



SONS AND LOVERS 儿子与情人

【英国】劳伦斯 著




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北京日报报业集团
同心出版社



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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

儿子与情人: 汉英对照 / (英) 劳伦斯 (Lawrence, D.H.) 著;
许梅芳译. — 北京: 同心出版社, 2012.11

ISBN 978-7-5477-0640-4

I . ①儿… II . ①劳… ②许… III . ①英语—汉语—
对照读物②长篇小说—英国—现代 IV . ① H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2012) 第 274614 号

儿子与情人: 汉英对照

出版发行: 同心出版社

地 址: 北京市东城区东单三条 8-16 号东方广场东配楼四层

邮 编: 100005

电 话: 发行部: (010) 65259206-8022

总编室: (010) 65252135-8043

网 址: www.bjd.com.cn/10txcbs/

印 刷: 河北省三河市耀德印务有限公司

经 销: 各地新华书店

版 次: 2013 年 1 月第 1 版

2013 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

开 本: 787 毫米 × 1092 毫米 1/16

印 张: 30

字 数: 356 千字

定 价: 54.00 元

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第一章 莫雷尔夫妇的 早年婚姻生活

Chapter 1 The Early Married Life Of The Morels

过去的“地狱街”被“河川区”取而代之。地狱街原是坐落在青山巷河边的一片茅草铺顶、墙面凸出的农舍，那儿住的是矿工，他们都在相隔两个矿区的小矿井里干活。这条从赤杨树下流过的小河还没怎么被这些小矿井弄污；一头头毛驴绕着起重机吃力地缓缓走着，将地下的煤运到地面上来。村里到处都是这种矿井，有些矿井在查理二世时期就开始采掘了。两三个矿工和毛驴就像蚂蚁打洞似的往地底下挖，在麦田和草地当中弄出一座座奇形怪状的土堆和一小片一小片黑色的地面来。有了这些或成排或成对、零零落落的村舍，再加上分布在教区里的零星的庄园和织袜工人的住房，这就形成了贝斯伍德村。

后来，大约六十年前，这里发生了剧变。小矿井被金融家的大矿挤掉了。在诺丁汉郡和德比郡都发现了煤田和铁矿，便出现了卡斯顿——威特公司。在群情激昂中，帕默斯顿勋爵隆重宣布该公司的第一个矿正式开采，地址就在舍伍德森林边上的斯宾尼园里。

年深月久，地狱街早已声名狼藉，就在这个时候，一场大火将地狱街烧了个精光，连大量的矿渣也荡然无存。

卡斯顿——威特公司发现他们可以大有作为，于是乎，在源自赛尔比河与纳塔尔河的河谷里开采新矿多处，不久便有六个矿井营运了。一条铁路从纳塔尔开始，穿越森林中高高的砂岩，经过破落了的卡尔特会修道院、罗宾汉泉和斯宾尼公园，到达米恩顿矿，一个座落在小麦田里的大矿。从米恩顿穿过山谷坡地到本克尔小山，在那儿分岔，向北通到贝加利和俯瞰克里希以及德比郡群山的席尔贝；分布在这个乡村的六个矿井，就像黑色的大头钉一样，由一串链子般的铁路连接了起来。

应大群矿工住宿之需，卡斯顿—威特

“*The Bottoms*” succeeded to “*Hell Row*”. *Hell Row* was a block of thatched, bulging cottages that stood by the brookside on *Greenhill Lane*. There lived the colliers who worked in the little gin-pits two fields away. The brook ran under the alder trees, scarcely soiled by these small mines, whose coal was drawn to the surface by donkeys that plodded wearily in a circle round a gin. And all over the countryside were these same pits, some of which had been worked in the time of *Charles II*, the few colliers and the donkeys burrowing down like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadows. And the cottages of these coal-miners, in blocks and pairs here and there, together with odd farms and homes of the stockingers, straying over the parish, formed the village of *Bestwood*.

Then, some sixty years ago, a sudden change took place. The gin-pits were elbowed aside by the large mines of the financiers. The coal and iron field of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire was discovered. *Carston, Waite and Co.* appeared. Amid tremendous excitement, *Lord Palmerston* formally opened the company's first mine at *Spinney Park*, on the edge of *Sherwood Forest*.

About this time the notorious *Hell Row*, which through growing old had acquired an evil reputation, was burned down, and much dirt was cleansed away.

Carston, Waite & Co. found they had struck on a good thing, so, down the valleys of the brooks from *Selby* and *Nuttall*, new mines were sunk, until soon there were six pits working. From *Nuttall*, high up on the sandstone among the woods, the railway ran, past the ruined priory of the *Carthusians* and past *Robin Hood's Well*, down to *Spinney Park*, then on to *Minton*, a large mine among corn-fields; from *Minton* across the farmlands of the valley-side to *Bunker's Hill*, branching off there, and running north to *Beggarlee* and *Selby*, that looks over at *Crich* and the hills of *Derbyshire*; six mines like black studs on the countryside, linked by a loop of fine chain, the railway.

