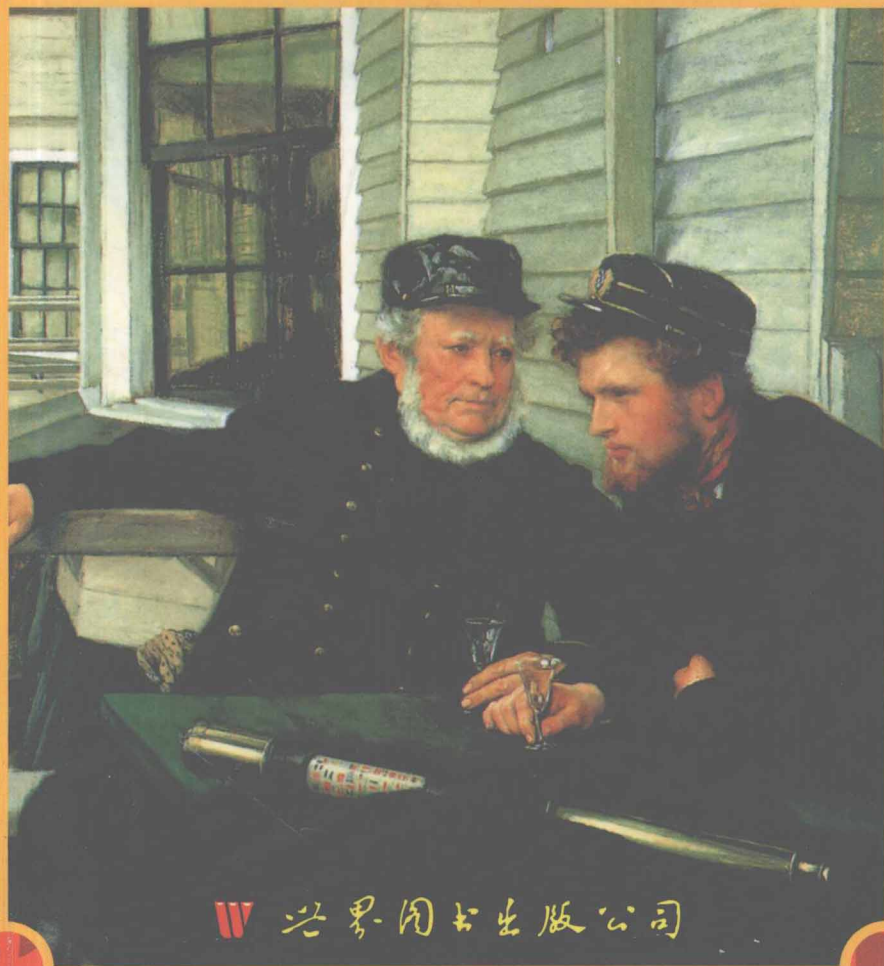


世·界·文·学·经·典·名·著·文·库

Joseph Conrad

LORD JIM

吉姆老爷



世界图书出版公司

吉姆老爷

LORD JIM

[英] JOSEPH CONRAD

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作者简介

约瑟夫·康拉德(Joseph Conrad, 1857—1924)是波兰出生的英国作家,被有些评论家誉为英国现代八大作家之一,与英国近代作家狄更斯、萨克雷及哈代齐名。我国作家老舍称他为“近代最伟大的境界与人格的创造者”。

