

英汉对照·英语精品廊

英语短篇小说精品

李素苗 编

北京大学出版社

北 京

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

英语短篇小说精品:英汉对照/李素苗编. —北京:北京大学出版社, 1995. 8

(英语精品廊)

ISBN 7-301-02756-7

I. 英… II. 李… III. ①英语-语言教学-语言读物-英、汉②短篇小说-作品集-对照读物-英、汉 IV. H319.4

书 名: 英语短篇小说精品

著作责任者: 李素苗 编

责任编辑: 汪晓丹

标准书号: ISBN 7-301-02756-7/H·281

出版者: 北京大学出版社

地址: 北京市海淀区中关村北京大学校内 100871

排印者: 北京经纬印刷厂印刷

发行者: 北京大学出版社

经销者: 新华书店

版本记录: 787×1092毫米 32开本 12.5印张 280千字

1995年8月第一版 1995年8月第一次印刷

定 价: 12.80元

前 言

阅读英文小说佳作给读者带来的益处是多方面的。首先是有助于语言学习。英语学习者大都会或早或晚有这样的体会：在掌握了基本的文法知识，也有了初步的听、说、读、写技能之后，往往会出现山重水复，似难再有进步之困惑。闯过这道关的人士都知道，广泛阅读是必要的制胜法宝。唯其如此，才能进一步扩大词汇量，增强语感，使语言学习达到柳暗花明的境地。其次是有益于提高文学修养。众所周知，小说作为脍炙人口的文学体裁在文学中的地位是很受重视的。近现代几乎没有不以小说作为创作形式的文学家。对读者来说，阅读小说自然是提高文学修养的重要渠道。再者是有益于敏锐思想。每一篇优秀的小说都包含着作者对人生对社会的深刻洞察、哲思和体验。阅读作品也就是和这些作者交流，作者的人生体验、心路历程、激情和哲思无不给读者以启迪。

当然，阅读英文小说的好处远不止于上述三个方面，但这三方面是最基本的。为此，本书编者编译的基本原则相应注重作品的可读性、文学性和思想性。同时，编译者认为，一篇小说唯其兼有可读性、文学性和思想性才堪称佳作精品。所选作品虽然风格各异、主题广泛，有的故事情节扑朔迷离（如《小屋》），有的氛围渲染优异（如《巴图比文书》），有的洞察人生、社会现实与人类心理情感细致入微（如《玩具小

屋》、《说谎未遂》、《异父兄弟》等……，但所有作品语言规范、流畅，文辞优美，引人入胜，使人读来便欲罢不能，掩卷思之又回味无穷。语言规范、流畅，可供英语语言学习者借鉴模仿；文辞优美，引人入胜，定能薰陶读者文学修养；掩卷思之，回味无穷，思想与心灵的启发使读者受益良多。

为使读者在阅读中取得最佳效果，编译者对文中难点及涉及异国文化背景知识之处作了必要的注释，并附有作者简介和参考译文，参考译文由李素苗、刘灵群完成。

我们衷心地希望读者朋友能喜爱这本书。果如此，我们将感到无比欣慰。

李素苗

1995年5月于北大中关村寓所

目 录

1. **Herman Melville** 1
 赫尔曼·梅尔维尔
 Bartleby the Scrivener
 巴图比文书
2. **Bret Harte** 98
 布莱特·哈特
 The Luck of Roaring Camp
 福临咆哮营
3. **Madelene Yale Wynne** 126
 马德琳·耶尔·威因
 The Little Room
 小屋
4. **Kate Chopin** 159
 凯特·萧邦
 Regret
 悔
5. **Sherwood Anderson** 171
 舍伍德·安德森
 The Untold Lie
 说谎未遂
6. **Stephen Vincent Benét** 186
 斯蒂芬·文森特·贝内

