

大学英语阅读



大学英语

(注释版)

经

典

阅

读

系列



拉菲姆的发迹

下册

译注 伍权 贾婷

远方出版社

W 世界图书出版公司

大学英语阅读

H319.4

323:下

大学英语 经典

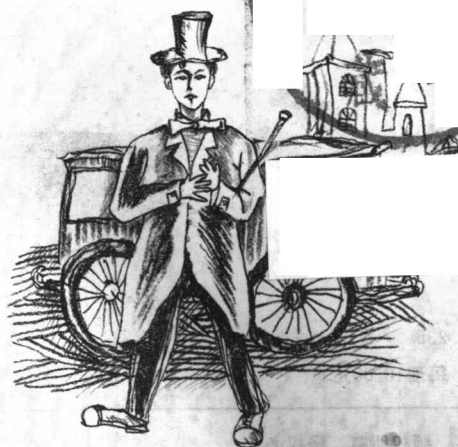
(注释版)

阅读

系列

拉斐姆的发迹

译注 伍权 贾婷



远方出版社

W 世界图书出版公司

责任编辑：胡丽娟

封面设计：视点文化

大学英语阅读 英文名著注释版

策 划：刘元
编 译 者：伍权、贾婷
出 版：远方出版社
社 址：呼和浩特市乌兰察布东路666号
邮 编：010010
发 行：新华书店
印 刷：西安新视点印务有限责任公司
版 次：2002年9月第1版
印 次：2002年9月第1次印刷
开 本：850×1168 1/32
印 张：6.875
字 数：30千字
标准书号：ISBN7-80595-809-2/G.235
定 价：70.00元（全套共7册，每册10.00元）

远方版图书，版权所有，侵权必究。

远方版图书，印装错误请与印刷厂退换。



作者简介及故事梗概

威廉·豪威尔斯 (William Dean Howells) (1837.3 - 1920.5), 美国小说家、编辑与批评家, 写实主义的先驱, 对十九世纪末, 二十世纪初期的几位重要写实主义者有显著的影响, 是美国文学史上的一位重要人物。

豪威尔斯生于俄亥俄州马丁斯费里。1859年是他一生的转折点, 洛威尔 (James Russell Lowell) 愿意将他的诗作刊登在《大西洋月刊》(Atlantic Monthly) 上。他所做的林肯竞选传记, 为他赢得威尼斯领事之职 (1861 - 1865)。在这期间, 他与新英格兰才女米德 (Elinor Mead) 结婚。1866年他应邀协助《大西洋月刊》的编辑, 1872年升任总编辑, 他将十年的精力贡献于《大西洋月刊》, 发表詹姆斯 (Henry James)、马克吐温及哈特 (Bret Harte) 与朱厄特 (Sarah O. Jewett) 等富于地方色彩的作家作品, 使之成为全国性刊物。他本身则从事旅游散记、短评及早期的小说, 包括《他们的结婚旅行》(Their Wedding Journey 1872) 与《无法避免的结局》(A Foregone Conclusion, 1875)。

1882年, 他决定全心写作小说, 最先写了《一个现代的例证》(A Modern Instance, 1882)。政治上的挫折、愤怒及爱女的病逝, 更加深了豪威尔斯的托尔斯泰人道主义信念, 他认为个人的幸福并非人生的终极目标, 因此, 他的许多小说转向基督教社会主义思想的表达。1910年, 他已经是众所皆知的[文坛的主持牧师]。

他的作品《塞拉斯·拉费姆的发迹》(The Rise of Silas Lapham, 1886) 是豪威尔斯的代表作, 其中的主角拉费姆是他投注最多情感写成的人物。以后他又写了《来自阿尔楚利亚的旅者》(A Traveller from Altruria, 1894), 《新财富的危害》(A



