

Jerome K. Jerome.

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THOUGHTS
OF AN IDLE
FELLOW**

懒人闲思录

[英] 杰罗姆·K. 杰罗姆 著

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I. On Being Idle

1. 懒散度日

Now, this is a subject on which I flatter myself I really am au fait. The gentleman who, when I was young, bathed me at wisdom's font for nine guineas¹ a term—no extras—used to say he never knew a boy who could do less work in more time; and I remember my poor grandmother once incidentally observing, in the course of an instruction upon the use of the Prayer-book, that it was highly improbable that I should ever do much that I ought not to do, but that she felt convinced beyond a doubt that I should leave undone pretty well everything that I ought to do.

那么，懒散度日的确是我自认为十分擅长的题目，这点可不是我自夸。小时候，有位先生每学期收我九几尼——不再额外收费——让我沐浴在智慧的清泉里。他常说，他从来没见过哪个男孩能比我用更多的时间，做更少的功课。我还记得我可怜的祖母在一次教我使用祈祷书的过程中顺便评论说，要我去做我不该做的事是极不可能的，不过同时她也坚信不疑，我该做的每件事情，也一定会原封不动地丢在原地。

I am afraid I have somewhat belied half the dear old lady's prophecy. Heaven help me! I have done a good many things that I ought not to have done, in spite of my laziness. But I have fully confirmed the accuracy of her judgment so far as neglecting much that I ought not to have neglected is concerned. Idling always has been my strong point I take no credit to myself in the matter—it is a gift. Few possess it. There are plenty of lazy people and plenty of slow-coaches, but a genuine idler is a rarity. He is not a man who slouches about with his hands in his pockets. On the contrary, his most startling characteristic is that he is always intensely busy.

现在，从某种程度上说，我恐怕已经证明了老祖母的预言有一半不对。上帝保佑！尽管天生一把懒骨头，我还是做了许许多多我本不该做的事。但就忽略了许多我本不该忽略的事情这一点而言，我倒是充分验证了她老人家判断的准确性。懒散度日一直是我的强项，在这件事上我并不居功自恃——这是一种天赋。极少有人拥有这份天赋。这世上有许许多多的懒汉和做事不紧不慢的人，但天生懒骨头却极为罕有。他并非

双手插在口袋里到处闲逛的家伙。相反，他最引人注目的特征就是：他总是忙得不可开交。

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to do. Wasting time is merely an occupation then, and a most exhausting one. Idleness, like kisses, to be sweet must be stolen.

一个人如果没有许许多多工作需要完成，就无法彻底享受懒散度日的乐趣。而一个人无事可做的时候，无所事事也失去了它原有的乐趣。于是浪费时间仅仅变成了一项任务，还是最劳心费神的任务。懒散度日的感觉就像吻一样，只有偷来的才甜美。

Many years ago, when I was a young man, I was taken very ill—I never could see myself that much was the matter with me, except that I had a beastly cold. But I suppose it was something very serious, for the doctor said that I ought to have come to him a month before, and that if it (whatever it was) had gone on for another week he would not have answered for the consequences. It is an extraordinary thing, but I never knew a doctor called into any case yet but what it transpired that another day's delay would have rendered cure hopeless. Our medical guide, philosopher, and friend is like the hero in a melodrama—he always comes upon the scene just, and only just, in the nick of time. It is Providence, that is what it is.

多年前，我还是个年轻小伙的时候，生了一场大病——我自己没觉得病得多厉害，只知道是场重感冒。但我推测情况应该很严重，因为医生说本来一个月之前就该去找他，还说如果这病（甭管什么病吧）再拖一个礼拜，他也不敢对后果负责。不过这事太离奇了，我从没见过哪个医生接过延迟一天就会变得无药可救的病例。我们的医疗指导也好，哲学家也好，朋友也好，就像情节剧中的主人公一样——他总是恰好在紧要关头登场，不早也不晚。这是天意，早已注定。

Well, as I was saying, I was very ill and was ordered to Buxton² for a month, with strict injunctions to do nothing whatever all the while that I was there. "Rest is what you require," said the doctor, "perfect rest."

好吧，回到刚才的话题，我病得很严重，所以被安排到巴克斯顿休养一个月，整个养病期间被严格禁止做任何事情。“你需要的就是休息，”医生说道，“彻底休息。”

It seemed a delightful prospect. "This man evidently understands my complaint," said I, and I pictured to myself a glorious time—a four weeks'

dolce far niente with a dash of illness in it. Not too much illness, but just illness enough—just sufficient to give it the flavor of suffering and make it poetical. I should get up late, sip chocolate, and have my breakfast in slippers and a dressing-gown. I should lie out in the garden in a hammock and read sentimental novels with a melancholy ending, until the books should fall from my listless hand, and I should recline there, dreamily gazing into the deep blue of the firmament, watching the fleecy clouds floating like white-sailed ships across its depths, and listening to the joyous song of the birds and the low rustling of the trees. Or, on becoming too weak to go out of doors, I should sit propped up with pillows at the open window of the ground-floor front, and look wasted and interesting, so that all the pretty girls would sigh as they passed by.

事情听起来令人期待。“这位老兄显然很了解我的心思嘛。”我说道，并为自己描绘了一段无比美妙的时光——四个星期优哉游哉，其间养养小病。大病就不必了，小病就已足够——足以让我感到几丝苦楚，几分诗意就行了。我可以睡到日上三竿，品品巧克力饮料，然后穿着拖鞋和睡袍享用早餐。我可以躺在花园的吊床上读些结局凄凉的情感小说，直到书本从我无力的手中滑落。我还可以躺在那儿，迷蒙地凝望深蓝的天空，看朵朵白云飘浮，仿佛挂着白帆的船舶穿行深海，听鸟儿快乐地歌唱和树叶在风中沙沙作响。或者，身体太过虚弱不能外出的时候，我就在底楼临街敞开的窗口前，垫几个枕头临窗而坐，看起来孱弱消瘦却又惹人注意，引来那些路过的漂亮女孩们一声声叹息。

And twice a day I should go down in a Bath chair to the Colonnade to drink the waters. Oh, those waters! I knew nothing about them then, and was rather taken with the idea. "Drinking the waters" sounded fashionable and Queen Anne³-fi ed, and I thought I should like them. But, ugh! After the first three or four mornings! Sam Weller's description of them as "having a taste of warm fl at-irons" conveys only a faint idea of their hideous nauseousness. If anything could make a sick man get well quickly, it would be the knowledge that he must drink a glassful of them every day until he was recovered. I drank them neat for six consecutive days, and they nearly killed me; but after then I adopted the plan of taking a stiff glass of brandy-and-water immediately on the top of them, and found much relief thereby. I have been informed since, by various eminent medical gentlemen, that the alcohol must have entirely counteracted the effects of the chalybeate properties contained in the water. I

am glad I was lucky enough to hit upon the right thing.

我得每天两次坐轮椅去科伦纳德喝矿泉水。噢，那水啊！我当时对那里的水一无所知，特别想去尝尝。“喝矿泉水”听起来很时髦，而且还有安妮女王那个时代的感觉，我觉得自己应该会喜欢。可是，唉！最初的三四个上午之后，那是什么感觉啊！萨姆·韦勒说它们尝起来“有股热熨斗的味道”，这实在太过轻描淡写，完全不足以描述它们可怕的恶心味道。假如有什么办法能让一个病人迅速康复，那就是告诉他，病好之前必须每天喝一杯这样的矿泉水。我就是这样连喝了六天纯矿泉水，差点儿要了我的命；不过后来我采取了一个方法，就是在喝完矿泉水后马上灌一杯高浓度的兑水白兰地，这样感觉就好多了。后来很多知名的医学专家都告诉我，一定是酒精把矿泉水中铁盐质的作用完全抵消了。我很高兴自己运气不错，能够歪打正着

But "drinking the waters" was only a small portion of the torture I experienced during that memorable month—a month which was, without exception, the most miserable I have ever spent. During the best part of it I religiously followed the doctor's mandate and did nothing whatever, except moon about the house and garden and go out for two hours a day in a Bath chair. That did break the monotony to a certain extent. There is more excitement about Bath-chairing—especially if you are not used to the exhilarating exercise—than might appear to the casual observer. A sense of danger, such as a mere outsider might not understand, is ever present to the mind of the occupant. He feels convinced every minute that the whole concern is going over, a conviction which becomes especially lively whenever a ditch or a stretch of newly macadamized road comes in sight. Every vehicle that passes he expects is going to run into him; and he never finds himself ascending or descending a hill without immediately beginning to speculate upon his chances, supposing—as seems extremely probable—that the weak-kneed controller of his destiny should let go.

但是在这难忘的一个月里，也是我有生以来度过的最悲惨的一个月里，“喝矿泉水”只是我所受折磨的一小部分。那个月的大部分时间，我都虔诚地奉行医生的指示，不做任何事，只在房子和花园里走动走动，以及每天坐轮椅出行两小时。在某种程度上，这确实对单调的生活有所调剂。坐轮椅的乐趣——特别是你还不习惯这种令人兴奋的锻炼时——远比漫不经心的旁观者可能看到的要多。一个纯粹的局外人或许不会明白坐在轮椅上的人那时时涌上心头的不安全感。每分钟，他都认为轮椅要向前翻个个儿，这种信念在路上出现小坑或者遇到一段新铺的碎石子

路时尤为强烈。道路上所有来来往往的车辆，他都认为会撞向自己；但凡上坡或者下坡，他就马上开始捻算自己的命数，生怕掌管自己命运的神仙一时腿脚发软就撒手不管了——而这似乎是极有可能的。

But even this diversion failed to enliven after awhile, and the ennui became perfectly unbearable. I felt my mind giving way under it. It is not a strong mind, and I thought it would be unwise to tax it too far. So somewhere about the twentieth morning I got up early, had a good breakfast, and walked straight off to Hayfield, at the foot of the Kinder Scout⁴—a pleasant, busy little town, reached through a lovely valley, and with two sweetly pretty women in it. At least they were sweetly pretty then; one passed me on the bridge and, I think, smiled; and the other was standing at an open door, making an unremunerative investment of kisses upon a red-faced baby. But it is years ago, and I dare say they have both grown stout and snappish since that time. Coming back, I saw an old man breaking stones, and it roused such strong longing in me to use my arms that I offered him a drink to let me take his place. He was a kindly old man and he humored me. I went for those stones with the accumulated energy of three weeks, and did more work in half an hour than he had done all day. But it did not make him jealous.

但是就连这个调剂也在一段时间后失去了效力，百无聊赖的生活终于变得完全无法忍受。我觉得自己的心智正在其压迫下一点点崩溃。本来我就不是什么心智坚强的人，而且，我认为过度考验它实在不明智。所以，到大约第二十天的时候，一大早我就起来，好好吃了顿早餐，然后径直走向坐落在金德斯考特山脚下的海菲尔德——一个繁忙而舒适的小镇，穿过一个美丽的山谷就能到达。那儿还有两位十分甜美可人的女子，至少她们当时很甜美。其中一个在桥上和我擦肩而过，而且，我感觉到她嫣然一笑；另一个站在敞开的门前，把自己的吻无私地献给了一个脸蛋红润的婴儿。然而，那是好几年前了，我敢说现在她们已经发福，而且变得脾气暴躁。在回来的路上，我看见一个老头儿在砸石子。这个情景勾起了我想活动活动筋骨的强烈愿望，所以我请他喝酒，希望能代替他干活。老人和善而爽快，答应了我。于是，我带着积蓄了三个星期的力量向那些石头走去，半个小时就干了比老头儿干一整天还多的活儿。不过他倒没有因此而妒忌我。

Having taken the plunge, I went further and further into dissipation, going out for a long walk every morning and listening to the band in the pavilion every evening. But the days still passed slowly notwithstanding, and I was

heartily glad when the last one came and I was being whirled away from gouty, consumptive Buxton to London with its stern work and life. I looked out of the carriage as we rushed through Hendon⁵ in the evening. The lurid glare overhanging the mighty city seemed to warm my heart, and when, later on, my cab rattled out of St. Pancras' station⁶, the old familiar roar that came swelling up around me sounded the sweetest music I had heard for many a long day.

第一次冒险之后，我更加无所顾忌，每天早上都到很远的地方散步，每天晚上都去公园的亭子听乐队演奏。可是日子还是过得缓慢无比。所以当最后一天到来，我坐上飞驰的列车离开巴克斯顿漫漫无期、虚耗生命的生活时，我打心眼儿里高兴可以返回伦敦严苛的工作和生活中。晚上经过亨登时，我向车厢外望去，广阔的城市上空灯火通明，那炫目的光线似乎温暖着我的心。而后来，当车驶出圣潘克拉斯车站时，古老而熟悉的喧哗声潮水般涌来，那真是这许多天以来我听到的最美妙的音乐。

I certainly did not enjoy that month's idling. I like idling when I ought not to be idling; not when it is the only thing I have to do. That is my pigheaded nature. The time when I like best to stand with my back to the fire, calculating how much I owe, is when my desk is heaped highest with letters that must be answered by the next post. When I like to dawdle longest over my dinner is when I have a heavy evening's work before me. And if, for some urgent reason, I ought to be up particularly early in the morning, it is then, more than at any other time, that I love to lie an extra half-hour in bed.

我当然不喜欢这一个月无所事事。我喜欢在我不该懒散，而并非在懒散成为我唯一可做之事的时候懒散度日。我的天性就是这样顽固。我最喜欢背靠壁炉算自己欠多少账的时候，也正是我书桌上堆满了邮差下次来之前必须写好回复的信件的时候。我最喜欢慢条斯理享用晚餐的时候，也正是有一晚上的繁重工作在等待我的时候。另外，假如哪天因为某件急事需要起特别早，那一天我就比其他任何时候都更喜欢在床上多赖半个钟头。

Ah! How delicious it is to turn over and go to sleep again: "just for five minutes." Is there any human being, I wonder, besides the hero of a Sunday-school⁷ "tale for boys," who ever gets up willingly? There are some men to whom getting up at the proper time is an utter impossibility. If eight o'clock happens to be the time that they should turn out, then they lie till half-past. If circumstances change and half-past eight becomes early enough for them, then

it is nine before they can rise. They are like the statesman of whom it was said that he was always punctually half an hour late. They try all manner of schemes. They buy alarm-clocks (artful contrivances that go off at the wrong time and alarm the wrong people). They tell Sarah Jane to knock at the door and call them, and Sarah Jane does knock at the door and does call them, and they grunt back "awri" and then go comfortably to sleep again. I knew one man who would actually get out and have a cold bath; and even that was of no use, for afterward he would jump into bed again to warm himself.

啊！能够翻身再睡个回笼觉的滋味多么美妙，“就再睡五分钟”。我好奇除了主日学校“少年故事”里的主人公外，有谁会自觉自愿地起床呢？对于有些人来说，正点起床是绝对不可能的。如果八点钟是他们应该起床的时间，他们肯定要躺到八点半。如果情况有变，八点半起也来得及，那九点之前他们肯定不会起床。他们就像有些政客一样，据说每次都准时迟到半小时。他们也会尝试各种方法避免晚起。他们买闹钟（可这个精巧的设备不是闹错了时间，就是闹错了人）。他们让萨拉·简敲他们的房门叫他们，萨拉·简确实敲了他们的房门，也确实叫了他们，但他们迷迷糊糊地嗯哼两声算是回应，就又安逸地再次入睡。我认识一个人，他真的会爬出被窝，再洗个冷水澡；可即使那样也毫无用处，因为之后他又会钻回被窝把自己捂热。

I think myself that I could keep out of bed all right if I once got out. It is the wrenching away of the head from the pillow that I find so hard, and no amount of over-night determination makes it easier. I say to myself, after having wasted the whole evening, "Well, I won't do any more work tonight; I'll get up early tomorrow morning;" and I am thoroughly resolved to do so—then. In the morning, however, I feel less enthusiastic about the idea, and reflect that it would have been much better if I had stopped up last night. And then there is the trouble of dressing, and the more one thinks about that the more one wants to put it off.

对于我来说，如果已经起了床，还是可以不再钻回被窝的。但恰恰就是把头拔出枕头的过程让我觉得太过艰难，就算下了一整晚的决心，还是难以做到。在虚度完一整晚的时光后，我会告诉自己：“今晚就不再做什么了，明天早早起床。”我干劲十足，决心一试——至少在当时。可是到了早上，我就感觉没那么多激情了，回想起来，还不如昨晚熬夜晚睡呢。接着又是穿衣打扮的麻烦，越想这些，就越不愿起床。

It is a strange thing this bed, this mimic grave, where we stretch our tired limbs and sink away so quietly into the silence and rest. "O bed, O bed,

delicious bed, that heaven on earth to the weary head," as sang poor Hood⁸, you are a kind old nurse to us fretful boys and girls. Clever and foolish, naughty and good, you take us all in your motherly lap and hush our wayward crying. The strong man full of care—the sick man full of pain—the little maiden sobbing for her faithless lover—like children we lay our aching heads on your white bosom, and you gently soothe us off to by-by.

床是一件很奇妙的家具，在这个仿制的墓穴上面，我们伸展疲惫的筋骨，然后多么平静地陷入寂静和睡眠之中。“床啊床，香甜的床，对于疲惫的头颅来说，你就是人间的天堂。”已故的胡德所唱不错，对我们这些浮躁的男孩女孩来说，你就好像是一个温柔可亲的老保姆。不管我们聪明还是迟钝，淘气还是乖巧，你都会将我们抱到你慈母般的膝上，安抚我们任性的哭闹。满腹心思的壮年人——饱受病痛煎熬的病人——为负心男子哭泣的少女——我们都像孩子一样将疼痛的脑袋伏在你洁白的胸膛上，在你温柔的抚慰下进入梦乡。

Our trouble is sore indeed when you turn away and will not comfort us. How long the dawn seems coming when we cannot sleep! Oh! Those hideous nights when we toss and turn in fever and pain, when we lie, like living men among the dead, staring out into the dark hours that drift so slowly between us and the light. And oh! Those still more hideous nights when we sit by another in pain, when the low fire startles us every now and then with a falling cinder, and the tick of the clock seems a hammer beating out the life that we are watching.

在你转身不顾、不再安抚我们的时刻，我们真是极度痛苦。无法入睡时，黎明的到来似乎永无可待！啊！那些我们在高烧和疼痛中辗转反侧的无眠之夜，我们躺着，仿佛活人躺在死魂的世界，双眼向外凝视着，看黑夜时光无比缓慢地从我们与光明之间流过。啊！还有那些更加可怕的夜晚：我们坐在火炉旁，守护着另一个遭受痛苦折磨的人。微弱的火苗不时噼啪作响，扣动心弦，灰烬片片坠落；而钟表的嘀嗒声，则声声如锤，像要把我们悉心守护的生命一点点砸碎。

But enough of beds and bedrooms. I have kept to them too long, even for an idle fellow. Let us come out and have a smoke. That wastes time just as well and does not look so bad. Tobacco has been a blessing to us idlers. What the civil-service clerk before Sir Walter's⁹ time found to occupy their minds with it is hard to imagine. I attribute the quarrelsome nature of the Middle Ages young men entirely to the want of the soothing weed. They had no work to do

and could not smoke, and the consequence was they were forever fighting and rowing. If, by any extraordinary chance, there was no war going, then they got up a deadly family feud with the next-door neighbor, and if, in spite of this, they still had a few spare moments on their hands, they occupied them with discussions as to whose sweetheart was the best looking, the arguments employed on both sides being battle-axes, clubs, etc. Questions of taste were soon decided in those days. When a twelfth-century youth fell in love he did not take three paces backward, gaze into her eyes, and tell her she was too beautiful to live. He said he would step outside and see about it. And if, when he got out, he met a man and broke his head—the other man's head, I mean—then that proved that his—the first fellow's—girl was a pretty girl. But if the other fellow broke his head—not his own, you know, but the other fellow's—the other fellow to the second fellow, that is, because of course the other fellow would only be the other fellow to him, not the first fellow who—well, if he broke his head, then his girl—not the other fellow's, but the fellow who was the—Look here, if A broke B's head, then A's girl was a pretty girl; but if B broke A's head, then A's girl wasn't a pretty girl, but B's girl was. That was their method of conducting art criticism.

但是关于床铺和卧室就谈这么多吧。即使对于一个无所事事的人来说，这个话题也已说了太长时间。让我们从卧室里出来，抽几口烟吧！抽烟同样可以很好地消磨时光，看起来也还不是很坏。烟草是我们懒人的福音。难以想象沃尔特爵士时代之前的那些国家公职人员都找点什么来填塞他们的头脑。我认为中世纪年轻人争强好斗的全部原因就在于缺少这令人舒心的烟草。他们无事可做，也不能抽烟，所以只好永无休止地打斗和争吵。假如机缘巧合，天下太平，那么他们就得和隔壁邻居结下不共戴天的家族世仇。假如除此之外，他们还能有那么一星半点的空闲时间在手上，他们就会争论谁的女友最好看，而双方所持的论据往往是战斧或者棍棒之类的东西。品味问题在那个年代很快就能得出结论。十二世纪的年轻人坠入爱河时，从不后退三步，盯住女孩儿的眼睛，然后告诉她，她美得仿佛不属于人间——他说他想离开一会儿，去考虑一下这个问题。如果他走到外面，见到另一个男人，并且打破了他的头——我是指另一个人的头——那么就能证明他的——第一个人的——女友是个漂亮的姑娘。但如果另一个人打破了他的头——不是他自己的，你知道，而是另一个人的——对于第二个人来说的第一个人的，因为显然另一个人肯定是相对于他来说的另一个人，而不是第一个人——好吧，总之如果他打破了他的头，那么他的女友——不是指另

一个人的，而是指那个曾经44——这么说好了，如果甲打破了乙的头，那么甲的女友就是漂亮的；但如果乙打破了甲的头，那么甲的女友就不是漂亮的，而乙的女友才是漂亮的。这就是他们进行艺术评论的方法。

Nowadays we light a pipe and let the girls fight it out among themselves.

如今，我们只需点上烟斗，让姑娘们自己打一架，去解决这个问题吧。

They do it very well. They are getting to do all our work. They are doctors, and barristers, and artists. They manage theaters, and promote swindles, and edit newspapers. I am looking forward to the time when we men shall have nothing to do but lie in bed till twelve, read two novels a day, have nice little five-o'clock teas all to ourselves, and tax our brains with nothing more trying than discussions upon the latest patterns in trousers and arguments as to what Mr. Jones' coat was made of and whether it fitted him. It is a glorious prospect—for idle fellows.

姑娘们做得很好。她们正在慢慢接手我们所有的工作。她们中有医生，有律师，有艺术家。她们管理剧院，诈骗钱财，编辑报纸。我很期待有朝一日我们男人变得无事可做，睡到十二点才起床，每天读两本小说，下午独自享受惬意的小型“五时茶”聚会，除了讨论最新流行的裤子款式，争论诸如琼斯先生外套的质地和式样是否适合他之类的话题以外，再没有更烦心的事了。这是个多么光明的前景——对我们这些懒散的家伙来说。

(1) 几尼，英国于1663—1813年间发行的金币，相当于21先令，即1.05英镑。

(2) 巴克斯顿，英国德比郡的温泉疗养圣地。

(3) 安妮女王（1665—1714），英国女王，在位时间为1702至1714年。

(4) 金德斯考特山，位于英国德比郡。

(5) 亨登，位于伦敦北部的一个小镇。

(6) 圣潘克拉斯车站，伦敦最大的火车终点站。

(7) 主日学校，指在星期日为儿童进行宗教教育的学校，大多附设于教堂。

(8) 托马斯·胡德（1799—1845），英国诗人，所写《衬衫之歌》《劳动者之歌》等对当时不合理的社会现象表示抗议，其幽默诗亦负盛名。

(9) 沃尔特·雷利（1554—1618），英国探险家、作家，女王伊丽莎白一世的宠臣，早期美洲殖民者，把烟草和马铃薯带回欧洲。

II. On Being In Love

2. 陷入爱河

You've been in love, of course! If not you've got it to come. Love is like the measles; we all have to go through it. Also like the measles, we take it only once. One never need be afraid of catching it a second time. The man who has had it can go into the most dangerous places and play the most foolhardy tricks with perfect safety. He can picnic in shady woods, ramble through leafy aisles, and linger on mossy seats to watch the sunset. He fears a quiet country-house no more than he would his own club. He can join a family party to go down the Rhine. He can, to see the last of a friend, venture into the very jaws of the marriage ceremony itself. He can keep his head through the whirl of a ravishing waltz, and rest afterward in a dark conservatory, catching nothing more lasting than a cold. He can brave a moonlight walk adown sweet-scented lanes or a twilight pull among the somber rushes. He can get over a stile without danger, scramble through a tangled hedge without being caught, come down a slippery path without falling. He can look into sunny eyes and not be dazzled. He listens to the Siren¹ voices, yet sails on with un veered helm. He clasps white hands in his, but no electric "Lulu"²-like force holds him bound in their dainty pressure.

你肯定陷入过爱河！如果现在还没有，有朝一日也会。恋爱就像患麻疹，我们每个人都会经历。也正如麻疹一样，一个人一生中只会遭遇一次。我们永远不必担心它会再次来袭。已经涉足过爱河的人可以到最危险的地方耍弄最愚勇的把戏而平安无事。他可以在浓阴蔽日的树林中野餐，在枝叶繁茂的小道中穿行，在长满青苔的座位上消磨时光，看夕阳西沉。寂静无声的乡间小屋对他来说就像自己的俱乐部，毫无可惧。他可以为了沿莱茵河旅行而参加一个家庭聚会，也可以为了再见朋友婚前最后一眼，在关键时刻闯入婚礼现场。可以在华尔兹舞那令人心醉神迷的旋转中保持镇定，然后在昏暗的暖房中稍作歇息，最后也不过得点小感冒而已。他敢于在花香四溢的小道上月下漫步，也能忍受黎明时分跋涉在忧郁的人流之中。他可以翻越栅栏而安然无恙，翻过乱蓬蓬的树篱而不被钩住，冲过湿滑的小路而步伐稳健。他可以直视璀璨的双眸而

不为之所迷，可以听到塞壬的歌声而仍保持正确的航向。他即使手中紧握如玉柔荑，但在其娇小的力道下，没有任何“带电露露”般的力量能让其难以释手。

No, we never sicken with love twice. Cupid spends no second arrow on the same heart. Love's handmaids are our life-long friends. Respect, and admiration, and affection, our doors may always be left open for, but their great celestial master, in his royal progress, pays but one visit and departs. We like, we cherish, we are very, very fond of—but we never love again. A man's heart is a firework that once in its time flashes heavenward. Meteor-like, it blazes for a moment and lights with its glory the whole world beneath. Then the night of our sordid commonplace life closes in around it, and the burned-out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smoldering into ashes. Once, breaking loose from our prison bonds, we dare, as mighty old Prometheus³ dared, to scale the Olympian mount and snatch from Phoebus⁴ chariot the fire of the gods. Happy those who, hastening down again ere it dies out, can kindle their earthly altars at its flame. Love is too pure a light to burn long among the noisome gases that we breathe, but before it is choked out we may use it as a torch to ignite the cozy fire of affection.

是的，爱情这种病我们从不会患两次。丘比特从不向同一颗心射出第二只箭。爱情的侍女是我们终生为伴的朋友。对于尊敬、钦佩、爱慕这些情感，我们的心门或许还会为之而开启，但她们伟大神圣的主人，在其盛大的巡行途中只会造访我们一次，然后就此诀别，再不回头。我们喜欢，我们珍视，我们很钟意很钟意——但是我们不会再爱了。一个人的心，就像烟花一样，一生中只会朝向天空绽放一次。就像流星燃烧着划过天际，绚烂的光芒可以照亮整个世界，但转瞬即灭。之后，它就被我们暗淡、平凡生活的黑夜所湮没，而燃烧过后的躯壳，则又落回尘世，躺在那里不再有用，也无人问津，最后渐渐化为灰烬。曾经，我们冲破禁锢我们的牢笼，就像强大有力的老普罗米修斯一样，敢于攀上奥林匹亚山，从福玻斯的战车上盗取天火。那些在天火熄灭前匆忙回头下山，能够用它的火焰点燃他们人间祭坛的人是幸福的。爱情之焰太过圣洁，在我们呼吸的浑浊空气中无法持久燃烧，然而在它熄灭之前，我们可以将它用作火炬来点燃温馨的情谊之火。

And, after all, that warming glow is more suited to our cold little back parlor of a world than is the burning spirit love. Love should be the vestal fire of some mighty temple—some vast dim fane whose organ music is the rolling

of the spheres. Affection will burn cheerily when the white flame of love is flickered out. Affection is a fire that can be fed from day to day and be piled up ever higher as the wintry years draw nigh. Old men and women can sit by it with their thin hands clasped, the little children can nestle down in front, the friend and neighbor has his welcome corner by its side, and even shaggy Fido and sleek Titty can toast their noses at the bars.

毕竟，比起热烈燃烧的精神之爱，那温暖的光热更适合我们阴冷窄小的人世后厅。爱情应该是在某个宏大的庙堂里供奉的贞洁之火——在那儿，某个恢宏阴暗的神殿中，管风琴奏出的音乐绕梁不绝。当爱情洁白的火焰摇摇曳曳，渐渐熄灭时，情谊之火却会快活地燃烧。只要日复一日地添加燃料，随着寒冷岁月的临近，它就会越燃越旺。老头老太太可以坐在火旁紧握彼此枯槁的双手，小孩子可以偎依在火前，朋友和邻居也能在火旁找到一个舒适的角落，就连毛发蓬松的小狗和皮毛光滑的小猫也可以在火炉的围栏前烘烘鼻子。

Let us heap the coals of kindness upon that fire. Throw on your pleasant words, your gentle pressures of the hand, your thoughtful and unselfish deeds. Fan it with good-humor, patience, and forbearance. You can let the wind blow and the rain fall unheeded then, for your hearth will be warm and bright, and the faces round it will make sunshine in spite of the clouds without.

让我们在火焰上堆上善意之炭。投入你动人的话语、你手掌温柔的摩挲、你体贴无私的行动作柴，用和善、忍耐和宽容作扇，将火煽得更旺。这样，即使风吹雨淋也无须畏惧，因为你的壁炉会始终温暖明亮，围绕在它周围的亲切面孔会驱散密蔽的乌云，带来阳光。

I am afraid, dear Edwin and Angelina⁵, you expect too much from love. You think there is enough of your little hearts to feed this fierce, devouring passion for all your long lives. Ah, young folk! Don't rely too much upon that unsteady flicker. It will dwindle and dwindle as the months roll on, and there is no replenishing the fuel. You will watch it die out in anger and disappointment. To each it will seem that it is the other who is growing colder. Edwin sees with bitterness that Angelina no longer runs to the gate to meet him, all smiles and blushes; and when he has a cough now she doesn't begin to cry and, putting her arms round his neck, say that she cannot live without him. The most she will probably do is to suggest a lozenge, and even that in a tone implying that it is the noise more than anything else she is anxious to get rid of.

亲爱的埃德温和安杰利娜，你们对于爱情的期望恐怕太高了。你们

认为，在你们漫长的一生中，你们小小的心脏可以为这极度强烈、吞噬一切的激情提供足够的能量。年轻人啊，不要对这摇曳不定的火苗过于依赖！随着岁月的流逝，它会越燃越弱，也没有谁为它补充燃料。你会在愤怒和失望中眼睁睁地看着它熄灭。爱情中的任何一方，都会觉得是对方在渐渐变得冷淡。埃德温酸楚地意识到安杰利娜再也不会带着满脸的绯红和笑意，迫不及待地跑到门口迎接他。如今，当他咳嗽时，她不再一边抽泣一边抱紧他的脖颈，诉说她的生活里不能没有他。现在的她，最可能做的就是劝他吃块润喉糖，即便那样，语气中也透露出对他的咳嗽声比对什么都感到厌烦。

Poor little Angelina, too, sheds silent tears, for Edwin has given up carrying her old handkerchief in the inside pocket of his waistcoat.

可怜的小安杰利娜也在默默流泪，因为埃德温已经不再把她送的那块旧手帕放在背心的贴身口袋里了。

Both are astonished at the falling off in the other one, but neither sees their own change. If they did they would not suffer as they do. They would look for the cause in the right quarter—in the littleness of poor human nature—join hands over their common failing, and start building their house anew on a more earthly and enduring foundation. But we are so blind to our own shortcomings, so wide awake to those of others. Everything that happens to us is always the other person's fault. Angelina would have gone on loving Edwin forever and ever and ever if only Edwin had not grown so strange and different. Edwin would have adored Angelina through eternity if Angelina had only remained the same as when he first adored her.

两人都在为对方的日渐冷淡而震惊不已，但是谁也看不到自己的变化。如果看到了自己的变化，他们也就不会感到如此悲伤了。相反，他们会从正确的角度寻找原因——看到人可怜本性中的狭隘——然后携手面对他们共同的过失，在更加现实和牢固的地基上重建他们爱的小屋。然而，我们对自己的缺点总是熟视无睹，对别人的问题却明察秋毫。发生在我们身上的一切都总是对方的过错。安杰利娜本来会永远爱埃德温，可都怪埃德温变得如此冷淡和陌生。埃德温对安杰利娜的爱本会永无尽期，至死不渝，可谁让安杰利娜早已不再是他刚刚爱上她时的样子。

It is a cheerless hour for you both when the lamp of love has gone out and the fire of affection is not yet lit, and you have to grope about in the cold, raw dawn of life to kindle it. God grant it catches light before the day is too far spent. Many sit shivering by the dead coals till night come.

当爱情油尽灯枯而情谊之火尚未点燃之时，两个人的生活会陷入一片暗淡，只能在人生阴冷潮湿、寒气逼人的黎明中摸索着将它点燃。但愿你们还来得及抓住光明。这世上有许许多多的人，坐在冰冷的炭堆旁瑟瑟发抖，直到黑夜来临也无法将它点燃。

But, there, of what use is it to preach? Who that feels the rush of young love through his veins can think it will ever flow feeble and slow! To the boy of twenty it seems impossible that he will not love as wildly at sixty as he does then. He cannot call to mind any middle-aged or elderly gentleman of his acquaintance who is known to exhibit symptoms of frantic attachment, but that does not interfere in his belief in himself. His love will never fall, whoever else's may. Nobody ever loved as he loves, and so, of course, the rest of the world's experience can be no guide in his case. Alas! Alas! Ere thirty he has joined the ranks of the sneerers. It is not his fault. Our passions, both the good and bad, cease with our blushes. We do not hate, nor grieve, nor joy, nor despair in our thirties like we did in our teens. Disappointment does not suggest suicide, and we quaff success without intoxication.

然而，这样的说教又有何用？感觉到爱在血管中奔腾的年轻人，又怎能想到有一天它会流势渐缓，气若游丝！二十岁的小伙子认为这绝不可能，他们觉得自己即使到了六十岁，仍然会爱得像当年一样疯狂。虽然想不起身边有哪位中年人或是长辈表现出疯狂的激情，但他对自己却信心满满，毫不因此而动摇。不管别人可能会怎么样，反正他的爱情永远不会冷却。没有人像他那样爱过，因此别人的经验对他也就毫无指导意义。唉！奈何！不到而立之年，他也加入了对爱情冷眼旁观的队伍。这不是他的错。我们的激情，不管是有益的，还是有害的，都随着我们脸上羞愧的红晕一起消失了。到了三十几岁的时候，我们绝不会像十几岁的少年一样，咬牙切齿地憎恨，伤心欲绝地悲痛，欢天喜地地快乐，或是万念俱灰地绝望。伤心失望的时候，我们不会想要一死以求解脱；春风得意的时候，我们也不会狂喝滥饮，大醉酩酊。

We take all things in a minor key as we grow older. There are few majestic passages in the later acts of life's opera. Ambition takes a less ambitious aim. Honor becomes more reasonable and conveniently adapts itself to circumstances. And love—love dies. "Irreverence for the dreams of youth" soon creeps like a killing frost upon our hearts. The tender shoots and the expanding flowers are nipped and withered, and of a vine that yearned to stretch its tendrils round the world there is left but a sapless stump.

年龄越大，我们越懂得低调处事。人生这部戏越到后面，波澜壮阔

的情节越少。雄心壮志不再那么野心勃勃。尊严变得更切合实际，并且总可以识时务地自我调节。至于爱情——爱情已死。“少年梦想轻狂不足惜”之类的想法像一层致命的寒霜，很快就悄无声息地罩上我们心头。柔弱的嫩芽和绽放的花朵已被掐断，枯萎败落，曾想将自己的卷须伸展到全世界的藤蔓，如今只剩下干瘪的残枝委地。

My fair friends will deem all this rank heresy, I know. So far from a man's not loving after he has passed boyhood, it is not till there is a good deal of gray in his hair that they think his protestations at all worthy of attention. Young ladies take their notions of our sex from the novels written by their own, and compared with the monstrosities that masquerade for men in the pages of that nightmare literature, Pythagoras' plucked bird⁶ and Frankenstein's⁷ demon were fair average specimens of humanity.

我知道，那些年轻漂亮的朋友必定把我这种以年龄来归类的说法当作异端邪说。如果一个男子已经成年，却从未有过爱情生活，那么在他两鬓染霜之前，他的任何辩驳都是毫无价值的。年轻的女孩是从小说中形成对男性的认识的，而这些小说却都是女性们自己写的。在这种噩梦一般的文学作品中，人的形象被严重扭曲。相比之下，毕达哥拉斯那被拔掉羽毛的鸟和弗兰肯斯坦的怪物简直是标准的人类范本。

In these so-called books, the chief lover, or Greek god, as he is admiringly referred to—by the way, they do not say which "Greek god" it is that the gentleman bears such a striking likeness to; it might be hump-backed Vulcan⁸, or double-faced Janus⁹, or even driveling Silenus¹⁰, the god of abstruse mysteries. He resembles the whole family of them, however, in being a blackguard, and perhaps this is what is meant. To even the little manliness his classical prototypes possessed, though, he can lay no claim whatever, being a listless effeminate noodle, on the shady side of forty. But oh! The depth and strength of this elderly party's emotion for some bread-and-butter school-girl! Hide your heads, ye young Romeos and Leanders¹¹! This blase old beau loves with an hysterical fervor that requires four adjectives to every noun to properly describe.

在这种居然也能称其为书的小说中，男主人公仿佛就是希腊神祇，起码大家是这么充满钦慕地看待他的——顺便说一下，到底和他如此相似的是希腊神话里的哪位神祇，书里却只字未提；可能是驼背的武尔坎，或是双面神雅努斯，甚至可能是胡说八道的奥秘之神西勒诺斯。在他的身上可以找到所有希腊神祇的特点，可惜全是无赖的特点，这可能

就是作者的本来意图。即使是他的那些神话原型们好歹拥有的那么一点男子气概，他这个早已年过不惑、无精打采、柔弱娇气的傻瓜也半点全无。但是，哦！书中这些上了年纪的家伙们对一个乳臭未干的女学生所付出的感情是多么深厚，多么强烈啊！年轻的罗密欧和勒安得耳们，你们还是甘拜下风吧！虽然已经腻烦了享乐，但这些老花花公子们狂热起来，还是要在每个名词前面加四个形容词才足以准确描述。

It is well, dear ladies, for us old sinners that you study only books. Did you read mankind, you would know that the lad's shy stammering tells a truer tale than our bold eloquence. A boy's love comes from a full heart; a man's is more often the result of a full stomach. Indeed, a man's sluggish current may not be called love, compared with the rushing fountain that wells up when a boy's heart is struck with the heavenly rod. If you would taste love, drink of the pure stream that youth pours out at your feet. Do not wait till it has become a muddy river before you stoop to catch its waves.

亲爱的女士们，对于我们这些老坏蛋来说，你们只研究书本再好不过。如果你们肯研究研究真正的男性，你们就会知道，比起我们厚颜无耻的高谈阔论，男孩子害羞时结巴着说的话更有可信度。年轻男孩的表白来自一颗充满感情的心，成年男子的表白却大多来自一个充满食物的胃。的确，比起年轻男孩那被圣棒敲击心灵而涌出的汨汨清泉，成年男子那缓缓的水流或许称不上爱。如果你想品尝爱情的甘美，就请畅饮年轻男孩倾注在你脚下的那股清泉吧。不要等到它变成浑浊的河流，再俯身掬取那不再纯净的浪花。

Or is it that you like its bitter flavor—that the clear, limpid water is insipid to your palate and that the pollution of its after-course gives it a relish to your lips? Must we believe those who tell us that a hand foul with the filth of a shameful life is the only one a young girl cares to be caressed by?

或者你就是喜欢它苦涩的滋味——纯净清澈的水对你的味蕾来说毫无刺激，在生活的阅历中被污染过的水流却能使你口舌生津？有人说，年轻的女孩子只喜欢一种手的抚摸，那就是被下流的生活玷污了的手。难道我们真的要相信这些人的话？

That is the teaching that is bawled out day by day from between those yellow covers. Do they ever pause to think, I wonder, those devil's ladyhelps, what mischief they are doing crawling about God's garden, and telling childish Eves and silly Adams that sin is sweet and that decency is ridiculous and vulgar? How many an innocent girl do they not degrade into an evil-minded woman? To how many a weak lad do they not point out the dirty by-path as the

shortest cut to a maiden's heart? It is not as if they wrote of life as it really is. Speak truth, and right will take care of itself. But their pictures are coarse daubs painted from the sickly fancies of their own diseased imagination.

这就是在那些泛黄的书皮之间日复一日被高声宣扬的教义。我很好奇，那些恶魔的女帮凶们，有没有停下笔想一想，她们告诉幼稚的夏娃和愚蠢的亚当：罪恶是甜蜜的，而庄重才是可笑而庸俗的。这样的是非颠倒会为上帝的花园带来怎样的危害？多少天真纯洁的少女都被她们教唆成了心肠恶毒的女人？多少意志薄弱的少年，都听信了她们的说法，把绕行那条肮脏的旁道作为通往少女内心的捷径？她们笔下的生活，并不是真实的生活。只要讲真话，正义就会不辨自明。可她们只用自己粗陋的笔触胡乱涂抹，描绘自己病态想象中畸形的世间百态。

We want to think of women not—as their own sex would show them—as Lorleis¹² luring us to destruction, but as good angels beckoning us upward. They have more power for good or evil than they dream of. It is just at the very age when a man's character is forming that he tumbles into love, and then the lass he loves has the making or marring of him. Unconsciously he molds himself to what she would have him, good or bad. I am sorry to have to be ungentle enough to say that I do not think they always use their influence for the best. Too often the female world is bounded hard and fast within the limits of the commonplace. Their ideal hero is a prince of littleness, and to become that many a powerful mind, enchanted by love, is "lost to life and use and name and fame."¹³

我们不愿把女性想象成—像她们自己性别的作者喜欢展现的那样—诱人走向毁灭的罗蕾莱，而愿意把她们当作引导我们向上的善良天使。女性拥有比她们想象中大得多的力量去引人向善，或助人从恶。男子坠入情网的年纪正好是其性格形成的年纪，而他所钟情的少女则会造就他，或者毁灭他。无论好坏，他都会不由自主地按照她的希望来塑造自己的人格。在这里，我要毫不客气地说一句，女孩儿们并不总是影响事物向最好的方向发展。太多时候，女性世界被牢牢局限在庸俗的现实生活中。她们心目中的英雄是心胸狭窄的王子。为了变成这样的王子，多少为爱所迷的伟大心灵，都“输给了生活琐事和名缰利锁”。

And yet, women, you could make us so much better if you only would. It rests with you, more than with all the preachers, to roll this world a little nearer heaven. Chivalry is not dead: it only sleeps for want of work to do. It is you who must wake it to noble deeds. You must be worthy of knightly worship.

可是，女人们啊，只要你们愿意，你们就可以让我们变得更优秀。比起所有的传教士来，你们有更大的责任，将尘世与天堂之间的距离拉近一些。骑士精神并未死去，只是因为无所事事而陷入了睡眠。你们必须唤醒它，让它投入高尚的事业，你们必须无愧于骑士们忠贞的崇拜。

You must be higher than ourselves. It was for Una that the Red Cross Knight did war. For no painted, mincing court dame could the dragon have been slain. Oh, ladies fair, be fair in mind and soul as well as face, so that brave knights may win glory in your service! Oh, woman, throw off your disguising cloaks of selfishness, effrontery, and affectation! Stand forth once more a queen in your royal robe of simple purity. A thousand swords, now rusting in ignoble sloth, shall leap from their scabbards to do battle for your honor against wrong. A thousand Sir Rolands¹⁴ shall lay lance in rest, and Fear, Avarice, Pleasure, and Ambition shall go down in the dust before your colors.

你们必须比我们站得更高。红十字骑士是为了尤娜而浴血奋战的，没有人会为了哪位涂脂抹粉、矫揉造作的宫廷贵妇去杀死蛟龙。哦，亲爱的女士们，请让你们的头脑和心灵像你们的面容一样美丽吧，无畏的骑士们就会为你们效命，夺取荣光！哦，女人，请丢掉你们自私自利、厚颜无耻、虚情假意的外衣吧！像女王一样穿上圣洁的皇袍再次站在我们面前吧。这样，一千把因为闲置而正在生锈的利剑将会冲出剑鞘，为您的荣誉与邪恶决一死战；一千位罗兰爵士将会把矛柄支在胸铠上，蓄势待发。在您的光彩下，恐惧、贪婪、享乐和野心将通通坠入尘埃。

What noble deeds were we not ripe for in the days when we loved? What noble lives could we not have lived for her sake? Our love was a religion we could have died for. It was no mere human creature like ourselves that we adored. It was a queen that we paid homage to, a goddess that we worshiped.

在我们陷入爱河的日子里，有什么高尚的行为是我们没有为之准备好的呢？为了她，有什么非凡的生活我们不曾经历？我们的爱情就是我们可以为之牺牲的信仰。我们热爱的对象并不是像我们这样的区区人类，我们敬仰的是女王，我们崇拜的是女神。

And how madly we did worship! And how sweet it was to worship! Ah, lad, cherish love's young dream while it lasts! You will know too soon how truly little Tom Moore¹⁵ sang when he said that there was nothing half so sweet in life. Even when it brings misery it is a wild, romantic misery, all unlike the dull, worldly pain of after-sorrows. When you have lost her—when the light is

gone out from your life and the world stretches before you a long, dark horror, even then a half-enchantment mingles with your despair.

我们的崇拜是如此疯狂！而崇拜又是如此甜蜜！小伙子们，在爱情初梦未醒之前，好好珍惜吧！你马上就能体会到年少的托马斯·穆尔唱得多么贴切：世间万物都不如爱情一半儿甜美。即使是痛苦，爱情的痛苦也是疯狂而浪漫的，全然不似经历不幸后那种乏味、世俗的痛苦。当你失去了她——在生命之光黯然熄灭，眼前只剩空荡黑暗的恐怖世界之时，你的绝望中也还是掺杂着一丝陶醉的感觉。

And who would not risk its terrors to gain its raptures? Ah, what raptures they were! The mere recollection thrills you. How delicious it was to tell her that you loved her, that you lived for her, that you would die for her! How you did rave, to be sure, what floods of extravagant nonsense you poured forth, and oh, how cruel it was of her to pretend not to believe you! In what awe you stood of her! How miserable you were when you had offended her! And yet, how pleasant to be bullied by her and to sue for pardon without having the slightest notion of what your fault was! How dark the world was when she snubbed you, as she often did, the little rogue, just to see you look wretched; how sunny when she smiled! How jealous you were of every one about her! How you hated every man she shook hands with, every woman she kissed—the maid that did her hair, the boy that cleaned her shoes, the dog she nursed—though you had to be respectful to the last-named! How you looked forward to seeing her, how stupid you were when you did see her, staring at her without saying a word! How impossible it was for you to go out at any time of the day or night without finding yourself eventually opposite her windows! You hadn't pluck enough to go in, but you hung about the corner and gazed at the outside. Oh, if the house had only caught fire—it was insured, so it wouldn't have mattered—and you could have rushed in and saved her at the risk of your life, and have been terribly burned and injured! Anything to serve her. Even in little things that was so sweet. How you would watch her, spaniel-like, to anticipate her slightest wish! How proud you were to do her bidding! How delightful it was to be ordered about by her! To devote your whole life to her and to never think of yourself seemed such a simple thing. You would go without a holiday to lay a humble offering at her shrine, and felt more than repaid if she only deigned to accept it. How precious to you was everything that she had hallowed by her touch—her little glove, the ribbon she had worn, the rose that had nestled in her hair and whose withered leaves still mark the poems you

never care to look at now.

因此，谁不愿意冒着恐惧的危险，去博取爱情的喜悦？那是怎样的狂喜啊！仅仅是事后回想，都会让你激动不已。告诉她你爱她，你为她而生，你愿为她而死——是多么美妙啊！诚然，你是那么语无伦次，你滔滔不绝地倾倒出了多少狂热而荒唐的言语！哦！她假装不会相信，这对你多么残酷！你对她是多么敬畏！假若你对她的尊严稍有冒犯，你是多么痛苦不堪！然而，那些她欺负你、而你一点也不知犯了什么错却仍乞求她原谅的时刻，又是多么甜蜜！她这个小坏蛋，经常会故意冷落你，只为了看你垂头丧气的样子，这种时刻，世界是多么黑暗！而当她绽放笑容的时候，整个世界又是多么阳光灿烂！你是多么嫉妒她周围的每一个人啊！你多么讨厌每个和她握手的男性，每个被她亲吻的女性——为她梳头的女仆，替她擦鞋的侍童，她照料的小狗——但是你却不得不对上面最后提到的这位恭恭敬敬！你是多么渴望见到她！真正见到她时你又是多么傻气，双眼盯着她看，口中却说不出一句话！不管是白天还是夜晚，任何时候，你只要出门，就会发现，要让自己最后不走到她窗户对面，是多么不可能！你还没有足够的勇气进去找她，但你在街角流连，眼光离不开她的窗口。啊，要是房子着火就好了——房子已经上过保险，所以这不会太要紧——然后你就可以冲进房门，冒着生命危险救她脱险，而自己却被严重烧伤！你愿为她做任何事，即使是琐碎的事情也让你感到多么的甜蜜。你甚至会像小狗一样观察她，只为猜出她最微小的愿望。能够服从她的命令，你感到多么自豪！听凭她呼来唤去，又让你多么开心！对你来说，将自己的整个生命奉献给她，彻底忘了自己的存在，是如此简单的一件事情。你会每个节假日都去她的神庙奉上些微薄的贡品，而只要她肯屈尊接受你的供奉，你便会受宠若惊，觉得得到的不仅是回报。她触碰过的一切物品都变得神圣，在你看来都珍贵异常——她的小手套，她系过的绸带，她头发上别过的玫瑰——而这朵玫瑰枯萎的叶子至今仍夹在某本诗集里，只是现在你已懒得再看一眼。

And oh, how beautiful she was, how wondrous beautiful! It was as some angel entering the room, and all else became plain and earthly. She was too sacred to be touched. It seemed almost presumption to gaze at her. You would as soon have thought of kissing her as of singing comic songs in a cathedral. It was desecration enough to kneel and timidly raise the gracious little hand to your lips.