To accommodate the regiments of miners, *Carston*,

公司在贝斯伍德山坡上修建了几个四方块,亦即正正方方的住房;后来,又在河川的地狱街上,建起了河川区。

河川区共有六排矿工房屋,每排十二幢,三排一列,排得就像六点的多米诺骨牌上的图案一样。这两行住宅坐落在贝斯伍德那相当陡峭的山坡脚下。向外望去,至少是从顶楼的窗口向外望去,向赛尔比延伸的地势渐高的河谷便出现在眼前。

这些房子构造坚固、相当大方。走上一圈,能看到房前的小花园,坡底花园中的报春花和虎耳草笼罩在阴影中,山坡高处的美国石竹花则沐浴在阳光下。看看那些干干净净的前窗,小小的门厅,小小的水蜡树的树篱,阁楼上的天窗。但这只是外表;从所有矿工妻子的不住人的客厅看去所看到的就是这番景象。卧室和厨房都在房屋的后面,对着另一排房子的背面能看到的只是一片杂乱的后院和垃圾堆。两列房子之间,长长的两行垃圾坑之间,形成了一条小巷,这条小巷就成了孩子玩耍、女人说闲话以及男人抽烟的地方。因此尽管房子盖得那么好,外表挺不错,河川区的实际生活条件却非常恶劣,因为人们过日子少不了厨房,而厨房却通到那条满是垃圾坑的脏得怕人的小巷子。

莫雷尔太太并不急着要搬到河川区,她从贝斯伍德搬到山下这间房子时,这间房已经盖了十二年了,而且开始逐渐败落。但她也只好将就了。再说,她住的是上面一排的末了一家,因此只有一家邻居;在其另一侧有一小块额外的园地。住在这头上的一间,她仿佛比那些住在“中间”房子里的女人多了一种贵族气派,因为她每星期得付五先令六便士房租,而其他人却付五先令。可这优越的位置并没给莫雷尔太太带来多大安慰。

她现年31岁,结婚已经八年。她小小的个子,十分贤淑,然而做事很有主见,第一次跟河川区的女人们接触却有些畏首畏尾。她7月份来到这里,将在9月份生下第三个孩子。

Waite and Co. built the Squares, great quadrangles of dwellings on the hillside of Bestwood, and then, in the brook valley, on the site of Hell Row, they erected the Bottoms.

The Bottoms consisted of six blocks of miners' dwellings, two rows of three, like the dots on a blank-six domino, and twelve houses in a block. This double row of dwellings sat at the foot of the rather sharp slope from Bestwood, and looked out, from the attic windows at least, on the slow climb of the valley towards Selby.

The houses themselves were substantial and very decent. One could walk all round, seeing little front gardens with auriculas and saxifrage in the shadow of the bottom block, sweet-williams and pinks in the sunny top block; seeing neat front windows, little porches, little privet hedges, and dormer windows for the attics. But that was outside; that was the view on to the uninhabited parlours of all the colliers' wives. The dwelling-room, the kitchen, was at the back of the house, facing inward between the blocks, looking at a scrubby back garden, and then at the ash-pits. And between the rows, between the long lines of ash-pits, went the alley, where the children played and the women gossiped and the men smoked. So, the actual conditions of living in the Bottoms, that was so well built and that looked so nice, were quite unsavoury because people must live in the kitchen, and the kitchens opened on to that nasty alley of ash-pits.

Mrs. Morel was not anxious to move into the Bottoms, which was already twelve years old and on the downward path, when she descended to it from Bestwood. But it was the best she could do. Moreover, she had an end house in one of the top blocks, and thus had only one neighbour; on the other side an extra strip of garden. And, having an end house, she enjoyed a kind of aristocracy among the other women of the “between” houses, because her rent was five shillings and sixpence instead of five shillings a week. But this superiority in station was not much consolation to Mrs. Morel.

She was thirty-one years old, and had been married eight years. A rather small woman, of delicate mould but resolute bearing, she shrank a little from the first contact with the Bottoms women. She came down in the July, and in the September expected her third baby.

她的丈夫是个矿工。他们在新居刚住了三个星期,适逢一年一度的假日,或者说庙会。她知道莫雷尔准保会尽情度这个假日的。庙会开始那天是个星期一,他一大早就出了门。两个孩子兴高采烈,7岁的男孩威廉吃过早饭就溜走了,在集市上逛来逛去,撇下才5岁的安妮在家哭闹了一上午,也吵着要出去。莫雷尔太太自顾自地干着活儿。她跟左邻右舍还不很熟,不知道该把小姑娘托付给谁,因此,只好答应安妮吃了午饭带她去庙会。

十二点半的时候威廉回来了。他是个生性活泼的孩子,一头金发,脸上有雀斑,有几分像丹麦人或者挪威人。

“妈妈,我可以吃饭了吗?”他帽子也不脱,就那么冲进来直嚷嚷,“因为,人家说,庙会在一点半钟开始。”

“饭一做好你就可以吃了。”妈妈笑着回答。

“还没好啊?”他大叫道,一双蓝眼睛愤怒地瞪着她,“那我要错过了。”

“你不会赶不上的。五分钟就好,现在才十二点半。”

“他们就要开始啦。”这孩子又哭又嚷。

“就是他们开场了,你也死不了。”母亲说。“再说,现在才十二点半,还有整整一个钟头。”

小男孩急急忙忙地摆好桌子,三个人立即坐下。正吃着果酱布丁,他突然从椅子上蹦起来,直愣愣地站着。原来远处传来了旋转木马开动的嘎嘎声和号角声。他看着他母亲时,脸都有点儿发颤。

“我早就告诉你了。”说着他奔向碗柜,一把抓起帽子。

“拿点儿布丁走,现在才一点过五分,你弄错了,你还没带钱呢。”母亲一口气说了一大串。

孩子只好转身拿那两便士,大为扫兴,然后一声不吭地就走了。

“我要去,我要去。”安妮边说边哭了起来。

Her husband was a miner. They had only been in their new home three weeks when the wakes, or fair, began. Morel, she knew, was sure to make a holiday of it. He went off early on the Monday morning, the day of the fair. The two children were highly excited. William, a boy of seven, fled off immediately after breakfast, to prowling round the wakes ground, leaving Annie, who was only five, to whine all morning to go also. Mrs. Morel did her work. She scarcely knew her neighbours yet, and knew no one with whom to trust the little girl. So she promised to take her to the wakes after dinner.

William appeared at half-past twelve. He was a very active lad, fair-haired, freckled, with a touch of the Dane or Norwegian about him.

“Can I have my dinner, mother?” he cried, rushing in with his cap on. “Cause it begins at half-past one, the man says so.”