在英国现代文学史上,约瑟夫·康拉德是个特殊的人物。直到二十岁左右,他的英语知识充其量也不过是几十个单词。1857年,他出生于波兰南部当时沙俄统治下的别尔吉切夫,本姓克尔泽尼奥斯基。父亲是贵族、爱国者和诗人,曾翻译过莎士比亚和雨果的作品,后因参加波兰民族解放运动被沙俄政府流放到俄罗斯的沃洛格达。康拉德的母亲带着孩子随他前往流放地。三年后,即康拉德七岁时,母亲去世。1870年,他和父亲迁往克拉科夫,他的父亲就死在那里。父母早丧,童年颠沛,生活艰辛,使他形成了忧郁、孤独与飘零的性格及对沙俄统治的仇恨。父母去世后,康拉德投靠舅父。他自幼不愿接受教育而向往海上的冒险生活。1823年,康拉德第一次看到了海。1874年秋天,即康拉德十七岁时,他离开了大学,前往法国马赛,开始了他的海员生涯,曾几次前往加勒比海,为西班牙保皇主义者贩运军火,以后逐步当上了三副、二副、大副,直至船长,在海上生活长达20年之久。他的足迹遍及南美、南海群岛、马来半岛及澳大利亚。1886年,他取得英国国籍,并通过航海考试得到英国海员证,二年后得到海军指挥证书。1890年,他因健康原因离开海上生活,定居伦敦,专门从事写作。1895年,他的第一部小说《阿尔迈耶的愚蠢》问世。小说描写一个荷兰殖民者在印度尼西亚的经历。1869年,他同一个英国女人结婚,两年后便在英国南部肯特定居。1924年8月3日,康拉德因心脏病发作逝世。

在长达二十九年的创作生涯中，康拉德出版了三十一部中、长篇小说以及短篇小说集和散文集。其作品可根据题材大致分为三类：航海小说、丛林小说和社会政治小说。他的代表作有《白水仙号上的黑家伙》(1898)、《黑暗的心灵》(1899)、《吉姆老爷》(1900)、《诺斯特罗莫》(1904)、《特务》(1907)、《在西方的注视下》(1911)等。以写作时间为序，其创作可分为以下几个时期：从《阿尔迈耶的愚蠢》到《台风》是康拉德向纵深迈进的时期即所谓“深渊中的漫步”时期；从《诺斯特罗莫》到《胜利》着重刻画人物的心理，强调人的悲观情绪，即所谓“空虚的人”时期；从《阴影线》到《流浪者》是其“回忆与总结”时期。

康拉德一生充满了变化，足迹遍及全球。四条民族文化之线在其一生中融合、纠缠、抵触和互相影响着。这四大民族文化是：斯拉夫文化(波兰、俄国)、拉丁文化(法国)、盎格鲁-撒克逊文化(英国)、以及殖民地各民族文化(亚非地区)。波兰给康拉德以爱国热忱及对沙俄的痛恨；法国为康拉德提供了厚深的文学素养；英国为康拉德提供了写作语言；亚非地区则构筑了康拉德海洋小说的背景。波兰使他的作品深沉凄婉，法国使得他的作品细腻感人，英国使他眼界开阔，亚非地区在悲凉之外加上了苍茫的大海和壮丽的原始风光。

康拉德的绝大多数小说都有着流荡异乡的游子的羁旅之思。以东方为背景的小说的主人公总是背起行囊向着太阳升起的方向前进，而以欧洲为背景的小说主人公则向西方退去，与日落的方向一致。总之，这些主人公都是向远离波兰的方向走去。故评论家都说孤独与忧郁是康拉德作品的主要特征，充满了“有国不能归”的忧伤之情。

康拉德与其他“海洋作家”不同，他在写海洋的时候，把陆地当作了对应物，并把海洋与陆地的对应引伸到自然与社会对立的高度。海与原始一样，成了洗濯文明的污浊的神圣的东西。康拉德笔下的海员对陆地和陆地上的人有一种微妙的心理，他们既向往着陆地，又深深地感到陆地上的社会存在着一种压

抑、束缚他们的力量。陆地的阴影不时映射到船上来。

康拉德主张“艺术家应该象思想家及科学家一样寻求真理然后发出呼吁。”他认为：在文艺创作中，艺术家的良知比规定的公式更重要。在《在西方的注视下》一书中，他说“道德上的发现应该是每一个故事的目标。”他追求创作技巧的新颖和文体的优美，却不是为艺术而艺术的作家。他足迹遍及世界上每一个遥远的角落，目睹了帝国主义和殖民主义的肮脏和残暴。《黑暗的心灵》是其对殖民主义和帝国主义罪恶最彻底的揭露和最无情的谴责。对道德的关注一直是康拉德创作的一个重要方面。

