

# 英语国家现代文学选读

Selected Works of Modern Literature  
from the English-Speaking Countries

总策划：张亚非

主 编：张锦涛

副主编：凌 阳

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外语教学与研究出版社

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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## 内容简介

本书是根据教育部《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲》和《大学英语教学大纲》(修订本)对英语专业及非英语专业教学的要求,为高校三、四年级学生编写的一本英语国家文学读物。本书内容涉及五个部分:20 世纪英国文学作品选、20 世纪爱尔兰文学作品选、20 世纪北美洲文学作品选、20 世纪澳大利亚文学作品选、20 世纪其他英语国家文学作品选。本书共选入 11 个英语国家 34 位作家的作品共 35 篇。

本书可作高校英语专业及非英语专业文学课教材,也可供具有同等英语水平的文学爱好者阅读欣赏。

## 前 言

教育部颁布的《高等学校英语专业高年级英语教学大纲》规定：高年级除开设基础语言课程外，还应开设用英语讲授的主要英语国家文学课程、语言学课程、文化知识课程……。《大纲》明确了英语专业高年级学生需要了解主要英语国家文学知识和概况。《大学英语教学大纲》（修订本）也要求各高校在三、四年级面向通过大学英语六级考试的学生开设包括英美国家文学赏析等内容的高级英语选修课程，以提高学生的文化素养。

语言作为交流的媒介，起着传播该语言民族文化的作用，一个国家的文学是这个国家文化的一个极其重要的组成部分。掌握一个国家和民族的语言离不开学习它的文化，学习文化就不可避免地要接触它的文学，这是语言学习的必然规律。高年级开设文学课不仅能丰富学生有关所学语言国家的历史、政治、宗教、经济以及科技文化等方面的背景知识，起到巩固学生的英语基本功，提高其读、写能力的作用，同时在重视素质教育的今天，阅读优秀文学作品对锻炼学生的思维和欣赏能力，陶冶性情，提高文学修养和文化素养都有重要的作用。

文学是人类的共同财富，随着中国改革开放和对外交流步伐的加快，越来越多的学生对国外文学的兴趣，尤其是对世界主要英语国家的文学的兴趣不断增强。然而，目前的英语文学课教材、英语文学读物只局限于英国文学、美国文学或英美文学，而对其他英语国家的文学未曾触及，造成目前文学课教材和文学读物的一大空白。众所周知，英国始于16世纪结束于20世纪的全球殖民扩张已使其语言、文化及其他方方面面的影响遍及乃至根植于五大洲广阔的土壤之中。在这些土壤之中也绽开了许多绚丽的文学奇葩，它们是英语国家文学作品的重要组成部分。尤其是20世纪以来，这些国家和地区的英语文学构成了世界英语文学的主流。

《英语国家现代文学选读》（以下简称《选读》）即是根据大纲精神，为弥补以上空白而编写的一部面向英语专业本科生、非英语专业高年级学生及其他具有一定英语水平的文学爱好者的文学读物。

《选读》摘选11个英语国家（英国、美国、爱尔兰、澳大利亚、加拿大、新西兰、南非、印度、尼日利亚、特立尼达和牙买加）34位作家的作品。

《选读》所选作品具有一定的代表性，语言难度适中，明晰易懂。内容积极向上，能激发学生的文学美感。每篇作品（或节选）之前备有涉及选文所表达的主题的思考题，作品（或节选）之后配有练习题，涉及选文具体内容的问题（如故事情节、人物特征等），涉及所选文学作品的文体特征、文学技巧和语言特色等方面的问题。

本书各篇编写体例包括（1）作家生平简介（英文），（2）作品内容提要（英文），（3）思考题（英文），（4）选文（或节选）（英文），（5）注释（汉语），（6）简评（汉语），（7）练习题（英文）。

