



美国原版经典语文课本

# 美国语文

## THE ECLECTIC READERS

(英汉双语全译版)



WILLIAM H. MCGUFFEY

天津社会科学院出版社

美国语文

THE ECLECTIC  
READERS

英汉双语全译版

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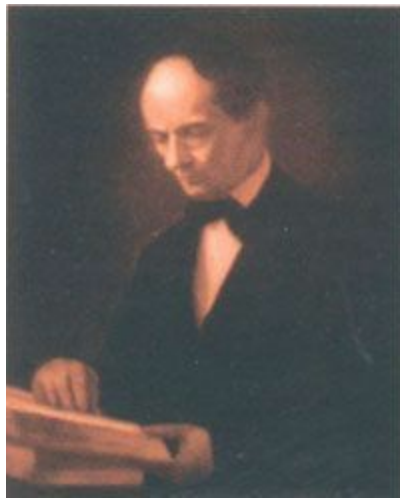
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**William Holmes McGuffey** was an American professor and university president who is best known for writing the McGuffey's Readers, one of the first and most widely used series of textbooks in the United States. It is estimated that at least 125 million copies of this Eclectic Readers were sold between 1836 and 1960, placing its sales in a category with the Bible and Webster's Dictionary.

McGuffey was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania in 1800. In 1802 the McGuffey family moved further out into the frontier at Tuscarawas County, Ohio. He attended and graduated from Pennsylvania's Washington College, where he became an instructor. In 1836, he left Miami to become president of Cincinnati College, where he also served as a distinguished teacher and lecturer. He left Cincinnati in 1839 to become the 4th president of Ohio University. In 1845, McGuffey moved to Charlottesville, Virginia where he became Professor of Philosophy at the University of Virginia.

He died in 1873, a success as an educator, lecturer and author.

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美国原版经典语文课本

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# THE ALPHABET

A	a	N	n
B	b	O	o
C	c	P	p
D	d	Q	q
E	e	R	r
F	f	S	s
G	g	T	t
H	h	U	u
I	i	V	v
J	j	W	w
K	k	X	x
L	l	Y	y
M	m	Z	z

# Script Alphabet

A B C D E F G  
H I J K L M N  
O P Q R S T U  
V W X Y Z

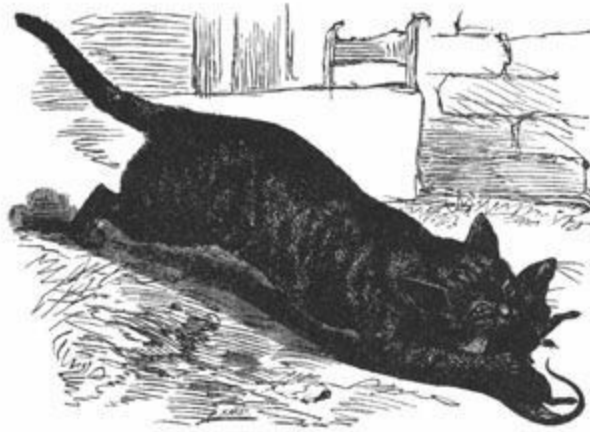
a b c d e f g h i  
j k l m n o p q  
r s t u v w x y z

## SCRIPT FIGURES

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

# LESSON 1

*a and cat rat*  
*a c d n r t*



*a rat*  
*A cat*

*a cat*  
*A rat*

A cat and a rat. 一只猫和一只鼠

A rat and a cat. 一只鼠和一只猫

# LESSON 2



*at the ran has*  
*Ann*  
*h th s*  
*the cat the rat*

The cat has a rat. 猫儿抓老鼠

The rat ran at Ann. 老鼠跑向安

Ann has a cat. 安养一只猫

The cat ran at the rat. 猫儿追老鼠

# LESSON 3

*Nat hat fan can*  
*f*



*a fan*

*a hat*

Ann and Nat. 安和奈特

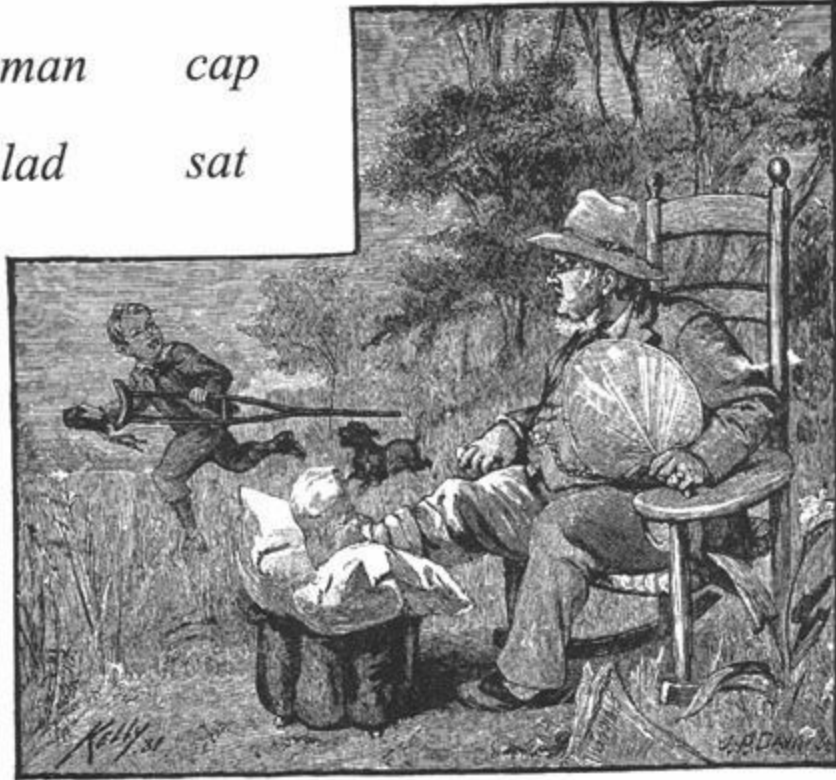
Ann has a fan. 安有把扇子

Nat has a hat. 奈特有顶帽子

Ann can fan Nat. 安会给奈特扇风

# LESSON 4

*man cap*  
*lad sat*



*l m p s*  
*a cap the lad*

A man and a lad. 男人和少年

The man sat; the lad ran. 男人坐, 少年跑

The man has a hat. 男人戴顶边帽

The lad has a cap.     少年有顶便帽

# LESSON 5 REVIEW

The cat and the rat ran. 猫和老鼠在跑。

Ann sat, and Nat ran. 安坐着，奈特在跑。

A rat ran at Nat. 老鼠跑向奈特。

Can Ann fan the lad? 安能给这位少年扇风吗？

The man and the lad. 男人和少年。

The man has a cap. 男人戴顶便帽。

The lad has a fan. 少年拿把扇子。

Has Ann a hat? 安有顶边帽吗？

Ann has a hat and a fan. 安有顶边帽和一把扇子。



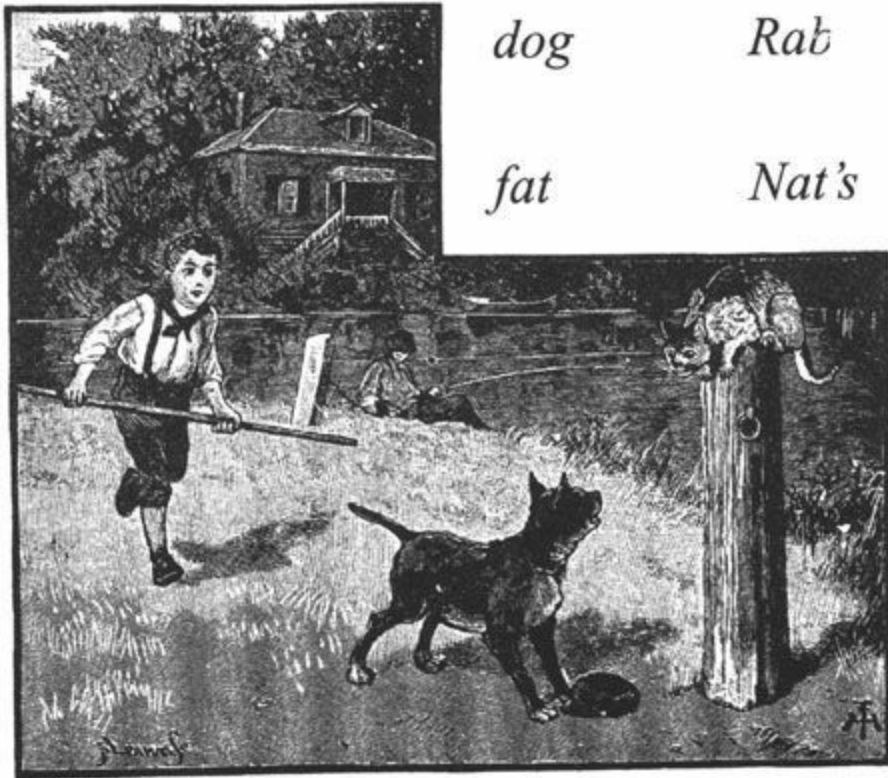
a at rat sat

can cap lad and

The cat ran. Ann ran.

The man has a hat.

# LESSON 6



*dog*

*Rab*

*fat*

*Nat's*

*o*

*b*

*g*

*Nat's cap*

*a fat dog*

Has the lad a dog? 少年有条狗吗？

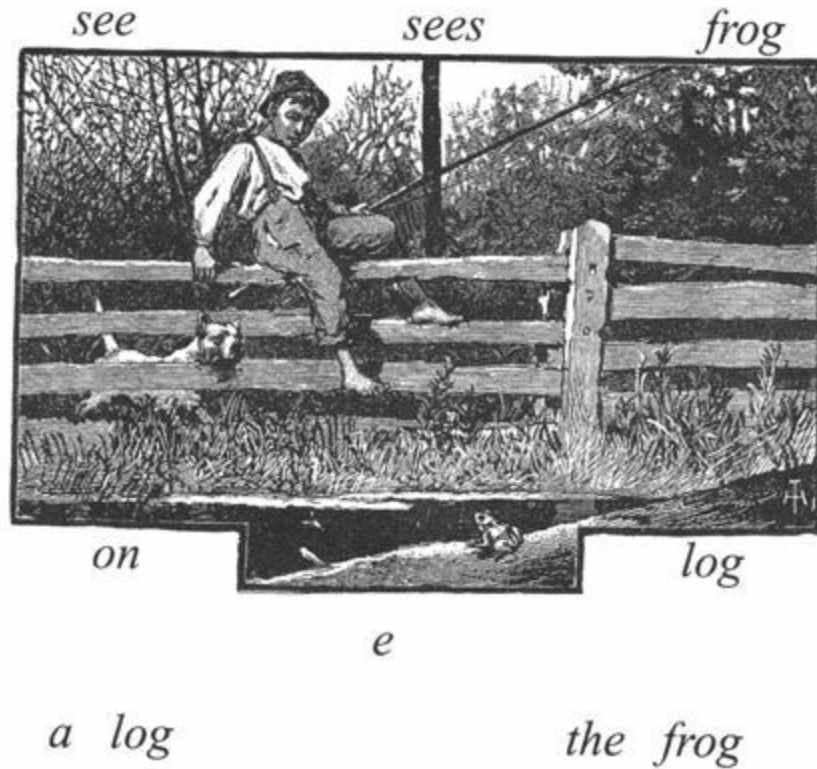
The lad has a fat dog. 少年有条大狗。

The dog has Nat's cap. 狗叼了奈特的帽子。

Nat and Rab ran. 奈特和拉伯在跑。

Rab ran at a cat. 拉伯跑向猫。

# LESSON 7



See the frog on a log. 瞧圆木上的那只青蛙。

Rab sees the frog. 拉伯看到了青蛙。

Can the frog see Rab? 青蛙能看见拉伯吗？

The frog can see the dog. 青蛙能看到那只狗。

Rab ran at the frog. 拉伯跑向这只青蛙。

# LESSON 8



*it*                      *stand*                      *Ann's*  
*is*                      *lamp*                      *mat*  
                                 *i*  
*a mat*                      *the stand*

See the lamp! 瞧这盏灯！

It is on a mat. 它摆放在小垫上。

The mat is on the stand. 小垫放在架子上。

The lamp is Nat's, 这盏灯是奈特的,  
and the mat is Ann's. 小垫则是安的。

# LESSON 9

*Tom  
him*

*nag  
catch*

*not  
he*

*his*

*ch*



See the nag! 瞧这匹马！

It is Tom's nag. 这是汤姆的马。

Can Tom catch his nag? 汤姆能追上他的马吗？

He can not catch him. 他追不上它。

The dog ran at the nag, 狗跑向那匹马，

and the nag ran. 马在奔跑。



# LESSON 10 REVIEW

Tom's nag is fat; his dog is not fat.

Nat is on Tom's nag.

Nat's dog, Rab, can not catch the rat.

See the frog on the log.

A lad sees the frog.

The lad can not catch it.

A cat is on the mat; the cat sees a rat.

Ann's fan is on the stand.

The man has a lamp.

A dog ran at the man.

Ann sat on a log.

---

Tom sees Nat's dog.  
A fat frog is on the log.  
Can not Rab catch it?

## 【中文阅读】

汤姆的马很肥壮，他的狗却不胖。

奈特坐在汤姆的马上。

奈特的狗，拉伯，不会捉老鼠。

看圆木上的那只青蛙。

一位少年看见这只青蛙。

他捉不住它。

垫子上有只猫，它看见一只老鼠。

安的扇子放在架子上。

这个人有一盏灯。

一只狗向这个人跑去。

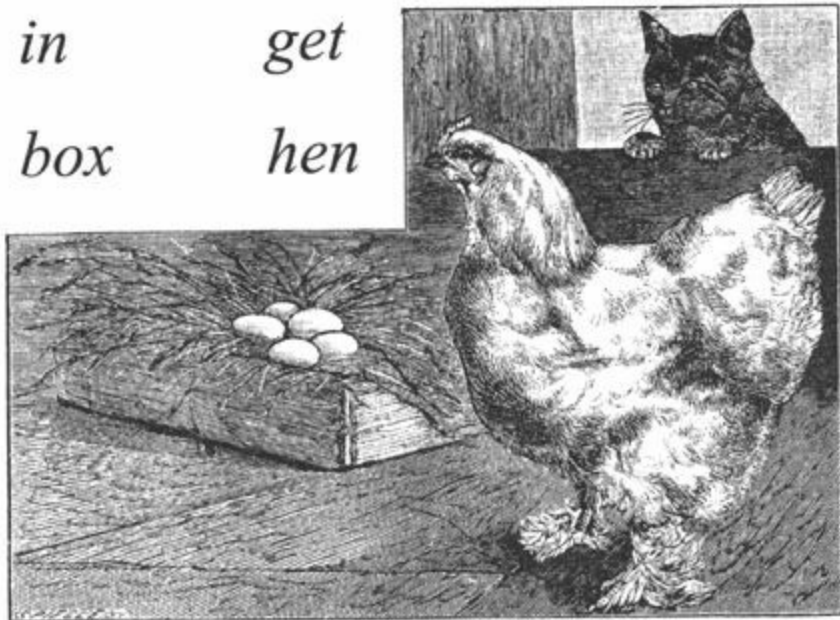
安坐在一条圆木上。

# LESSON 11

*nest this eggs she*

*in get*

*box hen*



*e x sh*

*the box*

*a nest*

This is a fat hen. 这是一只肥母鸡。

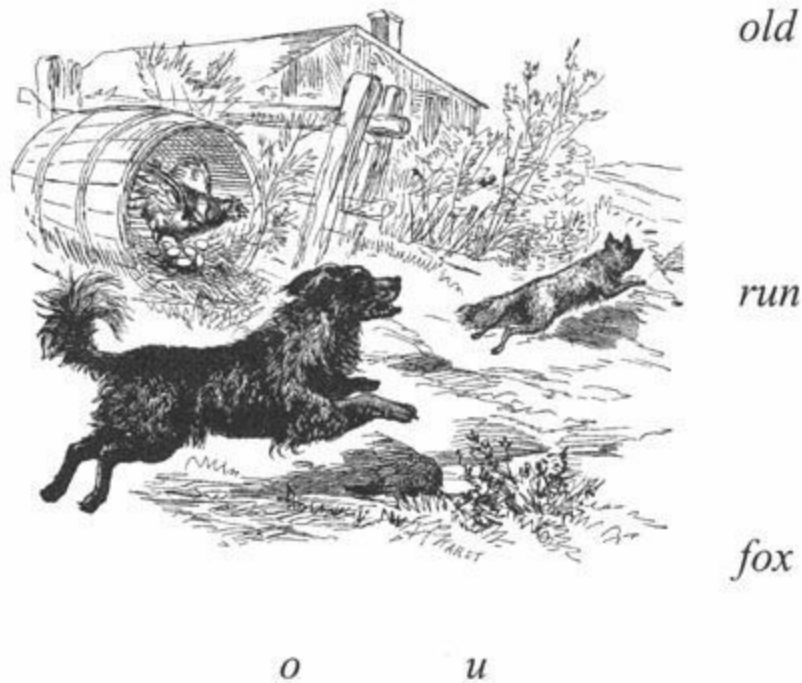
The hen has a nest in the box. 母鸡在盒子里安了个窝。

She has eggs in the nest. 它在鸡窝里下蛋。

A cat sees the nest, 一只猫盯着鸡窝,

and can get the eggs. 它可能会拿到鸡蛋。

# LESSON 12



Can this old fox catch the hen? 这只老狐狸能捉住母鸡吗？

The fox can catch the hen, 狐狸能捉住母鸡,

and get the eggs in the nest. 并且弄走窝里的鸡蛋。

Run, Rab, and catch the fox. 快跑, 拉伯! 抓住这只狐狸。

---

*This nest has eggs in it.*



# LESSON 13

*pond ducks them feed*

*Nell*

*I*

*by*

*will*



*i y ck w*

Nell is by the pond. 内尔在池塘边。

I see ducks on the pond. 我看见池塘里的鸭子。

Nell sees the ducks, 内尔看见鸭子,

and will feed them. 想要喂它们。

She can not get the ducks. 她捉不到这些鸭子。

# LESSON 14



*holds to*

*blind Mary*

*hand kind*

*a o k y*

This old man can not see. He is blind.

Mary holds him by the hand. She is kind to the old blind man.

## 【中文阅读】

这位老爷爷看不见了，他是位盲人。

玛丽用手牵着他。她对盲人老爷爷非常友善。



# LESSON 15 REVIEW

I see ducks on the pond; Tom will feed them.

Tom is blind; he holds a box in his hand.

Nell is kind to him.

This old hen has a nest.

Mary will run and get the eggs.

## 【中文阅读】

我看到池塘里的鸭子。汤姆要喂它们。

汤姆是个盲人。他手里拿着一只箱子。

内尔对汤姆非常友善。

这只老母鸡有一个窝。

玛丽跑过去捡鸡蛋。

# LESSON 16



Sue has a doll. It has a new dress.

She will let Ann hold the doll in her hands, and Ann will fan it.

Sue is kind to Ann.

## 【中文阅读】

苏有个小娃娃。娃娃有件新裙子。

苏让安用手抱着娃娃，安会为它扇风。

苏对安十分友好。

# LESSON 17



*there*

*five bird*

*tree rob do*

*e i v*

A bird is in the tree. It has a nest there.

The nest has five eggs in it.

Do not rob the nest.

Will the bird let the cat get her five eggs?

【中文阅读】

树上有只鸟，它在那儿安了家。

鸟巢里有五个鸟蛋。

不要毁掉这个鸟巢。

鸟会让猫弄走它的五枚鸟蛋吗？

# LESSON 18

*cage*

*pet*

*sing*

*lives*

*so*

*loves*



*o*

*g*

*ng*

This is a pet bird. 这是一只宠物鸟。

It lives in a new cage. 它住在一个新笼子里。

It will stand on Sue's hand, 它站在苏的手上,  
and sing. 唱着歌。

Sue loves her pet bird. 苏喜欢她的宠物鸟。

So do I love it. 我也喜欢它。

# LESSON 19

*are you yes fast too*



*like boys of play*

Do you see the boys at play?

Yes, I see them; there are five of them.

Tom is too fat to run fast.

Nat can catch him.

I like to see boys play.

你看到这些男孩玩耍吗？

是的，我看到了，他们有五个人。

汤姆太胖跑不快。

奈特能追上他。

我喜欢看男孩们玩耍。



# LESSON 20 REVIEW

Sue has a doll and a pet bird.

Her doll has a new dress and a cap.

Sue loves Mary, and will let her hold the doll.

The pet bird lives in a cage. Sue and Mary will stand by the cage, and the bird will sing.

There are birds in the tree by the pond. Can you see them?

Yes; there are five of them in a nest.

Tom will not rob a bird's nest. He is too kind to do so.

---

*Nell will feed the ducks.  
Sue has a new dress.*

## 【中文阅读】

苏有个娃娃和一只宠物鸟。

她的娃娃穿件新裙子戴顶帽子。

苏喜欢玛丽，让她拿着娃娃。

宠物鸟住在一个鸟笼里。

苏和玛丽站在鸟笼边，这只鸟就会唱歌。

池塘边的树上有几只鸟，你能看见它们吗？

是的，鸟巢里有五只鸟。

汤姆不会弄坏鸟巢。他很善良，不会这样做的。

# LESSON 21



What bird is this? 这是什么鸟？

It is an owl. 是只猫头鹰。

What big eyes it has! 它的眼睛好大呀！

Yes, but it can not see well 是啊，但它白天看不清东西。

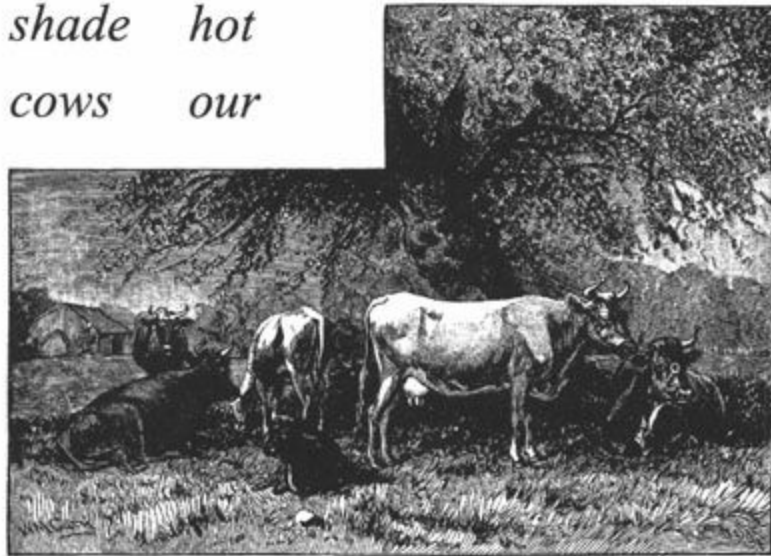
by day. 猫头鹰夜间看东西最好。

The owl can see best at night. 奈特·庞德养了只宠物猫

Nat Pond has a pet owl. 头鹰。

# LESSON 22

*grass they come off barn*  
*shade hot*  
*cows our*



*e*

*ou*

The day is hot. 天很热。

The cows are in the shade of 牛群站在大树的树阴下。

the big tree. 他们在吃新长出来的草。

They feed on the new grass. 我们的牛不会跑开。

Our cows do not run off. 夜里它们都回到牛棚。

At night they come to the barn.

# LESSON 23

*soon*

*sun*

*neck*

*set*



*way*

*bell*

*one*

*their*

*oo*

The sun will soon set.

The cows are on their way to the barn.

One old cow has a bell on her neck. She sees our dog, but she will not run.

Our dog is kind to the cows.

【中文阅读】

太阳很快要落山了。

牛儿正在去往牛棚的路上。

一只老母牛脖子上挂着个铃铛。

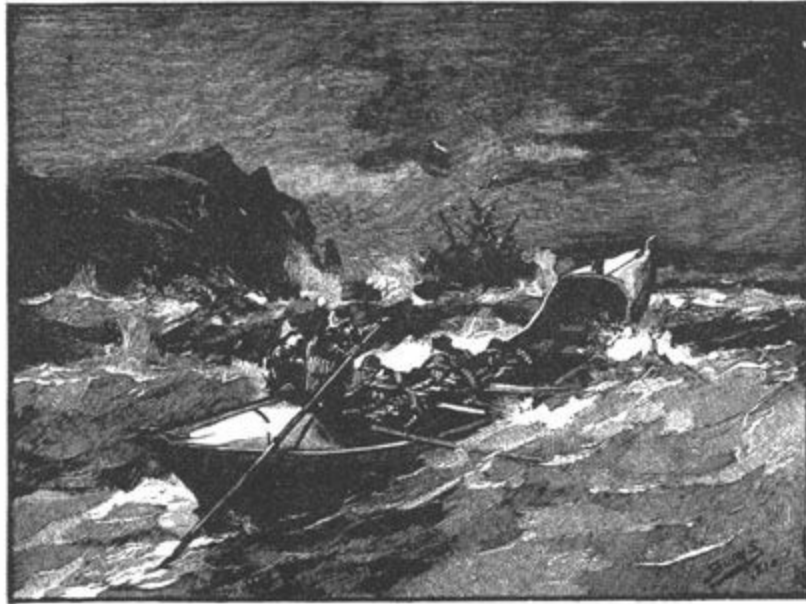
它看到了我们的狗，但它不会跑掉。

我们的狗对牛儿非常友善。



# LESSON 24

*brave if ship boat*  
*drown men rock save*



The ship has run on a rock.

Five men are on the ship.

If the boat can not get to them, they will drown.

The boat has brave men in it. They will save the five men.

【中文阅读】

那艘大船触礁了。

船上有五个人。

如果这艘小船不能到达他们那儿，他们就会被淹死。

小船上有几个勇士，他们要救下那五个人。

## LESSON 25 REVIEW

Come, boys, and feed the cows. The sun has set, and they are at the barn.

Sue has a bell on the neck of her pet cat.

One hot day Ann and Nell sat on the grass in the shade of a big tree. They like to rock their dolls, and sing to them.

The brave men in our boat are on their way to the ship. They will save the men in the ship, if they can. They will not let them drown.

What bird has big eyes? The owl. Can an owl see at night? Yes, an owl can see best at night.

### 【中文阅读】

男孩们，过来喂牛吧。太阳已经落山了，牛儿已在牛棚里。

苏把一个铃铛挂在她宠物猫的脖子上。

一个很热的天，安和内尔坐在一棵大树树荫下的草地上。他们喜欢摆弄自己的娃娃，唱歌给它们听。

我们小船上的勇士们正在赶往大船的途中。他们将全力救出大船上的人。他们不会让那五个人淹死。

什么鸟有双大眼睛？猫头鹰。猫头鹰夜里能看东西吗？是的，猫头鹰在夜间看得最清。

# LESSON 26

*fall*      *ice*      *skates*      *cry*  
*with*      *had*      *stone*      *did*



*a*      *c*      *sk*

The boys are on the ice with their skates.

There is a stone on the ice.

One boy did not see it, and has had a fall.

But he is a brave boy, and will not cry.

## 【中文阅读】

男孩们在冰上滑冰。

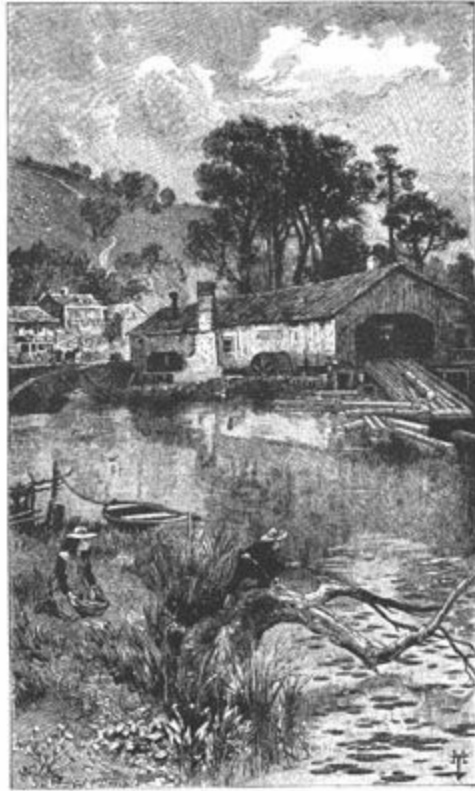
冰上有块石子。

一个男孩没有看到，摔了个跟头。

但他是个勇敢的男孩，不会哭。

# LESSON 27

*look go John*  
*here all wheel*  
*mill have round*



Look! there are John and Sue by the mill pond.

They like to see the big wheel go round.

They have come to play on the logs and in the boat.

John and Sue will play here all day.

---

The cows like grass.  
They stand in the shade.

【中文阅读】

看！约翰和苏在贮木场的旁边。

他们喜欢看那大轮子转动。

他们来到圆木和船上玩耍。

约翰和苏要在这儿玩上一整天。



# LESSON 28

*or*                *Jane*                *girls*                *floor*  
*roll*                *some*                *which*                *black*  
*o*



Here are some girls with skates; but they are not on the ice.

Their skates roll on the floor.

Which way do you like to skate,—on the ice, or on the floor?

The girl with the new black dress is Jane Bell.

## 【中文阅读】

这儿有几个穿着冰鞋的女孩，但她们不在冰上滑。

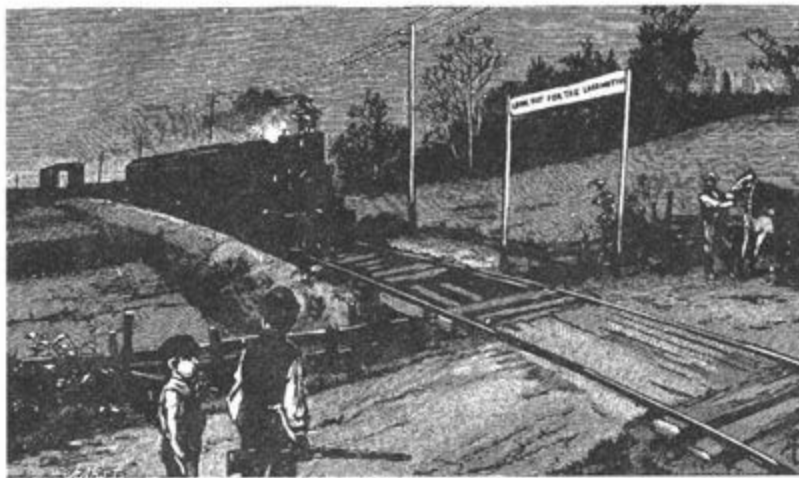
她们的冰鞋在地面滑行。

你喜欢哪种方式的溜冰？在冰上，还是在地面上？

那个穿着新黑裙的女孩是简·贝尔。

# LESSON 29

*for out as how try*  
*horse should hurt cars be*



*o no u*

Look out for the cars! How fast they come!

No horse can go as fast as the cars.

I will not try to catch them, for I should fall and be hurt.

See the horse look at the cars. Will he not run?

【中文阅读】

小心那些车！它们开得多快呀！

没有马跑得和汽车一样快。

我不会试图追上他们，那样我会跌倒受伤的。

瞧，那匹马正看着那些车。

它会不跑吗？

## LESSON 30 REVIEW

There is ice on the pond, and the mill wheel can not go round.

The boys are all out on the ice with their skates.

I will let you and Tom try to skate; but do not fall, for you will be hurt.

Look! here come the cars. John and Nat try to skate as fast as the cars go, but they can not. John has had a fall.

The girls are not on the pond; but some of them have skates which roll on the floor.

---

How fast the cars go!  
Can you see them?

### 【中文阅读】

池塘里结冰了，水车转不动了。

男孩们都出来了，穿着冰鞋在冰上溜冰。

我要让你和汤姆试着溜冰。可别摔倒，那样你们会受伤的。

瞧，汽车开过来了。

约翰和奈特想滑得和汽车一样快，但他们做不到。约翰已经摔倒了。

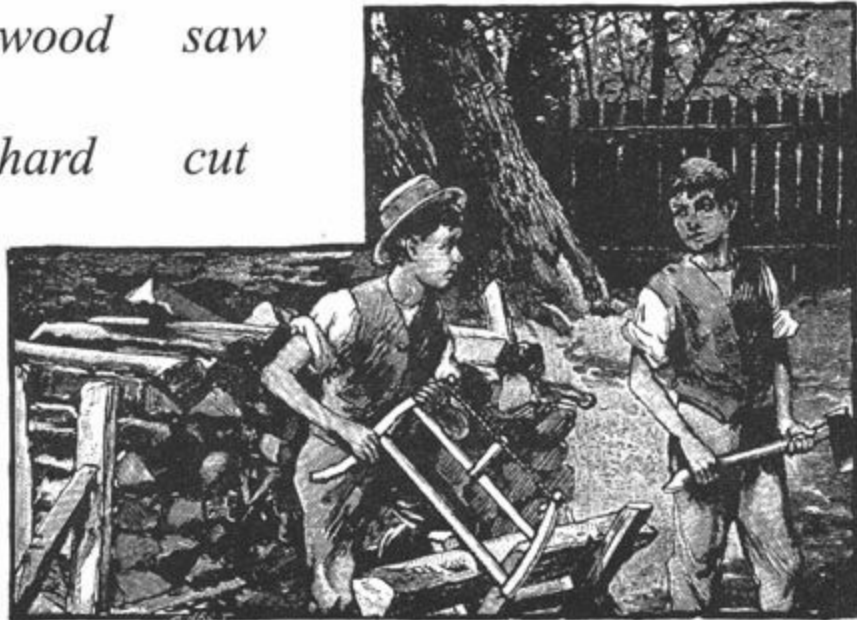
女孩们不在池塘里玩，她们中有些人穿着冰鞋在地上滑旱冰。

# LESSON 31

*work ax pile Ned think*

*wood saw*

*hard cut*



*o th n*

Ned and John are hard at work.

John has a saw, and Ned has an ax.

They will try to cut all of the wood which you see in the pile.

Do you think they can do this in one day?

【中文阅读】

内德和约翰干活很努力。

约翰拿着一把锯, 内德握着一把斧子。

他们打算锯断你看到的堆在那里的木头。

你觉得他们能在一天之内做完吗？



# LESSON 32

*noise air hear*

*gone May walk*

*cool two*

*a oi*



Two girls have gone out for a walk.

It is May, and the air is cool. They hear the birds sing in the trees, and they hear the noise of the frogs in the pond.

They see men at work and boys at play.

## 【中文阅读】

两个女孩出去散步了。

五月里，空气凉爽。她们听到鸟儿在树上唱歌，她们听到青蛙在池塘里“呱呱”的叫声。

她们看到男人们在干活，男孩们在玩耍。

# LESSON 33

*pull*      *cart*      *goats*      *Bess*  
*up*      *ride*      *hill*

*u*



Bess has a cart and two goats.

She likes to ride in her cart.

See how the goats pull!

Bess is so big, I think she should walk up the hill.

The goats love Bess, for she feeds them, and is kind to them.

## 【中文阅读】

贝丝有一辆车和两只山羊。

她喜欢驾驶她的车。

瞧那些山羊是怎么拉车的！

贝丝个子太大了，我想她应该走路上山才对。

山羊们喜欢贝丝，她喂养它们，而且对它们非常友善。

# LESSON 34

*blaze put yet house*

*fire*

*roof*

*call*

*ring*

*we*

*z*



This house is on fire.

Look! the roof is in a blaze.

Run, boys, and ring the bell. Call some men to put out the fire.

We may yet save the house, if we work hard.

【中文阅读】

这栋房子着火了。

看哪！屋顶上一片火光。

快跑，男孩们。快摇铃，叫人来灭火。

如果我们奋力灭火，也许仍能保住这栋房子。

## LESSON 35 REVIEW

Bess, do you hear a noise?

Yes, Tom; what is it?

It is the mill by our house; logs are cut there.

How do they cut the logs, Tom,—with an ax?

Not with an ax, Bess; it is too hard work; they cut them with a saw.

May we not go and see the mill at work, Tom?

Yes, I think so. The air is cool, and we can walk in the shade. We should go soon, Bess, or the pile of wood will be gone.

Our two goats and the cart are here, Tom; we can ride to the mill. It is not up hill, and the goats can pull us fast.

### 【中文阅读】

贝丝，你听到噪音了吗？

是的，汤姆。那是什么声音？

是从房子旁边的磨坊里传来的，那里在锯木头。

汤姆，他们是怎么锯木头的，用斧子吗？

不用斧子，贝丝，那太难弄了。他们用锯子把木头锯断。

我们难道不能去看看磨坊里是怎么干活的吗，汤姆？

好啊，我想可以。空气凉爽，我们可以在树荫下走过去。我们该快点走，贝丝，否则那堆木头就要锯完了。

汤姆，我们的两头山羊和小车在这儿，我们可以驾车去磨坊。这里不是上坡，山羊可以拉我们快点走。



# LESSON 36

*Miss wants would tells*



*rule*

*keep*

*good*

*that*

*each*

*u*

The girls and boys all love Miss May; she is so kind to them.

Miss May tells them there is a rule that she wants them to keep. It is, “Do to each one as you would like each one to do to you.”

This is a good rule, and all boys and girls should keep it.

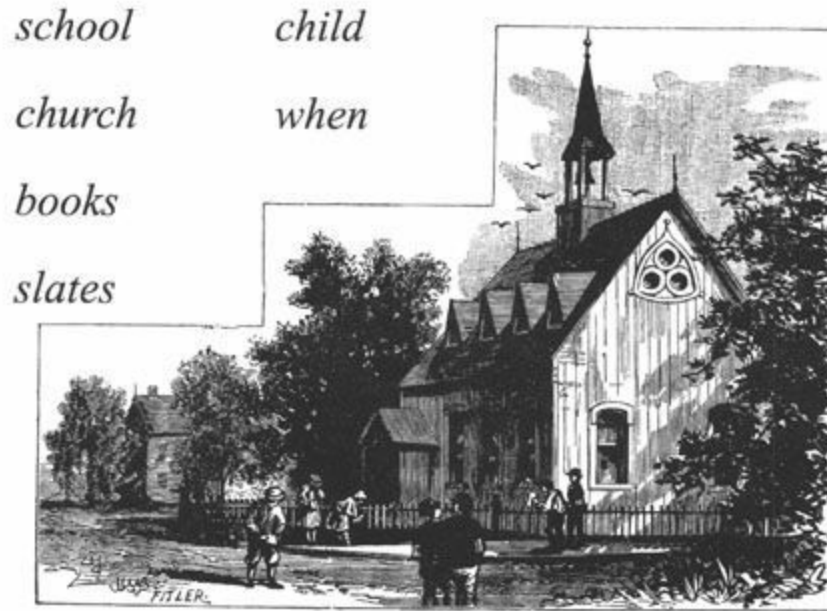
## 【中文阅读】

女孩们和男孩们都喜欢梅小姐，她对他们非常友善。

梅小姐告诉他们，她希望他们遵守一个规则，那就是“为每个人做你希望别人为你做的事”。

这是一个良好准则，所有男孩和女孩都应该遵守。

# LESSON 37



What kind of house is this?

Do you think it is a schoolhouse, or a church?

It looks like a church, but I think it is a schoolhouse.

I see the boys and girls with their books and slates.

When the bell rings, they will go in.

A good child likes to go to school.

这是什么样的房子？

你认为这是所学校还是一座教堂？

它看起来像座教堂，但我觉得这是所学校。

我看到了一些男孩和女孩拿着他们的书和画板。

当上课铃响起后，他们将走进教室。

好孩子都喜欢上学。

# LESSON 38



“John! come here. Be quick, and tell me what kind of bird this is.”

“Do you not know, Henry?”

“Oh, no! what is it?”

“It is a quail.”

“It is the first quail I have seen. Is it good to eat?”

“Yes; but I should not like to kill it.”

“约翰，过来！快点儿，告诉我这是哪种鸟。”

“你不知道吗，亨利？”

“哦，不知道！这是什么鸟？”

“这是只鹌鹑。”

“这是我第一次见到鹌鹑。它好吃吗？”

“好吃，但我不能杀掉它。”

# LESSON 39

*Kate dear*

*name blue*

*baby near*

*shut crib*

*sit*



Is not this a dear baby in the crib?

Her name is Kate, and she has big, blue eyes. You can not see her eyes, for they are shut.

Kate is a good baby; but she will cry if she is hurt, or if she is not well.

Bess likes to sit near the baby, and to rock her in the crib.

【中文阅读】

摇篮里躺着的不正是个可爱的宝贝吗？

她的名字叫凯特，她有一双大大的蓝眼睛。你看不到她的眼睛，因为她正闭着眼。

凯特是个好孩子，如果她受伤或哪儿不舒服，她就会哭。

贝丝喜欢坐在宝贝旁边，摇着她的摇篮。



## LESSON 40 REVIEW

Henry Black and Ned Bell live near our house. They go to school, and I see them go by each day with their books and slates.

Miss May tells the girls and boys that they should be at the schoolhouse when the bell rings. So Henry walks fast, and is first at school. He is a good boy, and wants to keep the rule of the school.

Ned is not a good boy. I do not think he likes to go to school or to church.

I saw him try to kill a quail with a stone. The quail is too quick a bird for that, and Ned did not hurt it; but I know that a good child would not try to kill a bird.

---

There is a baby at Ned's house. Her name is Kate. Ned is not a good boy; but he loves Kate, and I do not think he would hurt her.

亨利·布莱克和内德·贝尔住在我们家附近。

他们在上学，我看到他们每天带着书和画板去上学。

梅小姐告诉女孩和男孩们，他们应该在上课铃声响时都已到达学校。亨利走得很快，而且第一个到达学校。他是个好男孩，想遵守学校的规定。

内德可不是个好孩子。我觉得他不喜欢上学或去教堂。

我看到过他想用石头砸死一只鹌鹑。鹌鹑是一种非常敏捷的鸟，内德没能伤到它。但我认为，一个好孩子绝不会想把鸟弄死的。

# LESSON 41

*light      far      its      high*  
*where      sea      tall      were*



The tall house which you see on that high rock is a lighthouse. At night its light is seen far out at sea, and the men on ships can tell where to go.

If it were not for this, they would run on the rocks.

How would you like to live in a lighthouse?

## 【中文阅读】

你看到的高大岩石的那座高房子是个灯塔。夜里，它的光亮在很远的海面上都能看到，船上的人们可以辨明方向。

如果没有灯塔，他们会撞上岩石。

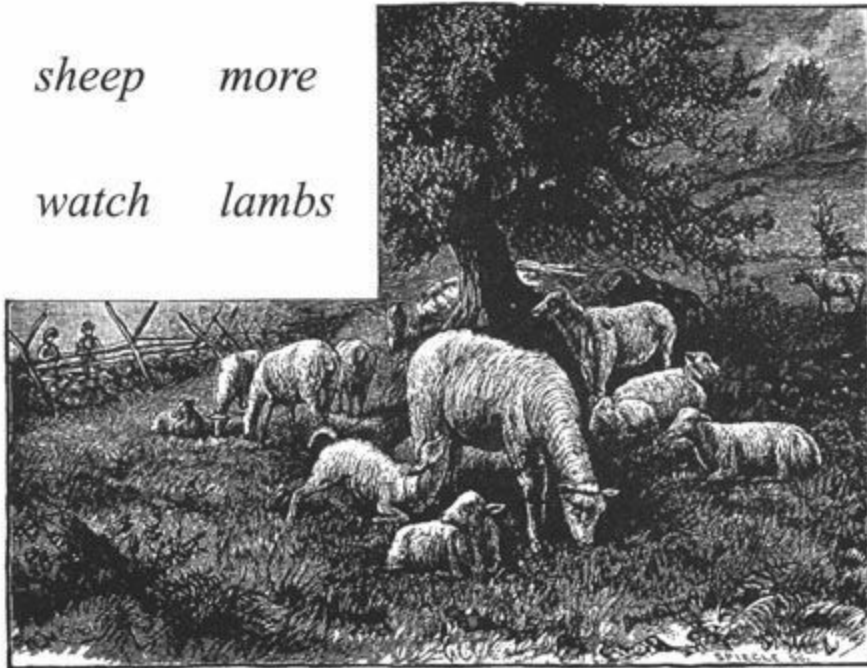
你认为住在灯塔里怎么样呢？

# LESSON 42

*wrong      wolf      us      my      took*

*sheep      more*

*watch      lambs*



Let us watch the sheep as they feed on the hills. They like to eat the new grass.

Do you see my two lambs? I had two more; but an old wolf took them one night.

I love my pet lambs. It would be wrong to hurt them.

## 【中文阅读】

当绵羊在山坡上吃草时，我们去看看它们吧。他们喜欢吃新鲜的嫩草。

你看到我的两只小羊羔了吗？我本来还有两只的。但一天夜里，一只老狼把它们俩叼走了。

我喜欢我的宝贝小羊羔，伤害它们是不对的。

# LESSON 43

*laugh snow head fun*  
*mouth made pipe*



*gh ( as f )*

The boys have made a big snow man.

They have put a tall hat on his head, and an old pipe in his mouth.

Hear them laugh as they play!

It is good fun for the boys.

They would like to have it snow all day and all night.

【中文阅读】

男孩们堆了一个大雪人。

他们给雪人头上戴了一顶大帽子，在它嘴里塞进了一个旧烟斗。

听呐，他们在边玩边笑呢！

这是男孩们非常开心的游戏。

他们愿意整日整夜地下雪。



# LESSON 44

*sweets mean*

*please bee*

*buzz vine*

*could*

*said*

*once*



“Buzz! buzz!” a bee said to Mary.

“What do you mean?” said Mary. “Please tell me once more.”

“Buzz! buzz! buzz!” but Mary could not tell its wants.

I think it said, “Please let me get some sweets in this vine.”

## 【中文阅读】

“嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！”一只小蜜蜂对玛丽说。

“你想说什么？”玛丽说，“请再告诉我一次。”

“嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！嗡嗡嗡！”但玛丽不知它想要什么。

我想它在说：“请让我在花藤里采些花蜜吧。”

# LESSON 45 REVIEW

One day Nat and I sat on the high hill by the sea, where the tall lighthouse stands. We could look far out, and could see the ships at sea.

As we sat there, we saw a man near by, with some sheep and lambs. The man had a pipe in his mouth. He sat with us, and let the sheep eat the grass.

What fun it is to see lambs play! It made us laugh to see them.

The man said that once, when the sheep and lambs were out in the snow, an old wolf took one of the lambs, and ran off with it.

I think that men should watch their sheep, so that a wolf can not catch them.

## 【中文阅读】

一天，奈特和我坐在海边的高山上，高高的灯塔立在那里。我们可以看到很远的地方，可以看见海里的船。

我们坐在那里，看到旁边有个人，还有一群绵羊和山羊。这个人的嘴里叼着一只烟斗。他和我们坐在一起，让绵羊吃草。

看着山羊玩耍多有意思呀！我们笑着观看它们。

这个人说，当绵羊和山羊在雪地里被放养时，曾经有只狼抓到了一只山羊，然

后叼着它跑掉了。

我觉得这个人应该看护好他的绵羊，这样狼就抓不到羊了。

# LESSON 46

<i>while</i>	<i>might</i>	<i>time</i>	<i>things</i>
<i>done</i>	<i>right</i>	<i>your</i>	<i>halves</i>

Work while you work,  
Play while you play;  
One thing each time,  
That is the way.

All that you do,  
Do with your might;  
Things done by halves.  
Are not done right.

# LESSON 47



*went*

*fish*

*fell*

*safe*

*arms*

*sprang*

*was*

*thank*

*got*

One day John went to the pond to fish. His dog, Watch, went with him.

John sat on a log for a time, but did not catch a fish.

As he got up to go, he fell off the log.

Watch sprang in to save him. John put his arms round the dog's neck, and was soon safe on the log once more.

“Thank you, my brave old dog,” said John to Watch.

【中文阅读】

一天，约翰到池塘去钓鱼。他的狗沃奇也跟着一起去。

约翰坐在圆木上待了一会儿，但他没有钓到鱼。

就在他起身要走时，他摔下了圆木。

沃奇跳进池塘去救约翰。约翰把他的手臂绕在沃奇的脖子上，很快又安全地回到了圆木上。

“谢谢你，我勇敢的老朋友。”约翰对沃奇说。

# LESSON 48

*James asks warm town*  
*then drives been show*

James has been to the mill. The day is warm, and he lets his horse stand in the shade.

A girl asks him to show her the way to the town. He tells her the way, and then drives on.



【中文阅读】



詹姆斯去过磨坊。那天很暖和，他让他的马站在树阴下。

一个女孩请他告诉她通往镇上的路。

他告诉她怎么走，然后驱车赶路。

# LESSON 49



I love my dear puss,      我爱宝贝小猫咪,  
Her fur is so warm;      它的毛发暖手手。  
And, if I don't hurt her,      如果我不伤害她,  
She'll do me no harm.      它也不会伤害我。

I'll pat my dear puss,      我轻抚宝贝猫咪,  
And then she will pur,      它就会喵喵地叫,  
And show me her thanks      向我表达其感谢,

For my kind deeds to her.

求我对她更友好。

# LESSON 50

*now wreaths who queen  
woods shall crown*



It is the first of May. The boys and girls have gone to the woods to have a good time. See them at their play.

The girls have wreaths in their hands.

Now they will crown some one Queen of the May. Who shall it be?

It should be the best girl, and that is Kate.

【中文阅读】

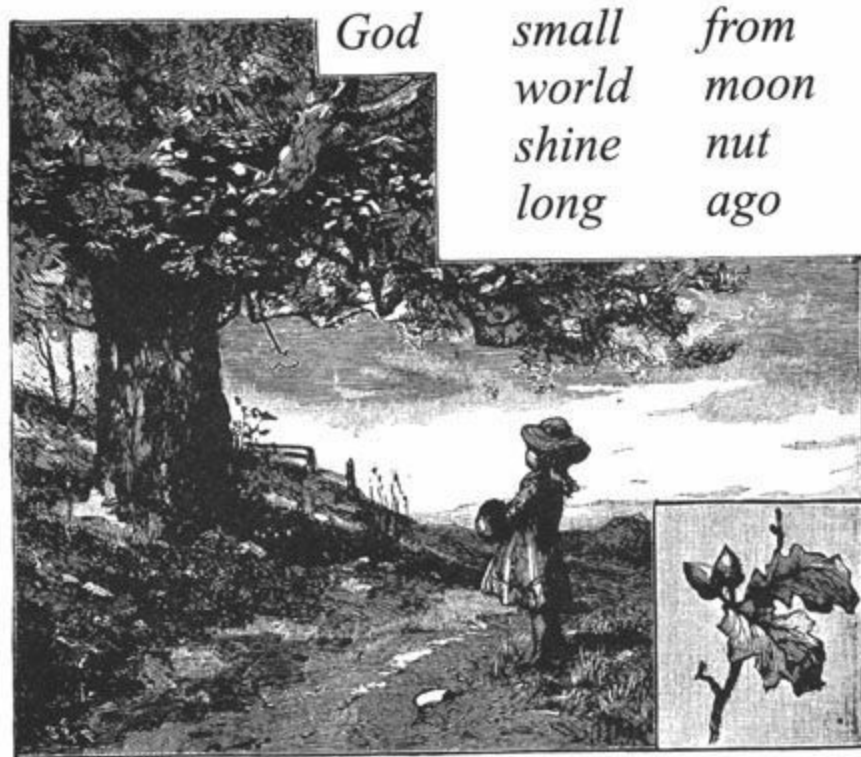
五月的第一天，男孩和女孩们去树林里享受快乐时光。瞧，他们正在玩着呢！

女孩手里拿着花环。

现在他们要给五月花王加冕。五月花王会是谁呢？

她应该是最优秀的女孩，那就是凯特。

# LESSON 51



Do you see that tall tree? Long ago it sprang up from a small nut.

Do you know who made it do so?

It was God, my child. God made the world and all things in it. He made the sun to light the day, and the moon to shine at night.

God shows that he loves us by all that he has done for us. Should we not then love him?

你看见那棵高大的树了吗？很久以前，它从一粒小小的种子成长起来。

你知道是谁让它如此长大吗？

是上帝，我的孩子。上帝创造了世界以及万事万物。他创造了太阳，带给白天光明；他创造了月亮，在夜间照亮。

上帝通过他为我们所做的一切，表明他爱我们。难道我们不应该敬爱上帝吗？

# LESSON 52

<i>Lord</i>	<i>smile</i>	<i>joys</i>	<i>tear</i>	<i>nigh</i>
<i>morn</i>	<i>griefs</i>	<i>woes</i>	<i>stars</i>	<i>say</i>

When the stars, at set of sun,

Watch you from on high;

When the light of morn has come,

Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do, and all you say,

He can see and hear;

When you work and when you play,

Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs he knows,

Sees each smile and tear;



When to him you tell your woes,

Know the Lord will hear.

【中文阅读】

星星在日落之后，

从高空俯视着你。

当清晨曙光来临，

念想主就在近处。

你的所行所言，

他都能看见听到；

当你工作玩乐时，

念想主就在身边。

他尽知你的喜悲，

看到你微笑流泪；

当你向他诉说痛苦，

知道主都会听到。

# LESSON 53

*dog the ran*  
*a o n d g r th*



The dog. 狗

The dog ran. 狗在跑

(注: 本书第1~52课为英文原版启蒙读本, 第53~115课为原版第1册)

# LESSON 54



*cat mat is on*

*c t i m s*

*the cat*

*the mat*

Is the cat on the mat? 猫在地毯上吗？

The cat is on the mat. 猫在地毯上。

# LESSON 55



*it            his            pen            hand*  
*a            in            has            man*  
*p            h            e*

*The man.*

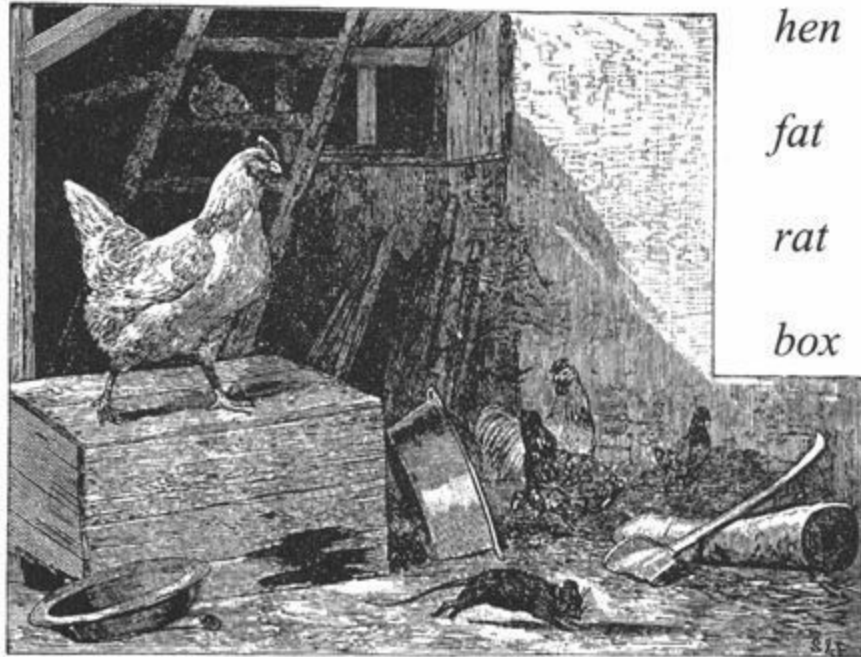
*A pen.*

The man has a pen.    这个人有一支钢笔。

Is the pen in his hand?    钢笔在他的手上吗？

It is in his hand.    钢笔在他的手上。

# LESSON 56



*hen*

*fat*

*rat*

*box*

*big*

*run*

*from*

*can*

*f*

*b*

*x*

*u*

*A fat hen.*

*A big rat.*

The fat hen is on the box. 这只肥母鸡在盒子上。

The rat ran from the box. 老鼠从盒子里跑了出来。

Can the hen run? 母鸡会跑开吗？

# LESSON 57

*Rab Ann hat catch see*



*e ch s*

See Rab! See Ann! 看看拉伯！看看安！

See! Rab has the hat. 瞧！拉伯有顶帽子。

Can Ann catch Rab? 安能追上拉伯吗？

# LESSON 58

*she pat too now*  
*let me*



*sh oo ow l*

Ann can catch Rab. 安能追上拉伯。

See! *She* has the hat. 瞧！她拿到了那顶帽子。

Now Ann can pat Rab. 现在安可拍拍拉伯。

Let me pat Rab, *too*. 让我也拍拍拉伯吧。

# LESSON 59

*Ned*      *eggs*      *black*      *left*  
*fed*      *nest*      *them*      *get*



*will*      *a black hen*      *the nest*  
*w*      *ck*

Ned has fed the hen.    内德给母鸡喂食了。

She is a black hen.    它是一只黑色的母鸡。

She has left the nest.    它离开了鸡窝。

See the eggs in the nest!    看，窝里还有鸡蛋呢！

Will the hen let Ned get them?    母鸡会让内德拿走鸡蛋吗？



# LESSON 60

*head*  
*come*

*he*  
*with*

*Nat*  
*and*



*o*

Let me get the black hat. Now Ned has it on his head, and he is a big man.

Come, Nat, see the big man with his black hat.

## 【中文阅读】

让我来戴戴这顶黑帽子。现在内德把它戴在头上，他成了个大个子。

来吧，奈特，看看这个带着黑帽子的大个子人。

# LESSON 61 REVIEW

<i>pat</i>	<i>catch</i>	<i>has</i>	<i>left</i>
<i>hat</i>	<i>can</i>	<i>black</i>	<i>eggs</i>
<i>Rab</i>	<i>Ann</i>	<i>fed</i>	<i>get</i>

Ned is on the box. He has a pen in his hand. A big rat is in the box. Can the dog catch the rat?

Come with me, Ann, and see the man with a black hat on his head.

The fat hen has left the nest. Run, Nat, and get the eggs.

---

*The cat ran. Ann ran.  
The man has a hat.*

## 【中文阅读】

奈德在盒子上。他手里有支钢笔。盒子里有只大老鼠。这只狗能抓住老鼠吗？

跟我来，安。瞧那个头上戴着黑帽子的人。

这只肥母鸡离开了鸡窝。跑过去吧，奈特，把蛋捡走。

# LESSON 62



*Nell some*

*pan him*

*yes do*

*you have*

*I to*

*i y v o*

Do you see Nell?

Yes, she has a pan with some eggs in it.

Let me have the pan and the eggs, will you, Nell?

Has the black hen left the nest?

I will now run to catch Rab. Will you run, too?

【中文阅读】

你看见内尔了吗？

是的，她拿着一个装有鸡蛋的盘子。

把盘子和鸡蛋给我好吗，奈尔？

那只黑母鸡离开鸡窝了吗？

我现在要跑过去抓住拉伯。你也想一起跑过去吗？

# LESSON 63



<i>O</i>	<i>whip</i>	<i>Ben</i>
<i>up</i>	<i>still</i>	<i>sit</i>
<i>if</i>	<i>stand</i>	<i>Jip</i>
<i>o</i>	<i>wh</i>	<i>j</i>

*O* Ben! let me get in, will you?

Yes, if you will sit still.

Stand still, Jip, and let Ann get in.

Now, Ben, hand me the whip.

Get up, Jip!

## 【中文阅读】

哦，本！让我上去，好吗？

可以，但你要坐着不动。

站着别动，吉普，让安上来吧。

好，本，把鞭子递给我。

驾，吉普！

# LESSON 64

*Kitty  
nice  
sweet  
sing  
just  
hang  
cage  
then*



*song      pet                  put                  not*

*k    g    c    a    y    ng    u*

*Kitty has a nice pet. It can sing a sweet song.*

*She has just fed it.*

*She will now put it in the cage, and hang the cage up. Then the cat can not catch it.*

【中文阅读】

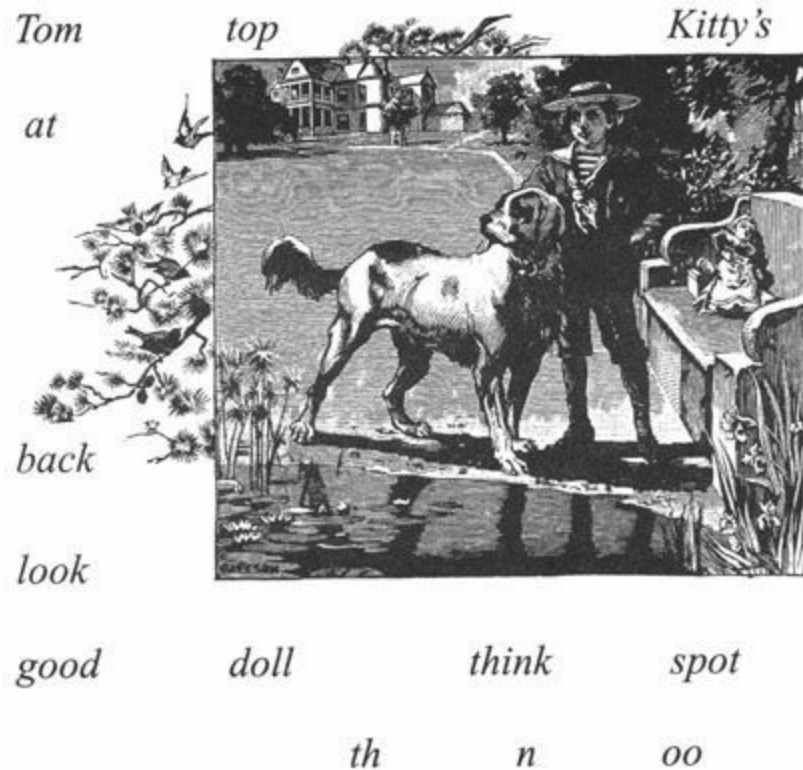


凯蒂有只可爱的宠物，它能唱出甜美的歌儿。

她刚喂过它了。

现在她要把它放进笼子里，然后把笼子挂起来。这样猫就够不着它了。

# LESSON 65



Look at Tom and his dog. The dog has a black spot on his back. Do you think he is a good dog?

Tom has a big top, too. It is on the box with Kitty's doll.

## 【中文阅读】

瞧汤姆和他的狗。狗的背上有一块黑斑。你觉得他是一只乖狗吗？

汤姆还有一个大陀螺，陀螺和凯蒂的娃娃一起放在盒子上。

# LESSON 66

<i>sun</i>	<i>we</i>	<i>how</i>	<i>pond</i>
<i>stop</i>	<i>for</i>	<i>go</i>	<i>swim</i>
<i>her</i>	<i>us</i>	<i>hot</i>	<i>duck</i>
	<i>e</i>	<i>o</i>	



The sun is up. The man has fed the black hen and the fat duck.

Now the duck will swim in the pond. The hen has run to her nest.

Let us not stop at the pond now, for it is hot.

See how still it is! We will go to see Tom and his top.

【中文阅读】

太阳正在升起。这个人已经喂过了黑母鸡和肥鸭子。

现在鸭子要在池塘里游泳，母鸡向它的窝跑去。

我们别站在池塘边了，这儿太热了。

瞧，这儿多静啊！我们要去看看汤姆和他的陀螺吧。

# LESSON 67

<i>John</i>	<i>rock</i>	<i>set</i>	<i>jump</i>
<i>fun</i>	<i>must</i>	<i>may</i>	<i>under</i>
<i>skip</i>	<i>bank</i>	<i>but</i>	<i>touch</i>

O John! the sun has just set. It is not hot, now.

Let us run and jump. I think it is fun to run, and skip, and jump.

See the duck on the pond! Her nest is up on the bank, under the rock.

We must not touch the nest, but we may look at it.

## 【中文阅读】

噢，约翰！太阳刚刚落山了。现在天气不热了。

让我们出去跑一跑、跳一跳吧。我觉得跑步、跳跃和跳高都很有趣。

瞧池塘里的鸭子。它的窝在岸边的岩石下。

我们一定不能动它的窝，但可以看一看。

# LESSON 68 REVIEW

The sun has set, and the pond is still.

John, Ned, Ben, Tom, and Nell stand on the bank, and look at the duck.

The dog with a black spot on his back, is with Tom. See! Tom has his hat in his hand. He has left his big top on the box.

Kitty's doll is on the rock.

Nell has put her pet in the cage. It will sing a sweet song. The duck has her nest under the rock.

It is not hot now. Let us run, and skip, and jump on the bank. Do you not think it is fun?

## 【中文阅读】

太阳已经落山了，池塘里很安静。

约翰、内德、本、汤姆和内尔站在岸边观看鸭子。

那只背上有块黑斑的狗和汤姆在一起。瞧，汤姆的手上拿着他的帽子，他把大陀螺放在了盒子上。

凯蒂的娃娃在岩石上。

内尔把它的宠物放进笼子里。它会唱一支甜美的歌曲。鸭子的窝在岩石下。

现在天不热了。让我们在岸上跑步、跳跃和跳高。你不觉得这很好玩吗？

# LESSON 69

*are ink moss this tub upset*

*a*

## SLATE WORK

The pen and the ink are on the stand. Is this a good pen? The moss is on the rock. This duck can swim. Ben upset the tub.



# LESSON 70

*nut      did      shut      shall      lost      fox*  
*men      met      step      into      hunt      mud*

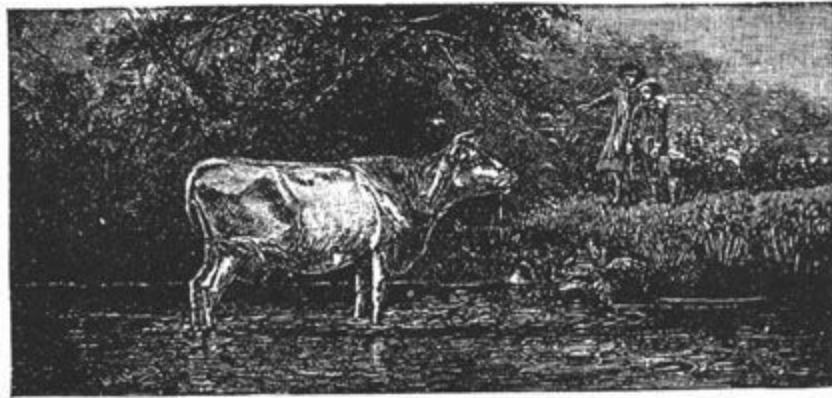
SLATE WORK.

Will the dog hunt a fox ?  
Ben lost his hat. Shall I  
shut the box ? I met him  
on the step. Did you jump  
into the mud ? I have a  
nut. I met the men.

# LESSON 71

<i>Kate</i>	<i>old</i>	<i>no</i>	<i>grass</i>
<i>dear</i>	<i>likes</i>	<i>be</i>	<i>drink</i>
<i>milk</i>	<i>cow</i>	<i>out</i>	<i>gives</i>

*a*



O *Kate*! the old cow is in the pond: see her drink! Will she not come out to get some grass?

No, John, she likes to be in the pond. See how still she stands!

The dear old cow gives us sweet milk to drink.

## 【中文阅读】

噢，凯特！这头老牛在池塘里。看，它在喝水。它不想出来吃点草吗？

不，约翰，它喜欢待在池塘里。瞧它在那儿待着不动！

这只可爱的老奶牛为我们提供清纯的牛奶喝。

# LESSON 72



<i>mamma</i>	<i>large</i>	<i>as</i>	<i>papa</i>
<i>arms</i>	<i>ride</i>	<i>far</i>	<i>barn</i>
<i>both</i>	<i>Prince</i>	<i>trot</i>	<i>your</i>

Papa, will you let me ride with you on Prince? I will sit still in your arms.

See, mamma! We are both on Prince. How large he is!

Get up, Prince! You are not too fat to trot as far as the barn.

## 【中文阅读】

爸爸，你能让我和你一起骑在普林斯上面吗？我会老实地坐在你的胳膊上。

看呀，妈妈！我们都骑在普林斯上面。它个头真大呀！

跑起来，普林斯。你还不够肥壮，跑不到牛棚那么远吧。

# LESSON 73



<i>of</i>	<i>that</i>	<i>toss</i>	<i>fall</i>
<i>well</i>	<i>Fanny</i>	<i>ball</i>	<i>wall</i>
<i>was</i>	<i>pretty</i>	<i>done</i>	<i>what</i>
	<i>a</i>		

O Fanny, what a pretty ball!

Yes; can you catch it, Ann?

Toss it to me, and see. I will not let it fall.

That was well done.

Now, Fanny, toss it to the top of the wall, if you can.

【中文阅读】

噢，范妮，好漂亮的球啊！

是啊，你能接住它吗，安？

抛给我看看。我不会让它掉下来的。

好极了！

范妮，如果行的话，把它抛到墙的最高处。

# LESSON 74

<i>had</i>	<i>went</i>	<i>call</i>	<i>might</i>
<i>flag</i>	<i>near</i>	<i>swam</i>	<i>swing</i>



Did you call us, mamma?

I went with Tom to the pond. I had my doll, and Tom had his flag.

The fat duck swam to the bank, and we fed her. Did you think we might fall into the pond?