“You can have your dinner as soon as it’s done,” replied the mother.

“Isn’t it done?” he cried, his blue eyes staring at her in indignation. “Then I’m goin’ be-out it.”

“You’ll do nothing of the sort. It will be done in five minutes. It is only half-past twelve.”

“They’ll be beginnin,” the boy half cried, half shouted.

“You won’t die if they do,” said the mother. “Besides, it’s only half-past twelve, so you’ve a full hour.”

The lad began hastily to lay the table, and directly the three sat down. They were eating batter-pudding and jam, when the boy jumped off his chair and stood perfectly stiff. Some distance away could be heard the first small braying of a merry-go-round, and the tooting of a horn. His face quivered as he looked at his mother.

“I told you!” he said, running to the dresser for his cap.

“Take your pudding in your hand-and it’s only five past one, so you were wrong-you haven’t got your twopence,” cried the mother in a breath.

The boy came back, bitterly disappointed, for his twopence, then went off without a word.

“I want to go, I want to go,” said Annie, beginning to cry.

“好了，你去吧，你这个哭哭啼啼的小丫头！”母亲说。晚半晌儿，她带着孩子回家，在高高的树篱下走过，拖着沉重的步子上了小山。田野里的干草已经收割，牛群已转而吃二茬儿草了，处处是温暖平静的气氛。

莫雷尔太太并不喜欢庙会的集市。那儿有两套旋转马车，一套是靠蒸汽驱动，另一套由一匹小马拉着；三架手风琴在演奏着，其间还夹杂着零星的手枪射击声，卖椰子小贩的哇啦哇啦尖利的叫卖声，摆萨利大婶游戏摊的人的吆喝声，看西洋镜的女人的尖叫声。母亲看见儿子在华莱士狮棚外面瞪着眼睛瞧这只著名狮子的图片，高兴得不亦乐乎，它曾咬死一个黑人并使两个白人终身成为残废。她没管他，自己去给安妮买了一些奶油糖。一会儿，这孩子就兴高采烈地跑到她跟前来了。

“你从来没说过你也来赶集——这东西真不少吧？——那只狮子咬死了三个人——我把两便士都花了——瞧。”

从口袋里掏出两只蛋形杯子，上面有粉红色蔷薇图案。

“我在那个打弹子的摊儿上赢来的，我打了两把就赢了这些——一便士一次——瞧，这上头画着洋蔷薇。我就想要这个。”

她知道他是为她要的。

“喏！”她兴高采烈地说。“真漂亮啊！”

“那你拿着好吗？我怕我会把它们打碎了。”

母亲来逛集市，威廉喜出望外，他领着她四处游荡，东瞧西瞅。后来，看西洋景的时候，她把图片内容讲给他听，就像讲故事，他听得入了迷。他不愿离开她一步，始终寸步不离，心中充满小男孩对母亲的自豪。她戴着小黑帽，披着斗篷，向她所认识的妇女微笑示意，没有人比她更像一位贵妇人了。她终于累了，对儿子说：

“好了，你这就回去，还是待会儿？”

“你这就要回去啊？”他大声地说，一

“Well, and you shall go, whining, wizzening little stick!” said the mother. And later in the afternoon she trudged up the hill under the tall hedge with her child. The hay was gathered from the fields, and cattle were turned on to the eddish. It was warm, peaceful.

Mrs. Morel did not like the wakes. There were two sets of horses, one going by steam, one pulled round by a pony; three organs were grinding, and there came odd cracks of pistol-shots, fearful screeching of the cocoanut man's rattle, shouts of the Aunt Sally man, screeches from the peep-show lady. The mother perceived her son gazing enraptured outside the Lion Wallace booth, at the pictures of this famous lion that had killed a negro and maimed for life two white men. She left him alone, and went to get Annie a spin of toffee. Presently the lad stood in front of her, wildly excited.

“You never said you was coming—isn't the' a lot of things? —that lion's killed three men—I've spent my tuppence—an' look here.”

He pulled from his pocket two egg-cups, with pink moss-roses on them.

“I got these from that stall where y' ave ter get them marbles in them holes. An' I got these two in two goes—' aepenny a go—they've got moss-roses on, look here. I wanted these.”

She knew he wanted them for her.

“H'm!” she said, pleased. “They ARE pretty!”

“Shall you carry 'em, ' cause I'm frightened o' breakin' 'em?”

He was tipful of excitement now she had come, led her about the ground, showed her everything. Then, at the peep-show, she explained the pictures, in a sort of story, to which he listened as if spellbound. He would not leave her. All the time he stuck close to her, bristling with a small boy's pride of her. For no other woman looked such a lady as she did, in her little black bonnet and her cloak. She smiled when she saw women she knew. When she was tired she said to her son:

“Well, are you coming now, or later?”

“Are you goin' a' ready?” he cried, his face full of

脸不高兴。

“现在就走？我可知道，现在都四点多。”

他抱怨说：“你回去干吗呀？”

“你不想走，可以不走啊，”她说。

她带着她的小女儿慢慢地走了，儿子站在那里翘首看着她，既舍不得放母亲回去，又不愿离开庙会。她经过星月酒馆外头时，听到里面男人的叫喊声，闻到一股啤酒味儿，她心想也许自己的丈夫就在里面，于是稍稍加快了步子。

六点半光景，儿子回来了，玩累了，脸色有点儿苍白，还有几分懊丧情绪。他让母亲自个儿回家，心里不是滋味，尽管他不懂这是怎么回事，她走了以后，他在庙会上再没开心地玩过。

“我爸回来了吗？”他问。

母亲说：“没有。”

“他在星月酒馆里打下手，我从窗户黑色马口铁上的窟窿里看见的，还卷起了袖子呢。”

“嗯，”母亲简单的应了声，“他没钱，别人或多或少给他些钱，他就满足了。”