Hazard of New Fortunes, 1890), 《狮子岬的地主》(The Landlord at Lion's Head, 1897)等作品。

豪威尔斯也是一位成就卓越的文学评论家,他不遗余力地介绍同时期许多作家的作品。克莱恩(Stephen Crane)、诺里斯(Frank Norris)继承了他的文风,德莱塞(Theodore Dreise)的文风多少也承袭自他。

这部小说讲述了十九世纪中期波士顿的一个新兴暴发户的故事。主人公拉费姆依靠父亲发现的漆矿,经过自己的惨淡经营而成了百万富翁,这是他在物质上的发迹。拉费姆对波士顿上流社会垂涎三尺,妄图跻身于此,为此他不惜耗费巨额建筑一所富丽堂皇的住宅。后来拉费姆在竞争中失利,濒于破产。在他身处困境之时,有英国人愿出高价购买他的产业,拉费姆本可利用这个机遇扭转逆境,免遭破产的悲剧,但是他犹豫不决,不想运用欺诈的手段,最终他不愿违背自己做人的原则,选择了诚实,没有卖给英国人,因而破产。在他心神恍惚之时,无意中发生了火灾,把还在施工中的豪宅烧毁。拉费姆在经济上一败涂地,但在道德上却“发迹”了。

《塞拉斯·拉费姆的发迹》是美国现实主义的一个极好典范。豪威尔斯投注了很多笔墨描写一些琐碎的小事,其强调的是道德观念。拉费姆的新豪宅具有明显的象征意义。它是拉费姆事业成功的标志,是他企图挤身上流社会的妄想的标志,也是他道德堕落的标志,豪宅象征美国社会发展的一种状况——崇尚物质。拉费姆道德上的转变开始于他物质上的滑坡,通过大火把豪宅烧掉,豪威尔斯表明他对美国文明发展方向的疑虑和不满态度,豪宅的烧毁也代表了豪威尔斯对人与社会的理想观念的胜利。

XIV

THE Coreys were one of the few old families who lingered in Bellingham Place, the handsome, quiet old street which the sympathetic observer *must grieve to see abandoned to boarding-houses*¹. The dwellings are stately and tall, and the whole place wears an air of aristocratic seclusion, which Mrs. Corey's father might well have thought assured when he left her his house there at his death. It is one of two evidently designed by the same architect who built some houses in a characteristic taste on Beacon Street opposite the Common. It has a wooden *portico*², with slender *fluted columns*³, which have always been painted white, and which, with the delicate mouldings of the cornice, form the sole and sufficient decoration of the street front; nothing could be simpler, and nothing could be better. Within, the architect has again indulged his preference for the classic; the roof of the vestibule, wide and low, rests on marble columns, slim and fluted like the wooden columns without, and an ample staircase climbs in a graceful, easy curve from the *tesselated*⁴ pavement. Some carved Venetian *scigni* stretched along the wall; a rug lay at the foot of the stairs; but otherwise the simple adequacy of the architectural intention had been respected, and the place looked bare to the eyes of the Laphams when they entered. The Coreys had once kept a man, but when young Corey began his *retrenchments*⁵ the man had yielded to the neat maid who showed the Colonel into the reception-room and asked the ladies to walk up two flights.

He had his charges from Irene not to enter the drawing-room

1. must grieve to ... boarding-houses 看到这条街被遗弃,到处都林立着寄宿舍,会感到痛心的 2. portico[ˈpɔ:tikəʊ]n. 门廊,柱廊 3. fluted columns 有凹槽的柱子 4. tessellated[ˈtesileitɪd] adj. 用小块大理石镶嵌的 5. retrenchment [rɪˈtrentʃmənt]n. 费用削减

without her mother, and he spent five minutes in getting on his gloves, for he had desperately resolved to wear them at last. When he had them on, and let his large fists hang down on either side, they looked, in the *saffron tint* ¹ which the shop-girl said his gloves should be of, like canvased hams. He perspired with doubt as he climbed the stairs, and while he waited on the landing for Mrs. Lapham and Irene to come down from above before going into the drawing-room, he stood staring at his hands, now open and now shut, and breathing hard. He heard quiet talking beyond the *portiere* ² within, and presently Tom Corey came out.