本书由解放军理工大学张亚非教授策划，张锦涛副教授主编，其编写分工如下：张振、颜薇薇（英国文学部分），汪宁（爱尔兰、特立尼达、牙买加文学部分），张锦涛、吴苓（美国文学部分），凌阳（加拿大、南非、印度、尼日利亚文学部分），尚永菁（澳大利亚、新西兰文学部分），刘洵（附录部分）。此外，在编写过程中欧阳燕硕士参与了部分内容的选材工作。全书由张锦涛、凌阳统校。

本书在编写过程中曾参考了国内外出版的许多作品选读方面的书籍，注释部分也参照了有关书籍的注释，在此不一一列举。鉴于编者水平和经验有限，本书难免存在着不足之处，敬请广大读者批评指正。

编者

2000年11月18日

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## **Part One**

### **English Literature of the Twentieth Century**

### **20 世纪英国文学作品选**



## John Galsworthy

(1867—1933)



**作者介绍** John Galsworthy, one of the most prominent of the 20<sup>th</sup> century realistic English novelists, was born in a well-to-do bourgeois family. He studied law in Oxford, but after graduation, he took to literary work. The first of his published work was a volume of short stories, *From the Four Winds*, which was followed by two novels, *Jocelyn* (1898), *The Villa Rubein* (1900).

However all these attracted little attention. In 1904, Galsworthy published his first important novel, *The Island Pharisees*, which gives a critical portrayal of bourgeois life. Meantime, Galsworthy took the Russian novelists, particularly Turgenev as his model, and improved his craft. In 1906, he published *The Man of Property*, and made it a landmark of his art. The novel shows maturity and consummate craftsmanship, and established his fame in literature as a representative of bourgeois realism in the 20<sup>th</sup> century English novel.

John Galsworthy was moved by an acute sense of social justice throughout all his life. Though he aimed to hold the balance feeling between the rich and the poor, the powerful and the helpless, his emotions were always with the underdog. In his eyes, human existence is in terms of the hunters and the hunted. With varying emphasis and in a variety of guises, this is the majority of his works. You can see it in his works such as *The Country House* (1907), *The Patrician* (1911), *The Black Flower* (1913), *The Freelanders* (1911), and the collection of his stories *Caravan* (1925).

Galsworthy also distinguished himself as a playwright, and for many years rivaled Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie in popularity and shared with them the attentive notice of dramatic and literary critics. His most important plays include: *The Silver Box* (1906), *Strife* (1909), *Justice* (1910), and *The Skin Game* (1920).

In his works, Galsworthy gave a complete picture of English bourgeois society. Though he himself a bourgeois, he nevertheless saw the decline of his class clearly, and portrayed the declination truthfully in his works. But his criticism was limited to the spheres of ethics and aesthetics only. His purpose was to improve his class and retain its ruling position in society. In his works written after World War I and after the October Revolution, his bourgeois conservatism is particularly evident. Facing the crisis of British imperialism and the growing forces of socialism, Galsworthy began to idealize the decadence of bourgeoisie, which is particularly evident in his last trilogy *The End of the Chapter* (1934).

## The Forsyte Saga

**作品介绍** The main character in *The Forsyte Saga*, Soames, was a man with strong desire to occupy, and he was “a man of property”. He married beautiful Irene, and appreciated the beauty of his wife, but not respected her. He treated her just like a world-famous painting he had possessed. Irene did not love Soames. When her husband planned to build luxurious villa in Robin Hill, Irene eloped with the architect, Bosinney. Because of the sudden death of Bosinney, Irene returned to home. Just because she could not bear Soames’ nagging, she ran away again. Though Soames had made great efforts to make Irene change her mind, they finally got divorced after more than ten years’ separation. Soames had no children, and got very annoyed to see nobody to inherit his immense property. Thanks to that reason, he married young beautiful French woman, Annette. They did not love each other, but Annette had a daughter and solved Soame’s troubles.

Galsworthy’s language is very smooth and simple, but quite effective. He absorbed the characteristics of modern colloquial language, clear and concise, but very active. He also excelled in forming characters’ personality through dialogue and monologue.