We did not go too near, did we, Tom?



May we go to the swing, now, mamma?

## 【中文阅读】

你叫我们了吗，妈妈？

我和汤姆一起去池塘了。我拿着我的娃娃，汤姆拿着他的旗子。

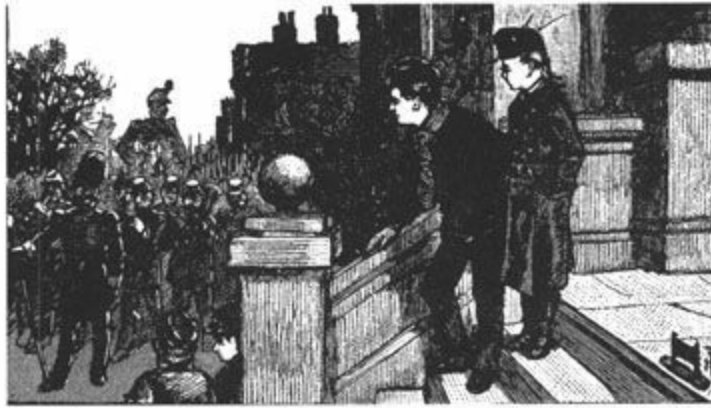
肥肥的鸭子游到岸边，我们喂它东西吃。你认为我们会掉进池塘里？

我们没有走得太近，对吧，汤姆？

我们现在可以去荡秋千了吗，妈妈？

# LESSON 75

*here band hear horse play they*  
*pass where front fine hope comes*



*e*

Here comes the band! Shall *we* call mamma and Fanny to see it?

Let us stand still, and hear the men play as they pass.

I hope they will stop here and play for us.

See the large man in front of the band, with his big hat. What has he in his hand?  
How fine he looks!

Look, too, at the man on that fine horse.

If the men do not stop, let us go with them and see where they go.

乐队要过来了。我们能叫妈妈和范妮去看吗？

当他们经过时，让我们站着不动，听他们演奏。

我希望他们能停在这儿为我们演奏。

看乐队前面那个戴高帽子的大个子。他手里拿着什么？他看起来好神气！

再看看那个骑在俊马上的男子。

如果他们停下来，让我们跟随他们一起行走，看他们要去哪里。

# LESSON 76

*Bess happy make cart tent woods*  
*little very bed Robert gone draw*



Bess and Robert are very happy; papa and mamma have gone to the woods with them.

Robert has a big tent and a flag, and Bess has a little bed for her doll.

Jip is with them. Robert will make him draw Bess and her doll in the cart.

## 【中文阅读】

贝丝和罗伯特非常高兴，爸爸和妈妈带他们去树林了。

罗伯特有一个大帐篷和一面旗子，贝丝为娃娃准备了一个小床。

吉普和他们在一起。罗伯特要它拉贝丝和马车里的娃娃。

# LESSON 77

*James*

*made*

*my*

*sport*

*lap*

*doll's*



*Mary*

*sang*

*lay*

*spade*

*dig*

*sand*

*said*

*y*

“Kate, will you play with me?” said James. “We will dig in the sand with this little spade. That will be fine sport.”

“Not now James” said Kate; “for I must make my doll’s bed. Get Mary to play with you.”

James went to get Mary to play with him. Then Kate made the doll’s bed.

She sang a song to her doll, and the doll lay very still in her lap.

Did the doll hear Kate sing?

## 【中文阅读】

“凯特，你愿意和我一起玩吗？”詹姆斯说，“我们要用这把小铲子在沙滩上挖个洞。这是项很好的运动。”

“现在不行，詹姆斯，”凯特说，“我必须哄玩具娃娃的床。找玛丽和你一起玩吧。”

詹姆斯去找玛丽和他一起玩。然后凯特去整理娃娃的小床。

她为娃娃唱了一首歌，娃娃安静地躺在她的膝盖上。

娃娃能听到凯特唱歌吗？

# LESSON 78

*its shade brook picks all*  
*by help stones glad soft*



Kate has left her doll in its little bed, and has gone to play with Mary and James. They are all in the shade, now, by the brook.

James digs in the soft sand with his spade, and Mary picks up little stones and puts them in her lap.

James and Mary are glad to see Kate. She will help them pick up stones and dig, by the little brook.

## 【中文阅读】

凯特把她的娃娃放在小床上，然后去找玛丽和詹姆斯一起玩。现在他们都在



小溪边的树荫下。

詹姆斯用他的铲子在松软的沙滩上挖洞，玛丽在捡小石子，并把它们放在她的膝盖上。

詹姆斯和玛丽见到凯特都很高兴。她要在小溪边帮他们捡石子，并用小铲子挖洞。

# LESSON 79 REVIEW

“What shall we do?” said Fanny to John. “I do not like to sit still. Shall we hunt for eggs in the barn?”

“No,” said John, “I like to play on the grass. Will not papa let us catch Prince, and go to the big woods?”

“We can put the tent in the cart, and go to some nice spot where the grass is soft and sweet.”

“That will be fine,” said Fanny. “I will get my doll, and give her a ride with us.”

“Yes,” said John, “and we will get mamma to go, too. She will hang up a swing for us in the shade.”

## 【中文阅读】

“我们要做些什么？”范妮对约翰说，“我不喜欢呆坐着。我们在粮仓里找些鸡蛋怎么样？”

“不，”约翰说，“我喜欢在草地上玩。爸爸不让我们骑着普林斯去大树林吗？”

“我们可以把帐篷放进车里，然后去找草地又柔软又芳香的好地方。”

“那好吧。”范妮说，“我先去拿我的娃娃，让她和我们一起骑马。”

“对。”约翰说，“我们还要让妈妈一起去。她会为我们在阴凉处搭一个秋千。”

# LESSON 80



*tuck      safe      oh      wet      feet*  
*chick      can't      feels      wing*

Peep, peep! Where have you gone, little chick? Are you lost? Can't you get back to the hen?

Oh, here you are! I will take you back. Here, hen, take this little chick under your wing.

Now, chick, tuck your little, wet feet under you, and go to sleep for a while.

Peep, peep! How safe the little chick feels now!

【中文阅读】

叽叽，叽叽！小鸡，你去哪儿了？

你迷路了吗？你回不到母鸡妈妈身边了吗？

噢，你在这儿！我会带你回去。这儿，母鸡，把这个小鸡放在你的翅膀下。

现在，小鸡，在你的身下藏好你淋湿的小脚丫，然后去睡一会儿。

叽叽，叽叽！小鸡现在感觉多么安全呀！

# LESSON 81



*wind   time   there   fence   kite   high*  
*eyes   bright   flies   why   day   shines*

This is a fine day. The sun shines bright. There is a good wind, and my kite flies high. I can just see it.

The sun shines in my eyes; I will stand in the shade of this high fence.

Why, here comes my dog! He was under the cart. Did you see him there?

What a good time we have had! Are you not glad that we did not go to the woods with John?

---

The pond is still. How it  
shines in the hot sun! Let  
us go into the woods where  
we can sit in the shade.

【中文阅读】

这是一个晴朗的天气，风和日丽。我的风筝飞得很高，我正好能看见它。

阳光很刺眼，我站在高篱笆下的阴凉里。

哎呀，我的狗来了！它在那辆车的底下。

你能看见它在那儿吗？

我们度过了一个多么美好的时光！我们没有带约翰一起去森林，你不高兴了吗？

# LESSON 82

<i>wish</i>	<i>float</i>	<i>tie</i>	<i>know</i>
<i>rope</i>	<i>boat</i>	<i>try</i>	<i>shore</i>
<i>give</i>	<i>pole</i>	<i>don't</i>	<i>push</i>
<i>drag</i>	<i>won't</i>	<i>oar</i>	<i>funny</i>



“Kate, I wish we had a boat to put the dolls in. Don’t you?”

“I know what we can do. We can get the little tub, and tie a rope to it, and drag it to the pond. This will float with the dolls in it, and we can get a pole to push it from the shore.”

“What a funny boat, Kate! A tub for a boat, and a pole for an oar! Won’t it upset?”



“We can try it, Nell, and see.”

“Well you get the tub, and I will get a pole and a rope. We will put both dolls in the tub, and give them a ride.”

---

SLATE WORK

The dolls had a nice ride  
to the pond. A soft wind  
made the tub float out.  
Nell let the pole fall on  
the tub, and upset it.

【中文阅读】

“凯特，我希望我们有只小船把娃娃装进去。你呢？”

“我知道我们该怎么办。我们可以拿一个小浴盆，用绳子把它系上，然后拖到池塘里。小浴盆会和里面的娃娃一起漂浮，我们可以用一个竿子从岸边把它推走。”

“多有趣的船呀，凯特！用浴盆做船，用竿子做桨！它不会翻吗？”

“内尔，我们可以试一试，看看。”

“好吧，你去弄浴盆，我去找竿子和绳子。我们要把这两个娃娃都放进去，让他们一起乘船。”

# LESSON 83

*bound  
drown*

*Rose  
found*

*called  
brave*

*got  
came*



*Ponto  
around*

*jumped  
brought*

*mouth  
water*

“Here, Ponto! Here, Ponto!” Kate called to her dog. “Come, and get the dolls out of the pond.”

Rose went under, but she did not drown. Bess was still on the top of the water.

Ponto came with a bound, and jumped into the pond. He swam around, and got Bess in his mouth, and brought her to the shore.

Ponto then found Rose, and brought her out, too.

Kate said, “Good, old Ponto! Brave old dog!”

What do you think of Ponto?

## 【中文阅读】

“这儿，庞托！这儿，庞托！”凯特叫她的狗。“过来，把娃娃从池塘里捞上来！”

罗斯沉到下面去了，但它没有淹死。贝丝仍然漂在水面上。

庞托跳过来，一头扎进池塘里。他游到附近，将贝丝叼到嘴里，把它带到岸边。

然后，庞托又找到罗斯，把它也救了上来。

凯特说：“太棒了，老庞托！勇敢的老朋友！”

你觉得庞托怎么样？

# LESSON 84

<i>June</i>	<i>Lucy's</i>	<i>air</i>	<i>kind</i>
<i>trees</i>	<i>singing</i>	<i>blue</i>	<i>when</i>
<i>pure</i>	<i>says</i>	<i>sky</i>	<i>picnic</i>



What a bright June day! The air is pure. The sky is as blue as it can be.

Lucy and her mamma are in the woods. They have found a nice spot, where there is some grass.

They sit in the shade of the trees, and Lucy is singing.

The trees are not large, but they make a good shade.

Lucy's kind mamma says that they will have a picnic when her papa can get a tent.

## 【中文阅读】

多明媚的六月天啊！空气清爽，天空湛蓝。

露西和她的妈妈在树林里。她们找到了一个很棒的地方，那里长满青草。

她们坐在树阴下，露西正在唱着歌。

树并不高大，却能遮出很好的树荫。

露西慈爱的妈妈说，当她爸爸搭好帐篷后，他们就要开始野餐了。

# LESSON 85 REVIEW

James and Robert have gone into the shade of a high wall to play ball.

Mary and Lucy have come up from the pond near by, with brave old Ponto, to see them play.

When they toss the ball up in the air, and try to catch it, Ponto runs to get it in his mouth.

Now the ball is lost. They all look for it under the trees and in the grass; but they can not see it. Where can it be?

See! Ponto has found it. Here he comes with it. He will lay it at little Lucy's feet, or put it in her hand.

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯和罗伯特去高墙下的阴凉处踢球了。

玛丽和露西带着勇敢的老狗庞托从附近池塘那边走来，去看他们踢球。

当他们把球抛向空中，然后试着接住时，庞托跑过去把球叼在了嘴里。

现在球丢了。他们都在树下和草地中寻找，但谁也没有发现它。

它会在哪儿呢？

看！庞托找到了。他带着球跑了过来。他把球放在小露西脚边，或放在她的手里。

# LESSON 86

<i>boy</i>	<i>our</i>	<i>spoil</i>	<i>hurrah</i>
<i>own</i>	<i>coil</i>	<i>noise</i>	<i>fourth</i>
<i>such</i>	<i>join</i>	<i>thank</i>	<i>about</i>
<i>hoist</i>	<i>pay</i>	<i>July</i>	<i>playing</i>



“Papa, may we have the big flag?” said James.

“What can my little boy do with such a big flag?”

“Hoist it on our tent, papa. We are playing Fourth of July.”

“Is that what all this noise is about? Why not hoist your own flags?”

“Oh! they are too little.”



“You might spoil my flag.”

“Then we will all join to pay for it. But we will not spoil it, papa.”

“Take it, then, and take the coil of rope with it.”

“Oh! thank you. Hurrah for the flag, boys!”

## 【中文阅读】

“爸爸，我可以有一面大旗帜吗？”詹姆斯说。

“我的小男子汉要用这面大旗子做什么呢？”

“爸爸，我要在我们的帐篷上升起它。我们正在玩美国独立的游戏。”

“你们就是在为这件事吵吵嚷嚷吗？你为什么不把你自己的旗子升起来呢？”

“噢，他们太小了。”

“你们可能会弄坏我的旗子。”

“如果那样的话，我们会赔给您的。但我们不会弄坏它的，爸爸。”

“拿去吧。另外，把绳圈也一起拿去。”

“噢，谢谢您！太好喽！伙计们，我们有旗帜喽！”

# LESSON 87

*finished*

*bonnet*

*lesson*

*saved*



*white*

*away*

*I've*

*am*

*work*

*scamper*

*ready*

*garden*

THE WHITE KITTEN.

*Kitty, my pretty, white kitty,*

*Why do you scamper away?*

*I've finished my work and my lesson,*

*And now I am ready for play.*

*Come, kitty, my own little kitty,*

*I've saved you some milk come and see;*

*Now drink while I put on my bonnet,*

*And play in the garden with me.*

# LESSON 88

*care*

*always*

*line*

*Frank*

*row*

*been*

*keeps*

*home*



Frank has a pretty boat. It is white, with a black line near the water.

He keeps it in the pond, near his home. He always takes good care of it.

Frank has been at work in the garden, and will now row a while.

## 【中文阅读】

弗兰克有一条漂亮的小船。它是白色的，在靠近水面的地方有一条黑线。

他把船停在家门口的池塘里，总是不间断地保养它。

弗兰克在花园里干完活了，现在他要划一会儿船。

# LESSON 89

*much*

*one*

*yet*

*hungry*

*seen*

*grandma*

*corn*

*would*



“What is that?” said Lucy, as she came out on the steps. “Oh, it is a little boat! What a pretty one it is!”

“I will give it to you when it is finished,” said John, kindly. “Would you like to have it?”

“Yes, very much, thank you, John. Has grandma seen it?”

“Not yet; we will take it to her by and by. What have you in your pan, Lucy?”

“Some corn for my hens, John; they must be very hungry by this time.”

### 【中文阅读】

“那是什么？”露西从台阶上走下来，说道，“噢，这是条小船。多漂亮的小船呀！”

“等完工后，我会把它送给你。”约翰亲切地说，“你喜欢吗？”

“喜欢，非常喜欢，谢谢你，约翰。奶奶看过了吗？”

“还没有，我们以后会拿给她看。露西，你的锅里是什么？”

“是一些给母鸡吃的小米，约翰。它们这时一定很饿了。”

# LESSON 90



*market*

*bread*

*basket*

*bought*

*meat*

*tea*

*trying*

*tell*

*which*

James has been to market with his mamma.

She has bought some bread, some meat, and some tea, which are in the basket on her arm.

James is trying to tell his mamma what he has seen in the market.

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯和他的妈妈去了趟市场。

妈妈买了一些面包、肉和茶，并把它们放在胳膊上挎着的篮子里。

詹姆斯想告诉妈妈他在市场里都看到了什么。

# LESSON 91

*reads so wears please*

*could hair*

*fast love*

*easy gray*

*chair who*

*glasses*



See my dear, old grandma in her easy-chair! How gray her hair is! She wears glasses when she reads.

She is always kind, and takes such good care of me that I like to do what she tells me.



When she says, “Robert, will you get me a drink?” I run as fast as I can to get it for her. Then she says,

“Thank you, my boy.”

Would you not love a dear, good grandma, who is so kind? And would you not do all you could to please her?

## 【中文阅读】

看呀亲爱的，老奶奶正躺在她的安乐椅上！她的头发银白！她看书时戴上了眼镜。

她总是非常和蔼，对我非常照顾。我愿意听她的话。

当她说：“罗伯特，你能给我拿点喝的来吗？”我会尽快拿给她。然后她会  
说：“谢谢你，我的乖孩子。”

这样一位亲爱的好奶奶，你难道不喜欢吗？难道你不愿意做所有能令她高兴的事情么？

# LESSON 92

*does*

*wonder*

*mother*

*other*

*bee*

*honey*

*listen*

*flower*



“Come here, Lucy, and listen! What is in this flower?”

“O mother! it is a bee. I wonder how it came to be shut up in the flower!”

“It went into the flower for some honey, and it may be it went to sleep. Then the flower shut it in.

“The bee likes honey as well as we do, but it does not like to be shut up in the flower.

“Shall we let it out, Lucy?”

“Yes; then it can go to other flowers, and get honey.”

## 【中文阅读】

“露西，过来，听，花里面是什么？”

“噢，妈妈！是蜜蜂。我不知道它是怎么被花关在里面的。”

“它进到花里面采些花蜜，后来可能睡着了。然后花就把它关在里面了。”

“蜜蜂和我们一样喜欢花蜜，但它肯定不喜欢被关在花里。”

“露西，我们能把它弄出来吗？”

“好啊，这样的话它就可以继续飞到其他花那儿去采蜜了。”

# LESSON 93

<i>best</i>	<i>hitched</i>	<i>their</i>	<i>should</i>
<i>or</i>	<i>riding</i>	<i>live</i>	<i>holds</i>
<i>hay</i>	<i>driving</i>	<i>tight</i>	<i>early</i>



Here come Frank and James White. Do you know where they live?

Frank is riding a horse, and James is driving one hitched to a cart. They are out very early in the day. How happy they are!

See how well Frank rides, and how tight James holds the lines!

The boys should be kind to their horses. It is not best to whip them.

When they have done riding, they will give the horses some hay or corn.

Some horses can trot very fast. Would you like to ride fast? One day I saw a dog hitched to a little cart. The cart had some corn in it.

【中文阅读】

弗兰克和詹姆斯·怀特过来了，你知道他们住哪儿吗？

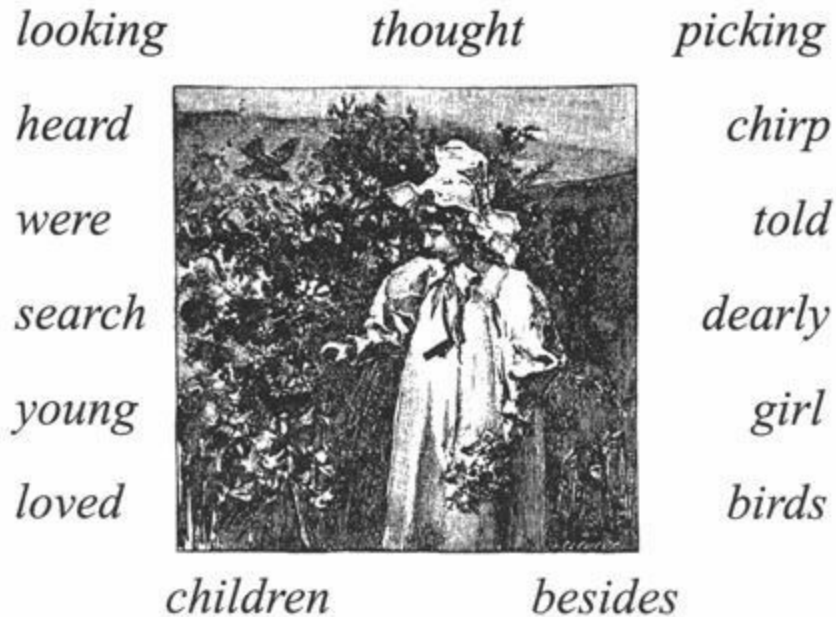
弗兰克骑着马，詹姆斯驾着一辆马车。他们今天出来得很早。看他们有多高兴啊！

看，弗兰克的马骑得多好，詹姆斯把绳子拉得好紧啊！

男孩们应该善待他们的马，鞭打它们不是最好的办法。

他们骑完马之后，会给马喂些干草和谷物。

# LESSON 94



A little girl went in search of flowers for her mother. It was early in the day, and the grass was wet. Sweet little birds were singing all around her.

And what do you think she found besides flowers? A nest with young birds in it.

While she was looking at them, she heard the mother bird chirp, as if she said, “Do not touch my children, little girl, for I love them dearly.”

The little girl now thought how dearly her own mother loved her.

So she left the birds. Then picking some flowers, she went home, and told her mother what she had seen and heard.

一个小女孩为她的妈妈去采花。这天清晨，草地还很湿。漂亮的小鸟在她周围歌唱。

你认为她在发现花朵之外还找到了什么？是个鸟窝，里面有许多刚出生的小鸟。

当她看着它们时，她听到鸟妈妈唧唧地在叫，好像在说：“小姑娘，不要碰我的孩子，我深深爱它们。”

小女孩此刻想起了自己的妈妈有多么爱她。

她离开了那些鸟，然后采了一些花。回到家后，她把所闻所见都告诉了妈妈。

# LESSON 95

*eight*

*ask*

*after*

*town*

*past*

*ah*

*ticket*

*right*

*half*

*two*

*train*

*ding*

*lightning*



“Mamma, will you go to town?”

“What do you ask for a ticket on your train?”

“Oh! we will give you a ticket, mamma.”

“About what time will you get back?”



“At half past eight.”

“Ah! that is after bedtime. Is this the fast train?”

“Yes, this is the lightning train.”

“Oh! that is too fast for me.”

“What shall we get for you in town, mamma?”

“A big basket, with two good little children in it.”

“All right! Time is up! Ding, ding!”

## 【中文阅读】

“妈妈，您要去镇上吗？”

“你们上车时要什么票呢？”

“噢，我们给您拿车票，妈妈。”

“你们大约几点回来？”

“八点半。”

“哎呀，那过了睡觉时间。你们坐的是快车吗？”

“是啊，我们坐的是快速列车。”

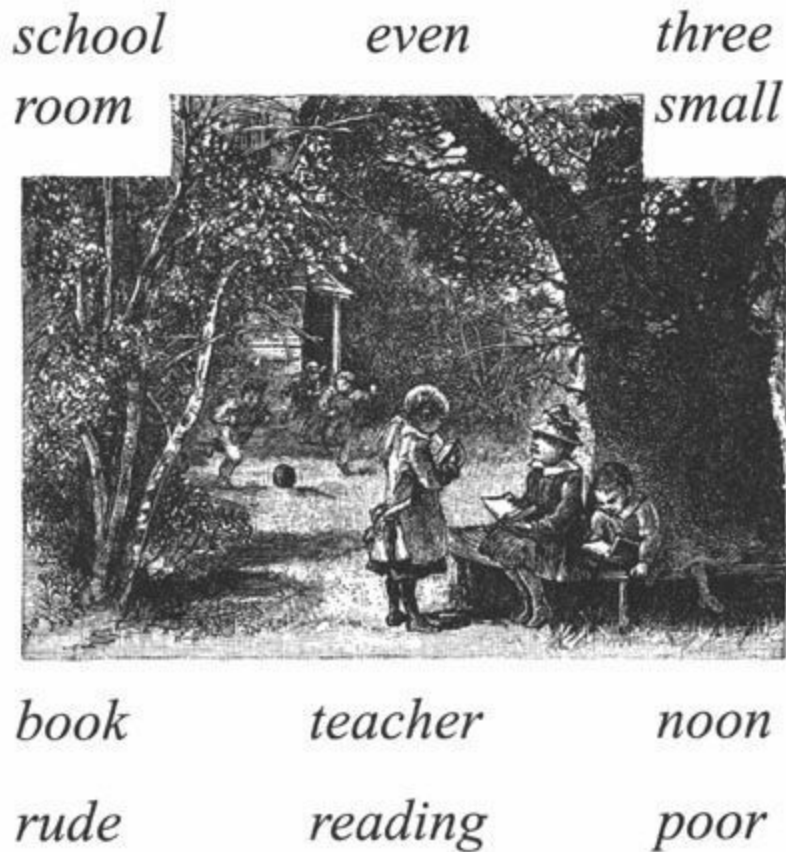
“噢，那对我来说太快了。”

“妈妈，我们要给您从镇上带些什么呢？”

“一个大篮子，还有里面的两个听话的小孩儿。”

“好吧！时间到了，叮，叮！”

# LESSON 96



It is noon, and the school is out. Do you see the children at play? Some run and jump, some play ball, and three little girls play school under a tree.

What a big room for such a small school!

Mary is the teacher. They all have books in their hands, and Fanny is reading.

They are all good girls, and would not be rude even in playing school.

Kate and Mary listen to Fanny as she reads from her book.

What do you think she is reading about? I will tell you. It is about a poor little boy who was lost in the woods.

When Fanny has finished, the three girls will go home.

In a little while, too, the boys will give up their playing.

## 【中文阅读】

中午，学校放学了。你看到孩子们在玩吗？一些人在跑跑跳跳，一些人在踢球，还有三个小女孩儿在树下学习。

这么小的学校竟然有这么大的教室！

玛丽是位老师。她们手里都拿着书，范妮正在阅读。

她们都是好女孩，即使她们在玩上课的游戏时，也不会没有礼貌。

凯特和玛丽正在听范妮讲她在书里读到的故事。

你知道她都读到了些什么吗？我来告诉你吧，这是一个穷苦男孩在森林里迷路的故事。

当范妮讲完之后，三个女孩就要回家了。

再过一小会，男孩们的游戏也快结束了。

# LESSON 97

*apple*

*mew*

*tease*

*cracker*

*down*

*new*

*silly*

*asleep*



*wants*

*calls*

*knew*

*friends*

*upon*

*flew*

*Poll*

*Polly*

Lucy has a new pet. Do you know what kind of bird it is? Lucy calls her Polly.

Polly can say, “Poor Poll! Poor Poll! Polly wants a cracker;” and she can mew like a cat.

But Polly and the cat are not good friends. One day Polly flew down, and lit upon the cat’s back when she was asleep.

I think she knew the cat would not like that, and she did it to tease her.

When Lucy pets the cat, Polly flies up into the old apple tree, and will not come when she calls her. Then Lucy says, “What a silly bird!”

## 【中文阅读】

露西养了一只新宠物。你知道这是一只什么鸟吗？露西叫它波利。

波利会说：“可怜的鹦鹉！可怜的鹦鹉！波利想要一块饼干。”另外，她还会学猫叫呢。

但波利和猫不是好朋友。一天，当这只猫睡觉的时候，波利飞了下来，然后落在了这只猫的背上。

我想它知道猫不喜欢这样，它这么做是为了欺负这只猫。

当露西逗弄这只猫玩时，波利就飞到大苹果树上。露西叫它的时候，它也不出来。露西说：“这只鸟真淘气！”

## LESSON 98 REVIEW

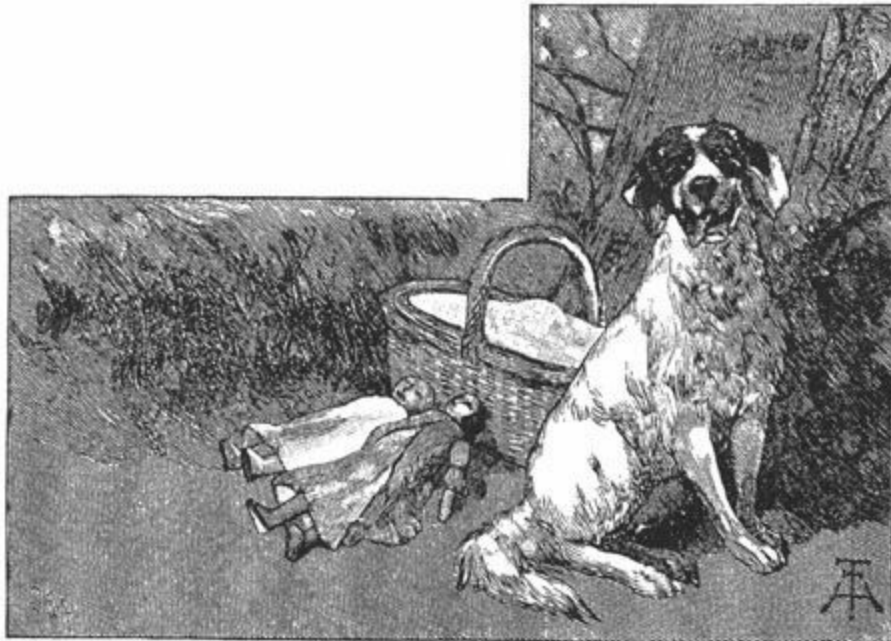
“Well, children, did you have a nice time in the woods?”

“Oh yes, mother, such a good time! See what sweet flowers we found, and what soft moss. The best flowers are for grandma. Won’t they please her?”

“Yes; and it will please grandma to know that you thought of her.”

We left him under the big tree by the brook, to take care of the dolls and the basket.

“Rab was such a good dog, mother.



“When we came back, they were all safe. No one could get them while Rab was

there. We gave him some of the crackers from the basket.

“O mother, how the birds did sing in the woods!

“Fanny said she would like to be a bird, and have a nest in a tree. But I think she would want to come home to sleep.”

“If she were a bird, her nest would be her home. But what would mother do, I wonder, without her little Fanny?”

## 【中文阅读】

“孩子们，你们在森林里玩得高兴吗？”

“哦，是的，妈妈，我们玩得特别高兴！看看我们采的花多美啊，我们采的青苔多么柔软。这些最漂亮的花是送给奶奶的。这些花会令奶奶高兴吗？”

“会啊，奶奶会很高兴地知道你们惦念着她。”

“妈妈，拉伯是多好的一只狗啊。我们把它留在小溪边的大树下，让它照看娃娃们和篮子。当我们回来时，它们都很安全。只要拉伯在那儿，就没人能够拿走它们。我们从篮子里拿出些饼干给拉伯吃。”

“噢，妈妈，鸟是怎么在森林里唱歌的？”

“范妮说他想变成一只鸟，并且在树上搭个巢。但我觉得她是想回家睡觉了。”

“如果她是只鸟，她的巢就是她的家。但我不知道，离开了她的小范妮，妈妈该怎么办？”



# LESSON 99

<i>beach</i>	<i>shells</i>	<i>these</i>	<i>seat</i>
<i>waves</i>	<i>going</i>	<i>ever</i>	<i>sea</i>
<i>watch</i>	<i>evening</i>	<i>lazy</i>	<i>side</i>



These boys and girls live near the sea. They have been to the beach. It is now evening, and they are going home.

John, who sits on the front seat, found some pretty shells. They are in the basket by his side.

Ben White is driving. He holds the lines in one hand, and his whip in the other.

Robert has his hat in his hand, and is looking at the horses. He thinks they are very lazy; they do not trot fast.

The children are not far from home. In a little while the sun will set, and it will be bedtime.

Have you ever been at the seaside? Is it not good sport to watch the big waves, and to play on the wet sand?

### 【中文阅读】

这些男孩和女孩住在靠海的地方。他们去海边了。现在是晚上，他们正在回家的路上。

约翰坐在前面座位上，他捡了一些漂亮的贝壳，都装在他身边的篮子里。

本·怀特正在驾车。他一只手抓着绳子，另一只手拿着鞭子。

罗伯特看着马，手里拿着帽子。他觉得它们太懒了，跑得不快。

孩子们离家并不远。再过一小会儿，太阳就会落山，睡觉的时间就要到了。

你去过海滩吗？看高大的海浪，在湿润的沙滩上玩耍，这难道不是一种有趣的游戏吗？

# LESSON 100

*log*

*quiet*

*proud*

*pulled*

*fish*

*stump*

*river*

*father*



One evening Frank's father said to him," Frank, would you like to go with me to catch some fish?"

"Yes; may I go? and with you, father?"

"Yes, Frank, with me."

"Oh, how glad I am!"

Here they are, on the bank of a river. Frank has just pulled a fine fish out of the water. How proud he feels!

See what a nice, quiet spot they have found. Frank has the stump of a big tree for his seat, and his father sits on a log near by. They like the sport.

## 【中文阅读】

一天夜里，弗兰克的爸爸对他说：“弗兰克，你愿意和我一起去钓鱼吗？”

“愿意，我能去吗？和爸爸你一起去？”

“是啊，弗兰克，和我一起去。”

“噢，我太高兴了！”

他们坐在河岸。弗兰克刚刚把一条不错的鱼钓出了水面。他感觉可骄傲了！

看，他们找了一个多美丽、多安静的地方呀。

弗兰克砍断了一棵大树来坐，他爸爸坐在旁边的一根圆木上。他们喜欢钓鱼。

# LESSON 101

<i>rain</i>	<i>outside</i>	<i>often</i>	<i>pitter</i>
<i>say</i>	<i>window</i>	<i>sound</i>	<i>patter</i>
<i>drops</i>	<i>sometimes</i>	<i>only</i>	<i>music</i>

## SLATE WORK

I wish, Mamma you would tell me where the rain comes from. Does it come from the sky? And when the little drops pitter-patter on the window do you think they are playing with me? I can not work or read, for I love to listen to them. I often think their sound is pretty music. But the rain keeps children at home and sometimes I do not like that; then,

The little raindrops only say,  
"Pit, pitter, patter, pat;  
While we play on the out-side,  
Why can't you play on that?"

# LESSON 102

<i>sled</i>	<i>throw</i>	<i>winter</i>	<i>hurt</i>
<i>ice</i>	<i>cover</i>	<i>Henry</i>	<i>next</i>
<i>skate</i>	<i>ground</i>	<i>merry</i>	<i>snow</i>
<i>sister</i>	<i>laughing</i>	<i>hope</i>	<i>pair</i>



I like winter, when snow and ice cover the ground. What fun it is to throw snowballs, and to skate on the ice!

See the boys and girls! How merry they are! Henry has his sled, and draws his little sister. There they go!

I think Henry is kind, for his sister is too small to skate.

Look! Did you see that boy fall down? But I see he is not hurt, for he is laughing.

Some other boys have just come to join in the sport. See them put on their skates.

Henry says, that he hopes his father will get a pair of skates for his sister next winter.

## 【中文阅读】

我喜欢冬天，当冰雪覆盖大地。打雪仗和滑冰多么有趣！

看看这些男孩和女孩！他们玩得多高兴呀！

亨利用他的雪橇拉着小妹妹。

瞧，他们走啦！

我觉得亨利非常善良，他的妹妹太小，还滑不了冰。

看！你看到那个男孩摔倒了吗？我觉得他没有受伤，因为他还在笑呢。

其他一些男孩刚刚过来加入了游戏。看，他们穿上了冰鞋。

亨利说，他希望爸爸能在明年冬天给他妹妹买一双冰鞋。

# LESSON 103

*paw*      *polite*

*means*      *isn't*

*speak*      *sir*

*shake*      *Fido*

*tricks*      *teach*

*dinner*      *Ellen*

*bowwow*



Ellen, do look at Fido! He sits up in a chair, with my hat on. He looks like a little boy; but it is only Fido.

Now see him shake hands. Give me your paw, Fido. How do you do, sir? Will you take dinner with us. Fido? Speak!

Fido says, "Bowwow," which means, "Thank you, I will."

Isn't Fido a good dog, Ellen? He is always so polite.

When school is out, I will try to teach him some other tricks.



## 【中文阅读】

艾伦，看看弗爱多！他戴着我的帽子坐在椅子上。虽然看起来像一个小男孩，但他就是弗爱多。

看，他在摇手。弗爱多，把你的小手给我。先生，你好。弗爱多，你愿意和我们一起吃晚餐吗？说话！

弗爱多说：“汪汪汪。”意思是说：“谢谢你们，我愿意。”

艾伦，难道弗爱多不是一只好狗吗？他总是很有礼貌。

放学后，我会设法教给他一些其他游戏。

# LESSON 104

*puss*

*shed*

*pain*

*way*

*stole*

*saw*

*hid*

*eat*

*Hattie*

*suffer*

*sorry*

*something*

*caught*

*tried*

*Nero*



“O Hattie! I just saw a large rat in the shed; and old Nero tried to catch it.”

“Did he catch it, Frank?”

“No; Nero did not; but the old cat did.”

“My cat?”

“No, it was the other one.”

“Do tell me how she got it, Frank. Did she run after it?”

“No, that was not the way. Puss was hid on a big box. The rat stole out, and she jumped at it and caught it.”

“Poor rat! It must have been very hungry; it came out to get something to eat.”

“Why, Hattie, you are not sorry puss got the rat, are you?”

“No, I can not say I am sorry she got it; but I do not like to see even a rat suffer pain.”

### 【中文阅读】

“噢，海蒂！我刚刚在车库里看见了一只大老鼠，老尼禄正试图抓到它。”

“弗兰克，尼禄抓到它了吗？”

“没有，尼禄没抓到，但那只老猫抓到了。”

“我的猫？”

“不，是另一只。”

“弗兰克，你一定得告诉我它是怎么抓到老鼠的。是跟在老鼠后面跑吗？”

“不是，不是这种方法。猫躲在一个大盒子上面。老鼠偷偷跑出来，猫一下子跳过去，然后抓到了它。”

“可怜的老鼠！它一定很饿了，所以出来找些东西吃。”

“为什么？海蒂，猫抓住了那只老鼠，你感到很难过，是吗？”

“不，我不能说猫抓到了它我就很难过。但哪怕是一只老鼠遭受不幸，我也不愿意看到。”



# LESSON 105

<i>roll</i>	<i>build</i>	<i>grandpa</i>	<i>hard</i>
<i>foam</i>	<i>ships</i>	<i>houses</i>	<i>long</i>
<i>sail</i>	<i>break</i>	<i>wooden</i>	<i>blow</i>



Mary and Lucy have come down to the beach with their grandpa. They live in a town near the sea.

Their grandpa likes to sit on the large rock, and watch the big ships as they sail far away on the blue sea. Sometimes he sits there all day long.

The little girls like to dig in the sand, and pick up pretty shells. They watch the waves as they roll up on the beach, and break into white foam.

They sometimes make little houses of sand, and build walls around them; and they dig wells with their small wooden spades.

They have been picking up shells for their little sister. She is too young to come to the beach.

I think all children like to play by the seaside when the sun is bright, and the wind does not blow too hard.

### 【中文阅读】

玛丽和露西跟随爷爷来到海滩。他们住在一个靠近海边的小镇上。

爷爷喜欢坐在大岩石上，望着那些大船在蔚蓝的海面上驶向远方。有时他会待上一整天。

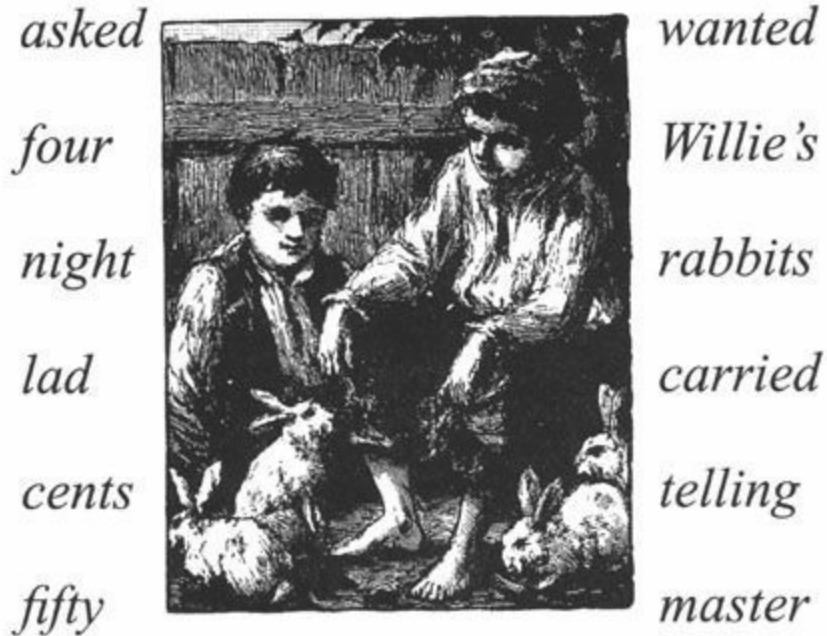
小女孩们喜欢在沙子上挖洞，捡拾漂亮的贝壳。她们看着浪花翻卷到海滩上，泛起白色的泡沫。

有时，她们用沙子推小房子，在它们周围砌上墙，并用她们的小木铲挖一些小井。

她们为她们的小妹妹捡了一些贝壳。她们的妹妹还太小，来不了海滩。

我所有孩子们都喜欢在风和日丽的日子里来海边玩。

# LESSON 106



One day, Willie's father saw a boy at the market with four little white rabbits in a basket.

He thought these would be nice pets for Willie; so he asked the lad how much he wanted for his rabbits.

The boy said, "Only fifty cents, sir."

Willie's father bought them, and carried them home.

Here you see the rabbits and their little master. He has a pen for them, and always shuts them in it at night to keep them safe.

He gives them bread and grass to eat. They like grass, and will take it from his hand. He has called in a little friend to see them.

Willie is telling him about their funny ways.

---

SLATE WORK

Some rabbits are as white as  
snow, some are black, and others  
have white and black spots.  
What soft, kind eyes they have!

### 【中文阅读】

一天，威利的爸爸在市场看到了一个男孩，他的篮子里有四只小白兔。

他觉得这对威利来说会是个漂亮的宠物，就告诉这个小伙子他想买下这些兔子，并问他一共多少钱。

男孩回答：“只要五毛钱，先生。”

威利的爸爸买下兔子，并把它们带回了家。

现在你看到了兔子和它们的小主人。

威利为它们准备了一只笼子。晚上，他总是把它们关在里面，以保证他们的安全。

他喂它们面包和青草吃。兔子喜欢青草，会从他的手上取走。威利还叫来了一个小伙伴一起看兔子。



威利正在把兔子的趣事告诉他。

# LESSON 107



*bush*

*cunning*

*place*

*show*

*find*

*broken*

*over*

*bring*

*again*

*fasten*

“Come here, Rose. Look down into this bush.”

“O Willie! a bird’s nest! What cunning, little eggs! May we take it, and show it to mother?”

“What would the old bird do, Rose, if she should come back and not find her nest?”

“Oh, we would bring it right back, Willie!”

“Yes; but we could not fasten it in its place again. If the wind should blow it over, the eggs would get broken.”

“过来，罗斯。低头看看这个灌木丛。”

“噢，威利！一个鸟巢！多可爱的小鸟蛋啊！我们可以把它拿走给妈妈看吗？”

“罗斯，如果鸟妈妈回来时没看到她的巢，她会怎么办？”

“噢，我们会把鸟巢带回来的，威利！”

“对，但我们不能把它再次固定到原来的位置。如果风吹过来，这些鸟蛋就会被弄破。”

# LESSON 108

*strong   round   dry   bill   worked*  
*sends   claws   flit   God   spring*

“How does the bird make the nest so strong, Willie?”

“The mother bird has her bill and her claws to work with, but she would not know how to make the nest if God did not teach her. Do you see what it is made of?”

“Yes, Willie, I see some horse-hairs and some dry grass. The old bird must have worked hard to find all the hairs, and make them into such a pretty, round nest.”

“Shall we take the nest, Rose?”

“Oh no, Willie! We must not take it; but we will come and look at it again, some time.”

God made the little birds to sing,  
And flit from tree to tree;  
Tis He who sends them in the spring  
To sing for you and me.

### 【中文阅读】

“威利，鸟儿是怎么把它们的巢搭得这么结实的？”

“鸟妈妈用嘴和爪子来筑的，但如果上帝没教过它的话，它就不会知道怎么搭巢。你看到鸟巢是用什么搭成的了吗？”

“是的，威利，我看到了一些马毛和干草。这只鸟妈妈一定很辛苦地寻找所有的毛，然后用它们搭成了这样漂亮的一个圆形鸟巢。”

“罗斯，我们能拿走这个巢吗？”

“噢，威利，不行。我们不能把它拿走，但我们改天会再来看它。”

# LESSON 109

*feathers ago fly worm crumb*  
*feeding ugly off feed brown*  
*guess things*



“Willie, when I was feeding the birds just now, a little brown bird flew away with a crumb in its bill.”

“Where did it go, Rose?”

“I don’t know; away off, somewhere.”

“I can guess where, Rose. Don’t you know the nest we saw some days ago? What do you think is in it now?”

“O Willie, I know! Some little brown birds. Let us go and see them.”

“All right; but we must not go too near. There! I just saw the old bird fly out of the bush. Stand here, Rose. Can you see?”

“Why, Willie, what ugly little things! What big mouths they have, and no feathers!”

“Keep still, Rose. Here comes the old bird with a worm in her bill. How hard she must work to feed them all!”

## 【中文阅读】

“威利，刚刚我喂鸟的时候，一只棕色的鸟用嘴叼着一块面包屑飞走了。”

“罗斯，它去哪儿了？”

“我不知道，它飞走了，但不知道去哪儿了。”

“罗斯，我可以猜到是哪。你知道前几天我们看到的那个鸟巢吗？你觉得现在里面会有什么呢？”

“噢，威利，我知道了！一些棕色的小鸟。让我们去看看它们吧。”

“好吧，但我们不能走得太近。在那儿！我刚刚看到一只鸟妈妈从灌木丛里飞出来。站在这儿，罗斯。你能看到吗？”

“为什么，威利？多丑陋的小东西啊！它们的嘴好大，也没有半点儿羽毛。”

“站在这儿别动，罗斯。一只鸟妈妈飞过来了，嘴里叼着一只蚯蚓。她要喂所有孩子，多辛苦啊！”

# LESSON 110

<i>falling</i>	<i>counts</i>	<i>woes</i>	<i>nigh</i>
<i>begun</i>	<i>griefs</i>	<i>stars</i>	<i>tear</i>
<i>morning</i>	<i>Lord</i>	<i>each</i>	<i>joys</i>

When the stars at set of sun  
Watch you from on high,  
When the morning has begun,  
Think the Lord is nigh.

All you do and all you say,  
He can see and hear:  
When you work and when you play,  
Think the Lord is near.

All your joys and griefs He knows,  
Counts each falling tear,  
When to Him you tell your woes,  
Know the Lord will hear.



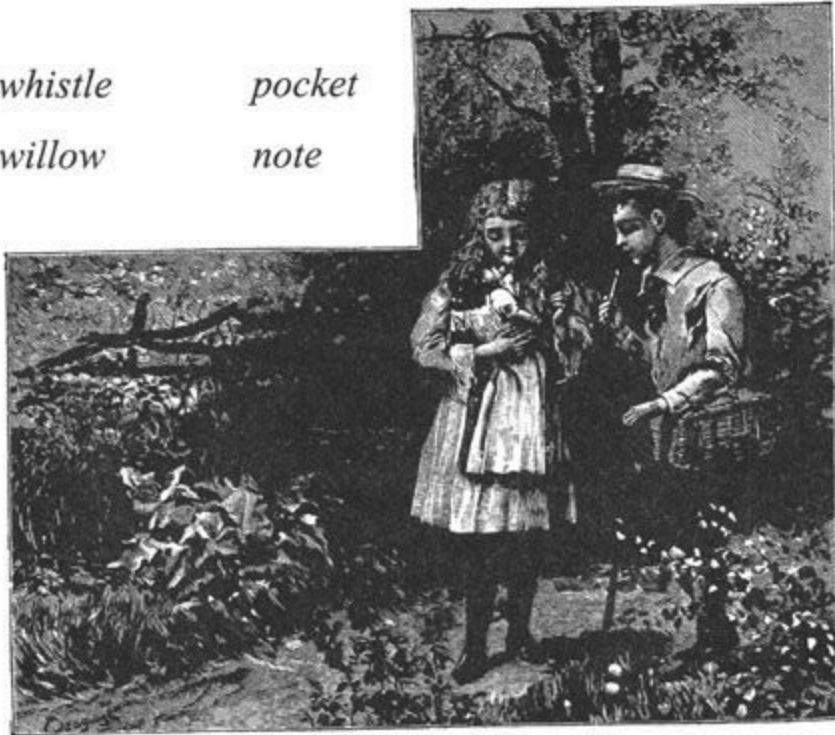
# LESSON 111

*whistle*

*pocket*

*willow*

*note*



*filled*

*dead*

*sick*

*walk*

*every*

*blew*

*lane*

*lame*

*taking*

*cane*

*took*

One day, when Mary was taking a walk down the lane, trying to sing her doll to sleep, she met Frank, with his basket and cane.

Frank was a poor, little, lame boy. His father and mother were dead. His dear, old grandma took care of him, and tried to make him happy.

Every day, Mary's mother filled Frank's basket with bread and meat, and a little tea for his grandma.

“How do you do, Frank?” said Mary. “Don’t make a noise; my doll is going to sleep. It is just a little sick to-day.”

“Well, then, let us whistle it to sleep.” And Frank, taking a willow whistle out of his pocket, blew a long note.

“Oh, how sweet!” cried Mary. “Do let me try.”

## 【中文阅读】

一天，玛丽在小巷里一边散步，一边唱着歌哄她的娃娃睡觉，她遇到了手提篮子和拐杖的弗兰克。

弗兰克是个又穷又小的残疾男孩。他的爸爸和妈妈已经去世了，由亲爱的老奶奶照顾，他的奶奶想方设法让弗兰克过得快乐。

每一天，玛丽的妈妈在弗兰克的篮子里装满面包、肉类和一些茶，捎给他的奶奶。

“你好，弗兰克。”玛丽说，“小声点儿，我的娃娃正要睡觉。她今天生了点小病。”

“好，那么我们吹口哨来哄她睡觉吧。”于是，弗兰克从他的口袋里拿出来一个柳木哨子，吹出了一串长音。

“噢，多美的声音啊！”玛丽说道，“让我也试试。”

# LESSON 112

*turned*    *face*    *cried*    *low*    *almost*  
*soon*    *more*    *cry*    *once*    *because*

“Yes, Mary, I will give it to you, because you are so good to my grandma.”

“Oh! thank you very much.” Mary blew and blew a long time. “I can’t make it whistle,” said she, almost ready to cry.

“Sometimes they will whistle, and sometimes they won’t,” said Frank. “Try again, Mary.”

She tried once more, and the whistle made a low, sweet sound. “It whistles!” she cried.



In her joy, she had turned the doll's face down, and its eyes shut tight, as if it had gone to sleep.

"There!" cried Frank, "I told you the way to put a doll to sleep, is to whistle to it."

"So it is," said Mary. "Dear, little thing; it must be put in its bed now."

So they went into the house. Frank's basket was soon filled, and he went home happy.

### 【中文阅读】

“没问题，玛丽，我会把它送给你，因为你对我奶奶太好了。”

“噢，太谢谢你了。”玛丽一次次地吹了很长时间。“我不会吹。”玛丽说，她急得快要哭出来了。

“有时它们能吹响，有时就不能。”弗兰克说，“玛丽，再试一次。”

”她又再试了一次，口哨发出了一段低沉而悦耳的声音。“口哨响了！”她叫道。

在玩的时候，她把娃娃的脸转向下面，它的双眼紧闭，就像已经睡着了一样。

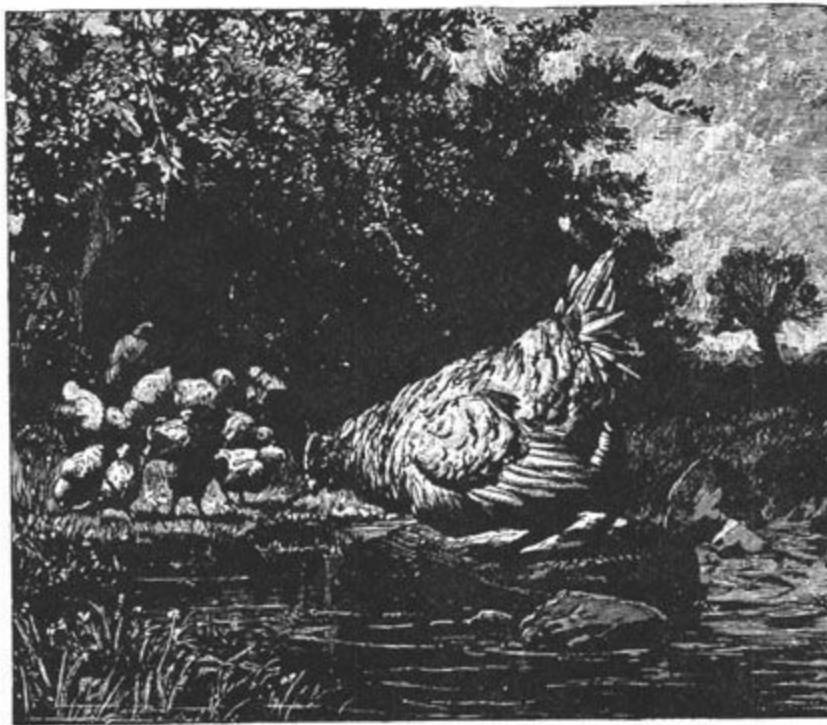
“看！”弗兰克说，“我告诉过你，哄娃娃睡觉的方法就是给她吹口哨。”

“好吧！”玛丽说，“亲爱的小家伙，现在必须让你上床睡觉了。”

于是，她们走进房子。弗兰克的篮子很快就被装满了，然后他高高兴兴地回家了。

# LESSON 113

*stood himself flapping first*  
*twelve flapped walked flap*



*obey better Chippy food*  
*stone before chickens kept*

There was once a big, white hen that had twelve little chickens. They were very small, and the old hen took good care of them. She found food for them in the daytime, and at night kept them under her wings.

One day, this old hen took her chickens down to a small brook. She thought the air from the water would do them good.

When they got to the brook, they walked on the bank a little while. It was very pretty on the other side of the brook, and the old hen thought she would take her children over there.

There was a large stone in the brook: she thought it would be easy for them to jump to that stone, and from it to the other side.

So she jumped to the stone, and told the children to come after her. For the first time, she found that they would not obey her.

She flapped her wings, and cried, "Come here, all of you! Jump upon this stone, as I did. We can then jump to the other side. Come now!"

"O mother! we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes you can, if you try," said the old hen. "Just flap your wings, as I did, and you can jump over."

"I am flapping my wings," said Chippy, who stood by himself; "but I can't jump any better than I could before."

## 【中文阅读】

曾经有一只大白母鸡生了十二只小鸡。它们都很小，老母鸡把它们照顾得很好。白天为它们寻找食物，夜里就把它们护在自己的翅膀下。

一天，这老母鸡把她的小鸡带到一条小河边。她觉得水边的空气会对它们的身体有好处。

她们到达河边后，就在河岸上走了一小会儿。河对面的景色非常漂亮，老母鸡想把她的孩子们送到那边去。

河边有一块大石头。她觉得对她们来说，跳上石头并不难，然后她们可以从那里过河到对岸。

于是，她跳到石头上，告诉孩子们跟着她过来。她第一次发现孩子们不听她的话了。

她拍打着翅膀大喊道：“你们全都过来，像我一样跳到石头上。然后我们就可以跳到河对岸了。现在就过来！”

“噢，妈妈！我们做不到，我们做不到！”所有的小鸡说道。

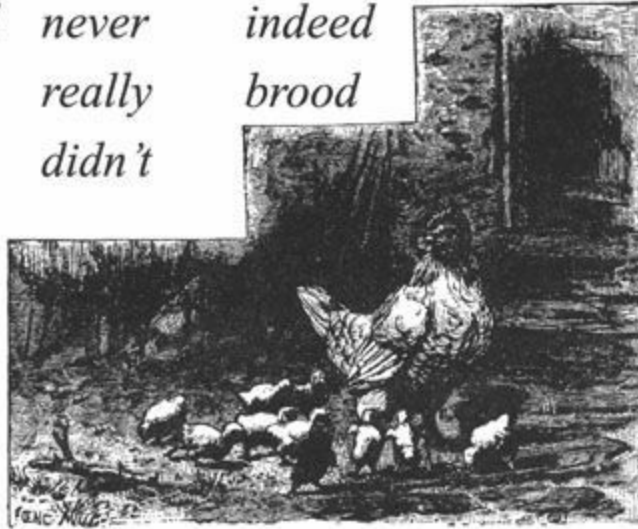
“不，如果你们试一下，就可以做到。”老母鸡说，“像我一样，只要扇动一下翅膀，就可以跳过去。”

“我正在扇动翅膀，”站在一旁的小鸡芝比说，“但我不能比以前跳得更好。”



# LESSON 114

*chirped* *never* *indeed*  
*slowly* *really* *brood*  
*began* *didn't*  
*use*  
*door*  
*bite*  
*piece*



“I never saw such children,” said the old hen. “You don’t try at all.”

“We can’t jump so far, mother. Indeed we can’t, we can’t!” chirped the little chickens.

“Well,” said the old hen, “I must give it up.” So she jumped back to the bank, and walked slowly home with her brood.

“I think mother asked too much of us,” said one little chicken to the others.

“Well, I tried,” said Chippy.

“We didn’t,” said the others; “it was of no use to try.”

When they got home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat. She soon found, near the back door, a piece of bread.

So she called the chickens, and they all ran up to her, each one trying to get a bite at the piece of bread.

“No, no!” said the old hen. “This bread is for Chippy. He is the only one of my children that really tried to jump to the stone.”

### 【中文阅读】

“我从来没有见过这样的孩子。”老母鸡说。

“你们一点儿也没有尝试过。”

“妈妈，我们跳不到那么远。我们确实不能，确实不能啊！”小鸡们喳喳地叫着。

“好吧。”老母鸡说，“我必须得放弃了。”她跳回到岸边，和孩子们慢慢走回家。

“我觉得妈妈对我们要求过高了。”一只小鸡对其他小鸡说。

“但是，我试过了。”芝比说。

“我们还没有呢。”其他小鸡说，“试也没有用。”

当她们回家后，老母鸡开始四处寻找吃的。很快她发现，在后门旁边，有一块面包。

于是，她叫来孩子们，它们都跑到她跟前。每只小鸡都想在这块面包上咬一口。

“不，不！”老母鸡说，“这块面包是给芝比的。他是我的孩子们中唯一真正试

着跳上这块石头的人。”

# LESSON 115

*last slates write waste neat taken*  
*clean learn reader parents second*



We have come to the last lesson in this book. We have finished the First Reader.

You can now read all the lessons in it, and can write them on your slates.

Have you taken good care of your book? Children should always keep their books neat and clean.

Are you not glad to be ready for a new book?

Your parents are very kind to send you to school. If you are good, and if you try to learn, your teacher will love you, and you will please your parents.

Be kind to all, and do not waste your time in school. When you go home, you may ask your parents to get you a Second Reader.

## 【中文阅读】

这是本册的最后一课。我们已经学完了第一册。

你现在会阅读这本书里的所有课程，也可以把它们写在你的画板上。

你保存好这本书了吗？

孩子们应该始终将他们的书籍保持整洁。

你准备好学习一本新书吗？

你的父母非常爱你，把你送到学校来。

如果你是优秀的，并且努力学习，你的老师会喜欢你，你也会令父母高兴。

友善地对待所有人，在学校里不要浪费时间。当你回家后，你可以向父母要来第二册。

# SLATE EXERCISES

n u n 'nun

u r n urn

s u n sun

c o w cow

s a w saw

h e n hen

j a r jar

e y e eye

g u n gun

v i z viz

i v y ivy

f a n fan

r i m rim

c a t cat

l a d lad

b o x box

h e n hen

k i d kid

q u o quo



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# LESSON 1

## EVENING AT HOME

### 家人团聚的夜晚

newspaper	cold	order	seem	through
stockings	chat	story	light	Harry
branches	kiss	burns	Mrs.	events
another	Mr.	stool	lamp	mends



1. It is winter. The cold wind whistles through the branches of the trees.
2. Mr. Brown has done his day's work, and his children, Harry and Kate, have come home from school. They learned their lessons well today, and both feel happy.
3. Tea is over. Mrs. Brown has put the little sitting room in order. The fire burns brightly. One lamp gives light enough for all. On the stool is a basket of fine apples. They seem to say, "Won't you have one?"

4. Harry and Kate read a story in a new book. The father reads his newspaper, and the mother mends Harry's stockings.
5. By and by, they will tell one another what they have been reading about, and will have a chat over the events of the day.
6. Harry and Kate's bedtime will come first. I think I see them kiss their dear father and mother a sweet good night.
7. Do you not wish that every boy and girl could have a home like this?

## 【中文阅读】

1. 现在正值冬季，冷风呼啸着吹过树枝。
2. 布朗先生结束了一天的工作。他的孩子哈里和凯特也从学校放学回到了家。他们白天认真学习功课，都觉得非常快乐。
3. 喝完茶，布朗太太已经整理好小客厅。火烧得很旺，一盏台灯把屋里照得够亮。凳子上放着一篮子漂亮的苹果，它们好像在说：“你们难道不想来一个尝尝吗？”
4. 哈里和凯特正在读一本新书里的故事。他们的爸爸正在看报纸，妈妈则在给哈里补他的长袜。
5. 一会儿，他们要把所读到的内容讲给彼此听，还要闲聊一下白天发生的事情。
6. 哈里和凯特的睡觉时间到了。我看到他们亲了亲亲爱的爸爸和妈妈，并祝福他们度过一个甜蜜的夜晚。
7. 难道你不希望每个男孩和女孩都能有这样一个家吗？



# LESSON 2

## BUBBLES

### 吹泡泡

beautiful	rainbow	bubbles	biggest	
sneeze	colors	porch	burst	same
mine	soap	wash	red	many



1. The boys have come out on the porch to blow bubbles. The old cat is asleep on the mat by the door.
2. "Ha! ha!" laughs Robert, as a bubble comes down softly on the old cat's back, and does not burst.
3. Willie tries to make his bubble do the same. This time it comes down on the

cat's face, and makes her sneeze.

4. "She would rather wash her face without soap," says Harry, "Now let us see who can make the biggest bubble."

5. "Mine is the biggest," says Robert, "See how high it floats in the air! I can see — ah! it has burst."

6. "I can see the house and the trees and the sky in mine," says Willie, "and such beautiful colors."

7. "How many, Willie?"

8. "Red, one; blue, two; there — they are all out. Let us try again."

9. "I know how many colors there are," says Harry, "Just as many as there are in the rainbow."

10. "Do you know how many that is?"

## 【中文阅读】

1. 男孩们在走廊外吹泡泡，一只老猫在门边的地毯上睡觉。

2. “哈哈！”当一个泡泡轻柔落到老猫背上还没有破裂时，罗伯特笑道。

3. 威利也想跟着吹个泡泡。这次泡泡落在了猫的脸上，令它打了个喷嚏。

4. “它不想用肥皂洗脸，”哈里说，“现在让我们看谁能吹一个最大的泡泡吧。”

5. “我的最大，”罗伯特说，“看它在空中飘得多高！我可以看到——哈！它破了。”

6. “在我吹的泡泡里，能看到房子、树林和天空。”威利说，“还有这么多漂亮的颜色。”

7. “威利，一共有几种颜色啊？”

8. “红的一种，蓝的第二种。那儿——它们都出来了。让我们再试着数一遍。”

9. “我知道一共有多少种颜色，”哈里说，“正好和彩虹的颜色一样多。”

10. “你知道彩虹有几种颜色吗？”

# LESSON 3

## WILLIE'S LETTER

### 威利的信

rubber  
number

gun  
ten

parlor  
o'clock

street  
shoot

New York, Dec. 10, 1878.

Dear Santa Claus:

Papa is going to give me a Christmas tree, and he says that you will put nice things on it if I ask you. I would like a gun that will shoot, and a rubber ball that I can throw hard, and that will not break Mamma's windows or the big glass in the parlor.

Now, please don't forget to come. I live on Fourth St., number ten.

I will go to bed at eight o'clock, and shut my eyes tight.

I will not look indeed I won't.

Your little boy  
Willie.

# LESSON 4

## THE LITTLE STAR

### 小星星

above	world	dark	oft
never	spark	dew	till
diamond	twinkle	blazing	

#### 1

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky!

#### 2

When the blazing sun is set,  
And the grass with dew is wet,  
Then you show your little light;  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

#### 3

Then, if I were in the dark,



I would thank you for your spark.

I could not see which way to go,

If you did not twinkle so.

#### 4

And when I am sound asleep,

Oft<sup>u</sup> you through my window peep;

For you never shut your eye,

Till the sun is in the sky.

### 【中文阅读】

#### 1

一闪一闪小星星，  
我想知道你是谁，  
挂在天上那么高，  
好似钻石满天空。

#### 2

夕阳西下夜来到，  
露水湿润青青草。

你便发出微弱光，  
一闪一闪照夜空。

### 3

当我身处黑暗中，  
感谢发出光闪烁。  
没有你的闪闪亮  
无人给我指方向。

### 4

当我夜间香甜睡，  
窗外有你时偷窥。  
从未闭上亮眼睛，  
直到旭日再升起。

## 注释

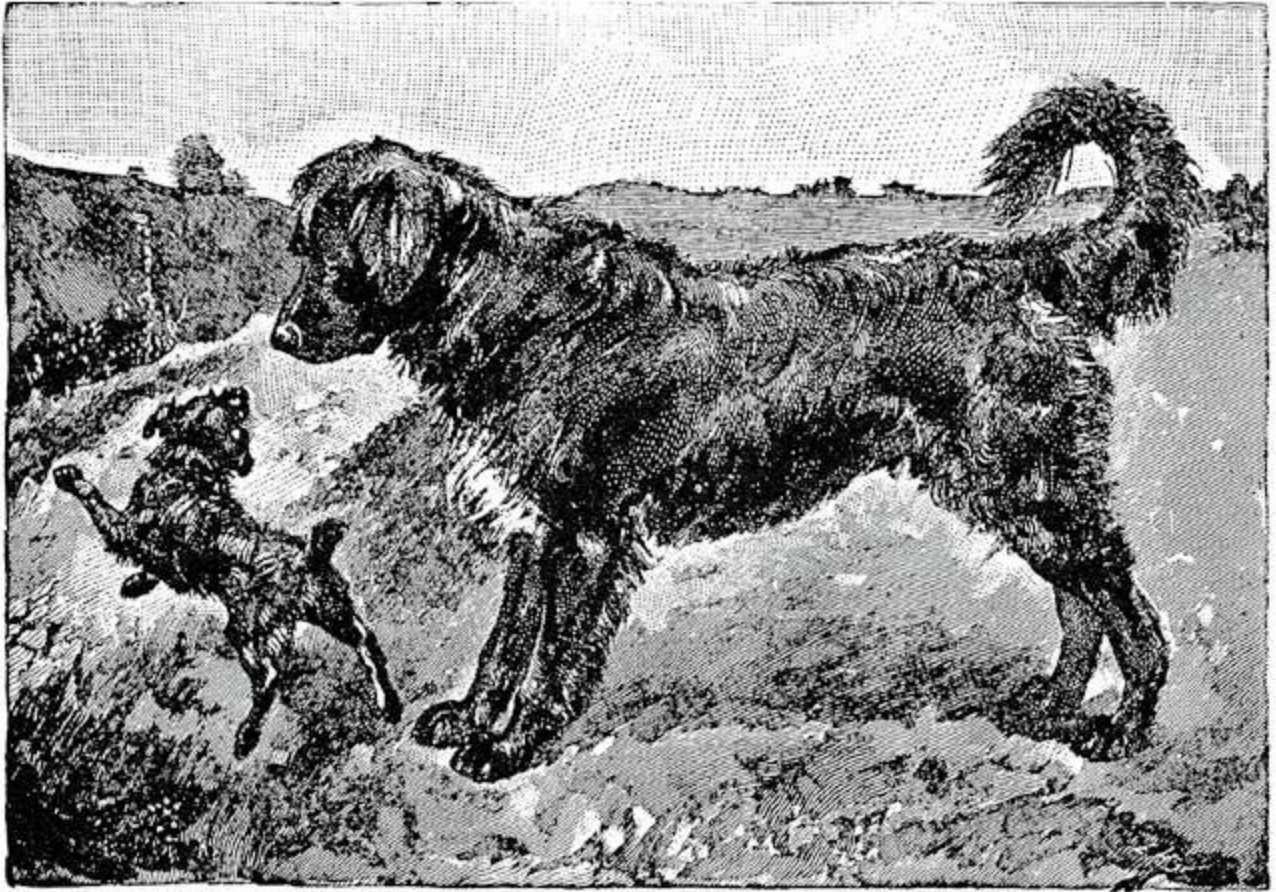
[1] oft, 常用于英语古诗中, “常常, 再三”之意。

# LESSON 5

## TWO DOGS

### 两条狗

behind	together	noble	Scotch
Dodger	minutes	crib	wagon
terrier	country	scold	fellow
shaggy	friskily	fits	cellar
guards	Newfoundland	yard	harness



1. James White has two dogs. One is a Newfoundland dog, and the other is a Scotch terrier.
2. The Newfoundland is a large, noble fellow. He is black, with a white spot, and with long, shaggy hair. His name is Sport.

