

书虫·牛津英汉对照读物

*Tales of  
Mystery  
and  
Imagination*

*Edgar  
Allan  
Doe*

神秘及幻想故事集



外语教学与研究出版社  
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# 神秘及幻想故事集

## Tales of Mystery and Imagination

Edgar Allan Poe

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## 神秘及幻想故事集

著 Edgar Allan Poe

译 雷格

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## Contents

The Fall of the House of Usher	2
The Black Cat	26
The Masque of the Red Death	42
William Wilson	54
The Tell-Tale Heart	80

## 目 录

鄂榭府崩溃记 .....	3
黑猫 .....	27
红死魔假面舞会 .....	43
威廉·威尔逊 .....	55
泄密的心 .....	81

## 简介

想像一下，你正置身于湖畔的一座古旧宅邸之中。时间是夜里，外面暴雨肆虐，狂风绕着灰色的石墙嘶吼。房子下面的一间阴森的地窖里放着一口棺材，里面躺着玛德琳小姐的尸体。同你一起待在房间里的是她的哥哥，正在用疯狂的目光望着你。想像一下吧……你这是在鄂榭府上。

翻到另一页，可以见到一只黑猫被人勒住脖子吊在树上。再翻一页，你就会听到一次美妙绝伦的假面舞会上响起的音乐声，看见一千个人在唱歌、跳舞。你现在是在普洛斯佩罗亲王的城堡中。城堡里面灯火通明、生气勃勃，人人纵情狂欢；但是在城墙外面，逡巡着那可怕的戴面具的红死魔……

这些故事将会带你进入一个阴暗的幻想世界，一个充满了恐怖、梦幻与疯狂的世界。

不要一个人读它们！

埃德加·爱伦·坡(1809—1849)出生于美国波士顿。在短暂而郁郁不得志的一生中，他曾供职于几家报社，并发表了很多短篇小说和诗歌。也许最令他声名远播的是他的短篇小说创作。

## The Fall of the House of Usher

**I**t was a grey autumn day and the sky was full of large black clouds. All day I had ridden through flat and uninteresting countryside, but at last, as it began to grow dark, I saw the end of my journey.

There, in front of me, stood the House of Usher. And at once – I do not know why – a strange feeling of deep gloom came down on me and covered me like a blanket. I looked up at the old house with its high stone walls and narrow windows. I looked around at the thin dry grass and the old dying trees, and an icy hand seemed to take hold of my heart. I felt cold and sick, and could not think of one happy thought to chase away my gloom.

Why, I wondered, did the House of Usher make me feel so sad? I could find no answer.

There was a lake next to the house and I rode my horse up to the edge and stopped. Perhaps from here the house would not seem so sad, so full of gloom. I looked down into the mirror of dark, still water, and saw again the empty, eye-like windows of the house and the dying trees all around it. The feeling of gloom was stronger than ever.

It was in this house that I was going to spend the next few weeks. Its owner, Roderick Usher, had been a good friend of mine when I was a boy. I had not seen him for many years, but



## 鄂榭府崩溃记

这是秋日里灰蒙蒙的一天，空中积满了大团大团的乌云。整整一天，我骑着马从平淡、乏味的乡野间驰过；不过，到天色开始变得昏暝的时候，我终于望见了此行的目的地。

在我眼前，兀然立着鄂榭府。一看见它——不知何故——一种阴悒至极的怪异感觉便降临在我身上，像一张毯子一样罩住了我。我抬头仰望这座有着高大的石墙和狭小的窗户的古旧府第，又环顾四周稀疏的枯草和垂死的老树，这时，仿佛有一只冰冷的手抓住了我的心。我觉得奇寒彻骨，浑身乏力，怎么也想不起一件乐事来驱散心头的阴悒。

我真奇怪，为什么鄂榭府会令我感觉如此之差？我百思不得其解。

紧挨着宅子有一个湖，我骑马来湖边停住。也许从这个角度看上去，宅子就不显得那样黯淡、那样阴悒了。我低头朝幽暗、凝止的湖水望去，在倒影中再一次看见了房子上面空荡的、眼睛似的窗户，以及四周那些垂死的树。阴悒的感觉愈发强烈起来。

我将在这座府邸里盘桓几个星期。府邸的主人罗德里克·鄂榭，是我孩提时代的一个好友，我已有好多年没有见到他了；可

*flat* *adj.* uninteresting. 沉闷的；乏味的。*journey* *n.* a trip of some distance. 旅行；旅程。*gloom* *n.* a feeling of deep sadness. 忧愁；阴郁。*chase* *v.* to cause to leave or run away. 驱逐；赶走。*owner* *n.* a person who owns something. 所有人；物主。



recently he had sent me a letter -- a sad and terrible letter. He wrote that he was ill, ill in body and ill in mind; that he wanted and needed to see me. I was his only friend, the only person who could help him in his illness.