**思考题** Comment on the author’s attitude towards the Forsyte family.

### Diagnosis of a Forsyte<sup>[1]</sup>

#### I

It’s in the nature of a Forsyte to be ignorant that he is a Forsyte; but Young Jolyon was well aware of being one. He had not known it till after the decisive step which had made him an outcast<sup>[2]</sup>; since then the knowledge had been with him continually. He felt it throughout his alliance, throughout all his dealings, with his second wife, who was emphatically not a Forsyte<sup>[3]</sup>.

He knew that if he had not possessed in great measure the eye for what he wanted, the tenacity to hold on to it, the sense of folly of wasting that for which he had given so big a price—in another word, the “sense of property”—he could never have retained her (perhaps never would have desired to retain her) with him throughout all the financial troubles, slights, and misconstructions of those fifteen years; never have induced her to marry him on the death of his first wife; never have lived it all through, and come up, as it were, thin, but smiling.

He was one of those men who, seated crosslegged like a miniature Chinese idol in the cages of their own hearts, are ever smiling at themselves a doubting smile. Nor that this smile, so intimate and eternal, interfered with his action, which, like his chin and his temperament, were quite a peculiar blend of softness and determination.

He was conscious, too, of being a Forsyte in his work, that painting of water colours to which he devoted so much energy, always with an eye on himself, as though he would not take so unpractical a pursuit quite seriously, and always with a certain queer uneasiness that he did not

make more money at it. It was, then, this consciousness of what it mean to be a Forsyte, that made him receive the following letter from Old Jolyon, with a mixture of sympathy and disgust:

Sheldrake House,

Broadstairs,

July 1

My Dear Jo,

(The Dad's handwriting had altered very little in the thirty odd years that he remembered it.)

"We have been here now a fortnight, and have had good weather on the whole<sup>[4]</sup>. The air is bracing, but my liver is out of order, and I shall be glad enough to get back to town. I cannot say much for June, her health and spirits are very indifferent, and I don't see what is to come of it. She says nothing, but it is clear that she was harping on<sup>[5]</sup> this engagement, which is an engagement and no engagement, and—goodness knows what. I have grave doubts whether she ought to be allowed to return to London in the present state of affairs, but she is so self-willed that she might take it into her head to come up at any moment. The fact is someone ought to speak to Bosinney<sup>[6]</sup> and ascertain what he means. I'm afraid of this myself, for I should certainly rap him over the knuckles, but I thought that you, knowing him at the club, might put in a word, and get to ascertain what the fellow is about<sup>[7]</sup>. You will, of course, in no way commit June. I shall be glad to hear from you in the course of a few days whether you have succeeded in gaining any information. The situation is very distressing to me, I worry about it at night. With my love to Jolly and Holly.

I am

Your affect. Father,  
Jolyon Forsyte."

Young Jolyon pondered this letter so long and seriously that his wife noticed his preoccupation, and asked him what was the matter. He replied, "Nothing."

It was a fixed principle with him never to allude<sup>[8]</sup> to June. She might talk alarm, he did not know what she might think; he hastened, therefore, to banish from his manner all traces of absorption, but in this he was about as successful as his father would have been, for he had inherited all old Jolyon's transparency in matters of domestic finesse; and young Mrs. Jolyon, busying herself over the affairs of the house, went about with tightened lips, stealing at him unfathomable looks.

He started for the club in the afternoon with the letter in his pocket, and without having made up his mind.

To sound a man as to "his intentions" was peculiarly unpleasant to him; nor did his own anomalous position diminish the unpleasantness. It was so like his family, so like all the people they knew and mixed with, to enforce what they called their rights over a man, to bring him up to the mark; so like them to carry their business principles into their private relations!

And how that phrase in the letter—"You will, of course, in no way commit June"—gave the whole thing away.

Yet the letter, with the personal grievance, the concern for June, the "rap over the knuckles" was all so natural. No wonder his father wanted to know what Bosinney meant, no wonder he was

angry.

