

# 都柏林人

Dubliners

中英对照全译本

[爱尔兰] 詹姆斯·乔伊斯 著

*James Joyce*

盛世教育西方名著翻译委员会 译



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欧洲文学卷

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# 前 言

通过阅读文学名著学语言，是掌握英语的绝佳方法。既可接触原汁原味的英语，又能享受文学之美，一举两得，何乐不为？

对于喜欢阅读名著的读者，这是一个最好的时代，因为有成千上万的书可以选择；这又是一个不好的时代，因为在浩繁的卷帙中，很难找到适合自己的好书。

然而，你手中的这套丛书，值得你来信赖。

这套精选的中英对照名著全译丛书，未改编改写、未删节削减，且配有权威注释、部分书中还添加了精美插图。

要学语言、读好书，当读名著原文。如习武者切磋交流，同高手过招方能渐明其间奥妙，若一味在低端徘徊，终难登堂入室。积年流传的名著，就是书中“高手”。然而这个“高手”，却有真假之分。初读书时，常遇到一些挂了名著名家之名改写改编的版本，虽有助于了解基本情节，然而所得只是皮毛，你何曾真的就读过了那名著呢？一边是窖藏了50年的女儿红，一边是贴了女儿红标签的薄酒，那滋味，怎能一样？“朝闻道，夕死可矣。”人生短如朝露，当努力追求真正的美。

本套丛书的英文版本，是根据外文原版书精心挑选而来；对应的中文译文以直译为主，以方便中英文对照学习，译文经反复推敲，对忠实理解原著极有助益；在涉及到重要文化习俗之处，添加了精当的注释，以解疑惑。

读过本套丛书的原文全译，相信你会得书之真意、语言之精髓。

送君“开卷有益”之书，愿成文采斐然之人。

CONTENTS  
目 录

THE SISTERS.....	1
姐妹们.....	1
AN ENCOUNTER.....	15
一次邂逅.....	15
ARABY.....	29
阿拉比.....	29
EVELINE.....	39
伊芙琳.....	39
AFTER THE RACE.....	47
车赛以后.....	47
TWO GALLANTS.....	58
两个风流鬼.....	58
THE BOARDING HOUSE.....	76
寄宿公寓.....	76
A LITTLE CLOUD.....	88
一小片云.....	88



COUNTERPARTS .....	111
无独有偶.....	111
CLAY .....	130
泥土.....	130
A PAINFUL CASE.....	141
悲痛往事.....	141
IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM .....	157
委员会办公室里的常春藤日 .....	157
A MOTHER .....	182
母亲.....	182
GRACE .....	203
恩典.....	203
THE DEAD .....	242
死者.....	242
中英对照全译本系列书目表 .....	313

## THE SISTERS

## 姐妹们

THERE was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: "I am not long for this world," and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the *Euclid* and the word simony in the *Catechism*. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling out my

这一次真的没救了：这是他第三次中风。一夜又一夜，我路过他的房屋（那时我在度假），端详着那方微亮的窗棂：一夜又一夜，我都看到那同样的灯光，微弱地铺洒出来。我暗自揣度，如果他已经离世，我就会看见烛火倒映在深黑色的窗帘上，因为我知道，尸体的头部旁边一定会点着两支蜡烛。他以前总是对我说：“我很快就要离开这个世界了。”那时我以为他是胡乱讲讲，现在才知道那些话是真的。每天晚上我凝视着那扇窗户，都会轻声自言自语“瘫痪”。这个词每次听来都如此陌生怪异，就像是《欧几里得课本》中的“磐折形”<sup>1</sup>，或《教义问答手册》中的“买卖圣职罪”。可是如今这个词听上去就像是一个十恶不赦的罪人之名。我满心恐惧，但又渴望靠近它，亲眼看看它所犯下的可怕的恶果。

我下楼去吃晚饭的时候，老

<sup>1</sup> 磐折形 (Gnomon)，数学名词，从平行四边形的一角，除去相似的较小的四边形后，剩下的即这种图形。



stir about he said, as if returning to some former remark of his:

“No, I wouldn't say he was exactly ... but there was something queer ... there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion ...”

He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his opinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of fairs and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery.

“I have my own theory about it,” he said. “I think it was one of those ... peculiar cases ... But it's hard to say ...”

He began to puff again at his pipe without giving us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to me:

“Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear.”

“Who?” said I.

“Father Flynn.”

“Is he dead?”

“Mr. Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house.”

I knew that I was under observation so I continued eating as if the news had not interested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter.