3. Sport is a good watchdog, and a kind playfellow. Every night he guards the house while James and his father are asleep.
4. In the daytime, James often uses Sport for his horse. He has a little wagon, and a set of small harness which just fits the dog.
5. He hitches Sport to this wagon, and drives over the country. In this way, he can go almost as fast as his father with the old family horse.
6. The name of James's Scotch terrier is Dodger. He is called Dodger because he jumps about so friskily. He is up on a chair, under the table, behind the door, down cellar, and out in the yard, — all in a minute.
7. Dodger has very bright eyes, and he does many funny things. He likes to put his paws up on the crib, and watch the baby.
8. The other day he took baby's red stocking, and had great fun with it; but he spoiled it in his play, and James had to scold him.
9. Everyone likes to see James White with his two dogs. They always seem very happy together.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 詹姆斯·怀特有两条狗。一条是纽芬兰犬，另一条是苏格兰犬。
2. 纽芬兰犬是一条高大而名贵的狗。黑色的身体上缀着白色斑点，以及长而蓬松的毛发。它的名字叫斯波特。
3. 斯波特是一条很好的看家犬，也是一个友善的玩伴。每天夜里，它都在詹姆斯和他爸爸睡觉时看守家门。

4. 白天, 詹姆斯总是把斯波特当马骑。他有一辆小马车和一些刚好适合这只狗的小马绳。

5. 他让斯波特拉着马车驶过整个村庄。在路上, 斯波特可以跑得和他爸爸骑的家里老马一样快。

6. 詹姆斯的苏格兰犬名叫道吉尔。它取名道吉尔, 因为它跳得很欢。它在一分钟内可以跳上椅子, 蹲在餐桌下, 躲到门后, 藏入地窖, 然后跑到院子里。

7. 道吉尔有一双明亮的眼睛, 会做很多有趣的事情。它喜欢把它的爪子扒在婴儿床上看小宝贝。

8. 有一天, 它拿来小宝贝的红色长袜玩弄, 玩的时候却不小心把长袜弄破了。詹姆斯不得不责骂了它一顿。

9. 大家都喜欢看詹姆斯和他的两条狗。他们总是看起来在一起快乐无穷。

# LESSON 6

## AFRAID IN THE DARK

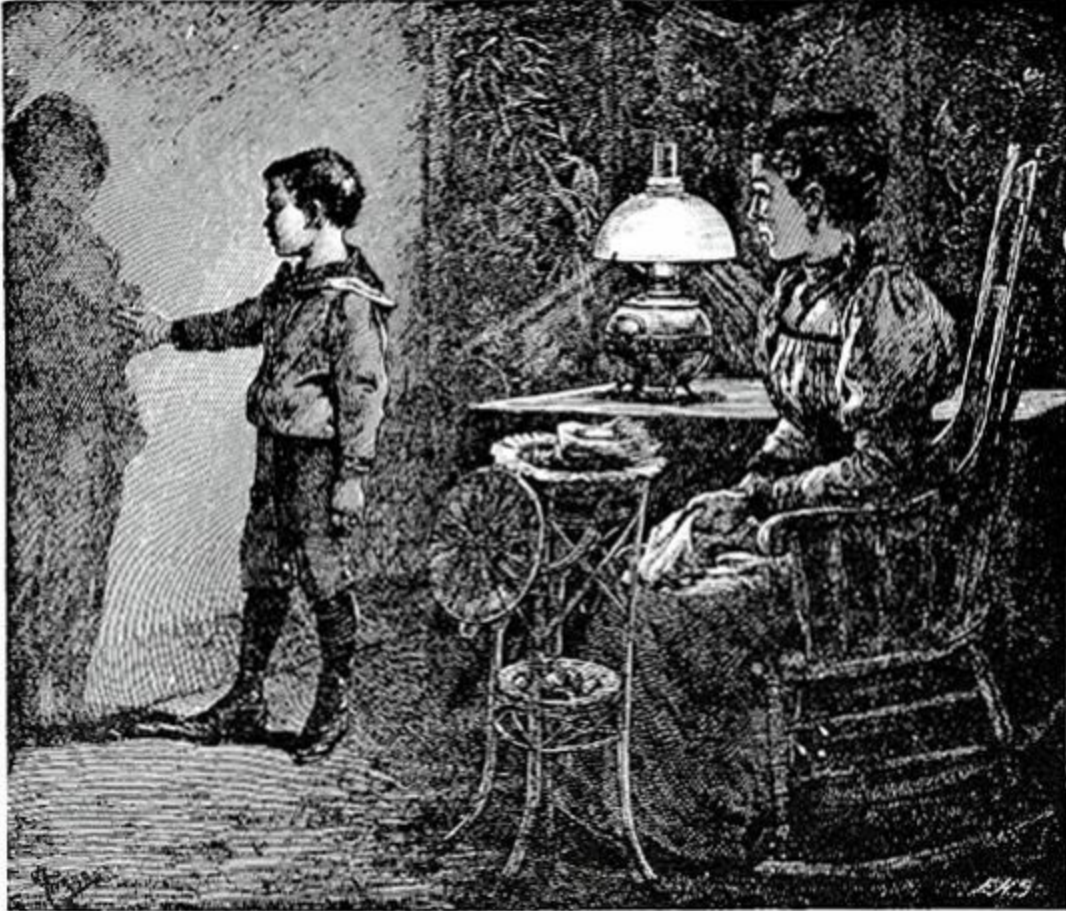
### 害怕黑暗

between  
afraid

bureau  
shadow

stairs  
held

needle  
stir



1. "Willie, will you run upstairs, and get my needle book from the bureau?"
2. But Willie did not stir. "Willie!" said mamma. She thought he had not heard.
3. "I'm afraid, " said Willie.
4. "Afraid of what?"
5. "It's dark up there."



6. "What is the dark?" asked mamma. "See! It is nothing but a shadow." And she held her hand between the lamp and the workbasket on the table.
7. "Now it is dark in the basket; but as soon as I take my hand away, it is light."
8. "Come and stand between the lamp and the wall, Willie. See! There is your shadow on the wall. Can your shadow hurt you?"
9. "Oh no, mamma! I am sure it can not hurt me."
10. "Well, the dark is only a big shadow over everything."
11. "What makes the big shadow, mamma?"
12. "I will tell you all about that, Willie, when you are a little older. But now, I wish you would find me a brave boy who is not afraid of shadows, to run upstairs and get my needlebook."
13. "I am bravo, mamma. I will go. — Here it is."
14. "Thank you, my brave little man. You see the dark didn't hurt you."

### SLATE WORK

Beautiful faces are they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there;  
Beautiful hands are they that do  
Deeds that are noble good and true;  
Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

## 【中文阅读】

1. “威利，你能上楼帮我把写字台上的针线盒拿下来吗？”

2. 但威利没有动静。“威利！”妈妈叫道，她以为威利没有听见。

3. “我害怕！”威利说。

4. “怕什么？”

5. “那儿很暗。”

6. “很暗？”妈妈问，“看！这儿除了影子以外，什么都没有。”然后她把自己的手停在了台灯和桌上的工具篮之间。

7. “现在，篮子上有阴影了，但是当我拿开手时，就又亮了。”

8. “过来，站在台灯和墙中间。看，威利！墙上有你的影子。你的影子能伤到你吗？”

9. “噢，不能，妈妈。它肯定伤不到我。”

10. “这就对了，黑暗只是每件东西后面的一个大影子。”

11. “妈妈，是什么原因造成了这个大影子？”

12. “威利，等你再长大一点儿时，我再告诉你吧。不过现在，我希望你成为一个不怕影子的勇敢男孩。上楼去把我的针线盒拿下来吧。”

13. “妈妈，我很棒。我这就去。妈妈，给你。”

14. “谢谢你，我勇敢的小男子汉。你看，黑暗没有伤到你吧。”



# LESSON 7

## BABY BYE

### 宝贝再见

spiders  
beck  
tickling  
ope  
shoes

stay  
goes  
neck  
toes  
spread

nose  
speck  
secret  
choose  
believe

crawls  
dot  
legs  
nod  
six



1. Baby Bye,

Here's a fly;

We will watch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls,

Yet he never falls!

I believe with six such legs

You and I could walk on eggs.

There he goes

On his toes,

Tickling Baby's nose.

## 2. Spots of red

Dot his head;

Rainbows on his back are spread;

That small speck

Is his neck;

See him nod and beck!

I can show you, if you choose,

Where to look to find his shoes,

Three small pairs,

Made of hairs;

These he always wears.

### 3. Flies can see

More than we;

So how bright their eyes must be!

Little fly,

Open your eye;

Spiders are near by.

For a secret I can tell,

Spiders never use flies well;

Then away,

Do not stay.

Little fly, good day.

## 【中文阅读】

1.

宝贝再见,

这里有只苍蝇,

你我一起来看它。

它这么爬着

爬上了高墙，

却从不掉落！

我希望有六条这样的腿，

你我可以走在蛋壳上。

它在那儿

踮着脚尖

挠着宝贝的鼻子。

2.

红色的斑点

点缀在它头上。

背上的彩虹伸展开来。

小斑点

是它的脖子。

瞧，它在点头招手！

如果你愿意，我可以告诉你，

何处能找到它的鞋子。

三双小鞋，

毛发所做，

穿上永不脱。

3.

苍蝇所见

多于我们。

它们眼睛多么明亮！

小苍蝇，

睁开眼，

蜘蛛就在这附近。

我能告诉你一个小秘密，

蜘蛛从未善用苍蝇。

离开吧，

别停留，

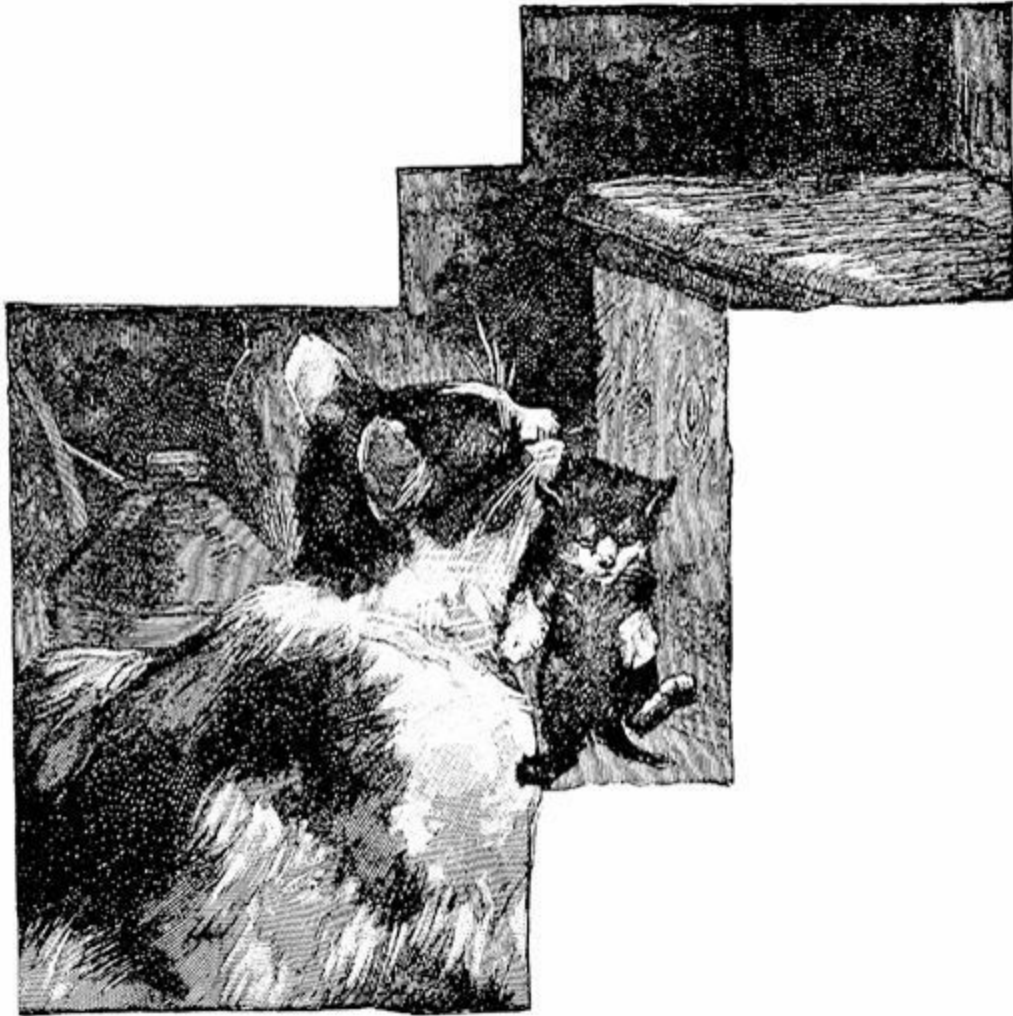
小蒼蠅，一天好运！

# LESSON 8

## PUSS AND HER KITTENS

### 猫和小猫

servant	longer	lived	since
suddenly	re turned	tired	five
attic	great	coal	anxious
trouble	certain	nearly	dozen
seven	strange	proper	seemed



1. Puss, with her three kittens, had lived in the coal cellar; but one day she thought she would carry them to the attic.

2. The servant thought that was not the proper place for them; so she carried them back to the cellar.
3. Puss was certain that she wanted them in the attic; so she carried them there again and again, five, six, seven, — yes, a dozen times; for each time the servant took them back to the cellar.
4. Poor puss was nearly tired out, and could carry them no longer.
5. Suddenly she went away. Where do you think she went?
6. She was gone a long time. When she returned, she had a strange cat with her that we had never seen before.
7. She seemed to tell him all about her great trouble, and he listened to her story.
8. Then the strange cat took the little kittens, one by one, and carried them to the attic. After this he went away, and we have never seen him since.
9. The servant then left the kittens in the attic, for she saw how anxious puss was to have them stay there.
10. Was not the strange cat kind to puss? This lesson should teach children to be ever ready to help one another.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 猫妈妈和她的三只小猫生活在煤窖里。一天, 猫妈妈想她得把它们搬到阁楼里。
2. 仆人觉得那里没有合适的地方给它们住, 又把它们搬回了煤窖。



3. 猫妈妈实在很想让小猫住在阁楼里。她一次又一次地把它们搬到阁楼里。五次、六次、七次……十几次了，但每一次又被仆人移回到煤窖里。
4. 可怜的妈妈快要哭出来了，再也没有把小猫搬过去。
5. 突然，她走了。你觉得她会去哪儿呢？
6. 她走了很长时间，回来时，却带来了一只我们从未见过的陌生的猫。
7. 她似乎已经把所有遇到的大麻烦告诉了他，他在听她的故事。
8. 然后，这只陌生的猫带着小猫们一个一个地搬到了阁楼。之后，他走掉了，我们从此再也没有见过他。
9. 仆人把小猫们留在了阁楼上，她看出妈妈是多么渴望把孩子们留在那儿啊！
10. 难道那只陌生的猫对妈妈不是非常友爱吗？这节课教会了孩子们应该随时乐于助人。

# LESSON 9

## KITTY AND MOUSIE

### 猫和老鼠

nine  
mousie  
spied  
pearl

fro  
frolic  
crow  
used

bit  
slipped  
teeth



1. Once there was a little kitty,

White as the snow;

In a barn he used to frolic,

Long time ago.

2. In the barn a little mousie

Ran to and fro;

For she heard the little kitty,

Long time ago.

3. Two black eyes had little kitty,

Black as a crow;

And they spied the little mousie,

Long time ago.

4. Four soft paws had little kitty,

Paws soft as snow;

And they caught the little mousie,

Long time ago.

5. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,

All in a row;

And they bit the little mousie,

Long time ago.

6. When the teeth bit little mousie,

Mousie cried out "Oh!"

But she slipped away from kitty,

Long time ago.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

从前有只猫，

浑身白如雪。

常在谷仓玩，

那是很久前。

### 2.

谷仓有只鼠，

仓皇向后逃。

听到小猫声，

那是很久前。

**3.**

小猫黑双眼，

黑亮似乌鸦。

探寻小老鼠，

那是很久前。

**4.**

小猫四轻爪，

软得似雪柔。

抓住小老鼠，

那是很久前。

**5.**

九颗珍珠牙，

整齐排一行。

咬住小老鼠，

那是很久前。

**6.**

牙齿咬住鼠，

老鼠哎呦叫

挣脱快溜走

那是很久前。

# LESSON 10

## AT WORK

### 专心做事

washed	hours	precious	game
harm	any	brushed	end

1. A little play does not harm any one, but does much good. After play, we should be glad to work.
2. I knew a boy who liked a good game very much. He could run, swim, jump, and play ball; and was always merry when out of school.
3. But he knew that time is not all for play; that our minutes, hours, and days are very precious.
4. At the end of his play, he would go home. After he had washed his face and hands, and brushed his hair, he would help his mother, or read in his book, or write upon his slate.
5. He used to say, "One thing at a time." When he had done with work, he would play; but he did not try to play and to work at the same time.

### 【中文阅读】

1. 小游戏不会对任何人有害，反而有很多好处。游戏过后，我们会很快乐地工作。
2. 我认识一个非常喜欢玩游戏的男孩。他会跑步、游泳、跳高和踢球，放学后总是玩得很高兴。

3. 但他知道时间并不都是用来玩的。我们的每分钟、每小时、每天都很宝贵。

4. 玩过之后，他就会回家。在洗脸、洗手和梳头之后，他就帮妈妈干活，读书或在小黑板上写字。

5. 他常常说：“一次专心做一件事。”完成作业之后，他才会去玩。但他从不同时边学边玩。



# LESSON 11

## WHAT A BIRD TAUGHT

### 小鸟说什么

twit-twee  
topmost  
lock

bough  
spray  
mate

twit-twit  
closely  
rosy

answer



1. Why do you come to my apple tree,

Little bird so gray?

Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-twit-twee!

That was all he would say.

2. Why do you lock your rosy feet

So closely round the spray?

Twit-twit, twit-twit, twit-tweet!

That was all he would say.

3. Why on the topmost bough do you get,

Little bird so gray?

Twit-twit-twee! twit-twit-twit!

That was all he would say.

4. Where is your mate? come, answer me,

Little bird so gray.

Twit-twit-twit! twit-twit-twee!

That was all he would say.

## 【中文阅读】

1.

小灰鸟，

为何来到我的苹果树？

喳喳喳，喳喳喳，

那就是它想说的话。

2.

你为何停下脚步，

紧密绕着树枝飞？

喳喳喳，喳喳喳，

那就是它想说的话。

3.

小灰鸟，

你为何飞到枝顶上？

喳喳喳，喳喳喳，

那就是它想说的话。

4.

小灰鸟，

告诉我同伴在哪里？

喳喳喳，喳喳喳，

那就是它想说的话。

# LESSON 12

## SUSIE SUNBEAM

### 阳光女孩

brightness	pleasant	learned	dress
playmates	un kind	ragged	word
questions	smiling	crowed	child
Sunbeam	cheered	Susie	gave
gladness	unless	name	gate

1. Susie Sunbeam was not her real name; that was Susan Brown. But every one called her Susie Sunbeam, because she had such a sweet, smiling face, and always brought brightness with her when she came.

2. Her grandfather first gave her this name, and it seemed to fit the little girl so nicely that soon it took the place of her own.

3. Even when a baby, Susie laughed and crowed from morning till night. No one ever heard her cry unless she was sick or hurt.

4. When she had learned to walk, she loved to go about the house and get things for her mother, and in this way save her as many steps as she could.



5. She would sit by her mother's side for an hour at a time, and ask her ever so many questions, or she would take her new book and read.

6. Susie was always pleasant in her play with other children. She never used an unkind word, but tried to do whatever would please her playmates best.

7. One day, a poor little girl with a very ragged dress was going by and Susie heard some children teasing her and making fun of her.

8. She at once ran out to the gate, and asked the poor little girl to come in. "What are you crying for?" Susie asked.

9. "Because they all laugh at me," she said.

10. Then Susie took the little girl into the house. She cheered her up with kind words, and gave her a nice dress and a pair of shoes.

11. This brought real joy and gladness to the poor child, and she, too, thought that Susie was rightly called Sunbeam.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 阳光女孩并不是她的真名，她的真名叫苏珊·布朗。然而，每个人都叫她阳光女孩，她长着一张甜美的笑脸。每当她到来，脸上总是挂着灿烂的微笑。
2. 她的爷爷最先给她起了这个名字，它看起来非常适合这个漂亮的小女孩。很快，充满阳光的性格真的发生在她身上。
3. 即使当她还是个婴儿的时候，阳光女孩就开始从早到晚地欢笑。除了生病和受伤之外，没人听过她的哭声。
4. 当她学会走路以后，她喜欢在屋子里帮妈妈拿东西。通过这种方式，她尽自己所能帮妈妈省力。
5. 她会坐在妈妈身边，花一个小时问她很多问题，或捧着她的新书去读。
6. 阳光女孩总是和其他小朋友玩得很愉快。她从没说过不友善的话，相反，她总是尽可能令她的玩伴们高兴。
7. 一天，当一位衣衫褴褛的贫穷小女孩路过时，阳光女孩听到一些孩子们正在嘲笑她，拿她开玩笑。
8. 她立即跑到大门口，请那个贫穷的小女孩儿进来。“你为什么哭啊？”阳光女孩问。
9. “因为他们都取笑我。”她说。
10. 于是，阳光女孩把这个小女孩带进屋里。她用亲切的话语安慰和鼓励她，并送给她一件漂亮的裙子和一双鞋。
11. 这让那个女孩子真的很高兴，她也同样认为，苏珊的确应该被大家叫做“阳光女孩”。





# LESSON 13

## IF I WERE A SUNBEAM

### 如果我是阳光

woodlands	divine	raised	until	
drooping	blessed	whose	seek	
upward	hovels	inner	steal	
heaven	hearts	lilies	die	roaming

1. "If I were a sunbeam,

I know what I'd do;

I would seek white lilies,

Roaming woodlands through.

I would steal among them,

Softest light I'd shed,

Until every lily

Raised its drooping head. ”

2. "If I were a sunbeam,

I know where I'd go;

Into lowly hovels,

Dark with want and woe:

Till sad hearts looked upward, I

would shine and shine;

Then they'd think of heaven,

Their sweet home and mine."

3. Are you not a sunbeam,

Child, whose life is glad

With an inner brightness

Sunshine never had?

Oh, as God has blessed you,

Scatter light divine!

For there is no sunbeam

But must die or shine.



## 【中文阅读】

1.

如果我是阳光，

我知道该做什么？

我会寻找白色百合，

漫步穿过林子。

我会偷偷藏进林间，

发出柔和的光，

直到每朵百合，

长出花蕊而开放。

2.

如果我是阳光，

你猜我会去哪里？

我会走进低矮的小屋，

那儿充满黑暗、贫困和悲哀，

我会发光、发亮，

直到悲伤之心重燃希望。

他们会想象天堂，

他们和我甜美的家。

### 3.

你难道不正是阳光？

生活幸福的孩子，

你的内心充满光亮，

真正的阳光从不会有。

噢，上帝已然为你祝福，

撒下万能的光！

没有阳光的地方，

必有渴望与光亮。

# LESSON 14

## HENRY, THE BOOTBLACK

### 擦鞋童亨利

support	belong	manage	taught	corner
notice	money	blacking	gentlemen	
honest	along	dollar	quite	
boots	years	buy	earned	



1. Henry was a kind, good boy. His father was dead, and his mother was very poor. He had a little sister about two years old.
2. He wanted to help his mother, for she could not always earn enough to buy food for her little family.

3. One day, a man gave him a dollar for finding a pocketbook which he had lost.

4. Henry might have kept all the money, for no one saw him when he found it. But his mother had taught him to be honest, and never to keep what did not belong to him.

5. With the dollar he bought a box, three brushes, and some blacking. He then went to the corner of the street, and said to every one whose boots did not look nice, "Black your boots, sir, please?"

6. He was so polite that gentlemen soon began to notice him, and to let him black their boots. The first day he brought home fifty cents, which he gave to his mother to buy food with.

7. When he gave her the money, she said, as she dropped a tear of joy, "You are a dear, good boy, Henry. I did not know how I could earn enough to buy bread with, but now I think we can manage to get along quite well, "

8. Henry worked all the day, and went to school in the evening. He earned almost enough to support his mother and his little sister.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 亨利是个善良的好孩子。他的爸爸死了，妈妈也很穷，还有一个两岁大的小妹妹。

2. 他想帮助母亲，她时常赚不到足够的钱来为她的小家庭购买食物。

3. 一天，一个人给了他一元钱，因为他帮助那个人找到了丢失的钱包。

4. 亨利本可以拿走所有的钱，因为没有人看见他捡到钱包。但他妈妈告诉过他要为人诚实，不能拿不属于自己的东西。

5. 他用那一块钱买了一个盒子、三个刷子和一些黑鞋油。然后走到街角，对每个靴子看起来不漂亮的人说：“先生，求求您，让我为您擦鞋，好吗？”

6. 他很有礼貌，人们很快就开始注意到他，让他给他们擦皮鞋。第一天，他把五毛钱带回了家，让妈妈用这些钱去买吃的。

7. 当他把钱交给妈妈时，妈妈流下了高兴的眼泪：“亨利，你是一个可爱的好孩子。我不知道怎么赚足够的钱买面包，但我觉得现在我们可以很容易地买到了。”

8. 亨利要干一整天的活，晚上去学校上课。他赚的钱几乎足够用来供养妈妈和小妹妹。

# LESSON 15

## DON'T WAKE THE BABY

### 不要唤醒宝贝

tread	whisper	softly
talk	cheerful	careful

Baby sleeps, so we must tread  
Softly round her little bed,  
And be careful that our toys  
Do not fall and make a noise.

We must not talk, but whisper low,  
Mother wants to work, we know,  
That, when father comes to tea,  
All may neat and cheerful be.



# LESSON 16

## A KIND BROTHER

### 善良的哥哥

full	load	heavy	middle	heavier
slip	wrong	handle	brother	deceived



1. A boy was once sent from home to take a basket of things to his grandmother.
2. The basket was so full that it was very heavy. So his little brother went with him, to help carry the load.
3. They put a pole under the handle of the basket, and each then took hold of an end of the pole. In this way they could carry the basket very nicely.

4. Now the older boy thought, "My brother Tom does not know about this pole.

5. "If I slip the basket near him, his side will be heavy, and mine light; but if the basket is in the middle of the pole, it will be as heavy for me as it is for him.

6. "Tom does not know this as I do. But I will not do it. It would be wrong, and I will not do what is wrong."

7. Then he slipped the basket quite near his own end of the pole. His load was now heavier than that of his little brother.

8. Yet he was happy; for he felt that he had done right. Had he deceived his brother, he would not have felt at all happy.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 从前，一个男孩离开家去给他的奶奶送一篮子东西。

2. 篮子装得很满，又很重。他的小弟弟和他一起去，好帮他搬东西。

3. 他们把一根竿子放在篮子的提手下，然后每个人提着竿子的一端。这样他们就可以很轻松地抬起篮子了。

4. 现在，哥哥在想：“我弟弟汤姆不明白这个竿子的作用。

5. “如果我把篮子滑得离他近一些，他那边就会重，我这边就会轻。但如果篮子在竿子的中间，他所提的重量就会和我的一样。

6. “汤姆不明白我在干什么，但我不能这样做。这是错的，我不能犯错误。”

7. 然后，他把篮子滑得离他自己这端很近。他提的重量现在比他弟弟的更大了。

8. 但他很高兴, 因为他觉得自己做的是对的。如果他欺骗了弟弟, 他一点儿也不会觉得高兴。

# LESSON 17

## MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

### 我什么都做不了

busy	mischief	looked	unto	glee
contriving	ringlets	noddle	drew	nun
pressing	fingers	carpet	wise	lips
embrace	ponder	lashes	climb	true

1. "What are you good for, my brave little man?

Answer that question for me, if you can, —

You, with your fingers as white as a nun, —

You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.

All the day long, with your busy contriving,

Into all mischief and fun you are driving;

See if your wise little noddle can tell

What you are good for. Now ponder it well."

2. Over the carpet the dear little feet

Came with a patter to climb on my seat;

Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,

Under their lashes looked up unto me;  
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,  
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;  
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,  
"Good to love you, mamma, good to love you."

(Emily Huntington Miller)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

你能做什么，我勇敢的男子汉？

如果可以，请回答我的问题。

你，有修女一样白的手，

你，有阳光一样明亮的卷发。

你忙忙碌碌地捣蛋了一整天，

带来了所有的淘气与乐趣。

看看你聪明的小脑袋是否可以回答，

你能做什么？请仔细思考。

地毯上可爱的小脚丫，

轻快地爬上了我的座位。

一双快乐的眼睛在睫毛下看着我，

充满了调皮与欢乐。

一双小手轻轻地捧着我的脸，

紧紧地搂住我深情地拥抱。

两瓣红润的嘴唇给我如此真实的答案，

“我能爱你呀，妈妈，我能爱你！”

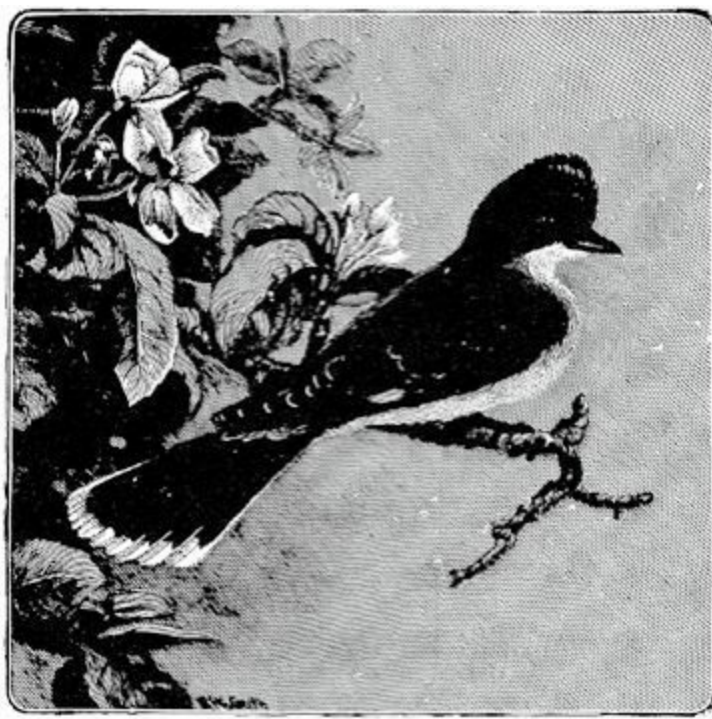
（艾米丽·亨廷顿·米勒）

# LESSON 18

## THE KINGBIRD

### 必胜鸟

berries	robin	short	rid	dart
sharp	worms	strikes	eagle	king
foe	fails	hawk	active	



1. The kingbird is not bigger than a robin.
2. He eats flies, and worms, and bugs, and berries.
3. He builds his nest in a tree, near some house.
4. When there are young ones in the nest, he sits on the top of a tree near them.
5. He watches to see that no bird comes to hurt them or their mother.
6. If a hawk, a crow, or even an eagle comes near, he makes a dash at it.

7. Though he is so small, he is brave, and he is also very active.
8. He never fails to drive off other birds from his nest.
9. He flies around and around the eagle, and suddenly strikes him with his sharp bill.
10. He strikes at his eye, and then darts away before the eagle can catch him.
11. Or he strikes from behind, and is off again before the eagle can turn round.
12. In a short time, the great eagle is tired of such hard blows, and flies away. He is very glad to get rid of his foe.
13. Is not the little fellow a brave bird?
14. Because he can drive off all other birds, he is called the KINGBIRD.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 这只必胜鸟比知更鸟小。
2. 它吃苍蝇、蚯蚓、昆虫和浆果。
3. 它在一些房子附近的树上搭建自己的巢。
4. 当鸟宝宝留在巢里时，它就坐在靠近它们的树枝上。
5. 它在观察有没有其他鸟来伤害它们和它们的妈妈。
6. 如果一只隼、一只乌鸦，甚至一只老鹰靠近，它都会猛扑过去。
7. 虽然它很小，但它很勇敢，也很活跃。



8. 它总是在窝的周围驱散其他鸟，从没有失手过。

9. 它一圈又一圈地围着老鹰飞，然后突然用锋利的嘴去啄它。

10. 它啄老鹰的眼睛，然后在老鹰抓到它之前迅速跑掉。

11. 或者从老鹰的后面袭击，然后在老鹰转身之前跑掉。

12. 不久，老鹰不堪忍受如此厉害的攻击，飞走了。它则很高兴摆脱了敌人的纠缠。

13. 这个小家伙难道不是一只勇敢的鸟吗？

14. 它可以打败所有其他鸟，因此被称作“必胜鸟”。

# LESSON 19

## EVENING HYMN

### 黄昏赞歌

watching  
darkness

gathers  
across

angels  
lonely

begin  
beasts



1. Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

2. Now the darkness gathers,

Stars begin to peep;

Birds, and beasts, and flowers

Soon will be asleep.

3. Through the lonely darkness,

May the angels spread

Their white wings above me,

Watching round my bed.

## 【中文阅读】

1.

太阳已然落山，

黑夜正在迫近，

黄昏的影子，

悄悄穿越天际。

2.

黑暗正在聚集，

群星正在眨眼。

鸟兽与花朵，

很快便要入眠。

3.

穿越孤独黑暗，

愿天使降临。

以其白色翅膀

守护我的温床。

# LESSON 20

## THE QUARREL

### 争 吵

divided	quarrel	agree	thus	settle
settling	kernel	equal	apt	parts

1. Under a great tree in the woods, two boys saw a fine, large nut, and both ran to get it.
2. James got to it first, and picked it up.
3. "It is mine," said John, "for I was the first to see it."
4. "No, it is mine," said James, "for I was the first to pick it up."
5. Thus, they at once began to quarrel about the nut.
6. As they could not agree whose it should be, they called an older boy, and asked him.
7. The older boy said, "I will settle this quarrel."
8. He took the nut, and broke the shell. He then took out the kernel, and divided the shell into two parts, as nearly equal as he could.
9. "This half of the shell," said he, "belongs to the boy who first saw the nut."



10. "And this half belongs to the boy who picked it up.

11. "The kernel of the nut, I shall keep as my pay for settling the quarrel.

12. "This is the way," said he, laughing, "in which quarrels are very apt to end."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 两个男孩在树林里的一棵大树下看到了一个漂亮的大果子。他俩都跑过去捡。

2. 詹姆斯首先跑过去把它拾了起来。

3. “这是我的，”约翰说，“是我先发现它的。”

4. “不，这是我的，”詹姆斯说，“是我先把它捡起来的。”
5. 于是，他们立刻为这个果子争吵起来。
6. 他们不能就果子是谁的达成一致，便找来了一个大男孩来评理。
7. 大男孩说：“我会解决这场争吵的。”
8. 他拿来果子，凿开壳，然后拿出果仁，把壳尽可能平均地切成了两半。
9. “这是壳的一半，”他说，“它属于第一个看到果子的人。”
10. “这一半属于捡起它的人。”
11. “这果仁，因为我解决了这场争吵，所以它属于我。”
12. “这是易于解决争吵的好方法。”他笑着说。

# LESSON 21

## THE BEE

### 蜜 蜂

creatures	drones	inside	hive	idle
defense	driven	killed	cells	size
workers	queen	stings	shape	wax

1. Bees live in a house that is called a hive. They are of three kinds, — workers, drones, and queens.
2. Only one queen can live in each hive. If she is lost or dead, the other bees will stop their work.
3. They are very wise and busy little creatures. They all join together to build cells of wax for their honey.
4. Each bee takes its proper place, and does its own work. Some go out and gather honey from the flowers; others stay at home and work inside the hive.
5. The cells which they build, are all of one shape and size, and no room is left between them.
6. The cells are not round, but have six sides.
7. Did you ever look into a glass hive to see the bees while at work? It is pleasant to see how busy they always are.





8. But the drones do not work. Before winter comes, all the drones are driven from the hive or killed, that they may not eat the honey which they did not gather.

9. It is not quite safe for children to handle bees. They have sharp stings that they know well how to use in their defense.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 蜜蜂住在蜂房里，那儿是它的家。蜜蜂有三种：工蜂、雄蜂和蜂王。

2. 每个蜂房里只能住一只蜂王。如果它失踪或死掉了，其他的蜜蜂就会停止工作。

3. 蜜蜂是非常聪明和忙碌的小动物。他们一起合作建造蜡质的房子来储存蜂蜜。

4. 每只蜜蜂都有它们专属的地方从事自己的工作。一些蜜蜂出去采蜜，其他蜜蜂则待在家中，在蜂房里工作。

5. 他们建造的每个单元都是同一形状和大小，单元之间没有其他房间。

6. 这些单元不是圆形，而是六边形的。

7. 你在玻璃蜂房里见过蜜蜂工作时的样子吗？看到它们始终忙碌，这令人十分高兴。

8. 但雄蜂不工作。冬天到来之前，所有的雄蜂都会被赶走或杀死，他们不能吃自己没有采过的蜂蜜。

9. 孩子们碰蜜蜂是不太安全的。他们身上有锋利的刺，并且知道如何用刺来保护自己。

# LESSON 22

## THE SONG OF THE BEE

### 蜜蜂之歌

blossoms	dreary	weary	pinks
smelling	toiling	levies	buzz
fragrant	thistle	weeds	scent
treasure	yellow	meadow	tax
summer	clover	cloudy	daisy
daffodillies	columbine	humming	



1. Buzz! buzz! buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow;

A jolly, good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

2. In days that are sunny

He's getting his honey;

In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax:

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax!

3. Buzz! buzz! buzz!

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over;

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings:

He never gets lazy;

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,

Some treasure he brings.

4. Buzz! buzz! buzz!

From morning's first light

Till the coming of night,

He's singing and toiling

The summer day through.

Oh! we may get weary,

And think work is dreary;

Tis harder by far

To have nothing to do.

(Marian Douglas)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

嗡嗡嗡！

这是蜜蜂之歌。

他的腿呈黄色。

它不仅是快乐的好伙伴，

更是伟大的劳动者。

## 2.

在阳光明媚的日子里，

它采酿花蜜。

在乌云密布的日子里，

它制作蜂蜡。

在石竹和百合上，

在快乐的水仙花上

在耧斗菜花上，

它采花酿蜜。

## 3.

嗡嗡嗡！

芳香的苜蓿草，

它嗡嗡地挂在上。面。

玫瑰的味道，  
令它的翅膀芳香，  
它从不偷懒。  
从蓟到菊，  
再到牧场的野草，  
它带来了无数珍宝。

#### 4.

嗡嗡嗡！  
从早上第一缕阳光出现，  
直至夜晚来临，  
整个夏日，  
它一直在歌唱和劳动。  
噢，我们会感到疲倦，  
觉得劳动很沉闷。  
但沉闷比无事可做更可怕。

（玛利亚·道格拉斯）



# LESSON 23

## THE TORN DOLL

### 撕破的娃娃

unhappy	heedless	growing	harshly	easily
promised	became	careless	leaving	effects
annoy	ma'am	blame	worse	torn
hardly	nicest	spend	habit	evil



1. Mary Armstrong was a pretty little girl, but she was heedless about some things.
2. Her way of leaving her books and playthings just where she had used them last, gave her mother much trouble in picking them up and putting them in their proper places.
3. She had often told Mary the evil effects of being so careless. Her books became spoiled, and her toys broken.



4. But worse than this was the growing habit of carelessness, which would be of great harm to her all her life. It would make her unhappy, and would annoy her friends.

5. One day Mary and her mother went out into their pleasant yard, to spend an hour in the open air. Mrs. Armstrong took her work with her.

6. Mary ran about and played with Dash, her pet dog, and was having a happy time.

7. But in a corner of the yard she found her nicest doll all torn and broken, and its dress covered with mud.

8. She knew, at once, that Dash had done this, and she scolded him harshly.

9. Carrying the broken doll to her mamma. she showed it to her, and could hardly keep from crying.



10. Mrs. Armstrong asked Mary if she had not left the doll on the porch where Dash could easily get it; and Mary had to answer, "Yes, ma'am."

11. "Then you must not blame the dog, Mary, for he does not know it is wrong for him to play with your doll. I hope this will be a lesson to you hereafter, to put your things away when you are through playing."

12. "I will try," said Mary. And her mother promised to mend the doll as well as she could.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 玛丽·阿姆斯特朗是一个可爱的小女孩。但她对一些事情不留心。
2. 她常把她的书和玩具随手丢在她最后用过的地方。这样给她的妈妈增添了很多麻烦，她得把这些东西捡起并放到它们专属的地方。
3. 她经常告诉玛丽如此粗心的恶果。她的书籍变得破损，玩具也被弄坏了。
4. 但比这更糟的是，粗心大意这个习惯的加剧。这会给她整个的人生带来很大伤害。这会令她不快乐，让她的朋友们生厌。
5. 一天，玛丽和她的妈妈到院子里享受户外的空气。阿姆斯特朗太太把手上的活儿也带了出来。
6. 玛丽跑来跑去，和她的宠物狗黛狮一起玩得很开心。
7. 在院子的一角，玛丽发现她漂亮的娃娃被撕破了，它的裙子上也沾满了泥土。
8. 她立即明白，是黛狮把它弄坏的。她狠狠地把它责骂了一顿。
9. 她把损坏的娃娃拿给妈妈看，简直要哭出来了。
10. 阿姆斯特朗太太问玛丽是否把娃娃放在了黛狮容易够到的走廊里。玛丽

说：“是的，妈妈。”

11. “玛丽，你不能责备这只狗。因为它不知道和你的娃娃一起玩是不对的。我希望这对你日后来说是个教训，玩的时候应该把东西收拾好。”

12. “我会改的。”玛丽说。妈妈也答应她尽可能把娃娃修好。

# LESSON 24

## SHEEP-SHEARING

### 剪羊毛

thoroughly	month	dried	dyed	cuts
shearer	sheep	those	spun	dirt
otherwise	woven	cloth	wool	rub



1. Sheep are washed and sheared some time in the month of June. This should be done quite early in the month, before the hot days begin.
2. It is fine sport for those who look on, but not much fun for the sheep.
3. It is best for the sheep to have the wool taken off; otherwise they would suffer in the summer time.

4. When the time comes for washing the sheep, they are driven to a pond or a little river.

5. Then they are thrown into the water, one at a time. The men who are in the water catch them, and squeeze the wet wool with their hands to get the dirt all out of it.

6. When the wool is thoroughly dried, the sheep are taken to the shearer; and he cuts off the wool with a large pair of shears.

7. It is then dyed, spun, and woven into cloth.

8. In a short time, before the cold winter comes, new wool grows out on the sheep. By the coming of spring there is so much, that it must be cut off again.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 绵羊要在六月里洗澡和剪毛。这项工作应该在六月尽早完成，否则天就开始热了。

2. 对于旁观者来说，这是个好玩的游戏。但对绵羊来说，则不太有趣。

3. 绵羊的毛剪下来是最好的。否则，它们会在夏天里遭受痛苦。

4. 当冲洗羊群的时间到来时，它们会被驱赶到池塘或小河边。

5. 然后，它们被带进河里，一次一只。在水里的人们抓住它们，用手拧紧湿漉漉的羊毛，把泥土挤出去。

6. 接下来，等羊毛彻底干燥，羊群会被送到剪羊毛工人那里。工人用一把大剪刀把羊毛剪下。

7. 这些羊毛随后会被染色，用来纺织成布料。

8. 不久，在寒冷的冬天到来之前，新的羊毛又在绵羊身上长了出来。春天到来，羊毛又长出很多，它们会再次被剪下来。

# LESSON 25

## THE CLOUDS

云

bearers	earth	warm	sultry	wander
rays	grain	clouds	o'er	were

Clouds that wander through the sky,

Sometimes low and sometimes high;

In the darkness of the night,

In the sunshine warm and bright.

Ah! I wonder much if you

Have any useful work to do.

Yes, we're busy night and day,

As o'er the earth we take our way.

We are bearers of the rain

To the grass, and flowers, and grain;

We guard you from the sun's bright rays,

In the sultry summer days.

## 【中文阅读】

漆黑的夜晚，

温暖灿烂的阳光下。

云朵漫步天空，

时而高，时而低。

啊，我真想知道，

你们是否要做很多益事？

是的，我们日夜忙碌，

以我们的方式守护大地。

我们是雨滴的使者，

浇滴草地、花朵和庄稼。

在炎热的夏日，

我们保护你免受强光的照射。



# LESSON 26

## PATTY AND THE SQUIRREL

### 帕蒂和松鼠

people  
forest  
sticks

squirrel  
cool  
gentle

nearest  
tame  
though

hollow  
snug  
Patty

shoulder  
miles



1. Little Patty lives in a log house near a great forest. She has no sisters, and her big brothers are away all day helping their father.
2. But Patty is never lonely; for, though the nearest house is miles away, she has many little friends. Here are two of them that live in the woods.
3. But how did Patty teach them to be so tame? Patty came to the woods often,

and was always so quiet and gentle that the squirrels soon found they need not be afraid of her.

4. She brought her bread and milk to eat under the trees, and was sure to leave crumbs for the squirrels.

5. When they came near, she sat very still and watched them. So, little by little, she made them her friends, till, at last, they would sit on her shoulder, and eat from her hand.

6. Squirrels build for themselves summer houses. Those are made of leaves, and sticks, and moss. They are nice and cool for summer, but would never do for the winter cold and snow.

7. So these wise little people find a hollow in an old tree. They make it warm and snug with soft moss and leaves; and here the squirrels live all through the long winter.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 小帕蒂住在大森林附近的小木屋里。她没有姐妹，她的哥哥们整日帮助父亲干活。

2. 帕蒂也不是一直孤单。虽然最近的房子也在几英里之外，但她还是有很多小伙伴。其中两个就住在树林里。

3. 帕蒂是怎么教它们，让它们变得如此驯服呢？帕蒂经常去树林里，总是非常安静而有礼貌，松鼠们很快就发现它们不用害怕她。

4. 她带来面包和牛奶在树下吃，而且会给松鼠们留下一些面包屑。

5. 当它们走近时，她会安静地坐着看着它们。渐渐地，她和它们成了朋友。直到最后，它们会坐在她的肩膀上，在她的手里吃东西。

6. 松鼠们为自己建造适合夏天住的房子。它们是用叶子、木棍和苔藓建造的，夏天既漂亮又凉爽，但在寒冬和雪天里却很冷。

7. 这些聪明的小家伙儿在古树上找到了一个洞。它们用一些柔软的苔藓和树叶把它装扮得既暖和又舒适。在这里，所有松鼠将度过一个漫长的冬季。

# LESSON 27

## THE SPARROW

### 麻雀

frightened	intend	wheat	Thomas	
complains	plums	choose	shocking	
sparrow	ripest	robbing	breakfast	
plenty	share	treat	tales	wait



1. Glad to see you, little bird;

'Twas [u](#) your little chirp I heard:

What did you intend to say?

"Give me something this cold day"?

2. That I will, and plenty, too;

All the crumbs I saved for you.

Don't be frightened — here's a treat:

I will wait and see you eat.

3. Shocking tales I hear of you;

Chirp, and tell me, are they true?

Robbing all the summer long;

Don't you think it very wrong?

4. Thomas says you steal his wheat;

John complains, his plums you eat —

Choose the ripest for your share,

Never asking whose they are.

5. But I will not try to know

What you did so long ago:

There's your breakfast, eat away;

Come to see me every day.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

小鸟，很高兴见到你，

我听到你小声唧唧叫。

你想说些什么？

“冷天里给我点东西吃”？

### 2.

我愿意为你备好足够食物，

为你保存所有面包屑。

不要害怕，是我请客，

我会等你，看你享用。

### 3.

我听说很多你的可怕传言，

喳喳喳，告诉我，这些是真的吗？

整个夏天都在抢夺，

你不觉得这不对吗？

4.

托马斯说你偷了他的小麦，

约翰抱怨你吃了他的梅子。

选择最成熟的食物吃掉，

从没问过它们属于谁。

5.

但我不想知道，

很久以前你做过什么。

吃吧，这是你的早餐，

记得每天都来看我。

## 注释

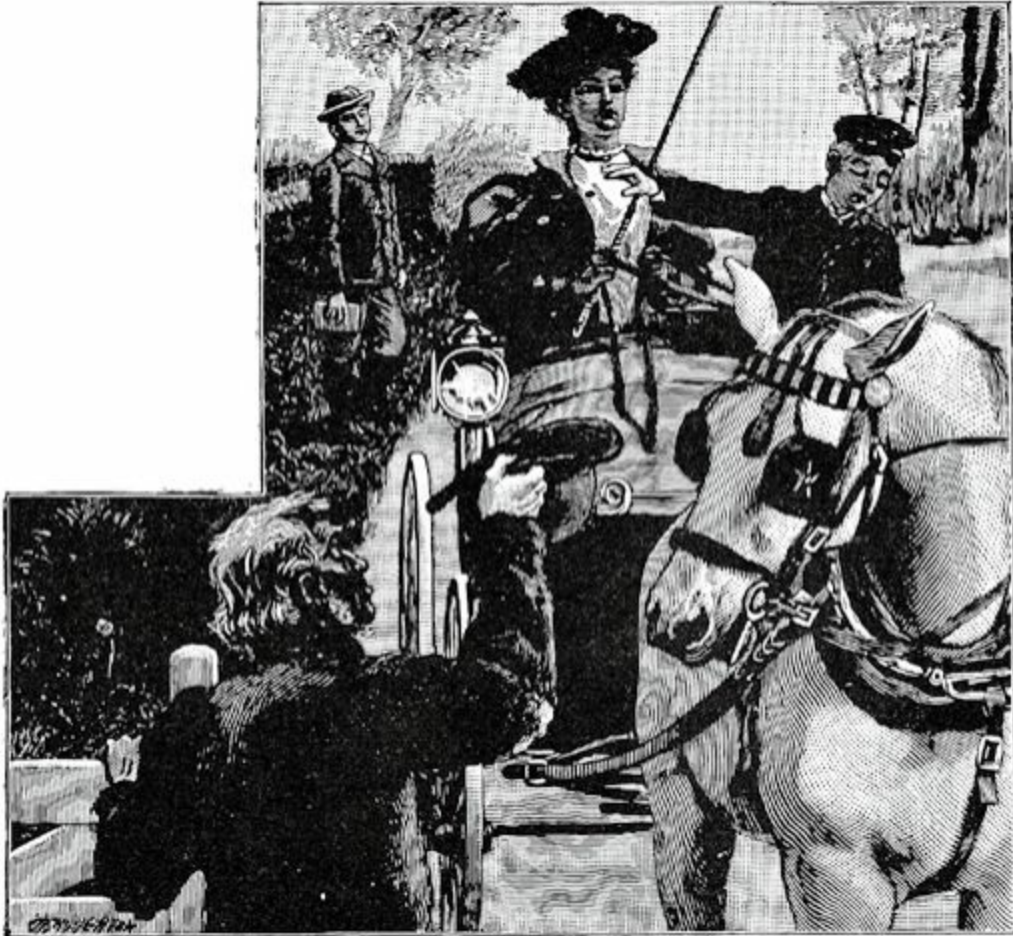
[\[1\]](#)'Twas = It was.

# LESSON 28

## SAM AND HARRY

### 山姆与哈里

afternoon	supper	deep	length	carriage	threw
hedge	stood	truly	road	few	sad



1. One fine summer afternoon, Sam was walking home from school. He went along slowly, reading a book.
2. Sam had spent all his money for the book, but he was a happy boy.
3. At length he came into the highroad, where there was a gate. A blind man stood, holding it open.



4. The poor man said, "Please give me a few cents to buy some bread!" But Sam gave him nothing.
5. What! did Sam give the poor blind man nothing? Yes; for, as I told you, he had spent all his money.
6. So Sam walked on, very sad. Soon after, a fine carriage came up, and in it were Harry and his mother.
7. The blind man stood, and held out his hat. "Let us give the poor man something," said Harry to his mother.
8. His mother gave him some cents. Harry took them, but did not put them into the man's hat.
9. He threw them into the hedge as far as he could. The poor man could not find them, for, you know, he was blind.
10. Sam had turned back to look at the fine carriage. He saw Harry throw the cents into the hedge; so he came back at once, and looked for the money until he found it all for the blind man.
11. This took so long a time, that he almost lost his supper.
12. Which of the boys do you think was truly kind to the poor man?
13. I know which he thanked most in his heart.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一个夏日里美好的午后，山姆从学校回家。他走得非常慢，一边走一边看书。

2. 山姆为了买这本书花光了他所有的钱，但他很快乐。

3. 最后，他走上了一条大路，那里有一扇门。一位盲人站在那里，并把门打开。

4. 这个穷人说：“请给我几分钱买些面包吧！”山姆没有给他。

5. 什么？山姆什么都没有给那个穷困的盲人吗？是的，因为就像我告诉你的，他花光了他所有的钱。

6. 山姆非常难过地继续往前走。很快，一个漂亮的马车赶了上来，里面坐着哈里和他的妈妈。

7. 这个盲人站在那儿，摘下了他的帽子。“我们给这个穷人一些东西吧。”哈里对他的妈妈说。

8. 妈妈给了他几分钱。哈里接过钱，却没有把钱放进那个人的帽子里。

9. 他用尽全力，把钱扔进了篱笆里。这个穷人无法找到钱，你知道，他的眼睛看不见。

10. 山姆转过身看着那辆漂亮的马车。他看到哈里把钱扔进了篱笆，他立刻回去找钱，直到把钱交给那位盲人。

11. 为了找到钱，他花了很长时间，以至于耽误了晚饭。

12. 你认为哪个男孩才是对那个穷人真正友善的人呢？

13. 我知道他在心里最感激谁。

# LESSON 29

## THE LITTLE RILL

### 小溪

rippling	fringe	stray	thou	mill
village	brink	clear	wild	hill
course	bathe	tiny	pool	rill

1. Run, run, thou tiny rill;

Run, and turn the village mill;

Run, and fill the deep, clear pool

In the woodland's shade so cool,

Where the sheep love best to stray

In the sultry summer day;

Where the wild birds bathe and drink,

And the wild flowers fringe the brink.

2. Run, run, thou tiny rill,

Round the rocks, and down the hill;

Sing to every child like me;

The birds will join you, full of glee:

And we will listen to the song

You sing, your rippling course along.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

流吧，流吧，涓涓溪流，

流去转动乡村的磨坊，

流去填满又深又清的池塘。

在森林里凉爽的树阴下，

流向羊群最易走失的地方。

在闷热的夏日里，

流向野鸟游泳喝水的地方，

去滋养那路边的野花，

让它们快快开放。

### 2.

流吧，流吧，涓涓溪流，

绕开岩石，流下山坡，

向着所有与我一样的孩子歌唱。

鸟儿快乐地加入进来，

歌声令我们倾倒。

你一路歌唱，

旋律声随清流奔向远方。

# LESSON 30

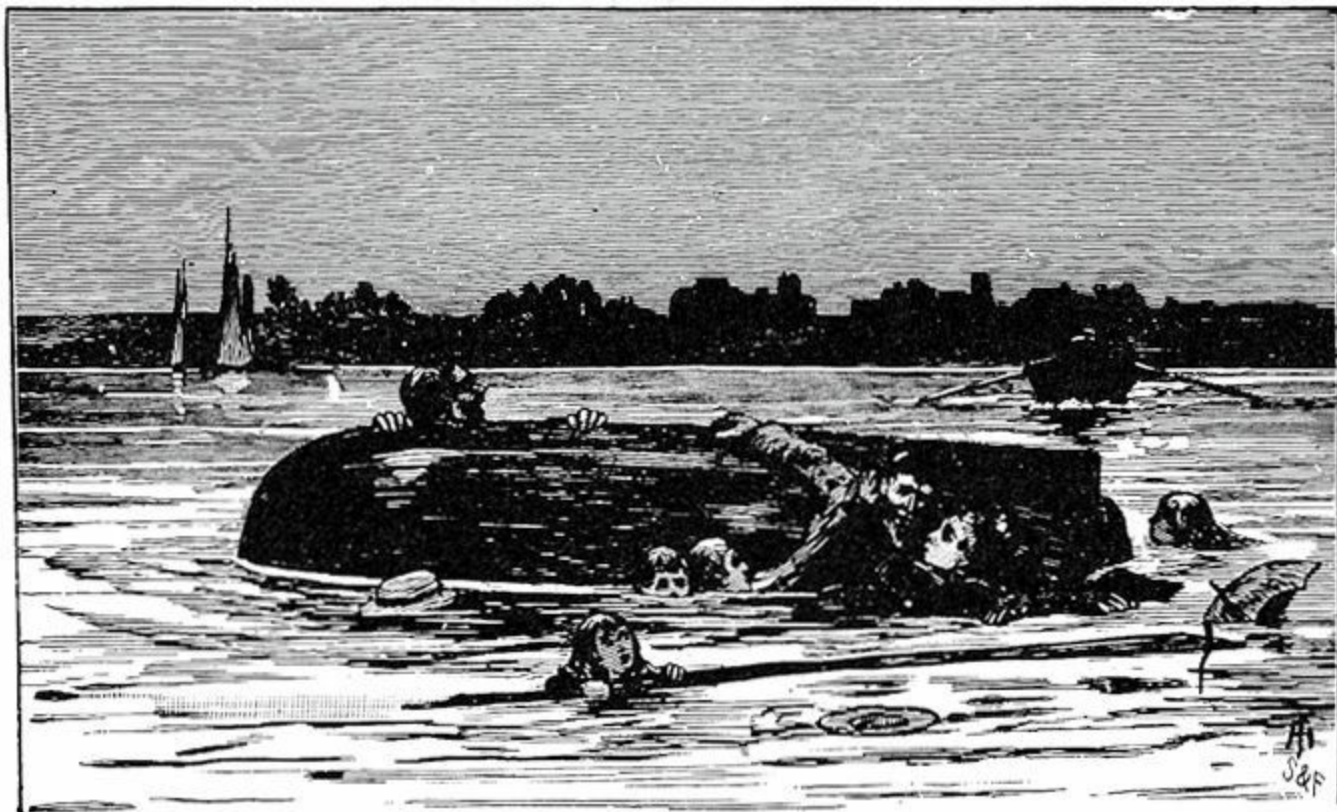
## THE BOAT UPSET

### 翻 船

hastened	possible	balance	Edgar	save
boatman	danger	quickly	move	trip
stretched	several	started	folks	fell

1. "Sit still, children. Do not move about in the boat," said Mr. Rose to the young folks he was taking for a trip on the water.
2. The boat was a large one, and could not easily be upset. There were in it Mr. and Mrs. Rose, the boatman, and several little boys and girls.
3. "Keep still, please, young gentlemen," said the boatman, when Edgar Rose and Thomas Read began to move from one side to the other.
4. They kept quiet for a short time only. Edgar soon wanted a stick which Thomas held in his hand. He lost his balance in trying to get the stick, and fell into the water.
5. Mr. and Mrs. Rose both started up, and stretched out their arms to save him; but in so doing, they upset the boat.
6. Every one fell into the water, and all were in the greatest danger of being drowned.
7. Another boat was near, with but one man in it. He hastened to them as quickly as possible, and saved them from drowning.

8. Children should always be careful and quiet when they are in a boat on the water, and should obey what older people tell them.



### 【中文阅读】

1. “老实坐着，孩子们。不要在船里动来动去。”罗斯先生对年轻人说。他正在水中划船。
2. 船很大，很难被弄翻。船上坐着罗斯先生和罗斯太太、船夫，还有一些小男孩和小女孩。
3. “请老实点儿，年轻的先生们。”当埃德加·罗斯和托马斯·瑞德开始从船的一头挪到另一头时，船夫说。
4. 他们仅仅老实了一小会儿。不久，埃德加想把托马斯手上的棍子拿过来。他试图拿到棍子的时候失去了平衡，掉进了水中。
5. 罗斯先生和罗斯太太惊得赶忙伸手去救他。当他们这样做的时候，却把船

弄翻了。

6. 每个人都落入了水中，他们都面临着被淹死的巨大危险。

7. 另一条船正在附近，里面只有一个人。他赶忙把船尽快靠近他们，将他们从水中救了上来。

8. 当船在水中划行时，船上的孩子们应该始终保持小心和安静，并听从大人的话。



# LESSON 31

## MARY'S LETTER

### 玛丽的信

Forest Hill, June 25, 1878.

My Dear Fanny:

This morning, while out rowing, we all came near being drowned. Brother Ed, in trying to take a stick from Tom Reed, tripped and fell out of the boat. Papa and Mamma caught at him to save him, and before we knew it we were all in the water. The boat upset and how we were all saved I can hardly tell. A man in another boat which was near, picked us up.

Had it not been for this, you would to-day have no cousin.

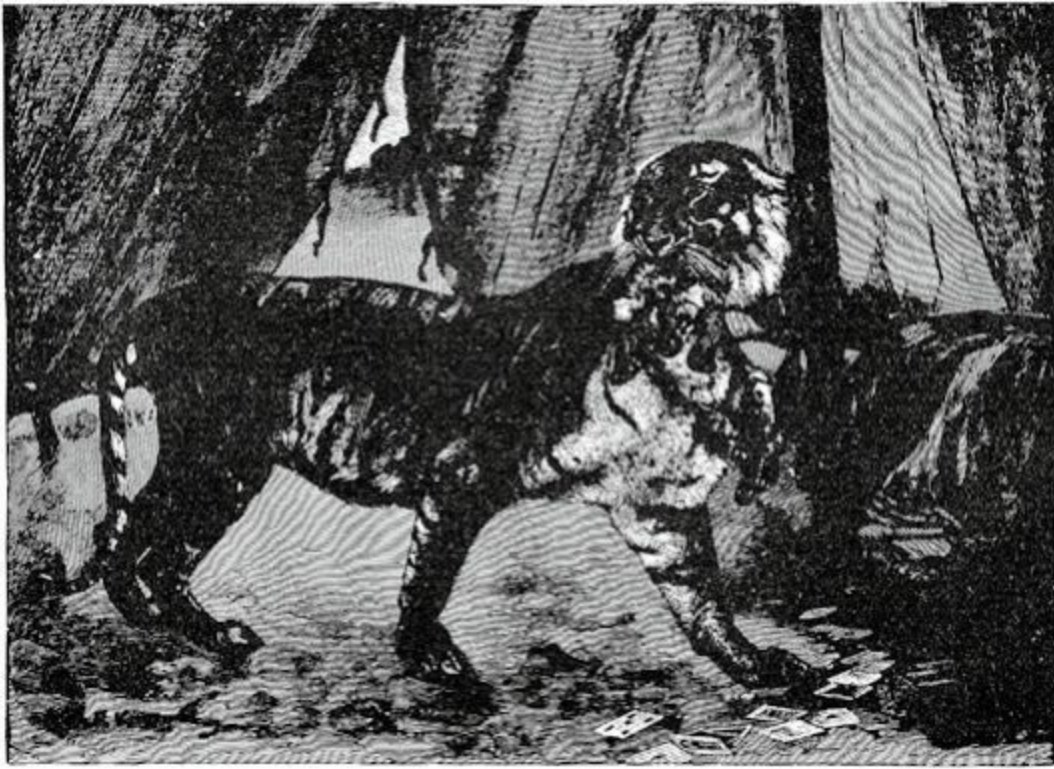
Mary Rose.

# LESSON 32

## THE TIGER

### 老虎

lion	body	stripes	delight	English
prey	tiger	collar	tigress	frightful
seize	chain	unlike	swiftest	animals
roar	giant	slightest	officers	whiskers



1. The tiger is a giant cat. His body is nearly covered with black stripes.
2. Unlike the lion, he runs so fast that the swiftest horse can not overtake him. He goes over the ground by making bounds or springs, one after another.
3. By night, as well as by day, the tiger watches for his prey. With a frightful roar, he will seize a man, and carry him off.
4. Have you ever thought what use whiskers are to cats? Lions have great

whiskers, and so have tigers and all other animals of the cat kind.

5. Whenever you find an animal with whiskers like the cat's, you may be sure that animal steals softly among branches and thick bushes.

6. By the slightest touch on the tiger's whiskers, he knows when there is anything in his road.

7. A few years ago, some English officers went out to hunt. When coming home from their day's sport, they found a little tiger kitten.

8. They took it with them and tied it, with a collar and chain, to the pole of their tent. It played about, to the delight of all who saw it.

9. One evening, just as it was growing dark, they heard a sound that frightened them greatly. It was the roar of a tiger.

10. The kitten pulled at the chain, and tried to break away. With a sharp cry, it answered the voice outside.

11. All at once, a large tigress bounded into the middle of the tent. She caught her kitten by the neck, and broke the chain which bound it.

12. Then turning to the door of the tent, she dashed away as suddenly as she had come.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 老虎像只巨大的猫。它的身上长有黑色条纹。

2. 和狮子不同的是，它跑得很快，连跑得最快的马也赶不上它。它一次接一次地跳跃飞奔，越过大地。

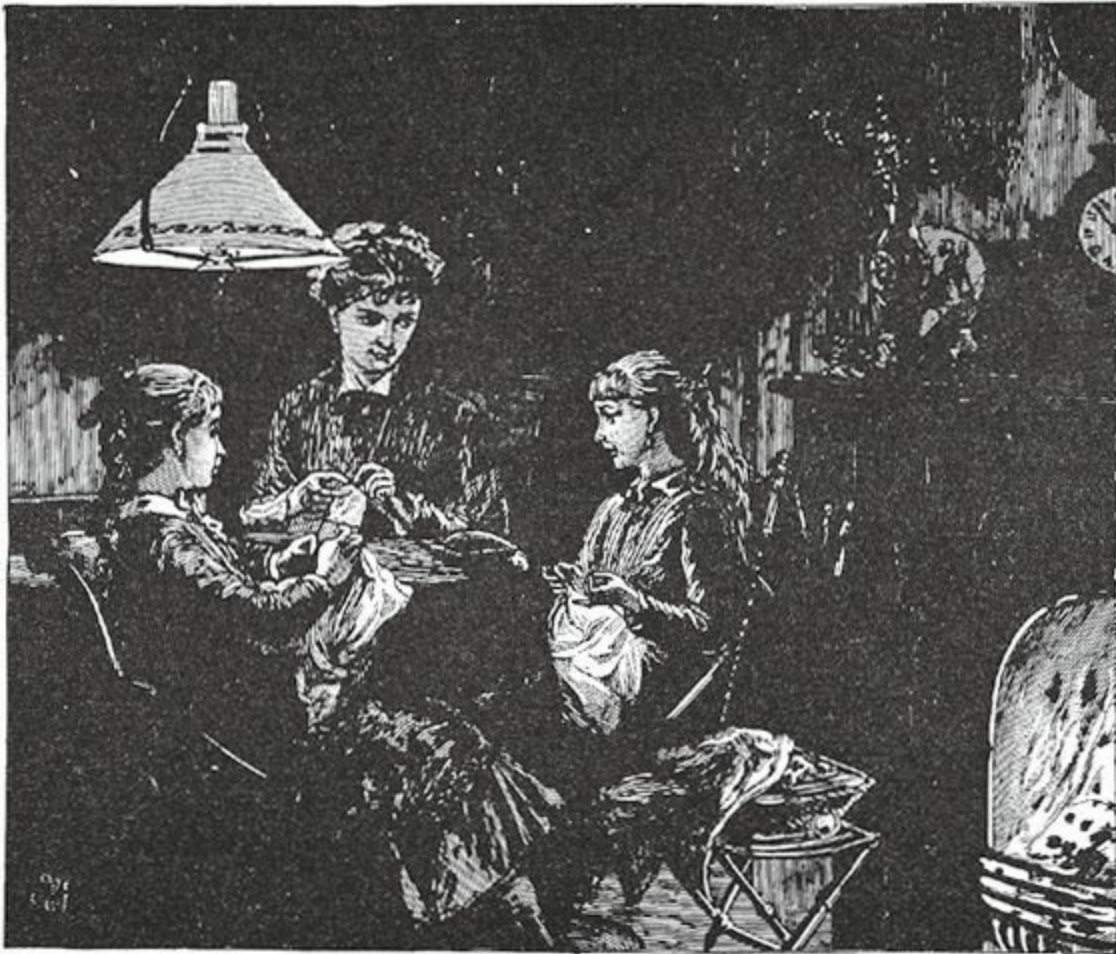
3. 在夜里，和白天一样，老虎守候着它的猎物。随着一声可怕的大吼，它可以抓住一个人，并致他于死。
4. 你想过猫是如何使用其胡须的吗？和老虎及其他猫科动物一样，狮子也有很长的胡须。
5. 一旦你找到了一只长着和猫一样的胡须的动物，你可能会发现，他们常常安静地藏在树枝和茂密的灌木丛里。
6. 借助胡须上轻微的触觉，老虎能知晓何时会有东西出现在他的周围。
7. 几年前，一些英国官员外出打猎。当他们结束白天的狩猎回家时，他们发现了一只小老虎。
8. 他们把它捉住，用衣带和锁链绑在帐篷的杆子上，被所有看到它的人戏弄。
9. 一天夜里，他们听到了一阵令他们十分恐惧的声音。那是老虎的吼声。
10. 小老虎正在挣脱锁链，试图逃跑。一阵急促的叫声过后，外面传来了应和声。
11. 突然，一只大母老虎跳进帐篷中。它用脖颈吻了吻她的孩子，撕开了绑着的锁链。
12. 然后，它转身回到帐篷门口，和来时一样迅速地跑掉了。

# LESSON 33

## THE FIRESIDE

### 火炉旁

then	usual	cousin	fireside	sewing
Katie	better	crackle	knitting	perhaps
Jane	reason	tonight	happier	instructive



1. One winter night, Mrs. Lord and her two little girls sat by a bright fire in their pleasant home. The girls were sewing, and their mother was busy at her knitting.
2. At last, Katie finished her work, and, looking up, said, "Mother, I think the fire is brighter than usual. How I love to hear it crackle!"
3. "And I was about to say," cried Mary, "that this is a better light than we had last

night."