It was difficult to refuse! But why give the thing to him to do? That was surely quite unbecoming; but so long as a Forsyte got what he was after, he was not too particular about the means, provided appearances were saved.

How should he set about it, or how to refuse? Both seemed impossible to young Jolyon!

He arrived at the club at three o'clock, and the first person he saw was Bosinney himself, seated in a corner, staring out of the window.

Young Jolyon sat down not far off, and began nervously to reconsider his position. He looked covertly at Bosinney sitting there unconscious. He did not know him very well, and studied him attentively for perhaps the first time; an unusual-looking man, unlike in dress, face, and manner to most of the other members of the club—Young Jolyon himself, however different he became in mood and temper, had always retained the neat reticence of Forsyte appearance. He alone among Forsytes was ignorant of Bosinney's nickname<sup>[9]</sup>. The man was unusual, not eccentric<sup>[10]</sup>, but unusual; he looked worn, too, haggard, hollow in the cheeks beneath those broad, high cheekbones, though without any appearance of ill-health, for he was strongly built, with curly hair that seemed to show all the vitality of a fine constitution.

Something in his face and attitude toward young Jolyon. He knew what suffering was like and this man looked as if he were suffering.

He got up and touched his arm.

Bosinney started, but exhibited no sign of embarrassment on seeing who it was.

Young Jolyon sat down.

"I haven't seen you for a long time," he said. "How are you getting on with my cousin's house?"

"It'll be finished in about a week."

"I congratulate you!"

"Thanks—I don't know that it's much of a subject for congratulation."

"No?" queried Young Jolyon; "I should have thought you'd be glad to get a long job like that off your hand; but I suppose you feel it much as I do when I part with a picture—a sort of child?"

He looked kindly at Bosinney.

"Yes," said the latter more cordially, "it goes out from you and there's an end of it. I didn't know you painted."

"Only water-colours: I can't say I believe in my work."

"Don't believe in it? Then how can you do it? Work's no use unless you believe in it!"

"Good," said Young Jolyon; "it's exactly what I've always said. By-the-bye, have you noticed that whenever one says 'Good', one always adds 'it's exactly what I've always said'! But if you ask me how I do it, I answer, because I'm a Forsyte."

"A Forsyte! I never thought of you as one!"

"A Forsyte," replied Young Jolyon, "is not an uncommon animal. There are hundreds among the members of this club. Hundreds out in the streets; you meet them wherever you go!"

"And how do you tell them, may I ask?" said Bosinney.

"By their sense of property. A Forsyte takes a practical—one might say a commonsense—view

of things, and a practical view of things is based fundamentally on a sense of property. A Forsyte, you will notice, never gives himself away."

"Joking?"

Young Jolyon's eyes twinkled.

"Not much. As a Forsyte myself, I have no business to talk. But I'm a kind of thoroughbred mongrel; now, there's no mistaking you. You're as different from me as I am from my uncle James, who is the perfect specimen of a Forsyte. His sense of property is extreme, while you have no practically none. Without me in between, you would seem like a different species. I'm the missing link. We are, of course, all of us the slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a 'Forsyte' is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property—it doesn't matter whether it be wives, house, money, or reputation—is his hall-mark."

"Ah," murmured Bosinney. "You should patent the word."

"I should like," said Young Jolyon, "to lecture on it: 'Properties and quality of a Forsyte. This little animal, disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you and I). Hereditarily disposed to myopia, he recognises only the persons and habitats of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquillity.'"

"You talk of them," said Bosinney, "as if they were half England."

"They are," repeated Young Jolyon, "half England and the better half, too, the safe half, the three percent half<sup>[11]</sup>, the half that counts. It's their wealth and security that makes everything possible; makes your art possible, makes literature, science, even religion, possible. Without Forsytes, who believe in none of these things, but turn them all to use, where should we be? My dear sir, the Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention; everything that is admirable!"