The Devil and Daniel Webster

魔鬼与丹尼尔·韦伯斯特

7. Mrs. Gaskell 227

盖斯凯尔夫人

The Half-Brothers

异父兄弟

8. Charles Lee 258

查尔斯·李

Mr. Sampson

桑普森先生

9. D. H. Lawrence 305

劳伦斯

The Rocking Horse Winner

摇木马获胜者

10. Katherine Mansfield 347

凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德

The Doll's House

玩具小屋

11. James Joyce 368

詹姆斯·乔伊斯

Two Gallants

二侠士

1. Herman Melville

赫尔曼·梅尔维尔

【作者简介】

赫尔曼·梅尔维尔 (Herman Melville, 1819—1891), 美国作家兼诗人。生于纽约市。一生作过银行职员、教员、农场工人、商船服务员和捕鲸船船员。他的小说多与航海生活有关, 富有写实性和象征意义, 主要有《泰皮》、《欧穆》、《玛地》、《雷德本》、《白外衣》及其广为人知的代表作《白鲸记》(*Moby Dick*)。其诗作主要收集在《战事集》、《约翰·玛尔及其他水手》和《梯摩里昂》中。

Bartleby the Scrivener

A Story of Wall Street

I am a rather elderly man. The nature of my avocations^①, for the last thirty years, has brought me into more than ordinary contact with what would seem an interesting and somewhat singular set of men, of whom, as yet, nothing, that I know of, has ever been written — I mean, the law-

copyists, or scriveners. I have known very many of them, professionally and privately, and, if I pleased, could relate divers histories, at which good-natured gentlemen might smile, and sentimental souls might weep. But I waive the biographies of all other scriveners, for a few passages in the life of Bartleby, who was a scrivener, the strangest I ever saw, or heard of. While, of other law-copyists, I might write the complete life, of Bartleby nothing of that sort can be done. I believe that no materials exist, for a full and satisfactory biography of this man. It is an irreparable loss to literature. Bartleby was one of those beings of whom nothing is ascertainable, except from the original sources, and, in his case, those are very small. What my own astonished eyes saw of Bartleby, *that* is all I know of him, except, indeed, one vague report, which will appear in the sequel.

Ere introducing the scrivener, as he first appeared to me, it is fit I make some mention of² myself, my *employés*, my business, my chambers, and general surroundings, because some such description is indispensable to an adequate understanding of the chief character about to be presented. Imprimis. *¹I am a man who, from his youth upwards, has been filled with a profound conviction that the easiest way of life is the best. Hence, though I belong to a profession proverbially energetic and nervous, even to turbulence, at times, yet nothing of that sort have I ever suffered to invade my peace. I am one of those unambitious lawyers who never address a jury, or in any way draw down public applause; but, in the cool tranquillity of a snug retreat, do a snug busi-

*¹ in the first place (Latin)

ness among rich men's bonds, and mortgages, and title-deeds. All who know me, consider me an eminently *safe* man. The late John Jacob Astor, a personage little given to poetic enthusiasm, had no hesitation in pronouncing my first grand point to be prudence; my next, method. I do not speak it in vanity, but simply record the fact, that I was not unemployed in my profession by the late John Jacob Astor; a name which, I admit, I love to repeat; for it hath a rounded and orbicular sound to it, and rings like unto bullion. I will freely add, that I was not insensible to the late John Jacob Astor's good opinion.

Some time prior to the period at which this little history begins, my avocations had been largely increased. The good old office, now extinct in the State of New York, of a Master in Chancery, had been conferred upon me. It was not a very arduous office, but very pleasantly remunerative. I seldom lose my temper®, much more seldom indulge in® dangerous indignation at wrongs and outrages; but I must be permitted to be rash here and declare, that I consider the sudden and violent abrogation of the office of Master in Chancery, by the new Constitution, as a — premature act; inasmuch as I had counted upon a life-lease of the profits, whereas I only received those of a few short years. But this is by the way.

My chambers were up stairs, at No. — Wall Street. At one end, they looked upon the white wall of the interior of a spacious skylight shaft, penetrating the building from top to bottom.