“The youngster and he were great friends. The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a

柯特正坐在火炉旁吸着烟。当姑妈舀出我那份麦片粥时，他好像忆起了自己曾经说过的什么话，喃喃道：

“不，我不想说他就是个……不过他确实很古怪……让人摸不透。我得跟你说说我的看法……”

他开始猛抽烟斗，毫无疑问他在整理头脑里的看法。烦人的老傻瓜！我们刚和他认识的时候他还相当风趣，总说起晕厥啊蠕虫啊的话题；但是很快我就受够了他这个人，还有他又臭又长的关于酿酒厂的故事。

“对这件事我有自己的想法，”他说，“我估计这是那种……怪病……不过这也不好说……”

他又开始砸烟斗，不再跟我们讲他的理论。我姑父看我还大睁着双眼，便对我说：

“嗯，你的老朋友去世了，你听到这个消息应该会很难过吧。”

“谁？”我问道。

“弗林神父。”

“他死了？”

“柯特先生刚刚告诉我们。他来这里之前从那屋子前经过的。”

我知道所有的人都在观察我的反应，于是我假装对这消息根本不感兴趣，继续吃着东西。姑父向老柯特解释道：

“小家伙跟他交情很深。那老头教给他很多东西，你知道吗；他们说他对这孩子寄予厚望呢。”



great wish for him.”

“God have mercy on his soul,” said my aunt piously.

Old Cotter looked at me for a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes were examining me but I would not satisfy him by looking up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and finally spat rudely into the grate.

“I wouldn’t like children of mine,” he said, “to have too much to say to a man like that.”

“How do you mean, Mr. Cotter?” asked my aunt.

“What I mean is,” said old Cotter, “it’s bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be ... Am I right, Jack?”

“That’s my principle, too,” said my uncle. “Let him learn to box his corner. That’s what I’m always saying to that Rosicrucian there: take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper every morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and summer. And that’s what stands to me now. Education is all very fine and large ... Mr. Cotter might take a pick of that leg mutton,” he added to my aunt.

“No, no, not for me,” said old Cotter.

My aunt brought the dish from the safe

“愿上帝保佑他的灵魂。”姑妈虔诚地说。

老柯特盯着我看了一会儿。我能感觉到他那乌黑的小眼珠正在我身上仔细打量，但我不愿回应他，头也没抬地继续喝粥。他收回目光继续抽烟，最后粗鲁地往壁炉里啐了口痰。

“我可不会让我的孩子，”他开口道，“跟那种老家伙聊得火热。”

“你这话怎讲，柯特先生？”姑妈问。

“我想说的是，”老柯特说，“这样对孩子可不好。我的观点是：要让小家伙到处跑跑，和周围同龄的小孩子打成一片，而不是……我说得有道理吗，杰克？”

“我也是这么想的，”姑父道，“要让孩子们待在自己的圈子里啊。我老是对那个罗森克洛兹<sup>1</sup>小教徒说：要锻炼呀！想当年，我还是个小崽子的时候，每天早上都冲冷水澡，无论寒暑，这习惯直到现在还一直坚持呢。教育要全面，体现在每一个细节……让柯特先生尝一块最肥美的羊腿吧。”他对姑妈说了一句。

“哦，不，不用啦。”老柯特说。

<sup>1</sup> 罗森克洛兹 (Rosicrucian)，传说中由基督教徒罗森克洛兹所创立的一种秘密结社，据说其成员有古传秘术。这里用做隐喻，意为那孩子喜欢听神秘的故事。

and put it on the table.

“But why do you think it’s not good for children, Mr. Cotter?” she asked.

“It’s bad for children,” said old Cotter, “because their minds are so impressionable. When children see things like that, you know, it has an effect ...”

I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured; and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

The next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain Street. It was an unassuming shop,

姑妈把羊腿从食橱里拿出来摆上了桌。

“可是，柯特先生，为什么您觉得那样对孩子不好呢？”她问。

“对孩子简直糟透了，”老柯特答道，“因为他们幼小的心灵太容易受到影响了。要知道，孩子们看到那种事，会让他们……”