天色渐暗，莫雷尔太太已看不清做针线了，她站起来走到门口。到处都是欢声笑语，节日那种叫人坐立不安的气氛终于感染了她。她走到屋边的园子里。女人们纷纷从庙会回来，孩子们抱在手里的玩具有绿腿小白羊也有木马。偶尔，也有男人走过，手里拿满了东西。有时候，也有个别体贴的丈夫和家人一起，和和美地走过。不过一般都只有女人带着孩子们一起走。黄昏时分，那些留在家里的妈妈们，腰上系着围裙，两臂抱拢，站在小巷的几个角落里聊天儿。

莫雷尔太太孤零零地一个人，不过她也习惯了。她的儿子女儿都已在楼上睡了。表面看来她的家稳固可靠，可是，一想到将要出世的孩子，她便深感不快。人生似乎凄凉无趣，没有什么值得期待——至少在威廉长大以前是这样。对她来说，只有枯燥乏味地熬下去——一直熬到孩子们

reproach.

“Already? It is past four, I know.”

“What are you goin’ a’ ready for?” he lamented.

“You needn’t come if you don’t want,” she said.

And she went slowly away with her little girl, whilst her son stood watching her, cut to the heart to let her go, and yet unable to leave the wakes. As she crossed the open ground in front of the Moon and Stars she heard men shouting, and smelled the beer, and hurried a little, thinking her husband was probably in the bar.

At about half-past six her son came home, tired now, rather pale, and somewhat wretched. He was miserable, though he did not know it, because he had let her go alone. Since she had gone, he had not enjoyed his wakes.

“Has my dad been?” he asked.

“No,” said the mother.

“He’s helping to wait at the Moon and Stars. I seed him through that black tin stuff wi’ holes in, on the window, wi’ his sleeves rolled up.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the mother shortly. “He’s got no money. An’ he’ll be satisfied if he gets his ’lowance, whether they give him more or not.”

When the light was fading, and Mrs. Morel could see no more to sew, she rose and went to the door. Everywhere was the sound of excitement, the restlessness of the holiday, that at last infected her. She went out into the side garden. Women were coming home from the wakes, the children hugging a white lamb with green legs, or a wooden horse. Occasionally a man lurched past, almost as full as he could carry. Sometimes a good husband came along with his family, peacefully. But usually the women and children were alone. The stay-at-home mothers stood gossiping at the corners of the alley, as the twilight sank, folding their arms under their white aprons.

Mrs. Morel was alone, but she was used to it. Her son and her little girl slept upstairs; so, it seemed, her home was there behind her, fixed and stable. But she felt wretched with the coming child. The world seemed a dreary place, where nothing else would happen for her at least until William grew up. But for herself, nothing but this dreary endurance-till the children grew up. And the

长大。可孩子们哪！这第三个孩子，她是无力抚养的。她不要这个孩子。孩子的父亲在酒馆里做事，常常喝得酩酊大醉。她看不起他，可又离不开他。这个即将出世的孩子使她犯难不已。要不是为了威廉和安妮，她早就厌倦了这种贫穷、丑恶的庸俗的生活。

她走进房前的园子，感到身子笨重得迈不开步，可又没法待在屋里。天气闷热得叫人透不过气来。想想未来，她的生活前景使她觉得仿佛被活埋在了地里。

宅前的花园是由水蜡树围起来的小块方地。她站在那儿，努力让自己融入花朵的芬芳和逐渐黯淡的美丽暮色中，以此寻求一丝慰藉。园门对面，高高的树篱下，是上山的踏级，两旁是割过了草的草坡，沐浴在一片耀眼的霞光中。晚霞瞬间消失于田野边；暮色降临，大地和篱笆墙都笼罩在一片缥缈之中。夜幕降临了，山顶亮起了一簇灯光，灯光处传来散集的喧嚷声。

树篱下那条黑暗的小路上，男人们跌撞撞地往家走。一个小伙子冲下陡坡，啪的一下摔在了台阶上。莫雷尔太太不由打了个寒噤。小伙子爬起来，嘴里骂骂咧咧，怨天尤人，好像台阶存心要害他似的。

她进屋，心里想，天下的事怎么就不能变一变。但她现在已经认识到这是不会改变的。似乎少女时代已经变得遥不可及。她真不知这个常拖着沉重的步子走上洼地区后园的人，是不是十年前在希尔纳斯防波堤上轻快飞奔的那个人。

“这跟我有何相干呢？”她自言自语道。“这儿的一切都和我有何相干呢？甚至这个即将来出世的孩子和我又有何瓜葛呢？反正，没人来体贴我。”

有时，造化弄人，差遣其肉身，使其走过一生，然而这并不是真实的，实际是光阴被虚掷，人自生自灭。

“我等着，”莫雷尔太太自言自语地说，“一直等着，可我等的事却永远不会

children! She could not afford to have this third. She did not want it. The father was serving beer in a public house, swilling himself drunk. She despised him, and was tied to him. This coming child was too much for her. If it were not for William and Annie, she was sick of it, the struggle with poverty and ugliness and meanness.

She went into the front garden, feeling too heavy to take herself out, yet unable to stay indoors. The heat suffocated her. And looking ahead, the prospect of her life made her feel as if she were buried alive.

The front garden was a small square with a privet hedge. There she stood, trying to soothe herself with the scent of flowers and the fading, beautiful evening. Opposite her small gate was the stile that led uphill, under the tall hedge between the burning glow of the cut pastures. The sky overhead throbbed and pulsed with light. The glow sank quickly off the field; the earth and the hedges smoked dusk. As it grew dark, a ruddy glare came out on the hill-top, and out of the glare the diminished commotion of the fair.