This view might have been considered rather tame than otherwise, deficient in what landscape painters call "life." But, if so, the view from the other end of my chambers of-

ferred, at least, a contrast, if nothing more. In that direction, my windows commanded an unobstructed view of a lofty brick wall, black by age and everlasting shade; which wall required no spyglass to bring out its lurking beauties[®], but, for the benefit of all near-sighted spectators, was pushed up to within ten feet of my window-panes. Owing to the great height of the surrounding buildings, and my chambers being on the second floor, the interval between this wall and mine not a little resembled a huge square cistern.

At the period just preceding the advent of *Bartleby*, I had two persons as copyists in my employment, and a promising lad as an office-boy. First, Turkey; second, Nippers; third, Ginger Nut. These may seem names, the like of which are not usually found in the Directory. In truth, they were nicknames, mutually conferred upon each other by my three clerks, and were deemed expressive of their respective persons or characters. Turkey was a short, pursy Englishman, of about my own age — that is, somewhere not far from sixty. In the morning, one might say, his face was of a fine florid hue, but after twelve o'clock, meridian — his dinner hour — it blazed like a grate full of Christmas coals; and continued blazing — but, as it were, with a gradual wane — till six o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts; after which, I saw no more of the proprietor of the face, which, gaining its meridian with the sun, seemed to set with it, to rise, culminate, and decline the following day, with the like regularity and undiminished glory. There are many singular coincidences I have known in the course of my life, not the least among which was the fact, that, exactly when Turkey displayed his fullest beams from his red and radiant counte-

nance, just then, too, at that critical moment, began the daily period when I considered his business capacities as seriously disturbed for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. Not that he was absolutely idle, or averse to business® then; far from it. The difficulty was, he was apt to be altogether too energetic. There was a strange, inflamed, flurried, flighty recklessness of activity about him. He would be incautious in dipping his pen into his inkstand. All his blots upon my documents were dropped there after twelve o'clock, meridian. Indeed, not only would he be reckless, and sadly given to making blots in the afternoon, but, some days, he went further, and was rather noisy. At such times, too, his face flamed with augmented blazonry, as if cannel coal had been heaped on anthracite. He made an unpleasant racket with his chair; spilled his sand-box; in mending his pens, impatiently split them all to pieces, and threw them on the floor in a sudden passion; stood up, and leaned over his table, boxing his papers about in a most indecorous manner, very sad to behold in an elderly man like him. Nevertheless, as he was in many ways a most valuable person to me, and all the time before twelve o'clock, meridian, was the quickest, steadiest creature, too, accomplishing a great deal of work in a style not easily to be matched — for these reasons, I was willing to overlook his eccentricities, though, indeed, occasionally, I remonstrated with him. I did this very gently, however, because, though the civilest, nay, the blandest and most reverential of men in the morning, yet, in the afternoon, he was disposed, upon provocation, to be slightly rash with his tongue — in fact, insolent. Now, valuing his morning services as I did, and resolved not to lose them — yet, at the

same time, made uncomfortable by his inflamed ways after twelve o'clock — and being a man of peace, unwilling by my admonitions to call forth unseemly retorts from him, I took upon me, one Saturday noon (he was always worse on Saturdays) to hint to him, very kindly, that, perhaps, now that he was growing old, it might be well to abridge his labors; in short, he need not come to my chambers after twelve o'clock, but, dinner over, had best go home to his lodgings, and rest himself till tea-time. But no; he insisted upon his afternoon devotions. His countenance became intolerably fervid, as he oratorically assured me — gesticulating with a long ruler at the other end of the room — that if his services in the morning were useful, how indispensable, then, in the afternoon?

“With submission, sir,” said Turkey, on this occasion, “I consider myself your right-hand man. In the morning I but marshal and deploy my columns; but in the afternoon I put myself at their head, and gallantly charge the foe, thus” — and he made a violent thrust with the ruler.

