呢？她，一个年轻而又怯弱的女人，又怎能闯进那样一个地方，从一群流氓中把丈夫拽走呢？

情况既然如此，而且当然也只有这样一个办法。要不就由我陪同她去那地方？随后，又转念一想，她又何必去呢？我是艾萨·惠特尼的私人医生，凭这层关系，我对他也有些影响力。如果我独自前往，也许事情能解决得更好些。我答应她，如果他真是在她告诉我们的那个地方的话，我会在两小时内雇辆马车把他送回家去。于是，在十分钟内，我就已经离开了我的那张扶手椅和那舒适惬意的起居室，乘了一辆双轮小马车，向东疾驶而去。这趟差事，当时我已觉得有点离奇，不过只有到了后来才显出它是何等离奇。

但是，我冒险之始，倒没有多大的困难。天鹅闸巷是一条污浊的小巷，它隐藏于伦敦桥东

behind the high wharves which line the north side of the river to the east of London Bridge. Between a slop-shop and a gin-shop, approached by a steep flight of steps leading down to a black gap like the mouth of a cave, I found the den of which I was in search. Ordering my cab to wait, I passed down the steps, worn hollow in the centre by the ceaseless tread of drunken feet; and by the light of a flickering oil-lamp above the door I found the latch and made my way into a long, low room, thick and heavy with the brown opium smoke, and terraced with wooden berths, like the fore-castle of an emigrant ship.

Through the gloom one could dimly catch a glimpse of bodies lying in strange fantastic poses, bowed shoulders, bent knees, heads thrown back, and chins pointing upward, with here and there a dark, lack-lustre eye turned upon the newcomer. Out of the black shadows there glimmered little red circles of light, now bright, now faint, as the burning poison waxed or waned in the bowls of the metal pipes. The most lay silent, but some muttered to themselves, and others talked together in a strange, low, monotonous voice, their conversation coming in gushes, and then suddenly tailing off into silence, each mumbling out his own thoughts and paying little heed to the words of his neighbour. At the farther end was a small brazier of burning charcoal, beside which on a three-legged wooden stool there sat a tall, thin old man, with his jaw resting upon his two fists, and his elbows upon his knees, staring into the fire.

As I entered, a sallow Malay attendant had hurried up

沿河北岸的高大码头建筑物后边。在一家廉价成衣的商店和一家杜松子酒店之间，旁边有一条陡峭的阶梯，下面直通一个像洞穴似的黑乎乎豁口，我发现了我寻访的那家烟馆。我叫马车停下来等着，便顺着那阶梯走下去。这阶梯的石级中部已被川流不息的烟鬼们双脚踩磨得凹陷不平。借着门上悬挂着的那闪烁不定的油灯，我摸到门闩，便推门走进一个又深又矮的房间，屋里四处弥漫着浓重的棕褐色的鸦片烟的烟雾，屋内的一排排木榻，就像移民船前甲板下的水手舱一样。

透过微弱的亮光，可以隐约瞧见东倒西歪的人躺在木榻上，有的屈膝弓背，有的头颅后仰，有的下颌朝天，他们从各个角落里以空洞、失神的目光呆望着新来的客人。在黑影里，时而冒出了红色小圆圈，忽明忽暗。这是因为燃着的鸦片在金属的烟斗里被人吮吸时暗时明。大多数人静悄悄地躺着，也有些人喃喃自语，还有人用一种奇怪的、低沉而单调的语声交头接耳，窃窃私语——这种谈话多是先滔滔不绝，后嘟嘟囔囔，尽吐自己的心事，而对别人的话置若罔闻。在远处一角，有一个小炭火盆，炭火熊熊。盆旁一只三足木板凳上坐着一个瘦高的老头，双拳托腮，两肘支在膝盖上，双目紧盯着炭火。

当我进屋时，一个面无血色的马来人伙计

with a pipe for me and a supply of the drug, beckoning me to an empty berth.

"Thank you. I have not come to stay," said I. "There is a friend of mine here, Mr. Isa Whitney, and I wish to speak with him."

There was a movement and an exclamation from my right, and peering through the gloom I saw Whitney, pale, haggard, and unkempt, staring out at me.

"My God! It's Watson," said he. He was in a pitiable state of reaction, with every nerve in a twitter. "I say, Watson, what o'clock is it?"

"Nearly eleven."

"Of what day?"

"Of Friday, June 19th."

"Good heavens! I thought it was Wednesday. It is Wednesday. What do you want to frighten the chap for?" He sank his face onto his arms and began to sob in a high treble key.

"I tell you that it is Friday, man. Your wife has been waiting this two days for you. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"So I am. But you've got mixed, Watson, for I have only been here a few hours, three pipes, four pipes — I forget how many. But I'll go home with you. I wouldn't frighten Kate — poor little Kate. Give me your hand! Have you a cab?"

"Yes, I have one waiting."