而她是多么美丽，那种美丽又多么令人赞叹！就像走入凡间的天使一样，其他一切都因之变得平庸而俗气。她是如此圣洁，不容任何人触

碰。凝视她仿佛几乎是假想。亲吻她就像是在庄重的教堂中放声大唱滑稽小调一样。即使双膝跪地，然后战战兢兢地将她精致的小手举到你唇边，就足以造成对她的亵渎了。

Ah, those foolish days, those foolish days when we were unselfish and pure-minded; those foolish days when our simple hearts were full of truth, and faith, and reverence! Ah, those foolish days of noble longings and of noble strivings! And oh, these wise, clever days when we know that money is the only prize worth striving for, when we believe in nothing else but meanness and lies, when we care for no living creature but ourselves!

啊，那些冒着傻气的日子啊！在那些傻傻的日子里，我们无私而单纯；在那些傻傻的日子里，我们单纯的心里充满了真理、信仰和敬畏；在那些傻傻的日子里，我们有着崇高的渴望和卓绝的奋斗！然后，哦，是这些聪明睿智的日子——我们开始明白金钱才是唯一值得努力奋斗的东西，卑鄙和谎言才是唯一可以相信的东西，我们开始对一切生灵漠不关心，除了我们自己！

(1)塞壬，希腊神话中半人半鸟的海上女妖，以美妙的歌声诱惑过往海员，使驶近船只触礁沉没。

(2)带电露露，当时美国的一位特异功能表演者，据说她的手一旦和你接触，就能使你产生一种触电的感觉。

(3)普罗米修斯，希腊神话中的神，因盗取天火予人而触怒天神宙斯，被罚锁于高加索山崖上，遭神鹰折磨，后被大力神赫拉克勒斯所救。

(4)福玻斯，希腊神话里的太阳神和诗歌音乐之神。

(5)埃德温和安杰利娜，英文中很普通的男士姓名和女士姓名，此处作者以这两个名字泛指男性和女性。

(6)柏拉图曾将人定义为“无羽两足动物”。哲学家狄奥根尼将一只拔掉羽毛的鸡拿到柏拉图的学园，对众人说：“这就是柏拉图所说的人。”此处作者将柏拉图误记为毕达哥拉斯。

(7)弗兰肯斯坦，英国女作家玛丽·谢莉于1818年所著同名小说中的主角，他是一个创造怪物，而自己又被怪物毁灭的医学研究者。

(8)武尔坎，罗马神话中的火与锻冶之神。

(9)雅努斯，罗马神话中的天门神，因头部前后各有一张面孔，也称两面神。

(10)西勒诺斯，希腊神话中森林诸神的领袖，是酒神狄俄尼索斯的养父和师傅。

(11)勒安得耳，传说中希腊一青年，每夜泅渡达达尼尔海峡与情人海

洛相会，后淹死。

(12)罗蕾莱，德国文学及传说中莱茵河上的女妖，擅于用美貌和歌声诱惑河上的水手。

(13)此处为丁尼生《亚瑟王传奇》中的原话。

(14)罗兰爵士，查理大帝的外甥，是法国史诗《罗兰之歌》的男主人公，以魄力、勇气和骑士精神著称，是中世纪传奇里最有名的勇士之一。

(15)托马斯·穆尔（1779—1852），爱尔兰诗人、讽刺作家、音乐家，代表作品为《爱尔兰歌曲集》。

III . On Being In The Blues

3.心情欠佳

I can enjoy feeling melancholy, and there is a good deal of satisfaction about being thoroughly miserable; but nobody likes a fit of the blues. Nevertheless, everybody has them; notwithstanding which, nobody can tell why. There is no accounting for them. You are just as likely to have one on the day after you have come into a large fortune as on the day after you have left your new silk umbrella in the train. Its effect upon you is somewhat similar to what would probably be produced by a combined attack of toothache, indigestion, and cold in the head. You become stupid, restless, and irritable; rude to strangers and dangerous toward your friends; clumsy, maudlin, and quarrelsome; a nuisance to yourself and everybody about you.

我可以享受悲伤的感觉，在彻头彻尾的悲伤中，人能获得大量的满足感；但是突如其来的郁闷，却没人会喜欢。然而，每个人都会有这种经历；尽管如此，却没人知道它从何而来。郁闷的情绪是无缘无故的。你随时都可能感到一阵郁闷，不管这天你是撞了大运，还是把新买的绸布雨伞落在了火车上。郁闷的感觉可能和牙疼、消化不良，外加伤风感冒三者一同来袭后的症状有些类似。你会变得反应迟钝，坐立不安，急躁易怒，不仅对陌生人粗鲁无礼，对朋友也充满威胁；你还会变得笨手笨脚，感情脆弱，喜欢吵架，不仅惹周围人讨厌，而且连自己也不喜欢自己。

While it is on you can do nothing and think of nothing, though feeling at the time bound to do something. You can't sit still so put on your hat and go for a walk; but before you get to the corner of the street you wish you hadn't come out and you turn back. You open a book and try to read, but you find Shakespeare trite and commonplace, Dickens is dull and prosy, Thackeray¹ a bore, and Carlyle² too sentimental. You throw the book aside and call the author names. Then you "shoo" the cat out of the room and kick the door to after her. You think you will write your letters, but after sticking at "Dearest Auntie: I find I have five minutes to spare, and so hasten to write to you," for a quarter of an hour, without being able to think of another sentence, you tumble

the paper into the desk, fling the wet pen down upon the table-cloth, and start up with the resolution of going to see the Thompsons. While pulling on your gloves, however, it occurs to you that the Thompsons are idiots; that they never have supper; and that you will be expected to jump the baby. You curse the Thompsons and decide not to go.

郁闷的时候，你什么也做不了，什么也想不了，虽然觉得该做点儿什么，但连静坐都不可能。于是你戴上帽子，想出门走走；可还没走到街角，你就后悔不该出门，然后转身返回。你想看书，可刚打开没读几行，你就觉得莎士比亚陈腐而平庸，狄更斯呆板无趣，萨克雷只会惹人心烦，卡莱尔又过于多愁善感。于是，你只好把书扔到一边，一边咒骂书的作者，一边“嘘”地一声把猫咪吓出房间，最后再飞起一脚把房门踹上。你想，不然就写写信吧，然后提笔写下“亲爱的姑妈：我正好可以抽出五分钟时间，所以赶紧提笔给您写这封信”，随后就此卡壳，想了一刻钟仍然不知下句话该说些什么。你把信纸胡乱塞进书桌，把墨迹未干的笔往桌布上一丢，然后你突然起身，决定去拜访汤普森一家。可戴手套的时候，你却突然想起汤普森一家都是白痴；他们从来不吃晚饭，还要你哄他们的孩子。于是，你一边诅咒着汤普森一家，一边放弃了拜访的念头。

By this time you feel completely crushed. You bury your face in your hands and think you would like to die and go to heaven. You picture to yourself your own sick-bed, with all your friends and relations standing round you weeping. You bless them all, especially the young and pretty ones. They will value you when you are gone, so you say to yourself, and learn too late what they have lost; and you bitterly contrast their presumed regard for you then with their decided want of veneration now.

到这时，你感觉已经彻底崩溃。你用双手捂住脸，觉得自己还不如一死，然后上天堂。你想象着家人和朋友都围在你的病床前，为失去你而哭泣的情景。你祝福他们所有人，尤其是那些年轻漂亮的。你对自己说，只有你死后，他们才会珍惜你，然后追悔自己领悟得太晚；而后你会比较想象中他们对你的关心和现实中他们对你明显的熟视无睹，心中酸涩不已。

These reflections make you feel a little more cheerful, but only for a brief period; for the next moment you think what a fool you must be to imagine for an instant that anybody would be sorry at anything that might happen to you. Who would care two straws (whatever precise amount of care two straws may represent) whether you are blown up, or hung up, or marred, or drowned?

Nobody cares for you. You never have been properly appreciated, never met with your due deserts in any one particular. You review the whole of your past life, and it is painfully apparent that you have been ill-used from your cradle.

胡思乱想一通后，你的心里稍微舒服了点儿，但这不过是昙花一现；下一刻，你就会觉得自己一定是个傻瓜，竟突然想象大家会为你可能的遭遇而感到可惜。炸死也好，绞死也好，重伤也好，溺水也好，有谁会在一星半点儿（不管这一星半点儿能精确地代表多少关心）？没有人会关心你。你从来没有得到过恰当的评价，没有在任何一次评价中得到过应有的赏罚。你好好回顾了一下至今为止的人生，却发现你从婴儿时期就一直受到不公正地对待，这是如此令人痛苦，却又如此显而易见。

Half an hour's indulgence in these considerations works you up into a state of savage fury against everybody and everything, especially yourself, whom anatomical reasons alone prevent your kicking. Bed-time at last comes, to save you from doing something rash, and you spring upstairs, throw off your clothes, leaving them strewn all over the room, blow out the candle, and jump into bed as if you had backed yourself for a heavy wager to do the whole thing against time. There you toss and tumble about for a couple of hours or so, varying the monotony by occasionally jerking the clothes off and getting out and putting them on again. At length you drop into an uneasy and fitful slumber, have bad dreams, and wake up late the next morning.

你心潮起伏，想了足足半个钟头，然后陷入了一种对所有人 and 所有事都狂怒不已的敌对情绪中。你尤其恼恨你自己，如果不是生理构造不允许，你真要狠狠踢自己一脚。终于，睡觉的时间到了，不会让你做那些鲁莽的蠢事了。于是你三蹦两跳地冲上楼梯，脱掉衣服，胡乱丢在房间里，吹灭蜡烛，跳上床，仿佛自己与时间下了一大笔赌注，只有加快速度做这一切，才有可能赌赢一样。但此后，你在床上翻来覆去，数小时之后仍然难以入睡。你中间偶尔会踢掉被子，起身一小会儿，以调节无法入眠的单调乏味，之后又会躺回去盖好被褥。最终你还是能睡着，但是睡眠断断续续，心神不宁，恶梦不断，第二天上午要睡到很晚才醒。

At least, this is all we poor single men can do under the circumstances. Married men bully their wives, grumble at the dinner, and insist on the children's going to bed. All of which, creating, as it does, a good deal of disturbance in the house, must be a great relief to the feelings of a man in the blues, rows being the only form of amusement in which he can take any

interest.

我们这些可怜的单身汉，在这种情况下，也只能做到这些了。结了婚的男人和我们不同，他们可以欺负欺负老婆，在吃饭的时候发发牢骚，喝令孩子们上床睡觉。这些行为都为一个家庭制造了很多困扰，而这对心情欠佳的男人们来说无疑是极好的排遣方式，吵架骂人是他们唯一感兴趣的娱乐方式。

The symptoms of the infirmity are much the same in every case, but the affliction itself is variously termed. The poet says that "a feeling of sadness comes o'er him."³ Arny refers to the heavings of his wayward heart by confiding to Jimmie that he has "got the blooming hump." Your sister doesn't know what is the matter with her tonight. She feels out of sorts altogether and hopes nothing is going to happen. The every-day young man is "so awful glad to meet you, old fellow," for he does "feel so jolly miserable this evening." As for myself, I generally say that "I have a strange, unsettled feeling tonight" and "think I'll go out."

每一种病症都大抵相似，但对痛苦本身的表达却各不相同。诗人说“一种悲伤的情绪笼罩了他”。哈里向吉米倾诉他难以捉摸的心情起伏时，会说“心里涨得难受”。你的姐妹会说不知道自己今晚怎么了，觉得哪里都不对劲，希望不要出什么事。经常见到的那个年轻人会说“老兄，见到你高兴坏了”，因为他“今晚不爽透了”。至于我自己，一般都说“今晚感觉有点别扭，躁动不安”，我“想出去走走”。

By the way, it never does come except in the evening. In the sun-time, when the world is bounding forward full of life, we cannot stay to sigh and sulk. The roar of the working day drowns the voices of the elfin sprites that are ever singing their low-toned Miserere⁴ in our ears. In the day we are angry, disappointed, or indignant, but never "in the blues" and never melancholy. When things go wrong at ten o'clock in the morning we—or rather you—swear and knock the furniture about; but if the misfortune comes at ten P.M., we read poetry or sit in the dark and think what a hollow world this is.

顺便说一句，郁闷的感觉从来只在夜晚造访。白天阳光普照，整个世界都生机勃勃地跳跃前进，我们无法停下来唉声叹气，闷闷不乐。我们被工作时的喧嚣包围，听不到小精灵们整日在我们耳边低唱的《求主垂怜》。白天，我们会生气，失望，愤怒，但绝不会“陷入忧伤”，也不会沮丧。当事情在早上十点出了差错时，我们——或者更确切地说是你——会骂骂咧咧，敲桌砸椅；但如果这不幸的事发生在晚上十点，我们

则会转而阅读诗集，或是在黑暗中静坐，冥想着这是一个多么虚无的世界。

But, as a rule, it is not trouble that makes us melancholy. The actuality is too stern a thing for sentiment. We linger to weep over a picture, but from the original we should quickly turn our eyes away. There is no pathos in real misery: no luxury in real grief. We do not toy with sharp swords nor hug a gnawing fox to our breast for choice. When a man or woman loves to brood over a sorrow and takes care to keep it green in their memory, you may be sure it is no longer a pain to them. However they may have suffered from it at first, the recollection has become by then a pleasure. Many dear old ladies who daily look at tiny shoes lying in lavender-scented drawers, and weep as they think of the tiny feet whose toddling march is done, and sweet-faced young ones who place each night beneath their pillow some lock that once curled on a boyish head that the salt waves have kissed to death, will call me a nasty cynical brute and say I'm talking nonsense; but I believe, nevertheless, that if they will ask themselves truthfully whether they find it unpleasant to dwell thus on their sorrow, they will be compelled to answer "No." Tears are as sweet as laughter to some natures. The proverbial Englishman, we know from old chronicler Froissart⁵, takes his pleasures sadly, and the Englishwoman goes a step further and takes her pleasures in sadness itself.

但是，一般来说，使我们沮丧的永远不是问题本身。事实总是呆板生硬的，我们无法对其宣泄情感。我们在一幅画前流连，被它感动得流泪，而对其在现实中的原型却只是匆匆一瞥。真正的不幸中没有怜悯，真正的痛苦中没有浮华虚饰。如果可以选择，我们不会拿锋利的刀剑玩耍，也不会把咬人的狐狸抱在胸口。当男人或女人沉浸在某种悲伤中不可自拔，时时回忆，自揭伤疤时，你基本上可以肯定这件事对他们来说已经不再是一种痛苦了。不管最初他们受到的伤害有多大，到了这个时候，回想已经变成了一种乐趣。许多亲爱的老太太每天打开充满薰衣草香的抽屉，看看珍藏在里面的小鞋子，然后一边回想着孩子们蹒跚学步的样子，一边潸然落泪。许多年轻俊俏的姑娘夜夜在枕下放一绺头发，那曾是一位少年头上的卷发，如今，她已在咸涩的泪水中与之永远告别。听到我这么说，她们一定会骂我是个肮脏下流、玩世不恭的畜生，说我满口胡言。但是我仍然相信，倘若她们扪心自问，像这样沉溺于自己的伤心事是否真的毫无乐趣可言，恐怕她们都不得不回答“不”。对于某些人来说，眼泪就像欢笑一样甜美。根据老编年史学家傅华萨的说

法，典型的英国男人忧伤地享受快乐，而英国女人就更进一步，她们可以从忧伤本身中感受到快乐。

I am not sneering. I would not for a moment sneer at anything that helps to keep hearts tender in this hard old world. We men are cold and commonsensed enough for all; we would not have women the same. No, no, ladies dear, be always sentimental and soft-hearted, as you are—be the soothing butter to our coarse dry bread. Besides, sentiment is to women what fun is to us. They do not care for our humor, surely it would be unfair to deny them their grief. And who shall say that their mode of enjoyment is not as sensible as ours? Why assume that a doubled-up body, a contorted, purple face, and a gaping mouth emitting a series of ear-splitting shrieks point to a state of more intelligent happiness than a pensive face reposing upon a little white hand, and a pair of gentle tear-dimmed eyes looking back through Time's dark avenue upon a fading past?

我并不是在冷嘲热讽。在这个冷酷无情的旧世界里，任何能让心灵保持温柔的东西，我都不会嘲笑。对于人类来说，男人们的冷酷和实际已经完全够用了，我们不愿意女人们也跟我们一样。不，千万不要像我们一样，亲爱的女士们，请你们一直保持你们的多愁善感和温柔善良——做那柔和的黄油，以便搭配我们这些粗糙的干面包。此外，伤感之于女性，就像逗乐之于我们。她们不干涉我们开玩笑，我们当然也不应该剥夺她们悲伤的权利。况且，谁说女人们享乐的方式，不像我们的一样合乎常理？谁说前仰后合、面红耳赤、呲牙咧嘴地尖声大笑才是更为理智的表达幸福的方式？谁说苍白的小手托着悲伤的面庞，温柔而迷蒙的泪眼穿越时间的黑暗大道找寻消逝的过去，就不是幸福了呢？

I am glad when I see Regret walked with as a friend—glad because I know the saltness has been washed from out the tears, and that the sting must have been plucked from the beautiful face of Sorrow ere we dare press her pale lips to ours. Time has laid his healing hand upon the wound when we can look back upon the pain we once fainted under and no bitterness or despair rises in our hearts. The burden is no longer heavy when we have for our past troubles only the same sweet mingling of pleasure and pity that we feel when old knight-hearted Colonel Newcome⁶ answers "adsum" to the great roll-call, or when Tom and Maggie Tulliver⁷, clasping hands through the mists that have divided them, go down, locked in each other's arms, beneath the swollen waters of the Floss.

当我看到悔恨女神像朋友一样与我们同行时，我感到十分欣慰——因为我知道，往事的咸涩已被泪水冲走，在我们鼓起勇气亲吻她苍白的双唇之前，悲伤女神那美丽面孔上的尖刺一定已被拔去。当我们回想那些曾将我们击倒的痛苦时，心中不再有酸楚和失望翻涌，因为时间已经用它的双手治愈了我们的伤痛。我们在苦涩的回忆中掺杂了欢愉和同情，过去对我们来说便不再是沉重的负担，反而有种悲喜交集的甜蜜。当看到有骑士风骨的老纽科姆上校被点到名，大声回答“到”的时候，或者看到汤姆和玛吉穿过分隔他们的重重迷雾，紧握彼此的双手，然后互相挽着胳膊趟过泛滥的弗罗斯河水的时候，我们的内心也曾品尝过这种悲喜交集的滋味。

Talking of poor Tom and Maggie Tulliver brings to my mind a saying of George Eliot's⁸ in connection with this subject of melancholy. She speaks somewhere of the "sadness of a summer's evening." How wonderfully true—like everything that came from that wonderful pen—the observation is! Who has not felt the sorrowful enchantment of those lingering sunsets? The world belongs to Melancholy then, a thoughtful deep-eyed maiden who loves not the glare of day. It is not till "light thickens and the crow wings to the rocky wood" that she steals forth from her groves. Her palace is in twilight land. It is there she meets us. At her shadowy gate she takes our hand in hers and walks beside us through her mystic realm. We see no form, but seem to hear the rustling of her wings.

说到可怜的汤姆和玛吉，我就不由得想到乔治·艾略特关于忧郁这个主题的一句名言。她曾经在某处提到过“夏夜的忧伤”。她的观察多么真实——就像她笔下的文字一样精彩！寂寞黄昏流连徘徊的时刻，有谁没有感受过那销人魂魄的忧伤？那一刻，世界是属于忧伤女神的，她眼神深邃，愁思满怀，却偏偏不爱白日耀眼的光芒。只有“夜色浓重，乌鸦入林”时，她才从她的小树丛中悄然走出。她的宫殿建于暮色之城，就是在那里，她与我们相会。在暗影笼罩的大门前，她握住我们的手，陪伴我们穿过她神秘的领地。我们看不到任何有形之物，只能隐隐听到她的翅膀在沙沙作响。

Even in the toiling hum-drum city her spirit comes to us. There is a somber presence in each long, dull street; and the dark river creeps ghostlike under the black arches, as if bearing some hidden secret beneath its muddy waves.

即使在疲惫而沉闷的城市，她的灵魂依然会来到我们身边。在每条漫长阴暗的街道上，都会有她忧郁的身影。幽暗的河水像幽灵一样缓缓

流过黑色的拱桥，浑浊的水波下仿佛隐藏着什么秘密。

In the silent country, when the trees and hedges loom dim and blurred against the rising night, and the bat's wing flutters in our face, and the land-rail's cry sounds drearily across the fields, the spell sinks deeper still into our hearts. We seem in that hour to be standing by some unseen death-bed, and in the swaying of the elms we hear the sigh of the dying day.

幽静的乡间，当树丛和篱墙随着夜幕降临而渐渐暗淡模糊，蝙蝠的翅膀在我们的脸上拍打，秧鸡沉闷的叫声从田间传来，我们的心就被忧伤的咒语锁得更牢了。在那一刻，我们仿佛站在一张无形的灵床边，从榆树摇曳的簌簌声中，听到了垂死的日子那最后的叹息。

A solemn sadness reigns. A great peace is around us. In its light our cares of the working day grow small and trivial, and bread and cheese—ay, and even kisses—do not seem the only things worth striving for. Thoughts we cannot speak but only listen to flood in upon us, and standing in the stillness under earth's darkening dome, we feel that we are greater than our petty lives. Hung round with those dusky curtains, the world is no longer a mere dingy workshop, but a stately temple wherein man may worship, and where at times in the dimness his groping hands touch God's.

肃穆的悲伤笼罩了一切。巨大的寂静包围着我们。在它的映照下，我们在工作日的忧虑变得无关紧要，茶米油盐也无足轻重——唉，甚至恋人的吻——似乎也不是唯一值得奋斗的东西。万千思绪像潮水一样涌上我们的心头，却只可意会，不可言传。静立在大地逐渐暗淡的穹隆下，我们觉得自己要比渺小的生命伟大得多。在周围挂上那微黑的帘幕之后，世界就不再是个昏暗的小车间，而是一座庄严的神殿。在那里，世人顶礼膜拜；在那里，人们在黑暗中探索的双手偶尔触碰到了上帝之手。

(1) 威廉·梅克皮斯·萨克雷（1811—1863），英国小说家，作品多讽刺上层社会，著有《名利场》。

(2) 托马斯·卡莱尔（1795—1881），苏格兰历史学家、散文作家，著有《法国革命》。

(3) 该诗句取自19世纪美国浪漫主义诗人亨利·沃兹沃思·朗费罗的诗作《这一天结束了》。

(4) 《求主垂怜》，又译《米泽里厄里》，指《圣经》第51诗篇。文艺复兴时期，意大利音乐家格雷戈里奥·阿列格里曾为之谱曲。

(5) 让·傅华萨（1337—约1410），法国宫廷史官和诗人，著有《闻见录》，记述百年战争及欧洲大事。

(6) 纽科姆上校，萨克雷作品《纽科姆一家》的主人公。

(7) 汤姆和玛吉，英国女作家乔治·艾略特的小说《弗罗斯河上的磨坊》中塔利弗家的两兄妹，此处描写的是小说最后一章中的情节。

(8) 乔治·艾略特(1819-1880)，英国小说家，主要作品有《弗罗斯河上的磨坊》《米德尔马契》等。

IV. On Being Hard Up

4. 囊中羞涩

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original—at least, not at this moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts; and they kick up such a shindy—I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject—that I have to give in and take them out—my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle? Perhaps you are right, though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets. We are awkward and shift. We are like what a music-hall Lion Comique would be without his opera-hat, if such a thing can be imagined. But let us put our hands in our trousers pockets, and let there be some small change in the right-hand one and a bunch of keys in the left, and we will face a female post-office clerk.

这个题目最值得一谈。我坐下来，完全是为了写些构思巧妙、不落俗套的东西。但是花尽所有气力，我还是没有任何新颖别致的想法——至少此刻我还没有思路。现在，我能想到的唯一一个题目就是——囊中羞涩。我想大概是插在口袋里的手启发了我吧。我总是会在坐着的时候把手插在口袋里，除非我的姐妹、表姐妹或者姑姑阿姨在身边；因为她们总是小题大做，一板一眼地诉说她们对我这个习惯的厌恶——应该说是对我的良言相劝——以至于我不得不放弃自己的立场，乖乖请它们出去——当然我指的是我的双手。亲戚们异口同声地抗议，说这个动作太缺乏绅士风度。但即使把我吊死，我也弄不明白这是为什么。我能理解

如果把手伸进他人的口袋（尤其是被人强迫这么做），倒还可以说是没有绅士风度。但是，到底从什么角度看，你们这些挑剔的人看出把自己的手伸进自己的衣袋不够绅士呢？不过，或许你们也没说错。现在想想的话，我听到过有些人在把手插进自己兜里的时候，就开始口出恶言，大发牢骚。但他们大多都是些上了年纪的老绅士。我们年轻人，一般来说，不把手放在自己的衣兜里才会觉得不自在。我们会显得手足无措，贼头贼脑。如果想象得出的话，我们会像音乐厅中的喜剧主唱没戴礼帽一样窘迫。但是一旦我们把手插进裤兜，再在右边衣袋里放上一把零钱，左边衣袋里装上一串钥匙，我们就可以正视邮局里的女职员了。

It is a little difficult to know what to do with your hands, even in your pockets, when there is nothing else there. Years ago, when my whole capital would occasionally come down to "what in town the people call a bob," I would recklessly spend a penny of it, merely for the sake of having the change, all in coppers, to jingle. You don't feel nearly so hard up with eleven pence in your pocket as you do with a shilling. Had I been "La-dida," that impecunious youth about whom we superior folk are so sarcastic, I would have changed my penny for two ha'pennies.

口袋里空空如也的时候，就算把手放在里面，也没什么事情好做。多年前，我的所有资产偶尔会缩减到“城里人所说的那种穷得叮当响”的程度，那时，我便义无反顾地花掉其中一个便士，只为换得更多铜制的硬币，好让它们晃得叮当响。如果口袋里有十一个便士，你就一点都不会觉得自己穷，甚至感觉自己比有一先令时更富有。我若是个“装腔作势”的人，是被优越的富人所嘲讽的那种穷光蛋，我就会把自己的一个便士换成两个“半便士”。

I can speak with authority on the subject of being hard up. I have been a provincial actor. If further evidence be required, which I do not think likely, I can add that I have been a "gentleman connected with the press." I have lived on 15 shilling a week. I have lived a week on 10, owing the other 5; and I have lived for a fortnight on a great-coat.

关于囊中羞涩，我有绝对的发言权。我曾经在乡下演过戏。如果还需要更多证明（我想可能并不需要吧），我还可以补充一点：我还是个“在新闻界工作过”的人。我曾经一星期靠十五先令维持生活，也曾经在欠别人五先令的情况下，靠十先令过活一周，还曾连续14天仅凭一件大衣熬了下来。

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up

gives one. If you want to find out the value of money, live on ¹5 shillings a week and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing¹ change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn for four days.

奇妙的是，真正拮据的生活能使一个人掌握持家过日子的门道。如果你想知道金钱的价值，就靠十五个先令生活一周，看看你能省下多少钱花在衣服和娱乐上面。你会发现，等待一个法寻的找零也是值得的，为省下一个便士步行一英里也是必要的，啤酒是只能偶尔尽情享用的奢侈品，假领就是连穿四天也不过分。

Try it just before you get married. It will be excellent practice. Let your son and heir try it before sending him to college. He won't grumble at a hundred a year pocket-money then. There are some people to whom it would do a world of good. There is that delicate blossom who can't drink any claret under ninety-four, and who would as soon think of dining off cat's meat as off plain roast mutton. You do come across these poor wretches now and then, though, to the credit of humanity, they are principally confined to that fearful and wonderful society known only to lady novelists. I never hear of one of these creatures discussing a menu card but I feel a mad desire to drag him off to the bar of some common east-end² public-house and cram a sixpenny dinner down his throat— beefsteak pudding, fourpence; potatoes, a penny; half a pint of porter, a penny. The recollection of it (and the mingled fragrance of beer, tobacco, and roast pork generally leaves a vivid impression) might induce him to turn up his nose a little less frequently in the future at everything that is put before him. Then there is that generous party, the cadger's delight, who is so free with his small change, but who never thinks of paying his debts. It might teach even him a little common sense. "I always give the waiter a shilling. One can't give the fellow less, you know," explained a young government clerk with whom I was lunching the other day in Regent Street³. I agreed with him as to the utter impossibility of making it elevenpence ha'penny; but at the same time I resolved to one day decoy him to an eating-house I remembered near Covent Garden⁴, where the waiter, for the better discharge of his duties, goes about in his shirtsleeves— and very dirty sleeves they are, too, when it gets near the end of the month. I know that waiter. If my friend gives him anything beyond a penny, the man will insist on shaking hands with him then and there as a mark

of his esteem; of that I feel sure.

结婚之前可以试着过穷日子。因为这是再好不过的实践。在送儿孙们上大学前让他们过穷日子，他们到时就不会抱怨一年一百块的零花钱不够用。让有些人受穷会对他们大有裨益。就有那么些娇气的花朵，喝不了1894年之后的干红葡萄酒，嘴里嚼着家常烤羊肉却感觉在吃猫食。我们的确偶尔碰到这些可怜的家伙，但考虑到人类的声誉，他们主要出现在仅为女性小说家所知的可怕而神奇的圈子里。我从来没有听到他们中的任何一个人讨论过菜谱，但是我却有一种疯狂的冲动，想要把其中一个拉到伦敦东区的那些大众酒馆中，把一份六便士的晚餐塞进他喉咙——四便士一份的牛排布丁，一便士一份的烤土豆，还有一份一便士能买半品脱的黑啤酒。对于这份晚餐的回忆（啤酒、香烟和烤猪肉的混合香味，往往让人印象深刻），可能会让他将来对别人放在他面前的东西少些不屑一顾。此外，还有这么一批人，出手大方，最受乞丐欢迎，他们从来不吝惜自己的零钱，可也从来不想着偿还自己的债务。穷日子，也可以教会这些人一点常识。前几天，我和一位在政府部门工作的年轻职员在摄政街吃午餐，他说：“我从来都给服务生一先令。你知道，实在不能给得再少了。”这话我同意，确实不可能存在十一个半便士。但是同时，我也下定决心，总有一天要骗他去我记得的科文特加登附近的一家食坊。那里的一位服务生为了更好地提供服务，只穿衬衣工作——快到月底的时候，衬衣袖子就会变得非常脏。我很了解那个服务生。如果我的朋友给他的小费超过一便士，他一定会坚持马上当场与他握手，以示尊重。我感觉这是一定的。

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman who would have faced the labors of Hercules⁵ has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

尽管很多关于受穷的文章和言论都十分有趣，但是贫穷本身却一点儿也不好玩。每天精打细算地过日子不好玩，被人当作刻薄吝啬的小气鬼也不好玩，衣衫褴褛不好玩，羞于将自己的住址示人也不好玩。是的，贫穷本身，没有任何有趣之处——对穷人来说。贫穷于敏感的心而言，无异于人间地狱。很多勇敢的绅士面对繁重的体力活能面无惧色，但却被贫穷生活中那琐碎的痛苦折磨得心力交瘁。

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit if that were all it meant? What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about as he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off? His shabbiness did not trouble him; there was none of his friends round about to sneer him.

贫穷真正令人痛苦的，并不是它带来的那些不便。如果必须得忍受一段穷日子，谁还不能挺一挺？漂流于荒岛的鲁滨孙裤子上有块补丁又怎么样？连他穿没穿裤子，我都记不起来了；也忘记了他有没有像演哑剧一样在岛上到处活动。对鲁滨孙来说，就算他的鞋破了，脚趾头露出来了，又有什么关系？就算他的雨伞是棉布做的，只要能挡雨，又有什么要紧？他不会被简陋的生活条件困扰，他的朋友都不在他身边，没人会嘲笑他。

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It is not all shame at telling lies—which he knows will not be believed—that makes him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It's a blunder, though, and is punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for ink stained youth will make him respected. Appearances are everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Piccadilly⁶ arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this—no one better—and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten; and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.

贫穷没什么大不了的。被别人知道自己在受穷才让人难堪。没穿长大

衣的人在街上匆忙跑过，并不是因为天气寒冷。他会告诉你，他觉得长大衣对身体不好，原则上他也从来不带雨伞，说这话时，他的脸涨得通红——并不是完全出于说谎的羞愧——他也知道没人会相信这样的说法。贫穷不是罪，说起来很容易。贫穷确实不是罪，假如没有人会因为贫穷而感到羞耻的话。然而，贫穷即使不是罪，也是一个大错误，犯了贫穷这种错的人也会受到相应的惩罚。穷人遭到全世界的轻视。不管是虔诚的基督徒，还是高傲的庄园主，是蛊惑民心的政客，还是穿着号衣的男仆，在轻视穷人这一点上，他们都不差分毫。即使是那些鞭策年轻人勤奋学习的经典格言，也不会为穷苦的人赢来一点尊重。大众的态度告诉我们：外表就是一切。假如衣冠楚楚，即使是伦敦最臭名昭著的流氓，人们也愿意和他勾肩搭背地穿过皮卡迪利大街；而如果衣衫褴褛，哪怕是一位温和的绅士，人们经过他住的小街道时，也只会偷偷摸摸地溜过，和他说上几句话便匆匆逃离。落魄的绅士们也知道这些——恐怕没有人比他们知道得更清楚——所以他们会绕一英里的路，为的就是不碰到熟人。那些见证过他光辉岁月的人们，不需要费心改变自己对他的看法了。他比所有熟人都更害怕相见；而朋友的资助，更是他避之唯恐不及的东西。他想要的不过是大家的遗忘；而他的这个愿望，通常都能幸运地得到满足。

One becomes used to being hard up, as one becomes used to everything else, by the help of that wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time. You can tell at a glance the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case-hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years and the poor devil of a beginner striving to hide his misery, and in a constant agony of fear lest he should be found out. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than the way in which each will pawn his watch. As the poet says somewhere: "True ease in pawning comes from art, not chance." The one goes into his "uncle's" with as much composure as he would into his tailor's—very likely with more. The assistant is even civil and attends to him at once, to the great indignation of the lady in the next box, who, however, sarcastically observes that she don't mind being kept waiting "if it is a regular customer." Why, from the pleasant and businesslike manner in which the transaction is carried out, it might be a large purchase in the three per cents. Yet what a piece of work a man makes of his first "pop." A boy popping his first question is confidence itself compared with him. He hangs about outside the shop until he has succeeded in attracting the attention of all the loafers in the neighborhood and has aroused strong suspicions in the mind of the policeman on the beat. At last,

after a careful examination of the contents of the windows, made for the purpose of impressing the bystanders with the notion that he is going in to purchase a diamond bracelet or some such trifle, he enters, trying to do so with a careless swagger, and giving himself really the air of a member of the swell mob. When inside he speaks in so low a voice as to be perfectly inaudible, and has to say it all over again. When, in the course of his rambling conversation about a "friend" of his, the word "lend" is reached, he is promptly told to go up the court on the right and take the first door round the corner. He comes out of the shop with a face that you could easily light a cigarette at, and firmly under the impression that the whole population of the district is watching him. When he does get to the right place he has forgotten his name and address and is in a general condition of hopeless imbecility. Asked in a severe tone how he came by "this," he stammers and contradicts himself, and it is only a miracle if he does not confess to having stolen it that very day. He is thereupon informed that they don't want anything to do with his sort, and that he had better get out of this as quickly as possible, which he does, recollecting nothing more until he finds himself three miles off, without the slightest knowledge how he got there.

在时间这位神奇的老式顺势疗法医生的帮助下，我们最终还是可以适应贫穷的日子，就好像我们最终能够适应其他东西一样。老手和新人之间的差别，一眼便能看出来。被贫穷磨砺多年的人已经习惯了东挪西凑，苦苦支撑，而初坠贫境的新人，则会拼命掩饰自己的困窘，时刻都处在一种生怕被人发现的恐慌之中。两者之间的区别，在到当铺典当手表的时候，最为鲜明。正如诗人在某个场合所说的：“典当东西时的泰然自若，来自技艺，绝非偶然。”穷惯了的人们走进他“叔叔家”（他们对于当铺的叫法——译者注）的时候，就如同走进裁缝店一样——很可能更为从容。店员更是殷勤有礼，马上招呼他，以至于坐在隔壁柜台前的太太不由得一边发火，一边充满讽刺地说她不介意多等一会儿，“如果是老主顾的话”。哎呀，瞧他们办理交易那股愉快而认真的劲头，没准是桩百分之三利息的大买卖呢。而第一次“出击”的新手，表现又会如何呢？能够张口问出第一个问题，本身就是自信的体现了。他往往会在当铺外面徘徊很久，直到成功地引起附近所有流浪汉的注意，并且招来巡警的强烈怀疑。最后，他会仔细检阅橱窗里的所有展品，好让四周的旁观者认为他是要进去买个钻石手镯或者诸如此类的小玩意儿。他进门了，努力装出一副漫不经心、大摇大摆的样子，这确实让他看起来像个家境优越的小混混。在里面说话时，他会把声音压得极低，以至于没人能听见，而不得不将所有话语再重复一遍。当他漫无边际地聊到他的一

个“朋友”，当“借”这个字终于蹦出来的时候，立刻会有人告诉他，右首的那个院子，拐角第一个门进去才是他要找的地方。从店里出来的时候，他的脸烫得可以轻松地点燃一根香烟，内心深信这地区所有的人都在注视着他。而当终于抵达要去的地方时，他却已经忘记了自己姓甚名谁，家住何处，陷入了一种不可救药的痴呆状态。当有人以严厉的口气质问他是怎么拿到“这东西”的时候，他会张口结舌，语无伦次，如果没有招供那是他在当天偷来的物品，就已算是个奇迹了。之后，他就会被告知，当铺不愿和他这种人有任何来往，他最好快点滚蛋。于是他乖乖听话，直到奔出三英里开外，才稍稍回过神来，却完全记不起他是怎么到达那里的。

By the way, how awkward it is, though, having to depend on publichouses and churches for the time. The former are generally too fast and the latter too slow. Besides which, your efforts to get a glimpse of the public house clock from the outside are attended with great difficulties. If you gently push the swing-door ajar and peer in you draw upon yourself the contemptuous looks of the barmaid, who at once puts you down in the same category with area sneaks and cadgers. You also create a certain amount of agitation among the married portion of the customers. You don't see the clock because it is behind the door; and in trying to withdraw quietly you jam your head. The only other method is to jump up and down outside the window. After this latter proceeding, however, if you do not bring out a banjo and commence to sing, the youthful inhabitants of the neighborhood, who have gathered round in expectation, become disappointed.

顺便说一句，将表当掉之后，就要从酒馆和教堂里看时间，那是多么不方便啊！酒馆里的表往往太快，而教堂里的又总是太慢。更何况，想要从酒馆外面瞥一眼时间，尝试起来是非常困难的。如果你轻轻推开弹簧门向内张望，会招来酒吧女侍轻蔑的目光。她们会马上把你和本地的小偷、乞丐归为一类。你还会让那些已婚顾客感到些许的烦躁不安。而且，你也看不到钟，因为它在门后面。你想悄悄离开，却会在出门时挤到头。仅剩的一个办法，就是在窗外跳上跳下，偷看时间。然而，如果你真的采用了这后一种办法，那么不带上班卓琴，唱支小曲儿就不合适了。因为整个社区的年轻人都已经满怀期待地过来围观了，你会让他们失望的。

I should like to know, too, by what mysterious law of nature it is that before you have left your watch "to be repaired" half an hour, some one is sure to stop you in the street and conspicuously ask you the time. Nobody even feels

the slightest curiosity on the subject when you've got it on.

我同样很想知道，到底是什么诡异的自然规律在作怪，只要你把表“送去维修”，半个钟头内必定有人在街上拦住你，声音洪亮地询问时间。可在你带着表的时候，却没有任何人有一丝半点的好奇心问问现在是什么时候了。

Dear old ladies and gentlemen who know nothing about being hard up—and may they never, bless their gray old heads—look upon the pawn-shop as the last stage of degradation; but those who know it better (and my readers have no doubt, noticed this themselves) are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends, and I always try to impress this upon those of my acquaintance who incline toward "wanting a couple of pounds till the day after tomorrow." But they won't all see it. One of them once remarked that he objected to the principle of the thing. I fancy if he had said it was the interest that he objected to he would have been nearer the truth: twenty-five per cent. certainly does come heavy.

亲爱的老先生老太太们对于囊中羞涩的苦处一无所知——上帝保佑贫穷不会降临在他们银发苍苍的头上，让他们永远也不知道——所以他们认为当铺是一个人堕落的极点；可明白这些苦处的人们（我的读者们肯定注意到了这点），会时常惊异地发现在当铺中能遇到如此多意想不到的面孔，就好像小男孩做梦梦到自己进入了天堂。我的观点是，去当铺比从朋友那儿借钱更加独立和自由，我也经常用这种观点去影响我那些“手头正好缺几镑，但要等到后天才有钱”的熟人们。但他们并不是每个人都能看到当铺的好处。曾有一人宣称他抵制当铺的经营原则。我猜想，假如他抵制的是当铺的利率，倒是更切合实际：百分之二十五的利率，确实有点太高了。

There are degrees in being hard up. We are all hard up, more or less—most of us more. Some are hard up for a thousand pounds; some for a shilling. Just at this moment I am hard up myself for a fiver. I only want it for a day or two. I should be certain of paying it back within a week at the outside, and if any lady or gentleman among my readers would kindly lend it me, I should be very much obliged indeed. They could send it to me under cover to Messrs. Field & Tuer⁷, only, in such case, please let the envelope be carefully sealed. I would give you my I.O.U. as security.

囊中羞涩也是有程度之分的。我们每个人的手头多多少少都会有些紧——大部分人是非非常紧。有些人缺一千镑，而有些人只缺一先令。比如现在这个时刻，我就正好缺五英镑。我只不过需要它来熬过一天或两天。至多一星期之内我应该可以保证还钱。所以，假如读者中若有哪位女士或者先生肯慷慨解囊，我会不胜感激。你们只需把信封封得严严实实，以寄给“菲尔德—图尔出版社”的名义寄给我就好。我定会奉上我的借据，作为担保。

(1)法寻，英国旧时面值为四分之一便士的硬币。

(2)伦敦东区，指伦敦东部、泰晤士河以北的地区，是码头工人和底层居民的聚居区。

(3)摄政街，伦敦西区一条主要的购物街，以摄政王乔治四世的头衔命名。

(4)科文特加登，英国伦敦一广场名，曾为伦敦水果、花卉和蔬菜的主要市场，科文特加登皇家歌剧院就坐落于此。

(5)赫拉克勒斯，是主神宙斯和阿尔克墨涅之子，力大无比，以完成12项英雄业绩闻名。

(6)皮卡迪利大街，伦敦著名大街，以其时髦的商店、俱乐部、旅馆和住宅著称。

(7)菲尔德—图尔出版社，位于伦敦的一家有名的出版社，本书的初版即由这家出版社出版。

V. On Vanity And Vanities

5. 虚荣作祟

All is vanity and everybody's vain. Women are terribly vain. So are men—more so, if possible. So are children, particularly children. One of them at this very moment is hammering upon my legs. She wants to know what I think of her new shoes. Candidly I don't think much of them. They lack symmetry and curve and possess an indescribable appearance of lumpiness (I believe, too, they've put them on the wrong feet). But I don't say this. It is not criticism, but flattery that she wants; and I gush over them with what I feel to myself to be degrading effusiveness. Nothing else would satisfy this self-opinionated cherub. I tried the conscientious-friend dodge with her on one occasion, but it was not a success. She had requested my judgment upon her general conduct and behavior, the exact case submitted being, "Wot oo tink of me? Oo peased wi' me?" and I had thought it a good opportunity to make a few salutary remarks upon her late moral career, and said: "No, I am not pleased with you." I recalled to her mind the events of that very morning, and I put it to her how she, as a Christian child, could expect a wise and good uncle to be satisfied with the carryings on of an infant who that very day had roused the whole house at five AM.; had upset a water-jug and tumbled downstairs after it at seven; had endeavored to put the cat in the bath at eight; and sat on her own father's hat at nine thirty-five.

世事皆浮华，世人皆虚荣。女人们极度虚荣，男人们也是如此——如果有可能，他们虚荣得更厉害。小孩子们也很虚荣，而且尤为虚荣。他们中的一个此时此刻就在不停地敲打我的腿，她想知道在我眼里她的新鞋子好不好看。老实说，我还真觉得不太好看。这双鞋既不匀称，也没有曲线，而且看起来有一种难以形容的粗笨（而且我确信，鞋穿反了）。但我没有这么说。因为她想听到的不是批评，而是恭维；于是我滔滔不绝地说着在我看来是自贬身价的溢美之辞。因为任何别的言辞，都没法满足这位自负的小天使。有一次，我试图凭良心对她说些委婉的实话，结果却很失败。那次，她让我对她的日常行为举止做些评价，当时的具体情形是这样的，她问我：“你觉个（觉得）我怎么样？你稀罕

（喜欢）我吗？”我当时认为这是一次很好的机会，可以对她的最近一段时间的品行进行有益的评价，因此我说：“不，我对你不太满意。”我提醒她那天早上她的所作所为，试图让她自己弄明白为什么：早上五点就把全家人都闹了起来；七点又把水壶弄翻，然后自己也骨碌碌跟着水壶滚下了楼；八点试图把猫摁到浴缸里；九点三十五又把她爸爸的帽子坐在了屁股下面。作为一个信奉基督的小孩儿，她怎么可以期望她聪明睿智又明白事理的叔叔对她满意呢？

What did she do? Was she grateful to me for my plain speaking? Did she ponder upon my words and determine to profit by them and to lead from that hour a better and nobler life?

她的反应又是如何呢？是否对我的直言不讳心存感激？是否会好好思索我的言语，决心改正自己的错误，从此过上更加幸福而高尚的生活？

No! she howled.

通通没有！她嚎啕大哭。

That done, she became abusive. She said:

哭完后，她就开始口出恶言：

"Oo naughty—oo naughty, bad unkie—oo bad man—me tell MAR."

“你坏，你坏，坏蛋叔叔—你是坏人—我要告诉妈妈。”

And she did, too.

她也确实那么做了。

Since then, when my views have been called for I have kept my real sentiments more to myself like, preferring to express unbounded admiration of this young person's actions, irrespective of their actual merits. And she nods her head approvingly and trots off to advertise my opinion to the rest of the household. She appears to employ it as a sort of testimonial for mercenary purposes, for I subsequently hear distant sounds of "Unkie says me dood dirl—me dot to have two bikkies [biscuits]."

从那以后，每当她询问我的看法时，我都会更愿意把内心真实的感受隐藏起来，不顾事实和是非，更愿意对这个小家伙的行为表达自己无限的景仰。她会赞许地点点头，然后跑到家人面前，把我的意见大肆宣扬。我的意见似乎成了她获取物质奖励的一种证明，因为我随后就听到她的声音从远处传来：“叔叔说我是该盒子（乖孩子）——该给我两块饼饼（饼干）。”

There she goes, now, gazing rapturously at her own toes and murmuring "pittie"—two-foot-ten of conceit and vanity, to say nothing of other

wickednesses.

现在，她又无比欢喜地盯着自己的脚趾头，嘟囔着“漂漂（漂亮）”——一个两英尺十英寸的小人儿，从头到脚都是自负和虚荣，更不用提其他的毛病了。

They are all alike. I remember sitting in a garden one sunny afternoon in the suburbs of London. Suddenly I heard a shrill treble voice calling from a top-story window to some unseen being, presumably in one of the other gardens, "Gamma, me dood boy, me wery good boy, gamma; me dot on Bob's knickiebockies."

小孩儿们都是一样的。记得那是一个阳光灿烂的下午，我坐在伦敦郊区的一个花园里。突然从顶楼的窗户里，传来了一个刺耳的高音部嗓音，正冲着别的花园里某个我看不见的人喊：“外博（婆），我是乖宝宝，很乖很乖的宝宝，外博（婆），我要穿鲍勃的灯笼裤。”

Why, even animals are vain. I saw a great Newfoundland dog the other day sitting in front of a mirror at the entrance to a shop in Regent's Circus¹, and examining himself with an amount of smug satisfaction that I have never seen equaled elsewhere outside a vestry meeting.

其实，就连动物们也有虚荣心。有一天，我曾看到一只大型纽芬兰犬坐在摄政广场的一家商店门前照镜子，那种自鸣得意的神气，我只在教区会议上才见过。

I was at a farm-house once when some high holiday was being celebrated. I don't remember what the occasion was, but it was something festive, a May Day² or Quarter Day³, or something of that sort, and they put a garland of f lowers round the head of one of the cows. Well, that absurd quadruped went about all day as perky as a schoolgirl in a new frock; and when they took the wreath off she became quite sulky, and they had to put it on again before she would stand still to be milked. This is not a Percy⁴ anecdote. It is plain, sober truth.