在小说创作艺术方面，康拉德也有非常独特的见解。他对小说创作中的传统章法颇感不满，认为小说在表现人物性格时不应采取平铺直叙的方式，在人物出场之初就先交代了他的家境、身世、性格、社会关系等方面。康拉德认为，在刻画人物时，不应该按时间顺序从生到死平铺直叙，而应该首先从这个人物在某一时刻的经历给人留下的强烈印象开始，然后在忽前忽后、交叉穿插的叙述中使人物形象渐趋完整、丰满。康拉德的许多作品都应用了这种印象主义的技巧来展示人物和叙述故事。譬如，《胜利》、《机遇》、《吉姆老爷》等。

康拉德，这个由一个对英语目不识丁的水手一跃而成为英国现代文学中一颗明星的作家，丰富了英国的小说创作，并从英国文学的优秀传统中汲取了丰富的营养并加以发扬光大，成为现代英国小说宝库里一份珍贵的财富。康拉德以其独特的个性、经历及艺术魅力吸引着千百万读者。

故事梗概

《吉姆老爷》(Lord Jim)发表于1900年,可称是本世纪英国文学中第一部杰出的现代主义作品。《吉姆老爷》属于康拉德的丛林小说。这类小说通常以一个角色为中心而展开。这个角色往往是白人,由于某种原因而甘愿与他的白人世界相隔绝,独自一人孤居丛莽,在荒烟蔓草中间过着原始方式的生活。他们想逃避现实社会,现实却时时无情地闯入他们的生活,迫使他们面对现实中的矛盾。他们必须经历严酷的精神危机才能赎罪,重新成为精神上、道德上健康的人。然而代价是昂贵的,有的甚至要付出生命。康拉德的丛林小说充满了无穷的哀愁与忧愤。在这些小说中他所关心的是道德与心理学问题,着力揭示人的灵魂的黑暗,同时也包含了深刻的社会和历史内容。

《吉姆老爷》的故事梗概如下:英国青年吉姆经过数年的航海训练和实习后,正式成为一名水手。他在一只英国商船上工作。在一次航海中他不幸受伤住进了医院并被留在了东方一港口。一个偶然的机会使他成了帕特纳号的大副。这条年久失修、船员混杂的大船,运送800名穆斯林朝圣者去麦加朝圣,不料在深夜因误触无主漂船而失事。帕特纳号的船长急于逃命,擅离职守。吉姆对此十分鄙夷。情况越来越严重,沉船在所难免,吉姆害怕船上出现恐慌与混乱。这位年轻而缺乏经验的大副出于本能的恐惧而跳海逃生,与船长一样,也置满船的乘客的生死于不顾。但他们上岸后却得知帕特纳号并没有沉没,且800名穆斯林朝圣者安然无恙。最后船长和吉姆等被带到新加坡接受调查。在法庭上只有吉姆勇敢地说出真情。结果,他们的航海证及海员证被调消。