我用麦片粥把嘴巴塞得满满的，生怕自己会忍不住爆出愤怒的粗口。该死的酒糟鼻，臭傻瓜！

那天我很晚才入睡，虽然我对老柯特叫我孩子气愤不已，但我仍然拼命想弄清楚他那说了半截的话到底有什么深意。我在漆黑的房间里想象着又再次看到瘫痪的神父那张呆滞而发灰的脸。我拉上被子把头蒙住，试图去想圣诞节这样欢乐的景象。但那张灰白的脸依然阴魂不散。它在喃喃自语。我知道，它要忏悔什么。我感到灵魂仿佛脱离了躯体，游荡到一个欢愉而充满罪恶的地方；在那里我又一次发现那张面孔守候着我。它开始用细不可闻的声音向我忏悔着，我不明白它为何自始至终都带着微笑，嘴唇被唾液弄得湿乎乎的。可是之后我就记起它已经死于瘫痪，我感到自己也有气无力地笑了起来，就像在赦免他那买卖圣职一般的罪孽。

第二天早上吃完早饭，我来到大不列颠街去看看那栋小屋。这是一家不显山不露水的小店，招牌上

registered under the vague name of *Drapery*. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: *Umbrellas Re-covered*. No notice was visible now for the shutters were up. A crape bouquet was tied to the door-knocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boy were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approached and read:

July 1st, 1895

The Revd James Flynn (formerly of S. Catherine's Church, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years.

*R. I. P.*

The reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead and I was disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the shop to find him sitting in his armchair by the fire, nearly smothered in his greatcoat. Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of High Toast for him and this present would have roused him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptied the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands trembled too much to allow him to do this without spilling half the snuff about the floor. Even as he raised his large trembling

含糊地写着服装店。店里主要出售儿童毛线鞋与伞。平常的日子里橱窗里总是挂着一张告示：换新伞面。现在因为紧闭的百叶窗，那告示已经看不见了。门环上用黑色的缎带系了一束约纱花。有两个穷婆子和一个送电报的男孩站在门口，正在念那花束上别着的卡片。我也凑上前去念道：

1895年7月1日

詹姆斯·弗林神父（前属圣凯瑟林教堂，米斯街），享年65岁。

愿他安息

读着这张卡片，我才打心眼里相信他已经死了，并且不安地感觉自己有所顾忌。如果他还没死，此刻我就能走到店铺后面那间光线昏暗的小屋子里，看他坐在壁炉旁的安乐椅上，整个人几乎都蜷缩进大衣里。也许姑妈又会叫我捎一包海伊·托斯特鼻烟给他。这个礼物会让从昏昏沉沉中苏醒。不过，每次都是我帮他吧烟末倒进他的黑色鼻烟盒，因为他的手抖得太厉害，要是他自己倒的话，一半烟末都得被他倒在地上。甚至当他举起他那抖个不停的大手去送烟末到鼻孔里时，他的指缝间还会漏出几

hand to his nose little clouds of smoke dribbled through his fingers over the front of his coat. It may have been these constant showers of snuff which gave his ancient priestly garments their green faded look for the red handkerchief, blackened, as it always was, with the snuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fallen grains, was quite inefficacious.

I wished to go in and look at him but I had not the courage to knock. I walked away slowly along the sunny side of the street, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop-windows as I went. I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. He had studied in the Irish college in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me what one should do in certain circumstances or whether such and such sins were mortal or venial or only

小团粉末，掉在他大衣的前襟上。也许是这些不断飘落的烟屑让他那古旧的绿色神父长袍褪去了颜色，就算他用手帕擦掉落下的粉末，也无济于事。而且那块红色的手帕也因为经年累月鼻烟的侵袭，变得油黑。

我很想进屋里去看看他，但却没有勇气叩门。我沿着有阳光的一面街道缓缓地走着，细细看着经过的每个商铺窗户上贴着的剧院广告。让我觉得怪异的是，无论是这天气还是我的心情都丝毫没有因为这丧葬气氛所感染，甚至我感到一阵轻松，我发现自己有种自由的感觉，仿佛他的死令我挣脱了某种束缚，这种感觉甚至让我觉得不安。我对此感到困惑，因为正如昨晚姑父所说，他教会了我许多事情。他在罗马的爱尔兰学院学习过，所以他教会了我拉丁文的正确发音。他给我讲地下坟墓以及拿破仑·波拿巴的奇闻轶事，还对我解释做弥撒时各种仪式的含义，牧师披的不同的祭服又都代表什么意思。有时，他为给自己寻开心，故意问我一些刁钻古怪的问题，问我在某种情况下该怎么办，哪些罪恶是必须被处死的，哪些罪恶可以被原谅，哪些罪恶仅仅是瑕疵罢了。他的这些难题让我见识到教会的某些规

imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the *Post Office Directory* and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate questions. Often when I thought of this I could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one upon which he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice. Sometimes he used to put me through the responses of the mass which he had made me learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then pushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip – a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.