"Ah, Colonel Lapham! Very glad to see you."

Lapham shook hands with him and gasped, "Waiting for Miss Lapham," to account for his presence. He had not been able to button his right glove, and he now began, *with as much indifference as he could assume* ³, to pull them both off, for he saw that Corey wore none. By the time he had stuffed them into the pocket of his coat-skirt his wife and daughter descended.

Corey welcomed them very cordially too, but looked a little mystified. Mrs. Lapham knew that he was silently inquiring for Penelope, and she did not know whether she ought to excuse her to him first or not. She said nothing, and after a glance toward the regions where Penelope might *conjecturably* ⁴ be lingering, he held aside the portiere for the Laphams to pass, and entered the room with them.

Mrs. Lapham had decided against low-necks on her own responsibility, and *had entrenched herself in the safety of a black silk* ⁵, in which she looked very handsome. Irene wore a dress of one of those shades which only a woman or an artist can decide to be green

1. saffron tint 桔黄色色调 2. portiere [ˌpɔːtiˈeə] n. 门帘, 门帷 3. with as much...assume 尽可能装出丝毫不在意的样子 4. conjecturably [kən'dʒektʃərəbli] adv. 可推测地 5. had entrenched...black silk 穿了一件黑色的丝质裙装, 自己觉得安全稳妥 entrench oneself 使自己处于稳固地位

or blue,¹ and which to other eyes looks both or neither, according to their degrees of ignorance. If it was more like a ball dress than a dinner dress, that might be excused to the exquisite effect. She trailed, a delicate splendour, across the carpet *in her mother's sombre wake*², and the consciousness of success brought a vivid smile to her face. Lapham, pallid with anxiety lest he should somehow disgrace himself, giving thanks to God that he should have been spared the shame of wearing gloves where no one else did, but at the same time despairing that Corey should have seen him in them, had an unwonted aspect of almost pathetic refinement.

Mrs. Corey exchanged a quick glance of surprise and relief with her husband as she started across the room to meet her guests, and in her gratitude to them for being so irreproachable, *she threw into her manner a warmth that people did not always find there*³. "General Lapham?" she said, shaking hands *in quick succession*⁴ with Mrs. Lapham and Irene, and now addressing herself to him.

"No, ma'am, only Colonel," said the honest man, but the lady did not hear him. She was introducing her husband to Lapham's wife and daughter, and Bromfield Corey was already shaking his hand and saying he was very glad to see him again, while he kept his artistic eye on Irene, and apparently could not take it off. Lily Corey gave the Lapham ladies a greeting which was physically rather than socially cold, and Nanny stood holding Irene's hand in both of hers a moment, and taking in her beauty and her style with a generous admiration which she could afford, for she was herself faultlessly dressed in the quiet taste of her city, and looking very pretty. The interval was long enough to let every man present confide his sense of Irene's beauty to every other; and then, as the party was small,

1. Irene wore a dress... green or blue. 艾琳穿的裙子的颜色只有女人或艺术家才能断定是绿色还是蓝色的。 2. in the wake of 紧紧跟随, 在……后 3. she threw into...find there 她(指康雷太太)在自己的态度上增加了一份热情,而这种热情人们是很少能见到的 4. in succession 紧接着

Mrs. Corey made everybody acquainted. When Lapham had not quite understood, he held the person's hand, and, leaning urbanely forward, inquired, "What name?" *He did that because a great man to whom he had been presented on the platform at a public meeting had done so to him,*¹ and he knew it must be right. *A little lull ensued upon the introductions*², and Mrs. Corey said quietly to Mrs. Lapham, "Can I send any one to be of use to Miss Lapham?" as if Penelope must be in the dressing-room.

