

THE PENGUIN BOOK
OF



ENGLISH

SHORT STORIES



EDITED BY CHRISTOPHER DOLLEY

The Penguin Book of English Short Stories

英国短篇小说精选（一）

这是企鹅丛书中第一本英国短篇小说集，1967年出版后，前后已再版25次，深受广大读者欢迎。

全书精选的16篇短篇小说中有狄更斯的《信号员》，乔伊斯的《死者》，威尔斯的《盲人国》等脍炙人口的名著，也有劳伦斯、曼斯菲尔、赫胥黎、莫姆等名作家的短篇佳作。

编者以此选集对英国短篇小说作简略的历史回顾，通过这16位著名作家的16篇短篇小说向读者揭示自19世纪中叶以来英国短篇小说已发展成为英国文坛上一枝奇葩，至今仍芬芳迷人。

江苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

外文出版社
中国文学出版社
新世界出版社

出版

UD 9783

*The Penguin Book
of English Short Stories*

EDITED BY
CHRISTOPHER DOLLEY



PENGUIN BOOKS

This selection first published by Penguin Books 1967

This selection copyright © Penguin Books Ltd, 1967
All rights reserved

Published by arrangement with the Penguin Group,
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Reprinted in the People's Republic of China
by the Foreign Languages Press 1989
in association with

the Chinese Literature Press and New World Press,
24 Baiwanzhuang Road, Beijing 100037, China

ISBN 7-119-00886-2/I143

Not for sale outside the People's Republic of China

CONTENTS

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Editorial Foreword | 7 |
| Acknowledgements | 9 |
| <i>Charles Dickens (1812-70)</i> THE SIGNALMAN | 11 |
| <i>Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)</i> THE WITHERED ARM | 25 |
| <i>Joseph Conrad (1857-1924)</i> AN OUTPOST OF PROGRESS | 56 |
| <i>Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)</i> AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE | 82 |
| <i>H. G. Wells (1866-1946)</i> THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND | 103 |
| <i>W. Somerset Maugham (1874-1965)</i> THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE | 129 |
| <i>James Joyce (1882-1941)</i> THE DEAD | 157 |
| <i>Virginia Woolf (1882-1941)</i> KEW GARDENS | 201 |
| <i>D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)</i> FANNY AND ANNIE | 208 |
| <i>Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923)</i> THE VOYAGE | 224 |
| <i>Joyce Cary (1888-1957)</i> THE BREAKOUT | 233 |
| <i>Aldous Huxley (1894-1963)</i> THE GIOCONDA SMILE | 251 |
| <i>V. S. Pritchett (1900-)</i> THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT | 283 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Evelyn Waugh</i> (1903-66) | |
| MR LOVEDAY'S LITTLE OUTING | 293 |
| <i>Graham Greene</i> (1904-) | |
| ACROSS THE BRIDGE | 302 |
| <i>Angus Wilson</i> (1913-) | |
| RASPBERRY JAM | 313 |

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

THIS volume of English short stories is the first in the series to be published by Penguins. The aim of this collection is to appeal to the reader at large. No attempt has been made to conduct a historical survey of the English short story, and the collection starts in the mid nineteenth century, from which date the short story developed into a recognizable genre.

Most of the stories I have included are by outstanding novelists. However, an advantage of the short story as a literary form in its own right is that it allows an essentially minor talent to fulfil itself. Katherine Mansfield is a good example, and Somerset Maugham and H.G. Wells are as likely to be remembered for their stories as for their novels. Even Virginia Woolf, notwithstanding *To the Lighthouse*, is at her best in some of her marvellous early short stories.

The short story still flourishes, and the aim of this collection is to give some idea of the variety and individuality which the genre has developed over the last hundred years.