有一次我在农场，正逢人们庆祝某个盛大的节日。我记不清那是什么节日了，但总之是像五朔节或者季度日那种值得欢庆的节日。人们把一个装饰花环戴在了一只母牛的头上。结果，这可笑的畜生全天都在神气活现地四处疯跑，活像穿了新衣服的女学生。人们把花环拿走的时候，她郁闷极了，不肯好好站着让人挤奶，于是人们又不得不把花环戴回到她头上。这不是珀西神父所讲的奇闻轶事，而是实实在在、明明白白发生过的真事。

As for cats, they nearly equal human beings for vanity. I have known a cat get up and walk out of the room on a remark derogatory to her species being made by a visitor, while a neatly turned compliment will set them purring for an hour.

至于猫，她们的虚荣心，几乎可以和人类相媲美了。我知道一只猫，当家里有客人对猫类一族出言不逊的时候，她就会站起来，愤然离开房间。然而几句好听的恭维话，又能使她咕噜咕噜地哼上一小时。

I do like cats. They are so unconsciously amusing. There is such a comic dignity about them, such a "How dare you!" "Go away, don't touch me" sort of air. Now, there is nothing haughty about a dog. They are "Hail, fellow, well met" with every Tom, Dick, or Harry that they come across. When I meet a dog of my acquaintance I slap his head, call him opprobrious epithets, and roll him over on his back; and there he lies, gaping at me, and doesn't mind it a bit.

我确实喜欢猫。她们总是逗人发笑，却又从不刻意为之。她们那不可侵犯的尊严有种浑然天成的喜剧效果，摆出“你敢！”或者“滚开，别碰我”之类的姿态。如今，狗身上就没有任何傲气。他们对遇到的每个甲乙丙丁，都是一副“嘿，朋友，幸会幸会”的面孔。我见到熟人的狗时，总是使劲拍拍他的头，给他起些粗俗的外号，然后把他推得四腿朝天；他就那么躺在地上，张着嘴盯着我看，全然不介意我的所作所为。

Fancy carrying on like that with a cat! Why, she would never speak to you again as long as you lived. No, when you want to win the approbation of a cat you must mind what you are about and work your way carefully. If you don't know the cat, you had best begin by saying, "Poor pussy." After which add "did 'urns" in a tone of soothing sympathy. You don't know what you mean any more than the cat does, but the sentiment seems to imply a proper spirit on your part, and generally touches her feelings to such an extent that if you are of good manners and passable appearance she will stick her back up and rub her nose against you. Matters having reached this stage, you may venture to chuck her under the chin and tickle the side of her head, and the intelligent creature will then stick her claws into your legs; and all is friendship and affection, as so sweetly expressed in the beautiful lines—

想象一下，假如你也这么对待一只猫会怎样！哼，有生之年她都不会再睬你一眼！不要这样对待她，如果你想获得猫的认可，需得小心谨慎，步步为营。假如你和猫不熟，最好先称呼她为“可怜的咪咪”，然后再用同情的语气抚慰她“他们怎么你了？”你和猫都不懂这话的意思，但是言语中流露出的感情，至少说明你的态度端正。假如你礼貌周全，长

得也算顺眼，她往往会被打动，挺起身子拿鼻子蹭你。到了这个阶段，你就可以大着胆子用手摸摸她的下巴，或是挠挠她的脑袋。这时，这个聪明的小家伙就会把爪子往你腿里戳。一切洋溢着友好而甜蜜的气氛，正如下面美丽的诗句中所表达的：

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't tease her she'll do me no harm; So I'll stroke her, and pat her, and feed her with food, And pussy will love me because I am good."

“我爱小猫咪，皮毛多温暖，我不惹她急，她保我平安；摸摸又拍拍，给她解解馋，猫咪也爱我，因为我心善。”

The last two lines of the stanza give us a pretty true insight into pussy's notions of human goodness. It is evident that in her opinion goodness consists of stroking her, and patting her, and feeding her with food. I fear this narrow-minded view of virtue, though, is not confined to pussies. We are all inclined to adopt a similar standard of merit in our estimate of other people. A good man is a man who is good to us, and a bad man is a man who doesn't do what we want him to. The truth is, we each of us have an inborn conviction that the whole world, with everybody and everything in it, was created as a sort of necessary appendage to ourselves. Our fellow men and women were made to admire us and to minister to our various requirements. You and I, dear reader, are each the center of the universe in our respective opinions. You, as I understand it, were brought into being by a considerate Providence in order that you might read and pay me for what I write; while I, in your opinion, am an article sent into the world to write something for you to read. The stars—as we term the myriad other worlds that are rushing down beside us through the eternal silence—were put into the heavens to make the sky look interesting for us at night; and the moon with its dark mysteries and ever-hidden face is an arrangement for us to flirt under.

该诗节中的最后两句清晰准确地点出了猫判断人好坏的依据。很显然，在她眼中，摸她、拍她、喂养她的，就是好人。然而，有这种狭隘是非观的，恐怕并不仅仅是猫。我们在评判他人时，也有采取类似打分标准的倾向。好人，就是对我们好的人；坏人，就是不听我们话的人。事实上，我们每一个人，内心深处都有一种与生俱来的信念，认为这个包容万物的大千世界仅仅是我们自身的必要陪衬。而同时代的男男女女们，不过是为了崇拜我们，以及满足我们各种各样的需求而诞生的。不管你——亲爱的读者，还是我，在我们各自心中，都是宇宙的中心。按我的理解来看，慷慨的神让你降生于世，是因为你可能会阅读和购买

我的小说。而你心目中的我，之所以在世为人，就是为了给你写书，供你阅读。星星，这是我们对无数个其他世界的称谓，它们穿越亘古不变的寂静，于我们身旁滑落，但在我们眼中，星群就是为了让我们的夜空看起来意趣盎然才被置于天空中的；至于月亮，它背后暗藏的神秘和始终遮掩着的脸庞，不过是为了我们谈情说爱而摆放的道具。

I fear we are most of us like Mrs. Poyser's⁵ bantam cock, who fancied the sun got up every morning to hear him crow. "'Tis vanity that makes the world go round." I don't believe any man ever existed without vanity, and if he did he would be an extremely uncomfortable person to have anything to do with. He would, of course, be a very good man, and we should respect him very much. He would be a very admirable man—a man to be put under a glass case and shown round as a specimen—a man to be stuck upon a pedestal and copied, like a school exercise—a man to be revered, but not a man to be loved, not a human brother whose hand we should care to grip. Angels may be very excellent sort of folk in their way, but we, poor mortals, in our present state, would probably find them precious slow company. Even mere good people are rather depressing. It is in our faults and failings, not in our virtues, that we touch one another and find sympathy. We differ widely enough in our nobler qualities. It is in our follies that we are at one. Some of us are pious, some of us are generous. Some few of us are honest, comparatively speaking; and some, fewer still, may possibly be truthful. But in vanity and kindred weaknesses we can all join hands. Vanity is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. From the Indian hunter, proud of his belt of scalps, from the European general, swelling beneath his row of stars and medals, to the "professional beauty," suffering tortures in order that her waist may resemble a peg-top; from draggle-tailed little Polly Stiggins, strutting through Seven Dials⁶ with a tattered parasol over her head, to the princess sweeping through a drawing-room with a train of four yards long; from 'Arry, winning by vulgar chaff the loud laughter of his pals, to the statesman whose ears are tickled by the cheers that greet his high-sounding periods; —all march, and fight, and bleed, and die beneath its tawdry flag.

恐怕我们大部分人都像波伊泽太太的那只矮脚公鸡，认为太阳之所以每天清晨升起，就是为了听它啼叫。“这种虚荣是世界运转的动力。”我认为不存在没有任何虚荣心的人。即使有这样的人，肯定也极难与之共处。他当然会是个好人，我们应当十分尊敬他。他会是个可钦

可敬的人——一个应该被装在玻璃器皿里当作标本到处展览的人——一个应该被放在垫座上，供人临摹的人，就像学校里的一门功课——这样的人得到的会是敬意，但不是爱意，不会有人紧紧攥住他的手，当他是自己的好兄弟。在他们的世界里，天使可能是非常优秀的一群人，但我们这些可怜的凡夫俗子，在当前的状况下，却极可能觉得他们无趣乏味，不愿与之为伍。甚至是纯粹的好人也还是令人沮丧。让我们彼此触动、惺惺相惜的，不是美德，而是我们身上的缺点和不足。我们在崇高的品行上千差万别，可到了缺点毛病上，却同心同德。我们中间有些人很虔诚，有些人很慷慨。相对来说，我们中很少有一些人很老实，而更少的人可能还非常诚实。但在虚荣心和诸如此类的弱点上，我们却可以携起手来。虚荣心是大自然的一种天性，让整个世界亲如一家。印第安猎人为其动物皮革制的腰带而得意；欧洲将军为胸前缀满的军衔勋章而骄傲；“职业美女”则忍饥挨饿，想要将腰肢瘦成如木制梨形陀螺一般；小波莉·斯蒂金斯蓬头垢面，头顶撑着一把破阳伞，昂首阔步地走过七晷区；公主陛下拖着四码长的裙裾，风姿卓然地穿过客厅；讲粗俗笑话的哈里因为同伴的大笑而志得意满；发表高谈阔论的政客因为民众的欢呼而舒服到了耳朵根；一切行军、战斗、流血和死亡都在虚荣那俗丽的旗帜下进行着。

Ay, ay, vanity is truly the motive-power that moves humanity, and it is flattery that greases the wheels. If you want to win affection and respect in this world, you must flatter people. Flatter high and low, and rich and poor, and silly and wise. You will get on famously. Praise this man's virtues and that man's vices. Compliment everybody upon everything, and especially upon what they haven't got. Admire guys for their beauty, fools for their wit, and boors for their breeding. Your discernment and intelligence will be extolled to the skies.

唉，虚荣心确实是推动人类进步的原动力，而阿谀奉承则是历史车轮的润滑剂。假如你想在这个世界上赢得喜爱和尊重，就必须恭维别人。不管他是位居要职，还是身份低贱；不管他是家财万贯，还是穷困潦倒；不管他是聪明过人，还是头脑简单，说些奉承话，你会无往不胜。颂扬甲的善，吹捧乙的恶。恭维每个人做的每件事，尤其是那些他们没有的东西。称赞丑人的美丽，蠢人的智慧，粗人的教养，人们会将你的眼力和智慧夸上天。

Every one can be got over by flattery. The belted earl—"belled earl" is the correct phrase, I believe. I don't know what it means, unless it be an earl that wears a belt instead of braces. Some men do. I don't like it myself. You have to

keep the thing so tight for it to be of any use, and that is uncomfortable. Anyhow, whatever particular kind of an earl a belted earl may be, he is, I assert, get-overable by flattery; just as every other human being is, from a duchess to a cat's-meat man, from a plow boy to a poet—and the poet far easier than the plowboy, for butter sinks better into wheaten bread than into oaten cakes.

每个人都会被恭维征服。绶带伯爵——我认为“绶带伯爵”就是恰当的字眼儿。我不知道它是什么意思，除非这位伯爵身上穿戴的不是背带而是绶带。有些人就会这么做，但我自己不喜欢。非要绷得很紧，那东西才管用，可那么做很不舒服。不管怎么说，不管绶带伯爵是位多么特别的伯爵，我都敢肯定，这位伯爵肯定是能够被恭维征服的；就像所有其他人一样，不管是公爵夫人，还是卖猫食的小贩，是农夫，还是诗人——不过诗人远比农夫容易征服，因为甜言蜜语就像黄油，渗入小麦面包远比燕麦饼来得容易。

As for love, flattery is its very life-blood. Fill a person with love for themselves, and what runs over will be your share, says a certain witty and truthful Frenchman whose name I can't for the life of me remember. (Confound it! I never can remember names when I want to.) Tell a girl she is an angel, only more angelic than an angel; that she is a goddess, only more graceful, queenly, and heavenly than the average goddess; that she is more fairy-like than Titania⁷, more beautiful than Venus, more enchanting than Parthenope⁸; more adorable, lovely, and radiant, in short, than any other woman that ever did live, does live, or could live, and you will make a very favorable impression upon her trusting little heart. Sweet innocent! She will believe every word you say. It is so easy to deceive a woman—in this way.

对于爱情来说，恭维更是有如生命之血。有一位睿智且诚实的法国人，我怎么也想不起他的名字（真可恶！想提某人名字的时候我从来都不记得），他说得一针见血：让一个人沉浸在他对自己的爱中，溢出来的部分就能被你所分享。告诉一个女孩她是天使，只不过比天使更加纯洁可爱；她是女神，只不过比一般的女神更加优雅，威严，神圣；她比仙后泰坦尼亚更像仙后，比美神维纳斯更美丽，比帕耳忒诺珀更让人着迷。简而言之，比世上任何曾有的、现有的、将有的其他女子都更加动人，可爱，耀眼。这样，你就会在她那个容易产生信赖的小小心房中留下极为美好的印象。她是多么天真可爱啊！她会相信你说的每句话。骗一个女人就是这么简单——当然是以这种方式。

Dear little souls, they hate flattery, so they tell you; and when you say, "Ah, darling, it isn't flattery in your case, it's plain, sober truth; you really are, without exaggeration, the most beautiful, the most good, the most charming, the most divine, the most perfect human creature that ever trod this earth," they will smile a quiet, approving smile, and, leaning against your manly shoulder, murmur that you are a dear good fellow after all.

小可人儿们会告诉你，她们不爱听奉承话；但是当你说“啊，亲爱的，对你来说这不是奉承，而是清清楚楚、明明白白的事实；毫不夸张地说，你确实是在地球上生活过的最美丽、善良、迷人、圣洁、完美的人”，这时，她们就会默默地露出赞许的微笑，然后依靠在你宽阔的肩头，柔声说你真是个好可爱的人。

By Jove! Fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles, determining never to utter a word of mere compliment or hyperbole, but to scrupulously confine himself to exact fact! Fancy his gazing rapturously into his mistress' eyes and whispering softly to her that she wasn't, on the whole, bad-looking, as girls went! Fancy his holding up her little hand and assuring her that it was of a light drab color shot with red; and telling her as he pressed her to his heart that her nose, for a turned-up one, seemed rather pretty; and that her eyes appeared to him, as far as he could judge, to be quite up to the average standard of such things!

天啊！想象一下，假如一个人试着严格按照实事求是的原则谈恋爱，绝不吐露任何恭维或夸张的言辞，而是小心翼翼地将自己限制在事实真相之内，那该会是怎么一副模样！想象一下，他如痴如醉地盯着恋人的双眸，柔声私语：作为一个女孩，总体来说你还不算难看！想象一下，他握着恋人的小手，安慰她说：皮肤就是稍微有点儿发黄，有些红点。在拥她入怀的时候，告诉她说：你的鼻子在朝天鼻里看起来算是相当漂亮的了。你的眼睛，根据他的判断，也相当符合一般标准！

A nice chance he would stand against the man who would tell her that her face was like a fresh blush rose, that her hair was a wandering sunbeam imprisoned by her smiles, and her eyes like two evening stars.

而与他不同的是，他的情敌则会情意绵绵地告诉女孩，她的面庞像新生的玫瑰一般娇艳，她的秀发就像一束灵动的阳光，被她的笑容团团围住，而她的双眸，则宛如夜空中的星辰一般璀璨。

There are various ways of flattering, and, of course, you must adapt your style to your subject. Some people like it laid on with a trowel, and this requires very little art. With sensible persons, however, it needs to be done

very delicately, and more by suggestion than actual words. A good many like it wrapped up in the form of an insult, as—"Oh, you are a perfect fool, you are. You would give your last sixpence to the first hungry-looking beggar you met;" while others will swallow it only when administered through the medium of a third person, so that if C wishes to get at an A of this sort, he must confide to A's particular friend B that he thinks A a splendid fellow, and beg him, B, not to mention it, especially to A. Be careful that B is a reliable man, though, otherwise he won't.

恭维的方式多种多样，毫无疑问，在方式选择上需要因人而异。有些人就喜欢听层层堆砌的溢美之辞，这种恭维法几乎不需花费技巧。可对那些敏感的人，就要十分讲究恭维的手法了，要少些单刀直入，多些借题发挥。很多人都喜欢那些看似侮辱，实则恭维的方式，像是——“哦，你可真是个傻瓜，真傻。如果遇到一个看起来饥肠辘辘的乞丐，即使身上只剩六便士了，你也会全部给人家。”还有人只会欣然接受从第三者那里辗转传来的恭维。所以，如果丙想说几句甲的好话，他就得先找甲的好朋友乙倾诉一番，说他认为甲是个十分优秀的人，并且乞求乙不要对别人提及他们的对话，尤其不要告诉甲。需要注意的是，乙确实要很可靠，否则，丙不会对他夸赞甲。

Those fine, sturdy John Bulls⁹ who "hate flattery, sir," "Never let anybody get over me by flattery," etc., etc., are very simply managed. Flatter them enough upon their absence of vanity, and you can do what you like with them.

那些仪表堂堂但刻板无趣的英国人会说“先生，我讨厌溜须拍马”，“从来不会因任何人的好话而忘乎所以”等等言语，但搞定他们其实很简单。只需赞扬他们毫无虚荣心，他们就会任你摆布。

After all, vanity is as much a virtue as a vice. It is easy to recite copybook maxims against its sinfulness, but it is a passion that can move us to good as well as to evil. Ambition is only vanity ennobled. We want to win praise and admiration—or fame as we prefer to name it—and so we write great books, and paint grand pictures, and sing sweet songs; and toil with willing hands in study, loom, and laboratory.

归根到底，虚荣心既是一种美德，也是一种恶行。要列举陈腐的名言警句来批判虚荣的罪恶绝非难事，但虚荣却的确带给我们一股激情，既能推动我们行善，也能诱使我们作恶。所谓雄心壮志，也不过是升华了的虚荣心而已。我们渴望获得赞扬和欣赏——或者按照我们更喜欢的说法，我们渴望获得名誉——所以我们撰写长篇巨著，描绘恢宏画作，

演唱美妙歌谣；在书房中、织布机上、实验室内任劳任怨地工作。

We wish to become rich men, not in order to enjoy ease and comfort— all that any one man can taste of those may be purchased anywhere for 200 pounds per annum—but that our houses may be bigger and more gaudily furnished than our neighbors'; that our horses and servants may be more numerous; that we may dress our wives and daughters in absurd but expensive clothes; and that we may give costly dinners of which we ourselves individually do not eat a shilling's worth. And to do this we aid the world's work with clear and busy brain, spreading commerce among its peoples, carrying civilization to its remotest corners.

我们渴望变成富翁，却并非为了享受安逸和舒坦——所有那些任何人在任何地方每年花上200镑都能买到的生活——而是为了我们的房子能够比邻居家的更大，装修更华丽。我们能够拥有更多的马匹和佣人，我们能够让妻子和女儿穿上样式古怪但价值不菲的衣服，我们能够置办昂贵的晚餐，虽然我们自己连一先令的价值也没品出来。为了这一切，我们利用自己清晰、忙碌的头脑辅助这个世界的运作，将商业交易扩展到各个民族之间，将文明传播到世界上最偏远的角落。

Do not let us abuse vanity, therefore. Rather let us use it. Honor itself is but the highest form of vanity. The instinct is not confined solely to Beau Brummels¹⁰ and Dolly Vardens¹¹. There is the vanity of the peacock and the vanity of the eagle. Snobs are vain. But so, too, are heroes. Come, oh! My young brother bucks, let us be vain together. Let us join hands and help each other to increase our vanity. Let us be vain, not of our trousers and hair, but of brave hearts and working hands, of truth, of purity, of nobility. Let us be too vain to stoop to aught that is mean or base, too vain for petty selfishness and little-minded envy, too vain to say an unkind word or do an unkind act. Let us be vain of being single-hearted, upright gentlemen in the midst of a world of knaves. Let us pride ourselves upon thinking high thoughts, achieving great deeds, living good lives.

因此，不要滥用虚荣心，而要对它善加利用。荣誉本身也不过是虚荣心的最高表现形式。虚荣的本能并不仅属于布鲁梅尔和多莉·瓦登们。孔雀有虚荣心，老鹰也有虚荣心。势利小人爱慕虚荣，英雄好汉也不例外。啊，我年轻的兄弟们，来吧！让我们一起虚荣！让我们携起手来，助长彼此的虚荣心吧！让我们不为穿着和发型，只为了勇敢的心、勤劳的双手，为了真理、纯洁、高尚而虚荣吧！让我们充满虚荣，以至

于不屑为卑微或低俗屈尊俯就，不屑于小气量的私心和小心眼的嫉妒，不屑于说一句坏话，做一件坏事。让我们在这个恶棍横行的世界中，虚荣地做个诚实、正直的君子。让我们为自己崇高的思想、伟大的功绩、美好的生活而骄傲吧！

(1)摄政广场，现在叫皮卡迪利广场，是伦敦最有名的圆形广场，兴建于1892年。

(2)季度日，在英国和爱尔兰的传统中，一年有四个季度结账日，大概在春分、秋分、夏至和冬至日。这一天，主人可以更换佣人，各种租金和利息也在这一天结清。

(3)五朔节，是欧洲春天最古老的节日之一，旨在庆祝春天里百花盛开的景象。

(4)托马斯·珀西（1729—1811），英国诗人、主教、古物收藏家。

(5)波伊泽太太，乔治·艾略特小说中的村妇，“她就像一只以为太阳每天清晨升起来是为听它打鸣的公鸡”。

(6)七晷区，伦敦地名，为科文特加登旁一条著名的路口，有七条路在这里交汇。

(7)泰坦尼娅，中世纪民间传说中的仙后，是仙王奥伯龙的王后。

(8)帕耳忒诺珀，希腊神话里的塞壬女妖之一，因用歌声迷惑奥德修斯不成而投海自尽。

(9)约翰牛，对英国或英国人的绰号称谓，拟人化用语。

(10)博·布鲁梅尔（1778—1840），英国的一名纨绔子弟，其深色朴素的服式成为英国摄政时期男式流行服装的代表。

(11)多莉·瓦登，狄更斯小说《巴纳比·拉奇》中的一位女主人公，以其华美的服饰而闻名。

VI. On Getting On In The World

6. 出人头地

Not exactly the sort of thing for an idle fellow to think about, is it? But outsiders, you know, often see most of the game; and sitting in my arbor by the wayside, smoking my hookah of contentment and eating the sweet lotus-leaves of indolence, I can look out musingly upon the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles past me on the great high-road of life.

这并不是懒人们会想的那类问题，对吧？但是你知道，通常总是旁观者清。坐在路边的树阴下，满足地抽两口水烟袋，懒散地嚼着香甜的忘忧树叶，我就可以若有所思地看着熙熙攘攘的人群从我眼前匆匆而过，连滚带爬地走在人生的大道上。

Never-ending is the wild procession. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.

这支疯狂的队伍永不停歇。不管是白天，还是黑夜，你都能听到他们匆忙而繁杂的脚步声——有些人在跑，有些人在走，而有些人步履蹒跚，走走停停。但在这场狂热的比赛中，所有人都在你追我赶，争先恐后，都将生命、身体、精神和灵魂发挥到了极限，期望触到成功那不断后退的地平线。

Mark them as they surge along—men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, fair and foul, rich and poor, merry and sad—all hurrying, bustling, scrambling. The strong pushing aside the weak, the cunning creeping past the foolish; those behind elbowing those before; those in front kicking, as they run, at those behind. Look close and see the flitting show. Here is an old man panting for breath, and there a timid maiden driven by a hard and sharp-faced matron; here is a studious youth, reading "How to Get On in the World" and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book; here is a bored-looking man, with a fashionably dressed woman jogging his elbow; here a boy gazing wistfully back at the sunny village that he never again will see; here, with a firm and easy step, strides a broad-shouldered man; and

here, with stealthy tread, a thin-faced, stooping fellow dodges and shuffles upon his way; here, with gaze fixed always on the ground, an artful rogue carefully works his way from side to side of the road and thinks he is going forward; and here a youth with a noble face stands, hesitating as he looks from the distant goal to the mud beneath his feet.

看看这汹涌前行的人流吧——男的和女的、老的和少的、高贵的和低贱的、美丽的和丑陋的、贫穷的和富有的、快乐的和忧伤的——人人匆匆忙忙，吵吵闹闹，拥来挤去。强壮者把瘦弱者推到一边，狡猾者偷溜到迟钝者的前面；后面的人用胳膊肘推挤前面的人，前面的人又在奔跑时踢后面的人。仔细看看这飞驰而过的一幕幕吧！这边，一位年迈的老人正喘得上气不接下气；那边，一位羞怯的少女正被一个横眉怒目的主妇驱赶着前行。这边，一名好学的青年一面蹒跚而行，一面目不斜视地阅读着《如何出人头地》，任凭人们从他身边走过。那边，一名长相平平的男人正和打扮入时的女郎相携而行，女郎轻轻推着中年人的胳膊肘紧赶慢赶。这边，一个男孩留恋地回望着阳光照耀下的村庄，那是他永远不会再见到的地方；那边，一个肩膀宽阔的男人正步履稳健，昂首前行。这边，一个尖嘴猴腮、缩头缩脑的家伙正迈着鬼鬼祟祟的小步，见缝插针地钻别人的空子，一步一拖地往前走；那边，一个狡猾的无赖正眼不离地，精打细算地从路的一端穿到另一端，还自以为在前行。路边还站着一位神情高贵的青年，他看看遥远的目标，又看看脚下泥泞的土地，踟蹰不前。

And now into sight comes a fair girl, with her dainty face growing more wrinkled at every step, and now a care-worn man, and now a hopeful lad.

现在，映入我们眼帘的是一位漂亮姑娘，然而每走一步，她秀丽的容颜就增添一道皱纹。她身后是一位愁绪满怀的男子，再之后是一位雄心勃勃的小伙子。

A motley throng—a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, butcher and baker and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, and plowboys and sailors—all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothes-man under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in his scarlet, and here the undertaker's mute in streaming hat-band and worn cotton gloves; here the musty scholar fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician crying his legislative panaceas, and here the peripatetic Cheap-Jack holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist and there the sinewy laborer; here the man of science and here the shoe-black; here the poet and here the water-rate

collector; here the cabinet minister and there the ballet-dancer. Here a red-nosed publican shouting the praises of his vats and there a temperance lecturer at 50 pounds a night; here a judge and there a swindler; here a priest and there a gambler. Here a jeweled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging-house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a wabbling, strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

这支队伍鱼龙混杂——真是鱼龙混杂！王子和乞丐，罪人和圣徒，屠夫、面包师和烛台匠，补锅匠和裁缝，还有农家子弟和水手——所有的人都在彼此推搡着前进。这边是头戴假发、身穿法袍的律师；而这边是戴着邈邈头饰的犹太老裁缝。这边是穿着鲜红制服的军人；而这边是头顶飘着黑色缎带的丧帽，手戴破旧棉布手套，缄口不言的殡仪员。这边，腐朽的老学究颤颤巍巍地抚摸着他那已经字迹暗淡的书页；而这边，洒了香水的男演员披着他的海豹皮大衣极尽招摇。这边，巧舌如簧的政客在高声叫卖自己有关立法的济世灵药；而这边，四海为家的江湖小贩也在吹嘘着他那骗人的治病良方。这边是红光满面的资本家，那边是身强体壮的劳动者。这边是科学家，这边是擦鞋匠。这边是诗人，这边是水费收缴员。这边是内阁大臣，那边是芭蕾舞演员。这边，红鼻子的酒馆老板大声夸耀他的大桶酒藏；那边，演说家每晚收费五十镑宣传戒酒。这边是法官，那边是骗子。这边是牧师，而那边是赌徒。这边是珠光宝气的公爵夫人，面带微笑、亲切大方；这边是面黄肌瘦的公寓管理员，发现谁做饭就会大发雷霆；而这边还有个打扮俗艳的妓女大摇大摆地一路走来。

Cheek by cheek they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on—on through the heat and the crowd and the dust—on, or they will be trampled down and lost—on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs—on, till the heart grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred, and a gurgling groan tells those behind they may close up another space.

他们脸贴着脸奋勇前行。他们肩挨着肩，尖叫着，咒骂着，祈祷着，笑着，唱着，呻吟着，冲向前方。他们从未放慢脚步，也从未停止赛跑。没有时间让他们在路边停歇，没有清凉的泉水供他们驻足，更没有绿阴供他们停留。前进，前进，前进——在炎热中，在人潮中，在尘土中不停地前进——前进，不然会被后面的人踩在脚下，输掉比赛——前进，虽然头昏脑胀，步履蹒跚——前进，直到内心疲惫，目光模糊，

口齿不清地呻吟着告诉那些后面的人：你们可以过来填补我的空缺。

And yet, in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who but the sluggard or the dolt can hold aloof from the course? Who—like the belated traveler that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult and not be drawn into its midst? Not I, for one. I confess to the wayside arbor, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounded very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbors smoking pipes when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask if there was going to be a row —" 'Cos, if so, father would like to be in it."

可是，虽然道路崎岖，前进的速度也让人疲惫不堪，但除了懒汉和傻瓜，有谁能逃离这人生的赛跑呢？就像那个天色已晚尚在赶路的旅人一样，站在一旁观看精灵狂欢，最后终于忍不住夺过小妖精的酒杯一饮而尽，并且纵身跳入令人眩晕的喧闹之中，我们中间又有谁能冷眼旁观狂欢的人群，而不被吸引加入其中呢？起码我就做不到。老实说，路边的树阴，令人心满意足的烟斗，以及忘忧树叶都是不恰当的比喻。它们听起来非常美妙，也显得很达观，但我恐怕不属于那种面对外面世界的精彩，还可以坐在树阴里悠然地抽烟斗的人。我觉得我更像那个爱尔兰人，他只要看到一堆人聚在一起，就会派自己的小女儿出去打探情况，问问是不是有人吵架，“因为，要是有人吵架，爸爸也想去凑个热闹。”

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it—battling their way bravely and fairly—that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood like the tales of "knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" that thrilled us in our school-boy days.

我爱激烈的冲突。我喜欢旁观，也喜欢听到有人挺身而出——英勇而光明正大地为自己战斗——那就是说，不是靠运气和诡计逃避战斗。撒克逊人古老的好战因子被激发出来，就像在学生时代听到“斩妖除魔的骑士故事”一样，我们就会热血沸腾。

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too. There are giants and dragons in this nineteenth century, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the storybooks. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the tear-drop from his eye, and goes off—to return in three years' time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us "how it's done," which is a pity, for it would surely prove

exciting.

生活中的战斗就是和令人生畏的未知事物斗争。十九世纪的今天，也有巨人和恶龙，而他们守护的那个金色宝箱，却不像故事书里所说的那么容易拿到。故事里，阿尔杰农长久地凝视着祖屋泪如雨下，然后转身启程——三年后他衣锦还乡，腰缠万贯。但是作者却偏偏略过了他“怎么变富”的那三年，这真是个遗憾，因为那段故事肯定会令人激动不已。

But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of their hero. They linger for a dozen pages over a tea-party, but sum up a life's history with "he had become one of our merchant princes," or "he was now a great artist, with the world at his feet." Why, there is more real life in one of Gilbert's¹ patter-songs than in half the biographical novels ever written. He relates to us all the various steps by which his office-boy rose to be the "ruler of the queen's navee,"² and explains to us how the brief less barrister managed to become a great and good judge, "ready to try this breach of promise of marriage."³ It is in the petty details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

然而，一千个小说家中，也没有一个会告诉我们他们笔下主人公的真实经历。他们花费十几页的笔墨描写一场茶会，却把人一生的故事浓缩成“他成了我们这个时代的商业巨子之一”，或是“他如今是一位伟大的艺术家，将世界踩在脚下”。为什么吉尔伯特一首顺口溜中反映的现实，都比那些传记小说所写的一半还真实。他告诉我们他笔下的办公室小职员升职到“女王海军统领”中间所经历的每一步，并向我们解释接不到官司的律师如何变身成为伟大而优秀的法官，并“决心试试这个违背婚姻承诺的官司”。让我们感兴趣的是事情发展的细枝末节，而不是结局的皆大欢喜。

What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden under-current of an ambitious man's career—his struggles, and failures, and hopes, his disappointments and victories. It would be an immense success. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh-and-blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar; for Fortune is, indeed, as the ancients painted her, very like a woman—not quite so unreasonable and inconsistent, but nearly so—and the pursuit is much the same in one case as in the other. Ben Jonson's⁴ couplet—

我们真正想在一本小说里读到的，是雄心勃勃的人们职业生涯下所

有潜藏着的暗流——他的奋斗与失败，希望与失望，还有他大大小小的成功。这样的小说，绝对会是巨大的成功。我相信追求命运女神会和追求任何一位有血有肉的少女一样，是个有趣的故事，而且读起来也会极为相似；因为命运女神的的确确像我们祖先所描绘的那样，就像一个普通女人——虽然少了些不可理喻、反复无常，但也相差不大——所以追求两者的过程也大概是差不多的。本·琼森的对句——

"Court a mistress, she denies you; Let her alone, she will court you"—

“追她的时候，她避之不及；不理她的时候，她倒来追你。”

puts them both in a nutshell. A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her; and it is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face and turned on your heel that she begins to smile upon you.

这很好地总结了两者的相同点。女人从来不将全副心思放在恋人身上，除非恋人不再将全副心思放在她身上；命运女神绝不会对你微笑，除非你当着她的面把手掰得噼啪作响，然后掉头离去。

But by that time you do not much care whether she smiles or frowns. Why could she not have smiled when her smiles would have filled you with ecstasy? Everything comes too late in this world.

但是到了那个时刻，你已不再关心她是笑是颦了。当她展颜一笑就能让你欣喜若狂时，为什么她却不肯笑笑？这世上的一切，总是来得太迟。

Good people say that it is quite right and proper that it should be so, and that it proves ambition is wicked.

好人们会说：事情本就如此，再天经地义不过，而且，这也证明野心是邪恶的东西。

Bosh! Good people are altogether wrong. (They always are, in my opinion. We never agree on any single point.) What would the world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Why, it would be as flabby as a Norfolk dumpling. Ambitious people are the leaven which raises it into wholesome bread. Without ambitious people the world would never get up. They are busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting, and rattling the fire-irons, and rendering it generally impossible for the rest of the house to remain in bed.

这真是胡说八道！好人们彻底错了（在我看来他们一向如此。我们从来没在哪件事情上取得过一致）。我倒想知道如果这个世界上少了那些野心勃勃的家伙，会变成什么样子？它肯定会像诺福克面团一样粘软

无力。野心家们就是加在其中的酵母，让面团变成了营养丰富的面包。少了他们，世界就永远不会有所进步。他们从清晨就开始忙忙碌碌，锤锤打打，吵吵嚷嚷，把火铲翻弄得当当作响。有了他们，房子里的其他人基本不可能躺在床上继续睡觉。

Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth! The men wrong who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward from generation to generation! Men wrong for using the talents that their Master has intrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

野心勃勃是错误的，可不是！错就错在他们弯腰弓背，满头大汗，为一代代人的前进开辟通天大道！错就错在他们利用主赋予他们的才华，在别人玩乐享受的时候辛勤工作！

Of course they are seeking their reward. Man is not given that godlike unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labor for himself alone. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mold the universe. The stream in struggling onward turns the mill-wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cell, joins continents to one another; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Caesar fought for their own ends, but in doing so they put a belt of civilization half round the earth. Stephenson⁵, to win a fortune, invented the steam-engine; and Shakespeare wrote his plays in order to keep a comfortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the little Shakespeares.

他们当然不会不求回报。人类没有神一般的无私心肠，只为他人谋取福利。但是，他们为自己奋斗的同时，也是在为我们所有人奋斗。我们是如此休戚相关，任何人都不可能做到只为自己劳动。每个人都在挥动铁锤，为自己捶打，同时也在塑造着整个宇宙。河流奋力向前奔腾的同时带动了磨坊水轮的旋转；珊瑚虫在打造自己小窝的同时，将不同的大陆连成了一片；野心家们为自己建造的塑像底座，成了子孙后代的纪念碑；亚历山大和凯撒为了自己的目标四处征战，但却为半个地球带来了文明；斯蒂芬森是为了获取财富而发明了蒸汽机；莎士比亚是为了给妻儿营造一个温馨的家才写下那一篇篇传世的巨作。

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable, if not particularly intelligent, audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so

long as they keep quiet. But do not, for goodness' sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are the deadheads, the drones in the great hive, the street crowds that lounge about, gaping at those who are working.

小富即安、胸无大志的人们也很不错。他们为巨幅画像提供了整洁而不可或缺的背景，他们是举止得体但并不十分聪明的观众，静静观看前方那些积极分子活跃在时代的舞台上。只要他们保持沉默，我对容易知足的人们没有任何意见。但是上天保佑，可千万别让他们招摇过市，就像他们非常喜欢做的那样，高声宣扬自己才是人类的范本。他们是免费看戏的闲人，是巨大蜂房里不做工的雄蜂，是在街上闲逛的一伙，看到别人工作，还要张开大嘴打个哈欠。

And let them not imagine, either—as they are also fond of doing—that they are very wise and philosophical and that it is a very artful thing to be contented. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a donkey, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow. "Oh, you need not bother about him," is what is said; "he is very contented as he is, and it would be a pity to disturb him." And so your contented party is passed over and the discontented man gets his place.

也不要让他们胡思乱想——这也是他们喜欢做的——认为自己睿智达观，认为能做到知足是一件巧妙机灵的事情。“知足常乐”，这句话或许没错，但对一头驴来说也是这样，而结果就是：两者都被任意摆布，随意对待。“哦，你用不着替他操心，”人们常常说，“他对自己目前的生活很满意，打扰他会令人遗憾。”然后，这些知足常乐的家伙就被草草忽略，而那些永不知足的人却找到了自己的位置。

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don't you won't get any. In this world it is necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred you will only get ten.

假如你竟然傻到可以心满意足，千万不要表现出来，而要和其他人一起发发牢骚。如果一丁点儿就能令你满足，记住还是得要一大块。因为假如你不这样做，连一丁点儿你都得不到。在这个世界上，原告上法庭要求损害赔偿的原则还是必要的，想要一倍，就得要求十倍。假如一百块能够满足你，开始就得坚持要一千；如果张嘴就只要一百，最后你

只能得到十块钱。

It was by not following this simple plan that poor Jean Jacques Rousseau⁶ came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels, and a cattle-show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one head of live-stock, and even possibly have come across that rara-avis—a really amiable woman.

可怜的让·雅克·卢梭就是因为没有遵循这个简单的计划，才会过得如此悲惨。他将最幸福的世俗生活定义为：一个果园，一位温柔可爱的女人和一头奶牛。可就是这样的生活，他也从未得到过。他确实有了一个果园，但是身边的女人却并不温柔可爱，她带了她的妈妈一起来生活，而且还没有奶牛。既然这样，假如他下定决心，要得到一座宏大的庄园、一屋子天使以及一群牛羊，倒说不定还能指望在活着的时候拥有自己的一个菜园子、一头牲畜，甚至可能碰到那种稀世珍宝——一位真正温柔可爱的女人。

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth do they occupy their thoughts with, supposing that they have any? Reading the paper and smoking seems to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the flute and talking about the affairs of the next-door neighbor.

对于容易满足的人们来说，生活又该是一件多么枯燥无味的事情！时间握在他们的手里是多么沉重，每天到底该用什么事情填补思想呢？假如他们还有一点儿想法的话。对于他们中的大多数人来说，读报和抽烟似乎就算是汲取精神食粮了，有些精力更充沛的，还会吹吹长笛，说说邻居的家长里短。

They never knew the excitement of expectation nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects, and hopes, and plans. To the ambitious man life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, the soldier

in the battle.

他们永远不了解满怀期待的那种兴奋，也不懂得付出的努力有所回报时那种踏实的愉悦。而这些则会激励那些有目标、有期望、有计划的人们，让他们热血沸腾。对于雄心勃勃的人来说，生活是一场精妙无比的游戏——要求他利用所有的智慧，投入全部的精神，调动全身的神经——从长远来看，只有那些目光敏锐、手法老练的人才能成为最后的赢家，但是游戏成功却又包含了许多偶然因素，这使它充满了激动人心的不确定性。他醉心于这场游戏，就像沉醉于巨浪的强壮泳者、全力搏斗的运动员、冲锋陷阵的士兵。

And if he be defeated he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a run. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.

就算战败，他也赢得了严酷的战斗所带来的快乐；即使输掉比赛，至少他曾奋力奔跑过。经历过奋斗和失败，总比浑浑噩噩睡过整个人生要好。

So, walk up, walk up, walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength; brave your luck and prove your pluck. Walk up! The show is never closed and the game is always going. The only genuine sport in all the fair, gentlemen—highly respectable and strictly moral—patronized by the nobility, clergy, and gentry. Established in the year one, gentlemen, and been flourishing ever since—walk up! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take a hand. There are prizes for all and all can play. There is gold for the man and fame for the boy; rank for the maiden and pleasure for the fool. So walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!—all prizes and no blanks; for some few win, and as to the rest, why—

所以前进，前进，前进吧。前进吧，女士们先生们！前进吧，小伙子小姑娘！展示你们的才华，施展你们的才能，挑战你们的命运，证明你们的勇气。前进吧！人生的大幕永不会落下，人生的游戏将永远延续。先生们，这是人生竞技场上唯一真正的运动——体体面面，规规矩矩——备受贵族、牧师和绅士名流们的推崇。先生们，它创始于公元元年，从此兴旺发展——前进吧！前进吧，女士们先生们，加入到这个游戏中来吧。人人都能参加，个个都有奖品。奖给男人的是财富，奖给男孩的是名誉；奖给少女的是地位，奖给傻瓜的是快乐。所以，前进吧，女士们先生们，前进吧！个个有奖，无人遗漏；少数人会胜出，剩下的人嘛——

"The rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."⁷

“追逐时的快乐，就是失败者的奖品。”

(1) 威廉·施文克·吉尔伯特（1836—1911），英国剧作家、文学家、诗人，写过富于幽默感的打油诗。

(2) 这是轻歌剧《皮纳弗号》的剧情。

(3) 这是轻歌剧《陪审团的审判》中的剧情和台词。

(4) 本·琼森（1572—1637），英国诗人、剧作家、评论家，著作有《炼金术士》。

(5) 乔治·斯蒂芬森（1781—1848），英国工程师、发明家，发明了新型蒸汽机车和蒸汽鼓风法。

(6) 让·雅克·卢梭（1712—1778），法国著名启蒙思想家、文学家。著作有《民约论》、小说《爱弥尔》、自传《忏悔录》等。

(7) 该诗句引自美国19世纪浪漫主义诗人亨利·沃兹沃思·朗费罗的诗歌。

VII. On The Weather

7.天气问题

Things do go so contrary-like with me. I wanted to hit upon an especially novel, out-of-the-way subject for one of these articles. "I will write one paper about something altogether new," I said to myself; "something that nobody else has ever written or talked about before; and then I can have it all my own way." And I went about for days, trying to think of something of this kind; and I couldn't. And Mrs. Cutting, our charwoman, came yesterday—I don't mind mentioning her name, because I know she will not see this book. She would not look at such a frivolous publication. She never reads anything but the Bible and Lloyd's Weekly News. All other literature she considers unnecessary and sinful.

事事总是有悖我意。我希望能为这堆文章中的某一篇想出一个特别新颖、出人意料的主题。我自言自语道：“我要写写那些彻彻底底的新鲜玩意儿，没人写过，也没人聊过，这样就可以随我所想任意发挥了。”此后，我冥思苦想数天，想找到这样的题目，但毫无所获。卡廷太太，我们的女佣，昨天来了——我不在乎说出她的名字，因为我知道她不会看到这本书。她对这种无关紧要的著作瞧都不会瞧一眼。《圣经》和《劳埃德新闻周刊》之外的东西她从来不读，因为所有其他的文学作品在她眼中都是多余而罪恶的。

She said: "Lor', sir, you do look worried."

她说：“天啊，先生，您看起来真焦虑。”

I said: "Mrs. Cutting, I am trying to think of a subject the discussion of which will come upon the world in the nature of a startler—some subject upon which no previous human being has ever said a word—some subject that will attract by its novelty, invigorate by its surprising freshness."

我说：“卡廷太太，我在想一个选题，最好世人谈到它的时候都会感到震惊——得是所有前人从未提及的选题——要以它的新颖别致吸引读者，靠它的别开生面、闻所未闻来鼓舞读者。”

She laughed and said I was a funny gentleman.

她一边笑一边说我是个有趣的人。

That's my luck again. When I make serious observations people chuckle; when I attempt a joke nobody sees it. I had a beautiful one last week. I thought it so good, and I worked it up and brought it in artfully at a dinner-party. I forget how exactly, but we had been talking about the attitude of Shakespeare toward the Reformation, and I said something and immediately added, "Ah, that reminds me; such a funny thing happened the other day in Whitechapel." "Oh," said they, "what was that?" "Oh, 'twas awfully funny," I replied, beginning to giggle myself; "it will make you roar;" and I told it them.

又是这样，这就是我的命。我正儿八经地发表评论，大家就嘻嘻哈哈地笑；我试图开玩笑的时候，却没人听得出来。上周我就找到一个极为完美的笑话。我觉得它特别有趣，于是我整理好了，然后费尽心机地将它带到了一场晚宴上。具体过程我忘了，但我们谈到了莎士比亚对于宗教改革的态度，我说了些什么，然后赶紧加上“啊，说到这个，我倒想起来前几天在白教堂区的一件好玩事”。“哦，”他们说道，“怎么回事？”“哦，那事儿实在太好笑了。”我回答着，自己先哈哈地笑了起来，“你们会笑翻的。”然后，我就给他们讲起来。

There was dead silence when I finished—it was one of those long jokes, too—and then, at last, somebody said: "And that was the joke?"

讲完之后，现场一片死寂——那个笑话也确实长了些——之后，终于有人说话了：“这就是你说的那件好笑的事？”

I assured them that it was, and they were very polite and took my word for it. All but one old gentleman at the other end of the table, who wanted to know which was the joke—what he said to her or what she said to him; and we argued it out.

我告诉他们确实如此，他们很有礼貌，也相信了我的话。只有一个在桌子另一头的老先生还想知道好笑的地方在哪儿——是他对她说的话，还是她对他说的话。然后我们还就此争论了一番。

Some people are too much the other way. I knew a fellow once whose natural tendency to laugh at everything was so strong that if you wanted to talk seriously to him, you had to explain beforehand that what you were going to say would not be amusing. Unless you got him to clearly understand this, he would go off into fits of merriment over every word you uttered. I have known him on being asked the time stop short in the middle of the road, slap his leg, and burst into a roar of laughter. One never dared say anything really funny to that man. A good joke would have killed him on the spot.

还有一些人则截然相反。我曾经认识一个人，他天生看什么东西都

觉得十分好笑，以至于如果你要想正儿八经地和他说话，非得提前声明，你要谈的话题没有任何可笑之处。如果不让他搞清楚这一点，你说的每个词都会让他捧腹大笑。我见过有人向他打听时间，然后他就站在路中央，拍着腿，哈哈大笑起来。大家从不敢对那家伙说真正有趣的事儿，一个好点儿的笑话能当场要了他的命。

In the present instance I vehemently repudiated the accusation of frivolity, and pressed Mrs. Cutting for practical ideas. She then became thoughtful and hazarded "samplers;" saying that she never heard them spoken much of now, but that they used to be all the rage when she was a girl.

这一次，我狠狠地批评了卡廷太太对我轻率的指责，逼她提出些可行的意见。她于是沉思起来，然后鼓起勇气说出了“刺绣样品”，还说现在不大能听到人们谈论这个话题了，但她还是姑娘的时候，这东西还是很流行的。

I declined samplers and begged her to think again. She pondered a long while, with a tea-tray in her hands, and at last suggested the weather, which she was sure had been most trying of late.

我否决了“刺绣样品”的提议，恳求她再好好想想。她端着茶盘沉思了许久，最后建议我写写天气，因为没有什么比最近的天气更让她烦躁的了。

And ever since that idiotic suggestion, I have been unable to get the weather out of my thoughts or anything else in.

而自从听到那个愚蠢的建议后，我就再也没法把天气赶出我的思想，或让其他题目进入我的脑海了。

It certainly is most wretched weather. At all events it is so now at the time I am writing, and if it isn't particularly unpleasant when I come to be read it soon will be.

最近的天气的确再糟糕不过了。不管怎么说，在我写作的此时此刻，天气就很差。即使你们读这篇东西的时候天气还好，不久之后它也会变糟。

It always is wretched weather according to us. The weather is like the government—always in the wrong. In summer-time we say it is stifling; in winter that it is killing; in spring and autumn we find fault with it for being neither one thing nor the other and wish it would make up its mind. If it is fine we say the country is being ruined for want of rain; if it does rain we pray for fine weather. If December passes without snow, we indignantly demand to know what has become of our good old-fashioned winters, and talk as if we

had been cheated out of something we had bought and paid for; and when it does snow, our language is a disgrace to a Christian nation. We shall never be content until each man makes his own weather and keeps it to himself.

而对我们来说，天气永远不够好。天气就像政府——错的总是它。夏天的时候，我们说天闷得让人窒息；冬天的时候，又冷得要命；春天和秋天的时候，我们也要挑它的毛病，觉得它不是太这样就是太那样，怎么就不能打定主意，维持一个状态。如果天气晴朗，我们就说不下雨，乡下的庄稼都要枯死了；下雨了，我们又要盼它放晴。如果十二月份没下雪就过去了，我们会愤然质询我们以往那令人愉悦的冬天出了什么问题，语气就好像我们买了东西付了钱，却又被人把东西骗走了一样；而当确实下雪的时候，我们又口出恶言，嘴里骂的脏话足以让一个信仰基督教的国家蒙羞。我们永远不会满足，除非每人都能决定自己的天气，还不会影响到他人。

If that cannot be arranged, we would rather do without it altogether.