"Then I shall go in it. But I must owe some-

兴冲冲地走上前来，递给我一杆烟枪和一份烟剂，招呼我到一张空榻上去。

我说：“谢谢你。我不是来抽烟的。我有一位朋友在这儿，艾萨·惠特尼先生。我要和他谈谈。”

NOTE

在我右边有人蠕动并发出喊声。我透过昏暗的亮光瞧见惠特尼，他面色苍白，憔悴不堪，邈里邈遏，睁大眼睛呆望着我。

“天哪！原来是华生！”他说。他说话的样子既可怜又可鄙，他的每条神经似乎都在颤抖。

“哦，华生，几点钟了？”

“快十一点钟了。”

“哪天的十一点钟？”

“星期五，6月19日。”

“我的天！我一直认为是星期三。今天是星期三，你吓唬老朋友干什么？”他低下头，把脸埋在双臂之间，尖声啜泣。

“我告诉你，今天是星期五，没错。你妻子等你两天了。你应当感到羞耻！”

“对！我应当感到羞耻，不过你弄错了，华生，因为我在这里只不过呆了几个小时，抽了三四锅……我记不得抽了多少锅了。不过我要跟你回去。我不该让凯特担心害怕，可怜的小凯特呀！扶我一下！你雇有马车吗？”

“是的，我雇了一辆，正等着呢。”

“那么，我就坐车走吧。但是，我一定欠了

thing. Find what I owe, Watson. I am all off colour. I can do nothing for myself. ”

I walked down the narrow passage between the double row of sleepers, holding my breath to keep out the vile, stupefying fumes of the drug, and looking about for the manager. As I passed the tall man who sat by the brazier I felt a sudden pluck at my skirt, and a low voice whispered, “Walk past me, and then look back at me. ” The words fell quite distinctly upon my ear. I glanced down. They could only have come from the old man at my side, and yet he sat now as absorbed as ever, very thin, very wrinkled, bent with age, an opium pipe dangling down from between his knees, as though it had dropped in sheer lassitude from his fingers. I took two steps forward and looked back. It took all my self-control to prevent me from breaking out into a cry of astonishment. He had turned his back so that none could see him but I. His form had filled out, his wrinkles were gone, the dull eyes had regained their fire, and there, sitting by the fire and grinning at my surprise, was none other than Sherlock Holmes. He made a slight motion to me to approach him, and instantly, as he turned his face half round to the company once more, subsided into a doddering, loose-lipped senility.

“Holmes! ” I whispered, “what on earth are you doing in this den?”

“As low as you can, ” he answered; “I have excellent ears. If you would have the great kindness to get rid of that scottish friend of yours I should be exceedingly glad

账。看看我欠了多少，华生。我一点儿力气都没有了。我什么都干不了。”

NOTE

我穿过两排躺满人的木榻间的狭窄过道，屏息敛气，免得去闻那令人作呕和发晕的鸦片臭气，到处寻找老板。当我经过炭火盆旁的那个高个子时，觉得有一只手突然猛拉了一下我上衣的下摆，并听到低低的声音：“走过去后，再回头看我！”这两句话清清楚楚地落入我的耳鼓。我低头一看，这声音只能是来自我身边的老头之口。但是，此时他还是和刚才一样，全然沉浸于烟瘾中。他瘦骨嶙峋，满面皱纹，衰老佝偻，一支烟枪耷拉在他的双膝中间，好像是因为疲乏无力而滑脱下去似的。我向前走了两步，回头再看时，不觉大惊失色。幸亏我极力克制才没有失声喊叫出来。他也转过身来，除了我，谁也看不清他。他的体型已经伸展开了，脸上的皱纹也已消失，昏花无神的双眼变得炯炯有神。这时，坐在炭火盆边望着吃惊的我而咧嘴发笑的，不是别人，竟是歇洛克·福尔摩斯。他暗暗示意叫我到他身边去，随即转过身去，再以侧面朝向众人时，马上又显出一副哆哆嗦嗦、语无伦次的龙钟老态。

“福尔摩斯！”我低声问道，“你究竟到这个烟馆来干什么？”

他答道：“轻点儿声，我耳朵很灵。如果你肯帮个大忙，打发走你的那位烟鬼朋友，我倒

to have a little talk with you. ”

“I have a cab outside. ”

“Then pray send him home in it. You may safely trust him, for he appears to be too limp to get into any mischief. I should recommend you also to send a note by the cabman to your wife to say that you have thrown in your lot with me. If you will wait outside, I shall be with you in five minutes. ”

It was difficult to refuse any of Sherlock Holmes' s requests, for they were always so exceedingly definite, and put forward with such a quiet air of mastery. I felt, however, that when Whitney was once confined in the cab my mission was practically accomplished; and for the rest, I could not wish anything better than to be associated with my friend in one of those singular adventures which were the normal condition of his existence. In a few minutes I had written my note, paid Whitney' s bill, led him out to the cab, and seen him driven through the darkness. In a very short time a decrepit figure had emerged from the opium den, and I was walking down the street with Sherlock Holmes. For two streets he shuffled along with a bent back and an uncertain foot. Then, glancing quickly round, he straightened himself out and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

“I suppose, Watson, ” said he, “that you imagine that I have added opium-smoking to cocaine injections, and all the other little weaknesses on which you have favoured me with your medical views. ”

“I was certainly surprised to find you there. ”

“But not more so than I to find you. ”