跳海逃生使吉姆背离了道义的责任,也使他从此落入了无

底的深渊。无论他走到哪里，这种不光彩就跟到哪里。他时时受到良心的谴责，生怕别人知道自己的底细。于是他不得不经常改换工作。为了隐瞒那段不光彩的历史，为了寻求赎罪，他远远躲避到东方的某一港口工作。后来好友马洛将他介绍给德国巴伐利亚贸易商斯坦恩。斯坦恩将吉姆作为公司的贸易代表派往丛林深处马来人居住的帕妥赛岛接替原贸易代表考奈里尔斯。在那里他找到了他的世外桃源，恢复了心头的平静与安宁，并很快与考奈里尔斯的养女珠儿(Jewel)双双坠入爱河。后来吉姆因帮助马来人首领多莱明(Doramin)及其子丹恩·华里斯击败了他们的敌人里加·阿朗及阿拉伯商人谢里夫·阿里而深受爱戴，被认为是一位英勇而又正直的人，获得了“吉姆老爷”的尊称。两年后，吉姆和珠儿结了婚，当马洛来帕妥赛岛看望他时，发现吉姆与珠儿过着幸福的生活。不久，吉姆恰好外出时，以澳大利亚亡命之徒布朗为首的一伙海盗突然入侵海岛。丹恩·华里斯率领马来人将这群海盗击败并围困在一个小山顶上。胜利在望之时，马来人内部就如何处置海盗出现意见分歧。这时，里加·阿朗的心腹卡西姆心怀鬼胎，企图利用布朗的势力打败多莱明及吉姆。他趁机给围困中几近绝望的布朗等强盗送去食物，使其得到了喘息的机会并能够继续负隅顽抗。布朗的所作所为使吉姆想起了往日的罪孽，他决心竭尽全力制止海盗的恶行。经过谈判吉姆与布朗达成协议，要求布朗一伙和平地退出马来人居住地。之后他向马来首领保证岛屿和人民的安全。不料一向对支姆怀有敌意的考奈里尔斯从中调拨，并为布朗引路袭击了驻扎在河口一岛屿上的马来人营地，杀死了马来人首领的儿子丹恩·华里斯。吉姆因有失众望而悔恨不已，不顾妻子的阻止，主动请求惩罚。最后，他在头领的枪声中倒下，以死来表示自己的悔恨，赎还了自己的所有罪孽。

以上是把吉姆的经历按时间顺序作一简要归纳。而康拉德认为小说在表现人物性格时不应采取平铺直叙的方式，在人物

出场之初就先交代了他的家境、身世、性格、社会关系等方面，而应该首先从这个人物在某一时刻的经历给人留下的强烈印象开始，然后在忽前忽后、交叉穿插的描述中使人物形象逐渐完整丰满。在《吉姆老爷》中他采用了这一印象主义的技巧来展示人物和叙述故事，完全打乱了时间顺序，从吉姆经历的中段（即背着精神的十字架在东方港口担任职员时）开始。故事叙述他如何成功地向各靠岸船只招徕生意，却总在不停地从一个港口换到另一个港口，而且不愿透露自己的姓名，仿佛在隐瞒一件重要的事实。在给予读者这样一个初步印象和悬念之后，小说以一个好奇的探索者发掘事实的方式，将故事的片断材料串联起来，并在前后多次穿插往复中使零碎的、孤立的印象交织成一幅完整的图画。

如同对于其他许多现代主义小说一样，不同的评论家对于《吉姆老爷》作出过不同的甚至是截然相反的解释。康拉德认为，《吉姆老爷》想要表达的是一种“对失去尊严的痛切感”。总之，正象康拉德自己所说的那样，对于这样一本印象主义色彩浓厚的小说，完全可以从不同的层次及角度作出不同的解释。

CHAPTER 1

HE was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull. His voice was deep, loud, and his manner displayed a kind of dogged self-assertion which had nothing aggressive in it. It seemed a necessity, and it was directed apparently as much at himself as at anybody else. He was spotlessly neat, apparelled in immaculate white from shoes to hat, and in the various Eastern ports where he got his living as 'shipchandler's water-clerk he was very popular.