如果做不到这点，我们宁可什么天气也不要。

Yet I think it is only to us in cities that all weather is so unwelcome. In her own home, the country, Nature is sweet in all her moods. What can be more beautiful than the snow, falling big with mystery in silent softness, decking the fields and trees with white as if for a fairy wedding! And how delightful is a walk when the frozen ground rings beneath our swinging tread—when our blood tingles in the rare keen air, and the sheep-dogs' distant bark and children's laughter peals faintly clear like Alpine bells across the open hills! And then skating! Scudding with wings of steel across the swaying ice, making whirring music as we fly. And oh, how dainty is spring—Nature at sweet eighteen!

然而我又想，只有对我们这些住在城里的人来说，才是不论什么天气都那么不受欢迎。在乡下的老家，大自然以任何心情出现，都是甜美可爱的。有什么能比下雪更美呢，大片奇妙的雪花柔软而安静地落下，田野和树木银装素裹，仿佛是为了仙女的婚礼布的景一般！而在结冰的大地上行走，听着地面随着我们脚步轻快的起落咯吱作响，又是多么开心的事——我们的血液在稀薄而凛冽的空气中沸腾，牧羊犬的叫声和孩子们的笑声微弱而清晰地从远处传来，仿佛阿尔卑斯山的钟声响彻空阔的山谷！还有溜冰！我们插上铁质的翅膀在摇晃的冰面上疾驰，一边飞翔一边在冰面上奏出音乐般呼呼的声响。还有春天——娇艳明媚的春天里，大自然就像甜美的十八岁少女。

When the little hopeful leaves peep out so fresh and green, so pure and

bright, like young lives pushing shyly out into the bustling world; when the fruit-tree blossoms, pink and white, like village maidens in their Sunday frocks, hide each whitewashed cottage in a cloud of fragile splendor; and the cuckoo's note upon the breeze is wafted through the woods! And summer, with its deep dark green and drowsy hum—when the rain-drops whisper solemn secrets to the listening leaves and the twilight lingers in the lanes! And autumn! Ah, how sadly fair, with its golden glow and the dying grandeur of its tinted woods—its blood-red sunsets and its ghostly evening mists, with its busy murmur of reapers, and its laden orchards, and the calling of the gleaners, and the festivals of praise!

生机勃勃的新叶纷纷探头而出，新鲜而嫩绿，纯净而明亮，就像初出茅庐的年轻人羞涩地踏入这纷扰的世界；果树开花时，花朵有粉有白，宛如穿着礼拜服的乡间少女，将石灰粉刷的农舍掩映在它淡雅的光彩中；还有微风带着布谷鸟的音符飘飘荡荡地穿林而过！还有那树阴浓郁、蝉鸣声声，让人昏昏欲睡的夏日——雨点向聆听的树叶柔声倾诉着深沉的秘密，暮光在乡间小路上流连忘返！还有秋天！啊，美好而凄凉的秋日里，有金黄色的光晕，还有即将洗去壮丽风采的斑斓树林——血红色的夕阳，朦胧的暮霭，还有收割者忙碌的低语，硕果累累的果园，拾穗人的呼唤和赞颂的欢宴！

The very rain, and sleet, and hail seem only Nature's useful servants when found doing their simple duties in the country; and the East Wind himself is nothing worse than a boisterous friend when we meet him between the hedge-rows.

那雨、雨夹雪和冰雹在乡间各自执行其简单任务的时候，看起来都只是大自然忠实的奴仆；东风也不过是我们在篱笆夹道间遇到的那位脾气暴躁的朋友。

But in the city where the painted stucco blisters under the smoky sun, and the sooty rain brings slush and mud, and the snow lies piled in dirty heaps, and the chill blasts whistle down dingy streets and shriek round flaring gas lit corners, no face of Nature charms us. Weather in towns is like a skylark in a counting-house—out of place and in the way. Towns ought to be covered in, warmed by hot-water pipes, and lighted by electricity. The weather is a country lass and does not appear to advantage in town. We liked well enough to flirt with her in the hay-field, but she does not seem so fascinating when we meet her in Pall Mall¹. There is too much of her there. The frank, free laugh

and hearty voice that sounded so pleasant in the dairy jars against the artificiality of town-bred life, and her ways become exceedingly trying.

然而在城市里，墙上粉刷的灰泥被冒烟的太阳暴晒到起皮，夹杂着煤烟的黑雨将大地搞得泥泞不堪，肮脏的雪堆在一起，凛冽的寒风呼啸着刮过阴暗的街道，然后尖叫着冲过灯火通明的街角。在这里，大自然的任何一个表情，都无法打动我们的心。城市的天气就像账房中的一只云雀——不仅不合时宜，而且碍手碍脚。城市应该是被遮盖起来，靠热水管道取暖，用电力照明。天气就像一个乡村少女，在城市里没有任何优势。如果在草场上遇到她，我们非常愿意和她调笑一番，但若在蓓尔美尔街见到她，她就似乎没有那么魅力十足了。她在那儿会显得非常多余。爽朗无忌的大笑和真诚恳切的言语在牛奶场里是那么令人愉快，然而这与城市生活的虚伪做作却格格不入。她的言谈举止一下子变得非常令人难受。

Just lately she has been favoring us with almost incessant rain for about three weeks; and I am a damned damp, moist, unpleasant body, as Mr. Mantalini² puts it.

就在前一阵，她又以几乎持续了近三周的雨水关照了我们，而我就像蒙塔里尼先生所说的那样，成了一具极其潮湿而又讨人厌的死尸。

Our next-door neighbor comes out in the back garden every now and then and says it's doing the country a world of good—not his coming out into the back garden, but the weather. He doesn't understand anything about it, but ever since he started a cucumber-frame last summer he has regarded himself in the light of an agriculturist, and talks in this absurd way with the idea of impressing the rest of the terrace with the notion that he is a retired farmer. I can only hope that for this once he is correct, and that the weather really is doing good to something, because it is doing me a considerable amount of damage. It is spoiling both my clothes and my temper. The latter I can afford, as I have a good supply of it, but it wounds me to the quick to see my dear old hats and trousers sinking, prematurely worn and aged, beneath the cold world's blasts and snows.

我们隔壁的邻居隔三差五地从屋里来到后院，说这可是帮了乡村的大忙——帮忙的不是他从屋里来到后院这事儿，而是下雨的天气。他其实对此一无所知，可自从去年夏天在家里搭了一个黄瓜架之后，他就把自己当作农学家了，并且总是以这种可笑的语气说话，企图让四邻八舍都认为他是个退休了的农场主。我只希望这次他没有说错，这种天气还

不是全无用处，因为起码它对我造成了不小的伤害。我的衣服和脾气都因为这雨，变得糟透了。后者我还可以忍受，因为我从来不缺脾气，可看到我亲爱的旧帽子和旧裤子在这个寒冷世界之暴风雪的渗透下一点点发霉，早早地破旧残损，这真是正中我的痛处。

There is my new spring suit, too. A beautiful suit it was, and now it is hanging up so bespattered with mud I can't bear to look at it.

还有我那崭新的春季西服。它一度那么笔挺帅气，可如今，却被挂了起来，上面被溅得满是泥点，我都不忍心看了。

That was Jim's fault, that was. I should never have gone out in it that night if it had not been for him. I was just trying it on when he came in. He threw up his arms with a wild yell the moment he caught sight of it, and exclaimed that he had "got 'em again!"

这全是吉姆的错，都怪他。要不是他，我那晚绝对不会穿着这件衣服出门。他进来的时候，我只是在试穿一下而已。可他一看见这衣服，就挥舞着双臂，大声喊道：“再穿一次！”

I said: "Does it fit all right behind?"

我问：“后面看起来合不合身？”

"Spiffin, old man," he replied. And then he wanted to know if I was coming out.

“真漂亮，老兄。”他回答道。然后他就问我是不是要出门。

I said "no" at first, but he overruled me. He said that a man with a suit like that had no right to stop indoors. "Every citizen," said he, "owes a duty to the public. Each one should contribute to the general happiness as far as lies in his power. Come out and give the girls a treat."

我一开始说“不去”，但他驳回了我的话。他说，穿这种西服的人是没有权利留在家里的。“每个公民，”他说，“都对公众负有责任。每个人都应该尽自己所能为大众的幸福作出贡献。出来吧，让女孩们饱饱眼福。”

Jim is slangy. I don't know where he picks it up. It certainly is not from me.

吉姆就是俗话多。我不知道他从哪儿学来的这些俗话，反正不是从我这儿。

I said: "Do you think it will really please 'em?" He said it would be like a day in the country to them.

我说：“你觉得女孩们真的会喜欢这件衣服吗？”他说，这件衣服会带给她们乡间一日游的快乐。

That decided me. It was a lovely evening and I went.

这话让我下了定决心。夜色温柔，我出门了。

When I got home I undressed and rubbed myself down with whisky, put my feet in hot water and a mustard-plaster on my chest, had a basin of gruel and a glass of hot brandy-and-water, tallowed my nose, and went to bed.

然而回家之后，我脱掉衣服，用威士忌按摩了全身，用热水烫了脚，在胸口贴了芥子膏，喝了一大碗稀粥和一大杯热的兑水白兰地，在鼻子上抹了香脂，然后上床睡觉。

These prompt and vigorous measures, aided by a naturally strong constitution, were the means of preserving my life; but as for the suit! Well, there, it isn't a suit; it's a splash-board.

正是这些迅速而有力的措施和我天生健壮的体格，保证了我的性命无虞。但是，至于那套西装！呵呵，它嘛，已经算不上西装了，根本就是一个挡泥板。

And I did fancy that suit, too. But that's just the way. I never do get particularly fond of anything in this world but what something dreadful happens to it. I had a tame rat when I was a boy, and I loved that animal as only a boy would love an old water-rat; and one day it fell into a large dish of gooseberry-fool that was standing to cool in the kitchen, and nobody knew what had become of the poor creature until the second helping.

我确实也很喜欢那套西装，可事情还是这么发生了。我从来不会特别喜欢这世上的什么东西，除非它遭遇了什么极其糟糕的事情。小时候，我养了一只温顺的宠物鼠，我对它的爱就是一个小男孩对一只老水鼠才有的那种爱。然后有一天，它跌进了放在厨房里冷却的一大盘醋栗奶油糖浆里。没人知道这可怜的小东西遇到了什么情况，直到有一天大家再次拿出醋栗奶油糖浆来吃时才发现。

I do hate wet weather in town. At least, it is not so much the wet as the mud that I object to. Somehow or other I seem to possess an irresistible alluring power over mud. I have only to show myself in the street on a muddy day to be half-smothered by it. It all comes of being so attractive, as the old lady said when she was struck by lightning. Other people can go out on dirty days and walk about for hours without getting a speck upon themselves; while if I go across the road I come back a perfect disgrace to be seen (as in my boyish days my poor dear mother tried often to tell me). If there were only one dab of mud to be found in the whole of London, I am convinced I should carry it off from all competitors.

我的确痛恨城市里的潮湿天气。然而，它至少还没有我讨厌的泥巴

那么湿。不知什么原因，我似乎对泥巴有种不可抗拒的吸引力。泥泞的天气中，我只需到街上露个脸，就能被泥巴弄得几乎窒息。所有的一切都是因为我太有魅力，就像那位被闪电击中的老太太说的一样。其他人在泥泞的日子里到处走几个小时，身上也沾不到一个泥点；而我只要过一下街，就会以一副不堪入目的样子回来（我还是个小男孩时，我可怜而亲爱的妈妈就经常这么说我）。假如整个伦敦只存在一个泥点子，那我也确信自己能从众多的竞争者中脱颖而出，成功地把它带回来。

I wish I could return the affection, but I fear I never shall be able to. I have a horror of what they call the "London particular." I feel miserable and muggy all through a dirty day, and it is quite a relief to pull one's clothes off and get into bed, out of the way of it all. Everything goes wrong in wet weather. I don't know how it is, but there always seem to me to be more people, and dogs, and perambulators, and cabs, and carts about in wet weather than at any other time, and they all get in your way more, and everybody is so disagreeable—except myself—and it does make me so wild. And then, too, somehow I always find myself carrying more things in wet weather than in dry; and when you have a bag, and three parcels, and a newspaper, and it suddenly comes on to rain, you can't open your umbrella.

我很希望能够回报泥巴的爱意，但我怕我永远都做不到了。我很害怕人们所谓的“伦敦特色”。在泥泞的日子里，我时刻感到痛苦异常，闷热不堪，最好的解脱方法就是脱掉衣服，上床睡觉，把所有一切丢在一边。潮湿的天气里，所有事情都会出差错。我不知道原因，但湿漉漉的天气里，总是有比其他任何时候更多的人、更多的狗、更多的婴儿车、更多的出租车、更多的马车在到处奔走，他们也比其他任何时间都更挡路。每个人都这么不好相处—除我之外—而这确实让我烦躁得发狂。而且，我也发现自己在潮湿的天气里总是比在干爽的天气里携带的东西更多。手里拿着一个包、三个包裹和一张报纸的时候，雨就突然下了起来，你连雨伞都没法撑开。

Which reminds me of another phase of the weather that I can't bear, and that is April weather (so called because it always comes in May). Poets think it very nice. As it does not know its own mind five minutes together, they liken it to a woman; and it is supposed to be very charming on that account. I don't appreciate it, myself. Such lightning change business may be all very agreeable in a girl. It is no doubt highly delightful to have to do with a person who grins one moment about nothing at all, and snivels the next for precisely the same cause, and who then giggles, and then sulks, and who is rude, and affectionate,

and bad-tempered, and jolly, and boisterous, and silent, and passionate, and cold, and stand-offish, and flopping, all in one minute (mind, I don't say this. It is those poets. And they are supposed to be connoisseurs of this sort of thing); but in the weather the disadvantages of the system are more apparent. A woman's tears do not make one wet, but the rain does; and her coldness does not lay the foundations of asthma and rheumatism, as the east wind is apt to. I can prepare for and put up with a regularly bad day, but these ha'porth-of-all-sorts kind of days do not suit me. It aggravates me to see a bright blue sky above me when I am walking along wet through, and there is something so exasperating about the way the sun comes out smiling after a drenching shower, and seems to say: "Lord love you, you don't mean to say you're wet? Well, I am surprised. Why, it was only my fun."

这又让我想起另外一个让我无法忍受的气候时段，那就是“四月天”（之所以这么叫，是因为它总是在五月来临）。诗人们认为它美妙至极。这种天气头脑清醒的时间加起来不到五分钟，所以人们总将它比作女子。这么说，那它应该是很迷人的。但我自己并不欣赏这种天气。这样闪电般的变化，放在一个女孩子身上，或许是很合宜的。如果一个人一会儿毫无缘故地咧嘴笑，然后马上又莫名其妙地痛哭流涕，然后又咯咯大笑，然后又生闷气，在一分钟之内可以又粗鲁，又温柔，又暴躁，又高兴，又吵闹，又安静，又热情，又冷漠，又冷淡，又活跃（注意：这话不是我说的，是那些诗人们说的，他们应该对这类东西很在行），那么，和他相处无疑是很快乐的。但如果把这一套表现放在天气里面，缺点就更明显了。女人的眼泪不会把人淋湿，可雨会；女人的冷漠不会为哮喘和风湿埋下祸根，可寒冷的东风却深谙此道。对有规律可循的坏天气，我可以有所准备，坚持熬过去，但是对这种什么花样都来一点儿的天气，我却无计可施。湿漉漉地走在路上时，看到头顶明朗的蓝天我就火冒三丈。尤其令人生气的就是，瓢泼大雨之后，太阳笑眯眯地露出脸庞，好像在说：“神还是爱你的，你不是要说你被淋湿了吧？呵呵，真让我吃惊，我不过跟你开个玩笑而已。”

They don't give you time to open or shut your umbrella in an English April, especially if it is an "automaton" one—the umbrella, I mean, not the April.

英国的四月天根本不给你时间撑开或者收起雨伞，尤其对于“自动的”来说——我是指雨伞，不是说四月。

I bought an "automaton" once in April, and I did have a time with it! I wanted an umbrella, and I went into a shop in the Strand³ and told them so, and

they said:

某年四月，我买过一次“自动伞”，可真是让我够受的！我想买把伞，所以去了斯特兰德大街的一家店，告诉他们我要买把伞。他们说：

"Yes, sir. What sort of an umbrella would you like?"

“好的，先生。你想要什么样的伞呢？”

I said I should like one that would keep the rain off, and that would not allow itself to be left behind in a railway carriage.

我说我想要那种可以挡雨并且不会允许它自己被落在火车车厢里的伞。

"Try an 'automaton'," said the shopman.

店员说：“那就试试‘自动伞’吧。”

"What's an 'automaton'?" said I.

我问：“‘自动伞’是什么东西？”

"Oh, it's a beautiful arrangement," replied the man, with a touch of enthusiasm. "It opens and shuts itself."

“哦，是设计非常巧妙的东西，”那人带着些许热情回答道，“它能够自己打开和收拢。”

I bought one and found that he was quite correct. It did open and shut itself. I had no control over it whatever. When it began to rain, which it did that season every alternate five minutes, I used to try and get the machine to open, but it would not budge; and then I used to stand and struggle with the wretched thing, and shake it, and swear at it, while the rain poured down in torrents. Then the moment the rain ceased the absurd thing would go up suddenly with a jerk and would not come down again; and I had to walk about under a bright blue sky, with an umbrella over my head, wishing that it would come on to rain again, so that it might not seem that I was insane.

我买了一把，然后发现他说得一点不错。这把伞确实可以自己打开和收拢。不管怎样，它丝毫不受我的控制。在那个季节，每隔五分钟就要下场雨，而每当开始下雨的时候，我就常常努力打开这个装置，但它却纹丝不动；然后，我就常常站在那儿，和这个可恶的东西搏斗，摇晃它，咒骂它，任凭大雨倾泻而下。而雨一停，这个荒谬的东西就会猛地一挺，张开了，然后再也不收回去；然后，我就不得不在晴朗的蓝天下，头顶一把雨伞，心中暗暗祈祷雨会再次降临，好让我不至于显得如此疯疯癫癫。

When it did shut it did so unexpectedly and knocked one's hat off.

等到伞终于自动收拢起来的时候，却又如此令人猝不及防，能把人

的帽子打掉。

I don't know why it should be so, but it is an undeniable fact that there is nothing makes a man look so supremely ridiculous as losing his hat. The feeling of helpless misery that shoots down one's back on suddenly becoming aware that one's head is bare is among the most bitter ills that flesh is heir to. And then there is the wild chase after it, accompanied by an excitable small dog, who thinks it is a game, and in the course of which you are certain to upset three or four innocent children—to say nothing of their mothers—butt a fat old gentleman on to the top of a perambulator, and carom off a ladies' seminary into the arms of a wet sweep.

我不知道为什么会是这样，但不可否认的一个事实是，没什么比丢掉帽子更可笑的了。突然意识到自己头顶光秃秃的，随后那种顺着脊背奔泻而下的无助的痛苦之感，是人生难免的最悲惨的疾病之一。之后你还要不顾一切地追着帽子疯跑，旁边还有一只兴奋的小狗作伴，它认为这是个游戏。在追帽子的过程中，你肯定会撞到三四个无辜的孩子——就别提他们的妈妈了——再将一个胖胖的老先生顶到婴儿车上，你还会撞向女子学院的墙，随后被反弹到一把湿漉漉的笤帚上。

After this, the idiotic hilarity of the spectators and the disreputable appearance of the hat when recovered appear but of minor importance.

这一切发生后，旁观者愚蠢至极的疯狂大笑和帽子被追回后那破烂不堪的邋遢造型，都显得无关紧要了。

Altogether, what between March winds, April showers, and the entire absence of May flowers, spring is not a success in cities. It is all very well in the country, as I have said, but in towns whose population is anything over ten thousand it most certainly ought to be abolished. In the world's grim workshops it is like the children—out of place. Neither shows to advantage amid the dust and din. It seems so sad to see the little dirt-grimed brats try to play in the noisy courts and muddy streets. Poor little uncared-for, unwanted human atoms, they are not children. Children are bright-eyed, chubby, and shy. These are dingy, screeching elves, their tiny faces seared and withered, their baby laughter cracked and hoarse.

总而言之，三月的风、四月的雨和完全没有鲜花的五月，让春天在城市中大败而归。在乡村，就像我说过的那样，一切都是美好的。而在城市这个人口过万的地方，春天理所当然该被废止。在这个满目阴森的工作间中，春天就像孩子——不该出现。而且在尘土和喧嚣中，它也显示不出什么过人之处。看到那些脏兮兮的小孩子们想方设法地在吵闹的

院子里和泥泞的街道上玩耍，就让人心里难过。这些可怜的、无人看护的、惹人烦的小不点儿，他们哪是孩子啊！孩子们应该是眼神明亮、虎头虎脑、羞怯怕人的。可这些孩子却是一群邈邈遑遑、尖声尖气的小鬼，他们的小脸干瘪憔悴，稚气的笑声沙哑刺耳。

The spring of life and the spring of the year were alike meant to be cradled in the green lap of nature. To us in the town spring brings but its cold winds and drizzling rains. We must seek it among the leafless woods and the brambly lanes, on the heathy moors and the great still hills, if we want to feel its joyous breath and hear its silent voices. There is a glorious freshness in the spring there. The scurrying clouds, the open bleakness, the rushing wind, and the clear bright air thrill one with vague energies and hopes. Life, like the landscape around us, seems bigger, and wider, and freer—a rainbow road leading to unknown ends. Through the silvery rents that bar the sky we seem to catch a glimpse of the great hope and grandeur that lies around this little throbbing world, and a breath of its scent is wafted us on the wings of the wild March wind.

人生中的春天和一年四季中的春天类似，都该依偎在大自然绿色的怀抱中。对我们这些生活在城市中的人来说，春天带来的不过是冷风细雨。如果我们想要感受春天那欢快的气息，倾听它的低声细语，就必须到光秃秃的树林和布满荆棘的小道上去寻找，必须到灌木丛生的沼泽地和巍然不动的大山中去发现。在那里，春天是清新迷人的。匆忙奔跑的云朵，荒凉萧瑟的大地，奔腾呼啸的狂风和清新明亮的空气让人在震颤中感受到莫可名状的能量和希望。生命，就像环绕着我们的大地，似乎更辽阔，更宽广，更自由——就像一条通向未知尽头的彩虹大道。透过横跨天际的银色缝隙，我们似乎瞥见了这个生机勃勃的微小世界，它的四周充溢着宏大的希望和壮丽的气势，而它芬芳的气息则乘着三月狂风的翅膀飘到我们身边。

Strange thoughts we do not understand are stirring in our hearts. Voices are calling us to some great effort, to some mighty work. But we do not comprehend their meaning yet, and the hidden echoes within us that would reply are struggling, inarticulate and dumb.

那些连我们自己都不理解的奇思怪想在我们的心头涌动。有声音在召唤我们付出艰辛的努力，进行伟大的事业。但我们却仍不能理解它们的意义所在，能够与之呼应的回声隐藏在我们身体里挣扎着，嗫嚅着，沉默着。

We stretch our hands like children to the light, seeking to grasp we know

not what. Our thoughts, like the boys' thoughts in the Danish song, are very long, long thoughts, and very vague; we cannot see their end.

像孩子一样，我们向光明伸出双手，摸索着想要捉住连我们自己也不知道的东西。我们的思绪，就像那首丹麦歌谣里男孩们的思绪一样，绵长而模糊，无穷无尽。

It must be so. All thoughts that peer outside this narrow world cannot be else than dim and shapeless. The thoughts that we can clearly grasp are very little thoughts—that two and two make four—that when we are hungry it is pleasant to eat—that honesty is the best policy; all greater thoughts are undefined and vast to our poor childish brains. We see but dimly through the mists that roll around our time-girt isle of life, and only hear the distant surging of the great sea beyond.

肯定会是这样。所有从这个狭小世界向外凝视的思绪，都毫无例外地模糊不清，不可捉摸。我们能够清楚抓住的思绪，都是些微不足道的——二加二等于四啦——饿的时候吃些东西最好啦——诚实是最好的策略啦。所有更加伟大的思想，对于我们可怜幼稚的大脑来说，都是难以名状、无边无际的。我们的生命之岛时间有限，迷雾漫布，我们只能透过迷雾看到模糊的景象，只能听到更远处的大海那澎湃的波涛声远远传来。

(1) 蓓尔美尔街，伦敦的一条街道，以俱乐部众多而著称。

(2) 蒙塔里尼先生，狄更斯长篇小说《尼古拉·尼克贝尔》中的人物，是个典型的花花公子。

(3) 斯特兰德大街，在英国伦敦的中西部，与泰晤士河平行，以其旅馆和戏院著称。

VIII. On Cats And Dogs

8. 猫犬之鉴

What I've suffered from them this morning no tongue can tell. It began with Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus Adolphus (they call him "Gusty" downstairs for short) is a very good sort of dog when he is in the middle of a large field or on a fairly extensive common, but I won't have him indoors. He means well, but this house is not his size. He stretches himself, and over go two chairs and a what-not. He wags his tail, and the room looks as if a devastating army had marched through it. He breathes, and it puts the fire out.

没人能说清今早因为他们，我受了多少折磨。这事要从古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯说起。古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯（在楼下他们简称他为“古斯蒂”）在辽阔的田野中或是相当宽广的空地里是只很好的狗，但在房间里就不行了。他没有恶意，只是房间太小，而他体型太大。他伸伸懒腰，就可以推翻两把椅子和一个陈设架；摇摇尾巴，屋子里就像有一支四处扫荡的军队已从此穿过似的；呼两口气，壁炉中的火就被吹灭了。

At dinner-time he creeps in under the table, lies there for awhile, and then gets up suddenly; the first intimation we have of his movements being given by the table, which appears animated by a desire to turn somersaults. We all clutch at it frantically and endeavor to maintain it in a horizontal position; whereupon his struggles, he being under the impression that some wicked conspiracy is being hatched against him, become fearful, and the final picture presented is generally that of an overturned table and a smashed-up dinner sandwiched between two sprawling layers of infuriated men and women.

晚饭时间，他悄悄爬到餐桌下面躺了一小会儿，然后突然起身；最先向我们暗示他这一举动的是桌子，因为它看起来几乎要翻个底朝天。我们都惊慌失措地紧紧抓住桌子，努力使它保持在水平位置；他则因此认为我们对它图谋不轨，酝酿着什么，所以挣扎得更厉害，更令人害怕。最后的画面往往是两排愤怒的男女，中间夹着一张翻倒的餐桌和散落一地的饭菜。

He came in this morning in his usual style, which he appears to have founded on that of an American cyclone, and the first thing he did was to

sweep my coffee-cup off the table with his tail, sending the contents full into the middle of my waistcoat.

今天早上他以自己美洲飓风般的惯常姿态进了门，干的第一件事就是用尾巴把我的咖啡杯从桌上扫了下来，里面的咖啡全溅到了我的背心上。

I rose from my chair hurriedly and remarking "... " approached him at a rapid rate. He preceded me in the direction of the door. At the door he met Eliza coming in with eggs. Eliza observed "Ugh!" and sat down on the floor, the eggs took up different positions about the carpet, where they spread themselves out, and Gustavus Adolphus left the room. I called after him, strongly advising him to go straight downstairs and not let me see him again for the next hour or so; and he seeming to agree with me, dodged the coal-scoop and went, while I returned, dried myself and finished breakfast. I made sure that he had gone in to the yard, but when I looked into the passage ten minutes later he was sitting at the top of the stairs. I ordered him down at once, but he only barked and jumped about, so I went to see what was the matter.

我急忙从椅子上起身，一边呵斥，一边迅速靠近他。他动作很快，比我先一步跑向门边。在门口，正好撞到了拿着鸡蛋进来的伊丽莎，伊丽莎惊叫了一声“哎哟！”就坐倒在地板上，鸡蛋以不同的姿态洒落在地毯上，一个个开膛破肚。这时，古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯已经溜之大吉了。我在他身后大声叫喊，严厉警告他最好径直下楼，一个小时之内不要让我再看到他；他似乎和我的想法一样，绕过煤斗，走开了。于是我坐回去，擦干了衣物，然后吃完了早餐。我本来很肯定他去了院子里，可十分钟后，我看了一下走廊，却发现他坐在楼梯顶上。我命令他立刻下来，但他却只是狂叫不已，上窜下跳，我只好走过去，看看有什么事。

It was Tittums. She was sitting on the top stair but one and wouldn't let him pass.

原来是涂涂。她坐在楼梯上面倒数第二个台阶上，不让古斯塔夫斯过去。

Tittums is our kitten. She is about the size of a penny roll. Her back was up and she was swearing like a medical student.

涂涂是我们的小猫，她和一块一便士的小面包差不多大。现在，她将背弓了起来，嘴里骂骂咧咧，活像个医学院的学生。

She does swear fearfully. I do a little that way myself sometimes, but I am a mere amateur compared with her. To tell you the truth—mind, this is strictly

between ourselves, please; I shouldn't like your wife to know I said it—the women folk don't understand these things; but between you and me, you know, I think it does a man good to swear. Swearing is the safety-valve through which the bad temper that might otherwise do serious internal injury to his mental mechanism escapes in harmless vapping. When a man has said: "Bless you, my dear, sweet sir. What the sun, moon, and stars made you so careless (if I may be permitted the expression) as to allow your light and delicate foot to descend upon my corn with so much force? Is it that you are physically incapable of comprehending the direction in which you are proceeding? You nice, clever young man—you!" or words to that effect, he feels better. Swearing has the same soothing effect upon our angry passions that smashing the furniture or slamming the doors is so well known to exercise; added to which it is much cheaper. Swearing clears a man out like a pen'orth of gunpowder does the wash-house chimney. An occasional explosion is good for both. I rather distrust a man who never swears, or savagely kicks the footstool, or pokes the fire with unnecessary violence. Without some outlet, the anger caused by the ever-occurring troubles of life is apt to rankle and fester within. The petty annoyance, instead of being thrown from us, sits down beside us and becomes a sorrow, and the little offense is brooded over till, in the hot-bed of rumination, it grows into a great injury, under whose poisonous shadow springs up hatred and revenge.

她骂人的时候确实很可怕。我自己有时也会那么做，但和她相比，我只能算一个业余选手。实话告诉你——记住，请严密保守我们之间的这个秘密；我不希望你的太太知道我说过这些——因为女人们不懂这些东西；但是，你知道，你我都能明白，我觉得骂人是一种有益身心的行为。骂人的行为就是一个安全阀，通过骂人，我们的坏脾气像无害的气体一样蒸发了。可如果没有这个安全阀，坏脾气就会让我们的神经系统遭受极为严重的内伤。当一个人说：“老天保佑你，我亲爱的先生，可爱的先生。太阳、月亮、星星啊，到底是什么使您这么不小心（请允许我这么表达），让您轻巧的小脚用力踏在我的鸡眼上呢？您是不是身体有缺陷，认不清自己前行的方向？你这个善良、聪明的年轻人——就是你！”或者说其他能达到类似效果的话语时，他的心情会好很多。和砸家具、摔门这些众所周知的发泄方式相比，骂人对于我们愤怒的情绪有着相同的安抚作用，而且还更省钱。骂人有泄愤的作用，就像用一便士价值的火药清理洗衣房的烟囱能达到的效果一样。偶尔爆发一下，对两者都好。对那种从不骂人，从不野蛮地踢倒脚凳，从不恶狠狠地乱捅火

炉的家伙，我相当不信任。假若没有出口，生活中源源不断的烦恼所引起的怒气就无从发泄，只会留在身体内部溃烂化脓。原本无关紧要的烦恼，如果没被仍到远离我们的地方，而是降落到我们身旁，就会渐渐转化成悲哀。原本不值一提的冒犯，如果被我们反复思量，就会在沉思的温床中成长为巨大的伤害，而仇恨和报复心，正是在伤害那恶毒的阴影下滋生的产物。

Swearing relieves the feelings—that is what swearing does. I explained this to my aunt on one occasion, but it didn't answer with her. She said I had no business to have such feelings.

骂人可以舒缓一个人的情绪——它确实可以。有一次，我向我的姑妈阐述了这个观点，她却不以为然。她说我不该有这些想骂人的情绪。

That is what I told Tittums. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, brought up in at Christian family as she was, too. I don't so much mind hearing an old cat swear, but I can't bear to see a mere kitten give way to it. It seems sad in one so young.

我也是这么告诉涂涂的。我对她说：从小在信奉基督教的家庭里长大，她该为自己的行为感到羞愧。我不在乎一只老猫口出恶言，但却见不得一只小猫骂骂咧咧。对一个如此年轻的灵魂来说，这样似乎有些悲哀。

I put Tittums in my pocket and returned to my desk. I forgot her for the moment, and when I looked I found that she had squirmed out of my pocket on to the table and was trying to swallow the pen; then she put her leg into the ink-pot and upset it; then she licked her leg; then she swore again—at me this time.

我把涂涂放在自己的口袋里，回到书桌前。有那么一会儿，我没注意到她，结果当我看她的时候，她已经挣脱出了我的口袋，跳到了桌子上，正设法吞下我的钢笔呢。之后，她把自己的腿伸进了墨水瓶，并且将它打翻了。再后来，她开始舔自己沾满了墨水的腿。再后来，她又开始骂人了——这次是骂我。

I put her down on the floor, and there Tim began rowing with her. I do wish Tim would mind his own business. It was no concern of his what she had been doing. Besides, he is not a saint himself. He is only a two-year-old fox-terrier, and he interferes with everything and gives himself the airs of a gray-headed Scotch collie.

我把她放到地上，蒂姆又开始和她吵架。我真希望蒂姆不要多管闲事。涂涂做什么不干他的事。况且，他自己也不是什么圣徒。他只是一只两岁大的猎狐犬，但偏偏什么事都要管，还搬出一副老苏格兰柯利牧

羊犬的架势来。

Tittums' mother has come in and Tim has got his nose scratched, for which I am remarkably glad. I have put them all three out in the passage, where they are fighting at the present moment. I'm in a mess with the ink and in a thundering bad temper; and if anything more in the cat or dog line comes fooling about me this morning, it had better bring its own funeral contractor with it.

涂涂的妈妈进了房间，抓破了蒂姆的鼻子。这让我觉得痛快极了。我把他们三个都放到走廊里，他们立刻在那儿打得不可开交。打翻的墨水使我狼狈不堪，心情极差；假如今天早上再有什么猫狗之辈前来捣乱，它最好带上专人给自己收尸。

Yet, in general, I like cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. They never observe to Miss Brown across a dinner-table that they always understood she was very sweet on Mr. Jones (who has just married Miss Robinson). They never mistake your wife's cousin for her husband and fancy that you are the father-in-law. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk why he doesn't write a play.

但是通常来说，我是非常喜欢猫和狗的。他们是多么讨人欢心的家伙啊！他们是比人类优秀得多的伴侣。他们从不和你吵架或者争执。你说自己的事情时，他们会表现出一副对谈话内容很感兴趣的样子，而不会转而谈论他们自己的事情。他们从不发表愚蠢的评论。他们从不隔着一张餐桌，对布朗小姐说，他们一直知道她对琼斯先生很有好感（虽然琼斯先生刚刚娶了鲁滨孙小姐）。他们永远不会将你太太的表哥错当成她的先生，而把你错当成她的公公。他们也从不会质问一个写了十四部悲剧、十六部喜剧、七部闹剧和好几部滑稽剧的年轻作家为什么不写部戏剧。

They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not at inconvenient moments mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They do not say, "Oh, yes, a lot of use you are if you are ever really wanted"—sarcastic like. They never inform us, like our innamoratas sometimes do, that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them.

他们从来不说刻薄的话，从来不打着“还不是为了你好”的幌子，指摘我们的过错。他们不会在不便的时刻委婉地提起我们以前的糗事和过失。他们不会用嘲讽的语气说：“哦，是啊，你是很有用，如果别人真的很需要你的话。”他们也不会像我们的情人44一样，时不时地告诉我们，我们比以前逊色多了。对于他们来说，我们永远都不会变。

They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humors. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, and sad when we are sorrowful.

他们见到我们时总是很高兴。他们与我们心心相通，喜怒与共。我们快乐时，他们也快乐；我们严肃时，他们也严肃；我们伤心时，他们也伤心。

"Halloo! Happy and want a lark? Right you are; I'm your man. Here I am, frisking round you, leaping, barking, pirouetting, ready for any amount of fun and mischief. Look at my eyes if you doubt me. What shall it be? A romp in the drawing-room and never mind the furniture, or a scamper in the fresh, cool air, a scud across the fields and down the hill, and won't we let old Gaffer Goggles' geese know what time o' day it is, neither! Whoop! Come along."

“嘿！想玩一会儿吗？想玩是吧，我听你的。我就在这儿，围着你欢跃，蹦跳，叫喊，转圈，准备好和你一起调皮捣蛋。如果你不相信，就看看我的眼睛。还有什么可怀疑的呢？让我们在客厅里嬉戏，永远也不用担心什么家具，或者在清新的凉风里奔跑，飞驰着越过田野，冲下山坡，我们还可以把老加佛·高戈尔家的鹅耍得团团转，都不行！嘿！来吧！”

Or you'd like to be quiet and think. Very well. Pussy¹ can sit on the arm of the chair and purr, and Montmorency² will curl himself up on the rug and blink at the fire, yet keeping one eye on you the while, in case you are seized with any sudden desire in the direction of rats.

或者，如果你想静下来想想事情，也很好。帕西可以趴在椅子的扶手上呼噜呼噜地睡觉；蒙特莫伦西可以在地毯上把自己蜷成一团，一边望着壁炉里的火眨眨眼睛，一边用一只眼睛观察着你，以防你突然发现了老鼠的踪迹。

And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very straight and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us. But they come up softly and shove their heads against us. If it is a cat she stands on your

shoulder, rumples your hair, and says, "Lor,' I am sorry for you, old man," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog he looks up at you with his big, true eyes and says with them, "Well you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together and always stand by each other, won't we?"

而当我们痛苦地用双手捂住脸，希望自己从未降生在这世上时，他们不会正襟危坐地告诉我们一切都是我们自找的。他们甚至不会说希望这对你是个警告。相反，他们会温柔地靠过来，用他们的头顶顶我们。如果是只猫，她会站在你的肩膀上，弄乱你的头发，这是在说：“天啊，我真替你难过，老家伙。”就像言语所能表达的那么平实；如果是只狗，他会抬起头眼巴巴地看着你，用他诚恳的大眼睛诉说：“你知道，你永远都有我在身边呢。我们会肩并肩，共同经历一切，不是吗？”

He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, and give his life for you if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!

狗是非常粗心大意的动物。他做事情时从来不过问你的对错；从不操心你在生活的阶梯上是青云直上还是日渐落魄；也不过问你是富是穷，是愚蠢还是聪明，是罪人还是圣徒。你只是他的伙伴，对他来说，这就够了。之后，不管是福是祸，是誉是毁，是光宗耀祖，还是败坏门楣，他都会对你不离不弃，安慰你，保护你，如果需要的话，不惜为你献上他的生命——这就是傻气十足、呆头呆脑、没有思想的狗！

Ah! Old stanch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances, that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel who lives by cheating and tricking, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not base, whose every action is a fraud, whose every utterance is a lie—do you know that these crawling skulks (and there are millions of them in the world), do you know they are all as much superior to you as the sun is superior to rushlight you honorable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and

men are the greatest, and noblest, and wisest, and best beings in the whole vast eternal universe. Any man will tell you that.

啊！我们忠实的老朋友，你有深邃、清澈的眼睛和明亮、机敏的眼神，在我们没有开口之前，你就已经完全明白我们所有要说的话了，你可知你只是动物，并没有思想？你可知外面那个靠在邮筒上、目光呆滞、浑身散发酒气的蠢汉有着胜你无数倍的智商？你可知这世上每个心胸狭窄、自私自利的无赖，他们靠招摇撞骗生活，从未做过一件善事，说过一句好话，只有卑鄙的念头和下流的欲望，虚情假意且满口谎言——你可知他们这些行尸走肉一样的家伙（这种人在这个世界上数以百万），比你这正直、勇敢、无私的畜生要高级得多，就像太阳比灯芯草蜡烛要高级得多一样？他们是人类。你知道，在这浩瀚无垠的宇宙中，人类是最伟大、最高贵、最聪明、最优秀的物种。任何一个人都会这么告诉你。

Yes, poor doggie, you are very stupid, very stupid indeed, compared with us clever men, who understand all about politics and philosophy, and who know everything, in short, except what we are and where we came from and whither we are going, and what everything outside this tiny world and most things in it are.

是的，可怜的小狗，和我们这些聪明的人类相比，你很愚蠢，真是非常愚蠢。我们深谙权术和哲学之道，无所不知，无所不晓；简而言之，我们不懂得得只有我们自己，我们来自何方，去向何处，以及这个渺小世界之外的一切和它之内的大多数东西。

Never mind, though, pussy and doggie, we like you both all the better for your being stupid. We all like stupid things. Men can't bear clever women, and a woman's ideal man is some one she can call a "dear old stupid." It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. We love them at once for being so. The world must be rather a rough place for clever people. Ordinary folk dislike them, and as for themselves, they hate each other most cordially.

但是别在意，小猫和小狗们，就是因为你们的傻气，我们才更加喜欢你们。我们都喜欢傻乎乎的东西。男人们受不了聪明的女人，而女人们理想中的男人是她们可以称为“亲爱的老傻瓜”的家伙。能够遇到比自己蠢的人，是件令人极其高兴的事。我们对他们简直算得上一见钟情。对于聪明人来说，世道肯定很艰难。智商平庸的家伙不喜欢他们，而他们自己，比任何人都更加发自内心地痛恨彼此。

But there, the clever people are such a very insignificant minority that it

really doesn't much matter if they are unhappy. So long as the foolish people can be made comfortable the world, as a whole, will get on tolerably well.

但是话说回来，聪明人毕竟还是极少数，他们幸不幸福实在无关紧要。只要蠢人们生活得舒舒服服，总体来说，这个世界就还算不错。

Cats have the credit of being more worldly wise than dogs—of looking more after their own interests and being less blindly devoted to those of their friends. And we men and women are naturally shocked at such selfishness. Cats certainly do love a family that has a carpet in the kitchen more than a family that has not; and if there are many children about, they prefer to spend their leisure time next door. But, taken altogether, cats are libeled. Make a friend of one, and she will stick to you through thick and thin. All the cats that I have had have been most firm comrades. I had a cat once that used to follow me about everywhere, until it even got quite embarrassing, and I had to beg her, as a personal favor, not to accompany me any further down the High Street. She used to sit up for me when I was late home and meet me in the passage. It made me feel quite like a married man, except that she never asked where I had been and then didn't believe me when I told her.

世俗地看，猫比狗更加明智——她们不会太盲目地关注朋友的利益，而更专注于自己的得失。这种自私自然令我们这些男男女女大吃一惊。比起厨房里没有地毯的家庭，猫们肯定更喜欢厨房里铺有地毯的家庭。如果周围孩子太多，她们宁肯到邻居家去消磨时光。但是，总体说来，猫们是被诬蔑了。假如你和一只猫做朋友，那么不管顺境逆境，她都会坚定地和你在一起。我养过的所有猫，都成了我最为坚定的伙伴。我曾经养过一只猫，到哪里都要跟着我，甚至到了令人尴尬的地步。我于是不得不恳求她，就算帮我一个忙，别再跟着我到大街上去了。我晚回家时，她常熬夜等我，还会跑到走廊里迎接我。这让我觉得自己就像个已婚男人，只是她从不过问我去哪里，也不会在我告诉她之后，不相信我的话。

Another cat I had used to get drunk regularly every day. She would hang about for hours outside the cellar door for the purpose of sneaking in on the first opportunity and lapping up the drippings from the beer-cask. I do not mention this habit of hers in praise of the species, but merely to show how almost human some of them are. If the transmigration of souls is a fact, this animal was certainly qualifying most rapidly for a Christian, for her vanity was only second to her love of drink. Whenever she caught a particularly big rat, she would bring it up into the room where we were all sitting, lay the corpse

down in the midst of us, and wait to be praised. Lord! How the girls used to scream.

我养的另外一只猫则每天都喝得醉醺醺的。她会花几个小时在地窖门口转来转去，就为了找个机会溜进去，抢先舔舔啤酒桶边滴下来的酒。之所以提到她的这一习惯，并不是为了赞扬猫类这个群体，只是想说明有些猫已经和人类如此接近。假如真有投胎转世这么一回事，那么猫这种动物肯定能最为迅速地投胎成为一个基督徒，因为她第一爱喝酒，第二爱虚荣。每次她抓到一只特别大的老鼠时，就会将它叼到大家都在的房间，把老鼠的尸体摆在我们中间，等待众人的夸奖。天啊！女孩子们都是怎么惊声尖叫的啊！

Poor rats! They seem only to exist so that cats and dogs may gain credit for killing them and chemists make a fortune by inventing specialties in poison for their destruction. And yet there is something fascinating about them. There is a weirdness and uncanniness attaching to them. They are so cunning and strong, so terrible in their numbers, so cruel, so secret. They swarm in deserted houses, where the broken casements hang rotting to the crumbling walls and the doors swing creaking on their rusty hinges. They know the sinking ship and leave her, no one knows how or whither. They whisper to each other in their hiding-places how a doom will fall upon the hall and the great name die forgotten. They do fearful deeds in ghastly charnel-houses.

可怜的老鼠！他们的存在，似乎就是为了被猫和狗消灭，从而为他们赢取赞扬的。又好像是为了让药剂师可以发财致富，不惜协助他们发明消灭老鼠的特效毒药。然而，老鼠也有些迷人之处。他们身上总带着几许古怪、几许诡异。他们是如此狡猾而强大，他们的数量大得如此可怕，他们又是如此残酷而神秘。他们成群结队地出现在废弃的房子里。这些房子往往残窗破壁，房门开启或关上时，生锈的门轴会咯吱咯吱地响。他们知道船何时沉没并及时逃离，但却没人知道他们如何逃离沉船，又会去向何处。他们在藏身之处窃窃私语，小声传递着诸如大厅如何会坍塌、伟人不会为人知地死去之类的消息。他们在阴森的停尸房里干着可怕的勾当。

No tale of horror is complete without the rats. In stories of ghosts and murderers they scamper through the echoing rooms, and the gnawing of their teeth is heard behind the wainscot, and their gleaming eyes peer through the holes in the worm-eaten tapestry, and they scream in shrill, unearthly notes in the dead of night, while the moaning wind sweeps, sobbing, round the ruined turret towers, and passes wailing like a woman through the chambers bare and

tenantless.

老鼠是恐怖故事中不可或缺的角色。在鬼怪和谋杀的故事中，他们总是快速溜过带着回音的房间，或是从墙壁夹板间传出磨牙声，他们闪着萤光的眼睛透过挂毯的虫眼向外窥视，他们在死寂的夜晚发出尖利而诡异的惊叫，而这时，窗外呜咽的风扫过废弃的塔楼，像一个女人哀号着穿过空旷而无人居住的房间。

And dying prisoners, in their loathsome dungeons, see through the horrid gloom their small red eyes, like glittering coals, hear in the death-like silence the rush of their claw-like feet, and start up shrieking in the darkness and watch through the awful night.

在阴森的地牢里，垂死的囚徒透过可怖的黑暗看到他们仿佛煤火一样发亮的猩红小眼，听到他们的脚爪在死一般的寂静中迅速走过地面的声音。囚徒们坐起身开始在黑暗中尖叫，注视着这可怕的夜晚，再也无法入睡。

I love to read tales about rats. They make my flesh creep so. I like that tale of Bishop Hatto and the rats. The wicked bishop, you know, had ever so much corn stored in his granaries and would not let the starving people touch it, and when they prayed to him for food, he gathered them together in his barn, and then shutting the doors on them, set fire to the place and burned them all to death. But next day there came thousands upon thousands of rats, sent to do judgment on him. Then Bishop Hatto fled to his strong tower that stood in the middle of the Rhine, and barred himself in and fancied he was safe. But the rats! They swam the river, they gnawed their way through the thick stone walls, and ate him alive where he sat.

我爱读关于老鼠的故事。哪怕他们总让我毛骨悚然。我喜欢那个哈托主教和老鼠的故事。正如大家所知，邪恶的主教把很多玉米囤在他自己的粮仓里，不让那些饥民碰。当他们请求他施舍一点粮食的时候，他将他们聚集到他的粮仓里，然后关上门，点上火，把所有饥民都烧死了。但是第二天，突然出现了成千上万只老鼠来审判他。于是，哈托主教逃到他那矗立于莱茵河中间坚固的城堡里，把自己关在里面，以为已经安全了。却不料老鼠们游过了河，用牙咬碎了城堡那厚厚的石壁，就在主教端坐的地方将他活活吃掉了。

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones, And now they pick the bishop's bones; They gnawed the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him."³

“它们在石壁上磨利了牙齿，现在正把主教的骨头咬噬；它们将每根肋骨上的肉都吞咽，因为它们被派来用正义将主教审判。”

Oh, it's a lovely tale.

哈，这个故事真好听。

Then there is the story of The Pied Piper of Hamelin⁴, how first he piped the rats away, and afterward, when the mayor broke faith with him, drew all the children along with him and went into the mountain. What a curious old legend that is! I wonder what it means, or has it any meaning at all? There seems something strange and deep lying hid beneath the rippling rhyme. It haunts me, that picture of the quaint, mysterious old piper piping through Hamelin's narrow streets, and the children following with dancing feet and thoughtful, eager faces. The old folks try to stay them, but the children pay no heed. They hear the weird, witched music and must follow. The games are left unfinished and the playthings drop from their careless hands. They know not whither they are hastening. The mystic music calls to them, and they follow, heedless and unasking where. It stirs and vibrates in their hearts and other sounds grow faint. So they wander through Pied Piper Street away from Hamelin town.