Sometimes, down the trough of darkness formed by the path under the hedges, men came lurching home. One young man lapsed into a run down the steep bit that ended the hill, and went with a crash into the stile. Mrs. Morel shuddered. He picked himself up, swearing viciously, rather pathetically, as if he thought the stile had wanted to hurt him.

She went indoors, wondering if things were never going to alter. She was beginning by now to realise that they would not. She seemed so far away from her girlhood, she wondered if it were the same person walking heavily up the back garden at the Bottoms as had run so lightly up the breakwater at Sheerness ten years before.

“What have I to do with it?” she said to herself. “What have I to do with all this? Even the child I am going to have! It doesn't seem as if I were taken into account.”

Sometimes life takes hold of one, carries the body along, accomplishes one's history, and yet is not real, but leaves oneself as it were slurred over.

“I wait,” Mrs. Morel said to herself—“I wait, and what I wait for can never come.”

来到。”

她收拾厨房，点灯，加火，把第二天要洗的衣服找出来泡在水里，然后坐下来做针线活儿，在布料上飞针走线，井井有条，一干就好几个钟头。偶尔，她叹口气放松一下自己，心里一直盘算着，如何为孩子们节衣缩食。

十一点半，她的丈夫回来了。只见他从黑黑的胡子以上满面红光，还微微地点头晃脑，自得其乐。

“哦，哦，在等我，宝贝？我去帮安东尼干活了，你知道他给了我多少？一点儿也不多，只有半克朗钱……”

“他想其余的都抵作啤酒给你喝了。”她没好声气地说。

“我没有——我没有。你相信我，我今天没多喝，就一点儿，”他的声音软了下来。“看，我给你带了一点儿白兰地姜饼，还给孩子们带了一个椰子。”他把姜饼和那个毛茸茸的椰子放在了桌上。“嘿，你这辈子还从来说过一声谢谢呢？”

她拿起椰子摇一摇，看里面有没有椰汁，算是和解了。

“是好的，你放心好了，我是从比尔·霍金森那里要来的。我说：‘比尔，你吃不了三个椰子吧，不如拿一个给我的小子和丫头？’‘行，沃尔特，’他说，‘你看中哪个就拿去吧。’所以我就拿了一个，还说了声谢谢。我不好意思当着他的面摇摇试试，不过他说，‘沃尔特，你最好看看这一个是不是好的。’所以你看，我就知道这个准好。他真是个好入，比尔·霍金森，真是个好入！”

“他这个人只要有黄汤下肚，什么都可以卖掉，你却跟他一起灌黄汤。”

“嘿，你这个讨厌的臭婆娘，我倒要问问谁喝醉了？”莫雷尔说，就因为星月酒馆帮了一天工，他就得意地忘了自己姓什么了，唠叨个没完。

莫雷尔太太累坏了，也听腻了他那些

Then she straightened the kitchen, lit the lamp, mended the fire, looked out the washing for the next day, and put it to soak. After which she sat down to her sewing. Through the long hours her needle flashed regularly through the stuff. Occasionally she sighed, moving to relieve herself. And all the time she was thinking how to make the most of what she had, for the children's sakes.

At half-past eleven her husband came. His cheeks were very red and very shiny above his black moustache. His head nodded slightly. He was pleased with himself.

“Oh! Oh! waitin' for me, lass? I've bin 'elpin' Anthony, an' what's think he's gen me? Nowt b'r a lousy hae'f-crown, an' that's ivry penny——”

“He thinks you've made the rest up in beer,” she said shortly.

“An' I 'aven't that I 'aven't. You b'lieve me, I've 'ad very little this day, I have an' all.” His voice went tender. “Here, an' I browt thee a bit o' brandysnap, an' a cocoanut for th' children.” He laid the gingerbread and the cocoanut, a hairy object, on the table. “Nay, tha niver said thankyer for nowt i' thy life, did ter?”

As a compromise, she picked up the cocoanut and shook it, to see if it had any milk.

“It's a good 'un, you may back yer life o' that. I got it fra' Bill Hodgkisson. ‘Bill,’ I says, ‘tha non wants them three nuts, does ter? Arena ter for gi' ein' me one for my bit of a lad an' wench?’ ‘I ham, Walter, my lad,’ ‘e says; ‘ta'e which on 'em ter's a mind.’ An' so I took one, an' thanked 'im. I didn't like ter shake it afore 'is eyes, but 'e says, ‘Tha'd better ma'e sure it's a good un, Walt.’ An' so, yer see, I knowed it was. He's a nice chap, is Bill Hodgkisson, e's a nice chap!”

“A man will part with anything so long as he's drunk, and you're drunk along with him,” said Mrs. Morel.

“Eh, tha mucky little 'ussy, who's drunk, I sh'd like ter know?” said Morel. He was extraordinarily pleased with himself, because of his day's helping to wait in the Moon and Stars. He chattered on.

Mrs. Morel, very tired, and sick of his babble, went

废话,趁他在封火,赶紧上床去了。

莫雷尔太太出身于有教养的老式市民家庭,祖辈是著名的独立派教徒,跟赫琴森上校打过仗,始终是坚定的公理会教徒。有一年,诺丁汉很多花边商破产的时候,她的做花边生意的祖父也破产了。她的父亲乔治·科珀德是名工程师,身材高大,相貌堂堂,秉性高傲,他不仅为自己的白皮肤和蓝眼睛感到自豪,更以自己的正直为荣。格特鲁德身材像母亲一样娇小,不过那种高傲、顽强的性格却不愧为科珀德家的嫡传。