As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened

矩是多么复杂难懂，神秘奥妙，我原本一直以为这些只是最简单不过的法则。如今我体会到牧师对发放圣餐和保守忏悔秘密所负的职责是如此神圣庄严，我很奇怪竟然会有人有勇气承担这责任；而当他告诉我教会的神父们还写了好些像《邮政指南》那样厚的书用来解答所有那些错综复杂的问题，里面的排版布局就像报纸上的司法公告一样密密麻麻，我也丝毫不感到奇怪了。每当我想到这里，就常常一句话也答不出来，或是结结巴巴地想出一个很愚蠢的答案，对此他则习惯微笑着点两下头。有时他教我将做弥撒时的对答排演熟练，牢记于心；当我对答如流的时候，他就在沉吟中露出笑容，点点头，时不时地将大块的鼻烟交替地送到两边的鼻孔里去。当他微笑的时候，就会暴露出他那被染黄的大牙齿，舌头耷拉在下嘴唇上——我们刚开始结识的时候，这个习惯曾经令我感到很不舒服，但与他相熟后也就见怪不怪了。

当我漫步在太阳下的时候，想起了老柯特的话，就努力回想那天梦里后来的情景。我记得我梦到了

afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swinging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange – in Persia, I thought ... But I could not remember the end of the dream.

In the evening my aunt took me with her to visit the house of mourning. It was after sunset; but the window-panes of the houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a great bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt's nodding, proceeded to toil up the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarcely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first landing she stopped and beckoned us forward encouragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesitated to enter, began to beckon to me again repeatedly with her hand.

I went in on tiptoe. The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames. He had been coffined. Nannie gave the lead and we three knelt down at the foot of the bed. I

长长的天鹅绒窗帘，还有一只古色古香的吊灯。我觉得自己去了千里之遥的远方，去到一个充满了异国风情的国土——也许是波斯，我想……但是梦的结尾我记不起来了。

那天傍晚，姑妈带我去那户办丧事的人家吊唁。太阳已经落山，但那座房屋朝西的窗户上还反射出一大片褐金色的云霞。南妮在客厅里迎接我们；按礼俗如果我们朝她大声打招呼是不合时宜的，因此姑妈只和她握了下手就作罢。那老太太指指楼上，仿佛在询问我们上不上去，姑妈点头同意了，于是老太太走在前面，引着我们一步步艰难地登上狭窄的楼梯，她的头垂得几乎和楼梯的扶手一样低。到了二楼的平台，她停下来，招手鼓励我们往开着门的死者的卧室里面走。姑妈走了进去，而我却心中犹豫，止步不前，老太太见我害怕，就又开始不停地招手让我进去。

我终于蹑手蹑脚地摸进房间。落日的余晖透过窗帘的蕾丝下摆的缝隙，将整个房间染成淡淡的金色，烛火在这片金色中被衬得苍白而微弱。他躺在棺材里。南妮头一个跪下，姑妈和我也跟着跪在床脚

pretended to pray but I could not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt was hooked at the back and how the heels of her cloth boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay there in his coffin.

But no. When we rose and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smiling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur. There was a heavy odour in the room – the flowers.

We crossed ourselves and came away. In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his armchair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at her sister's bidding, she filled out the sherry into the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed me to take some cream crackers also but I declined because I thought I would make too much noise eating them. She seemed to be somewhat disappointed at my refusal and went over quietly to the sofa where

边。我装模作样地祈祷，却无法集中起精神，因为老太太咕咕啾啾的声音一直扰乱我的思绪。我注意到她的裙子在背后乱糟糟地随便一夹，布鞋鞋底整条边都被磨掉了。我突发奇想，觉得此情此景令躺在棺材里的老神父也忍俊不禁起来。

可惜一切都是我的幻想。当我们站起身来走到床头，我看到他并没露出微笑。他躺在那儿，像一个庄严的庞然大物，身穿祭服，像要上圣坛似的，一双大手松松地捧着一只圣餐杯。那张大脸显得十分灰败，面目狰狞，鼻孔像两个深不见底的黑洞，头顶残剩一圈稀落的白发。屋里有一股浓重的气味——那是花香。

我们在胸前画了十字，就离开了房间。在楼下的小屋子内，我们看见伊丽莎静静地坐在他的扶手椅上。我摸索着走到角落里，在我惯常坐的椅子上坐下。这时南妮走到橱柜前，端出一只细颈瓶子的雪莉酒和几只酒杯。把这些放在桌上后，她请我们喝一小杯酒。然后应她姐姐的要求，她把酒倒进杯子里，递给我们。她强烈要求我吃几片奶油薄脆饼，但我婉拒了，因为我觉得吃这种东西会发出很大的响声。因为我的不领情，她看上去有些失落，一声不吭地走到沙发那里在她姐姐身后坐下来。大家都盯

she sat down behind her sister. No one spoke: we all gazed at the empty fireplace.