“But the blots, Turkey,” intimated I.

“True; but, with submission, sir, behold these hairs! I am getting old. Surely, sir, a blot or two of a warm afternoon is not to be severely urged against gray hairs. Old age — even if it blot the page^⑦ — is honorable. With submission, sir, we *both* are getting old.”

This appeal to my fellow-feeling was hardly to be resisted. At all events, I saw that go he would not. So, I made up my mind to let him stay, resolving, nevertheless, to see to it that, during the afternoon, he had to do with my less important papers.

Nippers, the second on my list, was a whiskered, sal-low, and, upon the whole, rather piratical-looking young man, of about five-and-twenty. I always deemed him the vic-tim of two evil powers — ambition and indigestion. The am-bition was evinced by a certain impatience of the duties of a mere copyist, an unwarrantable usurpation of strictly profes-sional affairs such as the original drawing up of legal docu-ments. The indigestion seemed betokened in an occasional nervous testiness and grinning irritability, causing the teeth to audibly grind together over mistakes committed in copy-ing; unnecessary maledictions, hissed, rather than spoken, in the heat of business; and especially by a continual discon-tent with the height of the table where he worked. Though of a very ingenious mechanical turn, Nippers could never get this table to suit him. He put chips under it, blocks of vari-ous sorts, bits of pasteboard, and at last went so far as to at-tempt an exquisite adjustment, by final pieces of folded blot-ting-paper. But no invention would answer. If, for the sake of easing his back, he brought the table-lid at a sharp angle well up towards his chin, and wrote there like a man using the steep roof of a Dutch house for his desk, then he declared that it stopped the circulation in his arms. If now he lowered the table to his waistbands, and stooped over it in writing, then there was a sore aching in his back. In short, the truth of the matter was, Nippers knew not what he wanted. Or, if he wanted anything, it was to be rid of a scrivener's table altogether. Among the manifestations of his diseased ambi-tion was a fondness he had for receiving visits from certain ambiguous-looking fellows in seedy coats, whom he called his clients. Indeed, I was aware that not only was he, at

times, considerable of a ward-politician, but he occasionally did a little business at the justices' courts, and was not unknown on the steps of the Tombs. *² I have good reason to believe, however, that one individual who called upon him[®] at my chambers, and who, with a grand air, he insisted was his client, was no other than a dun, and the alleged title-deed, a bill. But, with all his failings, and the annoyances he caused me, Nippers, like his compatriot Turkey, was a very useful man to me; wrote a neat, swift hand[®], and when he chose, was not deficient in a gentlemanly sort of deportment. Added to this, he always dressed in a gentlemanly sort of way; and so, incidentally, reflected credit upon my chambers. Whereas, with respect to Turkey, I had much ado to keep him from being a reproach to me. His clothes were apt to look oily, and smell of eating-houses. He wore his pantaloons very loose and baggy in summer. His coats were execrable, his hat not to be handled. But while the hat was a thing of indifference to me, inasmuch as his natural civility and deference, as a dependent Englishman, always led him to doff it the moment he entered the room, yet his coat was another matter. Concerning his coats, I reasoned with him; but with no effect. The truth was, I suppose, that a man with so small an income could not afford to sport[®] such a lustrous face and a lustrous coat at one and the same time. As Nippers once observed, Turkey's money went chiefly for red ink. One winter day, I presented Turkey with a highly respectable-looking coat of my own—a padded gray coat, of a most comfortable warmth, and which buttoned straight up

*² maximum-security prison in New York City

from the knee to the neck. I thought Turkey would appreciate the favor, and abate his rashness and obstreperousness of afternoons. But no; I verily believe that buttoning himself up in so downy and blanket-like a coat had a pernicious effect upon him — upon the same principle that too much oats are bad for horses. In fact, precisely as a rash, restive horse is said to feel his oats[®], so Turkey felt his coat. It made him insolent. He was a man whom prosperity harmed.