30

b31

b7D

b31

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FOR permission to reprint the stories specified we are indebted to:
the Trustees of the Hardy Estate and Macmillan & Co. Ltd for
Thomas Hardy's 'The Withered Arm' from *Wessex Tales*;

Mrs George Bambridge and Macmillan & Co. Ltd for Rudyard
Kipling's 'At the End of the Passage' from *Life's Handicap*;

the Executors of H. G. Wells for his 'The Country of the Blind'
from *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells*;

the late W. Somerset Maugham Esq. and William Heinemann Ltd
for W. Somerset Maugham's 'The Force of Circumstance' from *The
Complete Short Stories*, Volume I;

the Executors of the James Joyce Estate and Jonathan Cape Ltd
for James Joyce's 'The Dead' from *Dubliners*;

Leonard Woolf Esq. for Virginia Woolf's 'Kew Gardens';

Laurence Pollinger Ltd, the Estate of the late Mrs Frieda
Lawrence, and William Heinemann Ltd for D. H. Lawrence's 'Fanny
and Annie' from *The Complete Short Stories of D. H. Lawrence*;

the Society of Authors, for the Estate of the late Katherine
Mansfield, for her 'The Voyage' from *The Garden Party*;

the Joyce Cary Estate for Joyce Cary's 'The Breakout' from *Spring
Song and Other Stories*;

the late Aldous Huxley Esq. and Chatto & Windus Ltd for Aldous
Huxley's 'The Gioconda Smile' from *Mortal Coils*;

A. D. Peters & Co. and Chatto & Windus Ltd for V. S. Pritchett's
'The Fly in the Ointment' from V. S. Pritchett's *Collected Stories*;

A. D. Peters & Co. for Evelyn Waugh's 'Mr Loveday's Little
Outing';

Graham Greene Esq. and William Heinemann Ltd for Graham
Greene's 'Across the Bridge' from *Twenty-One Stories*;

Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd for Angus Wilson's 'Raspberry
Jam' from *The Wrong Set*.

g
br
er
m
to
is

Charles Dickens

THE SIGNALMAN

'HALLOAL Below there!'

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said for my life what. But I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset, that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

'Halloal! Below!'

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

'Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?'

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapour as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me, and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his

rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him: 'All right!' and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out, which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitous. It was made through a clammy stone, that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and his left elbow rested on his right hand, crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and stepping out upon the level of the railroad, and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective in the other direction terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, that it had an earthy, deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up

THE SIGNALMAN

within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly-awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used; for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: 'Don't you know it is?'

The monstrous thought came into my mind, as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

'You look at me,' I said, forcing a smile, 'as if you had a dread of me.'

'I was doubtful,' he returned, 'whether I had seen you before.'

'Where?'

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

'There?' I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound).
'Yes.'

'My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear.'

'I think I may,' he rejoined. 'Yes; I am sure I may.'

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work – manual labour – he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of

his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here – if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial, face, and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force; even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut – he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word, 'sir', from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth – as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him.

THE SIGNALMAN

He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door, and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties, I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen colour, turned his face towards the little bell when it did NOT ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him, 'You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man.'

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

'I believe I used to be so,' he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; 'but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled.'

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

'With what? What is your trouble?'

'It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you.'

'But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?'

'I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten o'clock tomorrow night, sir.'

'I will come at eleven.'

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. 'I'll show my white light, sir,' he said, in his peculiar low voice, 'till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!'

CHARLES DICKENS

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than, 'Very well'.

'And when you come down tomorrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry, "Halloal Below there!" tonight?'

'Heaven knows,' said I. 'I cried something to that effect—'

'Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well.'

'Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below.'

'For no other reason?'

'What other reason could I possibly have?'

'You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?'

'No.'

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me) until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. 'I have not called out,' I said, when we came close together; 'may I speak now?' 'By all means, sir.' 'Good night, then, and here's my hand.' 'Good night, sir, and here's mine.' With that we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

'I have made up my mind, sir,' he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, 'that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for someone else yesterday evening. That troubles me.'

'That mistake?'

'No. That someone else.'

'Who is it?'

'I don't know.'

'Like me?'