还有《哈梅林的彩衣吹笛人》的故事，他先用笛声把老鼠们引开，又在镇长失信后，召唤所有孩子跟他进了山。这个古老的传说多么神奇啊！我很想知道它的寓意，或者它真的有什么寓意吗？在那如潺潺流水般的旋律下，似乎隐藏着什么奇异和深邃的东西。这个画面常萦绕在我眼前：离奇而神秘的老吹笛手穿过哈梅林狭窄的街道，吹着长笛，孩子们手舞足蹈地追随着他，表情热切而若有所思。老人们试图阻拦他们，孩子们却置若罔闻。他们听着那奇异而富有魔力的音乐，不由自主地跟着它走。孩子们的游戏玩到一半，玩具从他们心不在焉的手中滑落。他们急匆匆地走着，却不知道去往何处。神秘的音乐召唤着他们，他们就跟着走，对终点不闻不问。笛声在他们心中激荡，其他所有的声响都变得微弱了。就这样，他们漫步穿过彩衣吹笛人的街道，离开了哈梅林镇。

I get thinking sometimes if the Pied Piper is really dead, or if he may not still be roaming up and down our streets and lanes, but playing now so softly that only the children hear him. Why do the little faces look so grave and solemn when they pause awhile from romping, and stand, deep wrapt, with straining eyes? They only shake their curly heads and dart back laughing to

their playmates when we question them. But I fancy myself they have been listening to the magic music of the old Pied Piper, and perhaps with those bright eyes of theirs have even seen his odd, fantastic figure gliding unnoticed through the whirl and throng.

我有时会想，彩衣吹笛人是真的死了呢，还是仍然徘徊在我们的大街小巷，低声吹奏着只有孩子们才能听到的笛声。不然，为什么孩子们会在嬉闹玩耍的时候突然停下来站一会儿，表情如此庄严肃穆，双眼大睁，深深迷醉其中？只有当我们问他们的时候，他们才会摇晃着满头的卷发，笑着冲回他们的小伙伴当中。我时常猜想他们是在倾听古老的彩衣吹笛人的魔曲，而那些眼睛明亮的孩子们可能还看见了他那悄然隐没在熙熙攘攘人群中的古怪身影。

Even we grown-up children hear his piping now and then. But the yearning notes are very far away, and the noisy, blustering world is always bellowing so loud it drowns the dreamlike melody. One day the sweet, sad strains will sound out full and clear, and then we too shall, like the little children, throw our playthings all aside and follow. The loving hands will be stretched out to stay us, and the voices we have learned to listen for will cry to us to stop. But we shall push the fond arms gently back and pass out through the sorrowing house and through the open door. For the wild, strange music will be ringing in our hearts, and we shall know the meaning of its song by then.

哪怕是我们这些长大了的孩子也能偶尔听到他的笛声。但是那令人向往的音符太遥远，而这个吵闹喧嚣的世界却又有着太多嘈杂的噪声，足以淹没那梦幻一般的旋律。有一天，那甜美而忧伤的曲调终会清晰饱满地流淌出来，而我们也会像小孩子一般，将我们手中的玩具扔到一边，跟随而去。慈爱的双手会伸出来阻拦我们，我们之前从不违抗的声音，会哭着请求我们停留。但我们会轻轻地推开这慈爱的手臂，在一片悲声中离开家。因为那狂野而神奇的音乐会在我们心中回响，而那时，我们会知道那歌曲中所蕴含的意义。

I wish people could love animals without getting maudlin over them, as so many do. Women are the most hardened offenders in such respects, but even our intellectual sex often degrade pets into nuisances by absurd idolatry. There are the gushing young ladies who, having read "David Copperfield," have thereupon sought out a small, longhaired dog of nondescript breed, possessed of an irritating habit of criticising a man's trousers, and of finally commenting upon the same by a sniff indicative of contempt and disgust. They talk sweet girlish prattle to this animal (when there is any one near enough to overhear

them), and they kiss its nose, and put its unwashed head up against their cheek in a most touching manner; though I have noticed that these caresses are principally performed when there are young men hanging about.

我希望人们爱动物，但不要像许多人那样因为动物而过于多愁善感。女人们是这个问题的重犯，但就算是我们这些理智的男性，也经常因为对宠物过度的溺爱，而使宠物们变得让人讨厌。很多多愁善感的年轻女性在读了《大卫·科波菲尔》之后，会专门去找那种血统不明的长毛小狗来养。这种小狗有一种惹人生气的习惯，他们总是会批评男人的裤子，并且最后还要轻蔑而厌恶地哼一声，以表示他们的不屑一顾。女孩子们会娇滴滴地哄这种小东西（当周围有人可以无意中听到她们说话的时候），她们亲他的鼻子，极其深情地将他脏兮兮的头贴到自己脸上。但是我注意到，女孩子们展示她们爱抚的时候，周围大多有些年轻的小伙子们走来走去。

Then there are the old ladies who worship a fat poodle, scant of breath and full of fleas. I knew a couple of elderly spinsters once who had a sort of German sausage on legs which they called a dog between them. They used to wash its face with warm water every morning. It had a mutton cutlet regularly for breakfast; and on Sundays, when one of the ladies went to church, the other always stopped at home to keep the dog company.

还有些老太太们喜欢那种呼吸短促、全身跳蚤的胖狮子狗。我认识一对老处女，她们养的狗活像一只长了腿的德国香肠。她们每天早上用温水给它洗脸，定期用羊肉饼给它做早餐。到了周日，如果一个老太太去了教堂，另外一个就留在家里给狗作伴。

There are many families where the whole interest of life is centered upon the dog. Cats, by the way, rarely suffer from excess of adulation. A cat possesses a very fair sense of the ridiculous, and will put her paw down kindly but firmly upon any nonsense of this kind. Dogs, however, seem to like it. They encourage their owners in the tomfoolery, and the consequence is that in the circles I am speaking of what "dear Fido" has done, does do, will do, won't do, can do, can't do, was doing, is doing, is going to do, shall do, shan't do, and is about to be going to have done is the continual theme of discussion from morning till night.

有很多家庭，生活的全部乐趣，都集中在狗身上。顺口一说，猫就很少受到这种过分的恭维。猫对荒唐的东西有很清楚的判断，她对这种可笑的行为总会温和而坚定地拒绝。但是狗就不一样，他们似乎喜欢这样的奉承。对自己主人的蠢行，他们是持鼓励态度的。结果就是，在那

些我提到的圈子中，人们一直谈论的话题从早到晚都是“亲爱的菲多”做了什么，平常做什么，会做什么，不会做什么，能做什么，不能做什么，刚才在做什么，现在做什么，一会儿要做什么，应当要做什么，不应当做什么，马上要做完什么，等等等等。

All the conversation, consisting, as it does, of the very dregs of imbecility, is addressed to this confounded animal. The family sit in a row all day long, watching him, commenting upon his actions, telling each other anecdotes about him, recalling his virtues, and remembering with tears how one day they lost him for two whole hours, on which occasion he was brought home in a most brutal manner by the butcher-boy, who had been met carrying him by the scruff of his neck with one hand, while soundly cuffing his head with the other.

所有这些愚蠢无聊的谈话，都是围绕着这只讨厌的动物来的。一家人坐成一排，一天到晚看着他，评论他的一举一动，彼此转告关于他的轶事，回想他的优点，还要眼泪汪汪地回忆他走丢了整整两个小时的那天，是怎么被屠户家的孩子野蛮地送回家来的。那次，他们看见屠户家的孩子一手拎着他的后脖颈，另一只手在他头上噼里啪啦地一顿拍打。

After recovering from these bitter recollections, they vie with each other in bursts of admiration for the brute, until some more than usually enthusiastic member, unable any longer to control his feelings, swoops down upon the unhappy quadruped in a frenzy of affection, clutches it to his heart, and slobbers over it. Whereupon the others, mad with envy, rise up, and seizing as much of the dog as the greed of the first one has left to them, murmur praise and devotion.

从这些心酸的回忆里抽离出来后，他们就争先恐后地倾吐自己对这畜生的爱意，直到某位感情过于激动的家庭成员再也无法控制自己的情绪，满怀爱意地扑向这并不乐意的四条腿的东西，把他紧紧抱在怀里，趴在他身上亲吻他。而这时，家里的其他人则被嫉妒冲昏了头，也站起身来，一边尽力将狗身上第一个贪婪鬼没拿走的部分往自己怀里揽，一边嘟囔着他们的赞美和忠诚。

Among these people everything is done through the dog. If you want to make love to the eldest daughter, or get the old man to lend you the garden roller, or the mother to subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Solo-Cornet Players in Theatrical Orchestras (it's a pity there isn't one, anyhow), you have to begin with the dog. You must gain its approbation before they will even listen to you, and if, as is highly probable, the animal, whose frank, doggy nature has been warped by the unnatural treatment he has received, responds to

your overtures of friendship by viciously snapping at you, your cause is lost forever.

这些人，干什么事情都要经过狗这一关。你要是想追求这家的长女，或是向家里的老头借剪草机，或是说服这家的妈妈为“反对短号独奏者在剧场演出协会”捐款（无论如何，没有这个协会可真是让人遗憾），你得先从这家的狗下手。想让他们听你说话，必须得先得到狗的认可。而假如这畜生那天生坦诚的狗性已被加在他身上的过分溺爱扭曲了，而以残暴的猛咬回报你的友好，你的事就永远没戏了，而这是极为可能的。

"If Fido won't take to any one," the father has thoughtfully remarked beforehand, "I say that man is not to be trusted. You know, Maria, how often I have said that. Ah! He knows, bless him."

“如果菲多不喜欢谁，”这家的爸爸早就深思熟虑地预先谈及过，“我就说这个人不值得信任。你知道，玛丽亚，我说过多少次了。哈！他就是知道，上帝保佑他。”

Drat him!

去他的吧！

And to think that the surly brute was once an innocent puppy, all legs and head, full of fun and play, and burning with ambition to become a big, good dog and bark like mother.

想想吧，这脾气乖戾的畜生也曾是只天真无邪的小狗，从头到脚，活泼可爱，雄心勃勃地想要变成一只大狗、好狗，像妈妈一样吠叫。

Ah me! Life sadly changes us all. The world seems a vast horrible grinding machine, into which what is fresh and bright and pure is pushed at one end, to come out old and crabbed and wrinkled at the other.

天啊！生活可悲地改变了我们所有人。世界像是一架巨大而恐怖的研磨机，从一头推进去的是新鲜、明丽和纯洁，从另一头压出来的却是破旧、坏损和皱折。

Look even at Pussy Sobersides⁵, with her dull, sleepy glance, her grave, slow walk, and dignified, prudish airs; who could ever think that once she was the blue-eyed, whirling, scampering, head-over-heels, mad little fi rework that we call a kitten?

就说帕西·苏柏采斯吧，别看她现在眼神呆滞，没精打采，步履沉重而迟缓，一副庄严而一本正经的架势。谁又能想到，曾经，她也是一只长着蓝眼睛，打着滚儿，蹦蹦跳跳，爱翻跟头的小疯猫，就像一只点着

了的烟火棒？

What marvelous vitality a kitten has. It is really something very beautiful the way life bubbles over in the little creatures. They rush about, and mew, and spring; dance on their hind legs, embrace everything with their front ones, roll over and over, lie on their backs and kick. They don't know what to do with themselves, they are so full of life.

一只小猫身上的活力是多么令人惊叹啊！生命力在这个小家伙身上不断迸发的方式，真是美不可言。她们到处疯跑，一会儿喵喵叫，一会儿跳高；她们用自己的两条后腿跳舞，用前腿去抱她们面前的一切东西。她们滚来滚去，肚皮朝天，四脚乱踢。她们都不知道该拿自己怎么办，她们是如此生机勃勃。

Can you remember, reader, when you and I felt something of the same sort of thing? Can you remember those glorious days of fresh young manhood—how, when coming home along the moonlit road, we felt too full of life for sober walking, and had to spring and skip, and wave our arms, and shout till belated farmers' wives thought—and with good reason, too—that we were mad, and kept close to the hedge, while we stood and laughed aloud to see them scuttle off so fast and made their blood run cold with a wild parting whoop, and the tears came, we knew not why? Oh, that magnificent young life! That crowned us kings of the earth; that rushed through every tingling vein till we seemed to walk on air; that thrilled through our throbbing brains and told us to go forth and conquer the whole world; that welled up in our young hearts till we longed to stretch out our arms and gather all the toiling men and women and the little children to our breast and love them all—all. Ah! They were grand days, those deep, full days, when our coming life, like an unseen organ, pealed strange, yearning music in our ears, and our young blood cried out like a war-horse for the battle. Ah, our pulse beats slow and steady now, and our old joints are rheumatic, and we love our easy-chair and pipe and sneer at boys' enthusiasm. But oh for one brief moment of that god-like life again!

亲爱的读者，你还记得你我在何时有过这种相同的感受吗？你还记得我们充满朝气的青春岁月里那欢乐的日子吗？我们沿着月色朦胧的小道回家，感到自己是如此活力四射，正经八百地走路不能满足我们，我们必须得跳一跳，跑一跑，挥舞着我们的手臂大声喊叫，以至于晚归的农妇理所当然地认为我们疯了，紧紧地贴着树篱行走。而我们则站在那儿，大笑着看她们匆忙离去，最后还要狂喊一声，吓得她们魂飞魄散。而这时，不知为何，我们的眼泪却涌了上来。哦，那璀璨而又年轻的生

命啊！你封我们为世界之王；你在我们每一根兴奋的血管中奔流，让我们如同行走在云端；你激励着我们飞转的大脑，告诉我们勇往直前，去征服整个世界；你在我们年轻的心灵中一点点灌注力量，直到我们热切地伸出双臂，想将所有辛劳的男人、女人和小孩子拥入怀中，想去爱他们所有人——所有人。啊，那些波澜壮阔的日子！在那些深沉而充实的日子里，我们未来的生命，好像一架看不见的风琴，在我们的耳边奏响那陌生却令人神往的音乐，我们年轻的血液，就像一匹即将奋勇出征的战马一样发出嘶鸣。唉，现在，我们的脉搏跳得缓慢而沉重，我们衰老的关节患上了风湿，我们爱上了安乐椅和烟斗，还对男孩儿们的热情不屑一顾。但是，噢，那神仙般的生活，哪怕是短短一瞬，也别无他求！

(1) 帕西，猫的名字。

(2) 蒙特莫伦西，本书作者另一本小说《三人同舟》里出现的一条狗的名字。

(3) 参见19世纪英国浪漫主义诗人罗伯特·骚塞的叙事诗《哈托主教》。

(4) 《哈梅林的彩衣吹笛人》，故事选自《格林童话》，此处作者谈到的应为罗伯特·勃朗宁的英译童话诗。

(5) 帕西·苏柏采斯，猫的名字，即前文提到的帕西。

IX. On Being Shy

9. 羞涩之苦

All great literary men are shy. I am myself, though I am told it is hardly noticeable.

所有伟大的文学家都是害羞的。我自己就很怕羞，虽然别人告诉我，我的羞涩很不明显。

I am glad it is not. It used to be extremely prominent at one time, and was the cause of much misery to myself and discomfort to every one about me—my lady friends especially complained most bitterly about it.

我很高兴它并不明显。它曾经极度引人注目，给我自己带来了诸多痛苦，也给我身边的各位带来了许多尴尬——我的女性朋友们对它的抱怨最为厉害。

A shy man's lot is not a happy one. The men dislike him, the women despise him, and he dislikes and despises himself. Use brings him no relief, and there is no cure for him except time; though I once came across a delicious recipe for overcoming the misfortune. It appeared among the "answers to correspondents" in a small weekly journal and ran as follows—I have never forgotten it: "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies."

羞涩的男人往往时运不济。男人们不喜欢他，女人们也瞧不起他，而他自己，也是既不喜欢又瞧不起。个人价值不能带给他安慰，除了时间，没什么东西可以为他疗伤；尽管如此，有一次，我却有幸得见一个可以克服这一不幸的妙方。我是在一份小型周刊的“来信回复”栏中发现的，它是这么写的——我从来没有忘记过：“举止需从容自在、讨人喜欢，对女士尤为如此。”

Poor wretch! I can imagine the grin with which he must have read that advice. "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies," forsooth! Don't you adopt anything of the kind, my dear young shy friend. Your attempt to put on any other disposition than your own will infallibly result in your becoming ridiculously gushing and offensively familiar. Be your own natural self, and then you will only be thought to be surly and stupid.

可怜的家伙！我都能想象读到这条建议时，他咧嘴而笑的样子。“举

止需从容自在、讨人喜欢，对女士尤为如此。”真是大实话！我亲爱的年轻而羞涩的朋友，你可别听信了这样的话。你故作姿态的努力，无疑会让你热情得荒谬可笑，或亲切得令人反感；而如果你坚持自己的本色，别人又会觉得你乖戾无礼，愚笨乏味。

The shy man does have some slight revenge upon society for the torture it inflicts upon him. He is able, to a certain extent, to communicate his misery. He frightens other people as much as they frighten him. He acts like a damper upon the whole room, and the most jovial spirits become in his presence depressed and nervous.

社会让害羞的人痛苦，他确实也会小小地还以报复。他的痛苦在某种程度上具有传染性。虽然他害怕他人，但他给他人带来的惊吓却一点儿不少。他就像整个屋子的减音器一样，只要他一出现，最活跃的家伙也会变得心情低落，神情紧张。

This is a good deal brought about by misunderstanding. Many people mistake the shy man's timidity for overbearing arrogance and are awed and insulted by it. His awkwardness is resented as insolent carelessness, and when, terror-stricken at the first word addressed to him, the blood rushes to his head and the power of speech completely fails him, he is regarded as an awful example of the evil effects of giving way to passion.

这个问题大多是由误会造成的。很多人错把羞涩者的胆怯当成自高自大，不仅心存敬畏，还觉得受到了侮辱。他的不善言辞则被误解成傲慢无礼、漫不经心而遭人怨恨。人们开口和他说第一句话时，他会惊恐不已，头脑发热，完全丧失语言能力。这时，他就会被当作因无法控制情绪而导致不良后果的反面例子。

But, indeed, to be misunderstood is the shy man's fate on every occasion; and whatever impression he endeavors to create, he is sure to convey its opposite. When he makes a joke, it is looked upon as a pretended relation of fact and his want of veracity much condemned. His sarcasm is accepted as his literal opinion and gains for him the reputation of being an ass, while if, on the other hand, wishing to ingratiate himself, he ventures upon a little bit of flattery, it is taken for satire and he is hated ever afterward.

但是，的确，无论在什么样的场合，害羞的人都会遭遇被误解的宿命；无论他想留给别人怎样的印象，都肯定会产生相反的效果。他开玩笑的时候，别人会认为他在讲述编造的事实，然后骂他嘴里没有一句实话。他的戏谑之言，则会被当作他的真实想法，为他赢得“混蛋”的名声。然而，另一方面，他如果为了迎合别人而大胆尝试说一点奉承话，

又会被当作是在冷嘲热讽，从此被人记恨。

These and the rest of a shy man's troubles are always very amusing to other people, and have afforded material for comic writing from time immemorial. But if we look a little deeper we shall find there is a pathetic, one might almost say a tragic, side to the picture. A shy man means a lonely man—a man cut off from all companionship, all sociability. He moves about the world, but does not mix with it. Between him and his fellow-men there runs ever an impassable barrier—a strong, invisible wall that, trying in vain to scale, he but bruises himself against. He sees the pleasant faces and hears the pleasant voices on the other side, but he cannot stretch his hand across to grasp another hand. He stands watching the merry groups, and he longs to speak and to claim kindred with them. But they pass him by, chatting gayly to one another, and he cannot stay them. He tries to reach them, but his prison walls move with him and hem him in on every side. In the busy street, in the crowded room, in the grind of work, in the whirl of pleasure, amid the many or amid the few—wherever men congregate together, wherever the music of human speech is heard and human thought is flashed from human eyes, there, shunned and solitary, the shy man, like a leper, stands apart. His soul is full of love and longing, but the world knows it not. The iron mask of shyness is riveted before his face, and the man beneath is never seen. Genial words and hearty greetings are ever rising to his lips, but they die away in unheard whispers behind the steel clamps. His heart aches for the weary brother, but his sympathy is dumb. Contempt and indignation against wrong choke up his throat, and finding no safety-valve whence in passionate utterance they may burst forth, they only turn in again and harm him. All the hate and scorn and love of a deep nature such as the shy man is ever cursed by fester and corrupt within, instead of spending themselves abroad, and sour him into a misanthrope and cynic.

羞涩者的这些逸事和其他麻烦事，一向逗人发笑，并为古往今来的喜剧作品提供了充裕的素材。但只要我们再稍微深入地想想，就会发现其中有值得同情甚至可以说是悲惨的一面。一个害羞的人同时也是一个孤独的人——一个没有任何人作伴，也没有任何社交活动的人。他在这个世上生活，却不能融入其中。一道不可跨越的障碍始终存在于他和其他人之间——那是一堵坚固无形的墙，怎么翻越都是徒劳，只会将自己撞得鼻青脸肿。他能看到墙的另一面赏心悦目的面庞，能听到悦耳的声音，却无法伸手过去抓住另一只手。他站在原地，看着欢乐的人群，想要和他们说说话，告诉他们自己是他们的朋友。但当他们快活地聊着天

经过他的身旁时，他却无法使他们停留。他想要追上他们，但禁锢他的墙壁却跟着他移动，从四面八方将他封锁起来。在繁华的街市上，在拥挤的房间里，不管是辛苦地工作，还是疯狂地享乐，不管身边人数众多，还是寥寥无几——无论在哪里，当人们聚集在一起，当人们说话的声音交织成动听的音乐在周围萦绕，当人类思想的火花在人们眼睛里闪耀，害羞的人却像被排挤的麻风病人一样，茕茕孑立，形影相吊。他的灵魂充满了爱和渴望，但是世人并不知晓。羞涩的铁面具固定在了他的脸上，而背后的那个人却从没被人看到过。温和的话语和真心的祝福常常涌到他的唇边，但却在那钢铁夹板背后化为细不可闻的呢喃。他为疲惫的兄弟心痛，但他的同情却默默无声。对邪恶的轻蔑和愤怒时时卡住他的喉咙，找不到安全阀门可以倾泄出激昂的言辞，只能再憋回心里，伤害自己。羞涩者所有深沉的爱恨与嘲笑永远无法显露在外，却总在心中溃烂腐化，让他们变得离群索居，愤世嫉俗。

Yes, shy men, like ugly women, have a bad time of it in this world, to go through which with any comfort needs the hide of a rhinoceros. Thick skin is, indeed, our moral clothes, and without it we are not fit to be seen about in civilized society. A poor gasping, blushing creature, with trembling knees and twitching hands, is a painful sight to every one, and if it cannot cure itself, the sooner it goes and hangs itself the better.

是的，害羞的人就像面容丑陋的女人一样，在这个世界上吃尽了苦头，需要一张犀牛皮才能过得舒服一点。确实，厚实的皮肤是我们的道德外衣，如果没有，我们就无法在文明社会立足。看到呼吸短促、面红耳赤、手脚颤抖的可怜家伙，对任何人来说都是痛苦的事；如果这样的人不能自我治愈，还不如早点吊死自己来得干净。

The disease can be cured. For the comfort of the shy, I can assure them of that from personal experience. I do not like speaking about myself, as may have been noticed, but in the cause of humanity I on this occasion will do so, and will confess that at one time I was, as the young man in the Bab Ballad¹ says, "the shyest of the shy," and "whenever I was introduced to any pretty maid, my knees they knocked together just as if I was afraid." Now, I would—nay, have—on this very day before yesterday I did the deed. Alone and entirely by myself (as the school-boy said in translating the Bellum Gallicum²) did I beard a railway refreshment-room young lady in her own lair. I rebuked her in terms of mingled bitterness and sorrow for her callousness and want of condescension. I insisted, courteously but firmly, on being accorded that

deference and attention that was the right of the traveling Briton, and at the end I looked her full in the face. Need I say more?

害羞这种病是可以治愈的。为了让害羞者心安，我会以个人经验作为担保。我不喜欢谈论自己的事，可能大家也注意到了，但出于人道主义的考虑，这次我就说说自己的经历。我承认，我曾经就像《巴布民谣》里的那个年轻人一样，“比最害羞的人还要害羞”，而且“每当介绍美丽的姑娘给我认识时，我都双腿发抖，好像我很害怕”。现在我会——不，是已经——其实前天我就做了这么一件事。我完全凭自己一个人的力量（就像男学生们说自己翻译《高卢战记》那样），向一位车站茶点室的年轻女服务员提出了挑战，而且是在她自己的地盘上。我用混合着辛酸和悲痛的语气，指责她态度冷淡，举止无礼。我礼貌但坚决地表示，尊重和关心是英国人在旅行中理应得到的，说到最后，我从正面直视着她的脸。还需要我再说什么吗？

True, immediately after doing so I left the room with what may possibly have appeared to be precipitation and without waiting for any refreshment. But that was because I had changed my mind, not because I was frightened, you understand.

没错，做完这些之后我没吃任何点心就立刻离开了车厢，看起来可能有点仓皇而逃的感觉。但那是因为我改变了主意，并不是因为害怕，你知道的。

One consolation that shy folk can take unto themselves is that shyness is certainly no sign of stupidity. It is easy enough for bull-headed clowns to sneer at nerves, but the highest natures are not necessarily those containing the greatest amount of moral brass. The horse is not an inferior animal to the cock-sparrow, nor the deer of the forest to the pig. Shyness simply means extreme sensibility, and has nothing whatever to do with self-consciousness or with conceit, though its relationship to both is continually insisted upon by the poll-parrot school of philosophy.

害羞的家伙们可以觉得欣慰的是，害羞绝不是愚蠢的象征。虽然固执的小丑们总是嘲笑神经敏感的人，但最高等的生物并不一定是脸皮最厚的家伙。马并不因为默默无语就比公麻雀低上一等，同理，森林中的鹿也不比猪低级。害羞仅代表极度敏感，与自我意识或者自负没有任何关系，尽管那些鹦鹉学舌的哲学流派总是反复强调害羞与这两者之间的关系。

Conceit, indeed, is the quickest cure for it. When it once begins to dawn upon you that you are a good deal cleverer than any one else in this world,

bashfulness becomes shocked and leaves you. When you can look round a roomful of people and think that each one is a mere child in intellect compared with yourself you feel no more shy of them than you would of a select company of magpies or orang-outangs.

然而，自负的确是治疗羞涩的速效药。当你开始意识到自己比世界上任何人都要聪明得多时，羞涩也会大吃一惊，离你远去。当你能够环视屋子一周，想着这一屋子的人在智力上和你相比不过是群孩子时，你就不会再感到羞涩，因为在他们面前害羞，无异于对着一群喜鹊或猩猩难为情。

Conceit is the finest armor that a man can wear. Upon its smooth, impenetrable surface the puny dagger-thrusts of spite and envy glance harmlessly aside. Without that breast-plate the sword of talent cannot force its way through the battle of life, for blows have to be borne as well as dealt. I do not, of course, speak of the conceit that displays itself in an elevated nose and a falsetto voice. That is not real conceit—that is only playing at being conceited; like children play at being kings and queens and go strutting about with feathers and long trains. Genuine conceit does not make a man objectionable. On the contrary, it tends to make him genial, kind-hearted, and simple. He has no need of affectation—he is far too well satisfied with his own character; and his pride is too deep-seated to appear at all on the outside. Careless alike of praise or blame, he can afford to be truthful. Too far, in fancy, above the rest of mankind to trouble about their petty distinctions, he is equally at home with duke or costermonger. And valuing no one's standard but his own, he is never tempted to practice that miserable pretense that less self-reliant people offer up as an hourly sacrifice to the god of their neighbor's opinion.

自负是人们最好的盔甲。那微不足道的恶言恶语和嫉妒的目光都无法刺穿它光滑而坚不可入的表面。没有自负这个护胸，才能的利剑就无法在生活的战场上大显身手，因为我们不仅要出剑，也要挡剑。我说的自负，当然不是要表现得趾高气扬，装腔作势。那不是真正的自负——而只是做出自负的样子；就像孩子们扮成国王和皇后，带着羽毛，排成一列，昂首阔步地走来走去。真正的自负不会让人觉得讨厌。相反，它会让人变得亲切，善良，纯朴。他没有必要伪装——因为他对自己的性格十分满意；而他的骄傲是深深藏于内心的，根本不会显形于外。不管是毁是誉，他都不放在心上，因为他有资本过真实的生活。他所关心的东西层次远在常人之上，所以对于困扰其他人的细微差别，他从不在意，不管是公爵还是小贩，他都能态度自然地与之相处。缺乏自信的人

往往会牺牲一些时间按邻居的意见行事，而自负的人从来不会去做这些可悲的事，因为他不在意他人的评价，只在乎自己的标准。

The shy man, on the other hand, is humble—modest of his own judgment and over-anxious concerning that of others. But this in the case of a young man is surely right enough. His character is unformed. It is slowly evolving itself out of a chaos of doubt and disbelief. Before the growing insight and experience the diffidence recedes. A man rarely carries his shyness past the hobbledehoy period. Even if his own inward strength does not throw it off, the rubbings of the world generally smooth it down. You scarcely ever meet a really shy man—except in novels or on the stage, where, by the bye, he is much admired, especially by the women.

另一方面，害羞的人却是谦卑的——他们提出自己的意见时很谦卑，却极度紧张别人的看法。但对于一个年轻人来说，这的确是十分正确的。他的性格还没有定型，正在从困惑和怀疑的混沌中慢慢成形。在心智成熟，阅历增长之前，两者间的差异渐渐消融。很少有人会把羞涩带到成年以后的岁月中去。即使自己内在的力量不足以摆脱羞涩，一般来说，这个世界处处存在的摩擦也会将它逐渐消除。你很难遇到真正害羞的人——除了在小说里或者在舞台上，然而在那些地方，他是倍受推崇的对象，尤其讨女人的喜欢。

There, in that supernatural land, he appears as a fair-haired and saintlike young man—fair hair and goodness always go together on the stage. No respectable audience would believe in one without the other. I knew an actor who mislaid his wig once and had to rush on to play the hero in his own hair, which was jet-black, and the gallery howled at all his noble sentiments under the impression that he was the villain. He—the shy young man—loves the heroine, oh so devotedly (but only in asides, for he dare not tell her of it), and he is so noble and unselfish, and speaks in such a low voice, and is so good to his mother; and the bad people in the play, they laugh at him and jeer at him, but he takes it all so gently, and in the end it transpires that he is such a clever man, though nobody knew it, and then the heroine tells him she loves him, and he is so surprised, and oh, so happy! And everybody loves him and asks him to forgive them, which he does in a few well-chosen and sarcastic words, and blesses them; and he seems to have generally such a good time of it that all the young fellows who are not shy long to be shy. But the really shy man knows better. He knows that it is not quite so pleasant in reality. He is not quite so interesting there as in the fiction. He is a little more clumsy and stupid and a

little less devoted and gentle, and his hair is much darker, which, taken altogether, considerably alters the aspect of the case.

那里，在那个神奇的世界里，他以圣洁的金发青年的形象出现——在舞台上，金色的头发和优良的品性孟不离焦焦不离孟。没有哪位可敬的观众会相信两者中会缺其一。我认识一个演员，有一次他把假发放错了地方，不得不顶着自已墨黑的头发冲上台，出演男主角。整个剧场对他表现出的高尚情感报以愤怒的嘘声，因为大家都认定了他是剧中的反面角色。他——那个害羞的年轻人——噢，那么全心全意地爱着女主角（但只在旁白里表现，因为他不敢向她告白）。他是如此高尚而无私，说话时如此轻言细语，而且十分孝敬他的母亲。剧中的坏人嘲笑他，讥讽他，他都温和地承受一切。剧终的时候真相大白：原来他是一个如此聪明的人，虽然之前没人知道。然后，女主角向他吐露爱意，他多么惊喜，噢，多么幸福啊！现在每个人都爱他，都来祈求他的原谅。他以几句恰到好处而略带讽刺的话语表达了他的原谅，并祝福所有人。他的生活整体上看起来相当美满，以至于所有不害羞的年轻人也希望能变得害羞。但真正害羞的人知道得更清楚，在现实生活中，害羞并不是那么令人愉快。他也不像小说里写得那般有趣。他多了几分笨手笨脚、呆头呆脑，少了几分全心全意、彬彬有礼；而且，他的头发更黑，这点，与其他因素全加起来，就会大大改变剧情。

The point where he does resemble his ideal is in his faithfulness. I am fully prepared to allow the shy young man that virtue: he is constant in his love. But the reason is not far to seek. The fact is it exhausts all his stock of courage to look one woman in the face, and it would be simply impossible for him to go through the ordeal with a second. He stands in far too much dread of the whole female sex to want to go gadding about with many of them. One is quite enough for him.

他与自己的偶像确实相似的一点是他的忠诚。我已欣然承认羞涩者的这个美德：他对爱情的专一。但理由不难发现。事实上，抬起头来注视一个女人的脸就已经耗尽了他所有的勇气储备，他不可能经受得住第二次严酷考验。他对于整个女性深怀畏惧，绝不可能周旋于许多女人之间。对于他来说，一个女人就足够了。

Now, it is different with the young man who is not shy. He has temptations which his bashful brother never encounters. He looks around and everywhere sees roguish eyes and laughing lips. What more natural than that amid so many roguish eyes and laughing lips he should become confused and, forgetting for the moment which particular pair of roguish eyes and laughing lips it is that he

belongs to, go off making love to the wrong set. The shy man, who never looks at anything but his own boots, sees not and is not tempted. Happy shy man!

说起来，不害羞的年轻人就大不一样了。他们遇到的诱惑是他们那些害羞的兄弟压根儿就没遇见过的。放眼看去，到处都是挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇。再自然不过的，就是在这么多挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇中间，他开始糊涂，忘了自己属于哪双挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇，而向错误的女孩求爱。害羞的人，永远只盯着自己的靴子，看不见任何其他的东西，眼不见心不乱。害羞的人真幸福！

Not but what the shy man himself would much rather not be happy in that way. He longs to "go it" with the others, and curses himself every day for not being able to. He will now and again, screwing up his courage by a tremendous effort, plunge into roguishness. But it is always a terrible fiasco, and after one or two feeble flounders he crawls out again, limp and pitiable.

然而，唯独害羞的人自己宁愿不要这种幸福。他渴望可以和大家一起“刺激一下”，每日诅咒自己的无能为力。他隔三差五就要竭尽全力给自己鼓劲，然后陷入无所顾忌的状态。可却总是彻头彻尾地惨败而归，无力地挣扎过一两次后，他便有气无力、可怜兮兮地又爬了出来。

I say "pitiable," though I am afraid he never is pitied. There are certain misfortunes which, while inflicting a vast amount of suffering upon their victims, gain for them no sympathy. Losing an umbrella, falling in love, toothache, black eyes, and having your hat sat upon may be mentioned as a few examples, but the chief of them all is shyness. The shy man is regarded as an animate joke. His tortures are the sport of the drawing-room arena and are pointed out and discussed with much gusto.

虽然我说“可怜兮兮”，但恐怕没人真正可怜过害羞的人。有一些不幸为他们的承受者带来了巨大的痛苦，却不能为他们赢得一丝同情。丢失雨伞，陷入爱河，牙疼，眼睛被揍得乌青，帽子被别人坐在了屁股下面……这儿所提到的可能是极少数的几个例子，但其中最主要的是害羞。害羞的人就是个活笑话。折磨他是室内运动场上的运动，被人们兴致勃勃地指出来并讨论着。

"Look," cry his tittering audience to each other; "he's blushing!"

“看啊，”人们窃笑着转告彼此，“他脸红了！”

"Just watch his legs," says one.

“看看他的双腿吧。”一个人说。

"Do you notice how he is sitting?" adds another: "right on the edge of the chair."

“你们注意到他的坐姿了吗？”另外一个人补充道，“他是靠着椅子边儿坐的。”

"Seems to have plenty of color," sneers a military-looking gentleman.

“他的脸色好像很丰富啊。”一位军人模样的先生嘲笑着说。

"Pity he's got so many hands," murmurs an elderly lady, with her own calmly folded on her lap. "They quite confuse him."

“真可怜，手都不知道往哪儿放。”一位老太太低声说道，她自己的手倒是好好地叠放在膝盖上，“他的手把他搞晕了。”

"A yard or two off his feet wouldn't be a disadvantage," chimes in the comic man, "especially as he seems so anxious to hide them."

“就是把他的双脚截掉一两码，也不是坏事，”爱开玩笑的人插嘴说，“尤其是他好像正急着把自己的脚藏起来。”

And then another suggests that with such a voice he ought to have been a sea-captain. Some draw attention to the desperate way in which he is grasping his hat. Some comment upon his limited powers of conversation. Others remark upon the troublesome nature of his cough. And so on, until his peculiarities and the company are both thoroughly exhausted.

然后又有人提议他这样的嗓音本该去当船长，一些人则注意到了他紧抓着帽檐的紧张样子，一些人讨论着他那有限的交流能力，另一些人则评论着他那恼人的咳嗽。这些讨论不断进行，直到他的所有怪癖都被说了个遍，而议论的人也都筋疲力尽了为止。

His friends and relations make matters still more unpleasant for the poor boy (friends and relations are privileged to be more disagreeable than other people). Not content with making fun of him among themselves, they insist on his seeing the joke. They mimic and caricature him for his own edification. One, pretending to imitate him, goes outside and comes in again in a ludicrously nervous manner, explaining to him afterward that that is the way he—meaning the shy fellow—walks into a room; or, turning to him with "This is the way you shake hands," proceeds to go through a comic pantomime with the rest of the room, taking hold of every one's hand as if it were a hot plate and flabbily dropping it again. And then they ask him why he blushes, and why he stammers, and why he always speaks in an almost inaudible tone, as if they thought he did it on purpose. Then one of them, sticking out his chest and strutting about the room like a pouter-pigeon, suggests quite seriously that that is the style he should adopt. The old man slaps him on the back and says: "Be bold, my boy. Don't be afraid of any one." The mother says, "Never do anything

that you need be ashamed of, Algernon, and then you never need be ashamed of anything you do," and, beaming mildly at him, seems surprised at the clearness of her own logic. The boys tell him that he's "worse than a girl," and the girls repudiate the implied slur upon their sex by indignantly exclaiming that they are sure no girl would be half as bad.

而朋友们和亲戚们让这可怜的家伙日子更加难过（朋友和亲戚的特权就是可以表现得比其他人更为讨厌）。他们不满足于只在彼此之间嘲笑他，而非要他也看清自己哪里可笑。他们模仿他，丑化他，以此来教育他。一个人装作他的模样，走出房门之后又再走进来，样子滑稽而紧张。然后向他解释，这就是他——那个害羞的家伙——走进房间的方式；或者，转头对他说“你就是这么握手的”，然后与整个房间的人一起表演一出滑稽的哑剧：将每个人的手抓一下就无力地放开，好像大家的手是电烤盘。他们会问他为什么脸红，为什么结巴，为什么要用这么细不可闻的声音说话，好像认为他是故意这么做的。然后，他们中间会有一个人站出来，昂首挺胸、趾高气扬地在房间里走，好像一只凸胸鸽，然后正经八百地建议他，这样走路才对。长辈会在他的背上拍拍，说：“孩子，大胆点儿，谁都不要怕。”妈妈会对他说：“阿尔杰农，永远别做会让你自己羞愧的事，这样你就不会为你自己做过的任何事羞愧。”然后，温和地冲着他笑，似乎是惊讶于自己清晰的逻辑。男孩们会告诉他，他“还不如个女孩儿”，而女孩们则愤怒地反击，批判这是对女性暗藏的侮辱，保证没有哪个女孩儿有他一半儿那么糟。

They are quite right; no girl would be. There is no such thing as a shy woman, or, at all events, I have never come across one, and until I do I shall not believe in them. I know that the generally accepted belief is quite the reverse. All women are supposed to be like timid, startled fawns, blushing and casting down their gentle eyes when looked at and running away when spoken to; while we man are supposed to be a bold and rollicky lot, and the poor dear little women admire us for it, but are terribly afraid of us. It is a pretty theory, but, like most generally accepted theories, mere nonsense. The girl of twelve is self-contained and as cool as the proverbial cucumber, while her brother of twenty stammers and stutters by her side. A woman will enter a concert-room late, interrupt the performance, and disturb the whole audience without moving a hair, while her husband follows her, a crushed heap of apologizing misery.

她们说得很对；没有哪个女孩儿会比他糟糕。世上从来没有害羞的女人，或者说，我在任何场合都从没碰到过。除非我真的碰到一位，否则我是不会相信她们的存在的。我知道，被大家公认的信念通常是恰恰

相反的。所有的女人都该像羞涩怕生、容易受惊的小鹿一样，在别人的注视下会双颊绯红，垂下她们温柔的双眸，当别人和她们说话的时候，会迅速跑掉。而男人则应该是勇敢无畏、会说会闹的家伙，可爱可怜的小女人们因此而崇拜我们，但又惊恐地畏惧我们。这个绝妙的理论，就像大多数被广为认同的理论一样，纯粹是无稽之谈。一个十二岁的女孩儿就已经自立了，可以冷静而老练地处理事情；而她二十岁的哥哥却还在她旁边结结巴巴地说话。一个女人迟到进入音乐会大厅，干扰演出，打扰所有的观众，却连眉头都不皱一下，但她可怜的丈夫却跟着她，一路不停地道歉。

The superior nerve of women in all matters connected with love, from the casting of the first sheep's-eye down to the end of the honeymoon, is too well acknowledged to need comment. Nor is the example a fair one to cite in the present instance, the positions not being equally balanced. Love is woman's business, and in "business" we all lay aside our natural weaknesses—the shyest man I ever knew was a photographic tout.

从第一次暗送秋波到蜜月结束，女人在所有与爱情相关的事情中，都显露出过人的胆识，这是大家公认的事情，根本不需要评论。在这里引用爱情的例子不够公平，因为在爱情中男女的地位并不平等。爱情是女人的事业，而在处理“事业”的时候，我们都会把自己天生的弱点搁在一边——我所认识的最害羞的人，是个给照相馆招揽生意的伙计。

(1) 《巴布民谣》，威廉·S.吉尔伯特的作品。

(2) 《高卢战记》，凯撒所著，记录他在高卢作战的经过。

X. On Babies

10. 宝宝传说

Oh, yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once, though not long—not so long as my clothes. They were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

噢，是的——我对宝宝们所知甚多。我自己也曾经是个宝宝，虽然时间不长——还不如我的宝宝服长。我记得它们非常长，在我想踢踢脚的时候，总是挡着我。为什么宝宝们穿的衣服要有这些不必要的尺码呢？这并不是什么难解之谜，我真的很想知道，但我却永远没法理解。是不是父母为宝宝的个头感到羞愧，所以希望别人相信他其实比看起来高很多？一次，我问一个保姆为什么这样，她的回答是：

"Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts."

“天啊，先生，他们一直穿这种长衣服，上帝保佑他们幼小的心灵。”

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied:

当我解释说她的答案尽管可以为她自己的爱心加分，却完全没有消除我的疑惑时，她回答说：

"Lor', sir, you wouldn't have 'em in short clothes, poor little dears?" And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly outrage.

“天啊，先生，你不会是想给他们穿那些短短的小衣服吧？可怜的小东西们。”她说话的语气好像在暗示我说了什么不人道的无礼之辞。

Since then I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows there is enough of dressing and undressing to be gone through in life without beginning it before

we need; and one would think that people who live in bed might at all events be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fix another lot on, and put them to bed again, and then at night haul them out once more, merely to change everything back? And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know, between a baby's night-shirt and the thing it wears in the day-time?

从此之后，我就不好意思再就这个问题提出疑问了。而宝宝们穿长衣服的原因——假如真有什么原因——对我来说仍旧是个谜。可说实话，不管给宝宝们穿什么衣服，在我看来都很荒谬。老天知道，我们一生中要穿上和脱下多少次衣服，在我们还不需要这么做的时候，就开始了；有人会想，一个在床上生活的人无论如何都应该免除这个麻烦了吧？为什么要在一大早就叫醒这些可怜的小家伙，脱掉一整套衣服，换上另外一整套，然后再哄他们入睡？晚上，他们又一次被拉出被窝，只为了再把早上的衣服换回身上？我很想知道，做完所有这些事情后，宝宝晚上的睡衣和白天的行头有什么区别？

Very likely, however, I am only making myself ridiculous—I often do, so I am informed—and I will therefore say no more upon this matter of clothes, except only that it would be of great convenience if some fashion were adopted enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

然而，提出这样的问题，很有可能只会让我自己显得荒唐可笑——别人告诉我，我经常如此——所以我不再多说宝宝衣服的话题了，除了这最后一句：如果能有什么可以区分男女宝宝的服装样式被采纳，那就方便多了。

At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation affords the slightest clew, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of nature you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male babe as "she" being only equaled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as "he". Whichever sex the particular child in question happens not to belong to is considered as beneath contempt, and any mention of it is taken as a personal insult to the family.

眼下，想要分辨男女宝宝非常困难。不管是从头发和服装上，还是从与别人的谈话中，都很难找到一丝线索，所以你只能靠猜。而在自然界一些神秘规律的作用下，你肯定每猜必错，于是就被所有的亲戚朋友当作傻瓜和无赖。暗指一个男宝宝为“她”，就像称一个女宝宝为“他”一样，都是罪大恶极的行为。不管是男是女，说错了宝宝的性别会被视为

对宝宝的轻蔑，而任何用错误的“他/她”来称呼宝宝的说法，都会被认为是整个家族的人身攻击。

And as you value your fair name do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of "it."

如果你还珍惜自己的好名声，也不要试图用“它”来蒙混过关。

There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. By murdering a large and respected family in cold blood and afterward depositing their bodies in the water companies' reservoir, you will gain much unpopularity in the neighborhood of your crime, and even robbing a church will get you cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you call dear baby "it."

一个人想要身败名裂，有很多方法。你可以残忍地将一个有威望的大家族灭门，然后抛尸于自来水公司的蓄水池中，这样，你就会成为当地居民避之不及的人物。甚至是去抢劫教堂，也能使人对你由衷地厌恶，尤其是教区牧师们。但假如你想将一个人类朋友能向你发泄的所有轻蔑和憎恶全部挤榨出来，那么就当着—位年轻母亲的面，称她可爱的小宝宝为“它”吧。

Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel." The noun "angel" being of common gender suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good-feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

最好的办法是称其为“小天使”。“天使”这个名词涵盖了两种性别，恰到好处地适应了这种情况，大家也肯定乐于接受这个称呼。为了避免单调，也可以使用“小宝贝”或“小美人”这样的名词，但最能让你显得体贴懂事、感情丰富的词，还是“小天使”。这个词要用短促的咯咯笑作为开场白，说的时还要伴随着尽量多的微笑。记住，不管你在做什么，别忘了说孩子的鼻子像爸爸。这句话比什么都能“抓住”家长的心（请允

许我使用这句俗语)。一开始，他们会假装笑话这个说法，会说：“哦，胡说八道！”这时候，你一定要情绪激动，坚持自己说的是事实。在这件事上，你不需觉得自己良心上过不去，因为这小东西的鼻子确实像他爸爸——不管怎样，自然界中任何其他生物也是如此——因为鼻子的轮廓都很模糊不清。

Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and grand mamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you, though) behind, and a baldheaded dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby." A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he shall be ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends.

朋友们，不要小看这些诀窍。我们很可能碰到这样的场景：妈妈和外婆分别陪护在还没长头发的婴儿两侧，后面还跟着一大群充满倾慕的年轻女性（虽然不是倾慕你）。这个时候，你就会为知道该说什么而感激不已了。一个男人——我是指一个还没结婚的男人——在经受“看宝宝”这个考验时会暴露出前所未有的劣势。单单是有人提出这个建议，就足以让他背脊发冷了。但即使他笑容扭曲地说声“十分荣幸”，甚至也一定会感动一位母亲的心。除非，就像我倾向于相信的那样，这一整套程序只是妻子们为了减少丈夫单身朋友们的来访而采取的手段。

It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "baby," during which time you are left to your own sad thoughts and the speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fl uttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to

step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock at Bow Street¹, and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you sniggeringly observe that "it hasn't got much hair has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity:

不管借口是什么，这都是十分残酷的捉弄。铃声拉响，就会有人上去告诉保姆把宝宝带下来。这是给所有在场女性的一个信号：现在大家可以开始谈论“宝宝”了。这段时间里，没人会理你。你沉浸在自己悲哀的想法里，算算突然想起要去赴一个重要约会这样一个借口的可行性有多大，看看如果你这样做了，别人有没有可能相信你。当你刚刚编造好一个十分荒谬、难以置信的故事，说外面有人在等你时，门开了，一个身材高大、表情严肃的女人抱着什么东西走了进来。那东西第一眼看上去就像个特别小的靠垫，但所有的羽毛装饰都在一端。然而直觉告诉你，这就是那个宝宝。你站起身，痛苦地装出一副翘首以盼的样子。当女人们表达慈爱的第一轮热潮渐渐退去，同时说话的女士只剩下惯常的四五个时，飞舞的裙裾围成的圆圈就会裂出一个缺口，让出一条道来，这就是你走上前去的时候了。你感觉到了走上弓街被告席时的那种气氛，你感到一种不可名状的痛苦，严肃地站在那儿盯着那个宝宝。房间里一片死寂，你知道大家都在等着你说点什么。你绞尽脑汁想找点话题，却惊惧地发现，自己已经丧失了思考能力。真是令人绝望的时刻。而你心中的魔鬼却抓住了机会，向你推荐了一些人类所能说出的最最愚蠢的语言。于是，你傻呵呵地看了看周围的人，窃笑着评论道：“他还没长什么头发，是吧？”整整一分钟，没有任何人回答你。最后，威严的保姆极为严肃地说：

"It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

“五周大的孩子，一般头发都不长。”随后，房间里又是一片安静。你觉得自己的第二次机会来了，于是开始问孩子会不会走路，他们都喂孩子吃些什么。

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high priestess directing some religious mystery she says, holding the bundle toward you:

到了这个时候，你已经被认为精神不太正常，大家对你只剩下同情。然而，保姆大人却决定不管你是否精神错乱，都不能半途而废，你必须坚持完成任务。她一边把襁褓递给你，一边用女祭司指导神秘宗教仪式的语气说：

"Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir," says the high-priestess, and then all step back and watch you intently as though you were going to do a trick with it.