4. "My dears," said their mother, "it must be that you feel happier than usual tonight. Perhaps that is the reason why you think the fire better, and the light brighter."

5. "But, mother," said Mary, "I do not see why we are happier now than we were then; for last night cousin Jane was here, and we played 'Puss in the corner' and 'Blind man' until we all were tired."

6. "I know! I know why!" said Katie. "It is because we have all been doing something useful to-night. We feel happy because we have been busy."

7. "You are right, my dear," said their mother. "I am glad you have both learned that there may be something more pleasant than play, and, at the same time, more instructive."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一个冬日的夜里，罗德太太和她的两个小女儿在舒适的家中围坐在火炉旁。女孩们正在缝衣服，她们的妈妈正忙着织毛衣。

2. 最后，卡蒂完成了她的工作，抬起头说：“妈妈，我觉得火堆比往常更亮了。它发出的噼里啪啦的声音多好听啊！”

3. “我要说的是……”玛丽喊道，“这个亮度比昨晚的更好。”

4. “我亲爱的孩子们，”妈妈说道，“这一定是因为你们今晚比平时更快乐。也许这就是你们觉得火光更好、更亮的原因。”

5. “但是妈妈，”玛丽说，“我并不觉得我们现在比以往更快乐，因为昨天夜里我们的表妹简在这儿，我们一起玩挤墙角和躲猫猫，直到都累了才结束。”

6. “我知道！我知道为什么！”玛丽说, “因为我们今晚都在做一些有用的事。我们觉得快乐, 因为我们都很忙。”

7. “你是对的, 亲爱的。”妈妈说, “我很高兴你们都懂得了有些东西比玩耍更能令人快乐, 同时也更有益。”



# LESSON 34

## BIRDIE'S MORNING SONG

### 小鸟的晨歌

dewdrops	hopping	laziest	bends	sung
patience	instead	darling	ought	rest
slumber	myself	reply	miss	lose

#### 1.

Wake up, little darling, the birdies are out,

And here you are still in your nest!

The laziest birdie is hopping about;



You ought to be up with the rest.



Wake up, little darling, wake up!

**2.**

Oh, see what you miss when you slumber so long —

The dewdrops, the beautiful sky!

I can not sing half what you lose in my song;

And yet, not a word in reply.

Wake up, little darling, wake up!

**3.**

I've sung myself quite out of patience with you,

While mother bends o'er your dear head;

Now birdie has done all that birdie can do:

Her kisses will wake you instead!

Wake up, little darling, wake up!

(George Cooper)

【中文阅读】

**1.**

小宝贝，快起床，鸟儿都离巢，

你却还在被窝！

最懒的小鸟都在跳来跳去，

你应该和其他人一样。

快起床，小宝贝，快起床！

## 2.

噢，看哪，你贪睡这么久，

错过了露珠和美丽的天空！

我无法重唱你错过的歌曲。

可你却毫不吭声。

快起床，小宝贝，快起床！

## 3.

当妈妈弯腰吻一吻你亲爱的脸。

我告诉自己对你完全失去耐心，

小鸟已完成所能做的一切，

她的吻会替我唤醒你。

快起床，小宝贝，快起床！

(乔治·库珀)

# LESSON 35

## WILLIE AND BOUNCE

### 威利和鲍恩斯

sent	store	Bounce	floating
load	circle	ripples	catching
cake	blocks	strolled	however

1. Two fast friends were Willie Brown and his little dog Bounce. Willie could never think of taking a walk without Bounce. Cake and play were equally shared between them.

2. Willie taught his dog many cunning tricks, and often said that Bounce could do almost anything in the world but talk.

3. There came a time, however, when Bounce really told Willie's father something, though he could not talk. Let me tell you how he did this.

4. It was on a bright summer afternoon. Willie had strolled with Bounce down to the river, which was not more than two blocks from his father's store.

5. Willie began to throw stones into the water, and to watch the ripples as they made one circle after another.



6. Bounce lay on the grass, watching the flies that buzzed around his nose, and catching any that came too near.

7. There were some logs floating in the river near the shore. Willie jumped upon one of them, to see if he could throw a stone across the river.

8. He drew back, and sent the stone with all his might. Just as it left his hand, the log turned, and he fell into the water.

9. He was very much frightened, for he did not know how to swim, and there was no one to hear, though he called as loud as he could for help.

【中文阅读】

1. 威利·布朗和他的小狗鲍恩斯是一对忠实的朋友。威利无法想象没有鲍恩斯和他一起散步的情形。他们会分享蛋糕，会一起做游戏。
2. 威利教给他的狗很多狡猾的戏法。他总是说，鲍恩斯除了不会说话，几乎可以做世界上的任何事。
3. 终于有一次，鲍恩斯虽然不会说话，它却真的把一些事告诉了威利的爸爸。让我告诉你它是怎么做到的吧！
4. 这是一个夏日阳光灿烂的午后。威利和鲍恩斯一起到河边散步，这里距离他爸爸的商店不超过两个街区。
5. 威利开始往水里扔石头，看着波浪一圈圈地扩展开来。
6. 鲍恩斯躺在草地上，看着苍蝇在它鼻子周围嗡嗡地飞，并赶走飞得太近的苍蝇。
7. 很多圆木漂浮在商店附近的河面上。威利跳上其中的一个圆木，看看他是否能够把一个石头扔到河对岸。
8. 他后退几步，用尽全身力气扔出石头。就在石头脱手的一刹那，圆木翻了，威利掉进了河里。
9. 他非常害怕，因为他不会游泳，尽管他用尽力气喊叫，但没有人能够听到他呼救的声音。

## LESSON 36

# WILLIE AND BOUNCE (CONCLUDED)

## 威利和鲍恩斯(结束篇)

yelp	loudly	against	looking	barking
sprang	clothes	opened	distress	scratched

1. Poor little Bounce gave a great yelp of distress. If he had been a big water dog, he could have jumped in and brought his master out.



2. He ran up and down the bank two or three times, barking, looking first at Willie and then around. Then he started, as fast as he could run, up the street to the store.

3. When he got there the door was shut, but he scratched against it and barked loudly, until some one came and opened it.

4. He caught hold of Mr. Brown's clothes, then ran to the door, then back again,



catching at him, barking, and jumping.

5. A friend who was in the store said to Mr. Brown, "Something must be wrong; I would put on my hat, and go with the dog." Bounce, seeing Mr. Brown take his hat, started for the river.

6. Then Mr. Brown thought of Willie. As he came to the river, he saw Willie's hat floating on the water, and his small arm thrown up.

7. He sprang in and caught him just as he was going down for the last time, and quickly carried him to the bank. Willie soon got over his fright, and no one seemed to be more delighted than Bounce.



## 【中文阅读】

1. 可怜的小鲍恩斯发出一阵悲痛的大叫。如果它学过游泳，就能跳进水里把它的主人救上来。

2. 它在河岸跑上跑下，来回两三次，一边叫一边看着威利，然后围着他转。之



后，它竭尽全力跑上大街，来到商店。

3. 当它跑到那儿的时候，商店的门已经关了。它使劲挠门，并且大声喊叫，直到有人开门。

4. 它抓住布朗先生的衣服，然后跑到门口，接着再跑回来抓住他的衣服，又叫又跳。

5. 商店里的一个朋友告诉布朗先生：“一定有不好的事情发生了。我戴上帽子跟这只狗去看看。”鲍恩斯看着布朗先生拿上帽子，便动身朝河边跑去。

6. 这时，布朗先生想到了威利。当他来到河边时，他看到威利的帽子漂浮在水面上，他的小手臂在不断地摇晃着。

7. 他跳进水里抓住了威利，就像上一次跳进水里时一样，然后很快把他抱上了岸。威利慢慢从惊慌中缓过神来。看到这一切，没有谁比鲍恩斯更感到高兴。

# LESSON 37

## THE KITCHEN CLOCK

### 厨房里的钟

talkative  
tick-tock  
kitchen

improve  
clock  
fear

obliging  
truthful  
reaches

written  
itself  
most



1. Listen to the kitchen clock!

To itself it ever talks,

From its place it never walks;

"Tick-tock-tick-tock:"

Tell me what it says.

2. "I'm a very patient clock,

Never moved by hope or fear,

Though I've stood for many a year;

Tick-tock-tick-tock:"

That is what it says.

3. "I'm a very truthful clock:

People say about the place,

Truth is written on my face;

Tick-tock-tick-tock:"

That is what it says.

4. "I'm a most obliging clock;

If you wish to hear me strike,

You may do it when you like;

Tick-tock-tick-tock:"

That is what it says.

5. "I'm a very friendly clock;

For this truth to all I tell,

Life is short, improve it well;

Tick-tock-tick-tock:"

That is what it says.

6. What a talkative old clock!

Let us see what it will do

When the hour hand reaches two;

"Ding-ding — tick-tock:"

That is what it says.

【中文阅读】

听，厨房的钟！

它始终自言自语，

却从未离开半步。

“滴答滴答，滴答滴答”，

告诉我它在说什么。

## 2.

“我是一只毅力之钟，

站在这里多年，

从未因欲望或恐惧而离开。

滴答滴答，滴答滴答”，

那就是它在说的话。

## 3.

“我是一只诚实之钟，

人们指着我的脸说，

真相就写在那里。

滴答滴答，滴答滴答”，

那就是它在说的话。

4.

“我是一只亲切之钟，  
你若希望听钟声，  
可以随时敲敲我  
滴答滴答，滴答滴答”，  
那就是它在说的话。

5.

“我是一只友善之钟，  
把真理告诉所有人。  
人生短暂，争取幸福，  
滴答滴答，滴答滴答”，  
那就是它在说的话。

6.

多健谈的一只旧钟啊！  
让我看看它如何工作，  
当时针指向“2”点，  
“叮当——叮当”

那就是它在说的话。

# LESSON 38

## THE NEW SCALES

### 新秤

Herbert	find	inches	beam
pine	groove	hole	gimlet
orange	post	thread	thick
next	scales	peel	ribbon



1. "Herbert, will you please peel my orange?" said Lucy. Herbert was reading his new book, but he put it down at once, and took the orange from his little sister.
2. "Shall I make a pair of scales, Lucy, for you to use when you play store?"
3. "Oh yes! but how can you do that!"
4. "I'll show you. First, we must take the peel off in two little cups, one just as



large as the other. While I do this, see if you can find me two nice sticks about ten inches long."

5. Lucy ran out to the woodhouse to find the sticks. — "Will these do?"

6. "No, they are too hard. Find some pine sticks if you can."

7. "Here are some."

8. "These will do nicely. Now I must make a scale beam and a post. Can you find me a little block for a post, Lucy!"

9. "Will a ribbon block do, Herbert?"

10. "Yes, if it is not too thick."

11. "Here is one an inch thick."

12. "That will be just right. Now get the little gimlet."

13. Herbert worked away until he had made the beam and the post. Then he made a hole in the middle of the block, and put the post in. Next, he put the beam into a little groove at the top of the post, so that it would balance nicely.

14. "Now, Lucy, we must have a needle and some thread. We must put four threads to each cup; then we will tie the threads to the ends of the beam.

15. "There, Lucy, what do you think of that?"

16. "Why, Herbert, that is just as nice as the real scales in father's store; and you may have all my orange for making them."



## 【中文阅读】

1. “赫伯特，你能帮我剥一下橘子皮吗？”露西说。赫伯特正在读他的新书，但他立刻把书放下，从小妹妹手上接过橘子。
2. “露西，我来做一杆秤，给你过家家时玩开商店游戏，怎么样？”
3. “噢，好啊，你怎么做呢？”
4. “我来教你。首先，我们必须把橘子皮剥下来，做成两个小杯子，两个要一样大。现在我剥橘子皮，你去给我找两根十寸长的棍子来。”
5. 露西跑出木屋去找棍子。“这些行吗？”
6. “不行，他们太硬了。如果可以的话，去找一些松树枝。”
7. “这儿有。”
8. “这些很不错。现在我要做一个秤杆和秤砣。露西，你能帮我找一个小石块来吗？”
9. “长条儿的可以吗，赫伯特？”
10. “可以，不太粗就行。”

11. “这个有一寸粗。”

12. “这个正好。现在把小螺丝刀给我拿过来。”

13. 赫伯特一直在弄，直到把秤杆和刻度做好。然后，他在石块中间打了一个洞，再把秤杆插到顶端的一个小槽里。这样就能让它保持很好的平衡。

14. “露西，现在要找一根针和一些线，我们必须在每个杯子上穿四根线，然后把线系到秤杆的尾端。”

15. “做好了，露西，你觉得怎么样？”

16. “赫伯特，它和爸爸商店里的真秤一样漂亮。你可以把我所有的橘子都做成秤。”

# LESSON 39

## THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN

### 狗熊和孩子们

smelt	crept	floor	bear
hide	laid	inn	fur
youngest	danced	joyfully	marched
soldiers	badly	running	eldest



1. In the parlor of an inn in a small town, sat a man who had been going about with a bear. He was waiting for his supper, and the bear was tied up in the yard.
2. Up in the attic, three little children were playing together. The eldest might

have been six years old; the youngest, not more than two.

3. Stump! stump! stump! Some one was coming up the stairs.

4. The door flew open suddenly, and there stood the great, shaggy bear. He had got tired of waiting, and had found his way to the stairs.

5. The children were badly frightened. Each one crept into a corner, but the bear found them all out, and smelt their clothes, but did not hurt them.

6. "This must be a great dog," they said, and they began to pat him.

7. Then the bear lay down on the floor, and the youngest boy climbed on his back, hid his head in the shaggy fur, and played at "hide and seek."

8. The eldest boy took his drum and began to strike it, when the bear rose on his hind legs and danced. At that the children gave a merry shout.

9. The two younger boys took their wooden guns, and gave the bear one. Away they all marched around the room, keeping step.

10. Now the frightened mother of the children came to the door. But the youngest boy shouted, joyfully. "See, we are playing soldiers!"

11. Then the bear's master came running up, and took the bear away.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在小镇的一家客栈客厅里，坐着一位带着狗熊一起出门办事的人。他在等待晚餐，而狗熊则被拴在后院里。

2. 阁楼上，三个小孩正在一起玩耍。最大的孩子已经六岁了，最小的还不到

两岁。

3. 咚！咚！咚！有人在上楼。

4. 门突然开了，门口出现了一头高大而长满毛发的狗熊。它已经等烦了，自己找到了通往楼梯的通道。

5. 孩子们非常害怕，他们都爬进了墙角。狗熊发现了他们，但只闻了闻他们的衣服，却没有伤害他们。

6. “这一定是条大狗。”说罢，他们开始轻轻地拍它。

7. 之后，这只狗熊躺倒在地板上。最小的男孩爬到了它的背上，把头藏在它浓密的毛里玩捉迷藏。

8. 当狗熊抬起后腿跳舞时，最大的男孩敲起了他的鼓。孩子们高兴地欢呼起来。

9. 两个较小的男孩拿起他们的木枪，还给了狗熊一把。他们一起围着屋子列队踏步。

10. 现在，孩子们受惊的妈妈来到门口。最小的男孩快乐地喊道：“看，我们在玩假扮士兵的游戏！”

11. 这时，狗熊的主人跑过来，把它带走了。

# LESSON 40

## THE LITTLE HAREBELL

### 小蓝铃花

fair	lady	drear	clinging	harebell
fled	neer	despair	nodding	blooming

Tell me, little harebell,  
Are you lonely here,  
Blooming in the shadow  
On this rock so drear?  
Clinging to this bit of earth,  
As if in mid-air,  
With your sweet face turned to me,  
Looking strangely fair?  
"Lady" said the harebell,  
Nodding low its head,  
Though this spot seems dreary,  
Though the sunlight's fled,

Know that I'm not lonely  
That I neer despair:  
God is in the shadow  
God is everywhere.





# LESSON 41

## THE FISHHAWK

鸢

rough	beneath	seaside	timidly	robber
spots	osprey	often	fiercely	twenty
compels	breast	mode	hooked	



1. The fishhawk, or osprey, is not so large as the eagle; but he has, like the eagle, a hooked bill and sharp claws.
2. His color is a dark brown, with black and white spots, and his length is from twenty to twenty-two inches. His breast is mostly white. His tail and wings are long.
3. The fishhawk is often found sitting upon a tree over a pond, or lake, or river. He is also found by the seaside.
4. He watches the fish as they swim in the water beneath him; then he darts down

suddenly and catches one of them.

5. When he catches a fish in his sharp, rough claws, he carries it off to eat, and, as he flies away with it for his dinner, an eagle sometimes meets him.

6. The eagle flies at him fiercely with his sharp bill and claws, and compels the hawk to drop the fish.

7. Then the eagle catches the fish as it falls, before it reaches the ground, and carries it off.

8. The poor fish hawk, with a loud cry, timidly flies away. He must go again to the water and catch another fish for his dinner.

9. Thus you see, that the eagle is a robber. He robs fishhawks, whose only mode of getting a living is by catching fish.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 鸮不像老鹰那么大，但和老鹰一样，有一个钩状的喙和锋利的爪子。

2. 它的颜色呈棕黑，身上长着黑白相间的斑点，身长二十至二十二英寸。它的胸脯大部分是白色的，尾巴和翅膀很长。

3. 鸮常常坐在池塘、湖泊或河流边的树枝上，它也会出现在海边。

4. 它观察着身下水中游动的鱼，突然俯冲，抓住其中的一条。

5. 当鸮用锋利而粗暴的爪子抓到一条鱼后，就把鱼带走吃掉。当它带着晚餐飞走时，一只老鹰却正盯着它。

6. 老鹰凶猛地向它飞去，用锋利的喙和爪子迫使鸮把鱼扔掉。

7. 在鱼落地之前，老鹰接住了并把它叼走。

8. 可怜的鸮一边高声地叫着，一边胆怯地飞走了。它必须再次回到水边抓另一条鱼，来做自己的晚餐。

9. 你看，鸮唯一的生存模式就是抓鱼。老鹰则是强盗，它从鸮那里抢走了鱼。

# LESSON 42

## WHAT THE LEAF SAID

### 树叶说什么

leaf	task	twice	sighing	holidays
gay	twig	meant	stopped	different
puff	edge	matter	autumn	hundreds
lead	grew	rustled	October	trembling

1. Once or twice a little leaf was heard to cry and sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is blowing. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"
2. "The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me on the ground to die."
3. The twig told it to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the trembling leaf.
4. "Do not be afraid," it said; "hold on tight, and you shall not go off till you are ready."
5. So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on singing and rustling. It grew all the summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around growing very beautiful.



6. Some were yellow, some were brown, and many were striped with different colors. Then the leaf asked the tree what this meant.

7. The tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these colors because of their joy."

8. Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright colors on them.

9. So the leaf said, "O branch! why are you lead-colored while we are all beautiful and golden?"

10. "We must keep on our working clothes," said the tree, "for our work is not yet done; but your clothes are for holidays, because your task is now over."

11. Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over.

12. Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence, among hundreds of leaves, and has never waked to tell us what it dreamed about.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一两回，每当小叶子听到一阵温和的春风吹起时，便会一边流泪一边叹息。小枝条说：“怎么啦，小叶子？”

2. “是风。”叶子说，“它告诉我有一天它会把我吹掉，然后把我扔在地上摔死。”

3. 小枝条把这话告诉了树枝，树枝又告诉了大树。当大树听说后，它全身沙沙作响，传话给正在发抖的叶子。

4. “不要怕。”它说，“抓紧一些，直到你准备好为止，你是不会离开的。”

5. 叶子不再叹息，又继续唱起歌，沙沙作响。它在整个夏天长得长长的，直到秋天来临。当清爽明丽的秋日到来时，叶子看到周围的叶子都长得非常漂亮。

6. 它们中有些呈黄色，有些是棕色，还有一些则呈现出斑斑驳驳的各种颜色。然后，叶子问大树这个现象意味着什么。

7. 大树说：“所有这些叶子都准备好飞走了。他们心里都很高兴，所以才穿上了这些颜色的衣服。”

8. 小叶子也开始想要走了，它变得非常漂亮，就像它所希望的那样。当它徜

样在缤纷的色彩里时，却看到大树的树枝没有变得鲜艳夺目。

9. 叶子说：“噢，树枝呀！为什么当我们都变成漂亮的金色时，你们却没有变色呢？”

10. “我们必须一直穿着我的工作服。”大树说：“因为我们的工作还没完成。但你们的衣服是为假期准备的，因为你们的任务现在已经完成了。”

11. 就在这时，一阵风吹来，叶子毫不犹豫地飞走了，风把它吹得高高的，在空中翩翩起舞。

12. 它轻轻落在围墙边，和成百上千的叶子一起，从未醒来告诉我们：他们究竟梦到了什么。



# LESSON 43

## THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

### 风儿和树叶

gold	lambs	fondly	cricket	whirling
fields	leaves	fleecy	farewell	coverlet
glade	vale	dream	content	fluttering



"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day.

"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;

Put on your dress of red and gold

Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,

Down they came fluttering, one and all;



Over the brown fields they danced and flew,

Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long;

Little brook, sing us your farewell song, —

Say you are sorry to see us go;

Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,

Mother will keep you from harm and cold;

Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;

Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;

Winter had called them, and they were content.

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,

The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

(George Cooper)

## 【中文阅读】

一天，风儿说：

“过来，小叶子。

和我一起去牧场玩吧。

穿上你红色金色的裙子，

夏天过去，天气变凉了。”

叶子听到风儿大声召唤，

所有的叶子都落了下来。

在棕色的原野上，它们飞舞着，

唱着它们会唱的柔美的歌。

蟋蟀，再见了，我们是老朋友。

小溪为我们唱着告别曲，

看到我们离开很难过。

啊，你要离开我们了，我们知道。

“亲爱的小羊羔，在毛茸茸的羊群里，  
羊妈妈会保护你们不受伤、不着凉。  
我们会在山谷和林间深情地望着你们，  
告诉我，你们会梦到我们美好的荫凉吗？”

飞舞着，旋转着，小叶子走了。  
冬天在召唤，它们心甘情愿。  
它们很快入睡，大地为床，  
雪花为被，轻轻盖在它们的头上。

（乔治·库珀）

# LESSON 44

## MAMMA'S PRESENT

### 妈妈的礼物

wore	green	joke	Jessie	presents
jolly	deal	trim	expect	leggings

1. Jessie played a good joke on her mamma. This is the way she did it.

2. Jessie had gone to the woods with Jamie and Joe to get green branches to trim up the house for Christmas. She wore her little cap, her white furs, and her red leggings.



3. She was a merry little girl, indeed; but she felt sad this morning because her mother had said, "The children will all have Christmas presents, but I don't expect any for myself. We are too poor this year."

4. When Jessie told her brothers this, they all talked about it a great deal. "Such a

good, kind mamma, and no Christmas present! It's too bad."

5. "I don't like it," said little Jessie, with a tear in her eye.

6. "Oh, she has you," said Joe.

7. "But I am not something new," said Jessie.

8. "Well, you will be new, Jessie," said Joe, "when you get back. She has not seen you for an hour."

9. Jessie jumped and laughed. "Then put me in the basket, and carry me to mamma, and say, 'I am her Christmas present.'"

10. So they set her in the basket, and put green branches all around her. It was a jolly ride. They set her down on the doorstep, and went in and said, "There's a Christmas present out there for you, mamma."

11. Mamma went and looked, and there, in a basket of green branches, sat her own little laughing girl.

12. "Just the very thing I wanted most," said mamma.

13. "Then, dear mamma," said Jessie, bounding out of her leafy nest, "I should think it would be Christmas for mammas all the time, for they see their little girls every day."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 杰西和妈妈开了一个玩笑，她的玩笑是这么开的。

2. 为了庆祝圣诞节，杰西、杰米和乔去树林里捡来绿色枝叶装扮房子。她戴

着小帽子，穿着白皮衣和红袜子。

3. 其实她是一个快乐的小女孩，但今天早上她觉得很难过，因为妈妈说：“孩子们会得到圣诞礼物，但我自己不想要。我们今年太穷了。”

4. 当杰西把这件事告诉哥哥时，他们都在谈论着这件事。“我们的妈妈是个多么善良的好妈妈呀！但她没有圣诞礼物。这太糟糕了。”

5. “我不想这样。”小杰西一边说，眼泪一边在眼睛里打转。

6. “噢，可她有你。”乔说。

7. “但我没有新的东西。”杰西说。

8. “可你是新的，杰西。”乔说，“当你回家时，她得有一个小时没见到你呢。”

9. 杰西又笑又跳。“一会儿把我放进篮子里，然后把我递给妈妈，之后就说：‘我是她的圣诞礼物’。”

10. 于是，他们把杰西放进篮子里，在她身边铺上了绿色的枝叶。对杰西来说，这个小窝太棒了。然后，他们把她放在门口的台阶上，进屋说：“妈妈，外面有份送给您的圣诞礼物。”

11. 妈妈于是走出去看。在装满绿色枝叶的篮子里，正坐着自己正在微笑的小女儿。

12. “这正是我最想要的好东西。”妈妈说。

13. “亲爱的妈妈，”杰西一边说一边跳出她的小绿窝：“我觉得每一天对天下妈妈们来说都是圣诞节，因为她们每天都能见到自己的小女儿。”

# LESSON 45

## MARY's STORY

### 玛丽的故事

purple  
plumes

pail  
happened

coat  
shallow

waded  
Charles

nap  
yesterday



1. Father, and Charles, and Lucy, and I went to the beach yesterday. We took our dinner, and stayed all day.
2. Father and Charles went out a little way from the shore in a boat, and fished, while Lucy and I gathered sea mosses.
3. We took off our shoes and stockings, and waded into the shallow water. We had a pail to put our seaweeds in.
4. We found such beautiful ones. Some were purple, some pink, and some

brown. When they were spread out in the water, the purple ones looked like plumes, and the brown ones like little trees.

5. Such a funny thing happened to Lucy. She slipped on a stone, and down she went into the water. How we both laughed! But the wind and sun soon dried Lucy's dress.

6. Then father came and took us in the boat for a row. After that we had a picnic dinner in the woods.

7. Then father spread his coat on the grass, and took a nap while we children played on the beach.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 爸爸、查理斯、露西和我昨天去了海滩。我们带着饭在那玩了一整天。

2. 爸爸和查理斯划了一条船去钓鱼，而露西和我则在采海苔。

3. 我们脱下鞋袜，费力地走进浅海，提着一只桶去拾海苔。

4. 我们找到了非常漂亮的海苔。有紫色的，有粉色的，有些则是棕色的。当它们在水里被摊开时，紫色的像羽毛一样，棕色的则像小树。

5. 一件有意思的事情发生在露西身上。她踩到了一块石头，然后滑倒在水里。我们笑得合不拢嘴！风和阳光很快就把露西的裙子弄干了。

6. 然后，爸爸过来接我们上船。划过船后，我们在树林里享用午餐。

7. 爸爸把他的大衣铺在草地上。当我们这些孩子在海滩上玩的时候，他午睡了一会儿。



# LESSON 46

## RALPH WICK

### 拉尔夫·维克

bid	sore	smile	Ralph	forget
hay	stem	shone	Wick	scream
tore	point	pluck	thorns	snatched



1. Ralph Wick was seven years old. In most things he was a fine boy, but he was too apt to cry.
2. When he could not have what he wanted he would cry for it and say, "I will have it."
3. If he was told that it would hurt him, and he could not have it, he would begin to tease and cry.
4. One day, he went with his mother into the fields. The sun shone. The grass

was cut. The flowers were in bloom.

5. Ralph thought he was, for once, a good boy. A smile was on his face. He wished to do as he was told.

6. He said, "Mother, I will be good now. I will do as you bid me. Please let me toss this hay."

7. "That I will," said his mother. So they threw the hay, as Ralph wished, and he was very happy.

8. "Now you must be tired," said his mother. "Sit down here, and I will get a nice red rose for you."

9. "I would like to have one," said Ralph. So his mother brought the red rose to him.

10. "Thank you, mother," he said. "But you have a white one, also. Please give me that."



11. "No, my dear," said his mother. "See how many thorns it has on its stem. You must not touch it. If you should try to pluck a rose like this, you would be sure to hurt

your hand."

12. When Ralph found that he could not have the white rose, he began to scream, and snatched it. But he was soon very sorry. The thorns tore his hand. It was so sore he could not use it for some time.

13. Ralph did not soon forget this. When he wanted what he should not have, his mother would point to his sore hand. He at last learned to do as he was told.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 拉尔夫·维克七岁了。大多数情况下他是个好孩子，但他太喜欢哭鼻子了。
2. 当他得不到自己想要的东西时，就会哭着说：“我想要。”
3. 如果别人告诉他那个东西会伤着他，所以他才得不到，他就开始又哭又闹。
4. 一天，他和妈妈走进田野。那里阳光明媚，草已经被割过了，花儿正在盛开。
5. 拉尔夫觉得他这次要做个好孩子。微笑挂在他的脸上，他希望按照自己说的去做。
6. 他说：“妈妈，我现在要做个好孩子。我要按你吩咐的去做，请让我去扔干草吧。”
7. “我和你一起扔。”妈妈说道。因此，就像拉尔夫希望的那样，他们一起扔干草，他也非常高兴。
8. “现在你必须休息一下了。”妈妈说，“坐在这儿，我要给你摘一朵漂亮的红玫瑰。”

9. “我想要一朵。”拉尔夫说。于是妈妈给他摘了一朵红玫瑰。

10. “谢谢你，妈妈。”他说，“但你还有一朵白的。请把那个也给我。”

11. “不，亲爱的。”妈妈说，“看看它的茎上有多少刺，一定不要碰它们。如果你打算像这样摘一朵玫瑰，肯定会弄破你的手。”

12. 当拉尔夫发现他得不到那朵白玫瑰时，便开始大吵大闹，之后一把夺了过去。但他很快就觉得难过。花上的刺弄破了他的手，疼得他很长时间不能再用了。

13. 拉尔夫没有很快把这件事忘掉。当他想得到自己不该得到的东西时，妈妈就会指一指他受伤的手。最后，他开始学会按照自己说过的话去做了。

# LESSON 47

## COASTING DOWN THE HILL

### 滑下山坡

slope	voices	rushing	beaming
track	cheeks	flooding	laughter
health	aglow	coasting	trudging
frosty	Isabel	pleasure	landscape





Frosty is the morning;  
But the sun is bright,  
Flooding all the landscape  
With its golden light.  
Hark the sounds of laughter  
And of voices shrill!  
See the happy children  
Coasting down the hill!

There are Tom and Charley,  
And their sister Nell;  
There are John and Willie,  
Kate and Isabel,—  
Eyes with pleasure beaming,  
Cheeks with health aglow;  
Bless the merry children,  
Trudging through the snow!

Now I hear them shouting,  
"Ready! Clear the track!"  
Down the slope they're rushing;  
Now they're trotting back.  
Full of fun and frolic,  
Thus they come and go,  
Coasting down the hillside,  
Trudging through the snow.

# LESSON 48

## THE FOX AND THE DUCKS

### 狐狸和鸭子

heed	sight	slyly	stream	drifting
flock	flight	snaps	hidden	circling

1. On a summer day, a man sitting on the bank of a river, in the shade of some bushes, watched a flock of ducks on the stream.

2. Soon a branch with leaves came drifting among them, and they all took wing. After circling in the air for a little time, they settled down again on their feeding ground.



3. Soon another branch came drifting down among them, and again they took flight from the river; but when they found the branch had drifted by and done them no harm, they flew down to the water as before.

4. After four or five branches had drifted by in this way, the ducks gave little heed to them. At length, they hardly tried to fly out of their way, even when the branches nearly touched them.

5. The man who had been watching all this, now began to wonder who had set these branches adrift. He looked up the stream, and spied a fox slyly watching the ducks. "What will he do next?" thought the man.

6. When the fox saw that the ducks were no longer afraid of the branches, he took a much larger branch than any he had yet used, and stretched himself upon it so as to be almost hidden. Then he set it afloat as he had the others.

7. Right among the flock drifted the sly old fox, and, making quick snaps to right and left, he seized two fine young ducks, and floated off with them.

8. The rest of the flock flew away in fright, and did not come back for a long time.

9. The fox must have had a fine dinner to pay him for his cunning, patient work.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 夏日的一天，有个人坐在河边，在灌木丛的阴凉下，望着小溪中的一群鸭子。

2. 不久，一个树枝带着几片叶子漂到了它们中间。鸭子们都张开翅膀飞起来，在空中盘旋一小会儿后，又落到了它们的觅食地。

3. 很快，另一个树枝也漂到了它们中间。鸭子再次从河里飞起来。当它们发现树枝飘走了，并没有对它们造成伤害后，它们又像从前那样落到了水里。

4. 当四五个树枝都流经这里后，鸭子们稍稍留意了一下它们。最后，甚至在



树枝快要碰到它们时，就不再试图飞起来了。

5. 有个人看到了全过程。他开始纳闷是谁把这些树枝放在水里让它们漂过去。他抬头看了看河流，发现一只狐狸正阴险地注视着鸭子们。“它下一步怎样做呢？”这个人想。

6. 当这只狐狸看到鸭子们不再害怕树枝后，它搬来一个比以前用过的更大的树枝，然后直挺挺地趴在上面藏起来。它让这个树枝漂到水里，就像它以前做过的一样。

7. 狡猾的老狐狸准确无误地漂到了鸭群中，突然向左右快速猛咬。它捉住了两只漂亮的小鸭子，然后离开了水面。

8. 其余的鸭子惊吓地飞离水面，吓得很久也没再回来。

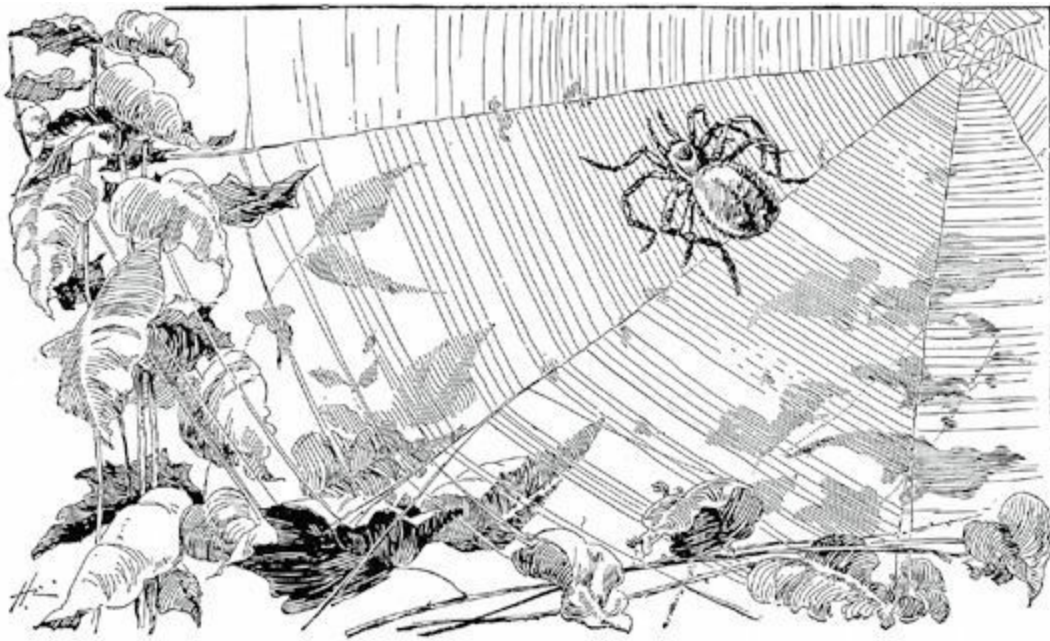
9. 那只狐狸肯定享用了一顿美妙的晚餐，来犒劳自己狡猾而耐心的劳动。

# LESSON 49

## PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES

### 不要以貌取人

saint	silken	simple	poverty
plain	sinner	spinner	splendor
worth	steady	murder	planning
silver	tender	proverb	remember



1. The spider wears a plain brown dress,

And she is a steady spinner;

To see her, quiet as a mouse,

Going about her silver house,

You would never, never, never guess

The way she gets her dinner.

2. She looks as if no thought of ill

In all her life had stirred her;

But while she moves with careful tread,

And while she spins her silken thread,

She is planning, planning, planning still

The way to do some murder.

3. My child, who reads this simple lay,

With eyes down-dropt and tender,

Remember the old proverb says

That pretty is which pretty does,

And that worth does not go nor stay

For poverty nor splendor.

4. 'Tis [\[1\]](#) not the house, and not the dress,

That makes the saint or sinner.

To see the spider sit and spin,  
Shut with her walls of silver in,  
You would never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.

(Alice Cary)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

蜘蛛穿件朴素的棕裙，  
她是个坚毅的纺纱工。  
你看，她像老鼠一样安静，  
在银色的房子里，  
你永远、永远、永远都猜不到  
她获取食物的方法。

### 2.

她看起来就像一辈子  
从不担心疾病的困扰。

但她小心翼翼踩在网上挪动时，  
当她编织着柔软的丝线时，  
她正在计划着、计划着、安静地计划着，  
一场场谋杀的方式。

### 3.

我的孩子读到这首短诗时，  
眨着两只大大的眼睛。  
记住老谚语所言：  
不要以貌取人，  
财产不能走，也不能留，  
无论你贫穷或富有。

### 4.

那不是房子，也不是裙子。  
那是好人或坏人的标志。  
看看坐在那里织网的蜘蛛，  
合上她银色的墙壁，  
你永远、永远、永远都猜不到

她获取食物的方法。

(爱丽丝·卡瑞)

注释

[\[1\]](#) 'Tis=It is.

# LESSON 50

## THE STORY-TELLER

### 讲故事者

civil	Peter	Towser	appear
alone	Pindar	persons	travelers



1. Peter Pindar was a great storyteller. One day, as he was going by the school, the children gathered around him.
2. They said, "Please tell us a story we have never heard." Ned said, "Tell us something about boys and dogs."
3. "Well," said Peter, "I love to please good children, and, as you all appear civil, I will tell you a new story; and it shall be about a boy and some dogs, as Ned asks."
4. "But before we begin, let us sit down in a cool, shady place. And now, John,

you must be as still as a little mouse. Mary, you must not let Towser bark or make a noise."

5. "A long way from this place, there is a land where it is very cold, and much snow falls.

6. "The hills are very high there, and traveler's are often lost among them. There are men there who keep large dogs. These are taught to hunt for people lost in the snow.

7. "The dogs have so fine a scent, that they can find persons by that alone.

8. "Sometimes it is so dark, that they can not see anything. Those who are lost often lie hid in the snowdrifts."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 彼得·品达是一位非常好的讲故事的人。一天，当他路过学校时，孩子们都聚集到了他周围。

2. 他们说：“请给我们讲一个我们没听过的故事吧。”内德说：“给我们讲一个关于男孩和狗的故事吧。”

3. “好吧，”彼得说，“我喜欢让好孩子们高兴。因为你们表现得很有礼貌，我就给你们讲一个新故事。就像内德要求的那样，这是个关于一个男孩和狗的故事。”

4. “不过，开始之前，让我们先找一个阴凉处坐下。现在，约翰，你必须像小老鼠那样保持安静。玛丽，你一定不要让大狗叫出声或发出噪音。”

5. “从前，离这儿很远的地方，有一个非常寒冷的土地，那里覆盖着很厚很厚的雪。”



6. “那里的山很高，旅行者经常在山间迷路。住在那里的人们饲养了很多条大狗，用来寻找雪中迷路的人们。”

7. “狗有很好的嗅觉，他们能凭借嗅觉寻找人。”

8. “有时候外面很黑，他们什么都看不清。那些迷路的人常常被雪堆覆盖住。”

# LESSON 51

## THE STORY-TELLER (CONCLUDED)

### 讲故事者(结束篇)

lain  
weak

stiff  
shrill

rode  
bleak



1. "One cold, bleak night, the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill. It was quite dark. Not a star was to be seen in the sky.
2. "These good men sent out a dog, to hunt for those who might want help. In an hour or two, the dog was heard coming back.
3. "On looking out, they saw him with a boy on his back. The poor child was stiff with cold. He could but just hold on to the dog's back.

4. "He had lain for a long time in the snow, and was too weak to walk.

5. "He felt something pull him by the coat, and heard the bark of a dog. He put out his hand, and felt the dog. The dog gave him another pull.

6. "This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog. He drew himself out of the snow, but he could not stand or walk.

7. "He got on the dog's back, and put his arms round the dog's neck, and held on. He felt sure that the dog did not mean to do him any harm.

8. "Thus he rode all the way to the good men's house.

9. "They took care of him, till the snow was gone. Then they sent him to his home."

## 【中文阅读】

1. “一个寒冷而萧瑟的夜晚，雪下得很大，大风呼啸而过。外面一片漆黑，天空连一颗星星都看不到。”

2. “这些善良的人们把一条狗放了出去，用来寻找可能需要帮助的人。一两个小时后，这条狗就会回来。”

3. “向外望的时候，他们看到它的背上有一个男孩。这个可怜的孩子被冻僵了，他只能趴在狗背上，动弹不得。”

4. “他已经在雪里躺了很长时间，虚弱得无法走路。”

5. “他感觉到有东西在拉他的大衣，还听到了狗的叫声。他伸出手，摸了摸这只狗。狗又拉了拉他。”

6. “这一拉给这个可怜的男孩带来了一些希望。他抓住了狗，把自己从雪堆里拉了出来。但他已经不能走路，甚至站不起来了。”

7. “他趴在了狗背上，用胳膊围在狗脖子上抓住它。他肯定这只狗不会对他造成任何伤害。”

8. “他趴了一路，终于到达了善良人们的家。”

9. “他们一直照顾他，直到雪停，然后把他送回了家。”

# LESSON 52

## THE OWL

### 猫头鹰

oak	dusk	fight	squeak	ruffled
bag	Fred	whoop	awake	creeping

1. "Where did you get that owl, Harry?"
2. "Fred and I found him in the old, hollow oak."
3. "How did you know he was there?"
4. "I'll tell you. Fred and I were playing 'hide and seek' round the old barn, one night just at dusk.
5. "I was just creeping round the corner, when I heard a loud squeak, and a big bird flew up with something in his claws.
6. "I called Fred, and we watched him as he flew to the woods. Fred thought the bird was an owl, and that he had a nest in the old oak.
7. "The next day we went to look for him, and, sure enough, he was there."
8. "But how did you catch him? I should think he could fight like a good fellow with that sharp bill."
9. "He can when he is wide awake; but owls can't see very well in the daytime, and he was taking a nap.



10. "He opened his great eyes, and ruffled up his feathers, and said, 'Whoo! Whoo!' 'Never mind who,' Fred said, and slipped him into a bag."

### 【中文阅读】

1. “哈里，你是从哪里逮到这只猫头鹰的？”
2. “弗瑞德和我在一棵老橡树的空洞里发现的它。”

3. “你怎么知道它在那儿呢？”

4. “我告诉你，一天傍晚，弗瑞德和我正在谷仓周围玩捉迷藏”。

5. “我刚爬到角落里，就听见一记响亮的吱吱声。一只大鸟腾空而起，爪子上抓着一些东西。”

6. 我叫上弗瑞德，一起看着它飞向树林。弗瑞德认为那是只猫头鹰，它的窝在老橡树里。

7. “第二天，我们去找它，发现它就在那里。”

8. “但你们是怎么逮着它的呢？我想它可以用锋利的喙像勇士一样搏斗。”

9. “它十分清醒时是可以的，但猫头鹰在白天看不清楚东西，它正在打盹儿。”

10. “它睁开它的大眼睛，竖起羽毛，说：‘咕！咕！’‘是谁都没关系。’弗瑞德说着，就把它塞进了袋子。”

# LESSON 53

## THE OWL (CONCLUDED)

### 猫头鹰(结束篇)

whole	bones	scarcely	mouser
mice	rolled	surprised	swallows
winking	comical	ducklings	capture

1. "What are you going to do with him, Harry?"
2. "Let him go. He doesn't like this cage half so well as his old oak tree. A young owl can be tamed easily, but this one is too old to tame."
3. "But won't he catch all your ducklings and little chickens?"
4. "No, not while there are any rats or mice around. Father says an owl is a good mouser, and can catch more mice than half a dozen cats."
5. "I'm glad I had a look at him before you let him go. What soft feathers he has!"
6. "Yes, he can fly so softly that you can scarcely hear him, and for this reason he can easily surprise and capture his prey."
7. "How comical he looks, winking his big eyes slowly, and turning his head from side to side!"





8. "Yes; he is watching your dog. Be still. Bounce!

9. "We have just found out a funny thing about his way of eating. He breaks the bones of a mouse, and then swallows it whole. After an hour or two, he throws up the bones and fur rolled up in a little ball."

## 【中文阅读】

1. “哈里，你打算把它怎么办呢？”

2. “放了它吧。它不喜欢这个笼子，喜欢的程度连它待在老橡树的一半都没有。一只幼小的猫头鹰可以很容易驯化，但这只已经老得无法驯化了。”

3. “但它不会去抓你的那些小鸭和小鸡吗？”

4. “不，当周围有老鼠的时候就不会抓。爸爸说猫头鹰是捕鼠能手，一只猫头鹰比五六只猫抓到的老鼠还要多。”

5. “我很高兴在你放走它之前看到了它。它的羽毛多柔软啊！”

6. “是啊，它能飞得很轻，以至于你都听不到声响。这样它能很轻易地突袭并抓到它的猎物。”

7. “它看起来好滑稽呀，缓慢地眨着大眼睛，左右摇晃着头。”

8. “是啊，它正在看你的狗呢！别动，鲍恩斯！”

9. “我们刚好发现了一件有趣的事，那就是它吃东西的方式。它咬断了一只老鼠的骨头，然后把它全吞了下去。过了一两个小时，猫头鹰又把骨头吐了出来，然后用毛发把自己卷成了一个小球。”

# LESSON 54

## GRANDFATHER'S STORY

### 爷爷的故事

broad	fig	city	
knee	fresh	trout	
underneath	fought	surprised	
clapping	garden	carrying	fighting



1. "Come and sit by my knee, Jane, and grandfather will tell you a strange story.
2. "One bright summer day, I was in a garden in a city, with a friend." We rested underneath a fig tree. The broad leaves were green and fresh.
3. "We looked up at the ripe, purple figs. And what do you think came down

through the branches of the fig tree over our heads?"

4. "Oh, a bird, grandfather, a bird!" said little Jane, clapping her hands.

5. "No, not a bird. It was a fish; a trout, my little girl."

6. "Not a fish, grandfather! A trout come through the branches of a tree in the city? I am sure you must be in fun."

7. "No, Jane, I tell you the truth. My friend and I were very much surprised to see a fish falling from a fig tree.

8. "But we ran from under the tree, and saw a fishhawk flying, and an eagle after him.

9. "The hawk had caught the fish, and was carrying it home to his nest, when the eagle saw it and wanted it.

10. "They fought for it. The fish was dropped, and they both lost it. So much for fighting!"

## 【中文阅读】

1. “简，过来坐在我的膝旁。爷爷给你讲一个神奇的故事。”

2. “一个明媚的夏日，我和一位朋友在一座城市花园里，坐在无花果树下休息。”

3. “我们抬头看着已经成熟的紫色无花果。如果有东西从无花果树的树枝上掉到我们头上，你觉得会是什么？”

4. “噢，一只鸟，爷爷，那是一只鸟。”简拍着手说。

5. “不，不是一只鸟。我的小姑娘，是一条鱼，一条红鲑鱼。”

6. “不是鱼，爷爷！鲑鱼从城里一棵树的树枝上掉下来？我敢肯定您一定在开玩笑。”

7. “不，简，我告诉你的是真的。我的朋友和我看到一条鱼从无花果树上掉下来，感到非常诧异。”

8. “不过当我们从树下跑出来时，看到一只鱼隼飞过，一只老鹰跟在它后面。”

9. “当老鹰看到了那条鱼并想得到它时，隼抓住了这条鱼，并把它带回到自己的巢里。”

10. “它们为这条鱼打了起来。鱼掉下来了，它们都没得到鱼。争斗才由此停止。”

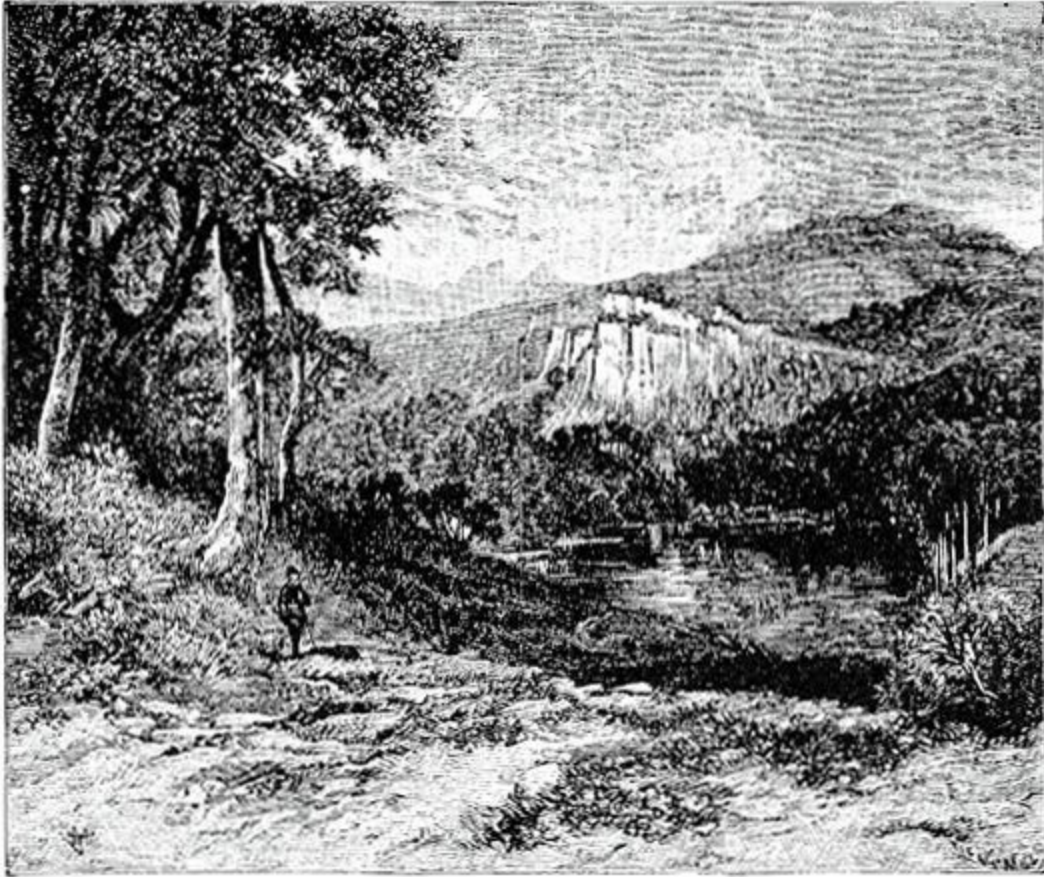


# LESSON 55

## GOD IS GREAT AND GOOD

### 上帝伟大而仁爱

flow                      wide                      steep                      lakes                      twinkling



1. I know God made the sun  
To fill the day with light;  
He made the twinkling stars  
To shine all through the night.

2. He made the hills that rise

So very high and steep;

He made the lakes and seas,

That are so broad and deep.

3. He made the streams so wide,

That flow through wood and vale;

He made the rills so small,

That leap down hill and dale.

4. He made each bird that sings

So sweetly all the day;

He made each flower that springs

So bright, so fresh, so gay.

5. And He who made all these,

He made both you and me;

Oh, let us thank Him, then,

For great and good is He.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

我知道上帝创造了太阳，

带给世界光明。

他造出了闪耀繁星，

照亮整个天穹。

### 2.

他令山岳拔地而起，

高峻入九天。

他令水滴汇聚湖海，

深邃而无边。

### 3.

他令川流宽阔，

奔入树林与深谷。

他令小河细流，



直泻山崖成瀑布

4.

他赐予飞鸟动听的嗓音，

整日甜美地歌唱。

他赐予花儿灿烂的外表，

新奇而鲜艳地绽放。

5.

上帝创造了一切，

上帝创造了你我。

噢，让我们感谢主，

为他的善良和伟大。

# LESSON 56

## A GOOD OLD MAN

### 善良的老人

hoe	grave	knock	except
droll	hymn	prayed	cottage

1. There once lived an old man in a snug, little cottage. It had two rooms and only two windows. A small garden lay just behind it.
2. Old as the poor man was, he used to work in the fields. Often he would come home very tired and weak, with his hoe or spade on his shoulder.
3. And who do you think met him at the door? Mary and Jane, his two little grandchildren.
4. They were too young to work, except to weed in the garden, or bring water from the spring.
5. In winter, as they were too poor to buy much wood or coal, they had little fire; so they used to sit close together to keep warm. Mary would sit on one of the old man's knees, and Jane on the other.
6. Sometimes their grandfather would tell them a droll story. Sometimes he would teach them a hymn.



7. He would often talk to them of their father, who had gone to sea, or of their good, kind mother, who was in her grave. Every night he prayed God to bless them, and to bring back their father in safety.

8. The old man grew weaker every year; but the little girls were glad to work for him, who had been so good to them.

9. One cold, windy night, they heard a knock at the door. The little girls ran and opened it. Oh, joy to them! There stood their father.



10. He had been at sea a long time. He had saved some money, and had now come home to stay.

11. After this the old man did not have to work. His son worked for him, and his grandchildren took care of him. Many happy days they spent together.

### 【中文阅读】

1. 从前，有一位老人，他住在一个温暖的小农舍里。这间农舍只有两间屋子和两扇窗户。一个小花园就坐落在它后面。

2. 这个贫穷的老人常在田间干活。回到家时，肩头扛着锄头和铲子的他，经常累得毫无力气了。

3. 你觉得是谁在门口遇见了他？是玛丽和简，她俩是老人的孙女。

4. 她们还太小，除了去花园里除一下野草，或去泉里打点水，她们还不能干更多的活。

5. 冬天里，他们因为太穷而无法买下足够的木头和煤炭，只能生一个小小的火炉。她们常常紧紧地坐在一起取暖。玛丽坐在老人的一个膝盖上，简坐在另一膝盖上。

6. 有时，爷爷会给她们讲一个好笑的故事；有时，他会教她们唱一首圣歌。

7. 他时常会和她们聊起她们的爸爸，他是一位出海的水手；也谈及她们善良而亲切的妈妈，她已经去世了。每个夜晚，他都会向上帝祈祷，祈祷他能保佑她们，并把她们的爸爸平安带回来。

8. 这位老人年复一年，愈加年迈体弱。但这两个小女孩却很高兴替他干活，因为爷爷对她们非常仁爱。

9. 一个很冷的夜晚，风很大。她们听到了一阵敲门声，跑过去开门。噢，她们高兴极了。站在外面的是她们的爸爸！

10. 他已经出海很长一段时间。现在他已经攒了一些钱，打算回家去住。

11. 在这位老人无法下地干活之后，他有儿子替他干活了，他的孙女们则来照顾他。他们一起度过了许多美好的时光。

# LESSON 57

## THE GREEDY GIRL

### 贪吃的小女孩

dined	gayly	doctor	glutton
needs	lively	acorns	readers
tastes	Laura	greedy	tempers

1. Laura English is a greedy little girl. Indeed, she is quite a glutton. Do you know what a glutton is? A glutton is one who eats too much, because the food tastes well.
2. Laura's mother is always willing she should have as much to eat as is good for her; but sometimes, when her mother is not watching, she eats so much that it makes her sick.
3. I do not know why she is so silly. Her kitten never eats more than it needs. It leaves the nice bones on the plate, and lies down to sleep when it has eaten enough.
4. The bee is wiser than Laura. It flies all day among the flowers to gather honey, and might eat the whole time if it pleased. But it eats just enough, and carries all the rest to its hive.



5. The squirrel eats a few nuts or acorns, and frisks about as gayly as if he had

dined at the king's table.

6. Did you ever see a squirrel with a nut in his paws? How bright and lively he looks as he eats it!

7. If he lived in a house made of acorns, he would never need a doctor. He would not eat an acorn too much.

8. I do not love little girls who eat too much. Do you, my little readers?

9. I do not think they have such rosy cheeks, or such bright eyes, or such sweet, happy tempers as those who eat less.





【中文阅读】



1. 劳拉·英格丽是一个贪吃的小女孩。的确，她是个贪食者。你知道什么是贪食者吗？贪食者就是只要东西好吃，就吃得很多的人。
2. 劳拉的妈妈一直希望她的饭量应该保持在益于健康的程度。但有时，劳拉趁妈妈不注意就会暴食，以至于最后生了病。
3. 我不知道她为什么这么傻。她的小猫从没吃得超量。它留下盘子里好吃的骨头，吃饱后便躺下睡觉。
4. 蜜蜂也比劳拉聪明。它每天都在花丛中飞来飞去地采蜜。如果它愿意，可以整天吃个不停。但它仅仅吃得刚饱而已，然后把剩下的带到它的蜂房。
5. 松鼠吃些坚果或橡子，就像在国王的宴席上用餐一样快乐得又蹦又跳。
6. 你曾经见过一只手里拿着坚果的松鼠吗？它吃坚果的时候显得多么聪明活泼！
7. 即使它住在橡子做成的房子里，它也不会生病，因为它不会吃下过多的橡子。
8. 我不喜欢吃得过多的小女孩。你们喜欢吗，我的小读者？
9. 我认为她们不会像那些吃得少些的人一样拥有漂亮的脸蛋、明亮的眼睛和温柔快乐的性格。

# LESSON 58

## A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

### 物归原处

lend	Sarah	comfort	ashamed
yours	willing	thimble	elsewhere
using	borrow	offended	depended



Mary: I wish you would lend me your thimble, Sarah. I can never find my own.

Sarah: Why is it, Mary, you can never find it?

Mary: How can I tell? But if you will not lend me yours, I can borrow one

elsewhere.

Sarah: I am willing to lend mine to you, Mary. But I would very much like to know why you come to me to borrow so often.

Mary: Because you never lose any of your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah: And why do I always know where to find my things?

Mary: I do not know why, I am sure. If I did know, I might sometimes find my own.

Sarah: I will tell you the secret. I have a place for everything, and I put everything in its place when I have done using it.

Mary: O Sarah! who wants to run and put away a thing as soon as she has used it, as if her life depended upon it?

Sarah: Our life does not depend upon it, but our comfort does, surely. How much more time will it take to put a thing in its place, than to hunt for it or to borrow whenever you want to use it?

Mary: Well, Sarah, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.

Sarah: You are not offended with me, I hope.

Mary: No, but I am ashamed. Before night, I will have a place for everything, and then I will keep everything in its place. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember.

【中文阅读】

玛丽：萨拉，我希望你能把你的顶针借给我。我找不到自己的了。

萨拉：为什么呀，玛丽，你找不到了？

玛丽：我哪知道为什么。不过如果你不愿意把你的借给我，我可以去别的地方借。

萨拉：我愿意把我的借给你，玛丽。但我很想知道你为什么经常找我借东西。

玛丽：因为你从没有弄丢过你的东西，总是知道在哪能找到它们。

萨拉：为什么我总知道在哪能找到我的东西呢？

玛丽：我也不知道为什么，我敢肯定。如果我知道，我可能就常会找到自己的东西了。

萨拉：让我来告诉你这个秘密吧。我有固定的地方放东西，当我用完后，我会把所有东西放回原来的地方。

玛丽：噢，萨拉！谁会坚持在用完一件东西之后尽快收拾好，仿佛生活取决于它似的？

萨拉：我们的生活不取决于它，但我们的舒适感显然取决于它。我们把东西放回原处所花的时间，比我们想用东西时去找或借的时间多多少？

玛丽：好吧，萨拉，我以后不会再向你借东西了，你的舒适感取决于它。

萨拉：我希望你没跟我生气。

玛丽：没有，但我觉得惭愧。晚上之前，我会把一切东西收拾好，并且会把所有东西放回原处。你给我上了一堂应当牢记的课。

# LESSON 59

## MY MOTHER

### 我的妈妈

constant  
none  
leading  
mild

ear  
thine  
lull  
nurse

didst  
ease  
meek  
thy

hark  
rejoice  
thee  
fretful



Hark! my mother's voice I hear.  
Sweet that voice is to my ear;  
Ever soft, it seems to tell,  
Dearest child, I love thee well.

Love me, mother? Yes, I know  
None can love so well as thou.  
Was it not upon thy breast  
I was taught to sleep and rest?

Didst thou not, in hours of pain,  
Lull this head to ease again?  
With the music of thy voice,  
Bid my little heart rejoice?

Ever gentle, meek, and mild,  
Thou didst nurse thy fretful child  
Teach these little feet the road  
Leading on to heaven and God.

What return then can I make?  
This fond heart, dear mother, take;  
Thine it is, in word and thought,  
Thine by constant kindness bought.

# LESSON 60

## THE BROKEN WINDOW

### 打破的窗户

skipping  
engaged

mean  
Mason

George  
Ellet

gift

1. George Ellet had a bright silver dollar for a New-year gift.
2. He thought of all the fine things he might buy with it.
3. The ground was all covered with snow; but the sun shone out bright, and everything looked beautiful.
4. So George put on his hat, and ran into the street. As he went skipping along, he met some boys throwing snowballs. George soon engaged in the sport.
5. He sent a ball at James Mason, but it missed him, and broke a window on the other side of the street.
6. George feared some one would come out of the house and find him. So he ran off as fast as he could.
7. As soon as he got round the next corner, George stopped, because he was very sorry for what he had done.
8. He said to himself, "I have no right to spend my silver dollar, now. I ought to go back, and pay for the glass I broke with my snowball."





9. He went up and down the street, and felt very sad. He wished very much to buy something nice. He also wished to pay for the broken glass.

10. At last he said, "It was wrong to break the window, though I did not mean to do it. I will go and pay for it, if it takes all my money, I will try not to be sorry. I do not think the man will hurt me if I pay for the mischief I have done."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 乔治·艾略特要用一枚闪闪发光的银币买样新年礼物。



2. 他想遍了所有能用它买到的好东西。

3. 大地被雪覆盖，但阳光明媚，一切看上去都很美。

4. 乔治戴上他的帽子跑到街上。正当他沿着街道蹦蹦跳跳地走时，他看到一些男孩在打雪仗。乔治很快便参与到游戏之中。

5. 他向詹姆斯·马森扔出一个雪球，不仅没有击中他，还打破了街对面的一扇窗户。

6. 乔治怕有人会从房子里出来找他，便竭尽全力地跑开了。

7. 就在他跑到下一个路口时，乔治停住了，因为他对自己做下的事情感到很愧疚。

8. 他告诉自己说：“我现在没有权利花掉我的银币了。我应该回去，赔偿我用雪球打碎的那块玻璃。”

9. 他在街上来来回回地走着，感到十分难过。他非常希望能买些好东西，也希望赔偿打碎的玻璃。

10. 最后他说：“尽管我不是故意的，但打碎玻璃是我的不对。所以我得赔偿，即使花掉所有钱，我也会觉得心安。如果我为自己犯下的错误而赔偿，我觉得房屋的主人就不会责怪我。”

# LESSON 61

## THE BROKEN WINDOW (CONCLUDED)

### 打破的窗户(结束篇)

merchant

honestly

rang

mind

partner

without

rich

bell

1. George started off, and felt much happier for having made up his mind to do what was right.

2. He rang the doorbell. When the man came out, George said, "Sir, I threw a snowball through your window. But I did not intend to do it. I am very sorry, and wish to pay you. Here is the dollar my father gave me as a New-year gift."

3. The gentleman took the dollar, and asked George if he had no more money. George said he had not. "Well," said he, "this will do."

4. So, after asking George his name, and where he lived, he called him an honest boy, and shut the door.

5. George went home at dinner time, with a face as rosy, and eyes as bright, as if nothing had gone wrong. At dinner, Mr. Ellet asked him what he had bought with his money.



6. George very honestly told him all about the broken window, and said he felt very well without any money to spend.

7. When dinner was over, Mr. Ellet told George to go and look in his cap. He did so, and found two silver dollars there.

8. The man, whose window had been broken, had been there, and told Mr. Ellet about it. He gave back George's dollar and another besides.

9. A short time after this, the man came and told Mr. Ellet that he wanted a good boy to stay in his store.

10. As soon as George left school, he went to live with this man, who was a rich merchant. In a few years he became the merchant's partner.

【中文阅读】

1. 乔治上路了，他为自己做出正确的决定而感到更开心。

2. 他按响门铃。当里面的人走出来后，乔治说：“先生，我扔雪球时打碎了您的窗户，但我不是有意做的。我很抱歉，希望可以赔偿您。这是我爸爸给我的钱，是我的新年礼物。”

3. 那位先生接过钱，问乔治是否没有更多的钱了。乔治回答说他没有了。“那好吧。”他说，“这就够了。”

4. 就这样，在询问完乔治的名字和住址之后，他夸奖乔治是个诚实的男孩，然后关上了门。

5. 乔治在晚餐时间回到了家，脸上红润光泽，眼睛明亮有神，就像什么错都没犯过。晚饭时，艾略特先生问他用自己的钱买到了什么。

6. 乔治非常诚实地把他打破窗户的事告诉了爸爸，然后说他虽然没有花钱买到东西，却感觉好极了。

7. 晚饭结束后，艾略特先生叫乔治去看看他的帽子里有什么。乔治照做了，他在那儿发现了两枚银币。

8. 那个被打破窗户的人来过他家了，告诉了艾略特先生乔治打破窗户的事。他退还了乔治的那枚银币，并且又另外给了一枚。

9. 过了一小会儿，这个人来告诉艾略特先生，他需要一个好男孩到他的商店工作。

10. 乔治从学校毕业后，就去和这个人一起生活，原来他是一个很有钱的商人。几年以后，乔治成为了这位富商的合伙人。

# LESSON 62

## FRANK AND THE HOURGLASS

### 弗兰克和时漏

line	figure	second	perfectly
grain	verse	advice	impatient
study	busily	followed	understand

1. Frank was a very talkative little boy. He never saw a new thing without asking a great many questions about it.



2. His mother was very patient and kind. When it was proper to answer his questions, she would do so.

3. Sometimes she would say, "You are not old enough to understand that, my son. When you are ten years old, you may ask me about it, and I will tell you."

4. When his mother said this, he never teased any more. He knew she always liked to answer him when he asked proper questions.

5. The first time Frank saw an hourglass, he was very much amused; but he did not know what it was.

6. His mother said, "An hourglass is made in the shape of the figure 8. The sand is put in at one end, and runs through a small hole in the middle. As much sand is put into the glass as will run through in an hour."

7. Frank watched the little stream of sand. He was impatient, because it would not run faster. "Let me shake it, mother," said he; "it is lazy, and will never get through."

8. "Oh yes, it will, my son," said his mother, "The sand moves by little and little, but it moves all the time.

9. "When you look at the hands of the clock, you think they go very slowly, and so they do; but they never stop.

10. "While you are at play the sand is running, grain by grain, The hands of the clock are moving, second by second.

11. "At night, the sand in the hourglass has run through twelve times. The hour hand of the clock has moved all around its great face.

12. "This because they keep at work every minute. They do not stop to think how much they have to do, and how long it will take them to do it."

13. Now, Frank's mother wanted him to learn a little hymn; but he said, "Mother, I can never learn it."

14. His mother said, "Study all the time. Never stop to ask how long it will take to

learn it. You will be able to say it very soon."