Although we had been good friends when we were young, I knew very little about him. He had never spoken much about himself, but I knew that he came from a very old family of which he was the last living man. I also knew that in the Usher family there had never been many children and so for hundreds of years the family name, together with the family home, had passed straight from father to son.

As I stood by the lake, my feeling of gloom grew and grew. I knew also that underneath my gloom lay fear, and fear does strange things to the mind. I began to imagine that the gloom was not in my mind, but was something real. It was like a mysterious cloud, which seemed to come straight from the dark lake and the dying trees and the old walls of the house. A heavy grey cloud, which carried with it disease and fear.

This was a dream, I told myself, and I looked more carefully at the building in front of me. It was, indeed, very old and I noticed that every stone had cracks and holes in it. But there was nothing really wrong with the building. No stones were missing. The only thing that I noticed was a very small crack which started at the top of the building and continued all the way down into the dark waters of the lake.

I went up to the front of the house. A servant took my horse

是最近他给我来了一封信——一封透着悲哀与恐怖的信。他在信中说他患了病，身体和精神都不正常，还说 he 急切地要见我。我是他惟一的朋友，只有我能够帮助他摆脱疾病的折磨。

虽说我们年少的时候是挚友，但我对他了解得非常少。他极少谈及他自己，不过我知道 he 来自一个历史特别悠久的世家，而他是这个世家最后一位活在人间的男性。我还知道，在鄂榭家族史上还从未有过子息繁盛的时候，于是，数百年来，家族的姓氏连同家族的宅第均是由父及子由子及孙一脉单传。

我站在湖边，心头阴郁的感觉一刻强似一刻。我同样清楚，这阴郁之情的下面暗伏着恐惧，而恐惧又以古怪的方式作用于我的头脑。我开始猜测这阴郁并不在我头脑中，而是某种真实的东西。它宛如一团神秘的云气，似乎是从幽暗的湖水、垂死的树和宅子破旧的墙垣中间径直升腾而起的。那是团沉重的铅云，饱含着疾病与恐怖。

我告诉自己这是个梦，又更加仔细地打量眼前的这栋建筑。的确，它已经非常破旧了，我注意到每一块石头上都有裂隙和孔洞。但是建筑本身又没有真正的残损，它一块石头也不缺。惟一引起我注意的是一道非常细小的裂缝，它从房子的顶部开始出现，然后一路向下延伸，直插入幽暗的湖水之中。

我来到宅子的正面。一个仆人牵走了我的坐骑，我跨进了大厅。另一个仆人默默地

**underneath** prep. under; below. 在下面；从下面；在底下；从底下。**mysterious** adj. not easily understood; full of mystery. 难以理解的；神秘的。**disease** n. illness or disorder caused by infection or unnatural growth, not by an accident. 疾病；病。**crack** n. a line of division caused by splitting; thin mark or opening caused by brecking. 裂缝。

and I stepped into the large hall. Another servant led me silently upstairs. On the walls there were many strange, dark pictures which made me feel nervous. I remembered these pictures from my earlier visits to the house when I was a child. But the feelings that the pictures gave me on this visit were new to me.

On the stairs we met the family doctor. He had a strange look on his face, a look that I did not like. I hurried on, and finally the servant opened a door and took me into the study.

The room was large and long, with high narrow windows, which let in only a little light. Shadows lay in all the corners of the room and around the dark pieces of furniture. There were many books and a few guitars, but there was no life, no happiness in the room. Deep gloom filled the air.

When Usher saw me, he got up and welcomed me warmly. I thought he was just being polite, but as I looked into his face, I could see that he was pleased to see me. We sat down, but he did not speak at first, and for a few moments I watched him in surprise and fear. He had changed so much since our last meeting! He had the same pale thin face, the same eyes, large and clear, and the same thin lips and soft hair. But now his skin was too white, his eyes too large and bright, and he seemed a different man. He frightened me. And his long wild hair looked like a ghostly cloud around his head.