"I don't know whether I catch you drift," said Bosinney, "but I fancy there are plenty of Forsytes, as you call them, in my profession."

"Certainly," replied Young Jolyon. "The great majority of architects, painters, or writers have no principles, like any other Forsytes. Art, literature, religion, survive by virtue of the few cranks who really believe in such things, and the many Forsytes who make a commercial use of them. At a low estimate, three-fourths if our Royal Academicians are Forsytes, seven-eighths of our novelists, a large proportion of the press. Of science I can't speak; they are magnificently represented in religion; in the House of Commons<sup>[12]</sup> perhaps more numerous than anywhere; the aristocracy speaks for itself. But I'm not laughing. It is dangerous to go against the majority—and what a majority!" He fixed his eyes on Bosinney, "It's dangerous to let anything carry you away—a house, a picture, a woman!"

They looked at each other. And, as though he had done that which no Forsyte did—given himself away. Young Jolyon drew into his shell. Bosinney broke the silence.

"Why do you take your own people as the type?" said he.

"My people," replied Young Jolyon, "are not very extreme, and they have their own private peculiarities, like every other family, but they possess in a remarkable degree those two qualities



which are the real tests of a Forsyte—the power of never being able to give yourself up to anything soul and body, and the ‘sense of property’.

Bosinney smiled: “How about the big one, for instance?”

“Do you mean Swithin?” asked Young Jolyon. “Ah! In Swithin there’s something primeval still. The town and middle-class life haven’t digested him yet. All the old centuries of farmwork and brute force have settled in him, and there they’ve stuck, for all he’s so distinguished.”

Bosinney seemed to ponder. “Well, you’ve hit your cousin Soames off to the life<sup>[13]</sup>,” he said suddenly. “He’ll never blow his brain out.”

Young Jolyon shot at him a penetrating glance.

“No,” he said, “he won’t. That’s why he’s to be reckoned with. Look out for their grip! It’s easy to laugh, but don’t mistake me. It doesn’t do to despise a Forsyte; it doesn’t do to disregard them!”

“Yet you’ve done it yourself!”

Young Jolyon acknowledged the hit by losing his smile.

“You forget,” he said with a queer pride, “I can hold on, too—I’m a Forsyte myself. We’re all in the path of great forces. The man who leaves the shelter of the wall—well—you know what I mean. I don’t,” he added very low, as though uttering a threat, “recommend every man to—my—way. It depends.”

The colour rushed into Bosinney’s face, but soon receded, leaving it sallow-brown as before. He gave a short laugh, that left his lips fixed in a queer, fierce smile; his eyes mocked Young Jolyon.

“Thanks,” he said. “It’s deuced kind of you. But you’re not the only chap that can hold on.” He rose.

Young Jolyon looked after him as he walked away, and, resting his head in his hand, sighed...

## 注 释

1. Diagnosis of a Forsyte: 该段节选自《有产业的人》第2部分第5章。在前一章中 June 的未婚夫 Bosinney 同 June 的婶婶发生了感情,这使得福赛特家族非常的恼怒,老 Jolyon 最后决定让小 Jolyon 去和 Bosinney 谈判。
2. outcast: 被驱逐或拒绝接受的人。
3. He felt it through out his... not a Forsyte: 由于小 Jolyon 的婚姻被认为是门户不当,其家族的人不接受其妻子。
4. on the whole: 整体来说。
5. harp on: 没有根据的猜测。
6. Bosinney: June 的未婚夫。
7. what the fellow is about: 这个年青人的打算,目的。
8. allude: 拐弯抹角的同别人讲话,暗示什么。
9. Bosinney’s nickname: George Forsyte, Soames 的堂兄弟,他给 Bosinney 起的绰号是“Buccaneer”。
10. eccentric: 怪异的,出奇的。
11. the three percent half: 指英国投资于政府公债和证券的那部分人。
12. House of Commons: 英国国会中的下议院。