15. Frank followed his mother's advice. He studied line after line, very busily; and in one hour and a half he knew the hymn perfectly.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 弗兰克是一个非常善谈的小男孩。每当看到一件新东西，他都会无一例外地提出一大堆关于它的问题。

2. 他的妈妈非常善良，也是个很有耐心的人。每当弗兰克问的问题适合回答，她就会予以回答。

3. 有时她会说：“你还小，这些问题对于你来说还理解不了，我的儿子。当你满十岁的时候，你再问我，我会告诉你的。”

4. 每当妈妈这样说的时侯，弗兰克从没取笑过妈妈。他知道只要他问的问题合适，妈妈总是很愿意回答他的问题。

5. 弗兰克第一次看见沙漏的时候，他觉得非常有趣，却不知道这是干什么用的。

6. 妈妈说：“沙漏是按照数字8的形状做成的。沙子被放在一头，然后穿过中间的一个细洞流到玻璃杯里。沙子的总量刚好够它们流上一个小时。”

7. 弗兰克注视着流下来的细沙。他很着急，因为沙子不能流得再快些。“妈妈，让我摇摇它吧。”他说，“它们太懒了，根本不会流空的。”

8. “噢，是的，我的孩子。”妈妈说，“沙子一点儿一点儿地流，但它们却一直在流动喔。”

9. “当你拿它们和钟表上的指针比较时，你觉得他们走得非常慢。它们走得的

确很慢，但它们从没停下脚步。”

10. “当你玩的时候，沙子仍在一粒一粒地流下，钟表上的指针也在一秒一秒地走。”

11. “夜里，沙漏里的沙子会来回流十二次，钟表上的时针也会在钟表盘上转整整一圈。”

12. “这是因为它们每分钟都在工作。它们从不停下来思考它们已经做了多少工作，以及还需要多长时间来完成。”

13. 现在，弗兰克的妈妈想要他学一学圣歌，他却说：“妈妈，我永远都学不会这个。”

14. 他的妈妈说：“一直都得学。永远不要停下来问这个要学多长时间。你很快就能学会的。”

15. 弗兰克听从了妈妈的劝告，他勤奋地学了一行又一行。一个半小时之后，他完整地学会了圣歌。



# LESSON 63

## MARCH

三月

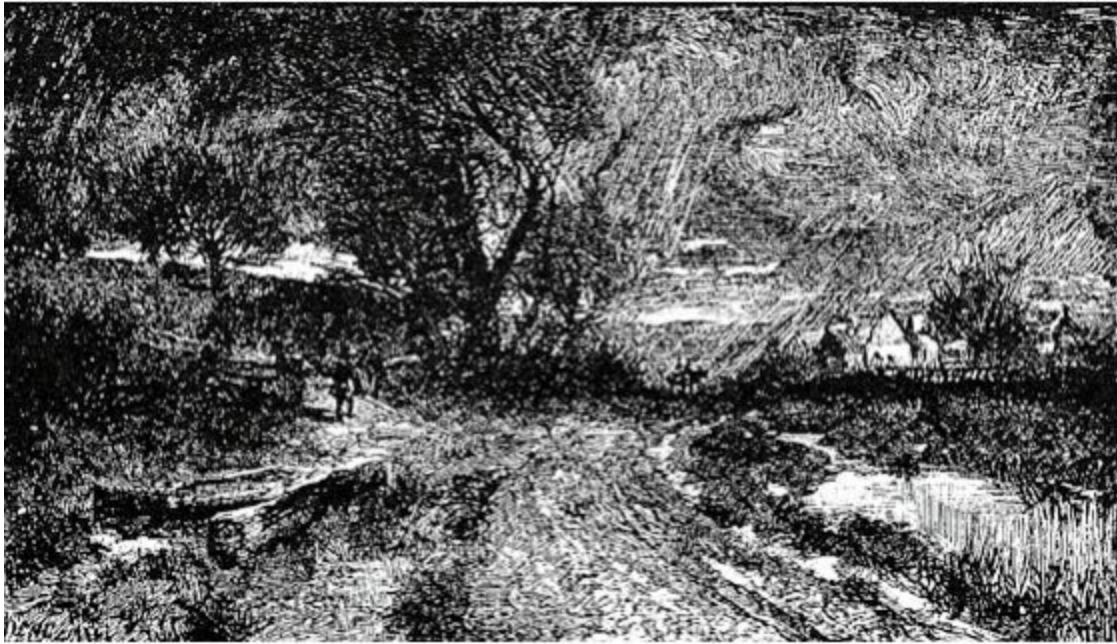
sleet

cheerly

cruel

taps

free



1. In the snowing and the blowing,

In the cruel sleet,

Little flowers begin their growing

Far beneath our feet.

2. Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly, —

"Darlings, are you here?"

Till they answer, "We are nearly,

Nearly ready, dear."

3. "Where is Winter, with his snowing?

Tell us, Spring," they say.

Then she answers, "He is going,

Going on his way.

4. "Poor old Winter does not love you;

But his time is past;

Soon my birds shall sing above you; —

Set you free at last."

(Mary Mapes Dodge)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

在风雪中，

在峭寒里，  
小花开始成长，  
就在我们脚下。

## 2.

轻轻地拍一拍春天，高兴地说：  
“亲爱的，是你来了吗？”  
直到他们回答：“我们就要来了，  
马上就到，亲爱的。”

## 3.

他们说：“冬天和雪花在哪？  
春天请告诉我们。”  
春天回答：“他在走，  
走在他的路上。”

## 4.

“可怜的冬天老了，他不喜欢你们。  
但他的时代已然过去。  
我的鸟儿即将在头顶唱歌

令你最终重获自由。”

(玛丽·梅普斯·道奇)

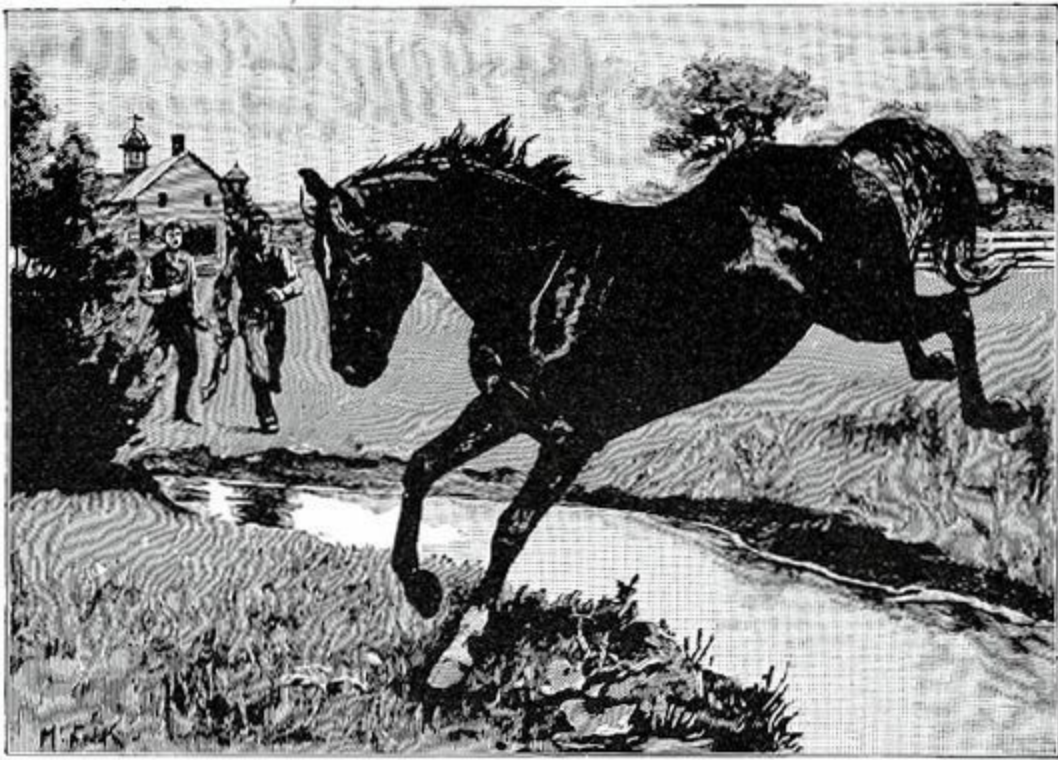
# LESSON 64

## JENNY'S CALL

### 詹妮的召唤

late	straw	Jenny	snorted	Templar
aunt	rogue	report	grazing	directly
ditch	acted	service	suppose	caressed
hired	erect	pricked	moment	groceries

1. "It's of no use, Mrs. Templar; I have been trying the greater part of an hour to catch that rogue of a horse. She won't be caught."



2. Such was the report the hired man brought in to Mrs. Templar one pleasant May morning, when she had been planning a ride.

3. "I suppose it can not be helped, but I wanted her very much," she said, as she turned away.

4. "What was it you wanted, mother?" asked Jenny Templar, a bright, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl of twelve, who had just come into the room.
5. "Fanny," said the mother. "It is such a beautiful morning, I meant to drive down to the village, get some groceries, then call for your Aunt Ann, have a nice ride up the river road, and bring her home to dinner.
6. "But father is away for all day, and the men have been trying nearly an hour to catch Fanny; one of the men says she can't be caught."
7. "Maybe she can't by him," said Jenny, with a merry laugh. "But, get ready, mother; you shall go if you like. I'll catch Fanny, and harness her, too."
8. "Why, my child, they say she jumped the ditch three or four times, and acted like a wild creature. You'll only be late at school, and tire yourself for nothing."
9. "It won't take me long, mother. Fanny will come to me," said Jenny, cheerily. She put on her wide straw hat, and was off in a moment, down the hill, to the field where the horse was grazing.
10. The moment Fanny heard the rustle of Jenny's dress, she pricked up her ears, snorted, and, with head erect, seemed ready to bound away again.



11. "Fanny! O Fanny!" called Jenny, and the beautiful creature turned her head. That gentle tone she well knew, and, glad to see her friend, she came directly to the fence, and rubbed her head on the girl's shoulder. As soon as the gate was opened, she followed Jenny to the barn.

12. The men had treated her roughly, and she remembered it. But she knew and loved the voice that was always kind, and the hand that often fed and caressed her. She gave love for love, and willing service for kindness.

## 【中文阅读】

1. “没有用，坦普勒夫人。我已经花了近一个钟头来捉住这匹淘气的马，但怎么也捉不住她。”

2. 这就是雇工在五月这美好的清晨里带给坦普勒夫人的报告。那时，她正打算乘车出门。

3. “我认为你帮不上忙，但我非常需要她。”她转身走的时候说道。



4. “妈妈，你需要什么？”刚刚走进屋子的珍妮·坦普勒问道。她今年十二岁，长着一头棕黑明亮的头发和一双棕色的眼睛。
5. “范妮。”妈妈说，“今天早上很不错，我想去村里买些杂货，然后接你的安阿姨一起驶上沿河路，把她带回家吃晚餐。”
6. “但爸爸一整天都不在家，那些人花了近一个小时想捉住范妮。其中有个人说她无法被捉住。”
7. “也许她仅仅不能被那个人捉住。”珍妮快乐地笑着说，“不过妈妈，做好准备吧，如果你想说的话就能去。我会把范妮捉住，并且给她戴上马具。”
8. “为什么，我的孩子？他们说她跳到了沟里三四次，就像只野兽一样。你只会上学迟到，并且把你自己弄得筋疲力尽却于事无补。”
9. “不会很久的，妈妈。范妮会到我这儿来的。”珍妮兴高采烈地说。她戴上她的宽草帽，离开了一小会儿，下山到了田野。那里是马儿吃草放牧的地方。
10. 就在这时，范妮听到了珍妮走路时裙子发出的沙沙声。她竖起耳朵，喷着鼻息，挺着脑袋，似乎做好了再次被绑走的准备。
11. “范妮！喂，范妮！”珍妮叫道。漂亮的马儿转过头。她很熟悉那温和的声音，于是高兴地跑过去见她的朋友。她用头在小姑娘肩膀上蹭了蹭，这时大门被打开，她跟着珍妮一起进入马厩。
12. 人们对她太粗暴了，她也记住了这些。不过，她了解并喜欢那些十分亲切的声音，以及那些经常喂她、拥抱她的双手。她用爱去回报爱，乐意为友善的人效劳。



# LESSON 65

## POOR DAVY

### 可怜的大卫

rung	Davy	violet	recess	arrange
ferns	maple	dainty	lingered	prettiest

1. It was recess time at the village school. The bell had rung, and the children had run out into the bright sunshine, wild with laughter and fun.
2. All but poor Davy. He came out last and very slowly, but he did not laugh. He was in trouble, and the bright, golden sunlight did not make him glad.
3. He walked across the yard, and sat down on a stone behind the old maple. A little bird on the highest branch sang just to make him laugh.
4. But Davy did not notice it. He was thinking of the cruel words that had been said about his ragged clothes. The tears stole out of his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.
5. Poor Davy had no father, and his mother had to work hard to keep him at school.



6. That night, he went home by the path that led across the fields and through the woods. He still felt sad.

7. Davy did not wish to trouble his mother; so he lingered a while among the trees, and at last threw himself on the green moss under them.

8. Just then his teacher came along. She saw who it was, and stopped, saying kindly, "What is the matter, Davy?"

9. He did not speak, but the tears began again to start.

10. "Won't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you."

11. Then he told her all his trouble. When he ended, she said, cheerily, "I have a plan, Davy, that I think will help you."

12. "Oh, what is it?" he said, sitting up with a look of hope, while a tear fell upon

a blue violet.

13. "Well, how would you like to be a little flower merchant?"



14. "And earn money?" said Davy. "That would be jolly. But where shall I get my flowers?"

15. "Right in these woods, and in the fields," said his teacher. "Here are lovely blue violets, down by the brook are white ones, and among the rocks are ferns and mosses. Bring them all to my house, and I will help you arrange them."

16. So, day after day, Davy hunted the woods for the prettiest flowers, and the most dainty ferns and mosses. After his teacher had helped to arrange them, he took them to the city that was near, and sold them.

17. He soon earned money enough to buy new clothes. Now the sunshine and the bird's songs make him glad.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 现在是乡村学校里的下课时间。铃声响了，孩子们欣喜地笑着，跑到灿烂的阳光下。
2. 可怜的大卫不是这样。他最后一个缓慢走出来，脸上没有一丝笑容。他遇到了麻烦，金灿灿的阳光也没能令他高兴起来。
3. 他穿过操场，坐在一棵老枫树后面的石头上。一只小鸟在最高处的枝头上唱起了歌，想令他笑起来。
4. 大卫却没有注意到它。他正在想着人们嘲笑他的破衣裳时所说的刻薄的话。眼泪偷偷地从眼睛里流出来，落到了他的脸颊上。
5. 可怜的大卫没有爸爸，他的妈妈不得不辛苦地工作，为他挣得学费。
6. 那一晚，他走在贯穿田野和树林的回家路上，心里仍然很难过。
7. 大卫不想令他的妈妈烦心，他在树上逗留了一会儿，最后滑到树下绿色的青苔上。
8. 就在这时，他的老师走了过来。她看到大卫，于是停下脚步，和蔼地说：“怎么了，大卫？”
9. 他没有说话，眼泪却再次流了下来。
10. “你不想告诉我吗？也许我能帮助你呢。”
11. 于是，大卫把他所有的烦恼都告诉了老师。当他讲完后，老师高兴地说：“我有一个主意，大卫，我觉得这个主意可以帮助你。”
12. “哦？什么主意？”他说。就在一滴眼泪落在一只蓝色的紫罗兰上时，他满

怀希望地坐了起来。

13. “好吧，你想不想做一个卖花的小商人？”

14. “来赚钱？”大卫说，“这个主意很好，但我从哪儿才能采到花呢？”

15. “就从这些树林和田野里采。”老师说，“这里有一些可爱的蓝色紫罗兰，小溪边有一些白色的，这些石头中还有些蕨类和苔藓。你把它们都带到我的房子里，我会帮你整理好它们。”

16. 于是，大卫每天都到森林里去寻找漂亮的花，以及最可口的蕨类和苔藓。等老师帮他整理好之后，他就把它们带到城里去卖。

17. 很快，他就赚到了足够的钱来买新衣服。现在，阳光和鸟儿的歌唱也会令他非常高兴。

# LESSON 66

## ALICE'S SUPPER

### 爱丽丝的晚餐

deep	flour	dough	miller	whether
cook	afar	dusty	cradles	grinding
glow	doth	valley	reapers	a-kneading

#### 1.

Far down in the valley the wheat grows deep,  
And the reapers are making the cradles sweep;  
And this is the song that I hear them sing,  
While cheery and loud their voices ring:  
" 'Tis the finest wheat that ever did grow!  
And it is for Alice's supper — ho! ho!"

#### 2.

Far down by the river the old mill stands,  
And the miller is rubbing his dusty hands;  
And these are the words of the miller's lay,  
As he watches the millstones grinding away:





" 'Tis the finest flour that money can buy,  
And it is for Alice's supper — hi! hi!"

### 3.

Downstairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,  
And cook is a-kneading the soft, white dough;  
And this is the song she is singing to-day,  
As merry and busy she's working away:  
" 'Tis the finest dough, whether near or afar,

And it is for Alice's supper — ha! ha!"

#### 4.

To the nursery now comes mother, at last,

And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?

'Tis a plateful of something, all yellow and white,

And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright:

" 'Tis the best bread and butter I ever did see,

And it is for Alice's supper — he! he!"

### 【中文阅读】

#### 1.

山谷深处，小麦成熟了。

农民们正在收割粮食。

当愉快而响亮的声音响起时，

我听到他们唱着这首歌曲：

“这是我们种过的优质小麦！

我们用它作为爱丽丝的晚餐！嘿嘿！”

#### 2.



遥远的河边，有一座磨坊，

磨坊主正转动布满尘土的齿轮。

当他看到磨石转动的时候，

磨坊主说出了这样的话：

“这是用钱可以买到的最优面粉，

我们用它作为爱丽丝的晚餐！嘿嘿！”

### 3.

楼下的厨房，生起了火，

厨师正把面粉揉成雪白柔软的面团。

当她快乐而忙碌地工作时，

今天她唱出了这样的歌：

“这是世界上最好吃的布丁，

我们用它作为爱丽的晚餐！嘿嘿！”

### 4.

现在妈妈来到了幼儿园，

她手上端着的是什么？

这盘东西白黄相间，

进来时，她满脸微笑地唱道：

“这是我所见过的最棒的面包，

用作爱丽丝的晚餐！嘿嘿！”

# LESSON 67

## A SNOWSTORM

### 一场暴风雪

tall	hung	storm	picket
firs	north	gowns	sparkled
roof	flakes	fairies	captains

1. Last night, the cold north wind blew great snow clouds over the sky. Not a star, not a bit of blue sky could be seen.
2. Soon the tiny flakes floated softly down, like flocks of little white birds. Faster and faster they came, till they filled the air. They made no noise, but they were busy all night long.
3. They covered all the ground with a soft, white carpet. They hung beautiful plumes on the tall, green firs. The little bushes, they put to sleep in warm nightgowns and caps.
4. They hid the paths so that the boys might have the fun of digging new ones. They turned the old picket fence into a row of soldiers, and the gate posts into captains, with tall white hats on.
5. The old corn basket that was left out by the barn, upside down, they made into a cunning little snow house with a round roof.



6. When the busy little flakes had done their work, the sun came up to see what they had been about.

7. He must have been pleased with what he saw, for he smiled such a bright, sweet smile, that the whole white world sparkled as if it were made of little stars.

8. Who would have thought that the black clouds could hide the little fairies that made the earth so beautiful!

## 【中文阅读】

1. 昨天夜里，北风寒冷凛冽，大雪遮盖了整个天空。看不见一颗星星，也看不见一片蓝色的天空。

2. 不久，小小的雪花静静地飘落下来，就像一群白色的小鸟。雪花落得越来越快，直到弥漫整个天空。它们没有一点喧闹，却持续地忙碌了整个夜晚。

3. 它们用柔软的白毛毯覆盖了全部大地，它们在高大而青翠的杉木上悬起美丽的羽毛，它们用暖和的睡衣和帽子令小灌木酣睡过去。

4. 它们把小路藏了起来，男孩们高兴地挖开了一条新路。它们把又老又尖的篱笆变成了一排士兵，大门变成了队长，戴着又高又白的帽子站在那儿一丝不动。

5. 老玉米篮子被扔到了谷仓外。它倒立着身体，被雪花做成了一个漂亮的圆顶小雪屋。

6. 当忙碌的小雪花完成了它们的工作，太阳便露出笑脸，看看雪花都去了哪里。

7. 他一定对所看到的事情非常高兴，因为他笑得如此灿烂和甜蜜。整个洁白的世界闪闪发光，就像一颗颗小星星在眨眼睛。

8. 谁会想得到，那黑色的乌云竟可以把这些将世界装扮得如此美丽的小精灵藏起来呢！

# LESSON 68

## BESSIE

贝 希

dug	roots	thump	offense
toad	spools	heaped	smoothed
forth	apron	closets	dandelions

1. One day, Bessie thought how nice it would be to have a garden with only wild flowers in it. So into the house she ran to find her Aunt Annie, and ask her leave to go over on the shady hillside, across the brook, where the wild flowers grew thickest.

2. "Yes, indeed, you may go," said Aunt Annie; "but what will you put the roots and earth in while you are making the garden?"

3. "Oh," said Bessie, "I can take my apron."

4. Her aunt laughed, and said, "A basket will be better, I think." So they looked in the closets and the attic, everywhere; but some of the baskets were full, and some broken; not one could they find that would do.

5. Then Aunt Annie turned out the spools and the bags from a nice large workbasket, and gave that to Bessie. "You may have this for your own," she said, "to fill with earth, or flowers, or anything you like."



6. "Oh! thank you," said Bessie, and she danced away through the garden. She slipped through the gate, out into the field all starred with dandelions, down in the hollow by the brook, then up on the hillside out of sight among the shady trees.

7. How she worked that afternoon! She heaped up the dark, rich earth, and smoothed it over with her hands. Then she dug up violets, and spring-beauties, and other flowers, — running back and forth, singing all the while.

8. The squirrels peeped out of their holes at Bessie. The birds sang in the branches overhead. Thump, came something all at once into the middle of the bed. Bessie jumped and upset the basket, and away it rolled down the hill.

9. How Bessie laughed when she saw a big, brown toad winking his bright eyes at her, as if he would say, "No offense, I hope."

10. Just then Bessie heard a bell ringing loudly. She knew it was calling her home; but how could she leave her basket? She must look for that first.

11. "Waiting, waiting, waiting," all at once sang a bird out of sight among the branches; "waiting, Bessie."

12. "Sure enough," said Bessie; "perhaps I'm making dear mother or auntie wait; and they are so good to me. I'd better let the basket wait. Take care of it, birdie; and don't jump on my flowers, Mr. Toad."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一天，贝希在想，如果她有一个开满野花的花园该有多好啊。于是她跑到房子里去找阿姨安妮，问她可不可以越过绿树成荫的山坡，穿过小溪，到长满野花的地方去。

2. “没问题，你当然可以去。”安妮阿姨说，“但你在打造花园的时候用什么来装花草和土壤呢？”

3. “噢。”贝希说，“我可以拿着我的围裙。”

4. 她的阿姨笑着说：“我觉得带只篮子会更好。”于是，她们到壁橱和阁楼里去找篮子。她们到处找遍了，可那些篮子不是满的就是坏的，没有一个可用。

5. 于是，安妮阿姨从一个漂亮的大针线盒里翻出了线轴和布袋，然后交给了贝希。“你自己用吧，这个给你了。”她说，“你可以用它来装土、装花，装任何你喜欢的东西。”

6. “噢，谢谢您。”贝希说。她迈着轻快的舞步穿过花园，跑出大门。她走进布满蒲公英的田野，穿过溪边的山洞，登上绿树成荫的山坡。

7. 看看她一下午都是怎么干的！她把肥沃的黑土堆成一堆，然后用双手夯实。接着，她挖出紫罗兰、春美人以及其他花朵。她跑前跑后，忙来忙去，嘴里一直哼着歌曲。



8. 松鼠们从它们的洞里探出头来瞧着贝希，鸟儿在头顶的树枝上唱着歌。砰的一声，一个东西一下子蹦到道路中央。贝希惊得跳了起来，篮子翻了，一直滚到山下。

9. 可贝希笑得合不拢嘴，她看到一只棕色的大蛤蟆眨着一双明亮的大眼睛望着她，好像在说：“希望我没有犯错误。”

10. 就在这时，贝希听到了一阵响亮的铃声。她知道那是在叫她回家，但她怎么能把篮子丢掉呢？她必须先把篮子找回来。

11. “等一等，等一等，等一等。”一只小鸟突然在树枝上叫道，“等一等，贝希。”

12. “当然可以。”贝希说，“可能我这样做的话会让亲爱的妈妈或阿姨等我，她们对我很好。我还是让篮子等我一会儿吧。小鸟，请好好照看我的篮子。蛤蟆先生，记得别跳到我的花上去。”

# LESSON 69

## BESSIE(CONCLUDED)

### 贝 希(结束篇)

visit

soaked

obedient

ruined

1. She was back at the house in a few minutes, calling, "Mother! mother! auntie! Who wants me?"

2. "I, dear," said her mother. "I am going away for a long visit, and if you had not come at once, I could not have said good-by to my little girl."



3. Then Bessie's mother kissed her, and told her to obey her kind aunt while she was gone.

4. The next morning, Bessie waked to find it raining hard. She went into her

aunt's room with a very sad face. "O auntie! this old rain!"

5. "This new, fresh, beautiful rain, Bessie! How it will make our flowers grow, and what a good time we can have together in the house!"

6. "I know it, auntie; but you will think me so careless!"

7. "To let it rain?"

8. "No; don't laugh, Aunt Annie; to leave your nice basket out of doors all night; and now it will be soaked and ruined in this — this — beautiful rain." Bessie did not look as if the beautiful rain made her very happy.

9. "You must be more careful, dear, another time," said her aunt, gently. "But come, tell me all about it."

10. So Bessie crept very close to her auntie's side, and told her of her happy time the day before; of the squirrel, and the toad, and how the basket rolled away down the hill; and then how the bell rang, and she could not stop to find the basket.

11. "And you did quite right," said her aunt. "If you had stopped, your mother must have waited a whole day, or else gone without seeing you. When I write, I will tell her how obedient you were, and that will please her more than anything else I can say."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 她在几分钟内回到了家，喊道：“妈妈！妈妈！阿姨！谁在找我？”

2. “是我，亲爱的。”她的妈妈说，“我打算离家做个长期访问。如果你不马上回来的话，我可能就不能和我的小姑娘说再见了。”

3. 然后，贝希的妈妈亲了亲她，告诉她在妈妈不在的日子里要听阿姨的话。

4. 转天早晨，贝希起床之后发现外面的雨下得很大。她嘟着脸走进阿姨的房间，说：“噢，阿姨，这雨真讨厌！”

5. “这是一场新鲜而美丽的雨，贝希！它会令我们的花朵长大。我们一起在房子里会度过多么美好的一段时光啊！”

6. “我知道，阿姨。但你根本没听懂我在说什么！”

7. “你是说我想让它下雨这件事？”

8. “不是，别笑了，安妮阿姨。昨天我把你漂亮的篮子在门外丢了一整夜，现在它该被淋坏了，被这场——这场美丽的雨。”贝希并不认为这场美丽的雨让她有多开心。

9. “亲爱的，下次你必须更加小心一些。”她的阿姨温柔地说，“来，告诉我昨天都发生了什么。”

10. 于是贝希慢慢地靠近阿姨，告诉了她昨天自己有多么高兴。她说到了松鼠，说到了蛤蟆，也说到了篮子是怎样滚下了山坡，接着为什么铃声响了，以至于她不能停下来找篮子。

11. “你做得很对。”她的阿姨说，“如果你停下来去找篮子了，你妈妈肯定会等一整天，或没见到你就走了。当我给她写信时，我会告诉她你有多么听话，这会让她比听到任何事都更高兴的。”

# LESSON 70

## CHEERFULNESS

### 欢 乐

sought  
lofty

surely  
maiden

welcome  
cherished

lightsome  
introduce

There is a little maiden—  
Who is she? Do you know?  
Who always has a welcome,  
Wherever she may go.  
Her face is like the May time,  
Her voice is like a bird's;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her lightsome words.  
Each spot she makes the brighter  
As if she were the sun;  
And she is sought and cherished  
And loved by everyone;

By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low:  
Who is this little maiden ?  
Does anybody know ?  
You surely must have met her  
You certainly can guess;  
What! I must introduce her?  
Her name is Cheerfulness

*Marian Douglas.*

# LESSON 71

## LULLABY

### 摇篮曲

western

breathe

dying

moon

babe

sails

#### 1.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

#### 2.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west,

Under the silver moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

(Tennyson)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1.

轻又甜，甜又轻，

来自西边的海风，

轻轻地呼气与吹舞，

来自西边的海风！

从沉落的月中走来，

越过波浪的翻腾，

把他带回我的身边，

我的宝贝已然入梦。



安静地睡吧，

爸爸就要回来看你，

睡在妈妈的怀里，

爸爸就要回来看你。

爸爸就要回来看摇篮里的宝贝，

在银色的月光下，

扬起银帆从西边起程，

睡吧，睡吧，我的宝贝已然入梦。

（丁尼森）

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# LESSON 1

## THE SHEPHERD BOY

### 牧 童

either	trickle	fancied	murmur	reflected
glossy	entered	shepherd	chestnuts	command



1. Little Roy led his sheep down to pasture,  
  
And his cows, by the side of the brook;  
  
But his cows never drank any water,  
  
And his sheep never needed a crook.

2. For the pasture was gay as a garden,

And it glowed with a flowery red;

But the meadows had never a grass blade,

And the brooklet—it slept in its bed:

3. And it lay without sparkle or murmur,

Nor reflected the blue of the skies;

But the music was made by the shepherd,

And the sparkle was all in his eyes.

4. Oh, he sang like a bird in the summer!

And, if sometimes you fancied a bleat,

That, too, was the voice of the shepherd,

And not of the lambs at his feet.

5. And the glossy brown cows were so gentle

That they moved at the touch of his hand

O'er the wonderful, rosy-red meadow,

And they stood at the word of command.

6. So he led all his sheep to the pasture,

And his cows, by the side of the brook;

Though it rained, yet the rain never pattered

O'er the beautiful way that they took.

7. And it wasn't in Fairyland either,

But a house in the midst of the town,

Where Roy, as he looked from the window,

Saw the silvery drops trickle down.

8. For his pasture was only a table,

With its cover so flowery fair,

And his brooklet was just a green ribbon,

That his sister had lost from her hair.

9. And his cows were but glossy horse-chestnuts,

That had grown on his grandfather's tree;

And his sheep only snowy-white pebbles,

He had brought from the shore of the sea.

10. And at length when the shepherd was weary,

And had taken his milk and his bread,

And his mother had kissed him and tucked him,

And had bid him "good night" in his bed;

11. Then there entered his big brother Walter,

While the shepherd was soundly asleep,

And he cut up the cows into baskets,

And to jackstones turned all of the sheep.

(Emily S. Oakey)

【中文阅读】

1. 小罗伊赶着羊群来到牧场，

将牛群驱赶到小溪边；

牛群不需在溪边喝水，

羊群也不需他挥舞牧鞭。

2. 牧场像花园一样绚丽多彩

散发着亮丽的红色光芒。

可这片土地却寸草不生，

小溪也只在自己的温床上静静流淌。

3. 它既不闪闪发光，也不喃喃低语，

更不会折射出晴空的湛蓝；

小牧童哼起欢快的歌谣，

眼中闪烁着迷人的光芒。

4. 哇，他就像夏日的小鸟在快唱！

假如你恍若听到咩咩的声音，

那一定是牧童在欢唱，

而非他脚边的小羊羔。

5. 油亮闪亮的棕色母牛多么温顺，

在牧童的轻抚下，

牛群漫步在玫瑰红的欢乐草地上，

主人一声令下便让它们停下。

6. 他就这样领着牛羊，

在小溪边游荡；

尽管天开始下雨，

可雨滴并不似往日美丽的模样啪嗒啪嗒洒落下来。

7. 这里并不是什么仙境乐园，

只不过是镇上一处屋舍，

罗伊从这里还能看到

窗外倾泻而下的闪光雨滴。

8. 他的牧场也不过是一张桌子，

上面铺满各色花瓣；

那潺潺小溪

只是妹妹头上掉落的一条绿色丝带。

9. 温顺的牛群

是从祖父种植的七叶树上采来的光滑叶片；

可爱的羊群

也不过是用海边拣的雪白鹅卵石来充当。

10. 牧童终于厌倦了这个游戏，

喝光牛奶、吃完面包之后，

妈妈令他上床睡觉，亲吻了他，

轻轻道声“晚安”。

11. 就在牧童酣睡之际，



大哥沃尔特走了进来，  
他将撕碎的牛群扔进篮子，  
用小石子取代了罗伊的羊群。

（爱米莉·奥凯）

# LESSON 2

## JOHNNY'S FIRST SNOWSTORM

### 乔尼初次见雪

country

groves

losing

sugar

freezes

1. Johnny Reed was a little boy who never had seen a snowstorm till he was six years old. Before this, he had lived in a warm country, where the sun shines down on beautiful orange groves, and fields always sweet with flowers.

2. But now he had come to visit his grandmother, who lived where the snow falls in winter. Johnny was standing at the window when the snow came down.



3. "O mamma!" he cried, joyfully, "do come quick, and see these little white birds flying down from heaven."

4. "They are not birds, Johnny," said mamma, smiling.

5. "Then maybe the little angels are losing their feathers! Oh! do tell me what it is; is it sugar? Let me taste it," said Johnny. But when he tasted it, he gave a little jump—it was so cold.

6. "That is only snow, Johnny," said his mother.

7. "What is snow, mother?"

8. "The snowflakes, Johnny, are little drops of water that fall from the clouds. But the air through which they pass is so cold it freezes them, and they come down turned into snow."

9. As she said this, she brought out an old black hat from the closet. "See, Johnny! I have caught a snowflake on this hat. Look quick through this glass, and you will see how beautiful it is."

10. Johnny looked through the glass. There lay the pure, feathery snowflake like a lovely little star.

11. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!" he cried in delight. "Oh! please show me more snow-flakes, mother."

12. So his mother caught several more, and they were all beautiful.

13. The next day Johnny had a fine play in the snow, and when he came in, he said, "I love snow; and I think snowballs are a great deal prettier than oranges."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 乔尼·瑞德是个小男孩，直到六岁，他才看到暴风雪。此前，他一直生活在地球的暖热带地区。在那里，阳光洒满大片美丽的橘树林，田野里到处都是芬芳扑鼻的鲜花。

2. 但是，现在他要去看望奶奶，那里的冬天常会下雪。每当雪花纷飞的时候，乔尼就会站在窗前定睛观望。

3. 他高兴地大喊：“妈妈，快过来，瞧，这些白色的小鸟从天堂飞下来了。”

4. 妈妈笑着对他说：“乔尼，那不是小鸟。”

5. “那么，可能是小天使掉落的羽毛吧！哦，快告诉我，那是什么，是糖吗？我想尝一下。”乔尼说。但是，就在品尝雪花时，他不禁惊跳起来——太凉了。

6. 妈妈说：“那不过是雪而已，乔尼。”

7. “妈妈，雪是什么？”

8. “乔尼，雪就是从云彩上掉落的小水滴。但是，水滴从天上掉下来时，寒冷的空气将它们凝结住了，所以变成了从天而降的雪花。”

9. 她一边说着，一边从壁橱里取出一顶黑色的旧帽子。“看，乔尼！我用帽子接住了一片雪花。透过这块玻璃，你就知道雪花有多么美了。”

10. 乔尼透过玻璃看着雪花，那片纯净轻柔的雪花就像一颗可爱的小星星。

11. “哇，小星星还一闪一闪的呢！妈妈，再让我多看点雪花吧！”乔尼欢呼起来。

12. 于是，妈妈又抓住了一些雪花，都是那么漂亮！

13. 第二天，乔尼在雪地里开心地玩耍，从外面回家后，他说：“我太喜欢雪了，雪球可比橘子好玩多了。”

# LESSON 3

## LET IT RAIN

### 下雨吧

daughter

quench

wreaths

butter

thirsty

1. Rose. See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?
2. Father. Why, Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast, this morning?
3. Rose. Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.
4. Father. Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?
5. Rose. Sorry? No, indeed. Just now, I wished very much to go out and see them,—they look so pretty.
6. Father. Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?
7. Rose. Why, father, you must think I am a cruel girl, to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much nice milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.
8. Father. Do you not think they would die, if they had no water to drink?

9. Rose. Yes, sir, I am sure they would. How shocking to think of such a thing!

10. Father. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow, if they never had any water on them?

11. Rose. No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make wreaths of for mother.

12. Father. I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

13. Rose. It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

14. Father. Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

15. Rose. I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 罗斯：瞧，又下雨了！唉，天哪，天哪，天哪！多么无聊呀！难道我一整天都要待在家里？

2. 爸爸：罗斯，今天的早餐多么丰盛呀，有面包和奶油。你为什么不高兴呢？

3. 罗斯：为什么，爸爸，您怎么这样问呀！如果我没事可干，的确不高兴呀。

4. 爸爸：亲爱的女儿，当你看到花园里盛开的鲜花和茂密的树木时，也会不高兴吗？

5. 罗斯：不高兴？应该不会吧。刚才，我只是希望能出去看看它们——它们实

在太美了。

6. 爸爸：好吧，当你看到小牛、小羊、小马在溪边饮水解渴时，也会不高兴吗？

7. 罗斯：为什么，爸爸，您一定认为我是一个冷酷无情的小女孩，总希望那些可怜的小马不知疲惫地工作，希望那些漂亮的小牛只会产奶，希望那些可爱的小羊总会口渴。

8. 爸爸：它们若没有水喝就会死掉，难道你不这样认为吗？

9. 罗斯：是的，现在，我也是这么想的。一想到这些事，多么可怕呀！

10. 爸爸：我以为小罗斯因为下雨而不高兴了。如果没有水滴落到它们身上，树木花草还会长大吗？这些你想过没有？

11. 罗斯：它们不会长大了，爸爸。它们会被太阳烤干的。那么，我们也就看不到美丽的鲜花，不能给妈妈编织花环了。

12. 爸爸：我以为你会因为下雨而伤心呢。罗斯，我们吃的面包是由什么做成的？

13. 罗斯：是由面粉做的，面粉是由麦子通过磨而制成的。

14. 爸爸：是的，罗斯，正是雨水促使小麦成熟，也正是水使磨盘碾碎了麦子。我还以为小罗斯不喜欢下雨呢。

15. 罗斯：爸爸，我没有想过这么多事情。我真的很高兴看到下雨了。

# LESSON 4

## CASTLE-BUILDING

### 建造城堡

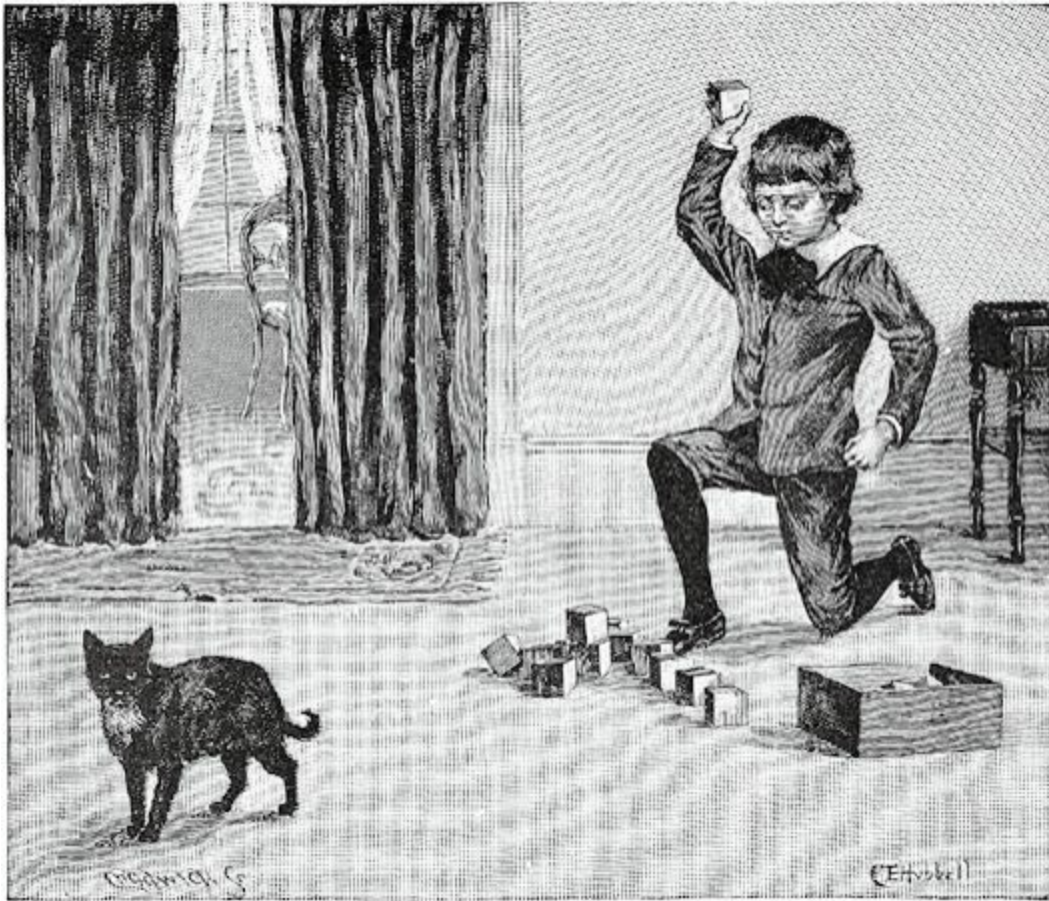
anger  
dismay  
mimic

castle  
sofa  
nodded

foundation  
interested  
exclaimed

rattling  
passion  
already

tower  
pile  
spilled



1. "O pussy!" cried Herbert, in a voice of anger and dismay, as the blockhouse he was building fell in sudden ruin. The playful cat had rubbed against his mimic castle, and tower and wall went rattling down upon the floor.

2. Herbert took up one of the blocks and threw it fiercely at pussy. Happily, it passed over her and did no harm. His hand was reaching for another block, when his little sister Hetty sprang toward the cat, and caught her up.



3. "No, no, no!" said she, "you sha'n't hurt pussy! She didn't mean to do it!"

4. Herbert's passion was over quickly, and, sitting down upon the floor, he covered his face with his hands, and began to cry.

5. "What a baby!" said Joe, his elder brother, who was reading on the sofa. "Crying over spilled milk does no good. Build it up again."

6. "No, I won't," said Herbert, and he went on crying.

7. "What's all the trouble here?" exclaimed papa, as he opened the door and came in.

8. "Pussy just rubbed against Herbert's castle, and it fell down," answered Hetty. "But she didn't mean to do it; she didn't know it would fall, did she, papa?"

9. "Why, no! And is that all the trouble?"

10. "Herbert!" his papa called, and held out his hands. "Come." The little boy got up from the floor, and came slowly, his eyes full of tears, and stood by his father.

11. "There is a better way than this, my boy," said papa. "If you had taken that way, your heart would have been light already. I should have heard you singing over your blocks instead of crying. Shall I show you that way?"

12. Herbert nodded his head, and papa sat down on the floor by the pile of blocks, with his little son by his side, and began to lay the foundation for a new castle.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 赫伯特正在建造的城堡突然倒塌了，他带着愤怒和沮丧叫喊道：“哇，可恶的小猫！”调皮的小猫咪恰巧从他的模型城堡边窜过去。

2. 赫伯特拿起一块积木，拼命地扔向那只小猫。积木从它身边擦肩而过，但并没有伤到他。他又去拿另一块积木，这时，小妹妹海蒂跑过来，抱起了小猫咪。

3. “不，不要，别这样！”她说，“你不能伤害小猫咪！它不是有意的！”

4. 赫伯特顿时怒火中烧，坐在地板上，双手捂住小脸哭了起来。

5. 正坐在沙发上看书的哥哥乔开腔了：“真是个小孩子！哭也没用呀，再建一次就行了。”

6. 赫伯特一边哭着，一边说：“我才不干呢。”

7. 爸爸开门走进来，问道：“这里发生什么事了？”

8. 海蒂抢先回答：“小猫咪从赫伯特建造的城堡边经过，把它弄垮了。但是，它也不是有意的。它根本不知道城堡会倒掉，是吗，爸爸？”

9. “当然知道了！这就是你们的麻烦？”

10. 爸爸一边伸出双手，一边说：“赫伯特，过来。”小男孩从地板上起来，慢慢走过去，眼里噙着泪水，站在爸爸身边。

11. 爸爸说：“我的孩子，还有一个好办法解决这个问题，如果你能照做的话，心里就会好受些。我应该听到你为积木歌唱，而不是为它哭泣。让我来教你吗？”

12. 赫伯特点了点头，爸爸坐在积木旁边的地板上，小儿子依偎在他身边，开始为一座新城堡奠基。

# LESSON 5

## CASTLE-BUILDING (CONCLUDED)

### 建造城堡(结束篇)

string  
crash

paper  
dishes

eagerly  
retorted

dashed  
sentence

case  
tray

1. Soon, Herbert was as much interested in castle-building as he had been a little while before. He began to sing over his work. All his trouble was gone.
2. "This is a great deal better than crying, isn't it?" said papa.
3. "Crying for what?" asked Herbert, forgetting his grief of a few minutes before.
4. "Because pussy knocked your castle over."
5. "Oh!" A shadow flitted across his face, but was gone in a moment, and he went on building as eagerly as ever.
6. "I told him not to cry over spilled milk," said Joe, looking down from his place on the sofa.
7. "I wonder if you didn't cry when your kite string broke," retorted Herbert.
8. "Losing a kite is quite another thing," answered Joe, a little dashed. "The kite was gone forever; but your blocks were as good as before, and you had only to build again."
9. "I don't see," said papa, "that crying was of any more use in your case than in Herbert's. Sticks and paper are easily found, and you had only to go to work and make another kite." Joe looked down at his book, and went on reading. By this time

the castle was finished.

10. "It is ever so much nicer than the one pussy knocked down," said Hetty. And so thought Herbert, as he looked at it proudly from all sides.

11. "If pussy knocks that down, I'll—"

12. "Build it up again," said papa, finishing the sentence for his little boy.

13. "But, papa, pussy must not knock my castles down. I can't have it," spoke out Herbert, knitting his forehead.

14. "You must watch her, then. Little boys, as well as grown up people, have to be often on their guard. If you go into the street, you have to look out for the carriages, so as not to be run over, and you have to keep out of people's way.



15. "In the house, if you go about heedlessly, you will be very apt to run against some one. I have seen a careless child dash suddenly into a room just as a servant was leaving it with a tray of dishes in her hands. A crash followed."

16. "It was I, wasn't it?" said Hetty.

17. "Yes, I believe it was, and I hope it will never happen again."

18. Papa now left the room, saying, "I don't want any more of this crying over spilled milk, as Joe says. If your castles get knocked down, build them up again."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 很快，赫伯特就对新建的城堡产生了更浓厚的兴趣，而且开始为自己的工作欢呼了。他所有的问题都解决了。

2. “这样可比无谓的哭泣好多了，难道不是吗？”爸爸说。

3. “为什么要哭呀？”赫伯特问道，他已经忘记了刚才的伤痛。

4. “因为小猫碰倒了你的城堡呀。”

5. “噢！”一丝阴影掠过他的面庞，但很快就消失了，他继续建筑自己的城堡。

6. “我告诉过他，别为已经出现的失败而沮丧。”乔一边说着，一边坐在沙发上向这边观望。

7. 赫伯特反驳道：“我想知道，如果你的风筝线断了，你是否真的不哭。”

8. “风筝丢了就是另一回事了，”乔回答道，情绪有点激动。“风筝若没了，就永远也找不回来了。但是你的积木却完好如初，只需重新搭一座新的城堡就好了。”

9. 爸爸说：“依我看，无论你，还是赫伯特，在这种情况下都不应该哭，一味地哭泣并没有用。棍棒和纸也很容易找到，你只要重新做一个风筝就好了。”乔低头看了看自己的书，不再出声了。这时，一座新的城堡已经建好了。

10. 海蒂说：“它甚至比刚才那座被猫咪撞倒的城堡还好看。”赫伯特也这样认为，因为无论从哪一方面，他都为此感到骄傲。

11. “要是小猫再把它撞倒了，我就……”

12. “重新再搭一座。”爸爸赶紧接过了他的话茬。

13. “可是，爸爸，猫咪千万不能再把我的城堡撞倒了，我可受不了。”赫伯特皱着眉头，大喊道。

14. “那么，你自己要守护好它。无论小孩子，还是长大以后，都要做好自己的守护工作。如果你在大街上行走，一定要留心马车，不能被它撞倒，而且你还要留心别挡住其他人的路。”

15. “即使在房子里，如果你走路不小心，也会撞倒什么东西。我就曾经亲眼见过，在仆人举着一叠托盘离开时，一个粗心大意的小孩子猛然冲进屋里。不可避免地，盘子碎了一地。”

16. “这不正是我吗？”海蒂不好意思地说。

17. “是的，我也这么认为，希望以后再也不要发生同样的事情。”

18. “就像乔说得那样，我也不希望再听到为失败而哭泣的声音了。如果你的城堡倒掉了，重建一次就好了。”爸爸一边说着，一边离开了房间。

# LESSON 6

## LEND A HAND

### 伸出一只手

tear	daily	honor	tongues	suspicion
envy	forced	prompt	malicious	tomorrow

#### 1.

Send a hand to one another  
In the daily toil of life;  
When we meet a weaker brother,  
Let us help him in the strife.  
There is none so rich but may,  
In his turn, be forced to borrow;  
And the poor man's lot to-day  
May become our own to-morrow.

#### 2.

Send a hand to one another:  
When malicious tongues have thrown  
Dark suspicion on your brother,  
Be not prompt to cast a stone.  
There is none so good but may

Run adrift in shame and sorrow.  
And the good man of to-day  
May become the bad to-morrow.

3.

Send a hand to one another:  
In the race for Honor's crown;  
Should it fall upon your brother.  
Set not envy tear it down.  
Send a hand to all, we pray,  
In their sunshine or their sorrow;  
And the prize they've won to-day  
May become our own to-morrow



# LESSON 7

## THE TRUANT

### 逃 学

falsely  
guilty

attend  
haste

truant  
regular

conduct  
struggled

therefore  
ignorant



1. James Brown was ten years old when his parents sent him to school. It was not far from his home, and therefore they sent him by himself.
2. But, instead of going to school, he was in the habit of playing truant. He would go into the fields, or spend his time with idle boys.
3. But this was not all. When he went home, he would falsely tell his mother that he had been to school, and had said his lessons very well.
4. One fine morning, his mother told James to make haste home from school, for

she wished, after he had come back, to take him to his aunt's.

5. But, instead of minding her, he went off to the water, where there were some boats. There he met plenty of idle boys.

6. Some of these boys found that James had money, which his aunt had given him; and he was led by them to hire a boat, and to go with them upon the water.

7. Little did James think of the danger into which he was running. Soon the wind began to blow, and none of them knew how to manage the boat.

8. For some time, they struggled against the wind and the tide. At last, they became so tired that they could row no longer.

9. A large wave upset the boat, and they were all thrown into the water. Think of James Brown, the truant, at this time!

10. He was far from home, known by no one. His parents were ignorant of his danger. He was struggling in the water, on the point of being drowned.

11. Some men, however, saw the boys, and went out to them in a boat. They reached them just in time to save them from a watery grave.

12. They were taken into a house, where their clothes were dried. After a while, they were sent home to their parents.

13. James was very sorry for his conduct, and he was never known to be guilty of the same thing again.

14. He became regular at school, learned to attend to his books, and, above all, to obey his parents perfectly.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 詹姆斯·布朗十岁时，父母将他送到学校读书。学校离家并不太远，所以父母让他单独去上学。
2. 但是，他并没有按时去学校，反而玩起了逃学的游戏。他要么去田野里玩耍，要么就和游手好闲的孩子们一起消磨时光。
3. 情况并非如此简单。回到家后，他还欺骗父母，说自己去上学了，而且还说课程很精彩。
4. 一个晴空万里的早晨，妈妈告诉詹姆斯放学后早点回家，因为想带他一起去姨妈家玩。
5. 然而，他并没有将妈妈的嘱托放在心上，反而独自来到了海边，那里有很多很多的船。他还遇到了几个无所事事的小男孩。
6. 其中几个孩子发现詹姆斯身上带着钱，这可是姨妈以前给的零花钱；詹姆斯被他们诱导着去租一条小船，然后大家一起驶向大海。
7. 小詹姆斯根本没有意识到这次航行充满危险。很快，水面上刮起了大风，他们都不知道该如何控制小船。
8. 有那么一会儿，他们挣扎着逆风而行。后来，他们实在太累了，再也划不动船桨了。
9. 一个大浪打来，几个孩子全都落入水中。这时，再来看看詹姆斯·布朗——这个逃学的家伙！
10. 他已经离家很远了，而且没有人知道他去了哪里。爸爸妈妈根本不知道他已经陷入了危险之中。就在差点被淹死的危急关头，他奋力地在水中挣扎。

11. 然而，幸好有人看到他们了，并且乘船前来拯救他们。人们及时地救起了这些即将溺水而死的孩子。

12. 他们被带进了一所房子，将自己的湿衣服烤干。又过了一会儿，大家将孩子们纷纷送回了家。

13. 詹姆斯对自己的行为感到十分难过，从此，他再也没有为同样的事情而内疚过。

14. 他开始按时上学、认真听课了，更重要的是，他完全听任父母的安排，成了一个听话的好孩子。

# LESSON 8

## THE WHITE KITTEN

### 小白猫

stroke

beggar

streaks

needful

counsel



1. My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;

As white as the snow or the lilies is she;

She wakes up with a purr

When I stroke her soft fur:

Was there ever another white kitten like her?

2. My little white kitten now wants to go out

And frolic, with no one to watch her about;

"Little kitten," I say,

"Just an hour you may stay,

And be careful in choosing your places to play."

3. But night has come down, when I hear a loud "mew,"

I open the door, and my kitten comes through;

My white kitten! ah me!

Can it really be she—

This ill-looking, beggar-like cat that I see?

4. What ugly, gray streaks on her side and her back!

Her nose, once as pink as a rosebud, is black!

Oh, I very well know,

Though she does not say so,

She has been where white kittens ought never to go.

5. If little good children intend to do right,

If little white kittens would keep themselves white,

It is needful that they

Should this counsel obey,

And be careful in choosing their places to play.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 小猫在我的膝盖上睡着了，

她身上的毛洁白如雪，

像百合花一样纯洁；

当我轻抚她的软发时，

带着咕噜咕噜的声音她醒来了，

其他小白猫能像她这样吗？

2. 我的小白猫现在要出去嬉闹，

却没有人能守护她；

“小猫咪呀，”我说，

“你只能玩一个小时，  
好好选个玩耍之地哟。”

3. 夜晚来临，我听到“喵喵”的叫声，  
我打开门，小白猫进来了；  
我的小白猫呀！哎呀呀！  
这难道真的是她吗？  
一只相貌丑陋、乞丐一样的小猫！

4. 背部和身上全是灰色条痕！  
玫瑰花蕾般的粉红小鼻也染成了黑色！  
哦，我好像明白了，  
虽然她并没有说，  
她肯定去了一个不该去的地方。

5. 如果小孩们能正确行事，  
如果小白猫能保持洁白，



也就不必有这么多的规矩要遵守,

也要仔细选择玩耍的地方哟。

# LESSON 9

## THE BEAVER

### 海狸

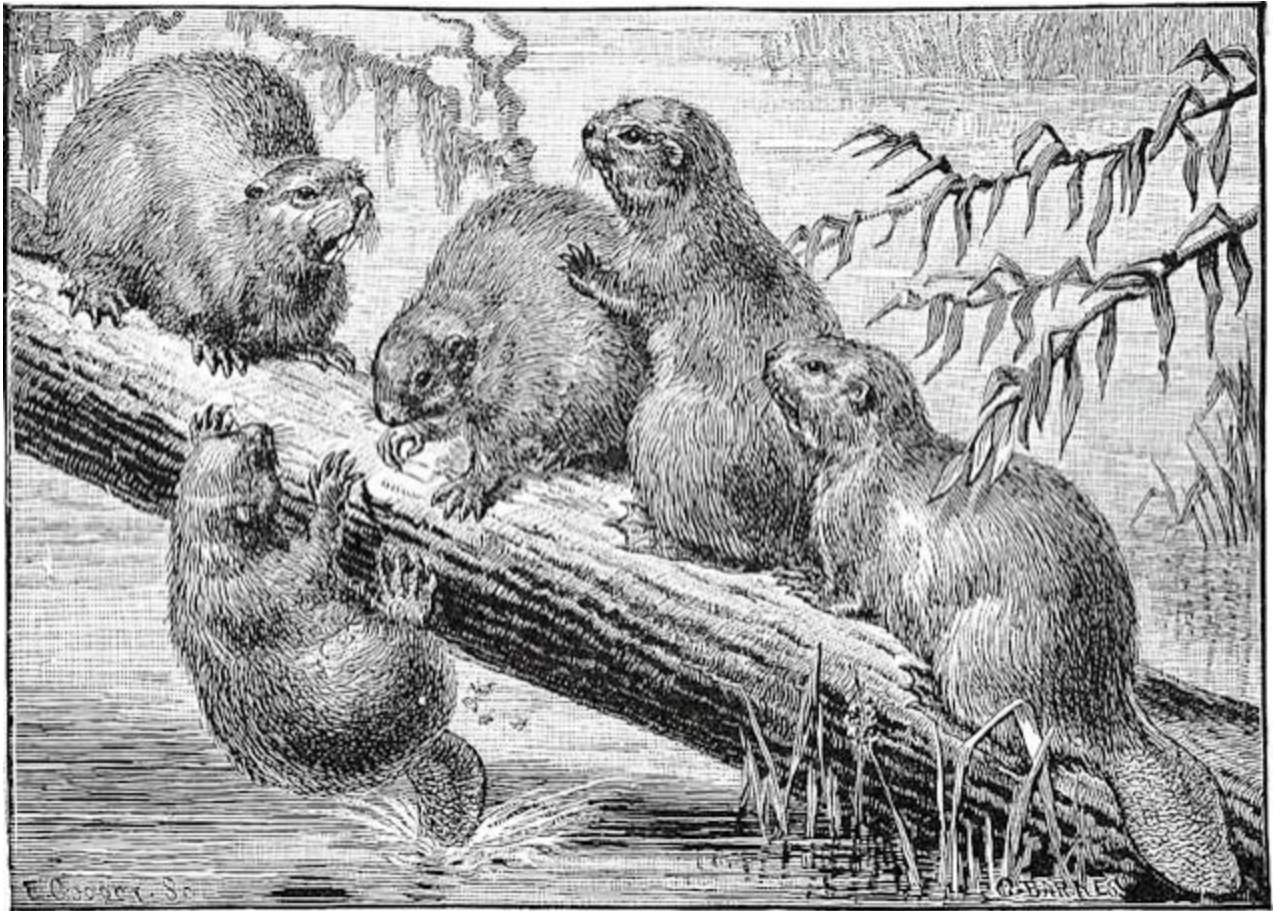
prefer  
dumb  
height  
obtain

trapper  
chiefly  
purpose  
curious

forward  
gnawing  
tighter  
inhuman

material  
America  
reminded  
including

disturbing  
cautiously  
frequently  
constructed



1. The beaver is found chiefly in North America. It is about three and a half feet long, including the flat, paddle-shaped tail, which is a foot in length.
2. The long, shining hair on the back is chestnut-colored, while the fine, soft fur that lies next the skin, is grayish brown.
3. Beavers build themselves most curious huts to live in, and quite frequently a

great number of these huts are placed close together, like the buildings in a town.

4. They always build their huts on the banks of rivers or lakes, for they swim much more easily than they walk, and prefer moving about in the water.

5. When they build on the bank of a running stream, they make a dam across the stream for the purpose of keeping the water at the height they wish.

6. These dams are made chiefly of mud, and stones, and the branches of trees. They are sometimes six or seven hundred feet in length, and are so constructed that they look more like the work of man than of little dumb beasts.

7. Their huts are made of the same material as the dams, and are round in shape. The walls are very thick, and the roofs are finished off with a thick layer of mud, sticks, and leaves.

8. They commence building their houses late in the summer, but do not get them finished before the early frosts. The freezing makes them tighter and stronger.

9. They obtain the wood for their dams and huts by gnawing through the branches of trees, and even through the trunks of small ones, with their sharp front teeth. They peel off the bark, and lay it up in store for winter food.

10. The fur of the beaver is highly prized. The men who hunt these animals are called trappers.

11. A gentleman once saw five young beavers playing. They would leap on the trunk of a tree that lay near a beaver dam, and would push one another off into the water.

12. He crept forward very cautiously, and was about to fire on the little creatures;

but their amusing tricks reminded him so much of some little children he knew at home, that he thought it would be inhuman to kill them. So he left them without even disturbing their play.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 海狸主要出现在北美地区，包括如桨一样平坦的尾巴在内，身体总长约3.5英尺，仅它的尾巴就有一英尺长。
2. 它身后长长的光亮毛发是栗子色的，而紧靠皮肤的精美细柔皮毛则是略带浅灰的棕色。
3. 海狸为自己建造的居所大多奇形怪状，而且经常是大批海狸比邻而居，就像城市里的建筑物一样。
4. 它们总喜欢将自己的住所建造在河堤或湖边。因为它们在水中比在岸上行走更容易些，所以它们更喜欢在水中移动。
5. 当它们在潺潺的小溪边构建自己的巢穴时，往往会建造一条跨越溪流的大坝，目的是为了按照自己的意愿保证水流的高度。
6. 这些大坝主要是由泥土、石头和树枝构成。有时，它们建造的水坝足有六七百英尺长，如此完美的建筑，看起来更像是人类的杰作，绝非出自这些默不作声的小动物之手。
7. 它们的小屋和水坝都是由同样的材料建造而成，形状也都是圆形的。墙壁非常厚实，屋顶则由厚而稠的泥土、枝条和树叶组成。
8. 它们常常在夏末开始建造自己的小屋，但是并不会在冰冻初期结束这个工程。霜冻会使它们的房屋更加结实牢固。
9. 海狸用自己那尖而长的前牙不断地噬咬大树的细枝，它们甚至还会咬断小

树的主干，从而为自己的小屋和水坝储存木材。它们会剥掉树皮，作为冬天的食物以备后用。

10. 海狸的皮毛极其珍贵。猎杀这类动物的人都被称做猎人。

11. 曾经有一位先生，亲眼看到过五只小海狸在玩耍。它们在自己建造的水坝附近嬉戏，大家都想跳过一根树干，于是彼此推搡着想让另外一个掉进水里。

12. 那位先生很谨慎地匍匐前进，随时准备袭击这些小生命；但是它们那有趣的把戏又使他想起了自己家中的小孩子，心里暗自寻思如此猎杀海狸是不人道的。于是，他悄悄地离开了，并没有打扰海狸们的嬉戏玩耍。

# LESSON 10

## THE YOUNG TEACHER

### 小老师

sign  
chalk

marks  
ruling

parcels  
drawing

venture  
pictures

inquire  
confused



1. Charles Rose lived in the country with his father, who taught him to read and to write.
2. Mr. Rose told his son that, when his morning lessons were over, he might amuse himself for one hour as he pleased.
3. There was a river near by. On its bank stood the hut of a poor fisherman, who lived by selling fish.

4. His careful wife kept her wheel going early and late. They both worked very hard to keep themselves above want.

5. But they were greatly troubled lest their only son should never learn to read and to write. They could not teach him themselves, and they were too poor to send him to school.

6. Charles called at the hut of this fisherman one day, to inquire about his dog, which was missing.

7. He found the little boy, whose name was Joe, sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him whether he was drawing pictures.

8. "No, I am trying to write," said little Joe, "but I know only two words. Those I saw upon a sign, and I am trying to write them."

9. "If I could only learn to read and write," said he, "I should be the happiest boy in the world."

10. "Then I will make you happy," said Charles. "I am only a little boy, but I can teach you that."

11. "My father gives me an hour every day for myself. Now, if you will try to learn, you shall soon know how to read and to write."

12. Both Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees to thank Charles. They told him it was what they wished above all things.

13. So, on the next day when the hour came, Charles put his book in his pocket, and went to teach Joe. Joe learned very fast, and Charles soon began to teach him



how to write.

14. Some time after, a gentleman called on Mr. Rose, and asked him if he knew where Charles was. Mr. Rose said that he was taking a walk, he supposed.

15. "I am afraid," said the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself thus. I often see him go to the house of the fisherman. I fear he goes out in their boat."

16. Mr. Rose was much troubled. He had told Charles that he must never venture on the river, and he thought he could trust him.

17. The moment the gentleman left, Mr. Rose went in search of his son. He went to the river, and walked up and down, in hope of seeing the boat.

18. Not seeing it, he grew uneasy. He thought Charles must have gone a long way off. Unwilling to leave without learning something of him, he went to the hut.

19. He put his head in at the window, which was open. There a pleasant sight met his eyes.

20. Charles was at the table, ruling a copybook Joe was reading to him, while his mother was spinning in the corner.

21. Charles was a little confused. He feared his father might not be pleased; but he had no need to be uneasy, for his father was delighted.

22. The next day, his father took him to town, and gave him books for himself and Joe, with writing paper, pens, and ink.

23. Charles was the happiest boy in the world when he came home. He ran to Joe, his hands filled with parcels, and his heart beating with joy.



## 【中文阅读】

1. 查尔斯·罗斯和父亲住在乡下。在那里，父亲教他读书和写字。
2. 罗斯先生告诉儿子，每天上午的课程结束后，他可以随意玩耍一个小时。
3. 他们的住处附近有一条河，河岸上有一个小屋，住着一个可怜的穷渔夫，靠打鱼为生。
4. 渔夫那勤劳的妻子总是从早忙到晚，一刻也不闲着。他们都很努力地想让自己的生活更好些。
5. 但是，他们又在为自己唯一的儿子无法学习而犯愁。他们既无法自己教孩子学习，又因为贫穷而没有能力送孩子去学校里学习。
6. 有一天，查尔斯来到这个渔夫家中，问他有没有看到一条走失的狗。
7. 他看到渔夫的儿子——一个名叫乔的小男孩正坐在桌子上，用一支粉笔在上面做记号。查尔斯问他是否在画画。
8. “没有，我在试着写字呢，”乔说，“但是，我只认识两个字，是从一个标牌上看到的，我正要试着写下来呢。”
9. “要是我能学习阅读和写字就好了，”他继续说，“那我就成了世界上最幸福的人。”
10. 查尔斯说：“那么，我来让你幸福吧，我虽然只是一个小孩子，但是我能教你阅读和写字。”
11. “父亲每天都会给我一个小时的时间。如果你想学习，很快就能学会如何阅读、如何写字了。”
12. 乔和他的妈妈都快要跪下来感谢查尔斯了。他们告诉他，这正是自己最大

的心愿。

13. 于是，在第二天可以自由活动的时候，查尔斯将书本放到口袋里，准备去给乔上课。乔非常聪明，学得很快，查尔斯已经开始教他如何写字了。

14. 过了一段时间，有一位绅士前来拜访罗斯先生，问他是否知道查尔斯在哪里。罗斯先生说，他以为查尔斯出去散步了。

15. 这位先生说：“我很担心，他不会一直自己玩的。我经常看到他去渔夫住的小屋。我担心他会坐船出去。”

16. 罗斯先生有点慌乱了。他曾经嘱咐过查尔斯不要到河里去玩，那样很危险，而且他还以为应该相信孩子。

17. 就在那位先生离开后，罗斯也出去寻找儿子。他走到河边，来来回回地找，希望能看到小船。

18. 什么也没有看到，这让他更加心神不安了。他以为查尔斯已经离岸边很远了。他并不想如此一无所获地回家，于是便走向渔夫住的小屋。

19. 小屋有一扇打开的窗户，他探头进去观望，一幅令人愉快的画面映入他的眼帘。

20. 查尔斯正用笔在桌上的一本字帖上划着，乔在跟着他一起读，而乔的妈妈正在角落里纺纱。

21. 查尔斯有点困惑了。他害怕父亲不高兴，但他也不必为此感到不安，因为父亲看上去很快乐。

22. 第二天，父亲带他去城里，为他和乔分别买了课本，还有写字用的纸、笔和墨水。

23. 在回家的路上，查尔斯感到自己是最幸福的孩子。他两手拿着包裹，快速跑到乔的家中，高兴得心都快跳出来了。

# LESSON 11

## THE BLACKSMITH

### 铁 匠



1. Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

We begin to hammer at morning's blink,

And hammer away

Till the busy day,

Like us, aweary, to rest shall sink.

2. Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

From labor and care we never will shrink;

But our fires we'll blow

Till our forges glow

With light intense, while our eyelids wink.

### 3. Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

The chain we'll forge with many a link.

We'll work each form

While the iron is warm,

With strokes as fast as we can think.

### 4. Clink, clink, clinkerty clink!

Our faces may be as black as ink,

But our hearts are true

As man ever knew,

And kindly of all we shall ever think.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 叮当, 叮当, 叮叮当!