I noticed that my friend was very nervous and that his feelings changed very quickly. Sometimes he talked a lot, then he

领着我上了楼。墙壁上挂着许多幅怪异、晦暗的画,让我十分紧张。我记得当年我还是个孩子,来这座府第里做客时就见过这些画,但是这次来访,它们给我的感觉却是前所未有的。

在楼梯上我遇见了家庭医生,他脸上现出一副刁钻古怪的神情,这神情我很不喜欢。我急忙走了上去;终于,仆人打开门,引我走进了书房。

房间又大又长,窗户又高又窄,只能容许一点点天光射入,屋子的所有角落以及一件件深色的家具四周都是阴影。屋里摆放着好多书籍和几把吉他,但是毫无生气,毫无快乐可言。空气中满是浓重的阴郁氛围。

鄂榭一看见我,便起身热情洋溢地表示欢迎。我起初还以为他这只不过是做出来的殷勤态度,可是待我朝他脸上望去,才知道他见到我是真心欢喜。我们坐了下来,但他一开始并未开口讲话;有几分钟我就这样看着他,心里既吃惊又害怕。从我们上一次见面到现在,他已经发生了多么大的变化呀!他的脸颊还是那样苍白、瘦削,眼睛还是那样大而清澈,嘴唇还是那样薄,头发还是那样柔软。但是现在,他的皮肤变得太惨白,眼睛变得太大太亮;他看上去已经完全是另一个人了。他把我吓坏了。还有他那一头乱糟糟的长发,好似幽灵般的愁云一样缭绕在他脑袋上。

我发现我的朋友极度神经质,情绪变化无常。有时他长篇大论地讲话,而后就会突

**study** *n.* a room used for studying. 书房. **furniture** *n.* 家具. **frighten** *v.* to fill with fear. 使吃惊;惊吓. **ghostly** *adj.* like a ghost, especially having a faint or uncertain colour and shape. 鬼似的;幽灵般的.



suddenly became silent and did not say a word for many hours. At other times he found it difficult to think, and his voice was heavy and slow, like the voice of a man who had drunk too much.

He told me why he had wanted to see me, and how he hoped to feel better now that I was with him. He had, he explained, a strange illness which had been in his family for a long time. It was a nervous illness which made him feel everything much more strongly than other people. He could only eat food that was almost tasteless. He had to choose his clothes very carefully because most of them hurt his skin. He could not have flowers in his room because their smell was too strong for him. Light hurt his eyes, and most sounds hurt his ears – except the soft sound of guitars.

Worst of all, he was a prisoner of his own fear. 'I shall die,' he used to say, 'because of this fear, I'm not afraid of danger. What frightens me is fear itself. At the moment I am fighting against fear, but sooner or later I won't be able to fight any more.'

During long conversations with Usher I learnt more about his strange illness. He was sure that it came from the House of Usher itself. He had not left the house for many years and he had become, he thought, as sad as the house itself. The gloom of its grey walls and its dark silent lake had become his own.

He also believed that much of his sadness was because his dear sister was seriously ill. He had one sister, Madeleine, the

然间变得沉默寡言,几个小时一语不发。还有的时候他觉得想问题特别困难,于是他说话的声音就变得粗重、迟缓,好像是一个饮酒过量的人发出来的。

他向我讲述了他为何急于见到我,以及他如何希望现在有我相陪伴,他的情况会好转些。他解释道,他得的是一种怪病,这种病已经在他的家族中肆虐好久了。这种神经过敏症搞得他对一切事物都比其他人敏感得多。他只能吃那些几乎完全寡淡无味的食物,只能万分小心地挑选衣物,因为大多数面料都会伤害他的皮肤。他不能忍受屋里摆放花卉,因为花卉的香气对他来说太浓烈了。光线会刺伤他的眼睛,大部分声音会刺伤他的耳朵——只有柔和的吉他弹奏声他还能接受。

最糟糕的是,他成了自己的恐惧的囚徒。“我要死了,”他常常说,“死于这种恐惧。我并不害怕危险。令我丧胆的是恐惧本身。此刻我在同恐惧搏斗,但迟早我会丧失这奋力搏斗的能力。”

在与鄂榭的长谈中,我对他的怪病有了更多的了解。他坚信这个病症来自鄂榭府本身。他已有多年未离开这座宅子了,于是他想,他已经变得跟宅子自身一样悲哀了。它那灰色的石墙与暗黑、凝止的湖水间所蕴藏的阴悒业已化作他个人的愁苦心绪。

他还相信他身染怪病在很大程度上是由于他亲爱的妹妹病得十分严重。他有一个妹妹,名叫玛德琳,是他家族中另一位仅存于阳世间

**tasteless** *adj.* *having no taste.* 没味道的。**conversation** *n.* *informal talk in which people exchange news, feelings, and thoughts.* 会话;谈话;交谈。**seriously** *adv.* *in a serious way.* 严重地;严肃地。

only other person in his family who was still living, but each day she seemed a little nearer to death.