“先生，抱抱她。”你万念俱灰，再也说不出一个拒绝的字，乖乖地将包袱接了过来。“先生，把你的手臂往她腰下放放。”女祭司发话了。然后所有人都退后一步，专心地盯着你看，好像你会图谋不轨。

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence. "I wouldn't jig her, sir, if I were you," says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide not to jig her and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

你不知道该做什么，就像先前你不知道该说什么一样。可以肯定的是，必须得做点什么，而这时你唯一能想到的，就是一边抱着那苦着小脸儿的宝宝上下摇晃，一边说着“哦哟哟，飞起来咯。”或者与这相同智力水平的言语。“先生，我要是你就不会这么晃她，”保姆说，“稍稍晃晃她就很不舒服。”于是你立刻决定不去摇晃她，真心希望自己还没有做得太过火。

At this point the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with "There! There! There! What did urns do to urns?" "How very extraordinary!" You say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why, you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

这个时候，一直以惊惧和厌恶的表情看着你的宝宝，开始用最高的嗓音，喊叫打断了这无聊的对话。女祭司急忙跑过来，一把将宝宝夺过去，安慰道：“好啦，好啦，好啦！发生什么事儿啦？”你开玩笑地说：“真是不可思议！到底怎么回事，她怎么哭成那样？”“还能是怎么回事，肯定是因为你对她做了什么！”孩子的妈妈愤怒地说道，“这孩子又不会无缘无故地哭。”很显然，他们肯定觉得你在用针扎宝宝呢。

The brat is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody points you out again with "Who's this, baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever.

小捣蛋最终还是安静了下来。如果不是哪个好事的人又指着你说：“宝宝，看看这是谁？”她还会一直安静下去。可这聪明的小孩认出了你，哭得比刚才还要厉害。

Whereupon some fat old lady remarks that "it's strange how children take a dislike to any one." "Oh, they know," replies another mysteriously. "It's a wonderful thing," adds a third; and then everybody looks sideways at you, convinced you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye; and they glory in the beautiful idea that your true character, unguessed by your fellow-men, has been discovered by the untaught instinct of a little child.

于是就会有一位胖老太太评价道：“真奇怪，孩子们也有不喜欢的人。”另一个胖老太太就会神秘地说：“嘿，他们明白着呢。”第三个胖老太太会说：“真是不可思议。”然后每个人都会侧过脸来看着你，认定你是个不可救药的无赖。他们为一种美妙的想法而自鸣得意：虽然你的本性没有被你周围的人发现，但还是被小孩子用她那与生俱来的直觉看穿了。

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

然而，宝宝们纵有千般不是、万般不该，也并非一无是处——他们无疑可以填补空虚的心灵；可以召唤爱的阳光，让人的脸庞多云转晴；可以用他们的小手将皱纹抚平，化为笑靥。

Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all-too-heavy drama. Each one, a small but determined opposition to the order of things in general, is forever doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, in the wrong place and in the wrong way. The nurse-girl who sent Jenny to see what Tommy and Totty were doing and "tell

'em they mustn't" knew infantile nature. Give an average baby a fair chance, and if it doesn't do something it oughtn't to a doctor should be called in at once.

这些奇妙的小家伙！他们是世界这个大舞台上懵懵懂懂的喜剧演员，他们为人生那沉重的戏剧提供轻松幽默的元素。他们每个人，都是世间万物既成规律的颠覆者，虽然小，但意志坚定，永远在错误的时间，错误的地点，用错误的方法，做错误的事情。保姆小姐叫珍妮看看汤米和托蒂在做什么，“告诉他们不许那么做。”她是了解孩子天性的。给普通的宝宝一个公平的机会，假如他不做点儿自己不该做的事情，我们倒该马上找个医生给他做做检查。

They have a genius for doing the most ridiculous things, and they do them in a grave, stoical manner that is irresistible. The business-like air with which two of them will join hands and proceed due east at a break-neck toddle, while an excitable big sister is roaring for them to follow her in a westerly direction, is most amusing—except, perhaps, for the big sister. They walk round a soldier, staring at his legs with the greatest curiosity, and poke him to see if he is real. They stoutly maintain, against all argument and much to the discomfort of the victim, that the bashful young man at the end of the bus is "dadda." A crowded street-corner suggests itself to their minds as a favorable spot for the discussion of family affairs at a shrill treble. When in the middle of crossing the road they are seized with a sudden impulse to dance, and the doorstep of a busy shop is the place they always select for sitting down and taking off their shoes.

他们天赋异禀，擅长做那些最荒唐可笑的事，可在做的时候，却又那么地一本正经，真是让人忍俊不禁。最可笑的，莫过于两个小家伙手拉着手，表情严肃、东倒西歪地快速向着东方走去时的那股正经劲儿，而一位大姐姐则情绪激动，极力召唤他们跟着自己向西去——当然，对于那位大姐来说，可能就没这么好笑了。他们会围着一位士兵转，怀着最强烈的好奇心盯着他的腿，时不时还要戳戳，看看他是不是活人。他们会不顾众人的反对和当事人的尴尬，固执地坚持说坐在公车后座的那位害羞的年轻人就是“爸爸”。在他们眼中，车水马龙的街角是尖着嗓子高声谈论家庭琐事的最佳地点。而在马路过到一半时，他们又会突然有了跳舞的冲动。而且，他们总是挑繁华商店的门前台阶，坐下来把鞋脱掉。

When at home they find the biggest walking-stick in the house or an umbrella—open preferred—of much assistance in getting upstairs. They discover that they love Mary Ann at the precise moment when that faithful

domestic is blackleading the stove, and nothing will relieve their feelings but to embrace her then and there. With regard to food, their favorite dishes are coke and cat's meat. They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

在家里的時候，他們發現房間裡最大的手杖或者雨傘——最好是撐開的——對他們上樓很有幫助。就在瑪麗·安給爐子上石墨的那一剎，他們發覺自己愛上了她；只有當場和她來個擁抱，才會令他們釋懷。食物方面，他們最愛可樂和貓食。他們看護小貓的方式，就是把它倒過來拎；他們揪狗的尾巴，來表達對它的愛憐。

They are a deal of trouble, and they make a place untidy and they cost a lot of money to keep; but still you would not have the house without them. It would not be home without their noisy tongues and their mischief-making hands. Would not the rooms seem silent without their pattering feet, and might not you stray apart if no prattling voices called you together?

他們是些麻煩鬼，他們把房間搞得亂糟糟，要花很多錢才能把他們養大成人；然而，房子里還是不能缺少他們的身影。沒有他們吵鬧的聲音和頑皮的双手，家就不成其為家了。沒有他們啪嗒啪嗒的脚步聲，房間豈不顯得死寂無聲？沒有他們一起叫你時的吵吵鬧鬧，你豈不會走神？

It should be so, and yet I have sometimes thought the tiny hand seemed as a wedge, dividing. It is a bearish task to quarrel with that purest of all human affections—that perfecting touch to a woman's life—a mother's love. It is a holy love, that we coarser-fibered men can hardly understand, and I would not be deemed to lack reverence for it when I say that surely it need not swallow up all other affection. The baby need not take your whole heart, like the rich man who walled up the desert well. Is there not another thirsty traveler standing by?

事情本應如此，可有時，我會覺得孩子的小手就像一個用來分割物體的楔子。與那人類最聖潔的情感——那讓一個女人的生命變得完美的觸動——母愛——爭吵是一件殘暴的事情。這種神聖的愛是我們這些大大咧咧的男人們所無法理解的。即使當我說母愛確實不該吞沒其他的情感時，別人也不能斷定我對它缺乏敬畏。你不必讓寶寶將你的心思全部占據，就像富有的人堵死沙漠中的水井一樣。難道旁邊沒有站着另一個口渴的旅人嗎？

In your desire to be a good mother, do not forget to be a good wife. No need for all the thought and care to be only for one. Do not, whenever poor

Edwin wants you to come out, answer indignantly, "What, and leave baby!" Do not spend all your evenings upstairs, and do not confine your conversation exclusively to whooping-cough and measles. My dear little woman, the child is not going to die every time it sneezes, the house is not bound to get burned down and the nurse run away with a soldier every time you go outside the front door; nor the cat sure to come and sit on the precious child's chest the moment you leave the bedside. You worry yourself a good deal too much about that solitary chick, and you worry everybody else too. Try and think of your other duties, and your pretty face will not be always puckered into wrinkles, and there will be cheerfulness in the parlor as well as in the nursery. Think of your big baby a little. Dance him about a bit; call him pretty names; laugh at him now and then. It is only the first baby that takes up the whole of a woman's time. Five or six do not require nearly so much attention as one. But before then the mischief has been done. A house where there seems no room for him and a wife too busy to think of him have lost their hold on that so unreasonable husband of yours, and he has learned to look elsewhere for comfort and companionship.

在努力做一位好妈妈的同时，别忘了也要当个好太太。没有必要将所有的心思和关爱放在一个人身上。当可怜的埃德温想叫你出来时，千万别愤怒地回答：“什么，要我丢下孩子！”别将整晚时间花在楼上的婴儿房里，与人交谈时，也别只谈论与百日咳和风疹有关的话题。我亲爱的小妇人们，不是孩子每次打个喷嚏就表示他会死；不是每次你一出前门，房子就一定会被烧为平地，保姆就会跟着大兵私奔；也不是在你离开床边的那一刻，猫就一定会马上爬过来，坐在宝贝孩子的胸口上。你对这个独一无二的小家伙过于担忧了，你也让大家为你担忧。试着想想身上的其他责任，你美丽的脸庞就不会总是愁眉不展，客厅和婴儿房里就都会充满快乐。关心一下你的大孩子吧。陪他一起跳会儿舞，给他取些可爱的小名，时常取笑他一下吧。其实，只有第一个宝宝会占用女人的所有时间，之后的五六个孩子，也远远要不了如此多的关注。但是等不到那时候，伤害就已经发生了。房子里没有他的立足之处，妻子忙得没有时间关心他，于是家对你那如此不可理喻的丈夫失去了控制，他们已经学会了到别处寻找慰藉和陪伴。

But there, there, there! I shall get myself the character of a baby-hater if I talk any more in this strain. And Heaven knows I am not one. Who could be, to look into the little innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down into the world?

但是到此为止吧，到此为止吧！假如再这样苛刻地谈下去，我肯定会给自己赢得憎恶宝宝的名声。老天知道，我才不是这样的人。在天国通往人间的大门前，那挤着的一张张羞怯无助的天真小脸，任谁看了，能心生憎恶呢？

The world—the small round world! What a vast mysterious place it must seem to baby eyes! What a trackless continent the back garden appears! What marvelous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends!

世界——这个小小的、圆圆的世界啊！你在孩子们的眼中，该是个多么辽阔而神秘的地方啊！单只是后花园，在他们看起来就像是人迹罕至的大陆了。他们在楼梯下的地窖里进行着多么奇妙的探险啊！他们盯着那条长长的街道，眼中充满怎样的敬畏和迷惑啊，就像我们这些大孩子在凝望星空时所想的那样：哪里才是尽头啊！

And down that longest street of all—that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them—what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast! What pitiful, frightened looks sometimes! I saw a little mite sitting on a doorstep in a Soho² slum one night, and I shall never forget the look that the gas-lamp showed me on its wizen face—a look of dull despair, as if from the squalid court the vista of its own squalid life had risen, ghostlike, and struck its heart dead with horror.

沿着那最长的一条街——那条昏暗漫长，在他们面前渐渐展开的生命之街——他们所投射的目光是多么肃穆和老套！有时候，这目光又是多么令人同情，充满恐惧！有一天晚上，我在索霍的贫民区看到了一个坐在门口台阶上的小孩，我永远都不会忘记在煤油灯映照下，孩子干瘪小脸上的那副表情——那是麻木而绝望的表情，仿佛从这肮脏而贫困的小巷子里，他将来悲惨生活的前景已经像幽灵一样缓缓升起，然后用恐怖将他的心钉死。

Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey! We old travelers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadowy ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

可怜的小脚丫，才刚刚踏上这坎坷的旅程！我们这些年老的旅行者已经走了很远，只能停下来冲你们挥挥手。你们穿过黑暗的迷雾走来，我们回过头，看到远方的你们多么渺小，你们站在山顶上，向我们伸出手臂。老天保佑你们走得快点儿！我们会停下来等待，握住你们的小手，但是浩瀚的海洋在我们耳边低声抱怨，我们也不能停留太久。我们必须加紧赶路，因为远处那幽暗的船只正等着扬起它们黑色的死亡之帆。

[\(1\)](#)弓街，伦敦市中心一街名，主要警察法庭的所在地。

[\(2\)](#)索霍区，伦敦一个地区，多夜总会和外国饭店。

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XI. On Eating And Drinking

11. 吃喝之道

I always was fond of eating and drinking, even as a child—especially eating, in those early days. I had an appetite then, also a digestion. I remember a dull-eyed, livid-complexioned gentleman coming to dine at our house once. He watched me eating for about five minutes, quite fascinated seemingly, and then he turned to my father with—

我一直喜欢吃喝，甚至在孩童时期就喜欢——小的时候，尤其喜欢吃。那时的我不仅食欲旺盛，消化也很好。我记得有一次，一个目光呆滞、面色青灰的先生来我家吃饭。他面带惊异地看着我吃东西，看了差不多有五分钟，似乎看得很着迷。然后，他转向我爸爸——

"Does your boy ever suffer from dyspepsia?"

“你儿子得过消化不良吗？”

"I never heard him complain of anything of that kind," replied my father. "Do you ever suffer from dyspepsia, Colly wobbles?" (They called me Colly wobbles, but it was not my real name.)

“我从来没听他抱怨过这方面的毛病。”我爸爸回答，“你得过消化不良吗，煤球儿？”（他们叫我煤球儿，但这不是我的真名。）

"No, pa," I answered. After which I added:

“没有，爸爸。”我回答说。之后我又问：

"What is dyspepsia, pa?"

“爸爸，什么是消化不良？”

My livid-complexioned friend regarded me with a look of mingled amazement and envy. Then in a tone of infinite pity he slowly said:

这位面色青灰的朋友用一种混合着惊奇和嫉妒的眼神打量着我，然后以一种无限怜悯的语调慢慢说道：

"You will know—some day."

“你会知道的——总有一天。”

My poor, dear mother used to say she liked to see me eat, and it has always been a pleasant reflection to me since that I must have given her much gratification in that direction. A growing, healthy lad, taking plenty of exercise

and careful to restrain himself from indulging in too much study, can generally satisfy the most exacting expectations as regards his feeding powers.

我可怜的、亲爱的妈妈过去经常对我说，她喜欢看我吃东西。这对我来说一直是美好的回忆，因为在这方面，我一定给了她极大的满足。一个正在成长的健康男孩，假如有足够多的运动量，又懂得小心避免为过重的学业所累，那么不管对他的食量有多么苛刻的期望，他一般都能满足。

It is amusing to see boys eat when you have not got to pay for it. Their idea of a square meal is a pound and a half of roast beef with five or six good-sized potatoes (soapy ones preferred as being more substantial), plenty of greens, and four thick slices of Yorkshire pudding, followed by a couple of currant dumplings, a few green apples, a pen'orth of nuts, half a dozen jumbles, and a bottle of ginger-beer. After that they play at horses.

假如不用你付钱，看男孩子们吃东西是一件极为有趣的事。对他们来说，一顿正经饭就意味着一块一磅半的烤牛肉，五六个大个儿的马铃薯（油一点儿的更好，更实在），大份量的绿叶菜，四块厚厚的约克郡布丁，还有几个加仑子汤团，几只青苹果，一便士价值的果仁，六个环形小甜饼，外加一瓶姜汁啤酒。吃完之后，他们就去玩耍了。

How they must despise us men, who require to sit quiet for a couple of hours after dining off a spoonful of clear soup and the wing of a chicken!

而我们这些成年人，进餐时吃了只鸡翅膀、喝了一匙清汤就得静坐几个小时慢慢消化。这会让孩子们多么瞧不起啊！

But the boys have not all the advantages on their side. A boy never enjoys the luxury of being satisfied. A boy never feels full. He can never stretch out his legs, put his hands behind his head, and, closing his eyes, sink into the ethereal blissfulness that encompasses the well-dined man. A dinner makes no difference whatever to a boy. To a man it is as a good fairy's potion, and after it the world appears a brighter and a better place. A man who has dined satisfactorily experiences a yearning love toward all his fellow-creatures. He strokes the cat quite gently and calls it "poor pussy," in tones full of the tenderest emotion. He sympathizes with the members of the German band outside and wonders if they are cold; and for the moment he does not even hate his wife's relations.

可是男孩子们并没有将好处占尽。他们从来没有享受过这种心满意足的乐趣。男孩子是永远吃不饱的。他们不会像酒足饭饱的成年人一样，两腿一伸，头枕着双手，然后两眼一闭，陷入那软绵绵的安逸中。

对于一个男孩子来说，一顿饭没有任何影响。可对于一个成年人来说，每顿饭都像善良仙女的一剂药，吃过之后，整个世界都会更明亮，更美好。吃饱喝足的成年人会对世上的所有生物同胞们产生一种热切的爱。他会温柔地抚摸猫咪，用柔情无限的语调称它为“可怜的小猫”。他会同情在室外演出的德国乐队的成员们，担心他们是否会冷；这一刻，就连他太太的那些亲戚，他也不那么讨厌了。

A good dinner brings out all the softer side of a man. Under its genial influence the gloomy and morose become jovial and chatty. Sour, starchy individuals, who all the rest of the day go about looking as if they lived on vinegar and Epsom salts, break out into wreathed smiles after dinner, and exhibit a tendency to pat small children on the head and to talk to them—vaguely—about sixpences. Serious men thaw and become mildly cheerful, and snobbish young men of the heavy-mustache type forget to make themselves objectionable.

一顿丰盛的正餐可以激发人身上所有的温情。在它亲切的影响力下，一个闷闷不乐、郁郁寡欢的人可以变得高兴快活，谈笑风生。酸腐而刻板、平日看起来好像靠喝醋吃盐为生的人，在饱餐一顿之后会笑逐颜开，想要轻轻拍拍小孩子的头，和他们聊聊——含含糊糊地——关于六便士硬币的故事。吃饭可以使严肃的面孔放松下来，变得和颜悦色；也可以使留着大胡子的势利年轻人忘了做惹人讨厌的事。

I always feel sentimental myself after dinner. It is the only time when I can properly appreciate love-stories. Then, when the hero clasps "her" to his heart in one last wild embrace and stifles a sob, I feel as sad as though I had dealt at whist and turned up only a deuce; and when the heroine dies in the end I weep. If I read the same tale early in the morning I should sneer at it. Digestion, or rather indigestion, has a marvelous effect upon the heart. If I want to write any thing very pathetic—I mean, if I want to try to write anything very pathetic—I eat a large plateful of hot buttered muffins about an hour beforehand, and then by the time I sit down to my work a feeling of unutterable melancholy has come over me. I picture heartbroken lovers parting forever at lonely wayside stiles, while the sad twilight deepens around them, and only the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell breaks the sorrow-laden silence. Old men sit and gaze at withered flowers till their sight is dimmed by the mist of tears. Little dainty maidens wait and watch at open casements; but "he cometh not," and the heavy years roll by and the sunny gold tresses wear white and thin. The babies that they dandled have become grown men and women with podgy torments of their

own, and the playmates that they laughed with are lying very silent under the waving grass. But still they wait and watch, till the dark shadows of the unknown night steal up and gather round them and the world with its childish troubles fades from their aching eyes.

我自己就常在酒足饭饱后变得多愁善感。这是我能够好好欣赏爱情小说的唯一时间。当男主角最后一次疯狂地将“她”拥入怀中，强忍住泪水时，我真心地感到了悲痛，那种感觉就好像明明是我发牌，但最后只打成平手一样。而在结尾女主角死的时候，我会痛哭一场。同样一个故事，要是让我一大早看到，我肯定会对它嗤之以鼻。消化力，更确切地说是消化不良，可以神奇地左右一个人的心情。假如我想写些十分令人伤感的东西——我是说，假如我想尝试写些十分令人伤感的东西——我会在动笔前的一小时，吃上满满一大盘热气腾腾的黄油松饼。这样，当我坐下来提笔写作的时候，我才会沉浸在一种不可言说的感伤情绪中。我想象着这样的画面：心碎的情侣在孤单的篱墙小道边永别，他们四周凄凉的暮色渐渐浓重，只有羊铃的声响从远处传来，打破了这充满哀伤的静寂。老人们坐在一边，注视着那枯萎的花朵，直到他们的视线渐渐被泪水模糊。娇小可爱的少女在敞开的窗前翘首等待，然而“他没有来”，岁月轰然而过，碾碎一切，阳光般金色的发髻也已变得稀疏苍白。曾被她们抱在臂弯里摇晃的婴孩，如今也已长大成人，有了自己的胖胖的小鬼；而曾经一起欢笑的小伙伴，如今已躺在茵茵绿草之下，静寂无声。可她们仍然执着地守候着，张望着，直到某个夜晚那浓黑的暗影偷偷来袭，将她们笼罩。这时，整个世界连同它那些幼稚的烦恼，都会在她们酸痛的眼中消失。

I see pale corpses tossed on white-foamed waves, and death-beds stained with bitter tears, and graves in trackless deserts. I hear the wild wailing of women, the low moaning of little children, the dry sobbing of strong men. It's all the muffins. I could not conjure up one melancholy fancy upon a mutton chop and a glass of champagne.

我看到苍白的尸体浮在漂着白沫的海浪上，苦涩的泪水给临终的病床染上斑斑污渍，还有寂寞的坟茔孤立于人迹罕至的荒野中。我听到女人们凄楚地哀号，孩子们低声地呻吟，还有汉子们干哑地呜咽。这全是那盘松饼的功劳。如果下肚的是一块羊排和一杯香槟，我连一个悲惨的场景都想象不出。

A full stomach is a great aid to poetry, and indeed no sentiment of any kind can stand upon an empty one. We have not time or inclination to indulge in fanciful troubles until we have got rid of our real misfortunes. We do not sigh

over dead dicky-birds with the bailiff in the house, and when we do not know where on earth to get our next shilling from, we do not worry as to whether our mistress' smiles are cold, or hot, or lukewarm, or anything else about them.

饱饱的胃能够很好地激发诗兴，事实上，七情六欲中的任何一种都不可能从饿瘪的肚子里横空出世。如果现实中的不幸没有解决，我们不会有时间和心情去关心幻想中的问题。这就好像如果家里来了位法警，我们就不会为死去的小鸟唉声叹气；而在根本不知道要从哪里赚取下一个先令时，我们不会在意情人的笑容是冷淡或热情，还是不冷不热，或者与之相关的任何状态。

Foolish people—when I say "foolish people" in this contemptuous way I mean people who entertain different opinions to mine. If there is one person I do despise more than another, it is the man who does not think exactly the same on all topics as I do—foolish people, I say, then, who have never experienced much of either, will tell you that mental distress is far more agonizing than bodily. Romantic and touching theory! So comforting to the love-sick young sprig who looks down patronizingly at some poor devil with a white starved face and thinks to himself, "Ah, how happy you are compared with me!"—So soothing to fat old gentlemen who cackle about the superiority of poverty over riches. But it is all nonsense— all cant. An aching head soon makes one forget an aching heart. A broken finger will drive away all recollections of an empty chair. And when a man feels really hungry he does not feel anything else.

愚蠢的人——当我用这种轻蔑的语气说“愚蠢的人”时，我指的是那些和我持不同观点的家伙们。如果有什么人让我特别瞧不起，那这个人肯定在任何事情上都恰好和我意见相左——愚蠢的人，所以我说的是，那些精神和肉体都没怎么经历过折磨的人，才会告诉你精神上的苦难远比肉体上的苦痛更加令人难以忍受。这理论多么浪漫动听！对于那些为情所困、居高临下地看着那些饿得面孔发白的穷鬼，然后心想“和我相比，你们幸福多了！”的小伙子们来说，它听起来多么令人鼓舞——对于那些喋喋不休，认为穷人比富人拥有更多特权的胖老先生来说，它听起来又多么令人宽心。但这全是伪善之言。头疼会让人很快忘记心疼；受伤的手指会赶走所有关于人去楼空的惆怅；而当一个人真的感到饥饿的时候，他的任何其他感觉都会消失不见。

We sleek, well-fed folk can hardly realize what feeling hungry is like. We know what it is to have no appetite and not to care for the dainty victuals placed before us, but we do not understand what it means to sicken for food—to die for bread while others waste it—to gaze with famished eyes upon coarse

fare steaming behind dingy windows, longing for a pen'orth of pea pudding and not having the penny to buy it—to feel that a crust would be delicious and that a bone would be a banquet.

我们这些脑满肠肥、丰衣足食的家伙们很难体会到饥饿的滋味。我们知道面对美味佳肴而兴趣乏然、没有食欲的感觉，但却不明白什么是真正的饥饿。真正的饥饿是在别人浪费粮食的时候，你却可以为了一块面包拼命；是用饥渴的目光死盯着肮脏橱窗里热气腾腾的粗劣饭食，想要买份一便士的豌豆布丁，却连一便士都没有；是觉得干面包片吃起来都十分美味，一块骨头就是一顿盛宴。

Hunger is a luxury to us, a piquant, flavor-giving sauce. It is well worth while to get hungry and thirsty merely to discover how much gratification can be obtained from eating and drinking. If you wish to thoroughly enjoy your dinner, take a thirty-mile country walk after breakfast and don't touch anything till you get back. How your eyes will glisten at sight of the white table-cloth and steaming dishes then! With what a sigh of content you will put down the empty beer tankard and take up your knife and fork! And how comfortable you feel afterward as you push back your chair, light a cigar, and beam round upon everybody.

对于我们来说，饥饿是奢侈品，是刺激食欲、增添滋味的调味酱。只有为发掘吃吃喝喝时的心满意足而忍饥挨饿，才是物有所值的。假如你想尽情享用一顿晚餐，就得在早饭后到野外走个三十英里，并且在回家前不碰任何东西。这样，当你看到雪白的桌布和热气腾腾的饭菜时，眼睛里将会闪烁着多么耀眼的光芒啊！当你放下喝干的啤酒杯、拿起刀叉时，你会发出多么心满意足的叹息！餐毕推开椅子，点上一支雪茄，微笑着看着周围的每个人，你会感到多么的惬意。

Make sure, however, when adopting this plan, that the good dinner is really to be had at the end, or the disappointment is trying. I remember once a friend and I—dear old Joe¹, it was. Ah! How we lose one another in life's mist. It must be eight years since I last saw Joseph Taboys. How pleasant it would be to meet his jovial face again, to clasp his strong hand, and to hear his cheery laugh once more! He owes me 14 shillings, too. Well, we were on a holiday together, and one morning we had breakfast early and started for a tremendous long walk. We had ordered a duck for dinner over night. We said, "Get a big one, because we shall come home awfully hungry;" and as we were going out our landlady came up in great spirits. She said, "I have got you gentlemen a

duck, if you like. If you get through that you'll do well;" and she held up a bird about the size of a door-mat. We chuckled at the sight and said we would try. We said it with self-conscious pride, like men who know their own power. Then we started.

然而，在采取这个计划时，一定要确保事后肯定有顿好饭菜在等着你，不然，那种失望的感觉真是让人难受。这让我想起来有次我和一个朋友——亲爱的老乔，是他。啊！我们是怎么在生活的迷雾中丢失了彼此啊。离我上次见到约瑟夫·塔博伊斯得有八年了。如果能再见到他喜气洋洋的脸庞，抓住他坚强有力的手，听到他兴高采烈的笑声，该是多让人高兴的事啊！而且，他还欠我十四个先令呢。是这样的，那次我们一起去度假，有一天很早就吃了早饭，然后开始长距离的徒步旅行。前一天晚上，我们预订了一只鸭子，我们说：“找只大点儿的，因为我们回来的时候一定非常饿。”正要出门的时候，房东太太兴高采烈地出现了。她说：“先生们，我照你们的要求给你们弄了只鸭子。如果你们能够把它全部吃光，那身体肯定特棒。”然后，她举着一只门口地垫一般大小的鸭子给我们看。我们一看就笑了起来，然后说我们会努力的，语气中透着自信的骄傲，仿佛我们对自己的实力了然于胸。随后，我们就出发了。

We lost our way, of course. I always do in the country, and it does make me so wild, because it is no use asking direction of any of the people you meet. One might as well inquire of a lodging-house slavey the way to make beds as expect a country bumpkin to know the road to the next village. You have to shout the question about three times before the sound of your voice penetrates his skull. At the third time he slowly raises his head and stares blankly at you. You yell it at him then for a fourth time, and he repeats it after you. He ponders while you count a couple of hundred, after which, speaking at the rate of three words a minute, he fancies you "couldn't do better than—" Here he catches sight of another idiot coming down the road and bawls out to him the particulars, requesting his advice. The two then argue the case for a quarter of an hour or so, and finally agree that you had better go straight down the lane, round to the right and cross by the third stile, and keep to the left by old Jimmy Milcher's cow-shed, and across the seven-acre field, and through the gate by Squire Grubbin's hay-stack, keeping the bridle-path for awhile till you come opposite the hill where the windmill used to be—but it's gone now—and round to the right, leaving Stiggin's plantation behind you; and you say "Thank you" and go away with a splitting headache, but without the faintest notion of your

way, the only clear idea you have on the subject being that somewhere or other there is a stile which has to be got over; and at the next turn you come upon four stiles, all leading in different directions!

当然，我们迷路了。在乡下，我总是会迷路。这确实让我气急败坏，因为甭管你遇见谁，都别想从他们嘴里问出路来。指望一个乡巴佬清清楚楚地告诉你去下个村子的路，就和指望寄宿公寓里的打杂女工懂得怎么铺床一样毫无希望。你得把你的问题大声重复三遍左右，才有可能让你的声音穿透他的脑壳。到了第三遍的时候，他才会不紧不慢地把头抬起来，两眼茫然地盯着你。你又冲着他把问题吼了第四遍，他才跟着你重复了一遍问题，然后开始茫然思索。你等着他想好，期间不知道数了几个一百，之后，他开始用每分钟三个字的速度说，他觉得你“最好走——”正在这个时候，他突然看到另一个白痴从路上走来，于是大喊大叫地将刚才的详细情况讲给对方听，让他提个建议。随后，这两个人展开了讨论，用了大概一刻钟的时间才达成一致，认为你最好顺着小路直走，然后向右转，跨越第三个墙梯，沿着老吉米·米尔切的牛棚左边走，然后穿过一块七英亩的地，从斯奎尔·格拉宾的干草堆旁的大门穿过，再沿着小路走一会儿，直到你看见对面有座山，那里曾有架风车——不过现在没有了——然后再向右转，走过斯蒂金的种植园，就到目的地了。你一边说着“谢谢”，一边头痛欲裂地走开。但是，对于路在何方，你还是毫无概念，唯一清晰的记忆是，你在路上的什么地方必须得跨越一个墙梯。可是一转弯，你就发现周围有四个墙梯，分别通往四个不同的方向！

We had undergone this ordeal two or three times. We had tramped over fields. We had waded through brooks and scrambled over hedges and walls. We had had a row as to whose fault it was that we had first lost our way. We had got thoroughly disagreeable, footsore, and weary. But throughout it all the hope of that duck kept us up. A fairylike vision, it floated before our tired eyes and drew us onward. The thought of it was as a trumpet-call to the fainting. We talked of it and cheered each other with our recollections of it. "Come along," we said, "the duck will be spoiled."

一路上，我们大概遭受了二三次这样的折磨。我们踏过田地，渡过小溪，翻过篱笆和围墙。我们还大吵了一架，争论一开始迷路到底是谁的错。然后我们彻彻底底地陷入了心情恶劣、双脚酸疼、筋疲力尽的状态中。但是，从头到尾，一直是对那只鸭子的期望让我们支撑了下来。它就是个精灵般的幻影，它在我们疲倦的眼前晃动，诱惑着我们前进。想到它，我们就像即将昏厥的人听到了紧急召唤的号角声。我们谈论着

它，用对它的回忆为彼此加油鼓劲。“走啊，”我们说，“不然鸭子就要坏了。”

We felt a strong temptation, at one point, to turn into a village inn as we passed and have a cheese and a few loaves between us, but we heroically restrained ourselves: we should enjoy the duck all the better for being famished.

曾经有那么一刻，我们有极强的冲动，想要冲进途中一家乡村旅店买一块奶酪和几个面包一起享用，但是最终，我们还是悲壮地控制住了自己：只有饿得头晕眼花，我们才会倍感那只鸭子的美味。

We fancied we smelled it when we go into the town and did the last quarter of a mile in three minutes. We rushed upstairs, and washed ourselves, and changed our clothes, and came down, and pulled our chairs up to the table, and sat and rubbed our hands while the landlady removed the covers, when I seized the knife and fork and started to carve.

回到城里的时候，我们幻想着闻到了鸭子的香味，用了三分钟就把最后的四分之一英里走完了。我们三步并作两步地冲上楼梯，把自己洗得干干净净，换了衣服，下了楼，将椅子搬到餐桌前，坐下来摩拳擦掌。房东太太一揭开盖子，我便抓起刀叉，开始将那鸭子大卸八块。

It seemed to want a lot of carving. I struggled with it for about five minutes without making the slightest impression, and then Joe, who had been eating potatoes, wanted to know if it wouldn't be better for some one to do the job that understood carving. I took no notice of his foolish remark, but attacked the bird again; and so vigorously this time that the animal left the dish and took refuge in the fender.

但是，鸭子似乎不那么好切。我折腾了大约五分钟，还是没能在它身上留下哪怕一点刀印儿。这时，在一边儿吃着土豆的乔发话了，他问我是不是该让真正懂刀法的人来做这工作。对于他这愚蠢的评论，我理都没理，再次对鸭子发起进攻。但这一次我用力过猛了，鸭子直接飞出盘子，躲到火炉围栏里不出来了。

We soon had it out of that, though, and I was prepared to make another effort. But Joe was getting unpleasant. He said that if he had thought we were to have a game of blind hockey with the dinner he would have got a bit of bread and cheese outside.

不过我们很快就把它从那里弄了出来，我又准备开始新一轮的努力，但是乔开始不高兴了。他说假如早知道我们会用晚餐食品打一场盲人曲棍球，他还不如在外面吃点面包和奶酪。

I was too exhausted to argue. I laid down the knife and fork with dignity and took a side seat and Joe went for the wretched creature. He worked away in silence for awhile, and then he muttered "Damn the duck" and took his coat off.

我已经筋疲力尽，无力与他争辩了。所以我泰然自若地放下刀叉，坐到了一边，然后乔走向了那只可恶的东西。他默默无语地苦干了半天，嘟囔了一声“该死的鸭子”，然后脱掉了外套。

We did break the thing up at length with the aid of a chisel, but it was perfectly impossible to eat it, and we had to make a dinner off the vegetables and an apple tart. We tried a mouthful of the duck, but it was like eating India-rubber.

最终，我们还是在一把凿子的协助下把这东西凿开了。但鸭子已经完完全全没法吃了，我们只能用蔬菜和一个苹果馅饼凑合了一顿。我们尝了一口鸭肉，但感觉像在嚼一块印度橡胶。

It was a wicked sin to kill that drake. But there! There's no respect for old institutions in this country.

把那只公鸭杀掉，真是罪孽深重。可是啊！这个国家本来就缺少对古老习俗的尊重。

I started this paper with the idea of writing about eating and drinking, but I seem to have confined my remarks entirely to eating as yet. Well, you see, drinking is one of those subjects with which it is inadvisable to appear too well acquainted. The days are gone by when it was considered manly to go to bed intoxicated every night, and a clear head and a firm hand no longer draw down upon their owner the reproach of effeminacy. On the contrary, in these sadly degenerate days an evil-smelling breath, a blotchy face, a reeling gait, and a husky voice are regarded as the hall marks of the cad rather than or the gentleman.

一开始写这篇文章的时候，我是想写写吃与喝这两个主题的，但至今为止，却似乎完全局限在了吃上。这个嘛，你看，对某些话题显得太过驾轻就熟是不明智的，饮酒就是其中之一。每晚大醉酩酊地倒在床上以显示男子气概的时代已经过去了，清醒的头脑和稳固的手掌也不会再给男人招来娘娘腔的指责。恰恰相反，在这个日益腐化得令人悲哀的世界中，酒气熏天、脸颊污渍斑斑、脚步趔趄、声音嘶哑才是无赖的标志，而与绅士毫不相干。

Even nowadays, though, the thirstiness of mankind is something supernatural. We are forever drinking on one excuse or another. A man never

feels comfortable unless he has a glass before him. We drink before meals, and with meals, and after meals. We drink when we meet a friend, also when we part from a friend. We drink when we are talking, when we are reading, and when we are thinking. We drink one another's healths and spoil our own. We drink the queen, and the army, and the ladies, and everybody else that is drinkable; and I believe if the supply ran short we should drink our mothers-in-law.

然而即使到了现在，人们的口渴程度仍然是超乎寻常的。我们永远在找这个或那个借口喝酒。面前若没有一个酒杯，人就永远不会舒服。我们在餐前喝酒，在用餐的时候喝酒，在餐后还要喝酒。我们和朋友见面要喝酒，和朋友分别也要喝酒。我们聊天的时候喝酒，读书的时候喝酒，思考的时候还要喝酒。我们为彼此的健康干杯，却喝坏了自己的健康。我们为女王、为军队、为亲爱的女士们举杯，还有其他可以成为喝酒原因的每一个人；我相信如果实在找不到人了，我们甚至可以为我们的丈母娘而喝。

By the way, we never eat anybody's health, always drink it. Why should we not stand up now and then and eat a tart to somebody's success?

顺便提一句，我们从来不为祝福他人的健康而吃饭，却每每都是通过喝酒。为什么不能偶尔站起身来，吃块水果馅饼祝福某人的成功呢？

To me, I confess the constant necessity of drinking under which the majority of men labor is quite unaccountable. I can understand people drinking to drown care or to drive away maddening thoughts well enough. I can understand the ignorant masses loving to soak themselves in drink—oh, yes, it's very shocking that they should, of course—very shocking to us who live in cozy homes, with all the graces and pleasures of life around us, that the dwellers in damp cellars and windy attics should creep from their dens of misery into the warmth and glare of the public-house bar, and seek to float for a brief space away from their dull world upon a Lethe stream of gin.

就我而言，我承认大多数人挖空思想出来的经常喝酒的必要性是很难让人理解的。我很能理解那些为了驱散烦恼、摆脱痛苦而喝酒的人，我也能理解那些喜欢泡在酒罐子里的无知民众——噢，是的，他们这样很不像话，当然——对我们来说十分不可思议，我们住在温暖舒适的房子里，享尽生活中的美好和快乐，自然不理解那些住在阴冷的地下室和漏风的阁楼里的人们，为什么要从他们的蓬门荜户中爬出来，溜到温暖而明亮的酒吧中去，在杜松子酒潺潺流淌的忘忧河上偷得浮生半日闲，远离他们那灰暗压抑的世界。

But think, before you hold up your hands in horror at their ill-living, what "life" for these wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room where, huddled like vermin in sewers, they welter, and sicken, and sleep; where dirt-grimed children scream and fight and sluttish, shrill-voiced women cuff, and curse, and nag; where the street outside teems with roaring filth and the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench.

但是在你为他们糟糕的生活震惊得举起双手之前，想一想，对于这些可怜的家伙们来说，“生活”意味着什么。想象一下他们那猪狗不如的生活是多么痛苦而悲惨吧：在那狭窄而气味难闻的房间里，他们年复一年地蜗居着，像下水道里的臭虫聚在一起，在里面吃喝拉撒，生老病死；在那里，脏兮兮的小孩子们一边尖叫一边打闹，尖声尖气的邋遢女人挽起袖子骂人，嘴里喋喋不休；在那里，外面的街道布满了翻滚的灰尘，周围的房子充斥着暴力和恶臭。

Think what a sapless stick this fair flower of life must be to them, devoid of mind and soul. The horse in his stall scents the sweet hay and munches the ripe corn contentedly. The watch-dog in his kennel blinks at the grateful sun, dreams of a glorious chase over the dewy fields, and wakes with a yelp of gladness to greet a caressing hand. But the clod-like life of these human logs never knows one ray of light. From the hour when they crawl from their comfortless bed to the hour when they lounge back into it again they never live one moment of real life. Recreation, amusement, companionship, they know not the meaning of. Joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, love, friendship, longing, despair, are idle words to them. From the day when their baby eyes first look out upon their sordid world to the day when, with an oath, they close them forever and their bones are shoveled out of sight, they never warm to one touch of human sympathy, never thrill to a single thought, never start to a single hope. In the name of the God of mercy; let them pour the maddening liquor down their throats and feel for one brief moment that they live!

想想看，没有了灵魂和思想，这朵美丽的生命之花对他们来说该是多么干瘪的一根枯枝。马厩里的马闻到了干草的香气，心满意足地嚼着嘴里的老玉米。狗窝里的看家狗，眯着眼看着温暖宜人的太阳，做了个在挂满露珠的田野上尽情奔跑的梦，然后在温柔的抚摸下幸福地叫了一声，缓缓醒来。然而在这些木头人那行尸走肉般的生活中，却从未出现过一丝光亮。从他们爬出自己僵硬床铺的那一刻开始，到他们再躺回去的那一刻为止，他们没有片刻是在真正地生活。休闲、娱乐、欢聚，他

们不知道这些词的含义。快乐、忧伤、欢笑、眼泪、爱情、友谊、渴望、绝望，对他们来说都是毫无意义的词语。从他们在襁褓中第一次睁开眼睛，看向他们那个丑陋世界的那一天起，到他们最后诅咒一声并永远地合上双目，尸骨被铲得不知所踪为止，他们从来没有被人间温情打动过，从来没有为任何想法激动过，也从来没有因任何希望振奋过。以仁慈的上帝的名义，就让他们将那令人发狂的酒倒入喉中，在那短暂的瞬间感受到自己是在真正地生活吧！

Ah! We may talk sentiment as much as we like, but the stomach is the real seat of happiness in this world. The kitchen is the chief temple wherein we worship, its roaring fire is our vestal flame, and the cook is our great high-priest. He is a mighty magician and a kindly one. He soothes away all sorrow and care. He drives forth all enmity, gladdens all love. Our God is great and the cook is his prophet. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.

啊！我们可以尽情地谈论情感，但是，胃才是这个世界上真正的快乐栖息地。厨房是我们进行膜拜的殿堂，熊熊燃烧的厨火是我们贞洁的圣火，而厨师就是我们伟大的祭司。他是个技艺高超的魔术师，而且平易近人。他安抚了我们所有的悲伤和顾虑，他赶走了所有的恨，迎来了所有的爱。我们的上帝至高无上，而厨师就是他的传旨者。就让我们吃吃喝喝、快快乐乐地生活吧！

(1) 乔，下文约瑟夫·塔博伊斯的昵称。

XII. On Furnished Apartments

12. 寄宿公寓

"Oh, you have some rooms to let."

“哦，你们有房间要出租啊。”

"Mother!"

“妈妈！”

"Well, what is it?"

“唉，怎么了？”

"'Ere's a gentleman about the rooms."

“有位先生问租房的事。”

"Ask 'im in. I'll be up in a minute."

“叫他进来。我一会儿就上去。”

"Will yer step inside, sir? Mother'll be up in a minute."

“先生，先进来好吗？我妈妈一会儿就上去。”

So you step inside and after a minute "mother" comes slowly up the kitchen stairs, untying her apron as she comes and calling down instructions to some one below about the potatoes.

然后你就走了进去，一分钟后，“妈妈”慢悠悠地从厨房的楼梯爬了上来，一边解开自己的围裙，一边对楼下的人发出指令，告诉他该如何做土豆。

"Good-morning, sir," says "mother," with a washed-out smile. "Will you step this way, please?"

“早上好，先生。”“妈妈”没精打采地笑着说，“请这边儿来好吗？”

"Oh, it's hardly worth while my coming up," you say. "What sort of rooms are they, and how much?"

“哦，我就没必要上去了，”你说，“房间是什么样儿的，租金是多少？”

"Well," says the landlady, "if you'll step upstairs I'll show them to you."

“这个嘛，”房东太太说，“你上来的话，我会带你看的。”

So with a protesting murmur, meant to imply that any waste of time complained of hereafter must not be laid to your charge, you follow "mother"

upstairs.

然后你不满地嘟囔着，故意暗示此后任何有关浪费时间的抱怨都不是你的错，就跟着“妈妈”上了楼。

At the first landing you run up against a pail and a broom, whereupon "mother" expatiates upon the unreliability of servant-girls, and bawls over the balusters for Sarah to come and take them away at once. When you get outside the rooms she pauses, with her hand upon the door, to explain to you that they are rather untidy just at present, as the last lodger left only yesterday; and she also adds that this is their cleaning-day—it always is. With this understanding you enter, and both stand solemnly feasting your eyes upon the scene before you. The rooms cannot be said to appear inviting. Even "mother's" face betrays no admiration. Untenanted "furnished apartments" viewed in the morning sunlight do not inspire cheery sensations. There is a lifeless air about them. It is a very different thing when you have settled down and are living in them. With your old familiar household gods to greet your gaze whenever you glance up, and all your little knick-knacks spread around you—with the photos of all the girls that you have loved and lost ranged upon the mantel-piece, and half a dozen disreputable looking pipes scattered about in painfully prominent positions—with one carpet slipper peeping from beneath the coal-box and the other perched on the top of the piano—with the well-known pictures to hide the dingy walls, and these dear old friends, your books, higgledy-piggledy all over the place—with the bits of old blue china that your mother prized, and the screen she worked in those far by-gone days, when the sweet old face was laughing and young, and the white soft hair tumbled in gold-brown curls from under the coal-scuttle bonnet—

你一上楼就碰倒了一只水桶和一把扫帚，于是“妈妈”会就此喋喋不休，抱怨年轻的女佣一点儿都不可靠，然后隔着栏杆大声嚷着让萨拉过来，立刻把水桶和扫帚拿走。你走到房间外面的时候，她会停下来，手扶在门上，解释房间现在不是很整洁，但这只是暂时的，因为上一个房客昨天才走；她还会说今天是他们大扫除的日子——每天都是他们大扫除的日子。了解了这些之后，你们进门了，然后两个人都表情严肃地尽情观看眼前的情景。房间看起来不能称之为吸引人。就连“妈妈”的脸上也没流露出什么赞叹的表情。没人租住的“装修好的公寓”在清晨的阳光里似乎没法给人以愉悦的感受，它们周围笼罩着一种死气沉沉的氛围。但是你一旦安顿下来，住进去的话，情况却会大不相同。每当抬头仰望，你熟悉的家族神灵都会迎接你的目光；环顾四周，你所有零零碎碎

的东西都在你的身旁——所有你曾经爱过又失去的女孩的照片会摆放在壁炉台上，还有六只看起来不够体面的烟斗散落四处，丢人现眼——煤箱下面有一只室内拖鞋探出头来，另一只则趴在钢琴顶上——墙上挂满了名画以遮掩墙体的肮脏，房间里到处都杂乱地堆放着书，它们会像亲爱的老朋友一样陪着你——还有你妈妈珍爱的几件年代久远的青花瓷以及她制作的屏风。做那个屏风的时候，已是许多年前，那时候，她甜美而苍老的面庞还是笑呵呵的，而且还很年轻；她柔软的白发也还是金棕色的卷发，塞在煤斗帽的下面——

Ah, old screen, what a gorgeous personage you must have been in your young days, when the tulips and roses and lilies (all growing from one stem) were fresh in their glistening sheen! Many a summer and winter have come and gone since then, my friend, and you have played with the dancing firelight until you have grown sad and gray. Your brilliant colors are fast fading now, and the envious moths have gnawed your silken threads. You are withering away like the dead hands that wove you. Do you ever think of those dead hands? You seem so grave and thoughtful sometimes that I almost think you do. Come, you and I and the deep-glowing embers, let us talk together. Tell me in your silent language what you remember of those young days, when you lay on my little mother's lap and her girlish fingers played with your rainbow tresses. Was there never a lad near sometimes—never a lad who would seize one of those little hands to smother it with kisses, and who would persist in holding it, thereby sadly interfering with the progress of your making? Was not your frail existence often put in jeopardy by this same clumsy, headstrong lad, who would toss you disrespectfully aside that he—not satisfied with one—might hold both hands and gaze up into the loved eyes? I can see that lad now through the haze of the flickering twilight. He is an eager bright-eyed boy, with pinching, dandy shoes and tight-fitting smalls, snowy shirt frill and stock, and—oh! Such curly hair. A wild, light-hearted boy! Can he be the great, grave gentleman upon whose stick I used to ride crosslegged, the care-worn man into whose thoughtful face I used to gaze with childish reverence and whom I used to call "father?" You say "yes," old screen; but are you quite sure? It is a serious charge you are bringing. Can it be possible? Did he have to kneel down in those wonderful smalls and pick you up and rearrange you before he was forgiven and his curly head smoothed by my mother's little hand? Ah! Old screen, and did the lads and the lassies go making love fifty years ago just as they do now? Are men and women so unchanged? Did little maidens' hearts

beat the same under pearl-embroidered bodices as they do under Mother Hubbard¹ cloaks? Have steel casques and chimney-pot hats made no difference to the brains that work beneath them? Oh, Time! Great Chronos²! and is this your power? Have you dried up seas and leveled mountains and left the tiny human heart-strings to defy you? Ah, yes! They were spun by a Mightier than thou, and they stretch beyond your narrow ken, for their ends are made fast in eternity. Ay, you may mow down the leaves and the blossoms, but the roots of life lie too deep for your sickle to sever. You refashion Nature's garments, but you cannot vary by a jot the throbbings of her pulse. The world rolls round obedient to your laws, but the heart of man is not of your kingdom, for in its birthplace "a thousand years are but as yesterday."