当天空出现第一缕晨光,

我们开始敲打，不停劳作，  
直到忙碌的太阳沉落，  
疲倦地回去休息，和我们一样。

## 2. 叮当，叮当，叮叮当！

我们小心谨慎，不停地忙；  
吹起熊熊火焰，  
直到熔炉发烫，我们不停眨眼，  
因那炉火炽热的强光。

## 3. 叮当，叮当，叮叮当！

一环一环锻成铁链长又长，  
我们趁着烙铁热烫，  
打造各种形状，  
手起锤落，快如思想跳跃的闪光。

## 4. 叮当，叮当，叮叮当！

也许我们的脸黑得像墨水一样，

可是我们的心无比真挚，

正如人们一直所知，

我们也总是善待各方。

# LESSON 12

## A WALK IN THE GARDEN

### 园中漫步

shook  
plants

gravel  
borders

invited  
enjoyed

assure  
meddle

continued  
admiring



1. Frank was one day walking with his mother, when they came to a pretty garden. Frank looked in, and saw that it had clean gravel walks, and beds of beautiful flowers all in bloom.
2. He called to his mother, and said, "Mother, come and look at this pretty garden. I wish I might open the gate, and walk in."
3. The gardener, being near, heard what Frank said, and kindly invited him and his mother to come into the garden.



4. Frank's mother thanked the man. Turning to her son, she said, "Frank, if I take you to walk in this garden, you must take care not to meddle with anything in it."

5. Frank walked along the neat gravel paths, and looked at everything, but touched nothing that he saw.

6. He did not tread on any of the borders, and was careful that his clothes should not brush the tops of the flowers, lest he might break them.

7. The gardener was much pleased with Frank, because he was so careful not to do mischief. He showed him the seeds, and told him the name of many of the flowers and plants.

8. While Frank was admiring the beauty of a flower, a boy came to the gate, and finding it locked, he shook it hard. But it would not open. Then he said, "Let me in; let me in; will you not let me in this garden?"

9. "No, indeed," said the gardener, "I will not let you in, I assure you; for when I let you in yesterday, you meddled with my flowers, and pulled some of my rare fruit. I do not choose to let a boy into my garden who meddles with the plants."

10. The boy looked ashamed, and when he found that the gardener would not let him in, he went slowly away.

11. Frank saw and felt how much happier a boy may be by not meddling with what does not belong to him.

12. He and his mother then continued their walk in the garden, and enjoyed the day very much. Before they left, the gardener gave each of them some pretty flowers.

【中文阅读】

1. 有一天，弗兰克和妈妈散步时看到了一个非常漂亮的花园。弗兰克忍不住探头向里观望，他看到一条铺满细碎卵石的洁净小路，花圃里到处都是盛开着的鲜花。

2. 他立刻呼唤妈妈：“妈妈，快来看看这个美丽的花园。我真想打开门进去走走。”

3. 正在附近的园丁听到了弗兰克的话，非常亲切地邀请他们进去。

4. 弗兰克的妈妈对园丁的好心表达了谢意，并回头对儿子说：“弗兰克，如果我带你到花园里散步，你必须要小心，不能乱动任何花草树木。”

5. 弗兰克沿着洁净的碎石路小心地前行，他四处张望，小心翼翼地不敢碰触任何东西。

6. 他也没有踩踏任何超出道路边界的地方，很小心地不让自己的衣服刮蹭柔嫩的鲜花，唯恐折断它们。

7. 园丁对弗兰克的行为十分满意，因为他如此小心地不破坏任何花草。他带弗兰克认识了许多不同的种子，还告诉他诸多鲜花和植物的名称。

8. 正当弗兰克悠闲地欣赏着美丽的鲜花时，一个小男孩跑到门口来，他看到大门被锁，便使劲地摇晃着。但是，门却依然没有被打开。接着，他喊道：“让我进去，让我进去，你不让我进这个花园了吗？”

9. 园丁对他说：“是的，不让你进来了。我明确地告诉你，再也不许你进来了；因为昨天让你进来后，你把我的鲜花都弄坏了，不仅如此，还把那罕见的果实也摘了下来。我再也不允许一个随便破坏花草的小男孩进到花园里来了。”

10. 这个小男孩有点难为情，当他发现园丁再也不让自己进去之后，慢慢地走开了。

11. 不乱动本不属于自己的东西——做一个这样的好孩子多么快乐呀，弗兰克既看到也感受到了这一点。

12. 他和妈妈继续在花园里漫步，愉快地享受着这美好的一天。在离开之前，园丁分别给了母子俩一些美丽的鲜花。

# LESSON 13

## THE WOLF

### 狼来了

wolf  
axes

grieved  
clubs

sleeve  
order

neighbors  
single

earnest  
destroy



1. A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.
2. One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"
3. The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

4. As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

5. The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads, and went back.

6. On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

7. The wolf broke into the flock, and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which belonged to John.

8. Then he felt very sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,

From one who often has deceived.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一个小男孩曾经在离森林不远的地方牧羊。他住的村子就在附近，人们告诉他如果碰到了危险就赶紧大喊救命。

2. 有一天，他为了找点乐趣，使出吃奶的劲大喊道：“狼来了！狼来了！”

3. 人们纷纷拿着棍棒和斧头跑来，准备对付大灰狼。然而他们并没有看到狼，于是就各自回家了，只留下约翰一个人捂袖偷笑。

4. 由于这次的行为让他感受到了诸多乐趣，于是，第二天约翰再次大喊：“狼来了！狼来了！”

5. 人们再次赶来，但是已经不如上次那么多人了。结果，他们发现自己又上

当了，根本没看到什么狼，人们只得各自摇着头回去了。

6. 到了第三天，狼真的来了。约翰惊慌失措地大喊道：“救命！救命！狼真的来了！狼真的来了！”但是，这一次没有人前来帮他了。

7. 狼冲进了他的羊群，咬死了很多羊，而且，其中有一只温顺漂亮的小羊羔还是约翰的。

8. 终于，他为自己欺骗了朋友和邻居深感懊悔，也为失去了这么多可爱的羊而哀悼。

经常说谎的人，

即使说出了真理，也无人相信！

# LESSON 14

## THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG

### 小鸟之歌

melody

unnoticed

modest

content

Gracie



1. A little bird, with feathers brown,  
  
Sat singing on a tree;  
  
The song was very soft and low,  
  
But sweet as it could be.
2. The people who were passing by,  
  
Looked up to see the bird

That made the sweetest melody

That ever they had heard.

3. But all the bright eyes looked in vain;

Birdie was very small,

And with his modest, dark-brown coat,

He made no show at all.

4. "Why, father," little Gracie said

"Where can the birdie be?

If I could sing a song like that,

I'd sit where folks could see."

5. "I hope my little girl will learn

A lesson from the bird,

And try to do what good she can,

Not to be seen or heard. "



6. "This birdie is content to sit

Unnoticed on the way,

And sweetly sing his Maker's praise

From dawn to close of day."

7. "So live, my child, all through your life,

That, be it short or long,

Though others may forget your looks,

They'll not forget your song."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一只小鸟，长着棕色羽毛，

歇在枝头吟唱；

歌声温柔轻细，

可如此清脆悦耳。

2. 人们从树下路过，

仰头望视小鸟；

那美妙之音，

他们从未听见。

3. 众人明眼皆徒劳，

鸟宝贝实在太小；

身着朴实涤棕衣，

一点让人看不见。

4. “哦，爸爸，”小格雷斯说，

“鸟宝贝在哪呢？”

“要是我像它那样唱得好听，

我会坐得大家都能看见。”

5. “我期望我的乖女儿

能从小鸟身上得到教训

努力让自己做得更好，

不求让人看见或听到。”

6.“小鸟知足地坐在

不引人注目的地方，

甜美地唱着造物主的颂歌，

从黎明到日落。”

7.“我的孩子，生命本应如此度过，

无论其短暂或久远，

尽管他人会忘记你的容貌，

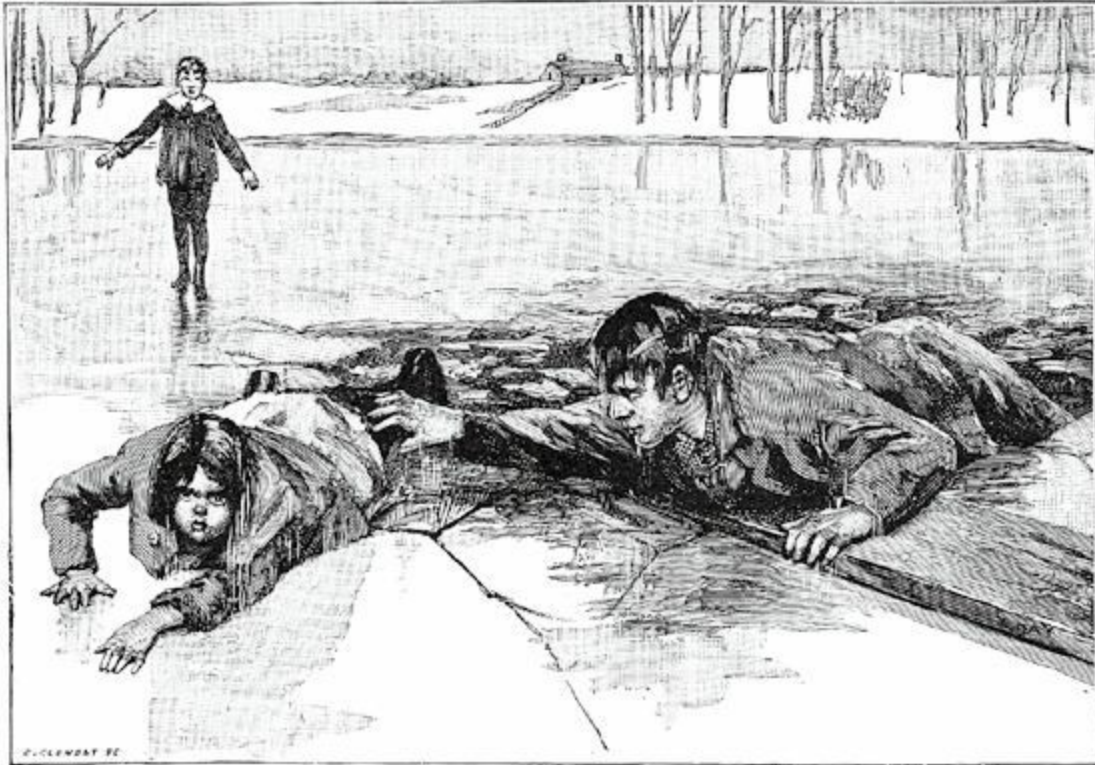
但他们不会忘记你的歌声。”

# LESSON 15

## HARRY AND ANNIE

### 哈利和安妮

least	thaw	sliding	plunged	naturedly
bade	scatter	pretend	exploring	disobedient



1. Harry and Annie lived a mile from town, but they went there to school every day. It was a pleasant walk down the lane, and through the meadow by the pond.
2. I hardly know whether they liked it better in summer or in winter. They used to pretend that they were travelers exploring a new country, and would scatter leaves on the road that they might find their way back again.
3. When the ice was thick and firm, they went across the pond. But their mother did not like to have them do this unless some one was with them.
4. "Don't go across the pond today, children," she said, as she kissed them and

bade them good-by one morning; "it is beginning to thaw."

5. "All right, mother," said Harry, not very good-naturedly, for he was very fond of running and sliding on the ice. When they came to the pond, the ice looked hard and safe.

6. "There," said he to his sister, "I knew it hadn't thawed any. Mother is always afraid we shall be drowned. Come along, we will have a good time sliding. The school bell will not ring for an hour at least."

7. "But you promised mother," said Annie.

8. "No, I didn't. I only said 'All right,' and it is all right."

9. "I didn't say anything; so I can do as I like," said Annie.

10. So they stepped on the ice, and started to go across the pond. They had not gone far before the ice gave way, and they fell into the water.

11. A man who was at work near the shore, heard the screams of the children, and plunged into the water to save them. Harry managed to get to the shore without any help, but poor Annie was nearly drowned before the man could reach her.

12. Harry went home almost frozen, and told his mother how disobedient he had been. He remembered the lesson learned that day as long as he lived.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 哈利和安妮住在离市区一英里远的地方，但是他们每天都要去位于市区的学校上学。沿着小巷和牧场中的池塘边散步，是一件让人很愉快的事情。

2. 我不知道他们喜欢在鲜花盛开的夏季悠闲漫步，还是更喜欢在寒冷的冬季

穿行。他们曾经假装自己是一个去新国度探险的旅行者，将路边的矮树丛纷纷拨开，以便于再次找到归途。

3. 当池塘里的水结成坚硬厚实的冰，他们就会直接在冰面上穿过。但是，妈妈却不想让他们这样，除非有人在旁随行。

4. 某天早上，在与孩子们吻别时，她说：“孩子们，今天不要从冰面上直接穿越池塘了，因为冰已经开始融化了。”

5. “好吧，妈妈，”哈利有点不耐烦地回答，因为他非常喜欢在冰面上滑行。当他们来到池塘边时，冰面看上去还那么坚硬结实。

6. 他对妹妹说：“看，我就知道还没有融化呢。妈妈总是担心我们被淹死。来吧，我们再好好玩一次溜冰。学校的钟声至少还要一个小时才会响起来呢。”

7. 安妮说：“可是，你已经答应妈妈了。”

8. “不，我没有。我只是说‘好’，而且这也是‘没关系的意思’。”

9. 安妮说：“我并没说什么，所以我可以做自己喜欢的事情。”

10. 于是，他们踏上了冰面，开始滑行着穿越池塘。还没走出多远，冰面就开始塌陷了，他俩都掉进了水中。

11. 一个正在岸边工作的人听到了孩子们的尖叫声，紧接着跳入水中救起了他们。哈利自己设法游到了岸边，但是可怜的安妮却差一点被淹死，幸好那个男人抓住了她。

12. 哈利回到家时快要被冻僵了，他告诉妈妈自己没有听她的话。这个教训令他终生难忘。

# LESSON 16

## BIRD FRIENDS

### 鸟类的朋友

wife  
faith

greet  
grove

beard  
crusts

worms  
church

prayers  
furnished



1. I once knew a man who was rich in his love for birds, and in their love for him. He lived in the midst of a grove full of all kinds of trees. He had no wife or children in his home.

2. He was an old man with gray beard, blue and kind eyes, and a voice that the birds loved; and this was the way he made them his friends.

3. While he was at work with a rake on his nice walks in the grove, the birds came close to him to pick up the worms in the fresh earth he dug up. At first, they kept a rod or two from him, but they soon found he was a kind man, and would not hurt them, but liked to have them near him.

4. They knew this by his kind eyes and voice, which tell what is in the heart. So, day by day their faith in his love grew in them.

5. They came close to the rake. They would hop on top of it to be first at the worm. They would turn up their eyes into his when he spoke to them, as if they said, "He is a kind man; he loves us; we need not fear him."

6. All the birds of the grove were soon his fast friends. They were on the watch for him, and would fly down from the green tree tops to greet him with their chirp.

7. When he had no work on the walks to do with his rake or his hoe, he took crusts of bread with him, and dropped the crumbs on the ground. Down they would dart on his head and feet to catch them as they fell from his hand.

8. He showed me how they loved him. He put a crust of bread in his mouth, with one end of it out of his lips. Down they came like bees at a flower, and flew off with it crumb by crumb.

9. When they thought he slept too long in the morning, they would fly in and sit on the bedpost, and call him up with their chirp.

10. They went with him to church, and while he said his prayers and sang his hymns in it, they sat in the trees, and sang their praises to the same good God who cares for them as he does for us.

11. Thus the love and trust of birds were a joy to him all his life long; and such



love and trust no boy or girl can fail to win with the same kind heart, voice, and eye that he had.

(Elihu Burritt)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我曾经认识一个朋友，他非常喜欢小鸟，甚至可以说是深爱着它们。他住在一片茂密的小树林里，家中无妻无子，就他一人。

2. 他是一位和蔼善良的老人家，长着灰白的胡须、蓝色的眼睛和所有小鸟都喜欢的声音。正是因为这个原因，他才和小鸟成了朋友。

3. 当他在美丽的林中小路上用耙子工作时，小鸟都会飞来接近他，从刚挖掘出的新鲜泥土上拣拾虫子吃。起先，它们会和他保持距离，足有一两根秆子那么远，但是很快地，它们发现这是一个友好和蔼的老人，不会伤害自己，而且还喜欢接近自己。

4. 通过老人家慈祥的眼神和温柔的声音，它们了解了他的心声。于是，一天天地，小鸟越来越相信老人家是自己的朋友，越来越相信他对自己的爱与日俱增。

5. 它们慢慢地开始靠近犁耙，并且跳上耙子顶端争先恐后地靠近虫子。当他和小鸟说话时，它们也会转动着小眼睛看他，仿佛在说：“这是一个慈祥善良的人，他爱我们；我们没必要害怕他。”

6. 很快，小树林里所有的小鸟都成了他可靠的朋友。它们站在枝头观察他，也会从枝繁叶茂的树上飞下来，用唧唧喳喳的啁啾声和他打招呼。

7. 当他不用犁耙和锄头在小路上工作时，就会将带来的硬面包碾成碎屑，丢

在地上。就在面包屑从他手中滑掉落的刹那，小鸟们纷纷从天而降，由头到脚地扑向他。

8. 他又用行动表明了小鸟是多么爱他。他将一块面包皮放入嘴中，让另一端留在嘴唇外面。结果，小鸟们又再次像蜜蜂扑花一样从天而降，一块一块地叼走了露在他嘴唇外面的面包渣。

9. 清晨，当小鸟们认为他在睡懒觉时，会飞进屋里坐在床柱上，用唧唧喳喳的声音叫醒他。

10. 它们还和他一起去教堂，当他念诵祈祷词、唱诵赞美诗时，它们就坐在树上，向如他一样眷顾自己的上帝唱诵赞美诗。

11. 因此，对他来说，这种对小鸟的爱和信任就是一种终生的喜悦；而且，这种爱和信任是任何一个男孩或女孩都无法以如他那样慈善的心、声音和眼神而赢得的。

（伊莱休·伯里特）

# LESSON 17

## WHAT THE MINUTES SAY

### 分针之语

1. We are but minutes—little things!

Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

2. We are but minutes; use us well,

For how we are used we must one day tell.  
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

### 【中文阅读】

1. 我们不过是分钟而已——微不足道！

每一分钟都配有六十个羽翼，  
我们以此隐形翅膀，沿着看不见的轨道飞翔，  
没有一分钟曾经逆转。

2. 我们只不过是分钟而已，充分利用我们吧，

我们必须告知世人如何加以利用。

那些充分利用每分钟的人，总有许多小时可用；

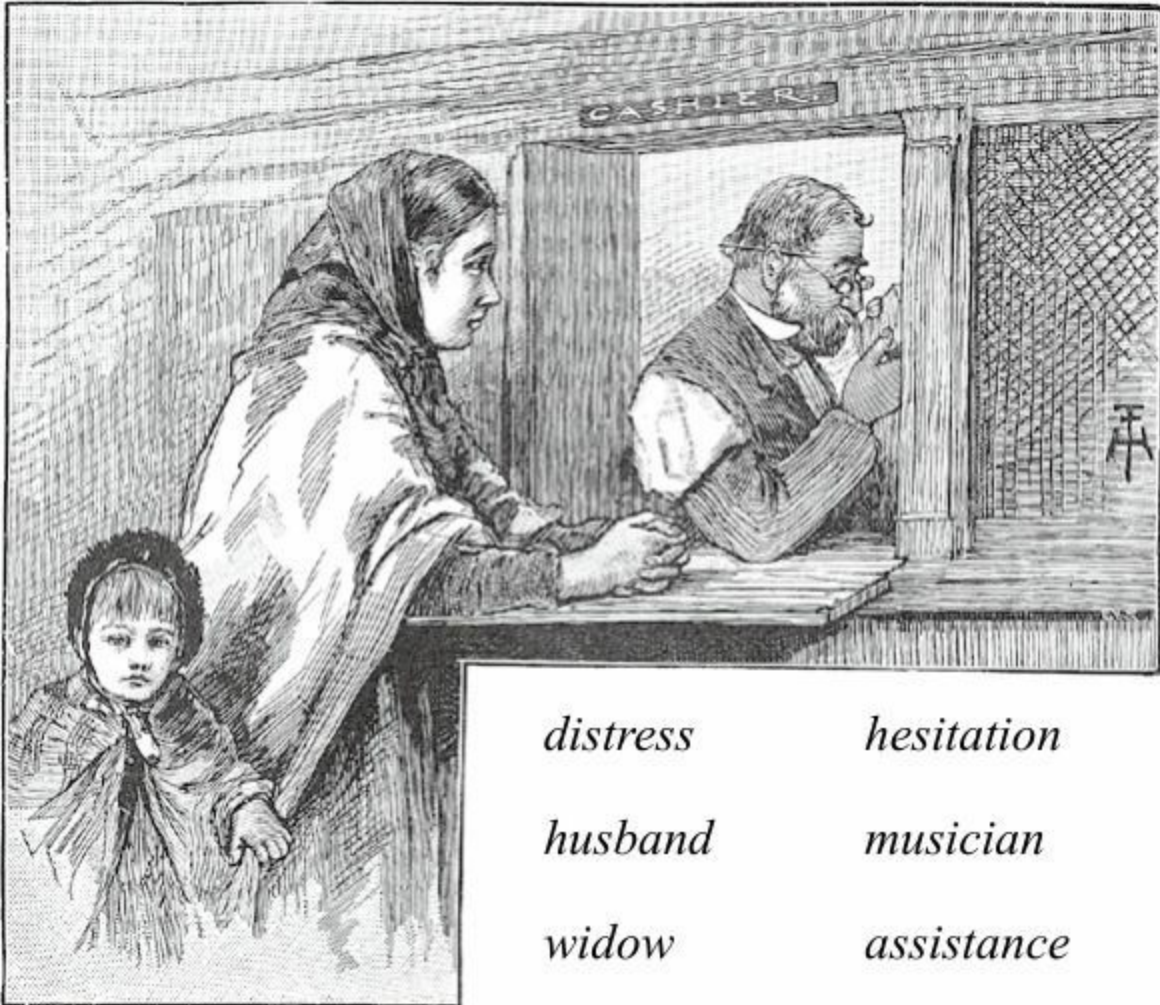
那些让失去分钟的人，可能会让一整年溜走。

# LESSON 18

## THE WIDOW AND THE MERCHANT

### 寡妇和商人

died	woman	convinced	amazed	wrote
pity	mistake	rewarded	grateful	check



<i>distress</i>	<i>hesitation</i>
<i>husband</i>	<i>musician</i>
<i>widow</i>	<i>assistance</i>

1. A merchant, who was very fond of music, was asked by a poor widow to give her some assistance. Her husband, who was a musician, had died, and left her very poor indeed.

2. The merchant saw that the widow and her daughter, who was with her, were in great distress. He looked with pity into their pale faces, and was convinced by their

conduct that their sad story was true.

3. "How much do you want, my good woman?" said the merchant.

4. "Five dollars will save us," said the poor widow, with some hesitation.

5. The merchant sat down at his desk, took a piece of paper, wrote a few lines on it, and gave it to the widow with the words, "Take it to the bank you see on the other side of the street."

6. The grateful widow and her daughter, without stopping to read the note, hastened to the bank. The banker at once counted out fifty dollars instead of five, and passed them to the widow.

7. She was amazed when she saw so much money. "Sir, there is a mistake here," she said. "You have given me fifty dollars, and I asked for only five."

8. The banker looked at the note once more, and said, "The check calls for fifty dollars."

9. "It is a mistake—indeed it is," said the widow.

10. The banker then asked her to wait a few minutes, while he went to see the merchant who gave her the note.

11. "Yes." said the merchant, when he had heard the banker's story, "I did make a mistake. I wrote fifty instead of five hundred. Give the poor widow five hundred dollars, for such honesty is poorly rewarded with even that sum."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一个商人很喜欢音乐，一个可怜的穷寡妇曾经向他求助。她的丈夫是一

个音乐家，可惜英年早逝，给她留下了少得可怜的财产。

2. 商人注意到，这个寡妇和她身边的女儿极其贫困。他很同情地看着寡妇那苍白的脸，心中已被她们的行为说服了，对她们那悲伤的故事信以为真。

3. “你想要多少钱，夫人？”商人说。

4. “5美元就能救救我们了。”这个可怜的寡妇略带犹疑地说。

5. 商人坐在桌前，拿出一张纸，写下了几行字，然后递给寡妇，说：“把它拿到街对面的那家银行去换钱吧。”

6. 感激不尽的寡妇和女儿甚至都没有认真看字条，就急忙赶到了银行。银行里的职员并没有给她五美元，而是立刻数出了五十美元，递到这个寡妇手里。

7. 看到这么多钱，她惊呆了。“先生，是不是弄错了，”她说，“您给了我五十美元，而我只要了五美元。”

8. 银行里的职员马上又看了一下支票，说：“这是一张五十美元的支票。”

9. 寡妇又说：“那一定是弄错了。”

10. 银行职员让她耐心等几分钟，然后去找开出支票的商人。

11. 当商人听完银行职员的叙述后，说：“是的，我犯了一个错误。我只写下了五十美元，而不是五百美元。给那个可怜的寡妇五百美元吧，因为这种诚实的美德多少钱也换不来。”



# LESSON 19

## THE BIRDS SET FREE

### 小鸟自由了

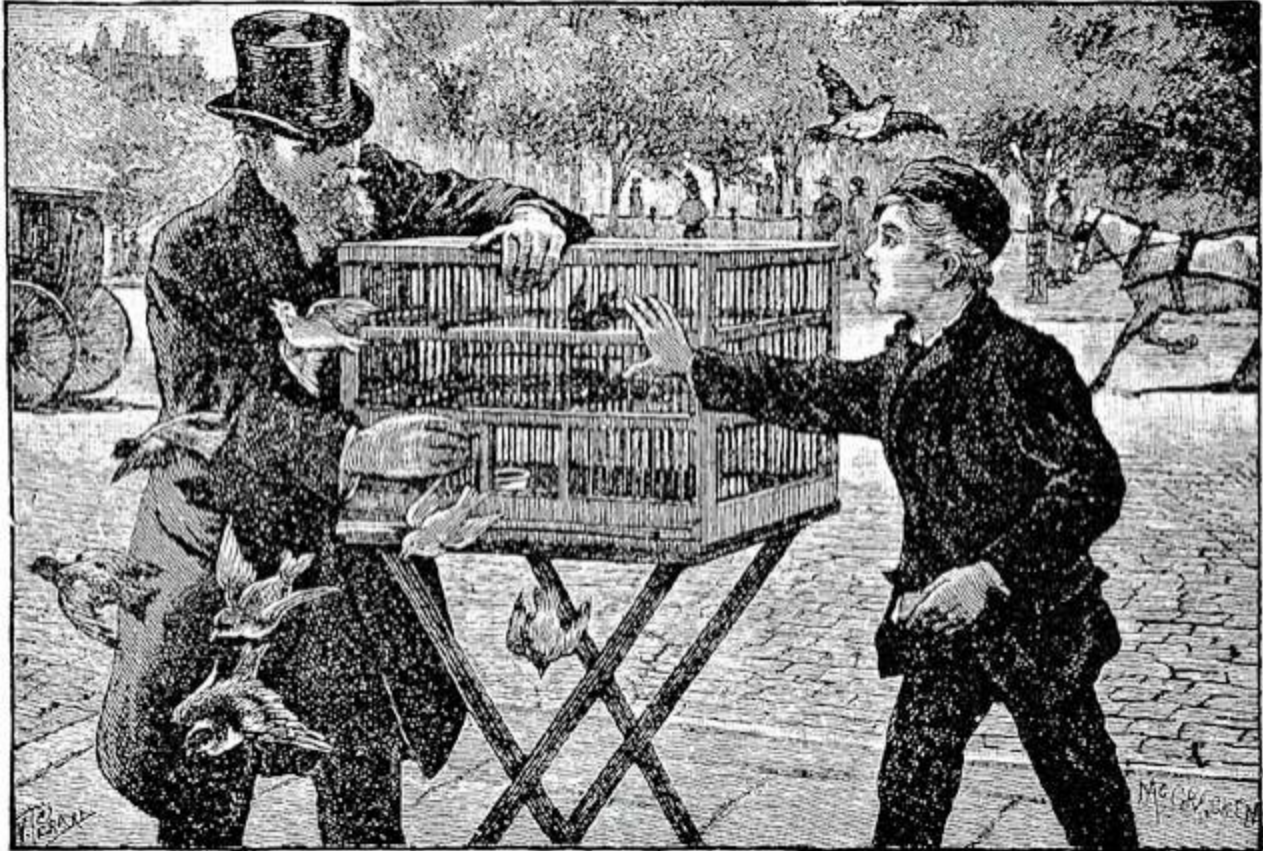
wires  
war

trade  
French

bargain  
apiece

sadness  
number

prisoners  
resolved



1. A man was walking one day through a large city. On a street corner he saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale, in a cage.
2. He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, beating them with their wings, and trying to get out.
3. He stood for some time looking at the birds. At last he said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds?"



4. "Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy. "I do not mean how much apiece," said the man, "but how much for all of them? I want to buy them all."

5. The boy began to count, and found they came to five dollars. "There is your money," said the man. The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

6. No sooner was the bargain settled than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

7. The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

8. "I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see anything in prison which I can make free."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一天，一位绅士在一座大城市里穿行。走到一个街角，他看到一个小男孩在兜售笼子里的小鸟。

2. 他忧郁地看着那些囚犯似的小鸟在笼子里飞来飞去，透过网格传出了唧唧喳喳地叫声，它们不停地拍打着翅膀，努力想飞出去。

3. 他在那里站了一会儿，一直看着这些小鸟。最后，他对小男孩说：“这些鸟，你卖多少钱？”

4. “五毛钱一只，先生，”小男孩说。“我没问你多少钱一只，”这个男人说，“我想知道这一笼鸟卖多少钱？我想买下所有的鸟。”

5. 小男孩开始计数，最后发现这些鸟能卖五美元。“这是给你的钱，”这个男人说。男孩接过了钱，很高兴能在早上有这样一桩买卖。

6. 就在交易成功的一刹那，这个男人立刻打开了鸟笼的门，所有的鸟儿立刻倾巢而出。

7. 男孩惊讶极了，大喊道：“先生，您在做什么呀？您失去了所有的鸟。”

8. 这个男人说：“我会告诉你这样做的原因。作为一个战犯，我在一所法国监狱里被囚禁了三年，而且我下定决心，只要我能做到，绝不会再看到任何一个人被关进监狱。”

# LESSON 20

## A MOMENT TOO LATE

### 为时已晚

downy

firmly

staid

petals

crime

1. A moment too late, my beautiful bird,

A moment too late are you now;

The wind has your soft, downy nest disturbed—

The nest that you hung on the bough.

2. A moment too late; that string in your bill,

Would have fastened it firmly and strong;

But see, there it goes, rolling over the hill!

Oh, you staid a moment too long.

3. A moment, one moment too late, busy bee;

The honey has dropped from the flower:

No use to creep under the petals and see;

It stood ready to drop for an hour.

4. A moment too late; had you sped on your wing,

The honey would not have been gone;

Now you see what a very, a very sad thing

'T is to stay a moment too long.

5. Little girl, never be a moment too late,

It will soon end in trouble or crime;

Better be an hour early, and stand and wait,

Than a moment behind the time.

6. If the bird and the bee, little boy, were too late,

Remember, as you play along

On your way to school, with pencil and slate,

Never stay a moment too long.

【中文阅读】

1. 仅只迟了一点，我漂亮的小鸟，

你只是晚了那么一点点，

你悬挂在树枝上柔软温暖的巢，

已被风吹毁不见。

2. 只是迟了一点点，你嘴上的绳线，

本来可以把巢紧紧绑牢；

可是你看，它已滚落到山那边！

噢，你逗留的时间短一点点多好。

3. 一点点，忙碌的蜜蜂就迟了一点点，

花朵上的蜜已经滴落在地；

现在再也不必爬到花瓣下察看，

它在那儿摇摇欲坠足有一小时。

4. 只是迟了一点点，如果快点扇动翅膀，

蜂蜜就不会消失；

你看这事多么令人伤心，

哪怕它再多停留一下子。

5. 小宝贝，千万不要迟到，哪怕一点点，

瞬间也会招致恶果或麻烦；

宁可提早一小时站立等候，

胜过落后迟到一点点。

6. 小男孩，如果小鸟和蜜蜂为时太晚，

记住，当你在上学途中玩耍流连，

带着你的铅笔和小石板

千万不要停留太久，哪怕只是一点点。

# LESSON 21

## HUMMING BIRDS

### 蜂 鸟

West Indies  
sugar plum  
necessary

adorn  
cotton  
rapid

approach  
instinct  
brilliant

motion  
object  
fibers

attached  
defending  
severely



1. The most beautiful humming birds are found in the West Indies and South America. The crest of the tiny head of one of these shines like a sparkling crown of colored light.

2. The shades of color that adorn its breast, are equally brilliant. As the bird flits from one object to another, it looks more like a bright flash of sunlight than it does like a living being.

3. But, you ask, why are they called humming birds? It is because they make a soft, hum-ming noise by the rapid motion of their wings—a motion so rapid, that as they fly you can only see that they have wings.

4. One day when walking in the woods, I found the nest of one of the smallest humming birds. It was about half the size of a very small hen's egg, and was attached to a twig no thicker than a steel knitting needle.

5. It seemed to have been made of cotton fibers, and was covered with the softest bits of leaf and bark. It had two eggs in it, quite white, and each about as large as a small sugarplum.

6. When you approach the spot where one of these birds has built its nest, it is necessary to be careful. The mother bird will dart at you and try to peck your eyes. Its sharp beak may hurt your eyes most severely, and even destroy the sight.

7. The poor little thing knows no other way of defending its young, and instinct teaches it that you might carry off its nest if you could find it.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 世界上最美丽的蜂鸟仅仅在西印度群岛和南美洲发现过。其中一只小鸟很特别，它的小脑袋上有一个闪烁着耀眼光芒的顶冠，就像色彩斑斓的璀璨皇冠一样。

2. 顶冠也同样照亮了它的胸脯，如同点缀的光影一样。当小鸟从一个地方飞到另一个地方，它看起来就像一道亮闪闪的光，而不是一个活生生的小生命。



3. 然而，您可能会问，它们为何被称为蜂鸟呢？正是因为它们在飞翔时急速扇动翅膀，从而制造出嗡嗡的蜂鸣声，才由此而得名。蜂鸟颤动翅膀的速度极快，以至于人们只能看到空中翱翔而过的翅膀，反而看不到它的身体。

4. 有一天，当我在林中漫步时，发现了一只小蜂鸟的鸟巢。这个小巢穴大概只有半个鸡蛋大，附着在一根还不如钢针粗的小树枝上。

5. 它看上去就像是用棉线编织成的，上面覆盖着柔软的叶子和树皮。里面有两只小卵，纯白色的，每个卵都像一粒小糖果似的。

6. 当你靠近这类鸟巢时，一定要非常小心。鸟妈妈会向你扑来，试图啄食你的眼睛。它那尖尖的鸟嘴或许会重伤您的眼睛，甚至可能会让您失明。

7. 这个可怜的小东西并不知道除此之外还有什么可以保护幼子的方法，它只会本能地认为，如果您能找到鸟巢，就会夺走它。

# LESSON 22

## THE WIND AND THE SUN

### 风和太阳

decide  
dispute

buckled  
succeed

mountain  
forcibly

shelter  
mantle

party  
oven

1. A dispute once arose between the Wind and the Sun, as to which was the stronger.
2. To decide the matter, they agreed to try their power on a traveler. That party which should first strip him of his cloak, was to win the day.
3. The Wind began. He blew a cutting blast, which tore up the mountain oaks by their roots, and made the whole forest look like a wreck.
4. But the traveler, though at first he could scarcely keep his cloak on his back, ran under a hill for shelter, and buckled his mantle about him more closely.
5. The Wind having thus tried his utmost power in vain, the Sun began.
6. Bursting through a thick cloud, he darted his sultry beams so forcibly upon the traveler's head, that the poor fellow was almost melted.
7. "This," said he, "is past all bearing. It is so hot, that one might as well be in an oven."
8. So he quickly threw off his cloak, and went into the shade of a tree to cool himself.
9. This fable teaches us, that gentle means will often succeed where forcible ones

will fail.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一次，风和太阳起了争执，双方都在强调自己更厉害。
2. 为了解决这个问题，风和太阳都同意在一个旅行者身上施展威力。最先让他脱掉斗篷的一方，就是当天的胜利者。
3. 风先开始，它发动了猛烈地攻击，甚至把山上的橡树都连根拔起来了，整个森林一片狼藉，似乎全都遭到了严重破坏。
4. 但是，这个旅行者起先尽管差点没能保住自己背上的斗篷，但他很快就跑到一个小山丘下寻求庇护，并且迅速紧紧地扣好了身上的斗篷。
5. 风几乎用尽了全部力气，依然徒劳无功，接下来轮到了太阳进攻。
6. 太阳光冲破厚厚的云层喷薄而出，猛烈地向旅行者的头顶照射强光，这个可怜的家伙都快被融化了。
7. 他自言自语地说：“再也受不了了，实在太热了，就像在烤箱中一样备受煎熬。”
8. 于是，他快速脱掉了自己的斗篷，走到一片树阴下乘凉。
9. 这则寓言告诉我们，温柔的手段往往会成功，而强硬的手段往往都会失败。

# LESSON 23

## SUNSET

### 日 落

sinking

streamlet

sweetness

cowslip



Now the sun is sinking  
In the golden west;  
Birds and bees and children  
All have gone to rest;

And the merry streamlet,  
As it runs along,  
With a voice of sweetness  
Sings its evening song.

2.  
Cowslip, daisy, violet,  
In their little beds,  
All among the grasses  
Hide their heavy heads;  
There they'll all, sweet darlings,  
Lie in the happy dreams.  
Till the rosy morning  
Wakes them with its beams.

# LESSON 24

## BEAUTIFUL HANDS

### 美丽的手

opinion

piano

coarse

bathe

sweep

1. "O Miss Roberts! what coarse-looking hands Mary Jessup has!" said Daisy Marvin, as she walked home from school with her teacher.
2. "In my opinion, Daisy, Mary's hands are the prettiest in the class."
3. "Why, Miss Roberts, they are as red and hard as they can be. How they would look if she were to try to play on a piano!" exclaimed Daisy.
4. Miss Roberts took Daisy's hands in hers, and said, "Your hands are very soft and white, Daisy—just the hands to look beautiful on a piano; yet they lack one beauty that Mary's hands have. Shall I tell you what the difference is?"





5. "Yes, please, Miss Roberts."

6. "Well, Daisy, Mary's hands are always busy. They wash dishes; they make fires; they hang out clothes, and help to wash them, too; they sweep, and dust, and sew; they are always trying to help her poor, hard-working mother.

7. "Besides, they wash and dress the children; they mend their toys and dress their dolls; yet, they find time to bathe the head of the little girl who is so sick in the next house to theirs.

8. "They are full of good deeds to every living thing. I have seen them patting the tired horse and the lame dog in the street. They are always ready to help those who need help."

9. "I shall never think Mary's hands are ugly any more, Miss Roberts."

10. "I am glad to hear you say that, Daisy; and I must tell you that they are beautiful because they do their work gladly and cheerfully."

11. "O Miss Roberts! I feel so ashamed of myself, and so sorry," said Daisy, looking into her teacher's face with tearful eyes.

12. "Then, my dear, show your sorrow by deeds of kindness. The good alone are really beautiful."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 黛茜·马文和老师一起走在放学回家的路上，她对老师说：“噢，罗伯茨小姐！玛丽·吉塞普的手看上去多么粗糙呀！”

2. “黛茜，在我看来，玛丽的手是我们班上最美的手。”

3. “为什么，罗伯茨小姐，她的那双手又红又硬。她那双手将来能弹钢琴吗，会是什么样子呀！”黛茜解释说。

4. 罗伯茨小姐捧起黛茜的手，说：“黛茜，你的手非常柔软白皙，正是那种弹钢琴的美丽小手；但是，它们却缺乏玛丽的那双手所展现出的美丽。要我告诉你区别是什么吗？”

5. “是的，请说吧，罗伯茨小姐。”

6. “好吧，黛茜，玛丽的的手总是闲不住——既要洗餐具、生火做饭、洗衣服、晒衣服，又要打扫卫生、清扫灰尘、缝补衣服。她的手总想给努力工作的可怜母亲多提供点帮助。”

7. “除此之外，她的双手还要给小孩子洗澡、穿衣服，还要修补玩具、给玩偶



穿衣服等；但是，它们依然能抽空去给隔壁邻居家生病的小姑娘洗头。”

8. “对每一个生灵来说，这双手一直在做着善事。我还曾经见过这双手轻轻拍打着疲倦的马驹和大街上跛脚的小狗。这双手总在准备着帮助那些有所需求的对象。”

9. “罗伯茨小姐，我再也不认为玛丽的的手丑陋不堪了。”

10. “我很高兴听到你这样说，黛茜；而且我必须要告诉你，正是因为那双手能够欢喜并愉悦地做着这些事情，所以才会如此美丽。”

11. “噢，罗伯茨小姐！我真为自己感到羞愧，我很抱歉！”黛茜一边说着，一边噙着泪珠看了看老师的脸。

12. “那么，亲爱的黛茜，就用仁慈的举动来表明你的懊悔吧。善良的好人都很美丽。”

# LESSON 25

## THINGS TO REMEMBER

### 应牢记之事

avoid	prevent	forgive	rise	guide
during	pouting	protection	slam	manner
peevish	howling	satisfied	trust	angry

1. When you rise in the morning, remember who kept you from danger during the night. Remember who watched over you while you slept, and whose sun shines around you, and gives you the sweet light of day.
2. Let God have the thanks of your heart, for his kindness and his care; and pray for his protection during the wakeful hours of day.
3. Remember that God made all creatures to be happy, and will do nothing that may prevent their being so, without good reason for it.
4. When you are at the table, do not eat in a greedy manner, like a pig. Eat quietly, and do not reach forth your hand for the food, but ask some one to help you.
5. Do not become peevish and pout, because you do not get a part of everything. Be satisfied with what is given you.
6. Avoid a pouting face, angry looks, and angry words. Do not slam the doors. Go quietly up and down stairs; and never make a loud noise about the house.
7. Be kind and gentle in your manners; not like the howling winter storm, but like the bright summer morning.
8. Do always as your parents bid you. Obey them with a ready mind, and with a

pleasant face.

9. Never do anything that you would be afraid or ashamed that your parents should know. Remember, if no one else sees you, God does, from whom you can not hide even your most secret thought.

10. At night, before you go to sleep, think whether you have done anything that was wrong during the day, and pray to God to forgive you. If anyone has done you wrong, forgive him in your heart.

11. If you have not learned something useful, or been in some way useful, during the past day, think that it is a day lost, and be very sorry for it.

12. Trust in the Lord, and He will guide you in the way of good men. The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

13. We must do all the good we can to all men, for this is well pleasing in the sight of God. He delights to see his children walk in love, and do good one to another.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 当你早上起床时，要记住那个在夜晚使你免遭危险的人。要记得那个于你熟睡时一直在旁守护的人，那个在你身边光芒四射的人以及那个带给你甜美时光的人。

2. 愿上帝赋予你感恩的心，为了他的仁慈与关爱；并且在你清醒的时候祈求他的护佑。

3. 请记住，上帝让所有生灵都快乐，并且从不会无故地阻止他们获得幸福和快乐。

4. 当你坐在饭桌旁，不要像猪一样贪婪地吃东西。你应安安静静地吃，不要

伸出手去拿远处的食物，而应请其他人帮忙取。

5. 不要因为自己事事无份而轻易暴躁生气，要对自己被赋予的一切心满意足。

6. 我们应尽量避免生气、愤怒的面貌和恶毒的话语，更不要猛力敲门。我们应该安静平稳地上下楼梯；永远不要在居家附近制造噪音。

7. 我们应有和善且温柔的礼仪，不要像咆哮的冬日暴雪，而要像阳光明媚的夏日清晨。

8. 当父母对你有所吩咐时，应奉命行事。要带着心甘情愿的心情和愉悦的面容顺从他们。

9. 不要做任何会让自己害怕或羞愧的事情，父母都会了然于胸。请记住，即便无人看到你的所作所为，上帝也会看到；即使你最隐秘的思想，在上帝那里也无处藏身。

10. 入夜，上床前，好好想想白天是否做过什么错事，并且要向上帝祈求原谅。如果有人做了对不起你的事情，那就从心里原谅对方。

11. 在过去的一天里，如果你尚未学到有用的东西，或者未达到某种有用的程度，想想这虚度的一日吧，你应感到万分歉意。

12. 相信上帝，他会引领你走上好人之路。正直就像一道耀眼的光，会使你越来越完美。

13. 我们必须为所有人做一切力所能及的好事，因为这样才会取悦上帝。他喜欢看到自己的孩子在爱中成长，并且善待自己和他人。

# LESSON 26

## THREE LITTLE MICE

### 三只小老鼠

exactly  
protruded  
perplexed

folding  
forepaws  
lattice

cheese  
gazed  
queer

chamber  
doubt  
cozy

rattling  
released  
staircase



1. I will tell you the story of three little mice,  
  
If you will keep still and listen to me,  
  
Who live in a cage that is cozy and nice,  
  
And are just as cunning as cunning can be.

They look very wise, with their pretty red eyes,  
That seem just exactly like little round beads;  
They are white as the snow, and stand up in a row  
Whenever we do not attend to their needs;—

2. Stand up in a row in a comical way,—

Now folding their forepaws as if saying, "please;"  
Now rattling the lattice, as much as to say,  
"We shall not stay here without more bread and cheese,"  
They are not at all shy, as you'll find, if you try  
To make them run up in their chamber to bed;  
If they don't want to go, why, they won't go—ah! no,  
Though you tap with your finger each queer little head.

3. One day as I stood by the side of the cage,

Through the bars there protruded a funny, round tail;  
Just for mischief I caught it, and soon, in a rage,

Its owner set up a most pitiful wail.

He looked in dismay,—there was something to pay,—

But what was the matter he could not make out;

What was holding him so, when he wanted to go

To see what his brothers upstairs were about?

4. But soon from the chamber the others rushed down,

Impatient to learn what the trouble might be;

I have not a doubt that each brow wore a frown,

Only frowns on their brows are not easy to see.

For a moment they gazed, perplexed and amazed;

Then began both together to—gnaw off the tail!

So, quick I released him,—do you think that it pleased him?

And up the small staircase they fled like a gale.

(Julia C. R. Dorr)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 如果你能安静好好聆听,

我会给你讲三只小老鼠的故事。

它们住在一个舒适惬意的笼子里，

像普通老鼠那样狡猾精明。

它们看上去非常聪明，

眨着可爱的红色小眼睛，

看上去真像小圆珠子；

它们身白如雪，

每当我们忽略其需求时，它们就会站成一排；

2. 它们以令人好笑的方式站成一排，

合上前爪，仿佛在说：“求求你”；

它们又哧哒哧哒地弄着格子，似乎在说：

“没有面包和奶酪，我们就不待在这里了”。

你会发现它们一点儿也不害羞，

假如你想让它们沿着梯子跑回卧室；

如果它们不想回去，它们绝不回去呀！

尽管你用手指敲着它们那奇怪的小脑袋。



3. 一天我站在笼子边，

栅栏里伸出一条有趣的圆尾巴；

为了好玩我很快就抓住了它；

尾巴的主人在笼子里发出了可怜的哀号。

它看上去很沮丧，似乎要付出代价了

但是，它不明白问题出在了哪里，

当它想去看看楼上的兄弟们在做什么时，

究竟是什么抓住了它？

4. 然而，很快地，另外两只小老鼠从楼上的卧室里冲下来，

迫不及待地想了解发生了什么事情；

它们个个都皱着眉头，对此我一点儿都不怀疑，

只不过它们那紧皱着的眉头不太容易被发现罢了。

它们痴痴地凝视了片刻，既惊讶又困惑；

然后，一起过来准备咬断那条尾巴！

于是，我马上就放开了它，你认为它会因此而高兴吗？

它像风一样夹着尾巴快速跑上了小扶梯。

# LESSON 27

## THE NEW YEAR

### 新年

Edward  
repeat

receive  
language

wretched  
shivering

thousand  
German

gratitude  
understood



1. One pleasant New-year morning, Edward rose, and washed and dressed himself in haste. He wanted to be first to wish a happy New Year.
2. He looked in every room, and shouted the words of welcome. He ran into the street, to repeat them to those he might meet.
3. When he came back, his father gave him two bright, new silver dollars.
4. His face lighted up as he took them. He had wished for a long time to buy

some pretty books that he had seen at the bookstore.

5. He left the house with a light heart, intending to buy the books.

6. As he ran down the street, he saw a poor German family, the father, mother, and three children shivering with cold.

7. "I wish you a happy New Year," said Edward, as he was gayly passing on. The man shook his head.

8. "You do not belong to this country," said Edward. The man again shook his head, for he could not understand or speak our language.

9. But he pointed to his mouth, and to the children, as if to say, "These little ones have had nothing to eat for a long time."

10. Edward quickly understood that these poor people were in distress. He took out his dollars, and gave one to the man, and the other to his wife.

11. How their eyes sparkled with gratitude! They said something in their language, which doubtless meant, "We thank you a thousand times, and will remember you in our prayers."

12. When Edward came home, his father asked what books he had bought. He hung his head a moment, but quickly looked up.

13. "I have bought no books," said he, "I gave my money to some poor people, who seemed to be very hungry and wretched."

14. "I think I can wait for my books till next New Year. Oh, if you had seen how glad they were to receive the money!"

15. "My dear boy," said his father, "here is a whole bundle of books. I give them to you, more as a reward for your goodness of heart than as a New-year gift.

16. "I saw you give the money to the poor German family. It was no small sum for a little boy to give cheerfully.

17. "Be thus ever ready to help the poor, and wretched, and distressed; and every year of your life will be to you a happy New Year."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 新年第一天, 这是一个令人愉快的清晨, 爱德华起床后匆忙地梳洗、穿衣。他想成为第一个去祝贺新年快乐的人。

2. 他大声说着喜迎新年的话, 冲进每个房间。然后, 他又跑到街上, 向每一个见到的人问候新年快乐。

3. 回家后, 爸爸给了他两枚锃亮的新银元。

4. 拿到这些银币, 他的脸上立刻光彩照人。许久以来, 他一直想去书店里买那些早已看好的书。

5. 他满怀喜悦地离开家, 准备去买书。

6. 跑到街上后, 他看到了一家贫穷可怜的德国人, 爸爸、妈妈和三个孩子都在寒风中瑟瑟发抖。

7. “祝你们新年快乐!”爱德华带着愉快的心情从他们身旁经过。这个男人摇了摇头。

8. 爱德华问道:“你不是本国人。”这个男人继续摇着头, 因为他根本不明白爱德华说的话, 又或者他不会讲我们的语言。

9. 但是，他指了指自己的嘴，然后又指了指孩子们的嘴，仿佛在说：“这些小家伙很久没吃东西了。”

10. 爱德华马上明白了，这些可怜人遇到了困难。他拿出自己刚得到的钱，取出一块银币给了那个男人，另一块给了他的妻子。

11. 感激之情从他们的眼中流露出来！他们用自己的母语说了些什么，毫无疑问，他们可能在说：“我们真是万分地感激你，我们将永远记得你，为你祝福。”

12. 爱德华回家后，爸爸问他买了些什么书。他低下了头，但是很快就抬了起来。

13. “我没有买书，”他说，“我把钱给了一些穷人，他们看上去又冷又饿，一副悲惨的样子。”

14. “我想，我可以等到下一个新年再去买书。哦，要是你看到他们收到钱时高兴的样子就好了！”

15. “我的好孩子，”爸爸说，“这里有一捆书，我全都给你，这是对你的回报，如此善举的意义远远超过了任何新年礼物。”

16. “我看到你把钱给那家可怜的德国人了。只要能够高高兴兴地施与，对一个小男孩来说，钱多钱少都不重要。”

17. “就这样时刻准备着帮助穷苦之人、不幸之人、痛苦贫困之人；你生命中的每一年都会快乐幸福。”



# LESSON 28

## THE CLOCK AND THE SUNDIAL

### 时钟与日晷

stock  
folly

spirit  
steeple

humble  
stupid

gloomy  
boasting

sundial  
modesty



1. One gloomy day, the clock on a church steeple, looking down on a sundial, said, "How stupid it is in you to stand there all the while like a stock!"
2. "You never tell the hour till a bright sun looks forth from the sky, and gives

you leave. I go merrily round, day and night, in summer and winter the same, without asking his leave.

3. "I tell the people the time to rise, to go to dinner, and to come to church.

4. "Hark! I am going to strike now; one, two, three, four. There it is for you. How silly you look! You can say nothing."

5. The sun, at that moment, broke forth from behind a cloud, and showed, by the sundial, that the clock was half an hour behind the right time.

6. The boasting clock now held his tongue, and the dial only smiled at his folly.

7. MORAL.—Humble modesty is more often right than a proud and boasting spirit.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在一个阴霾的日子里，教堂塔尖上的时钟俯视着下面的日晷，说：“你真傻，就像树干似的一直站在那里！”

2. “只有当明亮的太阳从空中直射到你，并且给予许可时，你才会计时，否则，你永远也不可能说出时间。而我就在愉快地绕行，无论春夏秋冬，都在夜以继日地工作，从来不需要得到太阳的允许。”

3. “我能告诉人们何时该起床，何时该出去吃饭，何时该到教堂来了。”

4. “听！我现在该报时了；一，二，三，四。这是给你听的。你看上去多么愚蠢呀！什么也不会说！”

5. 就是那时，太阳从一片云彩后面喷薄而出，通过日晷显示出时钟走慢了半个小时。



6. 正在吹嘘的时钟这下可住了嘴，日晷转盘只是对它笑了笑而已。

7. 寓意——谦虚、谦卑往往比浮夸的骄傲与吹嘘更真实确切。

# LESSON 29

## REMEMBER

### 记 住

punish

actions

wicked

falsehood

wakeful

1. Remember, child, remember,

That God is in the sky;

That He looks down on all we do,

With an ever-wakeful eye.

2. Remember, oh remember,

That, all the day and night,

He sees our thoughts and actions

With an ever-watchful sight.

3. Remember, child, remember,

That God is good and true;

That He wishes us to always be

Like Him in all we do.

4. Remember that He ever hates

A falsehood or a lie;

Remember He will punish, too,

The wicked, by and by.

5. Remember, oh remember,

That He is like a friend,

And wishes us to holy be,

And happy, in the end.

6. Remember, child, remember,

To pray to Him in heaven;

And if you have been doing wrong,

Oh, ask to be forgiven.

7. Be sorry, in your little prayer,

And whisper in his ear;

Ask his forgiveness and his love.

And He will surely hear.

8. Remember, child, remember,

That you love, with all your might,

The God who watches o'er us,

And gives us each delight;

Who guards us ever through the day,

And saves us in the night.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 记住，我的孩子，请记住，

上帝一直在天上；

以其清明的眼睛，

关注着我们的一举一动。

2. 记住，我的孩子，请记住，

他以清明之眼，

看透我们的思想和行为，

无论白天还是黑夜。

3. 记住，我的孩子，请记住吧，

上帝仁慈又正确；

他希望我们也能

时刻如他一样。

4. 记住他永远憎恨，

欺骗或谎言；

请记住，他也逐渐会

惩罚那些邪恶。

5. 记住，噢，一定要记住，

他就像一个朋友，

希望我们最终能获得

快乐与圣洁。

6. 记住吧，我的孩子，一定要记住，

向天堂里的上帝祈祷；

假如你已经犯下过错，

那就乞求他的原谅。

7. 在他耳边低语你的祷告，

充满悔恨和遗憾；

请求他的谅解和慈爱。

他一定能听到。

8. 记住吧，我的孩子，一定要记住，

将你全部的爱，

给予一直在关注我们、

赋予我们欢乐的上帝；

他日夜守护着我们，

拯救着我们。

# LESSON 30

## COURAGE AND COWARDICE

### 勇敢与懦弱

deal  
depth

straight  
effort

courage  
coward

reproach  
deserved

cowardice  
schoolmates



1. Robert and Henry were going home from school, when, on turning a corner, Robert cried out, "A fight! let us go and see!"
2. "No," said Henry; "let us go quietly home and not meddle with this quarrel. We have nothing to do with it, and may get into mischief."
3. "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said Robert, and off he ran. Henry went straight home, and in the afternoon went to school, as usual.
4. But Robert had told all the boys that Henry was a coward, and they laughed at



him a great deal.

5. Henry had learned, however, that true courage is shown most in bearing reproach when not deserved, and that he ought to be afraid of nothing but doing wrong.

6. A few days after, Robert was bathing with some schoolmates, and got out of his depth. He struggled, and screamed for help, but all in vain.

7. The boys who had called Henry a coward, got out of the water as fast as they could, but they did not even try to help him.

8. Robert was fast sinking, when Henry threw off his clothes, and sprang into the water. He reached Robert just as he was sinking the last time.

9. By great effort, and with much danger to himself, he brought Robert to the shore, and thus saved his life.

10. Robert and his schoolmates were ashamed at having called Henry a coward. They owned that he had more courage than any of them.

11. Never be afraid to do good, but always fear to do evil.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 罗伯特和亨利走在放学回家的路上，就在路口拐弯处，罗伯特大声喊道：“有人在打架！我们去看看吧！”

2. 亨利说：“不去，我们还是老实地回家，不要被这类吵架事件牵扯。我们不但帮不上什么忙，或许还会更加添乱。”

3. “你是个胆小鬼，不敢去是吧，”罗伯特说完，自己一个人跑开了。亨利径自

回家，下午还是照常去学校上课。

4. 但是，罗伯特却告诉其他小孩子——亨利是个胆小鬼，他们都在嘲笑他。

5. 不过，亨利了解真正的勇敢是在忍受本不应得的耻辱时表现出来的，而且他并没有做坏事，理应无畏无惧。

6. 几天后，罗伯特正和同学们在一个水池中洗澡，不自觉地浸入到深水区。他挣扎着，大声地求救，但是一切都徒劳。

7. 那些叫亨利胆小鬼的孩子们都尽快地跑了出来，甚至没有一个人想到去帮助他。

8. 罗伯特正在迅速下沉，此时，亨利脱下衣服，跳入水中。就在罗伯特将要沉下去的一刹那，亨利抓住了他。

9. 经过努力，亨利不顾个人安危地将罗伯特拉至岸边，就这样拯救了他的生命。

10. 罗伯特和同学们都对自己称呼亨利是个胆小鬼而感到很羞愧。他们承认亨利比任何一个男孩子都勇敢。

11. 永远不要惧怕做好事，但总要当心别做恶事。

# LESSON 31

## WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT

### 称 象

eastern	deliverance	weight	favorite	clever
sailor	enormous	court	quantity	subject
expense	elephant	stroked	machine	leaning
opening	difficulty	risen	relieved	empty

1. "An eastern king," said Teddy's mother, "had been saved from some great danger. To show his gratitude for deliverance, he vowed he would give to the poor the weight of his favorite elephant in silver."
2. "Oh! what a great quantity that would be," cried Lily, opening her eyes very wide. "But how could you weigh an elephant?" asked Teddy, who was a quiet, thoughtful boy.
3. "There was the difficulty," said his mother. "The wise and learned men of the court stroked their long beards, and talked the matter over, but no one found out how to weigh the elephant.
4. "At last, a poor old sailor found safe and simple means by which to weigh the enormous beast. The thousands and thousands of pieces of silver were counted out to the people; and crowds of the poor were relieved by the clever thought of the sailor."
5. "O mamma," said Lily, "do tell us what it was!"
6. "Stop, stop!" said Teddy. "I want to think for myself—think hard—and find out how an elephant's weight could be known, with little trouble and expense."

7. "I am well pleased," said his mother, "that my little boy should set his mind to work on the subject. If he can find out the sailor's secret before night, he shall have that orange for his pains."

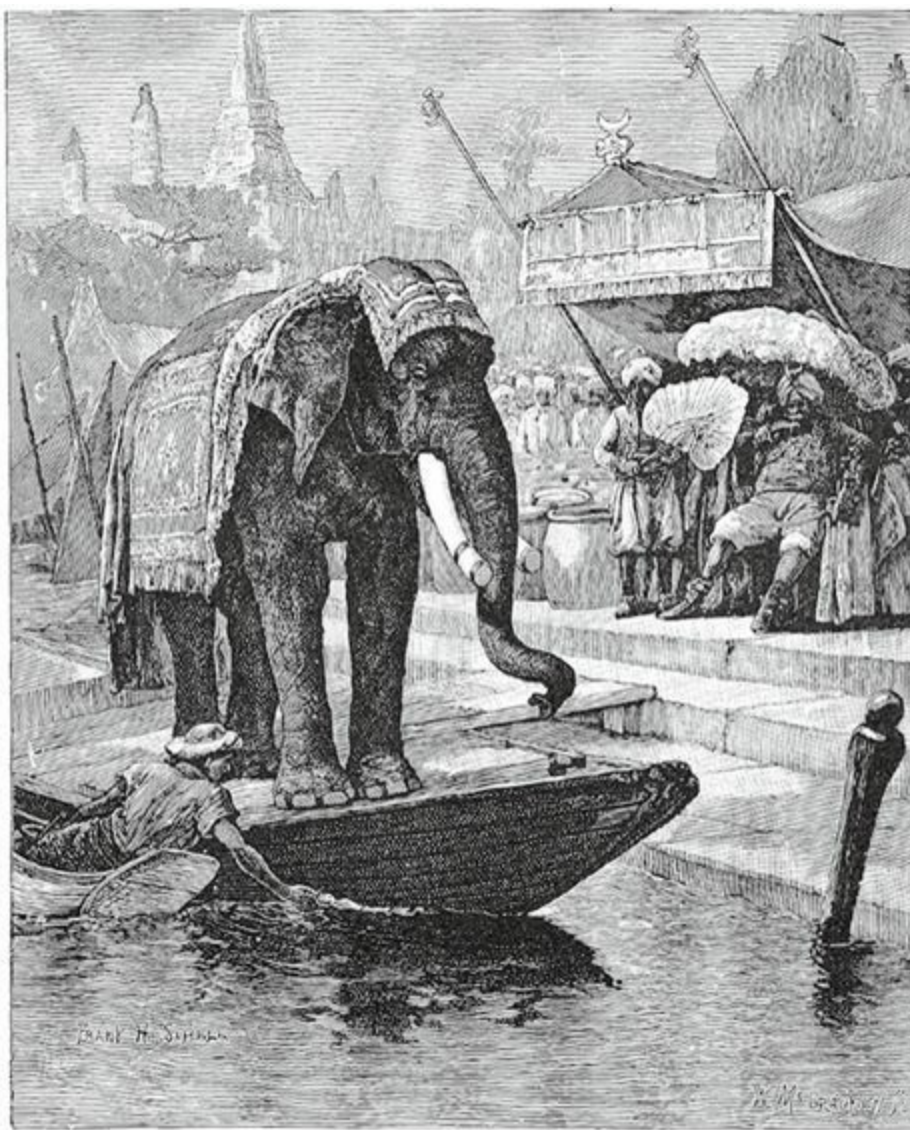
8. The boy thought hard and long. Lily laughed at her brother's grave looks, as he sat leaning his head on his hands. Often she teased him with the question, "Can you weigh an elephant, Teddy?"

9. At last, while eating his supper, Teddy suddenly cried out, "I have it now!"

10. "Do you think so?" asked his mother.

11. "How would you do it," asked Lily.

12. "First, I would have a big boat brought very close to the shore, and would have planks laid across, so that the elephant could walk right into it."



13. "Oh, such a great, heavy beast would make it sink low in the water," said Lily.

14. "Of course it would," said her brother. "Then I would mark on the outside of the boat the exact height to which the water had risen all around it while the elephant was inside. Then he should march on shore, leaving the boat quite empty."

15. "But I don't see the use of all this," said Lily.

16. "Don't you?" cried Teddy, in surprise. "Why, I should then bring the heaps of silver, and throw them into the boat till their weight would sink it to the mark made by the elephant. That would show that the weight of each was the same."

17. "How funny!" cried Lily; "you would make a weighing machine of the boat?"

18. "That is my plan," said Teddy.

19. "That was the sailor's plan," said his mother. "You have earned the orange, my boy;" and she gave it to him with a smile.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 泰迪的妈妈说：“东方世界中曾经有一个国王临危获救。为了表达自己的感激之情，他发誓要给穷人分发银子，银子的数量就和他最喜欢的大象一样重。”

2. “哇，那可是一笔数目不小的钱呀，”莉丽睁大双眼，大喊道。在一旁陷入沉思的泰迪百思不得其解，便问道：“但是，你如何给大象称重量呀？”

3. 妈妈接着说：“是有点困难，朝廷上那些智者和有学问的人都在抚摸着自己的长胡子，相互探讨如何称象，可是，没有人能说出具体的衡量方法。”

4. “最后，一个贫穷的老水手找出了安全又简单的方法，可以称到这头巨兽的重量。成千上万的白银被清点出来准备分发给穷人，这个水手的聪明智慧减轻了大批穷人的负担。”

5. 莉丽说：“噢，妈妈，快告诉我们是什么方法！”

6. 可泰迪却说：“不要，不要！我想自己思考，仔细地想一想，哪怕会有麻烦和损失，我也要自己找出称象的方法。”

7. 他的妈妈说：“我很高兴，我的小儿子应该自己动脑筋解决问题。如果他能在今晚找出水手称象的秘密，就可以得到那个橘子作为奖赏了。”

8. 这个男孩子认真地想了很久。当他以手托腮坐在那里时，莉丽还嘲笑哥哥那一本正经的严肃样。她经常用这样的话来取笑他：“泰迪，你能称一头大象吗？”

9. 后来，就在吃晚饭时，泰迪突然大喊道：“我终于知道了！”

10. “你确定吗？”妈妈问他。

11. 莉丽也问道：“你想怎么称呀。”

12. “首先，我需要有一艘大船，能够非常接近岸边，并且还要铺上木板以便能从岸上登船，这样，大象就能直接走上去了。”

13. “哇，像这么体态肥硕的巨兽一定会让船沉下去的。”莉丽说。

14. “当然会了，”她的哥哥说，“接着，我就会在船舷一侧标出大象站在船上时确切的水面高度。然后，让它走上岸，让空船静止下来。”

15. “我可不认为这样做有什么用。”莉丽说。

16. 泰迪吃惊地大喊：“你认为没用吗？为什么，我还会把大批白银放到船上，直到它们的重量使船下沉到那个称大象时的刻度。这样就能显示出它们的重量相等了。”

17. “多么有趣呀！你会做出一个和船一样的秤重机吗？”

18. “这还真是我的计划。”泰迪说。

19. “这也正是水手的方案，”他的妈妈说，“我的儿子，你赢得了橘子。”她微笑着把橘子给了泰迪。

# LESSON 32

## THE SOLDIER

### 战士

ranks	glory	arrayed	weapons	living
clad	armor	victory	contest	battle
blood	enlist	mustered	longing	warrior

1. A soldier! a soldier! I'm longing to be:

The name and the life of a soldier for me!

I would not be living at ease and at play;

True honor and glory I'd win in my day.

2. A soldier! a soldier! in armor arrayed;

My weapons in hand, of no contest afraid;

I'd ever be ready to strike the first blow,

And to fight my way through the ranks of the foe.

3. But then, let me tell you, no blood would I shed,

No victory seek o'er the dying and dead;



A far braver soldier than this would I be;

A warrior of Truth, in the ranks of the free.

4. A soldier! a soldier! Oh, then, let me be!

My friends, I invite you, enlist now with me.

Truth's bands shall be mustered, love's foes shall give way!

Let's up, and be clad in our battle array!

(J. G. Adams)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 战士！战士！我渴望：

以战士的名义过着战士的生活，

我将不再安逸度生、自在玩乐；

我将赢得生命中真正的荣光和骄傲。

2. 战士！战士！身披铠甲；

手握钢枪，心无恐惧；

我已整装待发，

杀入敌人的队伍。

3. 但我告诉你，没有血途，

我绝不在死亡中寻找胜利；

我要成为一个更加勇敢的战士；

在自由之列中为真理而战的勇士。

4. 战士！战士！噢，让我成为这样一位战士吧！

我的朋友，我邀请你，和我一起入伍，

为真理而战的队伍正在集结，

爱的敌人将会闻风而逃！

起来吧，加入到我们的斗争之列中！

(J·G·亚当斯)

# LESSON 33

## THE ECHO

### 回 声

thicket  
proving  
foolish

harshly  
toward  
abroad

wrath  
echo  
cross

whence  
mocking  
Bible

rambling  
angrily  
instantly



1. As Robert was one day rambling about, he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho!"
2. In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"
3. Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish

fellow!" came back from the hill.

4. Robert became angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

5. He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy who, as he thought, was mocking him; but he could find nobody anywhere.