乔治·科珀德为其贫困苦恼不已。他后来在希尔尼斯修船厂当工程师头领。莫雷尔太太,也就是格特鲁德,是他的二女儿。她像母亲,也最爱母亲;不过她却秉承了科珀德家遗传的那宽阔的前额和一双清澈而大胆的蓝眼睛。她记得,她曾憎恨她的父亲对她那温柔、诙谐、心地善良的母亲专横无理。她记得,当她去修船厂的时候,所有的人都夸她捧她,因为她是那样一个娇小玲珑却傲气十足的姑娘。她还记得那个有趣的老女教师,后来她老爱去私立学校里帮那女教师做事,成了她的助手。约翰·菲尔德送给她的《圣经》,她至今还留着。19岁时,她常和约翰·菲尔德一块儿从教堂回家。他是一个商人的儿子,家境殷实,在伦敦念完大学,也准备从商。

她一直能清清楚楚地回想起那年9月的一个星期天下午,他俩坐在她父亲家后院的葡萄藤下。阳光射过葡萄叶间,映出种种美丽的图案,好似一件有花边的披巾,罩在她和他的身上。有些叶子完全黄了,就像一朵朵平展的金花。

“嘿,别动,”他喊道,“哎呀,你的头发,我都不知道怎么形容了!就像铜和金子一样亮,像烧透了的铜一样红,阳光一照,就像一根根金线似的。想不到人家竟说你的头发是棕色的。你母亲还说是灰褐色的呢。”

她看了看他闪烁的眼睛,但是她明净

to bed as quickly as possible, while he raked the fire.

Mrs. Morel came of a good old burgher family, famous independents who had fought with Colonel Hutchinson, and who remained stout Congregationalists. Her grandfather had gone bankrupt in the lace-market at a time when so many lace-manufacturers were ruined in Nottingham. Her father, George Coppard, was an engineer—a large, handsome, haughty man, proud of his fair skin and blue eyes, but more proud still of his integrity. Gertrude resembled her mother in her small build. But her temper, proud and unyielding, she had from the Coppards.

George Coppard was bitterly galled by his own poverty. He became foreman of the engineers in the dockyard at Sheerness. Mrs. Morel-Gertrude was the second daughter. She favoured her mother, loved her mother best of all; but she had the Coppards' clear, defiant blue eyes and their broad brow. She remembered to have hated her father's overbearing manner towards her gentle, humorous, kindly-souled mother. She remembered running over the breakwater at Sheerness and finding the boat. She remembered to have been petted and flattered by all the men when she had gone to the dockyard, for she was a delicate, rather proud child. She remembered the funny old mistress, whose assistant she had become, whom she had loved to help in the private school. And she still had the Bible that John Field had given her. She used to walk home from chapel with John Field when she was nineteen. He was the son of a well-to-do tradesman, had been to college in London, and was to devote himself to business.

She could always recall in detail a September Sunday afternoon, when they had sat under the vine at the back of her father's house. The sun came through the chinks of the vine-leaves and made beautiful patterns, like a lace scarf, falling on her and on him. Some of the leaves were clean yellow, like yellow flat flowers.

“Now sit still,” he had cried. “Now your hair, I don't know what it IS like! It's as bright as copper and gold, as red as burnt copper, and it has gold threads where the sun shines on it. Fancy their saying it's brown. Your mother calls it mouse-colour.”

She had met his brilliant eyes, but her clear face

的脸上没有流露出内心的情意。

“可是你说你不喜欢做生意。”她缠着他问。

“是啊，我讨厌做生意！”他气愤地嚷嚷。

“你愿意做牧师吧。”她半带恳求地说。

“我很想。我很想这样，如果我认为我能成为第一流的传教士。”

“那你为什么不呢——为什么不做牧师呢？”她的声音充满愤慨，“如果我是个男人，谁也拦不了我。”

她昂起头，他在她面前倒有点儿胆怯了。

“可我父亲倔得很。他的意思是要我经商，我知道他做得到的。”

“可是，你是一个男子汉吗？”她叫了起来。

“是男子汉又能怎么样？”他一边无可奈何地皱皱眉头，一边回答道。

如今她在河川区忙着干自己的家务，对什么是个男子汉的意义有点儿体会了，她懂得这确实算不了什么。

20岁时，因健康之故，她离开了希尔内斯。父亲已经退休回到了诺丁汉。约翰·菲尔特的父亲破产，做儿子的去诺伍德当了一名老师，此后音信全无。过了两年，她下决心去打听一下。原来他已经娶了他的房东太太——一个年过四十的富孀。

莫雷尔太太至今仍保存着约翰·菲尔特的《圣经》。如今她已不相信他当初会——唉，他这个人究竟会怎样或者不会怎样，她如今已知道得一清二楚。所以，她是为了自己才保留着他给的《圣经》，并把对他的怀念全部埋在心底。35年来，直至她寿终正寝，她从未提过他。

23岁时，她在一次圣诞晚会上遇见了一个来自埃沃斯河谷的小伙子。那就是27岁的莫雷尔。他体格健壮，身材挺拔，英俊潇洒。一头波浪形的黑发闪闪发亮，还有一部浓密的黑胡子，从来没剃过。他的脸庞通红，嘴巴红润，引人注目，因为他总是放声大笑。他的笑声浑厚而响亮，与

scarcely showed the elation which rose within her.

“But you say you don't like business,” she pursued.

“I don't. I hate it!” he cried hotly.

“And you would like to go into the ministry,” she half implored.

“I should. I should love it, if I thought I could make a first-rate preacher.”

“Then why don't you——why DON'T you?” Her voice rang with defiance. “If I were a man, nothing would stop me.”

She held her head erect. He was rather timid before her.

“But my father's so stiff-necked. He means to put me into the business, and I know he'll do it.”

“But if you're a MAN?” she had cried.

“Being a man isn't everything,” he replied, frowning with puzzled helplessness.

Now, as she moved about her work at the Bottoms, with some experience of what being a man meant, she knew that it was NOT everything.

At twenty, owing to her health, she had left Sheerness. Her father had retired home to Nottingham. John Field's father had been ruined; the son had gone as a teacher in Norwood. She did not hear of him until, two years later, she made determined inquiry. He had married his landlady, a woman of forty, a widow with property.