啊，老屏风，在你年轻的岁月里，当那新鲜的郁金香、玫瑰和百合（都从同一花枝上盛开）在你锦面上闪闪发亮的时候，你该是多么地光鲜夺目啊！自那之后，经过无数个冬去春来，我的朋友，你曾与跳跃的炉火一起玩耍，直到你变得灰败不堪。如今，你鲜亮的颜色正迅速地褪去，嫉妒的蛾子咬噬着你丝质的经纬。就像那双编织你的、已不再灵活的手一样，你也正在枯萎。你可曾想起那双已不再灵活的手来？你有时看起来那么深沉，那么若有所思，我都要认为你在怀念那双手了。来吧，你和我，还有那发着暗光的灰烬，让我们一起聊聊吧。用你那无声的语言告诉我，对那段年轻的日子，当你躺在我妈妈年轻的膝盖上，任由她柔嫩的手指拨弄你那彩虹般的发丝，你还能记起什么。周围难道没有过一个年轻小伙子——他会捉住那双小手中的一只，在上面尽情狂吻，并且坚持要将它紧紧握在手中，以至于不幸地，妈妈无法继续对你进行制作？你脆弱的生命是不是经常陷入险境，因为这个笨拙却固执的小伙子经常不屑一顾地把你丢在一边，以便他——不满足于仅仅抓住一只手——能握住双手，抬头凝视爱人的双眼。透过这摇曳不定的微光，我似乎看到了当年的那个小伙子。他的眼睛明亮，感情热切，皮鞋华丽却挤脚，紧身裤剪裁合体，雪白的衬衫褶边和领圈——哦，还有那一头卷发！那是个多么狂野而无忧无虑的男孩！他会是那个手杖常常被我当马骑在胯下、身材高大、表情严肃的绅士吗？会是那个满怀心事，常常深思，我曾经带着稚嫩的崇敬盯着他的脸庞并常常叫“爸爸”的人吗？老屏风，你回答我“是的”，但你真的确定吗？你现在所说的是很严肃的问题。这真的可能吗？他是否曾经穿着合体的紧身裤，跪下来将你扶起，重新整理好，然后祈求我母亲的原谅？我母亲是否曾用她柔嫩的小手为他整理满头的卷发？啊！老屏风，五十年前的青年男女们是否也用和今

天一样的方式谈情说爱呢？男人和女人真的都没有改变吗？少女珍珠衫下的心脏真的和女人哈伯德大妈式外套下的心脏以同样的节律跳动着吗？钢盔下的大脑和高顶礼帽下的大脑真的是以一样的方式运转吗？啊，时间！伟大的科罗诺斯！这就是你神奇的力量吗？你把海淘干了，把山夷平了，却不能改变人类那细小的心弦，是这样吗？是的！它们是被比你更伟大的力量创造出来的，超出了你能控制的范围，而它们的结局也在冥冥之中早有定数。唉，你可以割掉树叶和花朵，但生命之根却如此深扎于地下，你的镰刀根本无法将它们割断。你为大自然换上新装，但却无法改变她脉搏哪怕是一个节拍的跳动。世界在你的法则下顺从地旋转，但是人心却不是你的领地，因为在它诞生的地方“千年如一日”，不受时间的影响。

I am getting away, though, I fear, from my "furnished apartments," and I hardly know how to get back. But I have some excuse for my meanderings this time. It is a piece of old furniture that has led me astray, and fancies gather, somehow, round old furniture, like moss around old stones. One's chairs and tables get to be almost part of one's life and to seem like quiet friends. What strange tales the woodenheaded old fellows could tell did they but choose to speak! At what unsuspected comedies and tragedies have they not assisted! What bitter tears have been sobbed into that old sofa cushion! What passionate whisperings the settee must have overheard!

恐怕我跑题了，从“装修好的公寓”说到这里，我几乎不知道怎么把话题再引回去。但我这次的跑题是有原因的。我是因为一件旧家具才变得漫无边际，而围绕着旧家具的思绪，就像围绕着古老石头上的青苔，总是绵绵不绝。桌子和椅子是一个人生活中不可或缺的部分，它们就像是安静的朋友。这些木头脑袋的老家伙们如果可以说话，会讲出多少奇妙的故事啊！有多少不为人知的悲喜剧，他们没有参与其中啊！旧沙发垫子曾吸收了多少苦涩的泪水，而长靠椅又该偷听过多少醉人的情话！

New furniture has no charms for me compared with old. It is the old things that we love—the old faces, the old books, the old jokes. New furniture can make a palace, but it takes old furniture to make a home. Not merely old in itself—lodging-house furniture generally is that—but it must be old to us, old in associations and recollections. The furniture of furnished apartments, however ancient it may be in reality, is new to our eyes, and we feel as though we could never get on with it. As, too, in the case of all fresh acquaintances, whether wooden or human (and there is very little difference between the two species sometimes), everything impresses you with its worst aspect. The

knobby wood-work and shiny horse-hair covering of the easy-chair suggest anything but ease. The mirror is smoky. The curtains want washing. The carpet is frayed. The table looks as if it would go over the instant anything was rested on it. The grate is cheerless, the wall-paper hideous. The ceiling appears to have had coffee spilt all over it, and the ornaments—well, they are worse than the wallpaper.

比起旧家具来，新家具对我没有任何吸引力。我们喜欢的都是些旧东西——老面孔、旧书、老笑话。新家具可以打造一座宫殿，但只有老家具才能营造一个家。它们的古老，并不只是自身有了年岁——寄宿公寓的家具倒是一般如此——但是，它们必须对我们来说是古老的，在我们的联想和回忆中年代久远。装修好的公寓中的家具，不管自身是多么古老，在我们看来都很新鲜，我们感觉自己永远都和它相处不来。无论是木制器物还是人（有时这两者相差甚微），对于我们新认识的任何事物，我们印象最深的都是它最糟糕的一面。精巧的木工手艺和光亮的马毛椅套没能让安乐椅给人丝毫舒适的感觉；镜子被烟熏黑了，窗帘该洗了，地毯太破了；桌子看起来一放东西就会翻倒，壁炉死气沉沉，墙纸庸俗可厌；天花板上好像溅满了咖啡，而那些装饰品——唉，它们比墙纸还糟糕。

There must surely be some special and secret manufactory for the production of lodging-house ornaments. Precisely the same articles are to be found at every lodging-house all over the kingdom, and they are never seen anywhere else. There are the two—what do you call them? They stand one at each end of the mantel-piece, where they are never safe, and they are hung round with long triangular slips of glass that clank against one another and make you nervous. In the commoner class of rooms these works of art are supplemented by a couple of pieces of china which might each be meant to represent a cow sitting upon its hind legs, or a model of the temple of Diana³ at Ephesus⁴, or a dog, or anything else you like to fancy. Somewhere about the room you come across a bilious-looking object, which at first you take to be a lump of dough left about by one of the children, but which on scrutiny seems to resemble an underdone cupid. This thing the landlady calls a statue. Then there is a "sampler" worked by some idiot related to the family, a picture of the "Huguenots," two or three Scripture texts, and a highly framed and glazed certificate to the effect that the father has been vaccinated, or is an Odd Fellow⁵, or something of that sort.

一定有什么特殊的秘密工厂专门生产寄宿公寓里的那些装饰品。在整个英国的寄宿公寓里，你都能找到完全一模一样的物件，而这些东西在其他任何地方都不会出现。还有那一对——你们叫它们什么来着？它们立在壁炉台的两端，看起来随时可能掉下来，周围还坠着一长串三角形的玻璃条，碰在一起叮当作响，让人提心吊胆。档次一般的公寓房里除了这些艺术品，还有几件瓷器，看起来可能是想展现坐在自己后腿上的母牛，或是以弗所的狄安娜神庙模型，或是一只狗，或是你喜欢想象的任何东西。在房间的某个地方你会发现一个横眉怒目的东西，乍一看像是哪个孩子留下的一小块面团，仔细看看才发现，好像是个尚未完工的丘比特。房东太太把这叫做雕塑。除此之外，房间里还有房东太太某个白痴亲戚做的“刺绣花样”，一幅“胡格诺派教徒”的画像，二三幅《圣经》选段，以及一张挂得高高的、用玻璃装裱的证书，借此证明这个家的父亲已经接种了牛痘，或是秘密共济会的会员，或诸如此类的信息。

You examine these various attractions and then dismally ask what the rent is.

你仔细查看了这些林林总总的摆设，然后沮丧地问租金是多少。

"That's rather a good deal," you say on hearing the figure.

“这个价格可真有点高啊。”听到数字后你这样说道。

"Well, to tell you the truth," answers the landlady with a sudden burst of candor, "I've always had" (mentioning a sum a good deal in excess of the first-named amount), "and before that I used to have" (a still higher figure).

“好吧，实话说，”房东太太突然坦诚地说道，“我一直都租.....”（说了一个比刚才提到的房租高得多的价钱），“在那之前我一直都租.....”（说了一个更高的价钱）。

What the rent of apartments must have been twenty years ago makes one shudder to think of. Every landlady makes you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself by informing you, whenever the subject crops up, that she used to get twice as much for her rooms as you are paying. Young men lodgers of the last generation must have been of a wealthier class than they are now, or they must have ruined themselves. I should have had to live in an attic.

这个房间二十年前的房租该是什么样，真是想想都要打个冷颤。每个房东太太都在你提出房租太贵的时候，告诉你她以前的房租是目前的两倍，让你觉得无地自容。前一批租房的年轻人必然是比现在的房客更为富有的阶级，要不然他们也只能自我了结了。我要在那个年代，只能住到阁楼上去。

Curious, that in lodgings the rule of life is reversed. The higher you get up

in the world the lower you come down in your lodgings. On the lodging-house ladder the poor man is at the top, the rich man underneath. You start in the attic and work your way down to the first floor.

奇怪的是，人生的规律放在寄宿公寓里，恰恰是相反的。在这个世界上地位越高的人，在寄宿公寓里就住得越低。寄宿公寓的楼梯上，最穷的人住在最顶端，富人住在下面。你需要从阁楼开始，一层层努力向下爬，直到你最终住在底层。

A good many great men have lived in attics and some have died there. Attics, says the dictionary, are "places where lumber is stored," and the world has used them to store a good deal of its lumber in at one time or another. Its preachers and painters and poets, its deep-browed men who will find out things, its fire-eyed men who will tell truths that no one wants to hear—these are the lumber that the world hides away in its attics. Haydn⁶ grew up in an attic and Chatterton⁷ starved in one. Addison⁸ and Goldsmith⁹ wrote in garrets. Faraday¹⁰ and De Quincey¹¹ knew them well. Dr. Johnson¹² camped cheerfully in them, sleeping soundly—too soundly sometimes—upon their trundle-beds, like the sturdy old soldier of fortune that he was, inured to hardship and all careless of himself. Dickens spent his youth among them, Morland¹³ his old age—alas! A drunken, premature old age. Hans Andersen, the fairy king, dreamed his sweet fancies beneath their sloping roofs. Poor, wayward-hearted Collins¹⁴ leaned his head upon their crazy tables; priggish Benjamin Franklin¹⁵; Savage¹⁶, the wrong-headed, much troubled when he could afford any softer bed than a doorstep; young Bloomfield¹⁷, "Bobby" Burns¹⁸, Hogarth¹⁹, Watts the engineer—the roll is endless. Ever since the habitations of men were reared two stories high has the garret been the nursery of genius.

有很多伟人就是住在阁楼里的，有些还终老于此。阁楼在字典里被解释为“堆放无用杂物的地方”，这个世界的确也曾不时地将不少无用杂物存放在阁楼里面。世上的牧师们、画家们、诗人们，还有那些将会找到问题答案的智者、那些眼明心亮能够将谁也不愿听到的真理宣之于口的勇士——他们就是世界藏在阁楼里的那些“无用杂物”。海顿在阁楼中长大，查特顿在阁楼中挨饿。艾迪生和哥尔德史密斯曾在阁楼中写作。法拉第和德昆西对阁楼非常熟悉。约翰逊博士曾在阁楼中快活地安营扎寨，在装有滑轮的床上睡得安安稳稳——有时甚至太过安稳了——他就像一个坚毅的老兵，习惯了艰苦的生活，对自己完全不讲究。狄更斯在阁楼中度过了自己的青年时代，而莫兰则在那里度过了自己的晚年——

唉！那是整日大醉不醒、过早到来的晚年。童话之王汉斯·安徒生在阁楼倾斜的屋顶下梦到了那些美丽的童话故事。可怜而任性的柯林斯头靠在阁楼破破烂烂的桌子上思索小说的情节。还有自负的本杰明·富兰克林；顽固而偏执的萨维奇，明明有钱买一张更柔软舒适的床，却宁肯睡在门前台阶上；年轻的布龙菲尔德、“鲍比”彭斯、贺加斯、工程师瓦特——在这张名单上的人不计其数。自从人类的居所有了两层楼之后，阁楼就是专门培养天才的地方。

No one who honors the aristocracy of mind can feel ashamed of acquaintanceship with them. Their damp-stained walls are sacred to the memory of noble names. If all the wisdom of the world and all its art—all the spoils that it has won from nature, all the fire that it has snatched from heaven—were gathered together and divided into heaps, and we could point and say, for instance, these mighty truths were flashed forth in the brilliant-salon-amid the ripple of light laughter and the sparkle of bright eyes; and this deep knowledge was dug up in the quiet study, where the bust of Pallas²⁰ looks serenely down on the leather-scented shelves; and this heap belongs to the crowded street; and that to the daisied field—the heap that would tower up high above the rest as a mountain above hills would be the one at which we should look up and say: this noblest pile of all—these glorious paintings and this wondrous music, these trumpet words, these solemn thoughts, these daring deeds, they were forged and fashioned amid misery and pain in the sordid squalor of the city garret. There, from their eyries, while the world heaved and throbbed below, the kings of men sent forth their eagle thoughts to wing their flight through the ages. There, where the sunlight streaming through the broken panes fell on rotting boards and crumbling walls; there, from their lofty thrones, those rag-clothed Joves²¹ have hurled their thunderbolts and shaken, before now, the earth to its foundations.

一个珍视高贵心灵的人，绝不会以有过住楼的经历为耻。它们斑驳潮湿的墙壁，是纪念那些伟大名字的圣地。如果这个世界上所有的智慧和所有的艺术——所有我们从自然那里赢来的奖品，所有我们从天国攫取的圣火——都可以被收集在一起，然后再分成几堆，我们就能指着它们说，诸如这些伟大的真理是才华横溢的人们在沙龙里从谈笑风生中产生的智慧火花；这些深邃的学问是从安静的书房中挖掘出来的，在那儿，帕拉斯的塑像安详地俯视着书架上那散发着皮革味道的书本；这一堆是从喧闹的街市中收集的；那一堆是从开满了雏菊的田野中采摘的

——我们会仰视着最高的那一堆，就像高山那么高，而剩下的任何一堆和它相比，都只是小丘，我们会说：最伟大的这一堆——这些恢宏的画作、奇妙的音乐、激昂的话语、深沉的思想、勇敢的行为全部是在城市那肮脏贫穷的阁楼以及它所带来的悲惨和痛苦中孕育成形的。就是在那儿，人中豪杰从他们的巢穴里俯视着下面跳动、喘息的世界，放出他们思想的雄鹰，任其跨越时代，自由翱翔；就是在那儿，阳光透过破碎的玻璃，照耀着腐朽的床板和斑驳的墙壁；就是在那儿，这些衣着破旧的朱庇特们坐在神圣宝座上掷出的滚滚天雷，曾动摇了世界的根基。

Huddle them up in your lumber-rooms, oh, world! Shut them fast in and turn the key of poverty upon them. Weld close the bars, and let them fret their hero lives away within the narrow cage. Leave them there to starve, and rot, and die. Laugh at the frenzied beatings of their hands against the door. Roll onward in your dust and noise and pass them by, forgotten.

啊，世界，将他们堆放在你的杂物间里吧！把门紧紧地关起来，再给他们加上贫穷这把锁。把窗户焊上铁栏，让他们心中的壮志豪情备受折磨，最终在狭窄的牢笼里消散无踪。任他们在那里挨饿，腐烂，死亡。嘲笑他们双手拍打着房门的疯狂。继续在你尘土飞扬、喧嚣吵闹的生活中摸爬滚打，路过他们时也不要理睬，将他们彻底遗忘。

But take care lest they turn and sting you. All do not, like the fabled phoenix, warble sweet melodies in their agony; sometimes they spit venom—venom you must breathe whether you will or no, for you cannot seal their mouths, though you may fetter their limbs. You can lock the door upon them, but they burst open their shaky lattices and call out over the house-tops so that men cannot but hear. You hounded wild Rousseau into the meanest garret of the Rue St. Jacques and jeered at his angry shrieks. But the thin, piping tones swelled a hundred years later into the sullen roar of the French Revolution, and civilization to this day is quivering to the reverberations of his voice.

但是要小心他们回过身来咬你一口。并不是每个人都会像寓言故事中的凤凰，在痛苦中唱出美妙的旋律；有些时候他们会吐出毒液——不管你情不情愿，都必须吸入这些毒液，因为你虽然可以锁住他们的手脚，却无法封住他们的唇舌。你可以将他们的房门锁紧，但他们却会撞开那些摇晃的窗栏，在屋顶上高声呼喊，所有人都会听见。你将桀骜不驯的卢梭追逼至圣·雅克大街最简陋的阁楼，嘲笑他愤怒的尖声喊叫。但是这单薄的尖叫声却在百年之后成长为法国大革命那深沉的嘶吼，至今为止，文明世界仍在它的回声震颤。

As for myself, however, I like an attic. Not to live in: as residences they

are inconvenient. There is too much getting up and down stairs connected with them to please me. It puts one unpleasantly in mind of the tread-mill²². The form of the ceiling offers too many facilities for bumping your head and too few for shaving. And the note of the tomcat as he sings to his love in the stilly night outside on the tiles becomes positively distasteful when heard so near.

然而，就我自己来说，我喜欢阁楼。并不是喜欢住在里面：作为居所，它们很不方便。对我来说，总要上楼下楼实在很麻烦。它会让人不愉快地想起踏车。天花板的构造很容易把脑袋撞疼，且很不容易让我们站直身子刮脸。而在寂静的午夜，屋顶上公猫求爱时唱的音符，近听起来可真是入耳。

No, for living in give me a suit of rooms on the first floor of a Piccadilly mansion (I wish somebody would!); but for thinking in let me have an attic up ten flights of stairs in the densest quarter of the city. I have all Herr Teufelsdröckh's²³ affection for attics. There is a sublimity about their loftiness. I love to "sit at ease and look down upon the wasps' nest beneath;" to listen to the dull murmur of the human tide ebbing and flowing ceaselessly through the narrow streets and lanes below. How small men seem, how like a swarm of ants sweltering in endless confusion on their tiny hill! How petty seems the work on which they are hurrying and skurrying! How childishly they jostle against one another and turn to snarl and scratch! They jabber and screech and curse, but their puny voices do not reach up here. They fret, and fume, and rage, and pant, and die; "but I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

不，如果要在里面住，我想要皮卡迪利大街上某座公寓二楼的某个套间（真希望有谁能满足我！）；但是如果要在里面思考，我想要城市最拥挤的街区中十段楼梯上的一间阁楼。我对阁楼，有着托尔夫斯德吕克先生一般的热情。它们那悬空的结构有种庄严的感觉。我喜欢“闲坐在那里，看着下面的黄蜂窝”；喜欢倾听楼下狭窄街道上人潮涨退时那永不停歇的枯燥低沉的杂音。人看起来是多么渺小啊，就像在小土堆上汗流浹背、永无休止地忙成一团的蚂蚁一般！他们奔走忙碌，想要赶快完成的那些工作看起来又是多么微不足道！他们相互推搡，吼叫，扭打，显得多么孩子气啊！他们嘟囔着，尖叫着，咒骂着，可他们细小的声音根本传不到这里。他们烦躁，生气，发怒，气喘，死亡。“但是我，我的维特，却高高坐在上面，俯视着一切；只有群星与我为伴。”

The most extraordinary attic I ever came across was one a friend and I

once shared many years ago. Of all eccentrically planned things, from Bradshaw to the maze at Hampton Court, that room was the most eccentric. The architect who designed it must have been a genius, though I cannot help thinking that his talents would have been better employed in contriving puzzles than in shaping human habitations. No figure in Euclid could give any idea of that apartment. It contained seven corners, two of the walls sloped to a point, and the window was just over the fireplace. The only possible position for the bedstead was between the door and the cupboard. To get anything out of the cupboard we had to scramble over the bed, and a large percentage of the various commodities thus obtained was absorbed by the bedclothes. Indeed, so many things were spilled and dropped upon the bed that toward night-time it had become a sort of small cooperative store. Coal was what it always had most in stock. We used to keep our coal in the bottom part of the cupboard, and when any was wanted we had to climb over the bed, fill a shovelful, and then crawl back. It was an exciting moment when we reached the middle of the bed. We would hold our breath, fix our eyes upon the shovel, and poise ourselves for the last move. The next instant we, and the coals, and the shovel, and the bed would be all mixed up together.

我见过的最不同凡响的阁楼，是多年前我和一个朋友合住的一间。从全英列车时刻表到汉普顿宫的迷宫，在所有设计古怪的东西里，那间房子最不同寻常。设计它的建筑师一定是位天才，尽管我忍不住会想，他的才能如果不是用来建造房屋，而是用来设计谜题，肯定能得到更好地发挥。几何学界的任何大人物都没法解释那所公寓的构造。它有七个角，其中两面墙向一个点倾斜，窗户正好在壁炉之上。唯一可能放下床架的地方是门和橱柜之间。所以，要想从柜子里拿出任何东西，我们都必须爬过床去，这也使得我们取出来的各式各样的东西大部分都被床单收罗了。说实话，我们散落和掉在床上的东西实在太多了，以至于快到晚上时，床都变成一个小型合作商店了。煤块是这个商店货存最多的商品。我们以前通常是将煤放在柜子的底层，需要用煤的时候，我们就不得不从床上爬过去，铲一铲子煤，再从床上爬过来。爬到床中间的时候，是最激动人心的。我们会屏住呼吸，眼睛死死盯住铲子，为了执行最后一个动作而摆正姿势，保持平衡。然而，下一刻，我们、煤块、煤铲以及床都混在了一起。

I've heard of the people going into raptures over beds of coal. We slept in one every night and were not in the least stuck up about it.

我听说过有人对睡在满床满床的煤块中十分着迷。可我们每天晚上

都睡在满床煤块中，却丝毫也没有为之着迷。

But our attic, unique though it was, had by no means exhausted the architect's sense of humor. The arrangement of the whole house was a marvel of originality. All the doors opened outward, so that if any one wanted to leave a room at the same moment that you were coming downstairs it was unpleasant for you. There was no ground-floor—its ground-floor belonged to a house in the next court, and the front door opened direct upon a flight of stairs leading down to the cellar. Visitors on entering the house would suddenly shoot past the person who had answered the door to them and disappear down these stairs. Those of a nervous temperament used to imagine that it was a trap laid for them, and would shout murder as they lay on their backs at the bottom till somebody came and picked them up.

虽然我们的阁楼已经相当别具一格，但那位建筑师的幽默感却绝不止于此。整座房子的格局简直是一个富有创意的奇迹。所有的门都是向外开的，所以假如你下楼的同时，正好有人想离开房间，那么你肯定会不太愉快。房子没有一楼——它的一楼属于隔壁的公寓大楼，前门直接开在通往地窖的一段楼梯口。访客们一进入房子，就会跟给他们开门的人擦肩而过，然后沿着这些楼梯掉下去了。有些神经过敏的家伙曾经想象这是个对付他们的陷阱，不小心摔倒的时候，就会一面躺在地窖底下，一面大喊谋杀，直到有人过来把他们扶起来。

It is a long time ago now that I last saw the inside of an attic. I have tried various floors since but I have not found that they have made much difference to me. Life tastes much the same, whether we quaff it from a golden goblet or drink it out of a stone mug. The hours come laden with the same mixture of joy and sorrow, no matter where we wait for them. A waistcoat of broadcloth or of fustian is alike to an aching heart, and we laugh no merrier on velvet cushions than we did on wooden chairs. Often have I sighed in those low-ceilinged rooms, yet disappointments have come neither less nor lighter since I quitted them. Life works upon a compensating balance, and the happiness we gain in one direction we lose in another. As our means increase, so do our desires; and we ever stand midway between the two. When we reside in an attic we enjoy a supper of fried fish and stout. When we occupy the first floor it takes an elaborate dinner at the Continental to give us the same amount of satisfaction.

我已经很长时间没有见过阁楼的内部格局了。后来，我又住过不同的楼层，可它们对我来说大同小异。不管是用金制的高脚杯畅饮，还是

用石头做的敞口杯品尝，生活的滋味都大抵相同。无论我们在什么地点等待，岁月总是带着快乐和悲伤向我们走来。对一颗疼痛的心来说，一件绒面呢的背心和一件混纺织的背心没有什么区别；而在欢乐的时刻，无论坐在天鹅绒沙发上，还是木头椅子上，我们都笑得一样开心。我经常在屋顶低矮的房间里唉声叹气，然而搬出这样的房间之后，令我失望的事情却并没有在程度上有所减轻，或是在数量上有所减少。生活总是在补偿性地自我平衡着，在这里得到的幸福，会在那里失去。我们的办法多了，可欲望也在增长；我们永远处在这两者中间。住在阁楼里的时候，我们可以美美地享用一顿有炸鱼和黑啤酒的晚餐。而当我们终于住到了二楼时，洲际酒店的一场盛宴才能带给我们同等的满足感。

(1)哈伯德大妈，童谣中的女主人公，借指女式宽大长罩衣。

(2)科罗诺斯，希腊神话中的时间之神。

(3)狄安娜神庙，又称阿耳忒弥斯神庙（Temple of Artemis），大约建于公元前550年。

(4)以弗所，古希腊小亚细亚西岸的一座重要贸易城市。

(5)秘密共济会会员，该会于18世纪在英国成立。

(6)约瑟夫·海顿（1732—1809），奥地利作曲家，维也纳古典乐派代表人物之一，作有交响乐、弦乐四重奏、三重奏、歌剧等。

(7)托马斯·查特顿（1752—1770），英国诗人，英国浪漫主义诗人的先驱者之一，17岁时因绝望自杀。

(8)约瑟夫·艾迪生（1672—1719），英国散文作家、诗人、剧作家。与好友理查德·斯蒂尔合办《旁观者》，成为英国期刊文学创始人之一。

(9)奥利弗·哥尔德斯密斯（1728—1774），英国诗人、小说家、剧作家，作品有《荒村》《委曲求全》等。

(10)法拉第（1791—1867），英国物理学家、化学家，发现了电磁感应现象。

(11)德昆西（1785—1859），英国散文家、文学批评家，著作有《一个英国鸦片服用者的自白》。

(12)约翰逊博士（1709—1784），英国作家、评论家、辞书编纂者，编有《英语辞典》。

(13)乔治·莫兰（1763—1804），英国画家，擅长风景画和动物画。

(14)威廉·韦基·柯林斯（1824—1889），英国侦探小说家，著作包括《月亮宝石》《白衣女人》等。

(15)本杰明·富兰克林（1706—1790），美国政治家、科学家，参与起草《独立宣言》。

(16)理查德·萨维奇（1697—1743），英国诗人、讽刺作家，诗作有《杂诗集》《漫游者》等。

(17)布龙菲尔德（1887—1949），美国语言学家、结构主义语言学派创立者，著有《语言》等。

(18)罗伯特·彭斯（1759—1796），苏格兰诗人，主要用苏格兰方言写诗，著有《一朵红红的玫瑰》。

(19)威廉·贺加斯（1697—1764），英国著名油画家、版画家、艺术理论家，作品讽刺贵族，同情下层人民，代表作有《时髦婚姻》等。

(20)帕拉斯，即智慧女神雅典娜。

(21)朱庇特，罗马神话中统治诸神、主宰一切的主神，相当于希腊神话里的宙斯。

(22)踏车，古代的一种刑具。

(23)托尔夫斯德吕克先生，托马斯·卡莱尔作品《拼凑的裁缝》中的人物。

XIII. On Dress And Deportment

13.衣着举止

They say—people who ought to be ashamed of themselves do—that the consciousness of being well dressed imparts a blissfulness to the human heart that religion is powerless to bestow. I am afraid these cynical persons are sometimes correct. I know that when I was a very young man (many, many years ago, as the story-books say) and wanted cheering up, I used to go and dress myself in all my best clothes. If I had been annoyed in any manner—if my washerwoman had discharged me, for instance; or my blank-verse poem had been returned for the tenth time, with the editor's compliments "and regrets that owing to want of space he is unable to avail himself of kind offer;" or I had been snubbed by the woman I loved as man never loved before—by the way, it's really extraordinary what a variety of ways of loving there must be. We all do it as it was never done before. I don't know how our great-grandchildren will manage. They will have to do it on their heads by their time if they persist in not clashing with any previous method.

有人说——是那些应该为自己感到羞愧的人说的——意识到自己穿得很好时心中产生的满足感，是宗教也无力给予的。恐怕这些玩世不恭的家伙们有时候是正确的。我记得我还很年轻的时候（很久很久以前，就像故事书里说的那样），如果想要让自己高兴起来，就会去把我最好的衣服全部穿在身上。如果我因为什么不高兴了——比如我的洗衣女工辞职了；或者我的无韵诗第十次被退了回来，并且附上编辑的客套话，“出于篇幅限制，很遗憾无法刊登大作。”或者我被我爱的女人冷落了，而我是以人类从未有过的方式去爱她的——顺便说一句，这世上竟然可以有如此多种类不同的爱，真是不可思议！我们都是以前人没有过的方式去爱别人。真不知道到了我们重孙子那一辈，他们该如何应对。如果他们不想在他们那个时代重复前人用过的方法，到时恐怕得花点心思了。

Well, as I was saying, when these unpleasant sort of things happened and I felt crushed, I put on all my best clothes and went out. It brought back my vanishing self-esteem. In a glossy new hat and a pair of trousers with a fold

down the front (carefully preserved by keeping them under the bed—I don't mean on the floor, you know, but between the bed and the mattress), I felt I was somebody and that there were other washerwomen: ay, and even other girls to love, and who would perhaps appreciate a clever, good-looking young fellow. I didn't care; that was my reckless way. I would make love to other maidens. I felt that in those clothes I could do it.

言归正传，就像我说的，当此类令人沮丧的事情发生，而我觉得心情低落时，我就会把我所有的好衣服全穿在身上，然后出门去。它们帮我找回了正在消逝的自尊。头戴一顶光鲜的新帽子，身穿一条裤线笔直的裤子（得把它们放在床下加以保护——我不是说放在地板上，你知道，而是放在床和床垫之间），我就感觉自己是个大人物，而这世上还有很多别的洗衣女工：啊！甚至还有很多别的姑娘让我去爱，那些姑娘说不定还会欣赏一个聪明、帅气的小伙子。我才不在乎，我就是这么率性。我会向别的姑娘求爱。穿着这样的衣服，我觉得自己能够成功。

They have a wonderful deal to do with courting, clothes have. It is half the battle. At all events, the young man thinks so, and it generally takes him a couple of hours to get himself up for the occasion. His first half-hour is occupied in trying to decide whether to wear his light suit with a cane and drab billycock, or his black tails with a chimney-pot hat and his new umbrella. He is sure to be unfortunate in either decision. If he wears his light suit and takes the stick it comes on to rain, and he reaches the house in a damp and muddy condition and spends the evening trying to hide his boots. If, on the other hand, he decides in favor of the top hat and umbrella—nobody would ever dream of going out in a top hat without an umbrella; it would be like letting baby (bless it!) toddle out without its nurse. How I do hate a top hat! One lasts me a very long while, I can tell you. I only wear it when—well, never mind when I wear it. It lasts me a very long while. I've had my present one five years. It was rather old-fashioned last summer, but the shape has come round again now and I look quite stylish.

他们在求爱的问题上关系重大，我指的是衣着打扮。这是战斗的一半。无论如何，年轻的小伙子们是这么想的，为了一场约会他们往往要花上几个小时穿衣打扮。在头三十分钟里，他忙于决定是要穿浅色西服、戴淡褐色的小礼帽、拿根手杖出现，还是穿黑色燕尾服、戴高顶礼帽、拿新买的雨伞出现。不管做了哪个决定，他都注定是不走运的。假如他穿着浅色西服、拿着手杖去了，那么肯定会下雨，等他到了女孩家里，整个人已经湿漉漉、脏兮兮的了，他得在整个傍晚的时间里努力藏

好自己的靴子。不过，假如他决定选择高顶礼帽和雨伞——从来没人想过戴着高顶礼帽出门却不带雨伞，那就好像让一个宝宝（上帝保佑它！）独自蹒跚出门却没有保姆陪伴。我是多么痛恨高顶礼帽啊！跟你说吧，一顶帽子我可以戴很长时间。我只有在——算了，别管我会在什么时候戴它了。总之，我能戴很长时间。我现在的那一顶已经戴了五年了。去年夏天它看起来非常落伍，不过现在这种款式又重新流行了起来，我戴起来还挺时髦的。

But to return to our young man and his courting. If he starts off with the top hat and umbrella the afternoon turns out fearfully hot, and the perspiration takes all the soap out of his mustache and converts the beautifully arranged curl over his forehead into a limp wisp resembling a lump of seaweed. The Fates are never favorable to the poor wretch. If he does by any chance reach the door in proper condition, she has gone out with her cousin and won't be back till late.

还是回到我们年轻的小伙子和他们求爱的故事中来吧。假如他头戴高顶礼帽，手持雨伞出了门，那么下午的时候就会热得可怕，他出的汗会把小胡子上的肥皂全部冲掉，而他那精心整理的刘海会在前额卷成松沓的一绺，看起来就像一团海藻。命运从不青睐这个可怜的家伙。假如他好不容易衣着适当地来到了姑娘的门前，那么她必定和她的表哥出门了，不到很晚不会回家。

How a young lover made ridiculous by the gawkinsness of modern costume must envy the picturesque gallants of seventy years ago! Look at them (on the Christmas cards), with their curly hair and natty hats, their well-shaped legs incased in smalls, their dainty Hessian boots, their ruffling frills, their canes and dangling seals. No wonder the little maiden in the big poke-bonnet and the light-blue sash casts down her eyes and is completely won. Men could win hearts in clothes like that. But what can you expect from baggy trousers and a monkeyjacket?

被现代服装的笨拙折腾得可笑的年轻恋人该多么羡慕七十年前那些别具一格、风流倜傥的男人们啊！看看他们（在圣诞卡上）那卷曲的头发和整洁的帽子，他们那包在紧身齐膝裤里的形状优美的腿，他们精美的薄麻布靴，他们衣服上的褶边装饰，他们的手杖和悬挂的印章。怪不得那位戴着宽边女帽，系着淡蓝色腰带的娇小少女要眼帘低垂，芳心暗许呢。穿着这种衣服的男人，就是可以虏获少女的心。假如他穿的是宽松肥大的裤子和紧身的短上衣，你还有什么好期待的呢？

Clothes have more effect upon us than we imagine. Our deportment depends upon our dress. Make a man get into seedy, worn-out rags, and he will

skulk along with his head hanging down, like a man going out to fetch his own supper beer. But deck out the same article in gorgeous raiment and fine linen, and he will strut down the main thoroughfare, swinging his cane and looking at the girls as perky as a bantam cock.

服装对我们的影响力比我们想象的更大。我们的衣着决定着我们的举止。让一个人穿得皱皱巴巴、破破烂烂，他会垂头丧气、遮遮掩掩，好像是偷偷溜出去取他自己晚餐喝的啤酒。但要是把同一个人塞进华服丽裳，他就会昂首阔步地走在大街上，一边甩着手杖，一边像矮脚公鸡一样得意洋洋地看着路上的姑娘们。

Clothes alter our very nature. A man could not help being fierce and daring with a plume in his bonnet, a dagger in his belt, and a lot of puffy white things all down his sleeves. But in an ulster he wants to get behind a lamp-post and call police.

衣服可以改变我们的本性。一个人要是帽子上插了根羽毛，腰间别了把匕首，袖子里鼓鼓囊囊地藏了很多白色物品，肯定会忍不住变得暴躁而大胆。可是如果穿的是件宽松的长外套，他就会躲在街灯后面，叫警察来帮忙了。

I am quite ready to admit that you can find sterling merit, honest worth, deep affection, and all such like virtues of the roast-beef-and-plum-pudding school as much, and perhaps more, under broadcloth and tweed as ever existed beneath silk and velvet; but the spirit of that knightly chivalry that "rode a tilt for lady's love" and "fought for lady's smiles" needs the clatter of steel and the rustle of plumes to summon it from its grave between the dusty folds of tapestry and underneath the musty leaves of moldering chronicles.

我很乐意承认，你会发现人们在穿绒面呢和斜纹软呢时所表现出的完美的品德、诚实的价值、深厚的情感，以及提供烤牛肉和梅子布丁的学校之慷慨等诸如此类的优秀品质，不比他们在穿丝绸和天鹅绒的时候少，甚至可能还更多一些。但是，如果想把那种“为赢得爱人芳心而举剑战斗”、“为博爱人一笑而奋勇厮杀”的骑士精神从满是灰尘的地毯折缝以及渐渐破损的编年史书那发霉的书页中召唤出来，那就需要配上铿锵的刀剑和沙沙作响的羽饰了。

The world must be getting old, I think; it dresses so very soberly now. We have been through the infant period of humanity, when we used to run about with nothing on but a long, loose robe, and liked to have our feet bare. And then came the rough, barbaric age, the boyhood of our race. We didn't care what we wore then, but thought it nice to tattoo ourselves all over, and we

never did our hair. And after that the world grew into a young man and became foppish. It decked itself in flowing curls and scarlet doublets, and went courting, and bragging, and bouncing—making a brave show.

我觉得这个世界肯定是慢慢变老了；现如今，它的穿着如此朴素。我们已经走过了人类的婴儿时期，那时，我们常常裸身穿着宽大的长袍四处奔跑还喜欢光着双脚。之后，我们进入了粗糙而野蛮的时代，那是我们种族的少年时代。那时的我们不在乎穿的是什么，但是喜欢把全身都弄上纹身，我们也从不做头发。再之后，世界成长为一个年轻小伙子，开始变得浮华。他给自己留上顺滑的卷发，穿上深红的紧身衣，然后跑出去谈情说爱，自我吹嘘，连蹦带跳——勇气十足地展示自己。

But all those merry, foolish days of youth are gone, and we are very sober, very solemn—and very stupid, some say—now. The world is a grave, middle-aged gentleman in this nineteenth century, and would be shocked to see itself with a bit of finery on. So it dresses in black coats and trousers, and black hats, and black boots, and, dear me, it is such a very respectable gentleman—to think it could ever have gone gadding about as a troubadour or a knight-errant, dressed in all those fancy colors! Ah, well! We are more sensible in this age.

但是所有这些快乐而傻气的年轻岁月已经消失不见，现在的我们非常冷静，非常沉稳——有人说，也非常愚蠢。到了这十九世纪，世界变成了一个一本正经的中年人，稍微鲜艳的服饰穿在他身上，他就会惊讶不已。所以，他穿着黑色的外套和黑色长裤，戴着黑色的帽子，踏着黑色的靴子，啊，我的天，这可真是一位值得尊敬的绅士——真难相信他曾经穿得五颜六色，作为行吟诗人或者游侠骑士游走四方！唉，是啊！到了这个年龄，我们确实更加理智了。

Or at least we think ourselves so. It is a general theory nowadays that sense and dullness go together.

起码我们自己认为是这样的。目前公认的理论就是，理智的人总是免不了单调乏味。

Goodness is another quality that always goes with blackness. Very good people indeed, you will notice, dress altogether in black, even to gloves and neckties, and they will probably take to black shirts before long. Medium goods indulge in light trousers on week-days, and some of them even go so far as to wear fancy waistcoats. On the other hand, people who care nothing for a future state go about in light suits; and there have been known wretches so abandoned as to wear a white hat. Such people, however, are never spoken of in genteel society, and perhaps I ought not to have referred to them here.

善良是另一个与黑色相伴相依的品质。你会发现，那些非常好的人总是一身黑，就连手套和领带也是黑的，恐怕不久他们的衬衣也要换成黑色的了。一般的好人喜欢在工作日穿上浅色的裤子，有些甚至还会冒险穿一穿颜色鲜艳的马甲。另一方面，那些对将来漠不关心的人，则会穿浅色的西装；而就我们所知，居然还有些不幸而又极其自暴自弃的家伙干脆还会戴上白色帽子。然而，这些人是上流社会永远不会谈到的人物，或许我也不该在这篇文章中提到他们。

By the way, talking of light suits, have you ever noticed how people stare at you the first time you go out in a new light suit. They do not notice it so much afterward. The population of London have got accustomed to it by the third time you wear it. I say "you," because I am not speaking from my own experience. I do not wear such things at all myself. As I said, only sinful people do so.

另外，说起浅色西装，你可曾注意过第一次穿着崭新的浅色西装出门，大家是用怎样的眼神盯着你看的。之后再穿，人们就没那么留意了。你第三次穿它的时候，整个伦敦的人都已经习惯了你的形象。我说“你”，因为我不是就我自己的经历而言。我自己从来不穿那样的衣服。就像我所说的，只有作恶多端的人才会穿它呢。

I wish, though, it were not so, and that one could be good, and respectable, and sensible without making one's self a guy. I look in the glass sometimes at my two long, cylindrical bags (so picturesquely rugged about the knees), my stand-up collar and billycock hat, and wonder what right I have to go about making God's world hideous. Then wild and wicked thoughts come into my heart. I don't want to be good and respectable. (I never can be sensible, I'm told; so that don't matter.) I want to put on lavender-colored tights, with red velvet breeches and a green doublet slashed with yellow; to have a light-blue silk cloak on my shoulder, and a black eagle's plume waving from my hat, and a big sword, and a falcon, and a lance, and a prancing horse, so that I might go about and gladden the eyes of the people. Why should we all try to look like ants crawling over a dust-heap? Why shouldn't we dress a little gayly? I am sure if we did we should be happier. True, it is a little thing, but we are a little race, and what is the use of our pretending otherwise and spoiling fun? Let philosophers get themselves up like old crows if they like. But let me be a butterfly.

可是，我真希望事情不是现在这个样子，我希望一个人不需要打扮得人模人样，也可以做个善良、可敬、明智的好人。有时，我会看着镜

子里自己长长的圆腿裤（在膝盖那里皱得这么厉害）、立起的衣领和低圆顶的礼帽，我问自己，在这个神的国度里我有什么权利为非作歹。之后，我的脑子里就会冒出很多疯狂和邪恶的念头。我不想做个受人尊敬的好好先生了。（而且别人告诉我，我从来都无法理智，所以就更加没有关系。）我想穿上淡紫色的紧身衬衣，天鹅绒的红色马裤，外加一件黄绿相间的紧身外套；我的肩上要披一件淡蓝色的丝质斗篷，帽子上要插一根老鹰的黑羽毛，我还要一把长剑、一只猎鹰、一根长矛、一匹腾跃的骏马，这样我就可以四处游走，让所有的人大饱眼福了。我们为什么要力图把自己打扮成在土丘上爬行的蚂蚁？我们为什么不能穿得更加华美一些呢？我相信，假如我们那样做的话，我们也会更加快乐。没错，穿衣打扮是些小事，可我们也不过是个小小的物种，装得道貌岸然，将穿衣打扮的乐趣毁掉，有什么用处？就让那些哲学家们把自己打扮成老乌鸦吧，如果他们喜欢的话，但是让我做一只花蝴蝶。

Women, at all events, ought to dress prettily. It is their duty. They are the flowers of the earth and were meant to show it up. We abuse them a good deal, we men; but, goodness knows, the old world would be dull enough without their dresses and fair faces. How they brighten up every place they come into! What a sunny commotion they—relations, of course—make in our dingy bachelor chambers! And what a delightful litter their ribbons and laces, and gloves and hats, and parasols and 'kerchiefs make! It is as if a wandering rainbow had dropped in to pay us a visit.

无论如何，女人们还是应该把自己打扮得漂漂亮亮的。这是她们的责任。她们是地球上的花朵，本来就是要把美丽展现给世人。我们没有好好珍惜她们，我是说我们男人；但是，老天知道，这个衰老的世界如果没了她们那缤纷多彩的服饰和美丽可亲的面庞，将会是多么索然无味。她们经过哪里，哪里就会变得一片光明！我们这些单身汉的肮脏小屋，因为她们的进入——当然是指我们的女性亲属们——发生了多么快乐的骚乱啊！她们身上的丝带、荷叶边、小手套、宽边帽、遮阳伞、小手帕让人眼花缭乱，却又多么让人心情愉快啊！就好像一条蜿蜒的彩虹顺道来拜访了我们。

It is one of the chief charms of the summer, to my mind, the way our little maids come out in pretty colors. I like to see the pink and blue and white glancing between the trees, dotting the green fields, and flashing back the sunlight. You can see the bright colors such a long way off. There are four white dresses climbing a hill in front of my window now. I can see them distinctly, though it is three miles away. I thought at first they were mile-stones

out for a lark. It's so nice to be able to see the darlings a long way off. Especially if they happen to be your wife and your mother-in-law.

在我看来，夏天之所以魅力无穷，最主要的一个原因，就是那些年少的女孩们都打扮得色彩亮丽地出门。我喜欢看到她们穿着粉色、蓝色和白色的衣服在树林间闪现，点缀着绿色的田野，并反射出金色的阳光。那些明亮的颜色，即使相隔很远，我们也能一眼就看到。现在，从我的窗口望出去，就能看到四个穿着白裙子的女孩儿在爬山。虽然相隔有三英里，我却能将她们看得一清二楚。我开始还以为她们是谁开玩笑搞的地标呢。能从这么远的距离观看这些可爱的姑娘，真是让人高兴。如果她们恰好是你的太太和岳母，你就更要觉得开心了。

Talking of fields and mile-stones reminds me that I want to say, in all seriousness, a few words about women's boots. The women of these islands all wear boots too big for them. They can never get a boot to fit. The bootmakers do not keep sizes small enough.

说到田野和地标，我倒想就女人的靴子，严肃地谈上几句。英伦三岛上的女人，穿的靴子全都太大。她们永远找不到一双合脚的靴子。鞋匠们就是不能把尺寸做得小些。

Over and over again have I known women sit down on the top rail of a stile and declare they could not go a step further because their boots hurt them so; and it has always been the same complaint—too big.

我无数次看到女人们坐在篱笆梯最上面的横杆上，声称她们一步也没法再走，因为她们的靴子使脚疼得厉害。她们抱怨的原因都一样——鞋太大。

It is time this state of things was altered. In the name of the husbands and fathers of England, I call upon the bootmakers to reform. Our wives, our daughters, and our cousins are not to be lamed and tortured with impunity. Why cannot "narrow twos" be kept more in stock? That is the size I find most women take.

改变这个局面，此其时也。我以英国所有父亲和丈夫的名义，呼吁鞋匠们作出改革。我们的妻子、女儿、堂姐妹、表姐妹不能无端地变成瘸子，无辜地承受这样的折磨。为什么你们就不能多做些“二号窄型”的鞋子？我发现大多数女性都买这个号码的鞋。

The waist-band is another item of feminine apparel that is always too big. The dressmakers make these things so loose that the hooks and eyes by which they are fastened burst off, every now and then, with a report like thunder.

另外，腰带是又一件总是太大的女性服饰。由于裁缝们把它们做得

太松了，以至于钩眼扣常常如响雷一般蹦开。

Why women suffer these wrongs—why they do not insist in having their clothes made small enough for them I cannot conceive. It can hardly be that they are disinclined to trouble themselves about matters of mere dress, for dress is the one subject that they really do think about. It is the only topic they ever get thoroughly interested in, and they talk about it all day long. If you see two women together, you may bet your bottom dollar they are discussing their own or their friends' clothes. You notice a couple of child-like beings conversing by a window, and you wonder what sweet, helpful words are falling from their sainted lips. So you move nearer and then you hear one say:

为什么女性要容忍这些错误——为什么她们不坚决要求把她们的衣服改得紧身合体，这里面的原因我实在想不明白。理由肯定不是她们不愿为区区几件衣服花费心思，因为穿衣打扮的确是她们愿意为之劳心费神的一件事情。这是唯一一个会让她们乐此不疲的话题，她们整日讨论的就是穿衣打扮。如果你看见两个女人在一起，你可以拿出自己压箱底儿的钱来打赌，她们一定在探讨她们自己的或者她们朋友的服饰。你看到两个孩子般天真的女孩儿在窗前聊天，好奇她们天使般的嘴唇里会吐出什么甜美有益的话语。所以你走近了一点儿，结果你听到其中一个说：

"So I took in the waist-band and let out a seam, and it fits beautifully now."

“所以我就把这条腰带改小了点并拆掉了一个接缝口，现在它就 very 合身了。”

"Well," says the other, "I shall wear my plum-colored body to the Jones', with a yellow plastron; and they've got some lovely gloves at Puttick's, only one and eleven pence."

“嗯，”另一个说，“我要穿那件紫红色的大衣去琼斯商店那边，再戴件黄色的胸饰；普蒂克商店那里有一些漂亮的手套，一副只要一先令十一个便士。”

I went for a drive through a part of Derbyshire¹ once with a couple of ladies. It was a beautiful bit of country, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. They talked dressmaking the whole time.