6. When he went home, he told his mother that some boy had hid himself in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

7. "Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

8. "Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, ma'am. What is it?"

9. "I will tell you," said his mother. "You know, when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

10. "Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke.

11. "That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

12. "The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

13. "Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would

have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.

14. "The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your schoolmates.

15. "If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

16. "When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

17. "Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,

The good and the kind,

By kindness their love ever proving,

Will dwell with the pure and the loving."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一天, 罗伯特在外面闲逛, 他突然大喊:“嗨, 嗨!”立刻, 他就听到附近山上传来了同样的声音, “嗨, 嗨!”

2. 更让他大为吃惊的是, 当他大声说“你是谁”时, 又传来了同样的声音:“你是谁?”

3. 接着, 罗伯特更加严厉地喊道:“你一定是个傻瓜。”山谷中又传回了同样的声音:“傻瓜!”

4. 罗伯特开始生气了, 用更大的声音、更尖刻的话语冲着那个声音的发源地

大喊。这些话语再次以同样的愤怒声调传回到他的耳中。

5. 接着，他跑进灌木丛中，到处去找那个自以为正在嘲笑自己的小男孩；但是，什么人也没有看到。

6. 回到家后，他对妈妈说，有些小男孩为了嘲笑他而隐藏在树林里了。

7. “罗伯特，”妈妈说，“你其实是在对自己生气呢。除了你自己说的话之外，你并没有听到其他人说的话。”

8. 罗伯特问：“为什么，妈妈，怎么可能呢？”他的妈妈回答说：“你难道从没听说过回声？”“亲爱的妈妈，这是回声？不，夫人。这究竟是怎么回事呢？”

9. 妈妈对他说：“我来告诉你，知道吗，当你玩球时，对着房子的一面墙扔过去，它会再反弹回来，是吧。”“是的，妈妈，”他说，“我会再次接住它。”

10. 他的妈妈说：“是的，如果我在一个空旷的地方，在山的一侧或者在一个大谷仓的一边大声地喊，我的声音也会被送回来，这样我就能再次听到那些自己说过的话了。”

11. “孩子，这就是回声。当你认为有人在嘲笑你时，正是面前的大山产生了回响，把你的声音又传了回来。”

12. “你想象中的那个坏孩子，也不会比你更生气。如果你说些友好的话，就能听到一个友好的回答了。”

13. “如果你用低沉、甜美、温柔的声调说话，那个声音也会像你发出的声音一样低沉、甜美和温柔。”

14. “《圣经》里说，‘柔和的回答可以消除愤怒。’你和同学们玩耍时一定要记得这些话。”

15. “如果他们当中任何一个人正在生气，用愤怒的声调大声讲话，你要记得回声的规律，让自己回应的话语柔和友善。”

16. “放学回家时，你若发现小弟弟蛮横暴躁，就温和地同他讲话。很快你就会看到他那充满笑意的嘴角，你还会发现，他的声调也变得温和甜蜜起来。”

17. “无论在田野中还是在树林里，无论学习还是玩耍，无论在家中还是在外  
面，都要记得，好人和善良之人，他们的爱都会通过友好的行为来证明，他们永远  
都会住在纯洁和爱之中。”

# LESSON 34

## GEORGE'S FEAST

### 乔治的美餐

faint  
feast

collect  
scarlet

refresh  
offered

lining  
lifting

happiness  
strawberries



1. George's mother was very poor. Instead of having bright, blazing fires in winter, she had nothing to burn but dry sticks, which George picked up from under the trees and hedges.

2. One fine day in July, she sent George to the woods, which were about two miles from the village in which she lived. He was to stay there all day, to get as much wood as he could collect.



3. It was a bright, sunny day, and George worked very hard; so that by the time the sun was high, he was hot, and wished for a cool place where he might rest and eat his dinner.

4. While he hunted about the bank he saw among the moss some fine, wild strawberries, which were a bright scarlet with ripeness.

5. "How good these will be with my bread and butter!" thought George; and lining his little cap with leaves, he set to work eagerly to gather all he could find, and then seated himself by the brook.

6. It was a pleasant place, and George felt happy and contented. He thought how much his mother would like to see him there, and to be there herself, instead of in her dark, close room in the village.

7. George thought of all this, and just as he was lifting the first strawberry to his mouth, he said to himself, "How much mother would like these;" and he stopped, and put the strawberry back again.

8. "Shall I save them for her?" said he, thinking how much they would refresh her, yet still looking at them with a longing eye.

9. "I will eat half, and take the other half to her," said he at last; and he divided them into two heaps. But each heap looked so small, that he put them together again.

10. "I will only taste one," thought he; but, as he again lifted it to his mouth, he saw that he had taken the finest, and he put it back. "I will keep them all for her," said he, and he covered them up nicely, till he should go home.

11. When the sun was beginning to sink, George set out for home. How happy he felt, then, that he had all his strawberries for his sick mother. The nearer he came to

his home, the less he wished to taste them.

12. Just as he had thrown down his wood, he heard his mother's faint voice calling him from the next room. "Is that you, George? I am glad you have come, for I am thirsty, and am longing for some tea."



13. George ran in to her, and joyfully offered his wild strawberries. "And you saved them for your sick mother, did you?" said she, laying her hand fondly on his head, while the tears stood in her eyes. "God will bless you for all this, my child."

14. Could the eating of the strawberries have given George half the happiness he felt at this moment?

## 【中文阅读】

1. 乔治的妈妈非常贫穷，冬天里见不到明亮、闪烁的炉火，家里没有木柴生火取暖，她只能利用乔治从树下或篱笆边拣来的干树枝取暖。

2. 七月的一天，她让乔治到森林中去拣木头，那个地方离他们住的村子大概两英里远。乔治在森林里逛了一整天，以尽量多收集一点能用的木头。

3. 这是一个洒满阳光的日子，乔治很辛苦地拣拾着木头。等到太阳高高在上时，他已经非常热了，希望能找个凉快的地方吃点东西，好好休息一下。

4. 他一路搜寻到岸边，在苔藓丛中发现了一些外形诱人的野生草莓，散发着明亮的猩红色，一副圆圆的熟透了的样子。

5. “用这些草莓来充当我的面包和奶油，多好呀！”乔治心里这样想着。他将树叶铺在自己的小帽子里，开始迫不及待地去摘那些刚刚发现的草莓，随后，他就小溪边坐下来。

6. 这是一个很舒适的地方，乔治既高兴又满足。他心想，要是妈妈看到自己坐在这里该多么高兴，她该多么想到这里来坐坐呀，而不是整天待在村中那个黑暗、封闭的小屋里。

7. 乔治一边想着，一边拿起一个草莓准备放入口中，就在这时，他自言自语地说：“妈妈该多么喜欢这些草莓呀。”接着，他的手停下来，又把草莓放回原处。

8. “我应该把草莓留给她吗？”他说，心里一边想着这些草莓能给妈妈补充多少营养，一边又带着渴望的眼神看着它们。

9. “我就吃一半，把另一半留给她。”他最后说道；接着，他把草莓分成了两堆。但是，每一堆看上去都那么小，于是，他又把它们合起来。

10. “我只尝一个吧，”他心里又想；但是，当他再次拿起草莓放到嘴边时，看到自己拿起了那个最好的草莓，于是他又放了回去。“我还是把草莓都留给她吧，”他一边说着，一边细心地盖好所有草莓，一直留到该回家的时候。

11. 太阳开始下沉时，乔治决定要回家了。他心里多么高兴呀，将所有的草莓都留给了生病的妈妈。越是靠近自己的家，他就越不想去品尝它们了。

12. 刚刚放下拣来的木头，他就听到隔壁房间里传来了妈妈呼唤他的虚弱声音。“是你吗，乔治？我很高兴你回来了，我太渴了，真想能喝点茶。”

13. 乔治立刻跑向她，欢快地把自己采来的野生草莓给妈妈。“你把草莓都留给了生病的妈妈，是吗？”她说，充满怜爱地将手放到乔治头上，眼中噙满了泪水。“上帝会保佑你的，我的孩子。”

14. 自己吃掉草莓，能给乔治带来此刻一半的快乐吗？

# LESSON 35

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

### 主禱文

hallow	amen	temptation	gracious
kingdom	forgive	transgressions	supplied
portion	bounty	weakness	helpless
deign	solemn	compassion	plumage
revere	secure	forever	pardons

1. Our Father in heaven,

We hallow thy name;

May thy kingdom holy

On earth be the same;

Oh, give to us daily

Our portion of bread;

It is from thy bounty,

That all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions.

And teach us to know

The humble compassion

That pardons each foe;

Keep us from temptation,

From weakness and sin,

And thine be the glory

Forever! Amen!

## **AN EVENING PRAYER**

1.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,  
Lord, hear my evening prayer,  
And deign a helpless child to keep,  
With thy protecting care.

2.

Though young in years, I have been taught  
Thy name to love and fear;  
Of thee to think with solemn thought,  
Thy goodness to revere.

3.

That goodness gives each simple flower  
Its scent and beauty, too;  
And feeds it in night's darkest hour  
With heaven's refreshing dew.

4.

The little birds that sing all day  
In many a leafy wood,  
By thee are clothed in plumage gay,  
By thee supplied with food.

5.

And when at night they cease to sing,  
By thee protected still,  
Their young ones sleep beneath their wing,  
Secure from every ill.

6.

Thus mayst thou guard with gracious arm  
The bed whereon I lie,  
And keep a child from every harm  
By thine own watchful eye.

*Bernard Barton*

【中文阅读】

1. 我们在天上的父，

愿人都尊你的名为圣；

愿你的国降临

愿你的旨意行在地上如同行在天上；

我们日用的饮食今日赐给我们；

来自你的圣恩，

万民必得喂饲。

2. 不叫我们遇见试探，

救我脱离凶险。

因为国度、权柄、荣耀

全是你的

直到永远！阿门！



# LESSON 36

## FINDING THE OWNER

### 寻找失主

possession  
satisfaction  
burying  
experienced

torment  
thief  
conscious  
response

suggested  
anxiety  
critical  
evident

observed  
finally  
breathless  
interfered



1. "It's mine," said Fred, showing a white handled pocketknife, with every blade perfect and shining. "Just what I've always wanted." And he turned the prize over and over with evident satisfaction.
2. "I guess I know who owns it," said Tom, looking at it with a critical eye.
3. "I guess you don't," was the quick response. "It isn't Mr. Raymond's," said Fred, shooting wide of the mark.

4. "I know that; Mr. Raymond's is twice as large," observed Tom, going on with his drawing lesson.

5. Do you suppose Fred took any comfort in that knife? Not a bit of comfort did he take. He was conscious all the time of having something in his possession that did not belong to him; and Tom's suspicion interfered sadly with his enjoyment.

6. Finally, it became such a torment to him, that he had serious thoughts of burning it, or burying it, or giving it away; but a better plan suggested itself.

7. "Tom," said he, one day at recess, "didn't you say you thought you knew who owned that knife I found?"

8. "Yes, I did; it looked like Doctor Perry's." And Tom ran off to his play, without giving the knife another thought.

9. Dr. Perry's! Why, Fred would have time to go to the doctor's office before recess closed: so he started in haste, and found the old gentleman getting ready to visit a patient. "Is this yours?" cried Fred, in breathless haste, holding up the cause of a week's anxiety.

10. "It was," said the doctor; "but I lost it the other day."

11. "I found it," said Fred, "and have felt like a thief ever since. Here, take it; I've got to run."

12. "Hold on!" said the doctor. "I've got a new one, and you are quite welcome to this."

13. "Am I? May I? Oh! thank you!" And with what a different feeling he kept it from that which he had experienced for a week!

## 【中文阅读】

1. “这是我的，”弗雷德一边说，一边展示着一把带手柄的白色小刀，刀锋闪闪发亮，非常漂亮。“正是我之前一直想要的。”他将战利品翻来覆去地把玩，带着明显的满足感。

2. “我想，我应该知道它的主人是谁。”汤姆说着，用挑剔的眼神看了一眼这把小刀。

3. “我认为你根本不知道，它根本不是雷蒙德先生的。”弗雷德很快地回答，他的话有点不着边际。

4. “我知道，和雷蒙德先生完全无关。”汤姆一边看着，一边准备去上自己的绘画课。

5. 你认为汤姆拿到这把小刀会很舒服吗？他一点儿也不舒服。他时刻感觉自己占有了本不属于自己的东西；而且，汤姆的疑心也残酷地扰乱了他的快乐。

6. 最后，这竟然变成了他心中的痛，他也曾认真地想过要烧掉它、埋掉它、扔掉它；但是，他又想出了一个更好的主意。

7. 有一天，在休息时，他说：“汤姆，你不是说过，你知道这把刀归谁所有吗？”

8. “是的，我知道；看上去像是佩理医生的。”汤姆说完就跑去玩了，根本没再想过这把刀的事。

9. 是佩理医生的！哎呀，在休息时间结束之前，弗雷德完全有时间去医生办公室；于是，他匆忙赶过去，却发现这位老先生正要去看一个病人。“这是您的吗？”弗雷德举着那个使他焦虑不安了一周的罪魁祸首，上气不接下气地喊道。

10. “是的，”医生说，“但是，我已经丢了好几天了。”

11. 弗雷德说：“我找到了它，从那以后，我就一直感觉自己像个小偷一样。在这里，拿走吧，我得赶紧回去上课了。”

12. “等一下！”医生说，“我又有了一把新的，你可以留着这把刀。”

13. “我可以吗？噢，非常感谢！”与前一周的感受相比，这种感觉多么与众不同呀！

# LESSON 37

## BATS

## 蝙蝠

*immediately*

*character*

*squeal*

*snapped*

*shunned*

*quills*

*terribly*

*crevices*

*framework*



*encountered*

*prepared*

*policy*

*prowling*

*double*

*insect*

*devour*

*escape*

*quadruped*

*nightmare*

*disgusting*

1. Bats are very strange little animals, having hair like mice, and wings like birds.

During the day, they live in crevices of rocks, in caves, and in other dark places.

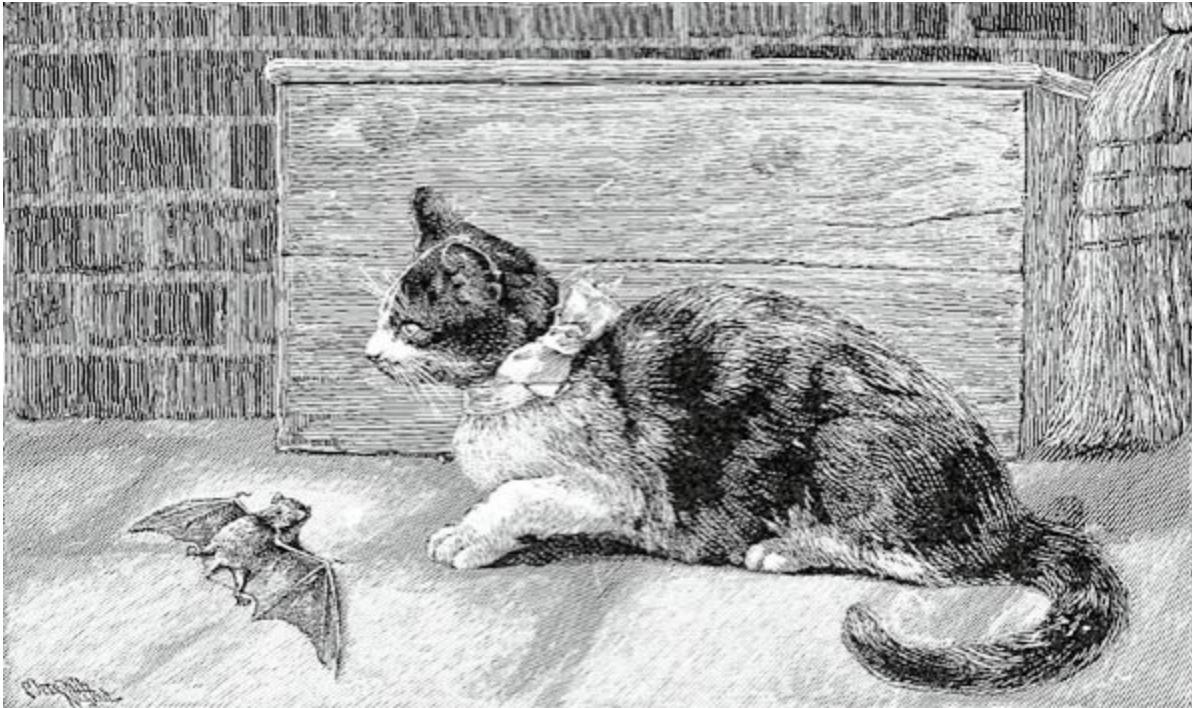
2. At night, they go forth in search of food; and, no doubt, you have seen them flying about, catching such insects as happen to be out rather late at night.

3. The wings of a bat have no quills. They are only thin pieces of skin stretched upon a framework of bones. Besides this, it may be said that while he is a quadruped, he can rise into the air and fly from place to place like a bird.

4. There is a funny fable about the bat, founded upon this double character of beast and bird, which I will tell you.

5. An owl was once prowling about, when he came across a bat. So he caught him in his claws, and was about to devour him. Upon this, the bat began to squeal terribly; and he said to the owl, "Pray, what do you take me for, that you use me

thus?"



6. "Why, you are a bird, to be sure," said the owl, "and I am fond of birds. I love dearly to break their little bones."

7. "Well," said the bat, "I thought there was some mistake. I am no bird. Don't you see, Mr. Owl, that I have no feathers, and that I am covered with hair like a mouse?"

8. "Sure enough," said the owl, in great surprise; "I see it now. Really, I took you for a bird, but it appears you are only a kind of mouse. I ate a mouse last night, and it gave me the nightmare. I can't bear mice! Bah! it makes me sick to think of it." So the owl let the bat go.

9. The very next night, the bat encountered another danger. He was snapped up by puss, who took him for a mouse, and immediately prepared to eat him.

10. "I beg you to stop one moment," said the bat. "Pray, Miss Puss, what do you suppose I am?" "A mouse, to be sure!" said the cat. "Not at all," said the bat, spreading

his long wings.

11. "Sure enough," said the cat: "you seem to be a bird, though your feathers are not very fine. I eat birds sometimes, but I am tired of them just now, having lately devoured four young robins; so you may go. But, bird or mouse, it will be your best policy to keep out of my way hereafter."

12. The meaning of this fable is, that a person playing a double part may sometimes escape danger; but he is always, like the bat, a creature that is disgusting to everybody, and shunned by all.

(S. G. Goodrich—Adapted)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 蝙蝠是很奇怪的动物，有着像老鼠一样的毛发和像小鸟一样的翅膀。白天，它们都待在岩石裂缝、洞穴以及其他黑暗的地方。

2. 它们经常在夜里出来觅食，毫无疑问，你可能曾经看见过它们飞来飞去地捕捉那些偶尔在深夜出没的昆虫。

3. 蝙蝠的翅膀并没有羽毛，只有薄薄的皮挂在骨架上。除此之外，据说蝙蝠还有两只脚，它也能像小鸟那样在空中飞来飞去。

4. 基于蝙蝠的这种鸟兽双重特性，还有一个有趣的寓言，我会慢慢告诉你。

5. 有一次，一只猫头鹰在空中徘徊，这时，它看见了一只蝙蝠。于是，它就用爪子抓住了蝙蝠，准备要吞下去。就在这时，蝙蝠可怜巴巴地啼哭着对猫头鹰说：“求求你告诉我，你以为我是谁，为什么抓我呢？”

6. “为什么，你是一只鸟，千真万确，”猫头鹰说，“我很喜欢鸟类，我最爱做的就是弄断它们的小骨头。”

7. 蝙蝠说：“好吧，我想你可能真弄错了。我不是鸟。猫头鹰先生，我并没有羽毛，而且我身上的毛很像老鼠，你没看到吗？”

8. “的确如此，”猫头鹰惊讶地说道，“我现在看清楚了。真的，我以为你是一只鸟呢，但是，从外表看来，你就是一只老鼠。我昨天晚上刚吃了一只老鼠，还让我做了一场噩梦。我再也不吃老鼠了！呸，真让我恶心！”于是，猫头鹰就放走了蝙蝠。

9. 到了第二天，这只蝙蝠又遇到了危险。它被一只花猫逮住了，小花猫把它当成了老鼠，正准备要吃掉它。

10. “求求你，等一下，”这只蝙蝠说，“拜托你告诉我，花猫小姐，你把我当成什么了？”“一只老鼠，千真万确！”花猫说。“根本不是。”蝙蝠说着，立刻伸展开它的翅膀。

11. “果真不是呀，”花猫说，“尽管你的翅膀不那么漂亮，但你看上去真像小鸟。我有时也吃小鸟，但我厌倦小鸟，最近已经吃了四只小知更鸟了；所以，你可以走了。但是，不管你是小鸟，还是老鼠，为了保险起见，从今往后最好别再出现在我面前。”

12. 这则寓言故事的意义是，一个两面玲珑的人有时可能会逃脱危险，但他却会像蝙蝠那样遭人厌恶和唾弃。

(S·G·古德里奇)



# LESSON 38

## A SUMMER DAY

### 夏 日

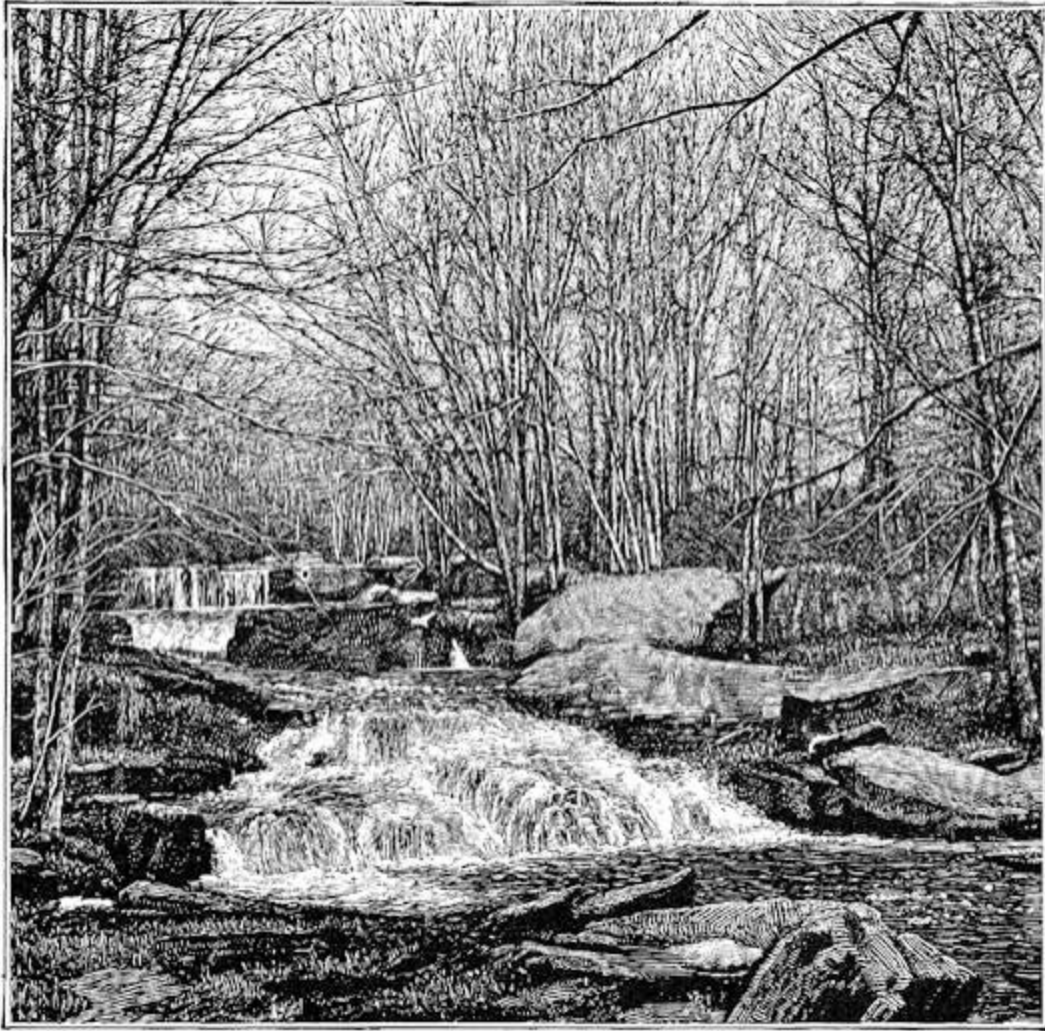
tints  
lawns

sheaves  
whirl

fireflies  
buttercup

chimney  
lowing

tinkle  
lance



1. This is the way the morning dawns:

Rosy tints on flowers and trees,

Winds that wake the birds and bees,

Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—

This is the way the morning dawns.

2. This is the way the sun comes up:

Gold on brook and glossy leaves,

Mist that melts above the sheaves,

Vine, and rose, and buttercup—

This is the way the sun comes up.

3. This is the way the river flows:

Here a whirl, and there a dance;

Slowly now, then, like a lance,

Swiftly to the sea it goes—

This is the way the river flows.

4. This is the way the rain comes down:

Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,

Over roof and chimney top;

Boughs that bend, and skies that frown—

This is the way the rain comes down.

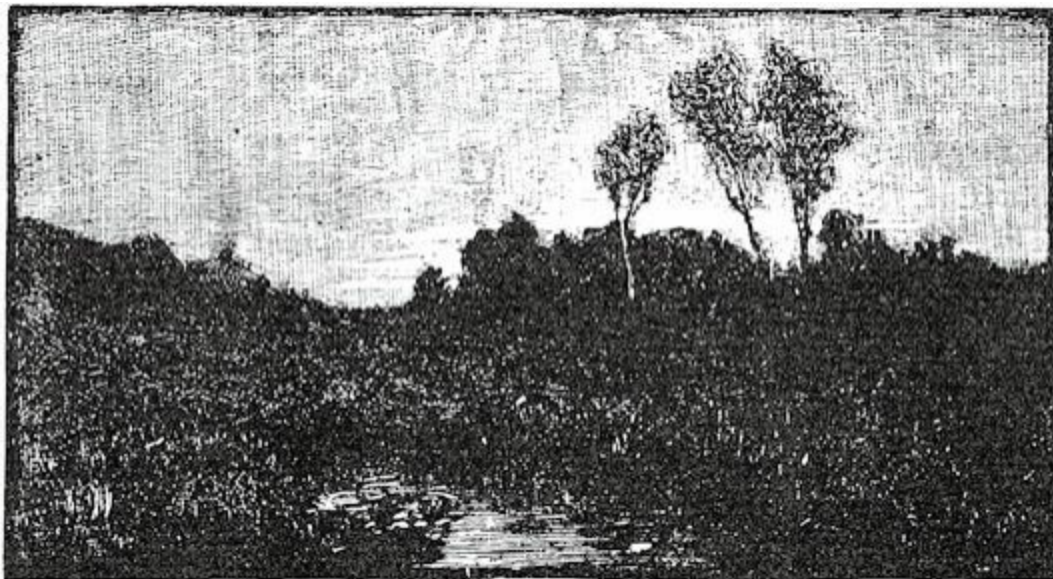
5. This is the way the birdie sings:

"Baby birdies in the nest,

You I surely love the best;

Over you I fold my wings"—

This is the way the birdie sings.



6. This is the way the daylight dies:

Cows are lowing in the lane,

Fireflies wink on hill and plain;

Yellow, red, and purple skies—

This is the way the daylight dies.

(George Cooper)

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 清晨如此到来：

花草树木披上玫瑰色的霞光，

风儿唤醒了小鸟和蜜蜂，

露珠凝结在田野和草地上——

黎明这样到来。

### 2. 太阳如此升起来：

小溪和绿叶蒙上金色，

层层薄雾渐渐上升，

藤蔓、玫瑰花和毛茛露出真容——

太阳这样升起。

### 3. 河水如此流淌：

这里一个漩涡，那里一个跳跃，

一会舒缓下来，就像一支长矛，

快速流入大海——

河水就这样流淌。

#### 4. 雨水如此掉落下来：

叮当，叮当，一滴一滴...

掉到屋顶和烟囱帽上，

树枝弯下了腰，天空皱起了眉——

雨水就这样滴落。

#### 5. 小鸟如此歌唱：

“巢里的鸟宝宝，

无疑是我的最爱；

用我的翅膀拥抱你”——

小鸟这样吟唱。

6. 日光如此消失下去：

牛群在小路上哞哞叫着，

星星之火在山丘和平原上闪烁；

黄色、红色和紫色渲染的天空——

日光这样渐逝。

（乔治·库珀）

# LESSON 39

## I WILL THINK OF IT

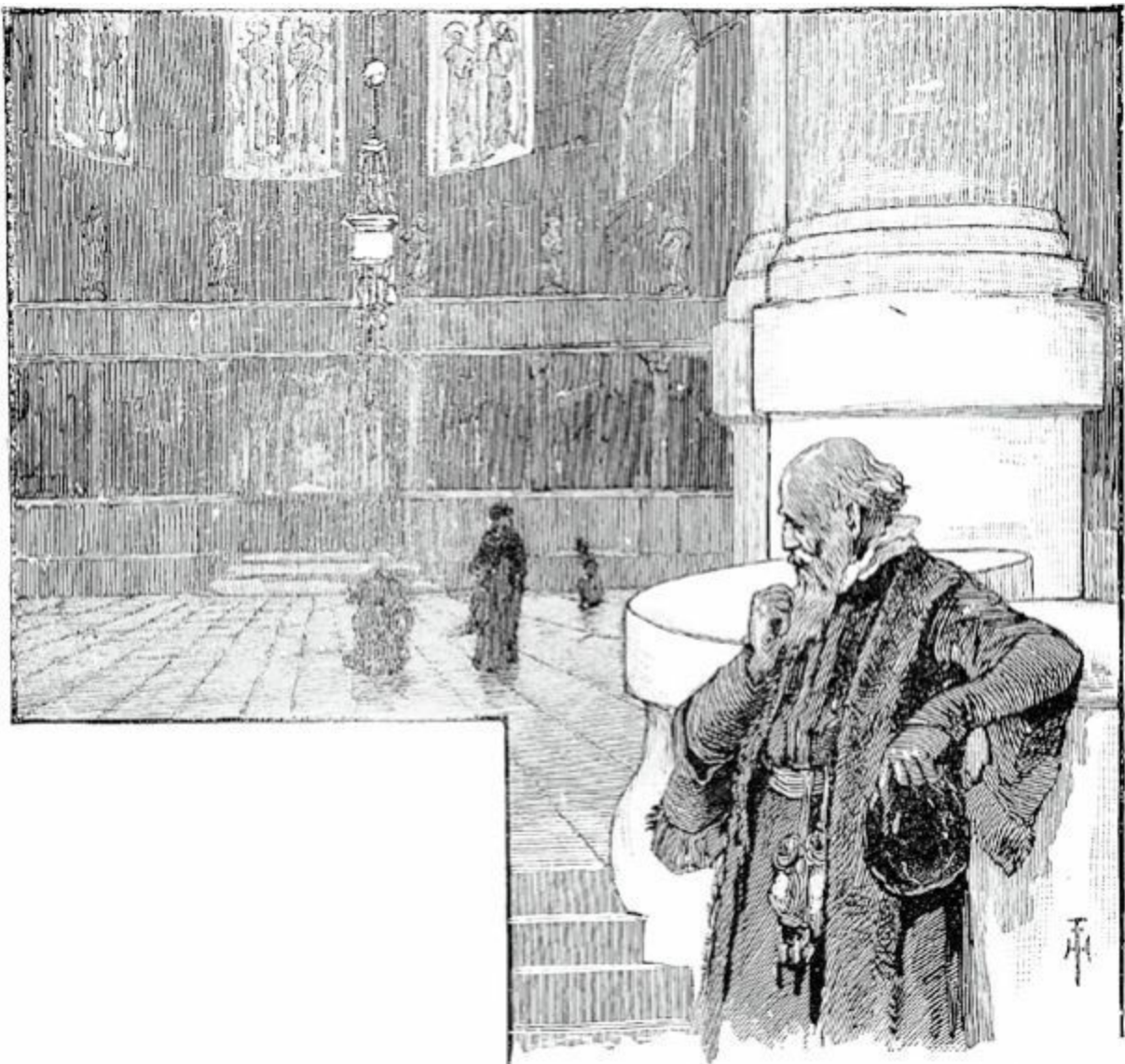
### 我要想一想

chandelier  
portraits  
pendulum  
locomotive  
discovered

Pisa  
Isaac  
engine  
motto  
swaying

London  
invention  
whalebone  
England  
discouraged

Ferguson  
Galileo  
lectures  
teakettle  
improved



1. "I will think of it." It is easy to say this; but do you know what great things have come from thinking?

2. We can not see our thoughts, or hear, or taste, or feel them; and yet what mighty power they have!

3. Sir Isaac Newton was seated in his garden on a summer's evening, when he saw an apple fall from a tree. He began to think, and, in trying to find out why the apple fell, discovered how the earth, sun, moon, and stars are kept in their places.

4. A boy named James Watt sat quietly by the fireside, watching the lid of the tea kettle as it moved up and down. He began to think; he wanted to find out why the steam in the kettle moved the heavy lid.

5. From that time he went on thinking and thinking; and when he became a man, he improved the steam engine so much that it could, with the greatest ease, do the work of many horses.

6. When you see a steamboat, a steam mill, or a locomotive, remember that it would never have been built if it had not been for the hard thinking of some one.

7. A man named Galileo was once standing in the cathedral of Pisa, when he saw a chandelier swaying to and fro.

8. This set him thinking, and it led to the invention of the pendulum.

9. James Ferguson was a poor Scotch shepherd boy. Once, seeing the inside of a watch, he was filled with wonder. "Why should I not make a watch?" thought he.

10. But how was he to get the materials out of which to make the wheels and the mainspring? He soon found how to get them: he made the mainspring out of a piece of whalebone. He then made a wooden clock which kept good time.

11. He began, also, to copy pictures with a pen, and portraits with oil colors. In a



few years, while still a small boy, he earned money enough to support his father.

12. When he became a man, he went to London to live. Some of the wisest men in England, and the king himself, used to attend his lectures. His motto was, "I will think of it;" and he made his thoughts useful to himself and the world.

13. Boys, when you have a difficult lesson to learn, don't feel discouraged, and ask some one to help you before helping yourselves. Think, and by thinking you will learn how to think to some purpose.

## 【中文阅读】

1. “我要想一想。”这话说起来容易；但是，你知道有多少伟大的事物都来源于思考吗？

2. 我们既看不到思维，也听不到、尝不到、感受不到它；但它却有着多么强大的力量呀！

3. 艾萨克·牛顿先生正是在夏日的一个傍晚，静坐于树下时看到了苹果从树上掉下来。他开始思考，试图找出苹果掉落的原因，从此他竟然发现了地球、太阳、月亮和星星如何维持自己的位置。

4. 一个叫詹姆斯·瓦特的男孩子在炉边静坐时，观察着茶壶盖上上下下地活动。他也陷入了沉思之中，希望能发现壶里的蒸气为什么能够移动沉重的壶盖。

5. 从那时起，他就一直在思考；当他长大成人后，很快就改进了蒸汽机，使它能够轻松地代替马匹工作。

6. 当你看到一艘汽船、一个蒸汽磨或一个火车头时，要记得如果没有某个人的努力思索，它们永远都不会出现。

7. 一个名叫伽利略的人，曾经在比萨教堂前看到一只吊灯晃来晃去。

8. 这让他陷入了思考之中，从而导致了钟摆的发明。

9. 詹姆斯·弗格森曾经是一个贫穷的苏格兰牧童。有一次，他看到了手表的内部构造，心中充满了惊奇。“我为什么不能自己制造一只手表呢？”他想到。

10. 但是，如何才能得到制作轮子和主发条的必要材料呢？很快，他找到了获取材料的方法。他用一根鲸须制成了主发条，然后他做成了一个木制时钟，运转情况一直良好。

11. 同时，他还会用钢笔绘制图片，用油彩临摹肖像。尽管依然还是个小孩子，可这几年中，他挣的钱足以维持自己和父亲的生活了。

12. 长大后，他来到伦敦生活。英国的一些聪明人士经常聆听他的演讲，甚至连国王也是他的忠实听众。他的座右铭就是“我要想一想”，而且他的思想不仅有利于自我，甚至还有利于全世界。

13. 孩子们，当你面对难题时，千万不要气馁，而且在寻求外来帮助之前，应该自己先想想办法。要多思考，通过思索，你将学会如何想要达到某个目的。

# LESSON 40

## CHARLIE AND ROB

### 查理和罗伯

1. "Don't you hate splitting wood?" asked Charlie, as he sat down on a log to hinder<sup>[1]</sup> Rob for a while.
2. "No, I rather like it. When I get hold of a tough old fellow, I say, 'See here, now, you think you're the stronger, and are going to beat me; so I'll split you up into kindling wood.'"
3. "Pshaw!" said Charlie, laughing; "and it's only a stick of wood."
4. "Yes; but you see I pretend it's a lesson, or a tough job of any kind, and it's nice to conquer<sup>[2]</sup> it."
5. "I don't want to conquer such things; I don't care what becomes of them. I wish I were a man, and a rich one."
6. "Well, Charlie, if you live long enough you'll be a man, without wishing for it; and as for the rich part, I mean to be that myself."
7. "You do. How do you expect to get your money? By sawing wood?"
8. "May be—some of it; that's as good a way as any, so long as it lasts. I don't care how I get rich, you know, so that it's in an honest and useful way."
9. "I'd like to sleep over the next ten years, and wake up to find myself a young man with a splendid<sup>[3]</sup> education<sup>[4]</sup> and plenty of money."

10. "Humph! I am not sleepy—a night at a time is enough for me. I mean to work the next ten years. You see there are things that you've got to work out—you can't sleep them out."

11. "I hate work," said Charlie, "that is, such work as sawing and splitting wood, and doing chores<sup>[5]</sup>. I'd like to do some big work, like being a clerk in a bank or something of that sort."



12. "Wood has to be sawed and split before it can be burned," said Rob. "I don't know but I'll be a clerk in a bank some time; I'm working towards it. I'm keeping father's accounts for him."

13. How Charlie laughed! "I should think that was a long way from being a bank

clerk. I suppose your father sells two tables and six chairs, some days, doesn't he?"

14. "Sometimes more than that, and sometimes not so much," said Rob, in perfect good humor.

15. "I didn't say I was a bank clerk now. I said I was working towards it. Am I not nearer it by keeping a little bit of a book than I should be if I didn't keep any book at all?"

16. "Not a whit—such things happen," said Charlie, as he started to go.

17. Now, which of these boys, do you think, grew up to be a rich and useful man, and which of them joined a party of tramps before he was thirty years old?

## 【中文阅读】

1. “你不是讨厌劈木头吗？”查理一边说着，一边坐在一根木头上，不让罗伯继续干下去。

2. “不，我其实很喜欢。当我抓住一根难劈的木头时，我会说，‘现在，看这里，你认为自己很强壮，想要打击我，是吗？可是我会把你劈成几半，成为细小的木柴。’”

3. “哼！”查理笑着说，“它不过是一根木头而已。”

4. “是的，但是你看，我把它当成一堂课，或者一份艰苦的工作，这样就很容易战胜它了。”

5. “我并不想征服这样的东西；我不关心这些事情。我只想自己是一个男人，是一个富翁。”

6. “好吧，查理，如果你能活到那时，自然就会成为一个男人，无须多想；至于

富翁嘛，我自己也想成为富翁。”

7. “你也想。你怎么挣到钱呀？只靠劈木头？”

8. “也许——有一点吧；只要能够坚持下去，这也是一条不错的路。你知道吗，我并不在乎能够变得多么富有，但是一定要通过正直而有用的途径获得财富。”

9. “我倒希望能好好睡上十年，醒来后发现自己已经成了一个既有教养又有财富的年轻人。”

10. “哼！我不会这样睡过去的——一天只睡一夜，对我来说就足够了。我还要工作十年呢。你看，那里还有很多事情等着你去做呢，睡觉可不能帮你完成它们。”

11. “我讨厌工作，”查理说，“讨厌这些砍柴、劈木头之类的杂活。我想干一番大事业，想当一个银行里的职员，或者类似的工作。”

12. “木头只有被锯掉、被劈碎，才能用来燃烧呀，”罗伯说，“我不知道别的，但是有时候我就像银行里的职员一样，我一直在做这样的工作。我一直在帮爸爸记账呢。”

13. 查理大笑起来！“我想，当一个银行职员还早着呢，我猜想，你的父亲这几天卖掉了两张桌子、六把椅子，是吗？”

14. “有时会更多些，有时还卖不到这么多。”罗伯也不失幽默地附和着。

15. “我并不是说自己现在就是一个银行职员。我是说自己正朝着那个目标努力。通过平常记录小账，不就是朝着这个目标更近了嘛，这难道不比什么也不做更好吗？”

16. “这样的事情根本不会发生。”查理说着便起身准备走了。

17. 现在, 你来想想, 这两个男孩子中, 谁将来长大后会成为富翁, 成为一个有用之才; 谁又会成为一个三十岁时还流浪街头的人?

## 注释

[1] Hinder, interrupt, prevent from working.

[2] Conquer, overcome, master.

[3] Splendid, very fine, complete.

[4] Education, acquired knowledge.

[5] Chores, the light work about a house or yard.

# LESSON 41

## RAY AND HIS KITE

### 芮和他的风筝

1. Ray was thought to be an odd boy. You will think him so, too, when you have read this story.

2. Ray liked well enough to play with the boys at school; yet he liked better to be alone under the shade of some tree, reading a fairy tale or dreaming daydreams<sup>[1]</sup>. But there was one sport that he liked as well as his companions<sup>[2]</sup>; that was kiteflying.

3. One day when he was flying his kite, he said to himself, "I wonder if anybody ever tried to fly a kite at night. It seems to me it would be nice. But then, if it were very dark, the kite could not be seen. What if I should fasten a light to it, though? That would make it show. I'll try it this very night."

4. As soon as it was dark, without saying a word to anybody, he took his kite and lantern, and went to a large, open lot, about a quarter of a mile from his home. "Well," thought he, "this is queer. How lonely and still it seems without any other boys around! But I am going to fly my kite, anyway."

5. So he tied the lantern, which was made of tin punched full of small holes, to the tail of his kite. Then he pitched the kite, and, after several attempts<sup>[3]</sup>, succeeded in making it rise. Up it went, higher and higher, as Ray let out the string. When the string was all unwound, he tied it to a fence; and then he stood and gazed at his kite as it floated high up in the air.

6. While Ray was enjoying his sport, some people who were out on the street in the village, saw a strange light in the sky. They gathered in groups<sup>[4]</sup> to watch it. Now



it was still for a few seconds, then it seemed to be jumping up and down; then it made long sweeps<sup>[5]</sup> back and forth through the air.

7. "What can it be?" said one person. "How strange!" said another. "It can not be a comet<sup>[6]</sup>; for comets have tails," said a third. "Perhaps it's a big firefly," said another.



8. At last some of the men determined<sup>[7]</sup> to find out what this strange light was—

whether it was a hobgoblin<sup>[8]</sup> dancing in the air, or something dropped from the sky. So off they started to get as near it as they could.

9. While this was taking place, Ray, who had got tired of standing, was seated in a fence corner, behind a tree. He could see the men as they approached; but they did not see him.

10. When they were directly under the light, and saw what it was, they looked at each other, laughing, and said, "This is some boy's trick; and it has fooled us nicely. Let us keep the secret, and have our share of the joke."

11. Then they laughed again, and went back to the village; and some of the simple people there have not yet found out what that strange light was.

12. When the men had gone, Ray thought it was time for him to go; so he wound up his string, picked up his kite and lantern, and went home. His mother had been wondering what had become of him.

13. When she heard what he had been doing, she hardly knew whether to laugh or scold; but I think she laughed, and told him that it was time for him to go to bed.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 芮被公认为是一个奇怪的小男孩。当你看到这个故事时，也会这么认为的。

2. 芮很喜欢和其他的男孩子在学校里玩耍；但是，他更喜欢独自坐在树下的阴凉处，看神话故事或者做白日梦。不过，有一项体育活动让他和其他的小伙伴一样着迷，那就是放风筝。

3. 有一天，当他正在放风筝时，自言自语地说：“我很奇怪，有人在晚上放风

筝吗。在我看来，这样做可能很有趣。但是，如果天特别黑的话，又怎么能看到风筝呢。如果我在风筝上加一盏灯，又会怎样呢？这样就能让人看到它了。我想在今天晚上试一试。”

4. 等天黑下来后，他对谁也没有说，径自拿着风筝和灯笼来到了一片开阔、空旷的地里，那里离他家只有四分之一英里远。他心里想：“好吧，这样做的确有点奇怪。周围没有其他小朋友，看上去是很孤独和寂寞！但是，无论如何，我要开始放飞自己的风筝了。”

5. 于是，他把一个满是小孔的锡制灯笼系在风筝的尾巴上。接着，他掷出了风筝，经过几次努力，他才成功地使风筝升起来。芮松开了线绳，风筝不断地上升，越来越高。当所有的线绳都被松开后，他将风筝线绑在一个栅栏上，然后站在那里盯着自己的风筝看，而那风筝就在空中飘浮着。

6. 就在芮正享受着自己的游戏时，村子里一些在街上行走的人看见了空中奇怪的灯光。他们聚集到一起，抬头望着天空。这才刚刚放飞了几秒钟，它好像还在上下乱窜，一会儿又开始前前后后地飘忽不定。

7. “那是什么东西呀？”其中一个人说。“多么奇怪呀！”另一个人说。“它不可能是彗星，因为彗星都有长长的尾巴，”第三个人说。“或许，它是一只大萤火虫。”又传来另外一个人的声音。

8. 最后，其中几个人决定要去探个究竟，到底这个灯光是什么怪物——到底是妖怪在空中乱舞呢，还是从天上掉下来的什么东西。于是，他们开始尽可能地慢慢靠近那个灯光。

9. 就在人们猜测时，一直站在那里的芮感到有些疲惫，便在栅栏旁的角落里坐了下来，背靠着一棵大树。当那些人慢慢走过来时，他能看到了人们，但是人们却看不到他。

10. 当人们径直走到灯光下，看清楚了它的本来面目时，互相看看，都笑了起

来，有人说：“这不过是孩子们的鬼把戏；却愚弄了我们。大家都保守这个秘密，和他们一起开这个玩笑吧。”

11. 然后，他们又笑了起来，纷纷走回村子里；有一些头脑简单的人却还没有发现这个奇怪的光到底是什么东西。

12. 人们离开后，芮也觉着是时候该回家了；于是，他收紧了风筝线，捡起风筝和灯笼回家了。妈妈也正在纳闷，他究竟去干什么了。

13. 当她听完芮的描述，都不知道应该笑他还是该骂他了；但是，我认为她笑了，而且还会告诉芮应该去睡觉了。

## 注释

[1] Daydreams, vain fancies.

[2] Companions, playmates. friends.

[3] Attempts, trials, efforts.

[4] Groups, several together, small assemblages.

[5] Sweeps, rapid movements in the line of a curve.

[6] Comet, a brilliant heavenly body with a long, fiery tail.

[7] Determined, concluded, resolved.

[8] Hobgoblin, an ugly fairy or imp.

# LESSON 42

## BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK

### 谨防第一次饮酒

1. "Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

2. "Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

3. "Know him! Why, Uncle Philip, everybody knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly<sup>[1]</sup>."

4. "Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent<sup>[2]</sup>, well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died, and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.

5. "Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theater and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

6. "He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

7. "He did come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time, things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.

8. "But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'

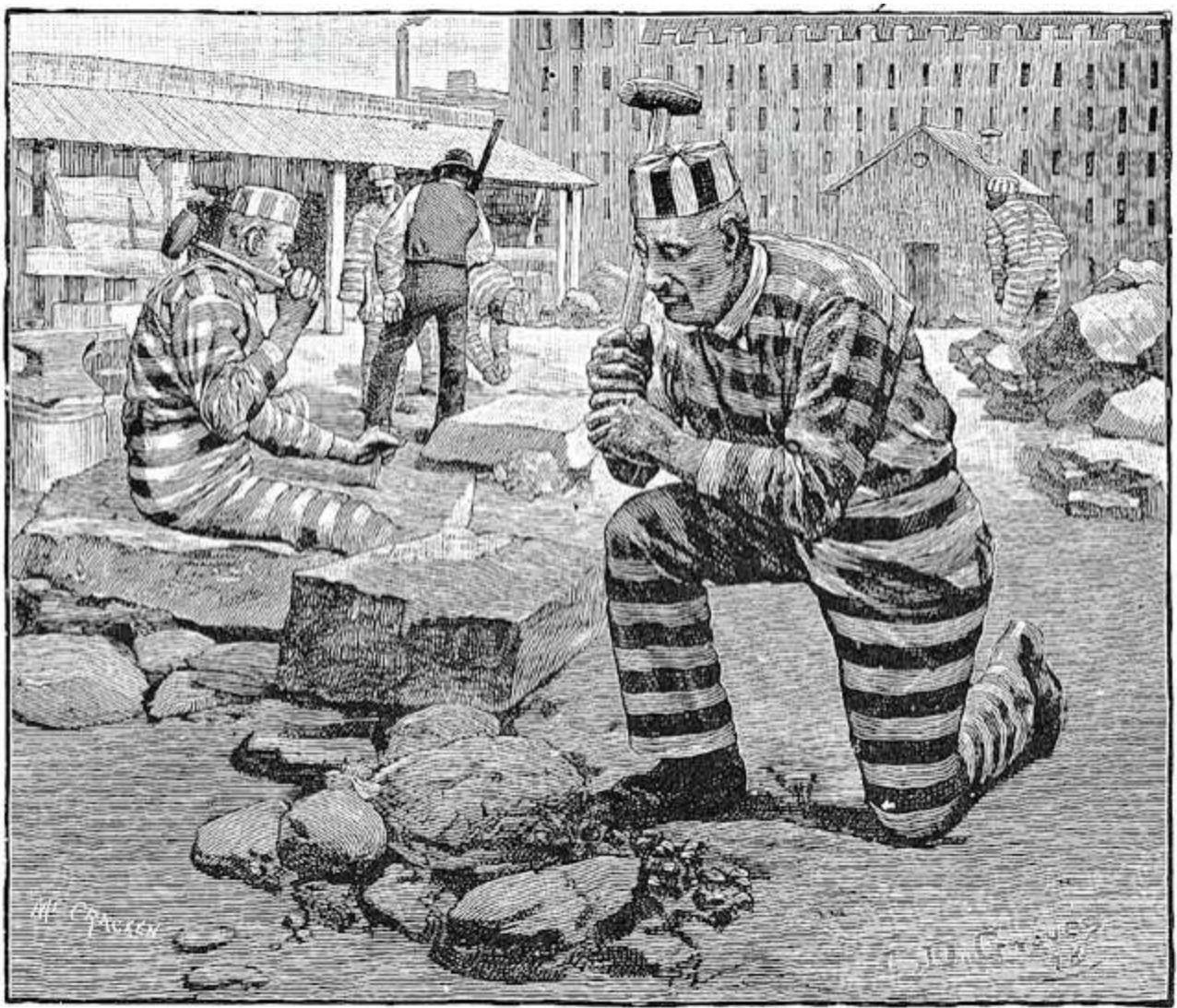


9. "It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist<sup>[3]</sup> his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

10. "He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot<sup>[4]</sup>. Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith had been found guilty<sup>[5]</sup> of stealing, and sent to the state prison for ten years.

11. "There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think, as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'

12. "Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be a drunkard."



## 【中文阅读】

1. “菲利普叔叔，今天天气真好，上午您会和我们一起去散步吗？”

2. “好的，孩子们。我去拿帽子和手杖，然后四处走走，我会在路上给你们讲一个故事。你们认识可怜的老汉，汤姆·史密斯吗？”

3. “认识他！怎么了，菲利普叔叔，所有人都认识他呀。他是一个令人厌恶的酒鬼，而且骂起人来很吓人。”

4. “我可认识他很久了，因为我们自小就在一起玩耍。我们当中没有一个孩子是乖巧得体的好孩子。离开学校后，他的父亲去世了，于是他被送到市里的一家商店。在那里，他遇到了不好的伙伴。”

5. “他并没有将晚上的业余时间用来读书，反而去戏院、去打球玩。很快，他就玩起了扑克牌，当然是玩钱的那种。他输掉的钱比自己挣到的钱还多。”
6. “他给妈妈写信诉说了自己的损失，妈妈寄来钱让他还债，还告诉他尽快回家去。”
7. “他并没有回家。毕竟，朋友们都愿意原谅他过去的行为，他或许依然快乐地生活着，而且还认为自己尚有用武之地。有一段时间，事情进展得很顺利。他娶了一个可爱的女人，也戒除了自己的恶习，日子过得很好。”
8. “孩子们，但是有一件事却毁了他一生。在城市里，他学会了喝烈酒，他曾经对我说过，当一个男人开始酗酒，就永无终结了。汤姆说过‘因此，千万要谨慎对待自己的第一次喝酒！’”
9. “就在不久前，他的老毛病又犯了。他自己也知道这样很危险，但是似乎无法抗拒想要喝酒的欲望。他那可怜的妈妈很快就因过度悲痛和羞愧而过世了。他的爱妻也追随母亲离去。”
10. “他失去了尊严，情况越来越糟糕，完全成了一个不折不扣的醉鬼。昨天晚上，我收到了市里寄来的一封信，提到汤姆·史密斯因盗窃罪而被送进州监狱服刑十年。”
11. “我猜他可能会死在监狱里，因为他现在已经老了。我甚至都不敢去想他的末日会是什么样子，非常可怕。当我读到这封信时，禁不住想起几年前他对我说的话，‘要当心第一次喝酒！’”
12. “啊，我亲爱的孩子们，菲利普叔叔走后，你们要记得他曾经告诉过你们汤姆·史密斯的故事，并且还对你们说过，‘要当心第一次饮酒！’一个谨慎对待饮酒的人永远不会成为一个醉鬼。”



[1] Horribly, in a dreadful manner, terribly.

[2] Decent, modest, respectable.

[3] Resist, withstand, overcome.

[4] Sot, an habitual drunkard.

[5] Guilty, justly chargeable with a crime.

# LESSON 43

## SPEAK GENTLY

### 请轻声说话

1. Speak gently; it is better far

To rule by love than fear:

Speak gently; let no harsh words mar<sup>[1]</sup>

The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently to the little child;

Its love be sure to gain;

Teach it in accents<sup>[2]</sup> soft and mild;

It may not long remain.

3. Speak gently to the aged one;

Grieve not the careworn heart:

The sands of life are nearly run;

Let such in peace depart.

4. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;

Let no harsh tone be heard;

They have enough they must endure<sup>[3]</sup>,

Without an unkind word.

5. Speak gently to the erring<sup>[4]</sup>; know

They must have toiled in vain;

Perhaps unkindness made them so;

Oh, win them back again.

6. Speak gently: 't is a little thing

Dropped in the heart's deep well;

The good, the joy, which it may bring,

Eternity<sup>[5]</sup> shall tell.

(George Washington Langford)

【中文阅读】

1. 请轻声说话，

爱的力量胜于恐惧的统治；

请轻声说话，

勿让刺耳之语成为美德的瑕疵。

2. 请对小朋友轻声说话，

无疑你将得到他们的爱；

教导的音调宜温柔文雅，

否则爱就不再存留。

3. 请对长者轻声说话，

饱经忧患的心不应再感悲伤；

生命的沙漏即将停下，

让他们平静离场。

4. 请对穷苦之人轻声和蔼说话，

不让他们听到严苛的音调；

他们忍受的苦难已够巨大，  
即使一个刻薄的字眼也不曾听到。  
即使没有无情的话语，  
他们要忍受的苦难也已够多。

5. 请向做过错事的人轻声说话，  
要知道他们必定经历过徒劳的挣扎；  
也许就是无情的对待让他们把过错犯下，  
噢，把他们再争取回来吧。

6. 请轻声说话，  
这微不足道却能深入人心，  
它可能激发美德，创造欢乐，  
直到永恒不竭不尽。

(乔治·华盛顿·兰福德)

## 注释

[\[1\]](#) Mar, injure, hurt.

[\[2\]](#)Accents, language, tones.

[\[3\]](#)Endure, bear, suffer.

[\[4\]](#)Erring, sinning.

[\[5\]](#)Eternity, the endless hereafter, the future.

# LESSON 44

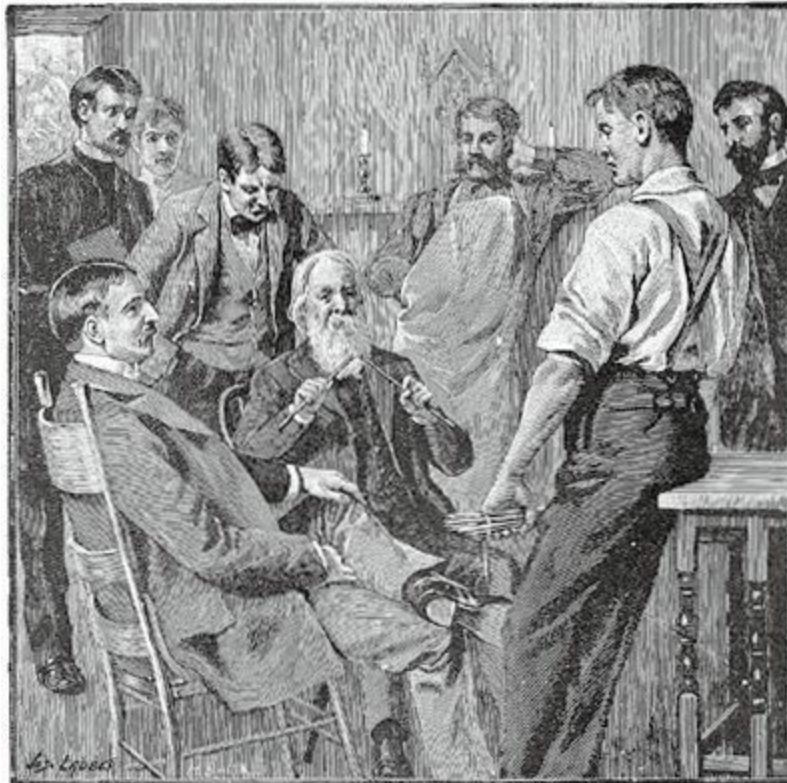
## THE SEVEN STICKS

### 七根棍子

1. A man had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat<sup>[1]</sup> them out of their property<sup>[2]</sup> by making them quarrel about it.

2. The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle<sup>[3]</sup>."

3. Each one strained every nerve<sup>[4]</sup> to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.



4. "And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

5. "Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

6. Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper<sup>[5]</sup>, and none can injure you.

7. "But if the bond of union<sup>[6]</sup> be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,

When by the powerful link of union bound.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一个人，他有七个爱吵架的儿子。他们不顾学习和工作，互相吵个不停。有些坏人等着他们父亲的死期到来，挑拨他们为家产而争吵，到时好趁机骗取他们的财产。

2. 有一天，善良的老人把儿子们都召集到身边，把绑在一起的七根棍子放在他们面前，说：“谁能把这一捆棍子折断，我就给他一百美元。”

3. 每个人都使出了九牛二虎之力，花了很长时间还是徒劳无功。他们都说，要折断这些棍子根本办不到。

4. “其实不然，我的孩子们，”父亲说道，“没有比这更容易做到的事情了。”说完他解开了绳子，毫不费劲地就把那七根棍子一根一根地折断了。



5. “啊！”儿子们说，“这么做太容易了。用这种方式，任何人都做得到。”

6. 他们的父亲回答道：“你们七兄弟就像这些棍子一样，我的孩子们。只要你们紧密地团结在一起，互相帮助，你们就会取得成功，谁也不能伤害你们。”

7. “但是，一旦打破了这种团结，你们就会像这些棍子一样，一根一根地被折断在地上。”

家庭、城市、国家，无不是由各个部分强有力地连结而成的联合体，只有团结一致，才能兴盛发展。

## 注释

[1] Cheat, deceive, wrong.

[2] Property, that which one owns—whether land, goods, or money.

[3] Bundle, a number of things bound together.

[4] Nerve, sinew, muscle.

[5] Prosper, succeed, do well.

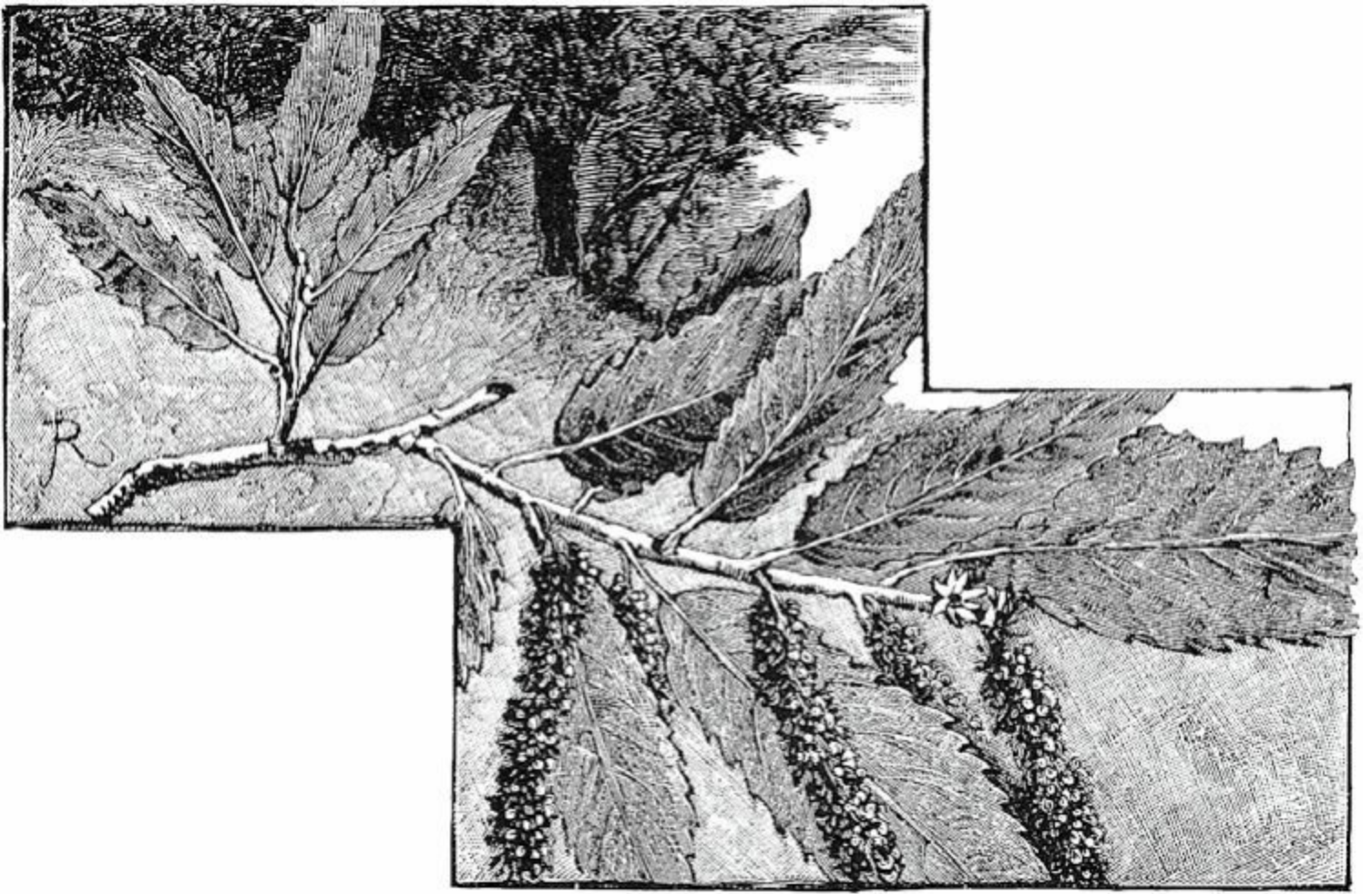
[6] Union, the state of being joined or united.

# LESSON 45

## THE MOUNTAIN SISTER

### 山妹子

1. The home of little Jeannette is far away, high up among the mountains. Let us call her our mountain sister.
2. There are many things you would like to hear about her, but I can only tell you now how she goes with her father and brother, in the autumn, to help gather nuts for the long winter.
3. A little way down the mountain side is a chestnut<sup>[1]</sup> wood. Did you ever see a chestnut tree? In the spring its branches are covered with bunches of creamy flowers, like long tassels<sup>[2]</sup>. All the hot summer these are turning into sweet nuts, wrapped<sup>[3]</sup> safely in large, prickly<sup>[4]</sup>, green balls.



4. But when the frost of autumn comes, these prickly balls turn brown, and crack open. Then you may see inside one, two, three, and even four, sweet, brown nuts.

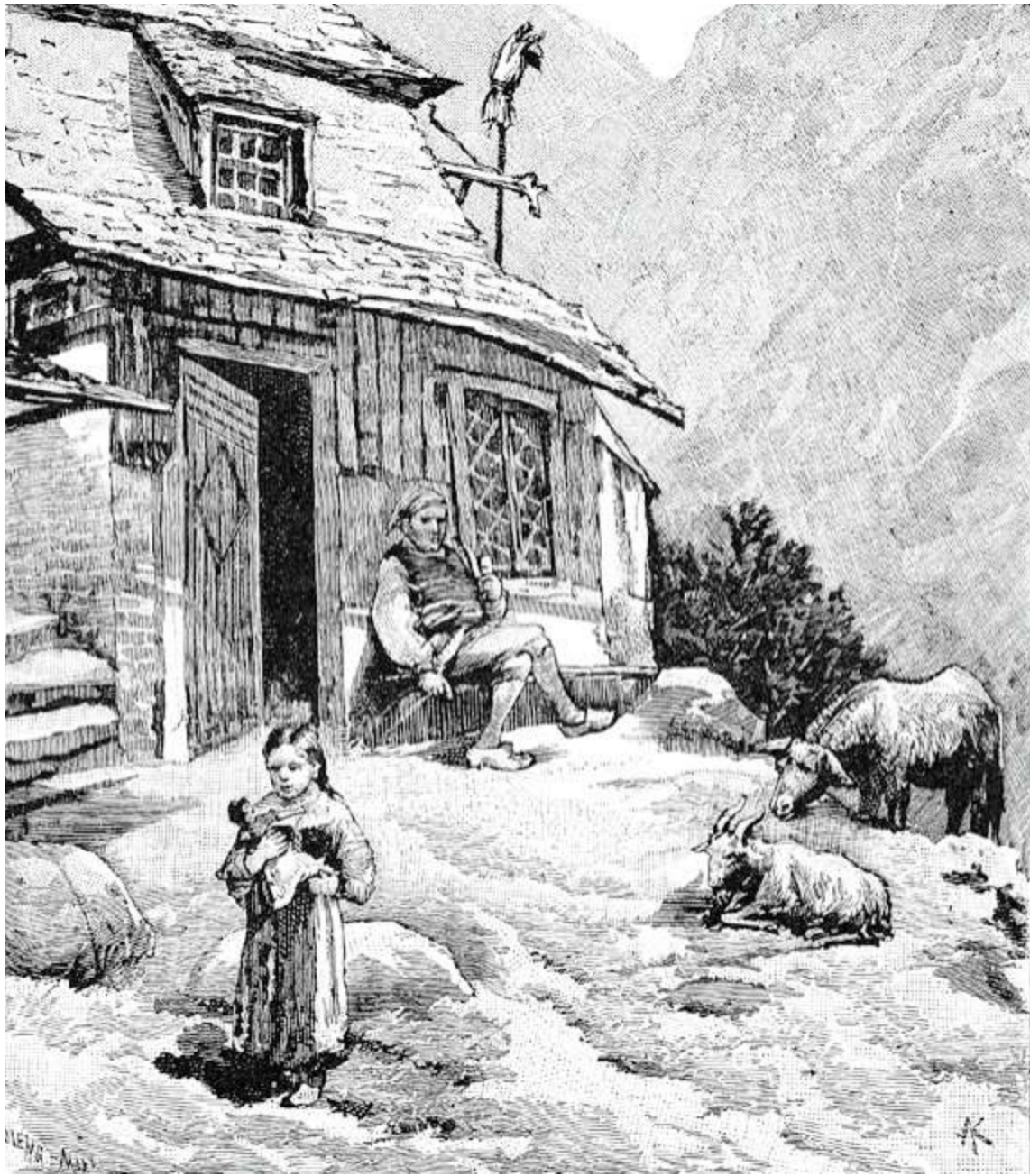
5. When her father says, one night at supper time, "I think there will be a frost tonight," Jeannette knows very well what to do. She dances away early in the evening to her little bed, made in a box built up against the wall.

6. Soon she falls asleep to dream about the chestnut wood, and the little brook that springs from rock to rock down under the tall, dark trees. She wakes with the first daylight, and is out of bed in a minute, when she hears her father's cheerful call, "Come, children; it is time to be off."

