

美国的一面镜子

马克·吐温短篇小说选

The Story of the Good Little Boy

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath-school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had, surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his

好孩子的故事

曾经有一个名叫雅各布·布利文斯的好男孩，他总是很听父母亲的话，不管他们的要求多么荒唐或是多么不合情理。他总是好好念书，上主日学校从不迟到，即使他清醒地意识到逃学是他所能做的最好的事情，他也绝不会那样做。别的孩子都弄不懂他，他的行为太古怪了。不管撒谎有多么方便，他也从不撒谎，他只是说撒谎不对，别的再不多说。他的确太诚实了，诚实得简直有点荒唐。雅各布的各种古怪行为简直不胜枚举。他星期天不玩弹子游戏，他不掏鸟窝，他不把滚烫的便士扔给街头手摇风琴师的猴子。对于任何形式的适当的娱乐，他好像从不感兴趣。于是其他孩子总想通过推理来弄懂他，可他们就是无法得出满意的结论。就像前面已经说过的那样，他们只能得出一个很模糊的看法——他“有病”。所以他们自告奋勇来保护他，绝不允许他受到任何伤害。

这个好男孩认真读主日学校的全部课本，因为书本是他最大的乐趣。这，就是全部的秘密所在。他崇尚主日学校课本上所讲的那些好男孩，对他们充满了信任。他盼望有朝一日能够遇上一个活生生的这样的好男孩，可是从没有如愿过。也许早在他出生以前，他们全都死掉了。只要读到一个特别好的男孩子，他就三下两下翻到书的最后，看他到底怎么样了，因为他想旅行几千里路程去看看他，可总是不能遂愿：在书的结尾，那个好男孩总要死去，书上还有一幅葬礼的插图，男孩的所有亲属以及主日学校的孩子们都站在坟墓四周，穿着短短的裤子，戴着大大的帽子，人人都嚎啕大哭，捂在嘴上的手帕里至少有一码半的泪水和鼻涕。他读到的结果总是这样的。正因为那些男孩总是在书的最后一章死去，所以他从来没有看到过一个那样的好孩子。

雅各布有一个崇高的理想，希望能够被写进主日学校的课本里。

mother, and her weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welked him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books.

They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree and broken his arm, Jim fell out of the tree, too, but he fell on *him* and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving *him* again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

他想被写进去，再附上插图，表现他高尚地拒绝对母亲撒谎，母亲因此高兴得热泪盈眶；还有插图表现他站在门口台阶上，给一个可怜的带着六个孩子的女叫花子一个便士，告诉她随心所欲地花掉它，但是绝不能铺张浪费，因为浪费是一种罪孽；还有插图表现他宽宏大量地拒绝告那个坏男孩的状，那家伙总是埋伏在拐弯处，在他放学路过那里时用一根板条打他的头，追赶着他回家，一边追还一边“嗨！嗨！”地喊。这就是小雅各布·布利文斯的理想：希望能够被写进主日学校的课本里。有时候，一想到那些好男孩总是会死去，他心里就感到有些不舒服，他热爱生命，这你是知道的，做主日学校课本里的好男孩就这一点最不好。他知道要做好孩子，就不宜于健康。他知道要像书里的好孩子们那样超乎自然地好，简直比患结核病还要命；他知道那些好男孩中没有一个人能够长期忍受这种生活。他想，即使人们把他写进书里面，他自己永远也看不到，或者即使在他死以前书已经印出来了，可是假如在最后一章没有任何表现他的葬礼的插图，那他也不会出名的，一想到这些他就感到痛苦。要是书里面没有他临终前对于社区的忠告，那根本就算不了什么主日学校课本。所以最后他当然不得不下定决心，就目前这个情况，他只要尽力而为就是了，堂堂正正过日子，能活多久就活多久，在死之前准备好他的临终遗嘱就成了。

可是不知为什么，这个好孩子遇到的事情没有一样顺心的，没有一样像书上的好男孩所遇到的那样。

他们总是很开心，摔断胳膊的总是那些坏孩子。然而他遇到的情形就不一样了，总是什么地方有颗螺丝松动了，总是事与愿违。当他发现吉姆·布莱克在偷摘苹果时，他来到树底下，把书上的话读给他听。书上讲，一个坏男孩从邻居家的苹果树上掉下来摔断了胳膊。吉姆也从树上掉下来，不过他落在了雅各布的身上，把他的胳膊给砸断了，而吉姆本人竟安然无恙。雅各布不明白这是为什么，书本上可从没有这样的事情。