‘Her death,’ Usher said blackly, ‘will leave me alone in the world, the last of all the Ushers.’

While he was speaking, Madeleine passed slowly through the back of the long room and, without noticing me, disappeared. As I looked at her, my eyes felt heavy with sleep, and I had a strange feeling of fear. I looked across at Usher. He had covered his face with his hands, but I could see that he had become even paler, and that he was crying silently.

Lady Madeleine’s illness was a mysterious one which no doctor could understand. Every day she became weaker and thinner, and sometimes went into a sleep which was more like death than sleep. For years she had fought bravely against her illness, but on the night of my arrival she went to bed and did not get up from it again. ‘You will probably not see her again alive,’ Usher said to me, shaking his head sadly.

During the next few days Usher and I never spoke about his sister. We spent a lot of time painting and reading together, and sometimes he played on his guitar. I tried very hard to help my friend, but I realized that his sadness was too deep. It was a black gloom that covered everything that belonged to his world; sometimes, indeed, he seemed close to the edge of madness.

He painted strange pictures, and sang mysterious songs with wild words. His ideas, too, were strange, and he had one idea

的成员,然而似乎每过一天,她就要朝着死神迈近一小步。

“她这一死,”鄂榭闷闷不乐地说道,“就将把我,鄂榭家族的末代子遗,独自撇在这世界上了。”

他正说着,玛德琳从这长长的房间的远端缓缓走了过去,她并没有注意到我,便不见了影子。我盯着她,两眼昏昏欲睡,然后心头涌起一阵莫名其妙的惶恐。我再转脸看鄂榭,只见他已用双手掩面,不过我仍能看到他的脸色变得更加苍白,而且他正在无声地哭泣。

玛德琳小姐的病症极为古怪,哪个医生都瞧不出个名堂来。她一天比一天衰弱,一天比一天单薄,有时候一觉睡去,与其说是睡着了,还不如说是死掉了更形象。多年以来她同病魔进行了勇敢的斗争,谁知就在我到来的那天夜里,她上了床,并且就此卧床不起。“你可能再也不会见到她活着了,”鄂榭悲哀地摇着头,对我说。

此后的数日内鄂榭和我一直绝口不提他的妹妹。我们花了好多时间一起画画,一起读书,有时他还操起吉他弹上一曲。我尽了极大的努力去帮助我的朋友,但是却发现悲哀在他心中已如此根深蒂固。那黑魆魆的阴悒笼罩着属于他的世界的每一样东西;说实在的,有时候他似乎已接近了疯狂的边缘。

他画了一些古怪的画,唱了一些神秘的歌曲,歌词中尽是些狂野的字眼儿。还有,他脑子里的念头也很古怪,其中有一个想法好像比

arrival *n.* the act of arriving. 到达;抵达。



that seemed more important to him than all the others. He was quite sure that all things, plants, trees, even stones, were able to *feel*.

‘The House of Usher itself,’ he told me, ‘is like a living thing. When the walls were first built, life went into the stones themselves and year after year it has grown stronger. Even the air around the walls and above the lake has its own life, and belongs to the house. Don’t you see,’ he cried, ‘how the stones and the air have shaped the lives of the Usher family?’

These ideas were too fantastic for me, and I could not answer him.

One evening I was reading quietly when my friend told me, in very few words, that the Lady Madeleine had died. He had decided, he said, to keep her body for a fortnight in one of the vaults under the house, before it went to its last resting-place. This was because his sister’s illness had been a mysterious one, and her doctors wanted to learn more about it. He asked me to help him and I agreed.

Together we carried the body in its coffin down to the vaults under the house. The vault that he had chosen was a long way down, but was under the part of the house where I slept. It had once been a prison, and was small, dark, and airless, with a heavy metal door.

We put the coffin down and then gently lifted up the cover to look at the dead woman for the last time. As I looked down at her face, I realized how much Usher’s sister looked like