Mrs. Lapham turned fire-red, and the graceful forms in which she had been intending to excuse her daughter's absence went *out of her head*³. "She isn't upstairs," she said, at her *bluntest*⁴, as country people are when embarrassed. "She didn't feel just like coming to-night. I don't know as she's feeling very well."

Mrs. Corey emitted a very small "O!"—very small, very cold, —which began to grow larger and hotter and to burn into Mrs. Lapham's soul before Mrs. Corey could add, "I'm very sorry. It's nothing serious, I hope?"

Robert Chase, the painter, had not come, and Mrs. James Bellingham was not there, so that the table really balanced better without Penelope; but Mrs. Lapham could not know this, and did not deserve to know it. Mrs. Corey glanced round the room, as if to take account of her guests, and said to her husband, "I think we are all here, then," and he came forward and gave his arm to Mrs. Lapham. She perceived then that in their determination not to be the first to come they had been the last, and must have kept the others waiting for them.

Lapham had never seen people go down to dinner arm-in- arm before, but he knew that his wife was distinguished in being taken

1. He did that...done so to him. 他这么做是因为曾经在一次公开会议的论坛上给他介绍的一位要人是这么对他做的。

2. A little lull...introductions. 介绍之后是一阵寂静。lull[lʌl]n. 暂时平静

3. out of one's head 被忘记

4. blunt[blʌnt] adj. 直言不讳的,不转弯抹角的

out by the host, and he waited in jealous impatience to see if Tom Corey would offer his arm to Irene. He gave it to that big girl they called Miss Kingsbury, and the handsome old fellow whom Mrs. Corey had introduced as her cousin took Irene out. Lapham was startled from the misgiving in which this left him by Mrs. Corey's passing her hand through his arm, and he made a sudden movement forward, but felt himself gently restrained. They went out the last of all; he did not know why, but he submitted, and when they sat down he saw that Irene, although she had come in with that Mr. Bellingham, was seated beside young Corey, after all.

He fetched a long sigh of relief when he sank into his chair and felt himself safe from error if he *kept a sharp lookout*¹ and did only what the others did. Bellingham had certain habits which he permitted himself, and one of these was tucking the corner of his napkin into his collar; he confessed himself an uncertain shot with a spoon, and *defended his practice on the ground of neatness and common-sense*². Lapham put his napkin into his collar too, and then, seeing that no one but Bellingham did it, became alarmed and took it out again slyly. He never had wine on his table at home, and on principle he was a prohibitionist; but now he did not know just what to do about the glasses at the right of his plate. *He had a notion to turn them all down*,³ as he had read of a well-known politician's doing at a public dinner, to show that he did not take wine; but, after *twiddling*⁴ with one of them a moment, he let them be, for it seemed to him that would be a little too conspicuous, and he felt that every one was looking. He let the servant fill them all, and he drank out of each, not to appear odd. Later, he observed that the young ladies were not taking wine, and he was glad to see that Irene had

1. kept a sharp lookout 敏锐地留心 (周围人如何做) 2. defended his practice...commonsense 争辩说自己的做法是基于清洁和一般常识 3. He had a notion...down. 他想拒绝喝这些酒。 4. twiddle['twidl]vi. 旋弄, 摆弄

refused it, and that *Mrs. Lapham was letting it stand untasted*¹. He did not know but he ought to decline some of the dishes, or at least leave most of some on his plate, but he was not able to decide; he took everything and ate everything.

He noticed that Mrs. Corey seemed to take no more trouble about the dinner than anybody, and Mr. Corey rather less; he was talking busily to Mrs. Lapham, and Lapham caught a word here and there that convinced him she was holding her own. He was getting on famously himself with Mrs. Corey, who had begun with him about his new house; he was telling her all about it, and giving her his ideas. Their conversation naturally included his architect across the table; Lapham had been delighted and secretly surprised to find the fellow there; and at something Seymour said the talk spread suddenly, and the pretty house he was building for Colonel Lapham became the general theme. Young Corey testified to its loveliness, and the architect said laughingly that if he had been able to make a nice thing of it, he owed it to the practical sympathy of his client.