曾经有一次，几个坏小子把一个盲人掀翻在泥地里，雅各布过去扶起他，正等着接受他的祝福呢，谁知盲人根本就没有给他任何祝福，而是用他的拐杖使劲打雅各布的頭，还说要是再敢推倒他还假装来扶他，他就会逮住他。这可与书上说的情况大相径庭，雅各布翻阅

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once, when he was on his way to Sunday-school, he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sailboat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship-captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the word, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship-captains, and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift — it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly

所有的书，想弄个明白。

雅各布想做的一件事就是找一只无家可归、又饥又饿、备受迫害的瘸狗，把他带回家里当作宠物喂养，领受狗对他无止境的感激之情。最后他终于找到了一只，满心欢喜地把它带到家里，喂食给它吃，可是当他准备爱抚狗的时候，狗朝他扑过来，把他所有的衣服都撕破了，只剩下前面的没有扯下来，让他出尽了洋相，惊吓不已。他向权威人士请教，可是怎么也弄不懂这是咋回事儿。这只狗和书上所说的狗是一样的品种，可是它的行为和书上的狗的行为却截然不同。不管这孩子做什么事情，他总是闯祸。书本上的孩子所做的、并且能够从中得到回报的事情，在他身上差不多都成了最不值得做的事情。

有一次他正往主日学校走，路上看见几个坏男孩正要乘一艘帆船去游玩。他心里充满了恐惧，因为他从书上知道，男孩子星期天乘船去玩都会淹死的，无一幸免。于是他乘木排赶过去警告他们，谁知木排上面的一根排木一转，他掉进河里去了。一个男子很快把他救起来，医生把他喝进去的水排出来，用风箱吹他，让他清醒过来，可是他终究还是得了感冒，在床上躺了九个星期。然而最不可思议的是，船里的那些坏男孩整整一天玩得非常开心，回家的时候还活蹦乱跳兴高采烈的，真让人难以置信。雅各布·布利文斯说，书本上从没有这样的事情。他简直惊呆了。

好了以后，他有点泄气，不过他决心继续努力。他知道到目前为止，他的经历还不足以写进书里，不过他还没有活到好孩子们的死亡岁数，假如他能够坚持活到他们的岁数，他希望能够创一项记录。要是别的一切都失败了，他还有他的临终遗嘱呢。

他阅读了他的榜样们的事迹，觉得他现在应该当一个船舱服务员，去出海。他去找船长申请工作，当船长要他出示推荐信时，他自豪地拿出一张条子，指着上面的文字说：“致雅各布·布利文斯，他亲爱的老师。”然而船长是个鲁莽粗俗的人，他说：“嗨，见鬼去吧，那也不能证明他会洗碟子或者清理船上的废食桶，他猜想船长不会要他这样的人。”这绝对是雅各布一生中所经历过的最不同寻常的事情。以前，老师写在纸条上的赞美之辞都无一例外地打动船长的恻隐之心，打开成功之门。在他读过的所有书本当中，从没有这样的事情，

believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron-foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitroglycerin cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never mindee grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir." But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron-foundry left on the face of the earth; and, as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.

他简直无法相信自己的感觉。

这孩子的日子总是不好过，他所遇到的事情没有一件像书上所说的那样。最后有一天，他想找到那些坏小子劝劝他们，他在旧翻砂厂里找到了好几个，他们正拿十四五只狗玩。他们把狗拴在一起，长长的一队，正准备把装过硝化甘油的空盒子系在狗的尾巴上装饰一下。雅各布心里很难受，他坐到一只盒子上（面对责任，他绝不在乎油渍），抓住最前面一只狗的项圈，回过头以责备的眼神看着捣蛋鬼汤姆·琼斯。可是刚好在那个时候，麦克韦尔特郡长怒不可遏地闯进来了。那些坏男孩全都跑开了，可是雅各布·布利文斯以极其无辜的心情站起来，他全然不顾这样一个事实：没有一个男孩（不论好坏）以“噢，先生”这样的开场白开始讲话，依然以“噢，先生！”开始了主日学校课本上的那种极其庄严的讲话。然而这位郡长大人根本没有耐心听他的讲话，他揪着雅各布·布利文斯的耳朵，把他转过来，他的大巴掌狠狠地打在雅各布的屁股上。霎时间，这个好男孩冲破屋顶，朝着太阳飞去，十五只狗零零碎碎地拽在他后面，像是一只风筝的尾巴。地球上再也没有留下那个郡长或是翻砂厂的一丝痕迹。至于年轻的雅各布·布利文斯，在他不辞辛劳准备好他的临终演讲之后，再也没有机会发表他的讲话，除非他去讲给天上的鸟儿听。因为尽管他的躯干完整地落在了邻郡的一棵树顶上，可是身体其他部分四分五裂，散落在方圆四个区的地域里，所以他们不得不对他的身体检验五次，以验明他是死还是活，弄清楚事情到底是怎么发生的。你怎么也不会看到一个孩子这样七零八落地散落各处。