有一次，我和几位女士一起开车出行，途经德比郡的部分地方。那里有非常美丽的村庄，她们都玩得十分高兴。一路上，她们都在讨论怎么做衣服。

"Pretty view, that," I would say, waving my umbrella round. "Look at those blue distant hills! That little white speck, nestling in the woods, is Chatsworth², and over there—"

“真漂亮，那边，”我会一边挥舞着我的雨伞一边说，“看看远处的那些青山！那个小白点，躲在树林里的，就是查茨沃思，还有那边——”

"Yes, very pretty indeed," one would reply. "Well, why not get a yard of sarsenet?"

“是啊，真是很美，”她们中的某位就会回答道，“唉，为什么不买一码薄绸子呢？”

"What, and leave the skirt exactly as it is?"

“什么，然后就不管那条裙子了？”

"Certainly. What place d'ye call this?"

“当然了。这儿叫什么地方？”

Then I would draw their attention to the fresh beauties that kept sweeping into view, and they would glance round and say "charming," "sweetly pretty," and immediately go off into raptures over each other's pocket-handkerchiefs, and mourn with one another over the decadence of cambric frilling.

然后我会试着把她们的注意力转移到那些不断映入眼帘的新鲜美景中。她们会漫不经心地扫上一眼，敷衍两句“真美”，“多漂亮啊”，就又马上开始兴奋地谈论彼此的手帕，或是相互抱怨麻纱褶边的质量大不如前了。

I believe if two women were cast together upon a desert island, they would spend each day arguing the respective merits of sea-shells and birds' eggs considered as trimmings, and would have a new fashion in fig-leaves every month.

我相信如果把两个女人一起丢到荒岛上，她们会每天探讨用贝壳和鸟蛋作饰品的各自优点，并且每个月都会研究出一款最新流行的遮羞布。

Very young men think a good deal about clothes, but they don't talk about them to each other. They would not find much encouragement. A fop is not a favorite with his own sex. Indeed, he gets a good deal more abuse from them than is necessary. His is a harmless failing and it soon wears out. Besides, a man who has no foppery at twenty will be a slatternly, dirty-collar, unbrushed-coat man at forty. A little foppishness in a young man is good; it is human. I like to see a young cock ruffle his feathers, stretch his neck, and crow as if the

whole world belonged to him. I don't like a modest, retiring man. Nobody does —not really, however much they may prate about modest worth and other things they do not understand.

很年轻的小伙子也会花很多心思在衣着打扮上，但他们不会相互谈论这方面的话题。这样的话题是不受鼓励的。一个过分讲究服饰的男孩在男性中并不会很受欢迎。事实上，他们还受到了来自其他男性的很多不必要的责难。然而，对于他们来说爱打扮是个无害于人的缺点，很快就会自然消失。此外，一个二十岁的年轻人如果不爱打扮，那么他四十岁的时候，就会穿着领口发黑的衬衣和常年不洗的外套自甘堕落地邈邈着。年轻小伙子稍微爱打扮一点，是件好事，此乃人之常情。我喜欢看那些年轻的小公鸡梳理羽毛，伸长脖颈，大声鸣叫，仿佛整个世界都属于他。我不喜欢穿着传统保守，整天羞怯寡言的人。没人喜欢这样的人——起码没有人真正喜欢，不管他们怎么鼓吹谦虚的价值和其他一些他们自己都不理解的东西。

A meek deportment is a great mistake in the world. Uriah Heap's³ father was a very poor judge of human nature, or he would not have told his son, as he did, that people liked humbleness. There is nothing annoys them more, as a rule. Rows are half the fun of life, and you can't have rows with humble, meek-answering individuals. They turn away our wrath, and that is just what we do not want. We want to let it out. We have worked ourselves up into a state of exhilarating fury, and then just as we are anticipating the enjoyment of a vigorous set-to, they spoil all our plans with their exasperating humility.

唯命是从是这个世界上一个大大的错误。尤赖亚·希普的爸爸对人性真是缺乏正确的认识，不然他不会告诉自己的儿子，说人们都喜欢谦虚的人。按常理来说，没有什么比别人的谦虚更让人恼火了。人生中一半的乐趣都是从吵架中得来的，可是你总不能和一个谦虚谨慎、唯命是从的人吵架吧。他们转过身去，对我们的愤怒视而不见，这正是我们最不乐意的。我们要的，就是把它发泄出来。我们好不容易攒好了令人振奋的怒气，正期待着激烈争吵的乐趣快快到来呢，他们却用自己那可气的谦逊让我们的计划完全落空。

Xantippe's⁴ life must have been one long misery, tied to that calmly irritating man, Socrates. Fancy a married woman doomed to live on from day to day without one single quarrel with her husband! A man ought to humor his wife in these things.

和那个平静得惹人生气的苏格拉底绑在一起，姗蒂柏的生活肯定是

一个凄惨而漫长的故事。想象一下吧，一个结了婚的女人却无法和自己的丈夫吵一句嘴，而日子却还要一天天继续！在这些事情上，男人实在应该迁就一下自己的妻子。

Heaven knows their lives are dull enough, poor girls. They have none of the enjoyments we have. They go to no political meetings; they may not even belong to the local amateur parliament; they are excluded from smoking-carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, and they never see a comic paper—or if they do, they do not know it is comic: nobody tells them.

只有老天知道这些可怜的女孩们生活有多么乏味。她们没有任何我们所拥有的乐趣。任何政治集会，她们都不能参加；就连地方性的业余议会，她们可能也不能加入；都市铁路上的吸烟车厢，她们不会进入；就连连环漫画她们也没有见过——或者就算她们见了，也不知道那是连环漫画：没人告诉她们。

Surely, with existence such a dreary blank for them as this, we might provide a little row for their amusement now and then, even if we do not feel inclined for it ourselves. A really sensible man does so and is loved accordingly, for it is little acts of kindness such as this that go straight to a woman's heart. It is such like proofs of loving self-sacrifice that make her tell her female friends what a good husband he was— after he is dead.

就是因为女人的生活中有这样单调无聊的空白存在，我们才应该不时地和她们吵吵架，让她们消遣消遣，哪怕我们自己不想吵。真正通情达理的好男人都会这样做，女人们也会因此而爱他，因为正是这种细微的体贴，能直接打动女人的心。这就好像自我牺牲可以证明他对她的爱，可以让她在女性朋友面前诉说他曾是个多么好的丈夫一样——在他过世之后。

Yes, poor Xantippe must have had a hard time of it. The bucket episode⁵ was particularly sad for her. Poor woman! She did think she would rouse him up a bit with that. She had taken the trouble to fill the bucket, perhaps been a long way to get specially dirty water. And she waited for him. And then to be met in such a way, after all! Most likely she sat down and had a good cry afterward. It must have seemed all so hopeless to the poor child; and for all we know she had no mother to whom she could go and abuse him.

是啊，可怜的姗蒂柏必定生活得极为辛苦。水桶事件尤其令她伤心。可怜的女人！她真的以为那样做可以激起他哪怕一丝的怒气呢！她花了那么大力气填满那个桶，说不定为了打特别脏的水还跑了很远的

路。在这之后，她还耐心地等着他爆发。可最终，却遭受了这样的对待！很有可能，事后她还坐下来大哭了一场。对这个可怜的孩子来说，肯定一切都是那么绝望；而且就我们所知，她也没有母亲可以让她跑去诉说对丈夫的不满。

What was it to her that her husband was a great philosopher? Great philosophy don't count in married life.

对她来说，丈夫是个伟大的哲学家又怎么样呢？在婚姻生活里，伟大的哲学派不上用场。

There was a very good little boy once who wanted to go to sea. And the captain asked him what he could do. He said he could do the multiplication-table backward and paste sea-weed in a book; that he knew how many times the word "begat" occurred in the Old Testament; and could recite "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" and Wordsworth's⁶ "We Are Seven."

很久以前，有个很优秀的小男孩想要去航海。船长问他会做些什么。他说，他可以将乘法表倒背如流，可以用海草粘贴图画，他知道“生”这个词在《旧约》里出现了多少次，他还会背诵《站在燃烧的甲板上的男孩》和华兹华斯的《我们七个》。

"Werry good—werry good, indeed," said the man of the sea, "and ken ye kerry coals?"

“非常好——相当好，”船长说，“但是，你背得动煤块吗？”

It is just the same when you want to marry. Great ability is not required so much as little usefulness. Brains are at a discount in the married state. There is no demand for them, no appreciation even. Our wives sum us up according to a standard of their own, in which brilliancy of intellect obtains no marks. Your lady and mistress is not at all impressed by your cleverness and talent, my dear reader—not in the slightest. Give her a man who can do an errand neatly, without attempting to use his own judgment over it or any nonsense of that kind; and who can be trusted to hold a child the right way up, and not make himself objectionable whenever there is lukewarm mutton for dinner. That is the sort of a husband a sensible woman likes; not one of your scientific or literary nuisances, who go upsetting the whole house and putting everybody out with their foolishness.

如果你想结婚，情况也是一样。更多时候，婚姻需要的不是大能耐，而是小本事。在婚姻中，聪明才智的价值大打折扣。因为它们不需要，甚至不被欣赏。我们的太太们用她们自己的标准为我们打分，而

头脑聪明的加分是零。亲爱的读者们，你的爱人和情人从来不会为你的聪明才智倾倒——丝毫不会。她要的，是那种接到命令就能够利落完成的人，而不是动用自己的判断力品评一番，或者做诸如此类无用功的家伙；她要的，是能用正确姿势抱孩子的人，而不是见到餐桌上的热羊肉就狼吞虎咽、招人责骂的家伙。那才是头脑清醒的女人喜欢的男人；她才不会喜欢你们这些沉迷于科学和文学的讨厌鬼，因为你们会把整个房子搅得鸡犬不宁，用你们的愚蠢使所有人心烦意乱。

(1)德比郡，英国英格兰郡名，地形以山地为主，以美丽的乡村景色著称。

(2)查茨沃思，指查茨沃思庄园，德比郡山谷中一幢巨大的乡村别墅，曾是德文郡公爵的府邸。

(3)尤赖亚·希普，狄更斯长篇小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中的人物，是一个虚伪、狡诈、善于阿谀奉承的小职员。

(4)姗蒂柏，苏格拉底的妻子，有名的悍妇。苏格拉底娶她的理由是：我如果能忍受得了这样的女人的话，恐怕天下就再也没有我难以相处的人了。

(5)指苏格拉底和姗蒂柏间的一段轶事：一天姗蒂柏对苏格拉底破口大骂，但苏格拉底习以为常地坐在一边抽起烟来。姗蒂柏见他对自己不理不睬，就把一桶水泼到了苏格拉底的头上。旁观者问苏格拉底为什么不反击，他说：“因为雷电过后必有大雨。”

(6)威廉·华兹华斯（1770—1850），英国诗人，作品有《抒情歌谣集》《序曲》《露西》等，被封为桂冠诗人。

XIV. On Memory

14. 记忆宝匣

"I remember, I remember,
“我记得，我记得，
In the days of chill November,
寒意逼人的十一月里，
How the blackbird on the——”
乌鸫如何在——”

I forget the rest. It is the beginning of the first piece of poetry I ever learned; for

下面的内容我就忘记了。这是我学过的第一首诗的最开始几行；而对

"Hey, diddle diddle,
“嘿，摇吧摇吧，
The cat and the fiddle,”
猫也摇吧，琴也摇吧，”

I take no note of, it being of a frivolous character and lacking in the qualities of true poetry. I collected fourpence by the recital of "I remember, I remember." I knew it was fourpence, because they told me that if I kept it until I got twopence more I should have sixpence, which argument, albeit undeniable, moved me not, and the money was squandered, to the best of my recollection, on the very next morning, although upon what memory is a blank.

我就没怎么注意了，因为它写的都是些无关紧要的琐事，而且缺乏真正的诗歌应有的特点。我曾因为背诵“我记得，我记得”拿到了四便士。我记得那是四便士，因为他们说如果我能存好这钱，再拿两便士的话，我就有六便士了。这个说法虽然没什么值得怀疑，但却没有打动我。钱马上被挥霍一空，如果我没有记错的话，应该就在第二天早上，虽然花在了什么地方我毫无印象。

That is just the way with Memory; nothing that she brings to us is complete. She is a willful child; all her toys are broken. I remember tumbling into a huge dust-hole when a very small boy, but I have not the faintest recollection of ever

getting out again; and if memory were all we had to trust to, I should be compelled to believe I was there still.

“记忆”就是这样的；她带给我们的任何东西都残缺不全。她是个任性的孩子；她所有的玩具都缺胳膊少腿。我记得我还是个小男孩儿的时候，曾经掉进过一个巨大的垃圾坑里，但我却丝毫没有从里面爬出来的印象。如果我们必须完全信任记忆，那我就不得不相信自己现在还在那垃圾坑里呆着呢。

At another time—some years later—I was assisting at an exceedingly interesting love scene; but the only thing about it I can call to mind distinctly is that at the most critical moment somebody suddenly opened the door and said, "Emily, you're wanted," in a sepulchral tone that gave one the idea the police had come for her. All the tender words she said to me and all the beautiful things I said to her are utterly forgotten.

另外还有一次——那是在几年后——我在一场非常有趣的爱情剧里演配角。我唯一能够清晰记得的画面就是，在一个最为关键的场景，有人突然推开门，以十分阴森的口气说：“埃米莉，有人找你。”让人感觉就像是警察上门来抓她了。她对我说的所有甜言蜜语和我对她说的所有美丽情话全部被我忘得一干二净。

Life altogether is but a crumbling ruin when we turn to look behind: a shattered column here, where a massive portal stood; the broken shaft of a window to mark my lady's bower; and a moldering heap of blackened stones where the glowing flames once leaped, and over all the tinted lichen and the ivy clinging green.

在我们回首往事的时候，我们的整个生活都不过是一堆破败的废墟：曾经伫立着高大门廊的地方，如今只剩下一根破损的柱子；恋人曾经住过的地方，只剩下一副断裂的窗户框；还有壁炉，赤热的火苗曾在里面快活地跳跃，可如今，只有一堆被烟熏黑了的石头在慢慢腐朽，身上覆盖着深色的地衣和常春藤那紧紧附着的绿色枝蔓。

For everything looms pleasant through the softening haze of time. Even the sadness that is past seems sweet. Our boyish days look very merry to us now, all nutting, hoop, and gingerbread. The snubbings and toothaches and the Latin verbs are all forgotten—the Latin verbs especially. And we fancy we were very happy when we were hobbledehoys and loved; and we wish that we could love again. We never think of the heartaches, or the sleepless nights, or the hot dryness of our throats, when she said she could never be anything to us but a sister—as if any man wanted more sisters!

时间那柔和的薄雾会让一切在回忆中变得美好。哪怕是过去的悲伤，现在看来也让人觉得甜蜜。我们的童年时光现在看起来如此快乐，全部都是采集坚果、滚铁圈和吃小姜饼人的回忆。严厉的教训、痛苦的牙疼和难背的拉丁文动词全被我们忘得干干净净——尤其是那些拉丁文动词。在我们的幻想中，所有年轻的岁月和恋爱的时光都是非常幸福的；我们希望自己能够再次陷入爱河。我们永远相象不出当我们心爱的女孩对我们说她只能做我们的妹妹时，那种心痛，那些无眠的夜晚，那干哑发热的喉咙——好像每一个男人都想要更多的妹妹一样！

Yes, it is the brightness, not the darkness, that we see when we look back. The sunshine casts no shadows on the past. The road that we have traversed stretches very fair behind us. We see not the sharp stones. We dwell but on the roses by the wayside, and the strong briars that stung us are, to our distant eyes, but gentle tendrils waving in the wind. God be thanked that it is so—that the ever-lengthening chain of memory has only pleasant links, and that the bitterness and sorrow of today are smiled at on the morrow.

是的，我们回首往事的时候，看到的都是光明，而不是黑暗。阳光不会在过去的日子上投下阴影。在我们身后，曾经穿越过的路途变得畅通无阻。我们看不到尖利的石块，只想着路边的玫瑰，而它那曾经刺痛我们的尖刺，在我们恍惚的眼中，却是柔软的卷须在风中摇曳。在回忆那不停变长的链条上，只有快乐的链环，而今天所经历的苦涩和悲伤，明天我们便会付之一笑——为此，我们要感谢上苍！

It seems as though the brightest side of everything were also its highest and best, so that as our little lives sink back behind us into the dark sea of forgetfulness, all that which is the lightest and the most gladsome is the last to sink, and stands above the waters, long in sight, when the angry thoughts and smarting pain are buried deep below the waves and trouble us no more.

世间万物最光明的一面，似乎也是它们最高尚、最出色的一面。所以，当我们藐小的生命在我们背后沉入遗忘的幽暗之海时，所有最明亮、最快乐的东西是最后下沉的，它们立于水上，久久停留在我们视线之中，而彼时愤怒的思绪和刺骨的疼痛则深深地埋在海浪之下，不会再来困扰我们。

It is this glamour of the past, I suppose, that makes old folk talk so much nonsense about the days when they were young. The world appears to have been a very superior sort of place then, and things were more like what they ought to be. Boys were boys then, and girls were very different. Also winters were something like winters, and summers not at all the wretched-things we

get put off with nowadays. As for the wonderful deeds people did in those times and the extraordinary events that happened, it takes three strong men to believe half of them.

我想，正是这旧日的魅力，让老人家们总爱瞎聊他们年轻时的日子。那时候的世界看起来似乎更加完美，而事物也更像它们理所应当的样子。那时候，男孩子还是男孩子，但女孩子却很不一样。同样地，冬天还是有冬天的样子，但夏天完全不是现在这副令人厌恶的倒霉样子。至于那时人们所做的奇妙事情和发生的非凡事件，现在就是讲给三个大男人听，他们也只能相信一半。

I like to hear one of the old boys telling all about it to a party of youngsters who he knows cannot contradict him. It is odd if, after awhile, he doesn't swear that the moon shone every night when he was a boy, and that tossing mad bulls in a blanket was the favorite sport at his school.

我很喜欢听一个这样的老顽童给一群少年讲那时所有的事情，他知道他们谁也不能反驳他。过不了多久，他就会信誓旦旦地说，他还是个男孩的时候，月亮每天晚上都很明亮，而他们在学校里最爱的运动，就是把疯牛包在毯子里抛上抛下。他要是不这么说，才真是奇怪呢。

It always has been and always will be the same. The old folk of our grandfathers' young days sang a song bearing exactly the same burden; and the young folk of today will drone out precisely similar nonsense for the aggravation of the next generation. "Oh, give me back the good old days of fifty years ago," has been the cry ever since Adam's fifty-first birthday. Take up the literature of 1835, and you will find the poets and novelists asking for the same impossible gift as did the German Minnesingers long before them and the old Norse Sagal writers long before that. And for the same thing sighed the early prophets and the philosophers of ancient Greece. From all accounts, the world has been getting worse and worse ever since it was created. All I can say is that it must have been a remarkably delightful place when it was first opened to the public, for it is very pleasant even now if you only keep as much as possible in the sunshine and take the rain good-temperedly.

这些事情一向如此，将来也一直会是如此。我们祖父那一代人年轻时唱的歌，和我们今天所唱的歌，围绕的都是同一个主题。今天的年轻人为了激怒下一代人而用低沉而单调的口吻说出与上一代人极为类似的废话。自亚当51岁生日以来，人们就每每呼喊：“噢，还给我50年前那些美好的旧时光吧。”读到1835年的文学，你就会发现诗人们和小说家们

所追寻的不可能的礼物，和远远早于他们的日耳曼吟游诗人所追寻的一样，和更早之前写古斯堪的纳维亚萨迦传说的那些作者也没什么分别。早期的先知和古希腊的哲学家们所感叹的是同样的东西。所有这些都告诉我们，从创世那天起，世界就越变越坏。我只能说，这个世界最初展现在公众面前时，肯定是个非常美好宜人的地方。因为就算到了今天，它也还是相当舒适的，只要你尽量沐浴阳光，并且以良好的心态感受雨天。

Yet there is no gainsaying but that it must have been somewhat sweeter in that dewy morning of creation, when it was young and fresh, when the feet of the tramping millions had not trodden its grass to dust, nor the din of the myriad cities chased the silence forever away. Life must have been noble and solemn to those free-footed, loose-robed fathers of the human race, walking hand in hand with God under the great sky. They lived in sunkissed tents amid the lowing herds. They took their simple wants from the loving hand of Nature. They toiled and talked and thought; and the great earth rolled around in stillness, not yet laden with trouble and wrong.

然而，不可否认的是，在创世的那个带露的清晨，世界肯定更加美好一些。那时的它，新鲜而稚嫩，还没有数百万沉重的脚将它的绿草踏成灰泥，也没有无数城市的喧嚣将它的静谧永远逐去。对于那些光着双脚、穿着宽袍大褂的人类祖先来说，生活肯定是高尚而肃穆的，他们与上帝携手，走在高远的天空之下。他们住在阳光普照的帐篷里，与“哞哞”叫唤的牛群为伴。他们从大自然慈爱的手中接过他们简单的生活必需品。他们辛苦劳作，互相交谈，勤于思考。而伟大的地球在寂静中转动，尚未承载烦恼和过失。

Those days are past now. The quiet childhood of Humanity, spent in the far-off forest glades and by the murmuring rivers, is gone forever; and human life is deepening down to manhood amid tumult, doubt, and hope. Its age of restful peace is past. It has its work to finish and must hasten on. What that work may be—what this world's share is in the great design—we know not, though our unconscious hands are helping to accomplish it. Like the tiny coral insect working deep under the dark waters, we strive and struggle each for our own little ends, nor dream of the vast fabric we are building up for God.

那样的时光现已成为过去。在遥远的森林空地上，在潺潺的小流水旁，人类度过了安静的童年，那些日子已经一去不返了；人类生活正在深化，逐渐跨入混乱、疑虑和希望交织的成年时期。它安静而平和的时期已经过去了。它有自己的任务要完成，必须加紧脚步。那任务会是

什么——世界在这个伟大计划中的角色如何——我们不知道，尽管我们那无意识的双手在帮助它完成。就像在那幽暗的海水深处辛勤工作的微小珊瑚虫一样，我们为了自己的小目标而各自努力奋斗，却从未想过我们正在为上帝建造一个宏大的工程。

Let us have done with vain regrets and longings for the days that never will be ours again. Our work lies in front, not behind us; and "Forward!" is our motto. Let us not sit with folded hands, gazing upon the past as if it were the building; it is but the foundation. Let us not waste heart and life thinking of what might have been and forgetting the maybe that lies before us.

Opportunities flit by while we sit regretting the chances we have lost, and the happiness that comes to us we heed not, because of the happiness that is gone.

对那些我们将永远不再拥有的旧时光，我们不必无谓地追悔和憧憬了。我们的工作在前方，而不在身后；“前进！”才是我们的箴言。不要再呆呆地坐着，十指交叉凝视过去——好像它是生活的高楼大厦，它不过是地基而已。不要再浪费感情和生命去追忆那些曾经的可能，我们不该忘却的是那些未来的可能。在我们空坐着追悔曾经错失的良机时，许多机会正和我们擦肩而过；我们因为沉湎于逝去的幸福，而忽略了正降临于我们的幸福。

Years ago, when I used to wander of an evening from the fireside to the pleasant land of fairy-tales, I met a doughty knight and true. Many dangers had he overcome, in many lands had been; and all men knew him for a brave and well-tried knight, and one that knew not fear; except, maybe, upon such seasons when even a brave man might feel afraid and yet not be ashamed. Now, as this knight one day was pricking wearily along a toilsome road, his heart misgave him and was sore within him because of the trouble of the way. Rocks, dark and of a monstrous size, hung high above his head, and like enough it seemed unto the knight that they should fall and he lie low beneath them. Chasms there were on either side, and darksome caves wherein fierce robbers lived, and dragons, very terrible, whose jaws dripped blood. And upon the road there hung a darkness as of night. So it came over that good knight that he would no more press forward, but seek another road, less grievously beset with difficulty unto his gentle steed. But when in haste he turned and looked behind, much marvelled our brave knight, for lo! Of all the way that he had ridden there was naught for eye to see; but at his horse's heels there yawned a mighty gulf, whereof no man might ever spy the bottom, so deep was that same gulf. Then when Sir Ghelent saw that of going back there was none, he prayed to good

Saint Cuthbert², and setting spurs into his steed rode forward bravely and most joyously. And naught harmed him.

多年前，当我常在傍晚时分从壁炉边漫游到快乐的童话世界中时，遇到了一位勇猛的、真正的骑士。他征服过很多危险，游历过很多国家。所有人都知道他是个勇敢而老练的骑士，从来不知道畏惧；除非当一个真正的勇士也毫不羞愧地感到害怕时，他或许才会有所顾虑。有一天，骑士疲惫地骑马走在一条崎岖的山路上。路非常难走，骑士不禁担心起来，内心开始惴惴不安。乌黑巨大的岩石在他的头顶高悬，看起来似乎马上就会砸下来，把骑士深深地压在下面。两边都是峡谷深渊，还有黑黑的山洞，山洞里面住着残暴的强盗和可怕的恶龙，恶龙的嘴边还滴着血。前路上笼罩着深夜般的黑暗。所以，那位好心的骑士就不想再勉强前行了，他想另找一条路，可以不让他那温驯的坐骑这么饱受艰苦。但是我们勇敢的骑士掉头急转向身后看的时候，却大吃了一惊，看啊！刚才他骑马走过的路已经看不到了。就在马蹄旁边，裂开了一道巨大的深壑，如此之深，估计永远无人能窥见其底。于是，吉伦特骑士一看已经没法回头，当即向善良的圣库思伯特祈祷，然后他振作起来，带着前所未有的昂扬斗志，勇敢地策马向前奔去。最后，什么东西也没能伤害到他。

There is no returning on the road of life. The frail bridge of time on which we tread sinks back into eternity at every step we take. The past is gone from us forever. It is gathered in and garnered. It belongs to us no more. No single word can ever be unspoken; no single step retraced. Therefore it beseems us as true knights to prick on bravely, not idly weep because we cannot now recall.

人生路上没有回头路可走。时间的桥梁脆弱不堪，我们每走一步，脚下的那一块就会掉入永恒之中。过去永远地离我们远去。它被聚集到一起，保存了起来。它不再属于我们。说出的话一个字都无法收回，走过的路一步也不能折回。所以我们应该像真正的骑士一样，勇敢地策马前行，而不要因为无法追回过去而徒然哭泣。

A new life begins for us with every second. Let us go forward joyously to meet it. We must press on whether we will or no, and we shall walk better with our eyes before us than with them ever cast behind.

对我们来说，每一秒都是新生活的开始。我们应该欣喜地上前去迎接它。无论我们是否情愿，我们必须努力向前走，而目视前方的大道，会比不停地回首走过的道路，让我们走得更顺利。

A friend came to me the other day and urged me very eloquently to learn

some wonderful system by which you never forgot anything. I don't know why he was so eager on the subject, unless it be that I occasionally borrow an umbrella and have a knack of coming out, in the middle of a game of whist, with a mild "Lor! I've been thinking all along that clubs were trumps." I declined the suggestion, however, in spite of the advantages he so attractively set forth. I have no wish to remember everything. There are many things in most men's lives that had better be forgotten. There is that time, many years ago, when we did not act quite as honorably, quite as uprightly, as we perhaps should have done—that unfortunate deviation from the path of strict probity we once committed, and in which, more unfortunate still, we were found out—that act of folly, of meanness, of wrong. Ah, well! We paid the penalty, suffered the maddening hours of vain remorse, the hot agony of shame, the scorn, perhaps, of those we loved. Let us forget. Oh, Father Time, lift with your kindly hands those bitter memories from off our overburdened hearts, for griefs are ever coming to us with the coming hours, and our little strength is only as the day.

有一天，一个朋友来找我，并极力鼓动我学习一种奇妙的记忆法。学了这套记忆法之后，你就永远不会忘记任何事情了。我不明白他为何在这件事上这么热心，除非是因为我会偶尔借伞，或者经常在玩牌中途走出去轻声嘀咕“天啊！我一直都以为梅花是王牌呢。”我拒绝了这一建议，尽管朋友把它的优点说得天花乱坠。我并不希望记住每件事情。大多数人的生活中，很多事还是忘了的好。许多年前的某个时期，我们的行为或许并没有像我们应当做到的那么可亲可敬，诚实正直——很不幸，我们背离了德行绳墨，而且更为不幸的是，我们那愚蠢、卑鄙、错误的行径还发现了。啊，好吧！我们为此付出了代价——在徒然的追悔，苦恼的羞愧，或许还有我们所爱之人的冷眼中度过了痛苦的时间。让我们忘了吧。噢，时间老人，用你仁慈的双手将那些苦涩的记忆从我们已不堪重负的心上抹去吧，因为随着时间的流逝，悲伤还将不停地向我们袭来，而我们微弱的力量只够面对当下。

Not that the past should be buried. The music of life would be mute if the chords of memory were snapped asunder. It is but the poisonous weeds, not the flowers, that we should root out from the garden of Mnemosyne³. Do you remember Dickens' "Haunted Man"—how he prayed for forgetfulness, and how, when his prayer was answered, he prayed for memory once more? We do not want all the ghosts laid. It is only the haggard, cruel-eyed specters that we flee from. Let the gentle, kindly phantoms haunt us as they will; we are not

afraid of them.

并非过去的时光就应该被埋葬。假如将记忆的琴弦全部扯断，生命之歌也会变得哑然无声。摩涅莫绪涅的花园中需要连根铲除的，不是美丽的花朵，而是有毒的野草。还记得狄更斯的小说《被追逐的人》吗——主人公是怎么苦心祈祷自己能够忘记一切啊！然而，当他的愿望真的被满足时，他却又再次祈祷，希望能够重新恢复记忆。不是过去的所有幻影我们都想驱赶。我们避之不及的只是那些形容枯槁、目露凶光的幽灵。让那些温柔可亲的幻影随意来亲近我们吧；我们并不害怕它们。

Ah me! The world grows very full of ghosts as we grow older. We need not seek in dismal church-yards nor sleep in moated granges to see the shadowy faces and hear the rustling of their garments in the night. Every house, every room, every creaking chair has its own particular ghost. They haunt the empty chambers of our lives, they throng around us like dead leaves whirled in the autumn wind. Some are living, some are dead. We know not. We clasped their hands once, loved them, quarreled with them, laughed with them, told them our thoughts and hopes and aims, as they told us theirs, till it seemed our very hearts had joined in a grip that would defy the puny power of Death. They are gone now; lost to us forever. Their eyes will never look into ours again and their voices we shall never hear. Only their ghosts come to us and talk with us. We see them, dim and shadowy, through our tears. We stretch our yearning hands to them, but they are air.

唉，我啊！我们的年龄越是增长，世界上就有越多的幽灵。如果想在夜里看见它们模糊不清的面庞，听到它们的衣服发出窸窣窸窣的声音，我们不需到阴沉的教堂后院寻找，也不必睡到有护城河的庄园里。每座房屋，每个房间，每把吱嘎作响的椅子，都有它们自己的幽灵。它们出没于我们空荡荡的生命之屋，它们好像秋风中飞舞的枯叶一样绕着我们旋转。有些还活着，有些已经死了，对此我们一无所知。我们曾经握着它们的手，爱它们，和它们大吵大闹，共同欢笑，我们将自己的想法、期望和目标告诉它们，就像它们告诉我们的时候一样，那时我们的心似乎紧紧相依，就像被人攥在了一起，死神的力量也无法将我们分离。现在，它们消失了，永远不再属于我们。它们的眼睛再也不会注视着我们的双眼，而我们也再也听不到它们的声音。只有它们的幻影会到我们面前，和我们谈心。我们在泪水中，看到了它们朦胧幽暗的身影。我们向它们张开渴望的双臂，然而它们却是虚无。

Ghosts! They are with us night and day. They walk beside us in the busy street under the glare of the sun. They sit by us in the twilight at home. We see

their little faces looking from the windows of the old school-house. We meet them in the woods and lanes where we shouted and played as boys. Hark! Cannot you hear their low laughter from behind the blackberry-bushes and their distant whoops along the grassy glades? Down here, through the quiet fields and by the wood, where the evening shadows are lurking, winds the path where we used to watch for her at sunset. Look, she is there now, in the dainty white frock we knew so well, with the big bonnet dangling from her little hands and the sunny brown hair all tangled. Five thousand miles away! Dead for all we know! What of that? She is beside us now, and we can look into her laughing eyes and hear her voice. She will vanish at the stile by the wood and we shall be alone; and the shadows will creep out across the fields and the night wind will sweep past moaning. Ghosts! They are always with us and always will be while the sad old world keeps echoing to the sob of long good-bys, while the cruel ships sail away across the great seas, and the cold green earth lies heavy on the hearts of those we loved.

啊，回忆的幽灵们！无论白天还是黑夜，它们都和我们在一起。在炽热的阳光下，它们和我们在川流不息的大街上一同行走；在黄昏的暮色中，它们和我们在家里并肩安坐。我们能从古老校舍的窗口看到它们向外张望的小脸；我们会在童年嘶喊玩耍过的树林和小道间和它们相遇。听啊！你难道听不到它们在黑莓树的后面小声地笑着？你难道没听见它们的呼喊声从长满草的林间空地远远传来？从这里下去，穿过那安静的田野和黄昏时暗影潜伏的树林，是那条蜿蜒的小路，在那里，我们曾在夕阳西下时守望着她。看啊，她现在就在那儿呢，身上那件美丽的白色小连衣裙，我们曾那么地熟悉，她小手摇晃着大帽子，明亮的栗色长发乱糟糟地纠缠成了一团。五千英里之外！我们知道的就是她已经死了！那又有什么关系？她现在就在我们身边，我们可以看着她笑盈盈的眼睛，听见她的声音。她会消失在树林旁的篱墙边，而我们将会陷入孤独；然后，黑影会偷偷地将田野笼罩起来，夜风会呜咽着刮过。当离别的悲泣在这个苍老凄惨的世界里传出阵阵回音，当残忍的船只无情地穿越大海，而我们所爱之人的心口却已压上了沉重而冰冷的泥土，上面都已芳草萋萋，回忆的幽灵们！它们总是和我们在一起，永远在一起。

But, oh, ghosts, the world would be sadder still without you. Come to us and speak to us, oh you ghosts of our old loves! Ghosts of playmates, and of sweethearts, and old friends, of all you laughing boys and girls, oh, come to us and be with us, for the world is very lonely, and new friends and faces are not like the old, and we cannot love them, nay, nor laugh with them as we have

loved and laughed with you. And when we walked together, oh, ghosts of our youth, the world was very gay and bright; but now it has grown old and we are growing weary, and only you can bring the brightness and the freshness back to us.

可是，啊，回忆的幽灵们啊，没有你们，世界将更加悲戚。到我们身边来，和我们聊聊吧，我们昔日珍爱之人化身的幽灵们！小伙伴、心上人、老朋友，所有欢笑的男孩女孩们，噢，让你们化身的幽灵来我们这里，与我们一起吧，这个世界太孤独了，新朋友和新面孔不同于老朋友和旧面孔，我们无法像当时爱你们那样去爱他们，也无法像当时与你们一起欢笑那样和他们一同欢笑。噢，我们青春岁月的幽灵，当我们并肩而行时，世界是多么欢快而明亮；可是如今，世界愈发苍老了，我们也愈发疲惫了，只有你，才能将光明和朝气带回到我们身上。

Memory is a rare ghost-raiser. Like a haunted house, its walls are ever echoing to unseen feet. Through the broken casements we watch the flitting shadows of the dead, and the saddest shadows of them all are the shadows of our own dead selves.

回忆是培育幽灵难得的沃土。就像一栋鬼魂出没的房子，看不见经过的足迹，墙上却老传来脚步的回声。透过破旧的窗口，我们看到死魂们那一闪而过的影子，其中最让人感到悲哀的，就是那些已死去的我们自己的影子。

Oh, those young bright faces, so full of truth and honor, of pure, good thoughts, of noble longings, how reproachfully they look upon us with their deep, clear eyes!

啊，那些年轻而欢快的面容，是那么地充满真理和荣耀。有着纯洁而善良的思想，有着崇高的渴望，他们用深邃清澈的眼睛看着我们，目光里充满着多少责备！

I fear they have good cause for their sorrow, poor lads. Lies and cunning and disbelief have crept into our hearts since those preshaving days—and we meant to be so great and good.

可怜的小伙子们，恐怕他们的悲伤是有理由的。在我们长胡须之前，谎言、诡诈和怀疑就已潜入了我们的内心——而我们本来应该是十分崇高而优秀的！

It is well we cannot see into the future. There are few boys of fourteen who would not feel ashamed of themselves at forty.

我们可以理直气壮地说我们没法看到未来的景象。没有几个十四岁的小男孩，不会在四十岁时为自己感到羞愧。

I like to sit and have a talk sometimes with that odd little chap that was myself long ago. I think he likes it too, for he comes so often of an evening when I am alone with my pipe, listening to the whispering of the flames. I see his solemn little face looking at me through the scented smoke as it fl oats upward, and I smile at him; and he smiles back at me, but his is such a grave, old-fashioned smile. We chat about old times; and now and then he takes me by the hand, and then we slip through the black bars of the grate and down the dusky glowing caves to the land that lies behind the fi relight. There we find the days that used to be, and we wander along them together. He tells me as we walk all he thinks and feels. I laugh at him now and then, but the next moment I wish I had not, for he looks so grave I am ashamed of being frivolous. Besides, it is not showing proper respect to one so much older than myself—to one who was myself so very long before I became myself.

有时，我喜欢坐下来，和多年前的自己——那个幼小而古怪的家伙——谈谈话。我觉得他也很乐意，因为在夜晚我孤身一人抽着烟斗，聆听火苗的低声耳语时他频频来访。在袅袅上升的带香味的烟雾中，我看到他严肃的小脸正看着我。我冲他笑笑，他也冲我笑笑，可他的笑容却那么沉重严肃，那么老气横秋。我们会谈谈过去的时光，他会偶尔抓起我的手，然后我们就一起溜过壁炉黑色的护栏，沿着灰烬燃烧的炉膛往下，来到炉火背后的世界。在那里，我们找到了旧日的时光，我们一起在其中徜徉。我们一边走，他一边将他所有的想法和感觉告诉我。我偶尔会嘲笑他，但下一刻我就后悔了，因为他看起来那么认真，我为自己的轻率感到羞愧。况且，对一个比我年长这么多的人——对一个比现在的我更早成为了我自己的人——做出这样的行为是缺乏应有的尊重的。

We don't talk much at first, but look at one another; I down at his curly hair and little blue bow, he up sideways at me as he trots. And some-how I fancy the shy, round eyes do not altogether approve of me, and he heaves a little sigh, as though he were disappointed. But after awhile his bashfulness wears off and he begins to chat. He tells me his favorite fairy-tales, he can do up to six times, and he has a guinea-pig, and pa says fairy-tales ain't true; and isn't it a pity? 'cos he would so like to be a knight and fight a dragon and marry a beautiful princess. But he takes a more practical view of life when he reaches seven, and would prefer to grow up be a bargee, and earn a lot of money. Maybe this is the consequence of falling in love, which he does about this time with the young lady at the milk shop at six. (God bless her little ever dancing feet, whatever size they may be now!) He must be very fond of her, for he gives her

one day his chiefest treasure, to wit, a huge pocket-knife with four rusty blades and a corkscrew, which latter has a knack of working itself out in some mysterious manner and sticking into its owner's leg. She is an affectionate little thing, and she throws her arms round his neck and kisses him for it, then and there, outside the shop. But the stupid world (in the person of the boy at the cigar emporium next door) jeers at such tokens of love. Whereupon my young friend very properly prepares to punch the head of the boy at the cigar emporium next door; but fails in the attempt, the boy at the cigar emporium next door punching his instead.

一开始我们交谈不多，只是互相打量。我低头看他卷曲的头发和蓝色的小领结，他一边疾走一边从侧面仰着头观察我。不知为什么，我觉得那双害羞的圆眼睛对我并不完全满意，他轻轻地叹了口气，好像有点失望。但是过了一会儿，他变得不那么害羞了，开始和我聊天。他告诉我他最喜欢的童话，他已经会做六的乘法了，他还有一只荷兰猪，还有，爸爸说童话都是编出来的。这多让人遗憾啊！因为他那么想做个骑士，打败恶龙，然后将美丽的公主娶回家。但是，在他七岁那年，他对生活的想法实际了些，他长大后更想做个驳船船员，挣好多好多钱。这大概是陷入爱河的结果，因为大约这个年纪他会爱上牛奶店六岁的年轻小姐。（上帝保佑她那双总是在跳舞的小脚，甭管现在它们长成了多大的尺寸！）他肯定很喜欢那个小姑娘，因为有一天他将自己最珍贵的宝物送给了她，那是一把有着四面刀刃的大号折刀和一个开瓶器，尽管折刀的刀刃有点生锈，而开瓶器后来还经常莫名其妙地自个儿跳出来，扎到它人的腿里去。那个小姑娘是个热情的小可爱，收到礼物的那一刻，她就在牛奶店的外面张开双臂环住他的脖子，亲了他一口。但是这种爱的表达却遭到了愚蠢世人（所谓世人，指的就是隔壁雪茄店的那个小男孩）的嘲笑。于是，我年轻的朋友理所当然地准备在隔壁雪茄店男孩儿的脑袋上来上一下；但是没有成功，他的头上反而吃了隔壁雪茄店男孩一拳头。

And then comes school life, with its bitter little sorrows and its joyous shoutings, its jolly larks, and its hot tears falling on beastly Latin grammars and silly old copy-books. It is at school that he injures himself for life—as I firmly believe—trying to pronounce German; and it is there, too, that he learns of the importance attached by the French nation to pens, ink, and paper. "Have you pens, ink, and paper?" is the first question asked by one Frenchman of another on their meeting. The other fellow has not any of them, as a rule, but says that the uncle of his brother has got them all three. The first fellow doesn't appear

to care a hang about the uncle of the other fellow's brother; what he wants to know now is, has the neighbor of the other fellow's mother got 'em? "The neighbor of my mother has no pens, no ink, and no paper," replies the other man, beginning to get wild. "Has the child of thy female gardener some pens, some ink, or some paper?" He has him there. After worrying enough about these wretched inks, pens, and paper to make everybody miserable, it turns out that the child of his own female gardener hasn't any. Such a discovery would shut up any one but a French exercise man. It has no effect at all, though, on this shameless creature. He never thinks of apologizing, but says his aunt has some mustard.

之后就是上学的日子，那些日子充满着苦涩的小悲小痛和幸福的大喊大叫，充满着快乐的嬉笑玩闹，充满着为可恨的拉丁文语法以及愚蠢的旧作业本而抛洒的热泪。正是在那里，他试着学习德语发音而给自己留下了终生不愈的创伤——我坚信是这样。也是在学校里，他了解了法国这个民族对于钢笔、墨水和纸的重视。见面的时候，一个法国人向另一个人问的第一个问题就是“你有钢笔、墨水和纸吗？”而通常情况是，另一个人什么都没有，但是说他兄弟的叔叔三样东西全有。第一个家伙一点儿都不关心另一个家伙兄弟的叔叔会怎样；现在他想知道的是另一个家伙母亲的邻居有没有这些东西。“我妈妈的邻居没有钢笔，没有墨水，也没有纸，”另一个人一边回答，一边开始大为恼怒。“那么你家女园丁的孩子有没有钢笔、墨水和纸呢？”第一个人终于被难倒了。在问够了这些倒霉的墨水、钢笔和纸，把所有人搞得心烦意乱之后，第一个人最终发现，就连他自己家女园丁的孩子也没有这三样东西。这样的结论会让任何人立刻闭嘴，除了那个在做法语练习的家伙。这个厚颜无耻的家伙完全不受影响。他从来没想过道歉，反而说着他的姑妈有些芥末这样的话。

So in the acquisition of more or less useless knowledge, soon happily to be forgotten, boyhood passes away. The red-brick school-house fades from view, and we turn down into the world's high-road. My little friend is no longer little now. The short jacket has sprouted tails. The battered cap, so useful as a combination of pocket-handkerchief, drinking-cup, and weapon of attack, has grown high and glossy; and instead of a slate-pencil in his mouth there is a cigarette, the smoke of which troubles him, for it will get up his nose. He tries a cigar a little later on as being more stylish—a big black Havana⁴. It doesn't seem altogether to agree with him, for I find him sitting over a bucket in the

back kitchen afterward, solemnly swearing never to smoke again.

就这样，少年时代就在学习这些差不多没用、很快就被轻松忘记的知识中逝去了。红色砖墙的学校在视野中慢慢消失，我们继续前进，转弯走上了人生的大道。我的小朋友现在也已不小了。短短的夹克已变成了长长的燕尾服。那曾经可同时用作小手帕、水杯和攻击武器而大显身手的破帽子，现在已经变得高耸而光鲜。他的嘴里，已经不再含着一节石笔了，取而代之的是一支香烟，袅袅的烟雾总钻到他鼻子里去，让他觉得很烦。不久之后他试着吸了根雪茄——一支长形的黑色哈瓦那雪茄——因为那个吸起来更为入时。但他似乎完全不适应，因为我看到他事后坐在后厨房里的一只桶上，信誓旦旦地说他再也不抽烟了。

And now his mustache begins to be almost visible to the naked eye, whereupon he immediately takes to brandy-and-sodas and fancies himself a man. He talks about "two to one against the favorite," refers to actresses as "Little Emmy" and "Kate" and "Baby," and murmurs about his "losses at cards the other night" in a style implying that thousands have been squandered, though, to do him justice, the actual amount is most probably one-and-twopence. Also, if I see aright—for it is always twilight in this land of memories—he sticks an eyeglass in his eye and stumbles over everything.

现在，不戴眼镜就可以看见他脸上隐隐约约的胡子了，于是，他立即喝上了白兰地兑苏打水，想象自己已经是个男人了。他谈论着什么“二比一，赌热门队输”，亲昵地称女演员们为“小埃米”、“凯特”和“宝贝儿”，还会小声嘀咕“那天晚上打牌输了”，说得好像自己一掷千金似的，但公正地说，实际的金额很可能只有一两个便士。还有，假如我没有看错——因为在这个记忆的国度里，光线总是很昏暗——他在眼睛上架了副眼镜，然后，碰到什么东西都会绊上一跤。

His female relations, much troubled at these things, pray for him (bless their gentle hearts!) and see visions of Old Bailey⁵ trials and halts as the only possible outcome of such reckless dissipation; and the prediction of his first school-master, that he would come to a bad end, assumes the proportions of inspired prophecy.

他的女性亲属们对此大为担忧，为他祈祷（上帝保佑她们善良的心！），她们认为他如此胡乱放荡只有一个可能的结果，就是被送到老贝利那儿接受审判和绞刑。她们还觉得他第一个校长的预言或许真的会部分应验，那就是：他不会有什么好下场。

He has a lordly contempt at this age for the other sex, a blatantly good

opinion of himself, and a sociably patronizing manner toward all the elderly male friends of the family. Altogether, it must be confessed, he is somewhat of a nuisance about this time.

在这个年龄，他对异性有着不可一世的轻蔑，而自我感觉却很良好，对家里年长的男性朋友也是一副居高临下的态度。总之，不得不说这个时候的他有点惹人讨厌。

It does not last long, though. He falls in love in a little while, and that soon takes the bounce out of him. I notice his boots are much too small for him now, and his hair is fearfully and wonderfully arranged. He reads poetry more than he used, and he keeps a rhyming dictionary in his bedroom. Every morning Emily Jane finds scraps of torn-up paper on the floor and reads thereon of "cruel hearts and love's deep darts," of "beauteous eyes and lovers' sighs," and much more of the old, old song that lads so love to sing and lassies love to listen to while giving their dainty heads a toss and pretending never to hear.

但这样的日子并不长。不久之后，他就陷入了爱河，而他身上的那种活力也随之消失了。我注意到现在他的靴子变得过于窄小，而他的头发则梳理得非常整齐。他比以前都更爱读诗了，在他的卧室里，还放着一本韵律词典。每天早上，艾米丽·简都能在地上发现撕碎的废纸，上面写着“残忍的心和爱情深深的刺痛”，“美丽的双眸和恋人的叹息”，以及更多诸如此类老得掉牙的歌，小伙子们特别爱唱，姑娘们也爱听，但姑娘们喜欢把她们优雅的头一扬，装作什么也没听见。

The course of love, however, seems not to have run smoothly, for later on he takes more walking exercise and less sleep, poor boy, than is good for him; and his face is suggestive of anything but wedding-bells and happiness ever after.

然而，爱情的道路似乎并不平坦，因为从此之后，这可怜男孩步行锻炼的时候多了，睡觉的时间却比必需的少了；他的脸上什么表情都有，唯独缺少婚礼的钟声响起时的喜悦和对此后永远幸福生活下去的憧憬。

And here he seems to vanish. The little, boyish self that has grown up beside me as we walked is gone.

就在这里，他仿佛消失了。和我一路同行逐渐长大的那个小小的孩子气的自我，已经不见了。

I am alone and the road is very dark. I stumble on, I know not how nor care, for the way seems leading nowhere, and there is no light to guide.

我踽踽独行，前路一片漆黑。我跌跌撞撞，不知道前方的路要如何

去走，也并不在乎，因为路似乎并不通往任何地方，也没有任何光亮为我指引。

But at last the morning comes, and I find that I have grown into myself. The End

但是最终，早晨还是到来了。我发现我已经长成了我自己。（全书完）

[\(1\)](#)萨迦，中世纪冰岛和挪威历史事件、历史人物、轶事传闻等的北欧传说。

[\(2\)](#)圣库思伯特（635—687），英国基督教隐修士。

[\(3\)](#)摩涅莫绪涅，希腊神话中的记忆女神。

[\(4\)](#)哈瓦那，古巴产的顶级雪茄。

[\(5\)](#)老贝利，伦敦中央刑事法院的俗称。