"Practical sympathy is good," said Bromfield Corey; and, *slanting his head confidentially to Mrs. Lapham*², he added, "Does he *bleed*³ your husband, Mrs. Lapham? He's a terrible fellow for appropriations!"

Mrs. Lapham laughed, reddening consciously, and said she guessed the Colonel knew how to take care of himself. This struck Lapham, then *draining his glass of sauterne*⁴, as wonderfully discreet in his wife. Bromfield Corey leaned back in his chair a moment. "Well, after all, you can't say, with all your modern fuss about it, that you do much better now than the old fellows who built such houses as this."

1. Mrs. Lapham... untasted 拉费姆太太没有动那酒 2. slanting his head... Lapham 悄悄地把他的头向拉费姆太太这边靠了靠 3. bleed[bli:d] vt. 勒索... 的钱, 榨取钱财 4. draining his glass of sauterne 喝光他杯子里的苏特恩白葡萄酒 sauterne[sau'te:n] (法国苏特恩等地区生产的) 苏特恩白葡萄酒



"Ah," said the architect, "nobody can do better than well. Your house is in perfect taste; you know I've always admired it; and I don't think it's at all the worse for being old-fashioned. What we've done is largely to go back of the hideous style that raged after they forgot how to make this sort of house. But I think we may claim a better feeling for structure. We use better material, and more wisely; and *by and by*¹ we shall work out something more characteristic and original."

"With your chocolates and olives, and your clutter of *bric-a-brac*²?"

"All that's bad, of course, but I don't mean that. I don't wish to make you envious of Colonel Lapham, and modesty prevents my saying, that his house is prettier, — though I may have my convictions, — but it's better built. All the new houses are better built. Now, your house——"

"Mrs. Corey's house," interrupted the host, with a burlesque haste in disclaiming responsibility for it that made them all laugh. "My ancestral halls are in *Salem*³, and I'm told you couldn't drive a nail into their timbers; in fact, I don't know that you would want to do it."

"I should consider it a species of *sacrilege*⁴," answered Seymour, "and I shall be far from pressing the point I was going to make against a house of Mrs. Corey's."

This won Seymour the easy laugh, and Lapham silently wondered that the fellow never got off any of those things to him.

"Well," said Corey, "you architects and the musicians are the true and only artistic creators. All the rest of us, sculptors, painters, novelists, and tailors, deal with forms that we have before us; we try to imitate, we try to represent. But you two sorts of artists create

1. by and by 不久,迟早

2. bric-a-brac[ˈbriəkəbræk] n. 小装饰品,小古玩

3. Salem[ˈseiləm] 塞勒姆(美国俄勒冈州首府)

4. sacrilege[ˈsækrilidʒ] n. 亵渎(对名人等的)不敬

form. If you represent, you fail. Somehow or other you do *evolve*¹ the camel out of your inner consciousness" "I will not deny the soft impeachment," said the architect, with a modest air.

"I dare say. And you'll own that it's very handsome of me to say this, after your *unjustifiable*² attack on Mrs. Corey's property."

Bromfield Corey addressed himself again to Mrs. Lapham, and *the talk subdivided itself as before*³. It lapsed so entirely away from the subject just in hand, that Lapham was left with rather a good idea, as he thought it, to perish in his mind, for want of a chance to express it. The only thing like a recurrence to what they had been saying was Bromfield Corey's warning Mrs. Lapham, in some connection that Lapham lost, against Miss Kingsbury. "She's worse," he was saying, "when it comes to appropriations than Seymour himself. Depend upon it, Mrs. Lapham, she will give you no peace of your mind, now she's met you, from this out. Her tender mercies are cruel; and I leave you to supply the content from your own scriptural knowledge. Beware of her, and all her works. She calls them works of charity; but heaven knows whether they are. It don't stand to reason that she gives the poor ALL the money she gets out of people. I have my own belief" — he gave it in a whisper for the whole table to hear—"that she spends it for champagne and cigars."