A water-clerk need not pass an examination in anything under the sun, but he must have Ability in the abstract and demonstrate it practically. His work consists in racing under sail, steam, or oars against other water-clerks for any ship about to anchor, greeting her captain cheerily, forcing upon him a card—the business card of the shipchandler—and on his first visit on shore piloting him firmly but without ostentation to a vast, cavern-like shop which is full of things that are eaten and drunk on board ship; where you can get everything to make her seaworthy and beautiful, from a set of chain hooks for her cable to a book of gold-leaf for the carvings of her stern; and where her commander is received like a brother by a shipchandler he has never seen before. There is a cool parlour, easy chairs, bottles, cigars, 'writing implements, a copy of harbour regulations, and 'a warmth of welcome that melts the salt of a three months' passage out of a seaman's heart. The connection thus begun is kept up, as long as the ship remains in harbour, by the daily visits of the water-clerk. To the captain he is faithful like a friend and attentive like a son, with the patience of Job, the unselfish devotion of a woman, and the jollity of a boon companion. Later on the bill is sent in. It is a beautiful and humane occupation. Therefore good water-clerks are scarce. When a water-clerk who possesses Ability in the abstract has also the advantage of having been brought up to the sea, he is worth to his employer a lot of money and some humouring. Jim had always good wages and as much humouring as would have bought the fidelity of a fiend. Nevertheless, with black ingratitude he would throw up the job suddenly and depart. To his employers the reasons he gave were obviously in-

adequate. They said "Confounded fool!" as soon as his back was turned. This was their criticism on his exquisite sensibility.

To the white men in the waterside business and captains of ships he was just Jim — nothing more. He had, of course, another name, but he was anxious that it should not be pronounced. His "incognito," which had as many holes as a sieve, was not meant to hide a personality but a fact. When the fact broke through the incognito he would leave suddenly the seaport where he happened to be at the time and go to another — generally farther east. He kept to seaports because he was a seaman in exile from the sea, and had Ability in the abstract, which is good for no other work but that of a waterclerk. "He retreated in good order towards the rising sun, and the fact followed him casually but inevitably. Thus in the course of years he was known successively in "Bombay, in "Calcuta, in "Rangoon, in "Penang, in "Batavia — and in each of these halting-places was just Jim the waterclerk. Afterwards, when his keen perception of the Intolerable drove him away for good from seaports and white men, even into the virgin forest, the Malays of the jungle village, where he had elected to conceal his deplorable faculty, added a word to the "monosyllable of his incognito. They called him "Tuan Jim: as one might say — Lord Jim.

Originally "he came from a parsonage. Many commanders of fine merchant-ships come from these abodes of piety and peace. Jim's father possessed such certain knowledge of the Unknowable as made for the righteousness of people in cottages without disturbing the ease of mind of those whom an unerring Providence enables to live in mansions. The little church on a hill had the mossy greyness of a rock seen through a ragged screen of leaves. It had stood there for centuries, but the trees around probably remembered the laying of the first stone. Below, the red front of the rectory gleamed with a warm tint in the midst of grass-plots, flower-beds, and fir-trees, with an orchard at the back, a paved stable yard to the left, and the sloping glass of greenhouses tacked along a wall of bricks. The living had belonged to the family for generations; but Jim was one of five sons, and when after a course of light holiday literature his vocation for the sea declared itself, he was sent at once to a "training-ship for officers of the mercantile marine."

He learned there a little "trigonametry and how to cross "top-galant yards. He was generally liked. He had the third place in navigation and pulled stroke in the first cutter. Having a steady head with an excellent physique, he was very smart aloft. His station was in the

fore-top, and often from there he looked down, with the contempt of a man destined to shine in the midst of dangers, at the peaceful multitude of roofs cut in two by the brown tide of the stream, while scattered on the outskirts of the surrounding plain the factory chimneys rose perpendicular against a grimy sky, each slender like a pencil, and belching out smoke like a volcano. He could see the big ships departing, the broad-beamed ferries constantly on the move, the little boats floating far below his feet, with the hazy splendour of the sea in the distance, and the hope of a stirring life in the world of adventure.