Though, concerning the self-indulgent habits of Turkey, I had my own private surmises, yet, touching Nippers, I was well persuaded that, whatever might be his faults in other respects, he was, at least, a temperate young man. But, indeed, nature herself seemed to have been his vintner, and, at his birth, charged him so thoroughly with an irritable, brandy-like disposition, that all subsequent potations were needless. When I consider how, amid the stillness of my chambers, Nippers would sometimes impatiently rise from his seat, and stooping over his table, spread his arms wide apart, seize the whole desk, and move it, and jerk it, with a grim, grinding motion on the floor, as if the table were a perverse voluntary agent, intent on thwarting and vexing him, I plainly perceive that, for Nippers, brandy-and-water were altogether superfluous.

It was fortunate for me that, owing to its peculiar cause — indigestion — the irritability and consequent nervousness of Nippers were mainly observable in the morning, while in the afternoon he was comparatively mild. So that, Turkey's paroxysms only coming on about twelve o'clock, I never had to do with their eccentricities at one time. Their fits relieved each other, like guards. When Nippers' was on, Turkey's was

off; and *vice versa*. This was a good natural arrangement, under the circumstances.

Ginger Nut, the third on my list, was a lad, some twelve years old. His father was a carman, ambitious of seeing his son on the bench instead of a cart, before he died. So he sent him to my office, as student at law, errandboy, cleaner and sweeper, at the rate of one dollar a week. He had a little desk to himself, but he did not use it much. Upon inspection, the drawer exhibited a great array of the shells of various sorts of nuts. Indeed, to this quick-witted youth, the whole noble science of the law was contained in a nutshell. Not the least among the employments of Ginger Nut, as well as one which he discharged with the most alacrity, was his duty as cake and apple purveyor for Turkey and Nippers. Copying lawpapers being proverbially a dry, husky sort of business, my two scriveners were fain to moisten their mouths very often with Spitzenbergs, to be had at the numerous stalls nigh the Custom House and Post Office. Also, they sent Ginger Nut very frequently for that peculiar cake—small, flat, round, and very spicy—after which he had been named by them. Of a cold morning, when business was but dull, Turkey would gobble up scores of these cakes, as if they were mere wafers—indeed, they sell them at the rate of six or eight for a penny—the scrape of his pen blending with the crunching of the crisp particles in his mouth. Of all the fiery afternoon blunders and flurried rashness of Turkey, was his once moistening a ginger-cake between his lips, and clapping it on to a mortgage, for a seal. I came within an ace of dismissing him then. But he mollified me by making an oriental bow, and saying —

“With submission, sir, it was generous of me to find you in stationery on my own account.”

Now my original business — that of a conveyancer and title hunter, and drawer-up of recondite documents of all sorts — was considerably increased by receiving the Master’s office. There was now great work for scriveners. Not only must I push the clerks already with me, but I must have additional help.

In answer to my advertisement, a motionless young man one morning stood upon my office threshold, the door being open, for it was summer. I can see that figure now — pallidly neat, pitiably respectable, incurably forlorn! It was Bartleby.

After a few words touching his qualifications, I engaged him, glad to have among my corps of copyists a man of so singularly sedate an aspect, which I thought might operate beneficially upon the flighty temper of Turkey, and the fiery one of Nippers.

I should have stated before that ground-glass folding-doors divided my premises into two parts, one of which was occupied by my scriveners, the other by myself. According to my humor, I threw open these doors, or closed them. I resolved to assign Bartleby a corner by the folding-doors, but on my side of them, so as to have this quiet man within easy call, in case any trifling thing was to be done. I placed his desk close up to a small sidewindow in that part of the room, a window which originally had afforded a lateral view of certain grimy brickyards and bricks, but which, owing to subsequent erections, commanded at present no view at all, though it gave some light. Within three feet of the panes was a wall, and the light came down from far above, between two