Lapham did not know about that kind of talking; but Miss Kingsbury seemed to enjoy the fun as much as anybody, and he laughed with the rest.

"You shall be asked to the very next *debauch*⁴ of the committee, Mr. Corey; then you won't dare expose us," said Miss Kingsbury.

"I wonder you haven't been down upon Corey to go to the Chardon Street home and talk with your indigent Italians in their

1. evolve['i:vɒlv] vt. 作出, 设计出 2. unjustifiable[ˌʌn'dʒʌstɪfaɪəbəl] adj. 无道理的
 的 3. the talk...as before 谈话又像以前一样分成了几堆人的谈话 4. debauch
 [di'bo:tʃ] n. 纵酒宴乐

native tongue," said Charles Bellingham. "I saw in the Transcript the other night that you wanted some one for the work."

"We did think of Mr. Corey," replied Miss Kingsbury; "but we reflected that he probably wouldn't talk with them at all; he would make them keep still to be sketched¹, and forget all about their wants."

Upon the theory that *this was a fair return for Corey's pleasantry*², the others laughed again.

"There is one charity," said Corey, pretending superiority to Miss Kingsbury's point, "that is so difficult, I wonder it hasn't occurred to a lady of your courageous invention."

"Yes?" said Miss Kingsbury. "What is that?"

"The occupation, by deserving poor of neat habits, of all the beautiful, airy, wholesome houses that stand empty the whole summer long, while their owners are away in their *lowly cots*³ beside the sea."

"Yes, that is terrible," replied Miss Kingsbury, with quick earnestness, while her eyes grew moist. "I have often thought of our great, cool houses standing useless here, and the thousands of poor creatures stifling in their holes and dens, and the little children dying for wholesome shelter. How cruelly selfish we are!"

"That is a very comfortable sentiment, Miss Kingsbury," said Corey, "and must make you feel almost as if you had thrown open No. 31 to the whole *North End*⁴ But I am serious about this matter. I spend my summers in town, and I occupy my own house, so that I can speak impartially and intelligently; and I tell you that in some of my walks on the Hill and down on the Back Bay, nothing but the *surveillance*⁵ of the local policeman prevents my offering personal

1. he would make...sketched 他会让他们一动不动地站在那里让他画。这里是取笑康雷先生 2. this was a fair...pleasantry 这无疑是对康雷先生打趣话的回报 3. lowly cot 很一般的小屋 4. North End 穷人居住区 5. surveillance [sə:'veiləns]n. 监视, 检查

violence to those long rows of close-shuttered, handsome, brutally insensible houses. If I were a poor man, with a sick child pining in some garret or cellar at the North End, I should break into one of them, and camp out on the grand piano."

"Surely, Bromfield," said his wife, "you don't consider what *havoc such people would make with the furniture of* ¹ a nice house!"

"That is true," answered Corey, with meek conviction. "I never thought of that."

"And if you were a poor man with a sick child, I doubt if you'd have so much heart for burglary as you have now," said James Bellingham.

"It's wonderful how patient they are," said the minister. "The spectacle of the hopeless comfort the hard-working poor man sees must be hard to bear."

Lapham wanted to speak up and say that he had been there himself, and knew how such a man felt. He wanted to tell them that generally a poor man was satisfied if he could *make both ends meet* ²; that he didn't envy any one his good luck, if he had earned it, so long as *he wasn't running under himself* ³. But before he could get the courage to address the whole table, Sewell added, "I suppose he don't always think of it."

"But some day he WILL think about it," said Corey. "In fact, we rather invite him to think about it, in this country."