On the lower deck in the babel of two hundred voices he would forget himself, and beforehand live in his mind the sea-life of light literature. He saw himself saving people from sinking ships, cutting away masts in a hurricane, swimming through a surf with a line; or as a lonely castaway, barefooted and half naked, walking on uncovered reefs in search of shellfish to stave off starvation. He confronted savages on tropical shores, quelled mutinies on the high seas, and in a small boat upon the ocean kept up the hearts of despairing men—always an example of devotion to duty, and as unflinching as a hero in a book. "Something's up. Come along."

He leaped to his feet. The boys were streaming up the ladders. Above could be heard a great scurrying about and shouting, and when he got through the hatchway he stood still—as if confounded.

It was the dusk of a winter's day. The gale had freshened since noon, stopping the traffic on the river, and now blew with the strength of a hurricane in fitful bursts that boomed like salvos of great guns firing over the ocean. The rain slanted in sheets that hicked and subsided, and between whiles Jim had threatening glimpses of the tumbling tide, the small craft jumbled and tossing along the shore, the motionless buildings in the driving mist, the broad ferry-boats pitching ponderously at anchor, the vast landing-stages heaving up and down and smothered in sprays. The next gust seemed to blow all this away. The air was full of flying water. There was a fierce purpose in the gale, a furious earnestness in the screech of the wind, in the brutal tumult of earth and sky, that seemed directed at him, and made him hold his breath in awe. He stood still. It seemed to him he was whirled around.

He was jostled. "Man the 'cutter!" Boys rushed past him. A coaster running in for shelter had crashed through a schooner at anchor, and one of the ship's instructors had seen the accident. A mob of boys clambered on the rails, clustered round the 'davits. "Colli-

sion. Just ahead of us. Mr Symons saw it." A push made him stagger against the 'mitten-mast, and he caught hold of a rope. The old training — ship chained to her moorings quivered all over, bowing gently head to wind, and with her scanty rigging humming in a deep bass the breathless song of her youth at sea. "lower away!" He saw the boat, manned, drop swiftly below the rail, and rushed after her. He heard a splash. "let go; clear the 'falls!" He leaned over. The river alongside seethed in frothy streaks. The cutter could be seen in the falling darkness under the spell of tide and wind, that for a moment held her bound, and tossing abreast of the ship. A yelling voice in her reached him faintly: "Keep stroke, you young whelps, if you want to save anybody! Keep stroke!" And suddenly she lifted high her bow, and, leaping with raised oars over a wave, broke the spell cast upon her by the wind and tide.

Jim felt his shoulder gripped firmly. "Too late, youngster." The captain of the ship laid a restraining hand on that boy, who seemed on the point of leaping overboard, and Jim looked up with the pain of conscious defeat in his eyes. The captain smiled sympathetically. "Better luck next time. This will teach you to be smart."

A shrill cheer greeted the cutter. She came dancing back half full of water, and with two exhausted men washing about on her bottom boards. The tumult and the menace of wind and sea now appeared very contemptible to Jim, increasing the regret of his awe at their inefficient menace. Now he knew what to think of it. It seemed to him he cared nothing for the gale. He could affront greater perils. He would do so — better than anybody. Not a particle of fear was left. Nevertheless he brooded apart that evening while the bowman of the cutter — a boy with a face like a girl's and big grey eyes — was the hero of the lower deck. Eager questioners crowded round him. He narrated: "I just saw his head bobbing, and I dashed my boat-hook in the water. It caught in his breeches and I nearly went overboard, as I thought I would, only old Symons let go the tiller and grabbed my legs — the boat nearly swamped. Old Symons is a fine old chap. I don't mind a bit him being grumpy with us: He swore at me all the time he held my leg, but that was only his way of telling me to stick to the boat-hook. Old Symons is awfully excitable — isn't he? No — not the little fair chap — the other, the big one with a beard. When we pulled him in he groaned, 'Oh, my leg! oh, my leg!' and turned up his eyes. Fancy such a big chap fainting like a girl. Would any of you fellows faint for a jab with a boat-hook? — I wouldn't. It went into his

leg so far." He showed the boat-hook, which he had carried below for the purpose, and produced a sensation. "No, silly! It was not his flesh that held him—his breeches did. Lots of blood, of course."