就这样，一个尽力行好的本分少年死了，不过他的结局一点都不像书上所讲的那样。每一个像他那样做事的男孩都发迹了，就他没有。他的遭遇真是非同一般，也许永远都无法解释。

Legend of the Capitoline Venus

CHAPTER I

[*Scene—An Artist's Studio in Rome*]

"Oh, George, I *do* love you!"

"Bless your dear heart, Mary, I know that—*why* is your father so obdurate?"

"George, he means well, but art is folly to him—he only understands groceries. He thinks you would starve me."

"Confound his wisdom—it savors of inspiration. Why am I not a money-making bowelless grocer, instead of a divinely gifted sculptor with nothing to eat?"

"Do not despond, Georgy, dear—all his prejudices will fade away as soon as you shall have acquired fifty thousand dol—"

"Fifty thousand demons! Child, I am in arrears for my board!"

CHAPTER II

[*Scene—A Dwelling in Rome*]

"My dear sir, it is useless to talk. I haven't anything against you, but I can't let my daughter marry a hash of love, art, and starvation—I believe you have nothing else to offer."

"Sir, I am poor, I grant you. But is fame nothing? The Hon. Bellamy Foodle of Arkansas says that my new statue of America is a clever piece of sculpture, and he is satisfied that my name will one day be famous."

"Bosh! What does that Arkansas ass know about it? Fame's nothing—the market price of your marble scarecrow is the thing to look at. It took you six months to chisel it, and you can't sell it for a hundred dollars. No, sir! Show me fifty thousand dollars and you can have my daughter—otherwise she marries young Simper. You have just six months to raise the money in. Good morning, sir."

朱庇特神庙里的维纳斯雕像传奇

第一章

(布景——罗马，一位艺术家的画室)

“噢，乔治，我真的很爱你！”

“谢谢你的好意，玛丽，这我知道——可是为什么你的父亲这么冷酷无情？”

“乔治，他是好意，只是艺术对他来说是无稽之谈——他就知道食品杂货之类的东西。他觉得嫁给你会把我饿死。”

“让他的观点见鬼去吧——唉，听起来还蛮有灵感的。我为什么不做一个没有勇气只会赚钱的杂货商，偏要做一个没吃没喝才华出众的雕塑家呢？”

“不要垂头丧气，乔治，亲爱的——他所有的偏见都会慢慢消除，只要你能攒够 5 万美——”

“5 万块！宝贝，我连伙食费都拖欠着呢！”

第二章

(布景——罗马，一寓所)

“我亲爱的先生，空话毫无用处。我不是跟你过不去，但我不能让我的女儿嫁给一个空谈爱情和艺术、食不果腹的傻瓜蛋——我相信你别的什么东西也拿不出来。”

“先生，我是贫穷，这一点我承认。可是难道名声就分文不值吗？阿肯色州尊敬的贝拉米·富德尔就说，我新创作的“美国雕像”是一幅杰作，他肯定有一天我会出名。”

“一派机言！那个阿肯色驴子知道些什么？名声分文不值——重

"Alas! Woe is me!"

CHAPTER III

[*Scene—The Studio*]

"Oh, John, friend of my boyhood, I am the unhappiest of men."

"You're a simpleton!"

"I have nothing left to love but my poor statue of America—and see, even she has no sympathy for me in her cold marble countenance—so beautiful and so heartless!"

"You're a dummy!"

"Oh, John!"

"Oh, fudge! Didn't you say you had six months to raise the money in?"

"Don't deride my agony, John. If I had six centuries what good would it do? How could it help a poor wretch without name, capital, or friends?"

"Idiot! Coward! Baby! Six months to raise the money in—and five will do!"

"Are you insane?"

"Six months—an abundance. Leave it to me. I'll raise it."

"What do you mean, John? How on earth can you raise such a monstrous sum for *me*?"

"*Will* you let that be *my* business, and not meddle? Will you leave the thing in my hands? Will you swear to submit to whatever I do? Will you pledge me to find no fault with my actions?"

"I am dizzy—bewildered—but I swear."

John took up a hammer and deliberately smashed the nose of America! He made another pass and two of her fingers fell to the floor—another, and part of an ear came away—another, and a row of toes were mangled and dismembered—another, and the left leg, from the knee down, lay a fragmentary ruin!