"My brother-in-law," said Charles Bellingham, with the pride a man feels in a mentionably remarkable brother-in-law, 'has no end of fellows at work under him out there at *Omaha*,⁴ and he says *it's the fellows from countries where they've been kept from thinking about it that are discontented* ⁵. The Americans never make any trou-

1. make havoc of 严重破坏, 摧毁 2. make both ends meet 勉强维持生计

3. he wasn't running under himself 他没有尽自己最大的努力 4. Omaha ['əuməhɑ:] 奥马哈(美国内布拉斯加州东部城市) 5. it's the fellows...discontented 是那些从乡村来的,在那里从来没有考虑过这事的家伙觉得不满意

ble. They seem to understand that so long as we give unlimited opportunity, nobody has a right to complain."

"What do you hear from Leslie?" asked Mrs. Corey, turning from these *profitless abstractions*¹ to Mrs. Bellingham.

"You know," said that lady in a lower tone, "that there is another baby?"

"No! I hadn't heard of it!"

"Yes; a boy. They have named him after his uncle."

"Yes," said Charles Bellingham, joining in. "He is said to be a noble boy, and to resemble me."

"All boys of that tender age are noble," said Corey, "and look like anybody you wish them to resemble. Is Leslie still home-sick for the bean-pots of her native Boston?"

"She is getting over it, I fancy," replied Mrs. Bellingham. "She's very much taken up with Mr. Blake's enterprises, and leads a very exciting life. She says she's like people who have been home from Europe three years; she's past the most *poignant*² stage of regret, and hasn't reached the second, when they feel that they must go again."

Lapham leaned a little toward Mrs. Corey, and said of a picture which he saw on the wall opposite, "Picture of your daughter, I presume?"

"No; my daughter's grandmother. It's a Stewart Newton; he painted a great many Salem beauties. She was a Miss Polly Burroughs. My daughter IS like her, don't you think?" They both looked at Nanny Corey and then at the portrait. "Those pretty old-fashioned dresses are coming in again. I'm not surprised you took it for her. The others" — she referred to the other portraits more or less *darkling*³ on the walls — "are my people; mostly Copleys."

1. profitless abstraction 无益的空谈 2. poignant[ˈpɔɪnjənt] adj. 令人痛苦的, 辛酸的
3. darkling[ˈdɑːkliŋ]adj. 朦胧的, 微暗的

These names, unknown to Lapham, went to his head like the wine he was drinking; they seemed to carry light for the moment, but a film of deeper darkness followed. He heard Charles Bellingham telling funny stories to Irene and trying to amuse the girl; she was laughing, and seemed very happy. From time to time Bellingham took part in the general talk between the host and James Bellingham and Miss Kingsbury and that minister, Mr. Sewell. They talked of people mostly; it astonished Lapham to hear with what freedom they talked. *They discussed these persons unsparingly*; ¹ James Bellingham spoke of a man known to Lapham for his business success and great wealth as not a gentleman; his cousin Charles said he was surprised that the fellow had kept from being governor so long.

When the latter turned from Irene to make one of these excursions into the general talk, young Corey talked to her; and Lapham caught some words from which it seemed that they were speaking of Penelope. It vexed him to think she had not come; she could have talked as well as any of them; she was just as bright; and Lapham was aware that Irene was not as bright, though when he looked at her face, triumphant in its young beauty and fondness, he said to himself that it did not make any difference. He felt that *he was not holding up his end of the line* ², however. When some one spoke to him he could only summon a few words of reply, that seemed to lead to nothing; things often came into his mind appropriate to what they were saying, but before he could get them out they were off on something else; they jumped about so, he could not keep up; but he felt, all the same, that he was not doing himself justice.

At one time the talk *ran off* ³ upon a subject that Lapham had never heard talked of before; but again he was vexed that Penelope

1. They discussed ... unsparingly. 他们尽情地谈论这些人。unsparingly [ʌn'speərɪŋli] adv. 不吝惜地 2. he was not holding...the line 他没有保持正常状态
3. run off 进行