My aunt waited until Eliza sighed and then said:

“Ah, well, he’s gone to a better world.”

Eliza sighed again and bowed her head in assent. My aunt fingered the stem of her wineglass before sipping a little.

“Did he ... peacefully?” she asked.

“Oh, quite peacefully, ma’am,” said Eliza. “You couldn’t tell when the breath went out of him. He had a beautiful death, God be praised.”

“And everything ... ?”

“Father O’Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepared him and all.”

“He knew then?”

“He was quite resigned.”

“He looks quite resigned,” said my aunt.

“That’s what the woman we had in to wash him said. She said he just looked as if he was asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would think he’d make such a beautiful corpse.”

“Yes, indeed,” said my aunt.

She sipped a little more from her glass and said:

“Well, Miss Flynn, at any rate it must be a great comfort for you to know that you did all you could for him. You were both very kind to him, I must say.”

着没生火的壁炉，没有人说话。

直到伊丽莎叹了口气，姑妈才开口说道：

“哦，呃，他去了一个更好的地方。”

伊丽莎又叹了口气，低下头表示默许。姑妈用手指摩挲着酒杯底座，然后抿了一小口。

“他走得……还平静吧？”她问道。

“嗯，很平静，夫人，”伊丽莎答道，“你都不知道他什么时候没了呼吸。他走得很安宁祥和，感谢上帝。”

“还有其他事情……？”

“奥鲁克神甫一整个星期二都陪着他，给他涂上油，把一切都准备收拾妥当了。”

“那时他还有意识吗？”

“他很听天由命。”

“他看起来很满足很释然。”姑妈说。

“我们请来给他清洗的那个女人也这么说的。她说，他看起来就和睡着了一样，那么安详，听天由命。谁都想不到他会走得如此体面。”

“的确。”姑妈道。

她又抿了一口杯中酒说道：

“嗯，弗林小姐，不管怎样，你们竭尽所能地给他操办了丧事，现在一定觉得很宽慰吧。我得说，



Eliza smoothed her dress over her knees.

“Ah, poor James!” she said. “God knows we done all we could, as poor as we are – we wouldn’t see him want anything while he was in it.”

Nannie had leaned her head against the sofa-pillow and seemed about to fall asleep.

“There’s poor Nannie,” said Eliza, looking at her, “she’s wore out. All the work we had, she and me, getting in the woman to wash him and then laying him out and then the coffin and then arranging about the mass in the chapel. Only for Father O’Rourke I don’t know what we’d done at all. It was him brought us all them flowers and them two candlesticks out of the chapel and wrote out the notice for the *Freeman’s General* and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor James’s insurance.”

“Wasn’t that good of him?” said my aunt.

Eliza closed her eyes and shook her head slowly.

“Ah, there’s no friends like the old friends,” she said, “when all is said and done, no friends that a body can trust.”

“Indeed, that’s true,” said my aunt. “And I’m sure now that he’s gone to his eternal reward he won’t forget you and all your kindness to him.”

你们姐妹俩都对他极好。”

伊丽莎抚着她膝盖上裙子的皱纹说道：

“哦，可怜的詹姆斯！”她说，“上帝都看在眼里，哪怕我们家徒四壁，也做了力所能及的一切——我们想让他死后什么都不缺。”

此时，南妮的头已经歪在沙发垫上，看起来已经睡着了。

“瞧，可怜的南妮，”伊丽莎看着她说，“她已经精疲力竭了。她和我包揽了所有的事情：请那个女人来给他清洗，给尸体整理穿戴，买棺材，安排小教堂举行弥撒。还好有奥鲁克神甫帮忙，不然我们肯定乱成一团，都不知道变成什么样呢。正是他给我们带来那些花儿，从小教堂里拿了两支蜡烛，还写了讣告发在《自由人会报》上；他还办妥了所有殡葬的手续，并且处理了可怜的詹姆斯的保险事宜。”

“他真是个好人的，不是吗？”姑妈道。

伊丽莎紧闭双眼，缓慢地摇摇头。

“哎，朋友还是老的好，”她感叹起来，“不过话说回来，没有一个朋友真正靠得住的。”

“确实是大实话，”姑妈说，“现在我确信，虽然他已经永世长眠，但他一定不会忘记你们和你们为他做的一切。”