And still Mrs. Morel preserved John Field's Bible. She did not now believe him to be—Well, she understood pretty well what he might or might not have been. So she preserved his Bible, and kept his memory intact in her heart, for her own sake. To her dying day, for thirty-five years, she did not speak of him.

When she was twenty-three years old, she met, at a Christmas party, a young man from the Erewash Valley. Morel was then twenty-seven years old. He was well set-up, erect, and very smart. He had wavy black hair that shone again, and a vigorous black beard that had never been shaved. His cheeks were ruddy, and his red, moist mouth was noticeable because he laughed so often and so

众不同。格特鲁德·科珀德看着他，简直入了迷。他生气勃勃，有声有色，动不动就说笑话，跟每个人都一见如故，十分投机。她的父亲也妙趣横生，但往往带有讥讽。这个人不同：温和、不咬文嚼字、热心，近似嬉戏。

她自己刚好相反。她生来好奇，秉性灵慧，就喜欢津津有味地听别人说话。她善于诱导别人谈天说地。她喜欢思索，聪明颖悟，尤其喜欢和一些受过教育的人讨论有关宗教、哲学、政治方面的问题。可惜这样的机会并不常有。所以她总是设法要人家跟她谈谈他们自己的事，倒也自得其乐。

她身材娇小，前额很高，一头鬈曲的棕色秀发。她的蓝眼睛坦率真诚，目光敏锐，一双手美丽优雅，一看就是科珀德家的。衣着总是素雅宜人。她身穿深蓝绸衣，戴一串银亮亮的银白贝壳装饰物，十分别致。这件东西，还有一枚大大的螺形金胸针，是她仅有的首饰。她当时还是个白璧无瑕的少女，为人也极虔诚，而且坦率得可爱。

沃尔特·莫雷尔在她面前可谓心醉神迷。在这个矿工眼里，她是神秘的化身，是奇妙的组合，是一个地道的淑女。她跟他说话时，一口纯正的英语带着点儿南方腔，让他听得心跳不已。她看着他。他善于跳舞，仿佛天生就会跳舞，跳起舞来其乐无穷。他的祖父是法国难民，娶了个英国酒吧女侍——如果说得上是娶的话。格特鲁德·科珀德看着这个年轻人跳舞，他的动作有点儿炫耀的感觉，很有魅力。他红红的脸是全身上下最动人的地方，加上一头蓬乱的黑发，更让人心醉。而且无论邀请哪个舞伴，他都同样笑容可掬。像他这样的人，她从未见过，她认为他不同一般。在她心目中，父亲就是男人的典范。然而，乔治·科珀德，爱读神学，只和圣保罗有共同思想，他英俊而高傲，对人冷嘲热讽，热情，但好支配他人，他漠视所有的感官享受——他和那些矿工大相径庭。格特鲁德

heartily. He had that rare thing, a rich, ringing laugh. Gertrude Coppard had watched him, fascinated. He was so full of colour and animation, his voice ran so easily into comic grotesque, he was so ready and so pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour, but it was satiric. This man's was different: soft, non-intellectual, warm, a kind of gambolling.

She herself was opposite. She had a curious, receptive mind which found much pleasure and amusement in listening to other folk. She was clever in leading folk to talk. She loved ideas, and was considered very intellectual. What she liked most of all was an argument on religion or philosophy or politics with some educated man. This she did not often enjoy. So she always had people tell her about themselves, finding her pleasure so.

In her person she was rather small and delicate, with a large brow, and dropping bunches of brown silk curls. Her blue eyes were very straight, honest, and searching. She had the beautiful hands of the Coppards. Her dress was always subdued. She wore dark blue silk, with a peculiar silver chain of silver scallops. This, and a heavy brooch of twisted gold, was her only ornament. She was still perfectly intact, deeply religious, and full of beautiful candour.

Walter Morel seemed melted away before her. She was to the miner that thing of mystery and fascination, a lady. When she spoke to him, it was with a southern pronunciation and a purity of English which thrilled him to hear. She watched him. He danced well, as if it were natural and joyous in him to dance. His grandfather was a French refugee who had married an English barmaid—if it had been a marriage. Gertrude Coppard watched the young miner as he danced, a certain subtle exultation like glamour in his movement, and his face the flower of his body, ruddy, with tumbled black hair, and laughing alike whatever partner he bowed above. She thought him rather wonderful, never having met anyone like him. Her father was to her the type of all men. And George Coppard, proud in his bearing, handsome, and rather bitter; who preferred theology in reading, and who drew near in sympathy only to one man, the Apostle Paul; who was harsh in government, and in familiarity ironic; who ignored all sensuous pleasure;—he was very different from the miner. Ger-

自己对跳舞也是十分不屑，她无心此道，就连乡村舞蹈也没学过。她像她父亲一样，是个清教徒，志趣甚高，实在古板得厉害。因此，矿工生命的情欲之火不断溢出温柔的情感，就像蜡烛的火焰似的从他体内汨汨流出，不像她的那股火受她的思想和精神的禁锢，喷发不出来。所以她对他有种新奇的感觉。

他走到她面前鞠了个躬。顿时，她仿佛喝过了酒一样，感到全身上下有一股暖流流过。

“这回你可千万得跟我跳这支舞，”他亲热地说，“要知道，这很容易跳。我真想看你跳舞。”

她曾经告诉他，她是不会跳舞的。她看着他那副谦恭的样子，不由地莞尔一笑。她笑得很美，这使他不禁心旌摇曳。

“不，我不会跳舞。”她温柔地说，每个字都那么清脆悦耳。

他下意识地坐到了她的身旁，恭敬地欠着身子，他常凭直觉行事。

“你可别错过这支舞啊！”她说，带有一点儿责怪的气息。

“不，我不想跳这支舞——我不喜欢这支曲子。”