要的是你那个大理石稻草人在市场上能卖多少钱。你花了 6 个月时间才凿成这个玩艺，可是你连 100 美元都卖不到。卖不到的，先生！要是你能拿出 5 万美元，你就可以娶我女儿——否则她就嫁给年轻的辛珀。你只有 6 个月的时间来攒够这笔钱。再见，先生。”

“哎呀！我伤心死了！”

第三章

（布景——画室）

“噢，约翰，我的老朋友，我是天底下最痛苦的人。”

“你真是个傻瓜！”

“除了我那尊可怜的“美国雕像”之外，我一无所有——而且你看，甚至连她那冷漠的大理石面孔上都没有一丝同情的表情——如此美丽，又如此无情！”

“你是个笨蛋！”

“噢，约翰！”

“嘿，废话！你不是说你有 6 个月时间攒够这笔钱吗？”

“别再嘲笑我的痛苦了，约翰。即使给我六个世纪，那又有什么用呢？对一个没有名声没有本钱没有朋友的可怜虫来说，它能帮多大的忙呢？”

“白痴！懦夫！孩子气！攒钱还要 6 个月——5 个月就足够了！”

“你疯了吗？”

“6 个月——绰绰有余。这事儿交给我好了，我来弄这笔钱。”

“你什么意思，约翰？你到底有什么法子为我攒够这么大的一笔钱呢？”

“你让我来处理这件事，不要搅和好不好？你愿不愿意把它交给我来办？你愿不愿意发誓，我做什么你都同意？你愿不愿意向我保证，你不挑剔我的所作所为？”

“我迷迷糊糊——稀里糊涂——不过我发誓。”

约翰拿起一把榔头，毅然决然地敲掉了“美国雕像”的鼻子！他又来了一下，两根手指头就掉到地上了——又来了一下，一只耳朵的

John put on his hat and departed.

George gazed speechless upon the battered and grotesque nightmare before him for the space of thirty seconds, and then wilted to the floor and went into convulsions.

John returned presently with a carriage, got the broken-hearted artist and the broken-legged statue aboard, and drove off, whistling low and tranquilly. He left the artist at his lodgings, and drove off and disappeared down the *Via Quirinalis* with the statue.

CHAPTER IV

[*Scene—The Studio*]

"The six months will be up at two o'clock to-day! Oh, agony! My life is blighted. I would that I were dead. I had no supper yesterday. I have had no breakfast to-day. I dare not enter an eating-house. And hungry?—don't mention it! My bootmaker duns me to death—my tailor duns me—my landlord haunts me. I am miserable. I haven't seen John since that awful day. *She* smiles on me tenderly when we meet in the great thoroughfares, but her old flint of a father makes her look in the other direction in short order. Now who is knocking at that door? Who is come to persecute me? That malignant villain the bootmaker, I'll warrant. *Come in!*"

"Ah, happiness attend your highness—Heaven be propitious to your grace! I have brought my lord's new boots—ah, say nothing about the pay, there is no hurry, none in the world. Shall be proud if my noble lord will continue to honor me with his custom—ah, adieu!"

"Brought the boots himself! Don't want his pay! Takes his leave with a bow and a scrape fit to honor majesty withal! Desires a continuance of my custom! Is the world coming to an end? Of all the—*come in!*"

"Pardon, Signore, but I have brought you new suit of clothes for—"

"*Come in!!!*"

"A thousand pardons for this intrusion, your worship! But I have prepared the beautiful suite of rooms below for you—this wretched den is but ill suited to—"

一部分掉下来——又一下，一排脚趾头就给打碎了，从上面掉下来——又一下，左腿膝盖以下成了一堆碎片！

约翰戴上帽子，走了。

乔治凝视着眼前景象破碎奇形怪状的恶梦一般的雕像，足足有30秒钟，一言未发。接着，他倒在地上，开始痉挛。

不一会儿，约翰驾着一辆四轮马车回来了，把悲痛欲绝的艺术家和残缺不全的雕像放到车上，平静地低声吹着口哨，驾着马车离开了。他把艺术家送到他寄宿的地方，拉着雕像驶出去，消失在奎里纳里斯大道上。

第四章

（布景——画室）

“截至今天两点，6个月就要到期了！噢，痛苦啊！我的命这么苦，活着还不如死了的好。我昨天就没有吃饭，今天没有吃早餐，我连餐馆都不敢进去。饿不饿？——快别提了！我的鞋匠追着我要钱，逼得我走投无路——我的裁缝追着我要钱——我的房东四处找我。我多悲惨啊。自从那天以后，我再也没有见过约翰。我在大街上见到玛丽的时候，她朝我温柔地微笑，可是她那铁石心肠的老父亲立即让她朝另外一个方向看。这阵子是谁在敲门？是谁来迫害我？我敢肯定，一定是那个可恶的鞋匠小人。进来！”