Jim thought it a pitiful display of vanity. The gale had ministered to a heroism as spurious as its own pretence of terror. He felt angry with the brutal tumult of earth and sky for taking him unawares and checking unfairly a generous readiness for "narrow escapes. Otherwise he was rather glad he had not gone into the cutter, since a lower achievement had served the turn. He had enlarged his knowledge more than those who had done the work. When all men flinched, then—he felt sure—he alone would know how to deal with the spurious menace of wind and seas. He knew what to think of it. Seen dispassionately, it seemed contemptible. He could detect no trace of emotion in himself, and the final effect of a staggering event was that, unnoticed and apart from the noisy crowd of boys, he exulted with fresh certitude in his avidity for adventure, and in a sense of many-sided courage.

CHAPTER 2

AFTER two years of training he went to sea, and entering the regions so well known to his imagination, found them strangely barren of adventure. He made many voyages. He knew the magic monotony of existence between sky and water: he had to bear the criticism of men, the exactions of the sea, and the prosaic severity of the daily task that gives bread—but whose only reward is in the perfect love of the work. This reward eluded him. Yet he could not go back, because there is nothing more "enticing, "disenchancing, and enslaving than the life at sea. Besides, his prospects were good. He was gentlemanly, steady, tractable, with a thorough knowledge of his duties; and in time, when yet very young, he became chief mate of a fine ship, without ever having been tested by those events of the sea that show in the light of day the inner worth of a man, the edge of his temper, and the fibre of his stuff; that reveal the quality of his resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself.

Only once in all that time he had again the glimpse of the earnestness in the anger of the sea. That truth is not so often made apparent

as people might think. There are many shades in the danger of adventures and gales, and it is only now and then that there appears on the face of facts a sinister violence of intention — that indefinable something which forces it upon the mind and the heart of a man, that this complication of accidents or these elemental furies are coming at him with a purpose of malice, with a strength beyond control, with an unbridled cruelty that means to tear out of him his hope and his fear, the pain of his fatigue and his longing for rest; which means to smash; to destroy, to annihilate all he had seen, known, loved, enjoyed, or hated; all that is priceless and necessary the sunshine, the memories, the future, — which means to sweep the whole precious world utterly away from his sight by the simple and appalling act of taking his life.

Jim, disabled by a falling spar at the beginning of a week of which his Scottish captain used to say afterwards, "Man! it's a pairfect meeracle to me how she lived through it!" spent many days stretched on his back, dazed, battered, hopeless, and tormented as if at the bottom of an abyss of unrest. He did not care what the end would be, and in his lucid moments overvalued his indifference. The danger, when not seen, has the imperfect vagueness of human thought. The fear grows shadowy; and Imagination, the enemy of men, the father of all terrors unstimulated, sinks to rest in the dullness of exhausted emotion. Jim saw nothing but the disorder of his tossed cabin. He lay there battened down in the midst of a small devastation, and felt secretly glad he had not to go on deck. But now and again an uncontrollable rush of anguish would grip him bodily, make him gasp and writhe under the blankets, and then the unintelligent brutality of an existence liable to the agony of such sensations filled him with a despairing desire to escape at any cost. Then fine weather returned, and he thought no more about it.

His lameness, however, persisted, and when the ship arrived at an Eastern port he had to go to the hospital. His recovery was slow and he was left behind.

There were only two other patients in the white men's ward; the purser of a gunboat, who had broken his leg falling down a hatchway; and a kind of railway contractor from a neighbouring province, afflicted by some mysterious tropical disease, who held the doctor for an ass, and indulged in secret debaucheries of patent medicine which his Tamil servant used to smuggle in with unwearied devotion. They told each other the story of their lives, played cards a little, or, yawning