“可你刚刚还请我跳这支哩。”

他听了这句话哈哈大笑起来。

“我从没想到你还有这一手，你一下就把我绕的圈子拉直了。”

这回轮到她呵呵笑了。

“你看起来不像拉直的样子。”她说。

“我就像条猪尾巴，想要不缩起来也难。”他兴高采烈地说笑。

“这么说，你是矿工！”她惊异地大声说。

“是啊，我10岁时就开始下井了。”

她看着他，惊愕莫名。

“10岁时！那一定很辛苦吧？”她问道。

“你很快就会习惯的，那种生活就像

trude herself was rather contemptuous of dancing; she had not the slightest inclination towards that accomplishment, and had never learned even a Roger de Coverley. She was puritan, like her father, high-minded, and really stern. Therefore the dusky, golden softness of this man's sensuous flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like the flame from a candle, not baffled and gripped into incandescence by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, beyond her.

He came and bowed above her. A warmth radiated through her as if she had drunk wine.

“Now do come and have this one wi' me,” he said caressively. “It's easy, you know. I'm pining to see you dance.”

She had told him before she could not dance. She glanced at his humility and smiled. Her smile was very beautiful. It moved the man so that he forgot everything.

“No, I won't dance,” she said softly. Her words came clean and ringing.

Not knowing what he was doing—he often did the right thing by instinct—he sat beside her, inclining reverentially.

“But you mustn't miss your dance,” she reproved.

“Nay, I don't want to dance that—it's not one as I care about.”

“Yet you invited me to it.”

He laughed very heartily at this.

“I never thought o' that. Tha'rt not long in taking the curl out of me.”

It was her turn to laugh quickly.

“You don't look as if you'd come much uncurled,” she said.

“I'm like a pig's tail, I curl because I canna help it,” he laughed, rather boisterously.

“And you are a miner!” she exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes. I went down when I was ten.”

She looked at him in wondering dismay.

“When you were ten! And wasn't it very hard?” she asked.

“You soon get used to it. You live like th' mice,

耗子似的，只在晚上爬出来看看外面的世界。”

她皱着眉头说：“听起来都叫人觉得两眼抹黑。”

“像个地老鼠！”他笑道：“是啊，有些家伙到处乱窜，真像地老鼠。”他闭上眼睛往前伸，模仿老鼠翘起鼻子到处闻，像在打探方向。“他们真是这样的！”他很孩子气地说：“你从来没见过他们进去时的那副模样，不过你要是什么时候让我带你下去一趟，你就能亲眼看见了。”

她望着他，感到震惊不已，一种全新的生活展现在她面前。她了解到了矿工的生活，成千成百的矿工在地下辛勤地干活，直到晚上才出来。此时，在她眼里，他似乎很高尚。他每天冒着生命危险，却还是一团高兴。她带着感动和尊敬的神情看着他。

“您不愿去吗？”他轻言细语地问，“大概是想去，会把您身上弄脏的。”

她以前还从没被人称作您啊您的。

第二年圣诞节他们结婚了，开头三个月她真快活极了，婚后六个月她还是很快活。

他在戒酒誓约上画押，带上绝对禁酒者的蓝徽章；他可会做样子了。她原以为他俩住的是他自己的房子。房子不大，不过还算实用，室内布置精致考究，家具用品结实、讲究，与她的淳朴秉性正般配。她跟左邻右舍的那些女人都没什么来往，莫雷尔的母亲和姐妹就常爱取笑她那种小姐气派。不过，只要有丈夫亲近，她独来独往，也能过得十分自在。

有时候，她厌倦了卿卿我我的蜜语，努力尝试着跟他正儿八经地聊聊，当然他只是在用心听着，却听不懂。她原本希望彼此能更亲密无间，这一来，她只好放弃努力，并且，阵阵不安涌上心头。有时候他一晚上坐也不是站也不是，她这才明白单单守在她身边，他觉得还不够。看到他动手做点儿琐碎家务时，她就感到很欣慰。

他人很勤快手很巧——什么都会，做什么都会修。于是她就会说：

“我真喜欢你母亲的那个火拨子——

an' you pop out at night to see what's going on.”

“It makes me feel blind,” she frowned.

“Like a moudiwarp!” he laughed. “Yi, an' there's some chaps as does go round like moudiwarps.” He thrust his face forward in the blind, snout-like way of a mole, seeming to sniff and peer for direction. “They dun though!” he protested naively. “Tha niver seed such a way they get in. But tha mun let me ta'e thee down some time, an' tha can see for thyself.”

She looked at him, startled. This was a new tract of life suddenly opened before her. She realised the life of the miners, hundreds of them toiling below earth and coming up at evening. He seemed to her noble. He risked his life daily, and with gaiety. She looked at him, with a touch of appeal in her pure humility.

“Shouldn't ter like it?” he asked tenderly. “' Ap-pen not, it 'ud dirty thee.”

She had never been “thee'd” and “thou'd” before.

The next Christmas they were married, and for three months she was perfectly happy: for six months she was very happy.

He had signed the pledge, and wore the blue ribbon of a tee-totaller; he was nothing if not showy. They lived, she thought, in his own house. It was small, but convenient enough, and quite nicely furnished, with solid, worthy stuff that suited her honest soul. The women, her neighbours, were rather foreign to her, and Morel's mother and sisters were apt to sneer at her ladylike ways. But she could perfectly well live by herself, so long as she had her husband close.

Sometimes, when she herself wearied of love-talk, she tried to open her heart seriously to him. She saw him listen deferentially, but without understanding. This killed her efforts at a finer intimacy, and she had flashes of fear. Sometimes he was restless of an evening; it was not enough for him just to be near her, she realised. She was glad when he set himself to little jobs.

He was a remarkably handy man—could make or mend anything. So she would say:

“I do like that coal-rake of your mother's—it is