“啊，愿幸福陪伴殿下——愿上天助您一帆风顺！我为老爷拿来了新做的靴子——啊，钱的事儿别提了，不用急，一点都不急。假如我高贵的老爷愿意继续惠顾我、抬举我的话，我将非常自豪——啊，再见！”

“他本人把靴子送上门来！还不要钱！出去的时候鞠躬而且一只脚擦着地向后退，这是向君主致敬的礼节呀！希望我能继续惠顾他！是不是世界末日到了？怎么会——进来！”

“请原谅，先生，不过我给您拿来了一套新装——”

“进来!!!”

“这么冒昧，请您千万原谅，阁下！不过我已经为您准备好了楼

“Come in!!!”

“I have called to say that your credit at our bank, some time since unfortunately interrupted, is entirely and most satisfactorily restored, and we shall be most happy if you will draw upon us for any—”

“COME IN!!!”

“My noble boy, she is yours! She’ll be here in a moment! Take her—marry her—love her—be happy!—God bless you both! Hip, hip, hur—”

“COME IN!!!!!!”

“Oh, George, my own darling, we are saved!”

“Oh, Mary, my own darling, we *are* saved—but I’ll swear I don’t know why nor how!”

CHAPTER V

[Scene—A Roman Café]

One of a group of American gentlemen reads and translates from the weekly edition of *Il Slangwhanger di Roma* as follows:

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! — Some six months ago Signor John Smithe, an American gentleman now some years a resident of Rome, purchased for a trifle a small piece of ground in the Campagna, just beyond the tomb of the Scipio family, from the owner, a bankrupt relative of the Princess Borghese. Mr. Smithe afterward went to the Minister of the Public Records and had the piece of ground transferred to a poor American artist named George Arnold, explaining that he did it as payment and satisfaction for pecuniary damage accidentally done by him long since upon property belonging to Signor Arnold, and further observed that he would make additional satisfaction by improving the ground for Signor A., at his own charge and cost. Four weeks ago, while making some necessary excavations upon the property, Signor Smithe unearthed the most remarkable ancient statue that has ever been added to the opulent art treasures of Rome. It was an exquisite figure of a woman, and though sadly stained by the soil and the mold of ages, no eye can look unmoved upon its ravishing beauty. The nose, the left leg from the knee down, an ear, and also the toes of the right foot and two fingers of one of the hands

下一套漂亮的房间——这间简陋蹩脚的小屋简直不适合——”

“进来!!!”

“我来向您说明，您在我们银行的信用贷款，被不幸地中止了一段时间，现在已经完全而且令人满意地恢复了。我们将非常荣幸，假如您愿意惠顾，向我们提取任何——”

“进来!!!”

“我高贵的孩子，她是你的人！她马上就过来！接受她——娶了她——真心爱她——幸福如意！——愿上帝保佑你们！希普，希普，呼——”

“进来!!!!”

“噢，乔治，我亲爱的，我们得救了！”

“哦，玛丽，我亲爱的人儿，我们得救了——可是我敢发誓，我不知道这是为什么，也不知道是怎么回事儿！”

第五章

（布景——罗马，一咖啡馆）

几位美国绅士坐在那里，其中一位一边阅读一边翻译《罗马闲话者周刊》，内容如下：

惊人的发现！——大约 6 个月前，约翰·史密斯先生，一位已经在罗马定居了几年的美国人，用很小一笔钱在坎帕格纳从鲍格才公主的一个破落潦倒的亲戚那里买下了一块土地，就在西皮奥家族墓地的那一边。此后，史密斯先生找到公共档案部部长，把这块地转让给一位名叫乔治·阿诺德的贫穷的美国艺术家。他解释说，他之所以这样做，是为了支付、赔偿他很久以前不小心损坏的属于阿诺德先生的财产，并且进一步说明，他愿意作出额外赔偿，自己掏钱为阿诺德先生改善这块土地的面貌。四星期以前，当他在该土地上做一些必要的挖掘的时候，史密斯先生发现了一尊最引人瞩目的古代雕像，它将为罗马丰富的艺术宝库增添光彩。这是一尊美妙绝伦的女子雕像，遗憾的是，由于年代久远，表面积淀了泥土、发了霉，但其璀璨迷人的美不能不让人动心。鼻子、左腿膝盖以下、一只耳朵、右脚趾头和一