7. Their dinner is ready in a large basket. The donkey stands before the door with great bags for the nuts hanging at each side. They go merrily over the crisp<sup>[5]</sup>, white frost to the chestnut trees. How the frost has opened the burs<sup>[6]</sup>! It has done half



their work for them already.



8. How they laugh and sing, and shout to each other as they fill their baskets! The sun looks down through the yellow leaves; the rocks give them mossy seats; the birds and squirrels wonder what these strange people are doing in their woods.

9. Jeannette really helps, though she is only a little girl; and her father says at night, that his Jane is a dear, good child. This makes her very happy. She thinks about it at night, when she says her prayers. Then she goes to sleep to dream of the merry autumn days.

10. Such is our little mountain sister, and here is a picture of her far-away home. The mountain life is ever a fresh and happy one.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 小珍妮特的家很远，在大山里高高的地方，我们就叫她山妹子吧！
2. 关于她的许多故事你一定很想听，可是在这里我只告诉你，她帮着父亲和哥哥在秋天里采集栗子以备长冬之用的情形。
3. 往山下走一点点路，是一片栗子林。你是否见过栗子树呢？春天里，栗子树的枝干被奶油一样的花朵密密麻麻地覆盖着，像长长的流苏。夏天，这些花儿会变成甜美的板栗，完好无损地包裹在多刺的绿色大球球里。
4. 到了秋天雾起的时候，这些带刺的球球就变成褐色，爆裂开来，这时你会看见里面有一个、两个、三个，甚至四个褐色的甜栗子。
5. 有一天，晚饭时分，珍妮特的父亲说：“我想今天晚上会起雾。”珍妮特很清楚地知道将要做什么。当天晚上，她轻快地跳着舞步回到自己的小床边。
6. 很快她就沉入了梦乡，梦见栗子树林，还有林间的小溪，在高大而浓密的树林间，漫流在岩石上。伴随着第一缕晨光醒来，她马上起床，就听到父亲高兴地呼唤：“来吧，孩子们，是时候出发了。”
7. 他们的午餐已经备好，放在一个大篮子里。驴子已经站立在门前等候，两侧驮着用来装栗子的大袋子。他们轻快地踏过易脆的白霜，向栗子林进发。秋霜把刺果打开了那么多！已经帮他们干了一半的活儿。
8. 他们又笑又唱，一边互相喊话，一边把栗子往袋子里装，多么快乐啊！太阳穿过金黄的叶子之间俯视着他们；岩石为他们准备好铺满青苔的座位；小鸟和松鼠好奇地看着他们，不知道这些奇怪的人在它们的树林里做什么。

9. 虽然珍妮特只是一个小姑娘,但却是个好帮手;晚上她的父亲说,小珍是个让人疼爱的乖孩子。这让她很高兴。晚上祈祷的时候,她想到了这些,然后上床睡觉,做起了愉快的秋天之梦。

10. 这就是我们的山妹子,这就是她那遥远的家的一个画面。山里的生活永远是新鲜而快乐的。

## 注释

[1] Chestnut, a tree valuable for its timber and its fruit.

[2] Tassels, hanging ornaments, such as are used on curtains.

[3] Wrapped, completely covered up, inclosed.

[4] Prickly, covered with sharp points.

[5] Crisp, brittle, sparkling.

[6] Burs, the rough coverings of seeds or nuts.

# LESSON 46

## HARRY AND THE GUIDEPOST

### 哈里和路牌

1. The night was dark, the sun was hid

Beneath the mountain gray,

And not a single star appeared

To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath<sup>[1]</sup> the owl flew,

And screamed along the blast;

And onward, with a quickened step,

Benighted<sup>[2]</sup> Harry passed.

3. Now, in thickest darkness plunged,

He groped<sup>[3]</sup> his way to find;

And now, he thought he saw beyond,

A form of horrid<sup>[4]</sup> kind.

4. In deadly white it upward rose,

Of cloak and mantle bare,

And held its naked arms across,

To catch him by the hair.

5. Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,

At what before him stood;

But then, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,

Can happen to the good.

6. So, calling all his courage up,

He to the monster<sup>[5]</sup> went;

And eager through the dismal<sup>[6]</sup> gloom

His piercing<sup>[7]</sup> eyes he bent.

7. And when he came well nigh the ghost<sup>[8]</sup>



That gave him such affright,

He clapped his hands upon his side,

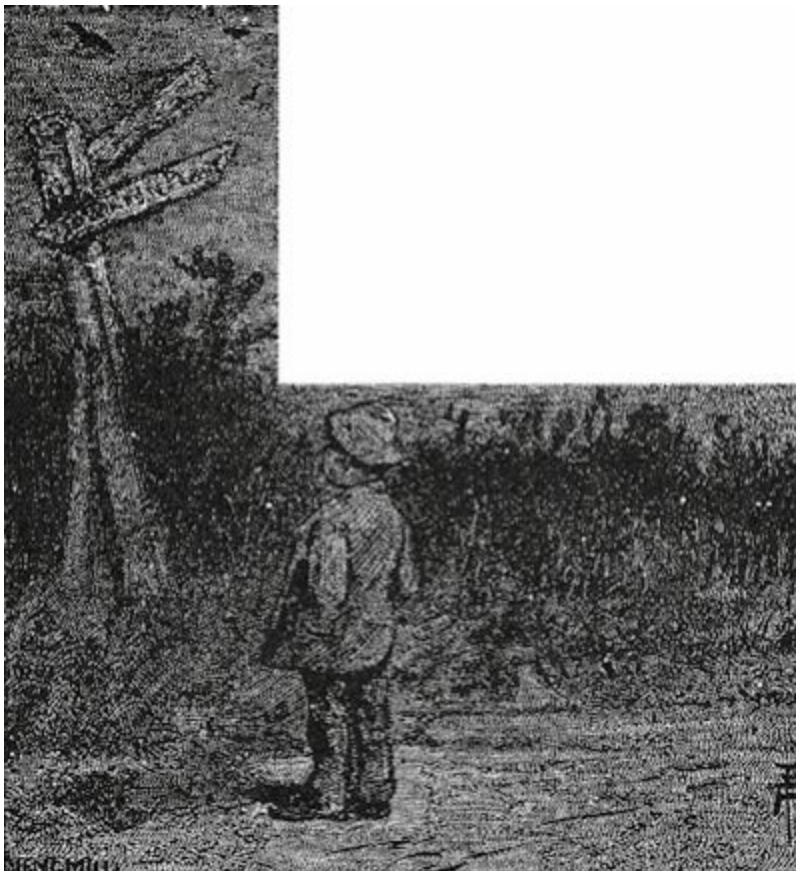
And loudly laughed outright.

8. For 't was a friendly guidepost<sup>[9]</sup> stood,

His wandering steps to guide;

And thus he found that to the good,

No evil could betide<sup>[10]</sup>.



9. Ah well, thought he, one thing I've learned,

Nor shall I soon forget;

Whatever frightens me again,

I'll march straight up to it.

10. And when I hear an idle<sup>(11)</sup> tale,

Of monster or of ghost,

I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,

And one tall, white guidepost.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 夜色漆黑一片，

太阳隐藏在灰暗的山后；

天上看不到一颗星，

不见一丝银光。

2. 猫头鹰飞过荒野，

一阵尖叫声掠过；

加快脚步向前冲，

哈里的身后已被夜色包围。

### 3. 此时，陷入最深沉的黑暗

他摸索着探寻前路；

此刻，他觉得自己看见

远处一个可怕的怪物。

### 4. 死寂般苍白怪物向上立起，

没穿披风斗篷的它光溜溜，

交叉着赤裸的双臂，

似要抓住哈里的头发使劲揪。

### 5. 看到眼前站立的这个东西

可怜的哈里感到毛骨悚然；

他转念一想，我相信，

好人一生平安。

6. 他鼓起全部勇气，

迎面走向怪物；

热切渴望穿过阴沉的黑暗，

他那似要刺穿一切的双眼无比专注。

7. 当怪物近在咫尺，

那个令他如此恐惧的幽灵，

他不禁扬起手拍在它身上，

失声大笑不停。

8. 站在面前的是友善的路牌，

为指引他流浪的脚步；

这更让他彻底明白，

邪灵无法阻挡好人的路。

9. 啊，好吧，他想，

我上了一课，我将好好记住；

无论何事让我恐慌,

我将踏着大步直面而上。

10. 当我听到愚蠢的故事,

说有幽灵或鬼怪,

我会讲述这次寂寞夜路的经历,

还有那高高的白色路牌。

## 注释

[1]Heath, a place overgrown with shrubs.

[2]Benighted, overtaken by the night.

[3]Groped, felt his way in the dark.

[4]Horrid, hideous, frightful.

[5]Monster, a thing of unnatural size and shape.

[6]Dismal, dark, cheerless.

[7]Piercing, sharp, penetrating.

[8]Ghost, a frightful object in white, an apparition.

[9]Guidepost, a post and sign set up at the forks of a road to directed travelers.

[10]Betide, befall, happen.

[11]Idle, of no account, foolish.

# LESSON 47

## THE MONEY AMY DID NOT EARN

### 艾米没有赚到的钱

1. Amy was a dear little girl, but she was too apt to waste time in getting ready to do her tasks<sup>[1]</sup>, instead of doing them at once as she ought.
2. In the village in which she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a store where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season<sup>[2]</sup>. One day he said to Amy, whose parents were quite poor, "Would you like to earn some money?"
3. "Oh, yes," replied she, "for I want some new shoes, and papa has no money to buy them with."
4. "Well, Amy," said Mr. Thornton, "I noticed some fine, ripe blackberries in Mr. Green's pasture to-day, and he said that anybody was welcome to them. I will pay you thirteen cents a quart<sup>[3]</sup> for all you will pick for me."
5. Amy was delighted at the thought of earning some money; so she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.
6. Then she thought she would like to know how much money she would get if she picked five quarts. With the help of her slate and pencil, she found out that she would get sixty-five cents.
7. "But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts," thought she, "how much should I earn then?" "Dear me," she said, after figuring<sup>[4]</sup> a while, "I should earn a dollar and fifty-six cents."
8. Amy then found out what Mr. Thornton would pay her for fifty, a hundred,

and two hundred quarts. It took her some time to do this, and then it was so near dinner time that she had to stay at home until afternoon.



9. As soon as dinner was over, she took her basket and hurried<sup>[5]</sup> to the pasture. Some boys had been there before dinner, and all the ripe berries were picked. She could not find enough to fill a quart measure<sup>[6]</sup>.

10. As Amy went home, she thought of what her teacher had often told her—"Do your task at once; then think about it," for "one doer is worth a hundred



## 【中文阅读】

1. 艾米是个可爱的小姑娘，可是她太容易把时间浪费在准备做事的过程中，而不是有应该做的事情就马上去做。
2. 在她住的村子里，桑顿先生开了一家店，店里出售各种各样的水果，包括各个时令的浆果。有一天他对父母穷困的艾米说：“你想不想赚一些钱？”
3. “噢，想的，”她回答说，“因为我想买双新鞋子，可是爸爸没有钱给我买。”
4. “那好，艾米，”桑顿先生说，“今天我看到格林先生的牧场里有些漂亮的黑莓成熟了，他说欢迎任何人去采摘。你去帮我摘回来，每一夸脱我将付给你一角三分钱。”
5. 想到可以赚钱，艾米很高兴。于是她跑回家去拿篮子，打算立即就去采摘黑莓。
6. 然后，她想知道如果她能采摘到五夸脱黑莓的话，将会赚到多少钱。用铅笔在石板上算了一阵，她算出来那将会是六角五分。
7. “可要是我能摘到12夸脱呢，”她又想，“那我又该赚到多少钱呢？”“哎呀，”算了一会儿以后，她说，“我将会赚到一美元五角六分。”
8. 接着艾米又算出了如果她采摘到50夸脱、100夸脱甚至200夸脱黑莓的话，桑顿先生分别该付给她多少钱。这花掉了她不少的时间，这时已经快到午饭时间了，所以她不得不留在家里，直到下午。
9. 吃完午饭，艾米拿起篮子，急忙到牧场去。有些男孩子午饭前就已经在那里了，所有成熟了的黑莓都被摘走了。她能找到的还不够一夸脱的分量。



10. 在回家的路上，艾米想起了老师经常对她说的话——“立刻去做应该做的事，然后再去思考，”因为，“一个实干者抵得上一百个梦想家。”

## 注释

[1] Tasks, work which one has to do.

[2] Season, proper time of the year.

[3] Quart, the fourth part of a gallon.

[4] Figuring, computing, calculating.

[5] Hurried, went rapidly.

[6] Measure, vessel.

# LESSON 48

## WHO MADE THE STARS

## 星星是谁造的

1. "Mother, who made the stars, which light

The beautiful blue sky?

Who made the moon, so clear and bright,

That rises up so high?"

2. "'T was God, my child, the Glorious<sup>[1]</sup> One,

He formed them by his power;

He made alike the brilliant sun,

And every leaf and flower.

3. "He made your little feet to walk;

Your sparkling eyes to see;

Your busy, prattling<sup>[2]</sup> tongue to talk,

And limbs so light and free.

4. "He paints each fragrant flower that blows<sup>[3]</sup>,  
With loveliness and bloom;  
He gives the violet and the rose  
Their beauty and perfume<sup>[4]</sup>.
5. "Our various<sup>[5]</sup> wants his hands supply;  
He guides us every hour;  
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,  
And guarded by his power.
6. "Then let your little heart, my love,  
Its grateful homage<sup>[6]</sup> pay  
To that kind Friend, who, from above,  
Thus guides you every day.
7. "In all the changing scenes<sup>[7]</sup> of time,

On Him our hopes depend;

In every age, in every clime<sup>[8]</sup>,

Our Father and our Friend."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 妈妈，星星是谁造的，

它的光把美丽的蓝色夜空照亮？

是谁造的月亮，如此清澈，闪耀光芒，

高高地挂在天上？

2. 那是上帝，我的孩子，荣耀的主，

他用神力创造了星星月亮；

同样是他，创造了灿烂的太阳，

以及所有草叶和花香。

3. 他为你造了小脚丫走天下，

给你明亮的眼睛看宇宙；

你忙碌的舌头咿呀呀爱说话，

还有四肢轻盈又自由。

4. 他画出每一朵芳香的花，

花朵娇美盛放；

他赋予紫罗兰和玫瑰花

独有的美和芬芳。

5. 他的双手满足我们种种匮乏；

他每时每刻引导我们前行；

我们永远处于他的关注之下，

由他的权能庇护得安宁。

6. 我的爱，让你小小的心灵，

把它感恩的崇敬

归于那来自天上的仁慈的朋友，

让你每天跟从他的引领。

7. 在每个时光变幻的舞台，

他都是我们希望的源头；

无论何地，在任何时代，

我们的天父我们的朋友。

## 注释

[1] Glorious, excellent, exalted.

[2] Prattling, talking lightly like a child.

[3] Blows, blossoms.

[4] Perfume, delightful odor.

[5] Various, many and different.

[6] Homage, respect.

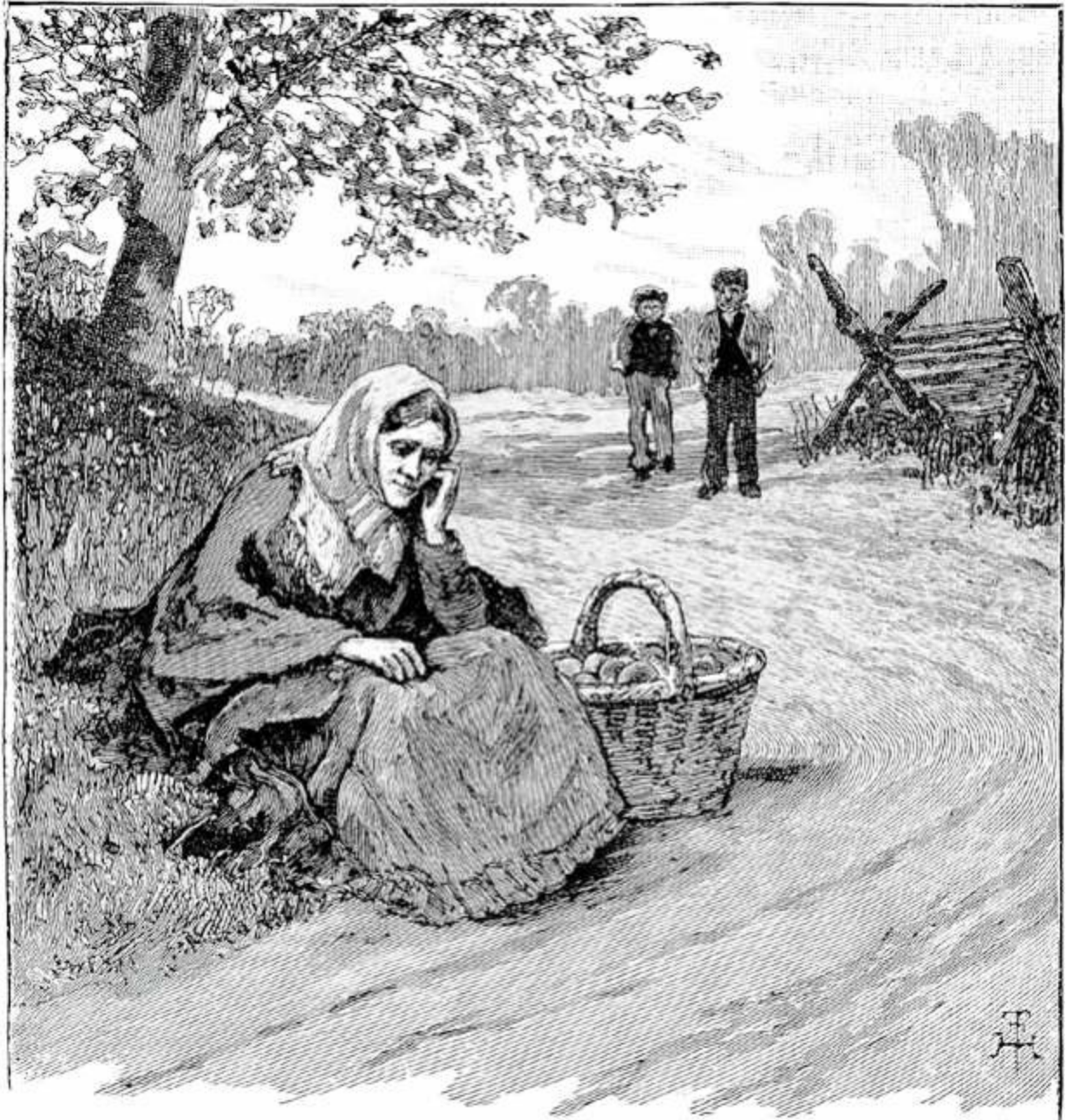
[7] Scenes, events.

[8] Clime, climate, region.

# LESSON 49

## DEEDS OF KINDNESS

### 善 举



1. One day, as two little boys were walking along the road, they overtook a woman carrying a large basket of apples.
2. The boys thought the woman looked very pale and tired; so they said, "Are you going to town? If you are, we will carry your basket."

3. "Thank you," replied the woman, "you are very kind: you see I am weak and ill." Then she told them that she was a widow<sup>[1]</sup>, and had a lame son to support.

4. She lived in a cottage three miles away, and was now going to market to sell the apples which grew on the only tree in her little garden. She wanted the money to pay her rent.

5. "We are going the same way you are," said the boys. "Let us have the basket;" and they took hold of it, one on each side, and trudged<sup>[2]</sup> along with merry hearts.

6. The poor widow looked glad, and said that she hoped their mother would not be angry with them. "Oh, no," they replied; "our mother has taught us to be kind to everybody, and to be useful in any way that we can."

7. She then offered to give them a few of the ripest apples for their trouble. "No, thank you," said they; "we do not want any pay for what we have done."

8. When the widow got home, she told her lame son what had happened on the road, and they were both made happier that day by the kindness of the two boys.

9. The other day, I saw a little girl stop and pick up a piece of orange peel, which she threw into the gutter<sup>[3]</sup>. "I wish the boys would not throw orange peel on the sidewalk," said she. "Some one may tread<sup>[4]</sup> upon it, and fall."

10. "That is right, my dear," I said. "It is a little thing for you to do what you have done, but it shows that you have a thoughtful mind and a feeling heart."

11. Perhaps some may say that these are little things. So they are; but we must not wait for occasions<sup>[5]</sup> to do great things. We must begin with little labors of love.

【中文阅读】



1. 有一天，两个小男孩走在路上的时候，遇上了一个提着一大篮子苹果的妇人。
2. 两个男孩觉得妇人看起来苍白而疲倦，于是问道：“您是要进城吗？如果是的话，我们来帮你提着篮子。”
3. “谢谢你们，”妇人回答，“你们真好，看我虚弱生病而帮助我。”接着她告诉他们，她是个寡妇，抚养着一个瘸腿的儿子。
4. 她住在三英里外的一座小农舍里，现在是要到集市上，把从自家院子里唯一的树上摘下来的苹果卖掉。她需要钱交房租。
5. “我们与您同路，”男孩说，“让我们提着篮子吧。”然后他们把篮子接了过来，一人一边抬着走，步履艰难，心情却很愉快。
6. 可怜的寡妇看上去很高兴，说她希望他们的母亲不会为此生他们的气。“噢，不会的，”他们回答，“妈妈教我们要友好对待所有人，并且尽力做有用之人。”
7. 接着妇人提出要给他们几个最红的苹果，作为麻烦他们的酬劳。“不，谢谢您，”他们说，“我们做这些事情不需要任何报酬。”
8. 寡妇回到家里以后，把路上发生的事情告诉了跛脚的儿子。那一天他们俩都因为两个男孩的善举而更加快乐。
9. 第二天，我见到一个小姑娘停下来，捡起一块橙皮，把它丢到了沟里。“我希望那些男孩不要把果皮扔在人行道上，”她说，“会有人踩到果皮，然后摔倒。”
10. “说得对，亲爱的，”我说，“你刚刚做的事情对你来说只是举手之劳，却体现出你是个体贴人而富有同情心的小姑娘。”
11. 也许有的人会说这些都是小事情。确实是的，然而我们不能干等着做大事

的机会。我们得心甘情愿从小事情做起。

## 注释

[1] Widow, a woman whose husband is dead.

[2] Trudged, walked.

[3] Gutter, the lower ground or channel along the side of a road.

[4] Tread, step.

[5] Occasions, chances, opportunities.

# LESSON 50

## THE ALARM CLOCK

### 闹钟

1. A lady, who found it not easy to wake in the morning as early as she wished, bought an alarm<sup>[1]</sup> clock. These clocks are so made as to strike with a loud whirring<sup>[2]</sup> noise at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

2. The lady placed her clock at the head of the bed, and at the right time she found herself roused<sup>[3]</sup> by the long, rattling<sup>[4]</sup> sound.

3. She arose at once, and felt better all day for her early rising. This lasted for some weeks. The alarm clock faithfully<sup>[5]</sup> did its duty<sup>[6]</sup>, and was plainly heard so long as it was obeyed.

4. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising. When she was waked by the noise, she merely<sup>[7]</sup> turned over in bed, and slept again.

5. In a few days, the clock ceased to rouse her from her sleep. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had been in the habit of not obeying it.

6. Finding that she might as well be without it, she resolved that when she heard the sound she would jump up.

7. Just so it is with conscience<sup>[8]</sup>. If we will obey its voice, even in the most trifling<sup>[9]</sup> things, we can always hear it, clear and strong.

8. But if we allow<sup>[10]</sup> ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no

longer power to wake us.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一位女士，发现不容易像自己希望的那样在清晨早点醒来，于是她买了一个闹钟。闹钟被制造出来，就是为了在主人设定的任何时间发出响亮的声音。
2. 女士把闹钟放在床头，到了设定的准确时间，她发现自己被一阵很长的咔嗒声吵醒了。
3. 她马上起床，一整天都因为早起而感觉更好。这样的情况持续了几个星期。闹钟忠诚地尽职尽责，而且只要主人服从闹钟的指令，就能按时听到它的声音。
4. 然而，过了一段时间以后，这位女士厌倦了早起。被闹钟声吵醒之后，她只是在床上翻一个身，然后继续睡觉。
5. 几天以后，闹钟不再能使她从睡梦中醒来。闹钟声还是一如既往地响亮，但她听而不见，因为她已经习惯了不再听从闹钟的指令。
6. 意识到她这样还不如没有闹钟，女士下定决心，一听到闹钟的声音，就跳起来。
7. 良心也是一样。如果我们愿意听从它的声音，即使是关于最细微的事情，我们也总是能听到，清晰而强劲。
8. 然而，要是我们任由自己去做我们担心不是很正确的一些事情，我们就会变得越来越困，直到良心的声音不再有力量把我们唤醒。

## 注释

[1] Alarm, a sudden sound calculated to awaken persons from sleep.

[2] Whirring, buzzing.

[3] Roused, waked.

[4] Rattling, giving quick, sharp noises in rapid succession.

[5] Faithfully, in an exact and proper manner.

[6] Duty, the right conduct or action.

[7] Merely, simply.

[8] Conscience, that within us which tells what is right and what is wrong, reason.

[9] Trifling, of little importance or value.

[10] Allow, permit, suffer.

# LESSON 51

## SPRING

### 春

1. The alder<sup>[1]</sup> by the river

Shakes out her powdery curls;

The willow buds in silver

For little boys and girls.

2. The little birds fly over,

And oh, how sweet they sing!

To tell the happy children

That once again't is Spring.

3.

The gay green grass comes creeping

So soft beneath their feet;

The frogs begin to ripple<sup>[2]</sup>

A music clear and sweet.

4.

And buttercups are coming,

And scarlet columbine,

And in the sunny meadows

The dandelions shine.

5.

And just as many daisies

As their soft hands can hold,

The little ones may gather,

All fair in white and gold.

6. Here blows the warm red clover,

There peeps the violet blue;

Oh, happy little children!

God made them all for you.

(Celia Thaxter)



## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 河岸边的桤木

抖出粉状的卷；

柳树萌发银芽

为了那些孩儿。

### 2. 小鸟飞过来，

噢，歌声多美妙！

它们告诉快乐的小孩，

春天回来了。

### 3. 青翠的小草慢慢隆起



在他们脚下如此柔软，  
青蛙在水里此起彼落，  
如乐音清脆而婉转。

#### 4. 毛茛也蓄势待发

还有红色的耧斗菜，  
在阳光照耀的草地上，  
蒲公英焕发光彩。

#### 5. 他们柔软的小手能握住多少，

遍地的雏菊就有多少，  
小家伙们可以尽情采摘，  
雪白和金黄的小花多美好。

#### 6. 这儿有热情的红三叶草迎风点头

那边蓝色紫罗兰也含羞亮相，  
噢，快乐的小孩！

上帝是为了你们创造如此春光。

（西莉亚·萨克斯特）

注释

[1]Alder, a tree which grows in moist land.

[2]Ripple, to cause little waves of sound.

# LESSON 52

## TRUE COURAGE

### 真正的勇气

One cold winter's day, three boys were passing by a schoolhouse. The oldest was a bad boy, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very good boy.

George wished to do right, but was very much wanting in courage. The other boys were named Henry and James. As they walked along, they talked as follows:

Henry. What fun it would be to throw a snowball against the schoolroom door, and make the teacher and scholars<sup>[1]</sup> all jump!

James. You would jump, if you should. If the teacher did not catch you and whip you, he would tell your father, and you would get a whipping<sup>[2]</sup> then; and that would make you jump higher than the scholars, I think.

Henry. Why, we would get so far off, before the teacher could come to the door, that he could not tell who we are. Here is a snowball just as hard as ice, and George would as soon throw it against the door as not.

James. Give it to him, and see. He would not dare<sup>[3]</sup> to throw it.

Henry. Do you think George is a coward? You do not know him as well as I do. Here, George, take this snowball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you are.

George. I am not afraid to throw it; but I do not want to. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be any fun in it.

James. There! I told you he would not dare to throw it.



Henry. Why, George, are you turning coward? I thought you did not fear anything. Come, save your credit<sup>[4]</sup>, and throw it. I know you are not afraid.

George. Well, I am not afraid to throw. Give me the snowball. I would as soon throw it as not.

Whack! went the snowball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily<sup>[5]</sup> as he could, to think what a fool he had made of George.

George had a whipping for his folly, as he ought to have had. He was such a coward, that he was afraid of being called a coward. He did not dare refuse<sup>[6]</sup> to do as Henry told him, for fear that he would be laughed at.

If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am so foolish as to throw that snowball, just because you want to have me? You may throw your own snowballs, if you please!"

Henry would, perhaps, have laughed at him, and called him a coward.

But George would have said, "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do not think it right to throw the snowball. I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town should join with you in laughing."

This would have been real courage. Henry would have seen, at once, that it would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. You must have this fearless<sup>[7]</sup> spirit, or you will get into trouble, and will be, and ought to be, disliked<sup>[8]</sup> by all.

## 【中文阅读】

一个寒冷的冬日，三个男孩经过一座校舍。年纪最大的那个是个坏男孩，不但自己惹麻烦，还试图把别人也扯进去。年纪最小的那个，名叫乔治，是个很乖的男孩子。

乔治愿意做正确的事情，但是非常缺乏勇气。另外两个男孩，一个叫亨利，一个叫詹姆斯。他们在路上走的时候，谈话内容是这样的：

亨利：要是扔一个雪球去砸教室的门，让老师和学生都吓得跳起来，那该多好

玩啊！

詹姆斯：你这么说的话，跳起来的那个人就是你！就算老师没有抓住你，用鞭子抽你，他也会告诉你爸爸，那样你也得挨一顿打。我想，那会让你比那些学生跳得更高。

亨利：什么呀，老师还没开门出来，我们已经跑得老远了。他根本就分辨不清我们是谁。这儿有个像冰块一样硬的雪球。而且，乔治会很乐意把它砸到门上的。

詹姆斯：把雪球给他，看看怎么样。他才不敢扔呢。

亨利：你以为乔治是个胆小鬼吗？你没有我那么了解他。来，乔治，拿着这个雪球，让詹姆斯看看你并不像他所想的那样是个胆小鬼。

乔治：我不是不敢扔，而是不想这么做。我不认为这么做对我有任何好处，也看不出这有什么好玩。

詹姆斯：看吧！我告诉你他不敢扔。

亨利：不是吧，乔治，你真的变成胆小鬼了吗？我以为你什么都不怕。来吧，挽回你的荣誉，把雪球扔出去。我知道你并不是害怕。

乔治：好吧，我并不害怕。把雪球给我。我很乐意把它扔出去。

“砰”的一声，一击即中！雪球砸在门上。那两个男孩马上溜之大吉。亨利想到愚弄乔治的情景，尽情地哈哈大笑。

乔治为他的愚蠢挨了一顿打，一如他应该受到的惩罚。他真是个胆小鬼，他担心别人说他是胆小鬼，不敢拒绝亨利叫他做的事情，因为害怕会因此受到嘲笑。

如果他真是个勇敢的孩子，他应该说：“亨利，你以为我会那么笨，只是因为你

想要我扔那个雪球，我就会照做吗？你要是愿意的话，你完全可以自己扔！”

也许，亨利会嘲笑他，叫他胆小鬼。

然而乔治可以说：“你以为我会在乎你的嘲笑吗？我认为扔这个球是不对的。我不会去做我认为是错的事情，哪怕全镇的人都跟你一起嘲笑我。”

这才是真正的勇气。亨利马上就会看到，嘲笑一个有着如此勇敢的一颗心的男孩没有任何好处。你必须有这种无畏的精神，否则你会陷入麻烦当中，而你将会、也应该会，为所有人所不耻。

## 注释

[1] Scholars, children at school.

[2] Whipping, punishment.

[3] Dare, have courage.

[4] Credit, reputation.

[5] Heartily, freely, merrily.

[6] Refuse, decline.

[7] Fearless, bold, brave.

[8] Disliked, not loved.

# LESSON 53

## THE OLD CLOCK

### 老时钟

1. In the old, old hall the old clock stands,

And round and round move the steady hands;

With its tick, tick, tick, both night and day,

While seconds and minutes pass away.





2. At the old, old clock oft wonders Nell,  
For she can't make out what it has to tell;  
She has ne'er yet read, in prose<sup>[1]</sup> or rhyme<sup>[2]</sup>,  
That it marks the silent course of time.

3. When I was a child, as Nell is now,

And long ere Time had wrinkled<sup>[3]</sup> my brow<sup>[4]</sup>,

The old, old clock both by night and day

Said,—"Tick, tick, tick!" Time passes away.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在很旧的大厅里立着一座老时钟，

沉稳的指针一圈一圈在走动，

伴随着滴答、滴答、滴答，夜以继日，

一秒一秒、一分一分，随之流逝。

2. 站在古老的时钟前，内尔满脸困惑，

她无法理解它的诉说，

她未曾读懂，散文或韵律诗，

说时钟标记着时间沉默的轨迹。

3. 我还是个孩子时就像内尔这样，

很久以前，时间还没把皱纹刻在我额头，

古老的时钟同样夜以继日地说：

“滴答，滴答，滴答！”时间匆匆而过。

## 注释

[1] Prose, the common language of men in talking or writing.

[2] Rhyme, verse, poetry.

[3] Wrinkled, having creases or folds in the skin.

[4] Brow, the forehead.

# LESSON 54

## THE WAVES

### 海 浪

1. "Where are we to go?" said the little waves to the great, deep sea.

"Go, my darlings, to the yellow sands: you will find work to do there."

2. "I want to play," said one little wave; "I want to see who can jump the highest."

"No; come on, come on," said an earnest wave; "mother must be right. I want to work."

3. "Oh, I dare not go," said another; "look at those great, black rocks close to the sands; I dare not go there, for they will tear me to pieces."

4. "Take my hand, sister," said the earnest wave; "let us go on together. How glorious it is to do some work."

5. "Shall we ever go back to mother?" "Yes, when our work is done."

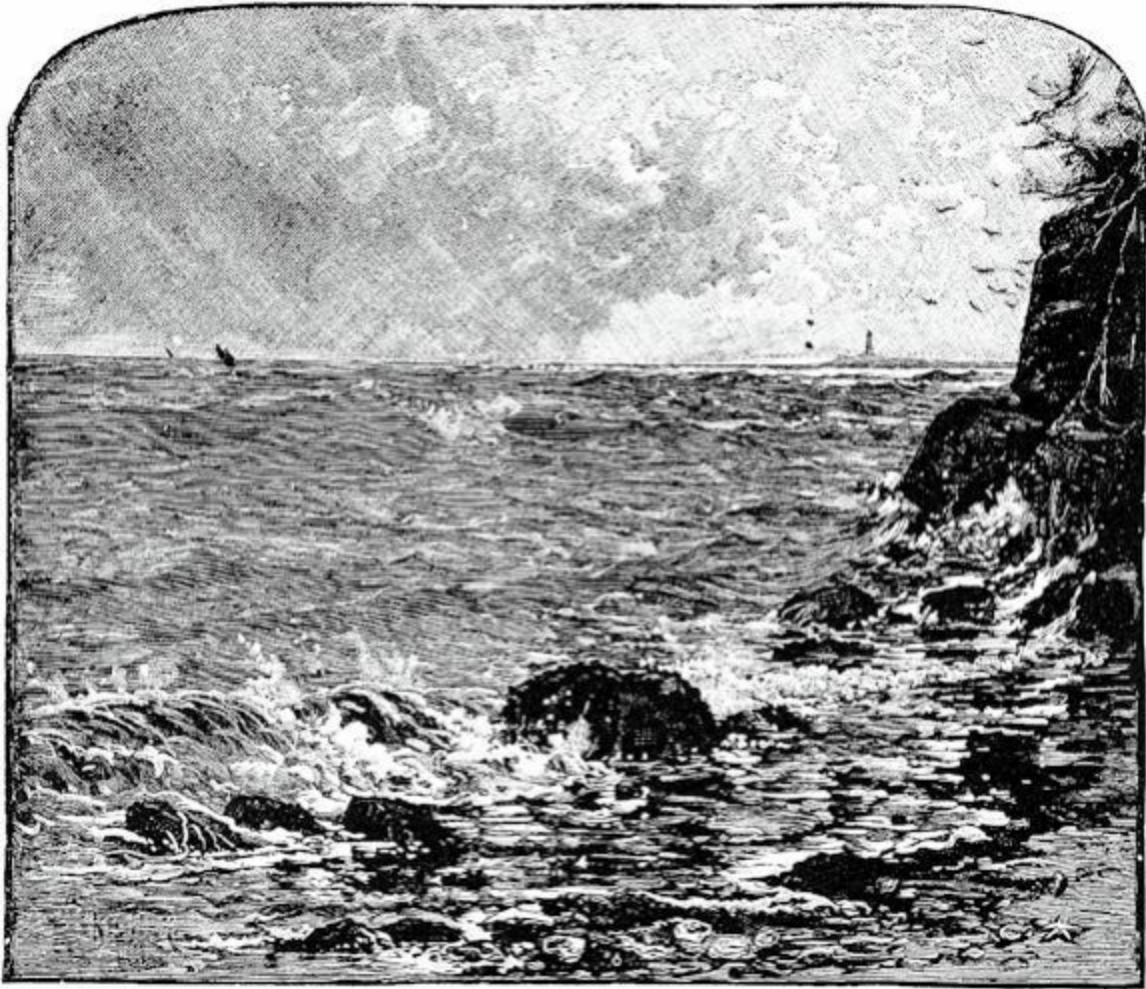
6. So one and all hurried on. Even the little wave that wanted to play, pressed<sup>[1]</sup> on, and thought that work might be fun after all. The timid<sup>[2]</sup> ones did not like to be left behind, and they became earnest as they got nearer the sands.

7. After all, it was fun, pressing on one after another—jumping, laughing, running on to the broad, shining sands.

8. First, they came in their course to a great sand castle. Splash, splash! they all went over it, and down it came. "Oh, what fun!" they cried.

9. "Mother told me to bring these seaweeds; I will find a pretty place for them," said one—and she ran a long way over the sands, and left them among the pebbles. The pebbles cried, "We are glad you are come. We wanted washing."

10. "Mother sent these shells; I don't know where to put them," said a little fretful<sup>[3]</sup> wave. "Lay them one by one on the sand, and do not break them," said the eldest<sup>[4]</sup> wave.



11. And the little one went about its work, and learned to be quiet and gentle, for fear of breaking the shells.

12. "Where is my work?" said a great, full-grown wave. "This is mere play. The little ones can do this and laugh over it. Mother said there was work for me." And he came down upon some large rocks.



13. Over the rocks and into a pool he went, and he heard the fishes say, "The sea is coming. Thank you, great sea; you always send a big wave when a storm is nigh. Thank you, kind wave; we are all ready for you now."

14. Then the waves all went back over the wet sands, slowly and carelessly, for they were tired.

15. "All my shells are safe," said one.

16. And, "My seaweeds are left behind," said another.

17. "I washed all of the pebbles," said a third.

18. "And I—I only broke on a rock, and splashed into a pool," said the one that was so eager to work. "I have done no good, mother—no work at all."

19. "Hush!" said the sea. And they heard a child that was walking on the shore, say, "O mother, the sea has been here! Look, how nice and clean the sand is, and how clear the water is in that pool."

20. Then the sea, said, "Hark!" and far away they heard the deep moaning<sup>[5]</sup> of the coming storm.

21. "Come, my darlings," said she; "you have done your work, now let the storm do its work."

## 【中文阅读】

1. “我们要去哪里？”小海浪们对伟大而深沉的海说。

“去吧……亲爱的，去那黄色的沙滩，你们会在那里找到可以做的事情的。”

2. “我想玩耍，”其中一朵小海浪说，“我想看看谁能跳得最高。”

“不，来吧，来吧，”一朵充满干劲的海浪说，“母亲一定是对的。我想要做些事情。”

3. “噢，我不敢去，”另外一朵说，“看那些靠近沙滩的巨大的、黑黑的岩石，我不敢到那里去，因为他们会把我撕成碎片的。”

4. “拉着我的手，妹妹，”充满干劲的海浪说，“我们一起去。有所作为是多么光荣！”

5. “我们还能回到妈妈身边吗？”“会的，当我们完成任务之后。”

6. 于是所有海浪都赶紧前往。甚至那朵只想玩耍的小海浪也紧随而去，心想任务也许终究是有趣的。胆小的那些不愿意被甩在后面，于是在更接近沙滩的时候，他们变得充满干劲。

7. 毕竟，那是有趣的，一个紧跟着一个——跳跃、欢笑、奔跑，向着宽阔、闪闪发光的沙滩进发。

8. 在前进的道路上，他们首先奔向一座了不起的城堡。飞溅，飞溅！他们全都越过了城堡，城堡坍塌了。“噢，多好玩！”他们喊叫着。

9. “母亲叫我把这些海藻带来，我会为他们找个好地方的。”一朵海浪说，她在沙滩上跑了很长的路，把海藻留在了卵石之间。卵石们呼喊道：“我们很高兴你们来了。我们需要清洁。”

10. “母亲让我们送这些贝壳，我不知道该把他们放哪里。”一朵焦躁的小海浪说。“把他们一个个放在沙滩上，不要打碎他们。”最前面的海浪告诉她。

11. 小的那朵带着她的任务去了，学着安静而温柔地行动，生怕打碎了那些贝壳。

12. “我的任务在哪里？”一朵巨大的、成长完全的海浪问。“我现在这样只是

玩。那些小的海浪都可以做这个事情并且一笑了之。母亲说有任务专门给‘我’的。”说着他落到一些巨大的岩石上。

13. 他越过岩石，来到了一个池子里，这时他听到鱼儿说：“海水来了。谢谢你，伟大的海。每当暴风雨临近的时候，你总是送来一个巨浪。谢谢，仁慈的海浪；现在我们全都准备好了，迎接你的到来。”

14. 之后，所有海浪都越过潮湿的沙滩往回走，他们走得很慢，漫不经心，因为他们都累了。

15. “我所有的贝壳都安然无恙。”一个说。

16. “还有我的海藻也留在那里了。”另一个说。

17. “我清洗了所有的卵石。”第三个说。

18. “而我——我只是撞击到一块岩石上，然后溅落到一个池子里，”那朵最急于要有所作为的浪花说，“我没有做好，母亲——我没有完成任何任务。”

19. “嘘！”大海示意。他们听见一个在岸边走着的孩子说：“噢，妈妈，海水来过这里！看，沙滩多干净多好，还有那个池子里的水多么清澈！”

20. 然后，大海又说：“听！”他们听到遥远的地方传来即将到来的暴风雨低沉的呻吟。

21. “来吧，我亲爱的孩子们，”她说，“你们已经完成了你们的任务，现在让暴风雨来做他的工作吧。”

## 注释

[1] Pressed, pushed, followed closely.

[2] Timid, wanting courage, not bold.



[\[3\]](#)Fretful, cross, peevish.

[\[4\]](#)Eldest, first, foremost.

[\[5\]](#)Moaning, making a low, dull sound, muttering.

# LESSON 55

## DOn't KILL THE BIRDS

### 不要杀害鸟类

1. Don't kill the birds! the little birds,

That sing about your door

Soon as the joyous Spring has come,

And chilling storms are o'er.

2. The little birds! how sweet they sing!

Oh, let them joyous live;

And do not seek to take the life

Which you can never give.

3. Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds,

That play among the trees;

For earth would be a cheerless place,

If it were not for these.

4. The little birds! how fond they play!

Do not disturb<sup>[1]</sup> their sport;

But let them warble<sup>[2]</sup> forth their songs,

Till winter cuts them short.

5. Don't kill the birds! the happy birds,

That bless the field and grove;

So innocent<sup>[3]</sup> to look upon,

They claim our warmest love.

6. The happy birds, the tuneful<sup>[4]</sup> birds,

How pleasant 't is to see!

No spot can be a cheerless place

Where'er their presence<sup>[5]</sup> be.



## 【中文阅读】

1. 不要杀害鸟类！弱小的鸟，

它们在你门前歌唱，

当欢乐的春天来临，

寒冷的暴风雨已成过往。

2. 小鸟儿！它们的歌声多甜美！

噢，让它们做快乐的生灵。

不要试图夺走，

你从未给予的生命。

3. 不要杀害鸟类！那美丽的鸟儿，

它们在林间玩耍，

如果没有了它们，

地球上的乐趣将会多么匮乏。

4. 小鸟儿们！它们玩得多么高兴！

请勿打扰它们的游戏；

让它们唱出柔和的颤音，

直到因为冬天来临中断为止。

5. 不要杀害鸟类！那快乐的小鸟，

它们把田野和果园守护；

你看它们如此天真无辜，

值得我们最热忱的爱慕。

6. 开心的小鸟，音调悦耳的小鸟，

看见它们多么令人愉悦神往！

有它们出现的所在，

不会是缺少喜乐的地方。

## 注释

[1] Disturb, interfere with.

[2] Warble, to trill, to carol.

[3] Innocent, pure, harmless.

[4] Tuneful, musical, melodious.

[5] Presence, state of being at hand, existence.

# LESSON 56

## WHEN TO SAY NO

### 什么时候说不

1. Though "No" is a very little word, it is not always easy to say it; and the not doing so, often causes<sup>[1]</sup> trouble.
2. When we are asked to stay away from school, and spend in idleness<sup>[2]</sup> or mischief the time which ought to be spent in study, we should at once say "No."
3. When we are urged<sup>[3]</sup> to loiter<sup>[4]</sup> on our way to school, and thus be late, and interrupt<sup>[5]</sup> our teacher and the school, we should say "No." When some schoolmate wishes us to whisper or play in the schoolroom, we should say "No."
4. When we are tempted<sup>[6]</sup> to use angry or wicked words, we should remember that the eye of God is always upon us, and should say "No."
5. When we have done anything wrong, and are tempted to conceal <sup>[7]</sup>it by falsehood<sup>[8]</sup>, we should say "No, we can not tell a lie; it is wicked and cowardly."
6. If we are asked to do anything which we know to be wrong, we should not fear to say "No."
7. If we thus learn to say "No," we shall avoid much trouble, and be always safe.

### 【中文阅读】

1. 虽然“不”是个非常简单的词语，可是要说出来并不总是容易的；而不把它说出来，常常会引来麻烦。

2. 如果有人叫我们逃学，懒散度日或者把应该用于学习的时间用来调皮捣蛋，我们应该马上说“不”。
3. 当有人怂恿我们在上学的路上消磨时间，从而迟到、打断老师上课或者学校的活动，我们应该说“不”。当有的同学想要我们在教室里交头接耳或玩耍，我们应该说“不”。
4. 当我们受到诱惑，想要使用愤怒或邪恶的言语时，我们应该记住上帝的眼睛无时无刻不在注视着我们，我们应该说“不”。
5. 当我们做了错事，却想要用谎话来掩饰时，我们应该说“不，我们不能说谎，那是邪恶而懦弱的行为。”
6. 要是有人要求我们做任何我们知道是错的事情，我们应该勇敢无畏地说“不”。
7. 如果我们就此学会说“不”，我们将会避免许多麻烦，长享平安。

## 注释

[1] Causes, makes.

[2] Idleness, a doing nothing, laziness.

[3] Urged, asked repeatedly.

[4] Loiter, linger, delay.

[5] Interrupt, disturb, hinder.

[6] Tempted, led by evil circumstances.

[7] Conceal, hide.

[8] Falsehood, untruth.



# LESSON 57

## WHICH LOVED BEST

### 谁最爱

1. "I love you, mother," said little John;

Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,

And he was off to the garden swing,

Leaving his mother the wood to bring.



2. "I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;

"I love you better than tongue can tell;"

Then she teased and pouted full half the day,

Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

3. "I love you, mother," said little Fan;

"To-day I'll help you all I can;

How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"

So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

4. Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,

And swept the floor, and dusted the room;

Busy and happy all day was she,

Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

5. "I love you, mother," again they said—

Three little children going to bed;

How do you think that mother guessed

Which of them really loved her best?

(Joy Allison)

## 【中文阅读】

1. “我爱你，妈妈，”小约翰说，  
  
他戴上帽子，忘掉了干活，  
  
他来到花园里荡秋千，  
  
留下他的妈妈拣拾木片。
2. “我爱你，妈妈，”罗斯·内尔说，  
  
“我比语言能表达的爱你更多。”  
  
整整半天她不是捉弄人就是发脾气，  
  
直到她出去玩妈妈才高兴地松一口气。
3. “我爱你，妈妈，”小范说，  
  
“今天我会尽我所能帮你干活，  
  
我多高兴今天不用上学校！”  
  
然后她摇晃小宝宝直到它睡着。

4. 脚步轻柔地，她去把扫帚拿起来，  
扫干净地板，再拭去房间里的尘埃，  
她高兴地忙活了一整日，  
作为孩子最有用最快乐莫过如此。

5. “我爱你，妈妈，”三个小孩再次开口，  
在他们上床睡觉的时候；  
你猜妈妈会认为谁，  
是他们当中最爱她的那一位？

（乔伊·艾利森）

# LESSON 58

## JOHN CARPENTER

### 约翰·卡朋特

1. John Carpenter did not like to buy toys that somebody else had made. He liked the fun of making them himself. The thought that they were his own work delighted him.
2. Tom Austin, one of his playmates, thought a toy was worth nothing unless it cost a great deal of money. He never tried to make anything, but bought all his toys.
3. "Come and look at my horse," said he, one day. "It cost a dollar, and it is such a beauty! Come and see it."



4. John was soon admiring<sup>[1]</sup> his friend's horse; and he was examining<sup>[2]</sup> it carefully, to see how it was made. The same evening he began to make one for himself.

5. He went into the wood shed, and picked out two pieces of wood—one for the head of his horse, the other for the body. It took him two or three days to shape them to his satisfaction.

6. His father gave him a bit of red leather<sup>[3]</sup> for a bridle, and a few brass nails, and his mother found a bit of old fur with which he made a mane and tail for his horse.

7. But what about the wheels? This puzzled<sup>[4]</sup> him. At last he thought he would go to a turner's<sup>[5]</sup> shop, and see if he could not get some round pieces of wood which

might suit his purpose.

8. He found a large number of such pieces among the shavings<sup>[6]</sup> on the floor, and asked permission<sup>[7]</sup> to take a few of them. The turner asked him what he wanted them for, and he told him about his horse.

9. "Oh," said the man, laughing, "if you wish it, I will make some wheels for your horse. But mind, when it is finished, you must let me see it."

10. John promised to do so, and he soon ran home with the wheels in his pocket. The next evening, he went to the turner's shop with his horse all complete<sup>[8]</sup>, and was told that he was an ingenious<sup>[9]</sup> little fellow.

11. Proud of this compliment<sup>[10]</sup>, he ran to his friend Tom, crying, "Now then, Tom, here is my horse,—look!"

12. "Well, that is a funny horse," said Tom; "where did you buy it?" "I didn't buy it," replied John; "I made it."

13. "You made it yourself! Oh, well, it's a good horse for you to make. But it is not so good as mine. Mine cost a dollar, and yours didn't cost anything."

14. "It was real fun to make it, though," said John, and away he ran with his horse rolling after him.

15. Do you want to know what became of John? Well, I will tell you. He studied hard in school, and was called the best scholar in his class. When he left school, he went to work in a machine shop. He is now a master workman, and will soon have a shop of his own.

【中文阅读】



1. 约翰·卡朋特不喜欢买那些别人做的玩具。他喜欢享受自己动手制作玩具的乐趣。想到那是自己的作品，他就会高兴。
2. 汤姆·奥斯汀是他的一个玩伴，他认为一件玩具除非是花很多钱买回来的，否则就一文不值。他从来不会自己做任何东西，所有的玩具都是买回来的。
3. “来看我的马，”有一天，他说，“它值一美元呢，它是多么漂亮啊！快来看！”
4. 很快约翰就喜欢上了朋友的马，他认真地查看，观察它是怎么做成的。当天晚上，他就开始自己动手做一个。
5. 他走进木棚，挑了两块木头——一块用来做马头，另一块做马的身子。他花了两三天才做出自己满意的造型。
6. 他的父亲给了他一点红色的皮革做缰绳，还给了他一些铜钉，母亲帮他找到一小片旧的毛皮，他用这个做了马的鬃毛和尾巴。
7. 可是车轮怎么办呢？这可把他难住了。最后他想可以到车工的店里，看看是否能找到圆形的木片，也许可以达到他的目的。
8. 他在地上的刨花堆里找到了很多这样的木片，征得同意后他拿了一些。车工问他要这些木片来做什么，他跟他说起了他的马。
9. “噢，”那个人笑着说，“你要是想要，我可以为你的小马做几个轮子。不过要记住，你做好以后，要给我看看。”
10. 约翰答应了，很快他就带着装在口袋里的轮子跑回家去了。第二天晚上，他带着完成了的马去车工的店里，车工夸他是个心灵手巧的小家伙。
11. 这样的夸奖让约翰很自豪，他跑到好朋友汤姆那里，大声说：“现在看看，汤姆，这是我的马——看！”



12. “嗯，这匹马很有趣，”汤姆说，“你在哪里买的？”“我没有花钱买，”汤姆回答，“我做的。”

13. “你自己做的！噢，好吧，你做的马不错。不过没有我的好。我的马值一美元，你的一分钱都不值。”

14. “但是自己制作真的很有意思。”说完约翰就跑开了，他的马在身后跟着他滚动。

15. 你想知道约翰后来成为什么样的人吗？好，我来告诉你。他在学校里努力学习，被称为他们班上最好的学生。离开学校后，他去了一个机械修理店工作。现在他已经是一个工长，而且很快就要拥有他自己的店了。

## 注释

[1]Admiring, looking at with pleasure.

[2]Examining, looking at every point.

[3]Leather, the skin of an animal prepared for use.

[4]Puzzled, perplexed, caused trouble.

[5]Turner's, one who shapes wooden or metal articles by means of a lathe.

[6]Shavings, the thin ribbon of wood which a carpenter makes in planing.

[7]Permission, privilege, consent.

[8]Complete, finished.

[9]Ingenious, skillful.

[10]Compliment, praise, approbation.

# LESSON 59

## PERSEVERE

### 持之以恒

1. The fisher who draws in his net too soon,  
Won't have any fish to sell;  
The child who shuts up his book too soon,  
Won't learn any lessons well.

2. If you would have your learning stay,  
Be patient,—don't learn too fast:  
The man who travels a mile each day,  
May get round the world at last.

#### 【中文阅读】

1. 渔夫太快收网,  
什么鱼也没捕到;  
小孩过早合上书,  
哪课都学不好。

2. 如果你想记住学到的知识,

耐心——不要学得太匆忙;

一个人每天走一英里,

总有一天会走遍世界。

# LESSON 60

## THE CONTENTED BOY

### 知足的男孩

Mr. Lenox was one morning riding by himself. He got off from his horse to look at something on the roadside. The horse broke away from him, and ran off. Mr. Lenox ran after him, but soon found that he could not catch him.

A little boy at work in a field near the road, heard the horse. As soon as he saw him running from his master, the boy ran very quickly to the middle of the road, and, catching the horse by the bridle, stopped him till Mr. Lenox came up.

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. You want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting<sup>[1]</sup> up weeds, and tending<sup>[2]</sup> the sheep that were feeding on turnips<sup>[3]</sup>.

Mr. L. Do you like to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather<sup>[4]</sup>.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not hungry?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at football in winter, and I have a jumping rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run on errands<sup>[5]</sup>, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes, if you had money, you know.



B. I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that. My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do, if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw<sup>[6]</sup> turnip.

Mr. L. But if there is none?

B. Then I do as well as I can without. I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Were you ever at school?

B. No, sir. But father means to send me next winter.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir; each boy has a Spelling Book, a Reader, and a Testament<sup>[7]</sup>.

Mr. L. Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

(Dr. John Aiken)

## 【中文阅读】

有一天早晨，雷诺克斯先生正独自骑着马。为了看路旁的某样东西，他从马上下来了。突然，马从他手上挣脱，跑开了。雷诺克斯先生急忙去追，可是很快就发现不可能追得上。

路旁的田里有一个小男孩正在劳作，他听到了马的声音。他一看到马从主人身边逃开，就迅速跑到路中间，他抓住了缰绳，让马停了下来，等待雷克诺斯先生走近。

雷诺克斯先生(以下为“雷”)：谢谢你，好小伙儿，你抓住了我的马，干得很漂亮。给你添了麻烦，我该给你些什么表示感谢呢？

男孩(以下为“男”)：我什么也不要，先生。

雷：你什么也不要？对你来说何乐而不为呢。很少有人能这么说的。可是你刚才在田里做什么呢？

男：我在除草，还有照看吃芜菁的绵羊。

雷：你喜欢干活吗？

男：是的，先生，很喜欢，这么好的天气。

雷：可是你不想去玩耍吗？



男:这不是什么重活,这几乎和玩耍一样好。

雷:是谁安排你来干活的?

男:我的父亲,先生。

雷:你叫什么名字?

男:彼得·赫德尔,先生。

雷:你多大了?

男:到6月就8岁了。

雷:你在这儿待了多久了?

男:早晨6点以后我就一直在这里。

雷:你肚子不饿吗?

男:饿的,先生,但是我很快就要吃午饭了。

雷:如果你有个一角的硬币,你会用它来做什么呢?

男:我不知道,先生,我从来没有过那么多的钱。

雷:你没有玩具吗?

男:玩具?玩具是什么?

雷:例如九柱戏、玻璃弹子、陀螺和木马等。

男:没有,先生。汤姆和我冬天的时候玩橄榄球,我有一根跳绳,还有一个铁箍,不过坏掉了。

雷：你不想要点别的东西吗？

男：我几乎没有时间玩我拥有的东西。我必须赶牛、跑腿、把马骑到田野里放养，这些事情和玩一样有趣。

雷：你知道，如果你有钱，可以买到苹果和蛋糕。

男：我家里就有苹果。至于说蛋糕，我不想要。我妈妈时不时会为我做馅饼，那也一样好吃。

雷：你想不想要一把刀用来削木棍？

男：我有一把。就在这儿。汤姆哥哥给我的。

雷：你的鞋子全是洞，难道你不想要一双新的吗？

男：我有一双好一点的鞋子，星期天才穿的。

雷：可是你现在穿的这双会进水的。

男：我不介意，先生。

雷：你的帽子也破了。

男：我家里有一顶更好的。

雷：下雨的时候你怎么办呢？

男：我在地里干活的时候，要是雨下得很大，我就到树底下避一避。

雷：如果你饿了，可是还没到时间回家，你怎么办？

男：我有时候会吃一个生萝卜。

雷：要是没有生萝卜呢？

男：那没有东西吃我也会一样好好地干活。我会继续干活，不去想它。

雷：啊，我的小家伙，我很高兴看到你如此知足常乐。你有没有上过学？

男：没有，先生。不过父亲有意明年冬天送我去念书。

雷：到那时你会需要书本的。

男：是的，先生。每个男孩都会有拼写课本、阅读课本和《圣经》。

雷：那么到时我会给你这些东西。把我的话转告你的父亲，并且告诉他，这是因为你是个乐于助人、知足常乐的小男孩。

男：我会的，先生。谢谢！

雷：再见，彼得。

男：愿您有个愉快的早上，先生。

（约翰·艾肯博士）

## 注释

[1] Rooting, pulling up by the roots.

[2] Tending, watching, attending.

[3] Turnips, a vegetable.

[4] Weather, state of the atmosphere.

[5] Errands, messages.

[6] Raw, not cooked.

[\[7\]](#) Testament, the last twenty-seven books of the Bible.

# LESSON 61

## LITTLE GUSTAVA

### 小古斯塔瓦

1. Little Gustava<sup>[1]</sup> sits in the sun,

Safe in the porch, and the little drops run

From the icicles<sup>[2]</sup> under the eaves<sup>[3]</sup> so fast,

For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,

And glad is little Gustava.

2. She wears a quaint<sup>[4]</sup> little scarlet cap,

And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,

Filled with bread and milk to the brim,

And a wreath of marigolds<sup>[5]</sup> round the rim:

"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

3. Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,

With her little pink nose, and she mews, "What's that?"

Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more,

And a little brown hen walks in at the door:

"Good day!" cries little Gustava.



4. She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,

There comes a rush and a flutter, and then

Down fly her little white doves so sweet,

With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:

"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

5. So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.

But who is this through the doorway comes?

Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,

Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:

"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

6. "You want some breakfast, too?" and down

She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,

And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,

While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk:

"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

7. Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,

Cooling their feet in the melting snow.

"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried,

But they were too bashful, and staid outside,

Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

8. So the last she threw them, and knelt<sup>[6]</sup> on the mat,

With doves, and biddy<sup>[7]</sup>, and dog, and cat.

And her mother came to the open house door:

"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,

My merry little Gustava."

9. Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,

All things harmless Gustava loves,

The shy, kind creatures 't is joy to feed,

And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed

To happy little Gustava!

(Celia Thaxter)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 小古斯塔瓦安然坐在阳光下，

她在门廊里，屋檐上冰柱悬挂，

水珠点点滴滴飞快落下来，

明亮的春日暖阳终于照耀户外，



小古斯塔瓦笑逐颜开。

2. 她头戴别致的小红帽，

膝盖上托着一个绿碗很小巧，

面包和牛奶满到碗的边缘，

边上是一圈金盏花的图案，

“哈！哈！”小古斯塔瓦笑得欢。

3. 她那会哄人的小灰猫来了，

抽动粉红色的鼻子，喵喵问道：“那是什么？”

古斯塔瓦喂它吃了一些，它想要更多，

一只棕色的小母鸡走进来在门前轻踱，

“日安！”小古斯塔瓦大声说。

4. 她把面包渣儿撒向小母鸡，

它拍打翅膀飞奔而至，

接着引得可爱的小白鸽俯冲而来，

它们有深红色的脚，羽毛雪白，

“欢迎！”小古斯塔瓦欢呼起来。

5. 它们急匆匆美滋滋地啄食碎面包，

可那又是谁来了，正穿过门道？

苏格兰短脚卷毛狗走了过来，

他有趣的尾巴摇摇摆摆，

“哈！哈！”小古斯塔瓦笑得好开怀。

6. “你也想吃点早餐吗？”

她把碗在褐色的砖地上放下，

小狗“抹布”喝光了她的牛奶，

她抓他蓬松的毛毛，像柔软的绸带，

“亲爱的抹布！”小古斯塔瓦语调轻快。

7. 没人等待站着的麻雀和乌鸦，

它们在融化的雪里凉着脚丫。

“你们不进来吗，善良的居民？”她呼唤，

可是它们太害羞，宁愿留在外面，

“请进来吧！”古斯塔瓦还是大声喊。

8. 最后她把所有食物都往外抛，

跪在垫子上陪着鸽子、小鸡、小狗和小猫，

打开屋门出来了她的妈妈，

“亲爱的小女儿，我再给你添一些吧，

我快乐的小古斯塔瓦。”

9. 母鸡和鸽子，小狗和猫崽，

一切无害的动物古斯塔瓦都喜爱，

喂养害羞、善良的生物真是赏心乐事，

还有，噢，她的早餐确实太好吃，

向快乐的小古斯塔瓦致意！

（西莉亚·萨克斯特）

# 注释

[1] Gustava, a girl's name.

[2] Icicles, water frozen in long needle-like shapes.

[3] Eaves, the lower edges of a roof.

[4] Quaint, odd.

[5] Marigolds, a yellow flower.

[6] Knelt, bent on her knees.

[7] Biddy, chicken.

# LESSON 62

## THE INSOLENT BOY

### 无礼的男孩

1. James Selton was one of the most insolent<sup>[1]</sup> boys in the village where he lived. He would rarely<sup>[2]</sup> pass people in the street without being guilty of some sort of abuse<sup>[3]</sup>.

2. If a person were well dressed he would cry out, "Dandy<sup>[4]</sup>!" If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw stones at him, and annoy him in every way.

3. One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed<sup>[5]</sup>, a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a cane in his hand, on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat.

4. No sooner did James see the stranger, than he winked to his playmates, and said, "Now for some fun!" He then silently went toward the stranger from behind, and, knocking off his hat, ran away.

5. The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat, and went on his way. Again did James approach; but this time, the man caught him by the arm, and held him fast.

6. However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty<sup>[6]</sup> boy find himself free again, than he began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

7. But he was much frightened when the "rowdy<sup>[7]</sup>," as he foolishly called the

man, was struck on the head by a brick, and badly hurt. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked<sup>[8]</sup> across the fields to his home.



8. As he drew near the house, his sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding up a beautiful gold chain and some new books for him to see.

9. She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle<sup>[9]</sup>, who had been away several years, had come home, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had left his carriage at the tavern<sup>[10]</sup>, a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father.

10. She said, that while he was coming through the village, some wicked boys

threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that mother had bound up the wound. "But what makes you look so pale?" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

11. The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter with him; and running into the house, he went upstairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down. Trembling from head to foot, he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

12. His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not usually so bashful. See this beautiful watch, which your uncle has brought for you."

13. What a sense of shame did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room. But he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

14. His uncle went up to him, and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James, will you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he cried, "Brother, this is not your son. It is the boy who so shamefully<sup>[11]</sup> insulted<sup>[12]</sup> me in the street!"

15. With surprise and grief did the good father and mother learn this. His uncle was ready to forgive him, and forget the injury<sup>[13]</sup>. But his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books, which his uncle had brought for him.

16. The rest of the children were loaded with presents. James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson so long as he lived. It cured him entirely<sup>[14]</sup> of his low and insolent manners.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 詹姆斯·塞尔顿是他们村子里最无礼的男孩之一。他在街上和人们迎面而

过的时候，很少不犯出言不逊的过错。

2. 如果有人穿得很讲究，他会大声地叫：“花花公子！”要是有人衣服弄脏了或是被撕破了，他会向他扔石头，想尽办法激怒他。

3. 一天下午，刚刚放学的时候，有一个陌生人经过村庄。他衣着普通，显得有点旧，但干净整齐。手里拿着一根拐杖，拐杖的末端有个包袱，头上戴着一顶宽边帽。

4. 詹姆斯一看见这个陌生人，就向他的玩伴使了个眼色，说：“这下有好戏看了！”然后他默不作声地从后面向那位陌生人走去，把他的帽子打下来，接着就逃跑了。

5. 那个人转过身来看着他，可是在他还没来得及说话之前，詹姆斯已经跑出去好远，听不到了。陌生人把帽子戴上，继续往前走。詹姆斯又走过来了，不过这一次，陌生人抓住詹姆斯的手臂，紧紧地按住他。

6. 然而，他只是盯着詹姆斯的脸看了一会儿，就把他往前一推，松开了他。顽皮的男孩一看到自己被放了，马上就开始向陌生人投掷泥块和石头。

7. 可是当这个他口里称之为“流氓”的人被一块砖砸到头部，而且伤得很严重的时候，詹姆斯吓坏了。这时所有其他男孩都跑了，詹姆斯偷偷摸摸地越过田野，往家里走去。

8. 当他靠近屋子的时候，妹妹卡洛琳跑出来迎接他，拿着一条漂亮的金项链和几本崭新的书给他看。

9. 她用她最快的语速，告诉詹姆斯，他们几年前离开家的叔叔回来了，现在就在家里；他为全家人带了漂亮的礼物；他把马车留在了一两英里外的旅店里，走着来的，为的是要给他的哥哥、他们的爸爸一个惊喜。



10. 她说，在叔叔穿过村庄到家里来的时候，有些顽皮的小男孩向他扔石头，把他眼睛上方打伤了，妈妈帮他包扎了伤口。“可是你的脸色怎么这么苍白？”卡洛琳问，声调也变了。

11. 负罪的男孩跟她说自己没事，然后跑进屋子，上楼进了自己的房间。过了一会儿，他听到父亲喊他下楼。他浑身颤抖着，答应了。靠近客厅门口的时候，他站住了，不敢进去。

12. 他的妈妈说：“詹姆斯，为什么不进来？你平常可不是这么害羞的。看见这块漂亮的手表了吗？这是你们的叔叔带回来给你的。”

13. 此时詹姆斯感到多么内疚啊！小卡洛琳抓住他的手臂，把他拉进了房间里。但是他低着头，用手捂住脸。

14. 他的叔叔走过来，温和地把他的手拿开，说：“詹姆斯，你不欢迎我吗？”然而很快他就后退了，喊了起来：“兄弟，这不是你的儿子。这是那个在街上无耻地侮辱我的小男孩！”

15. 爸爸妈妈知道这件事后，又惊讶又伤心。他的叔叔愿意原谅他，不追究所受的伤。但是他的父亲不允许詹姆斯拥有那只金表和那些漂亮的书，那些都是他的叔叔带回来给他的。

16. 其他孩子们都得到了丰富的礼物。詹姆斯只好心甘情愿地看着他们高兴。他在有生之年都忘不了这个教训。这件事完全纠正了他粗俗无礼的行为举止。

## 注释

[1] Insolent, rude, insulting.

[2] Rarely, hardly ever.

[3] Abuse, ill usage.

[4] Dandy, a fop.

[\[5\]](#)Dismissed, let out.

[\[6\]](#)Naughty, bad, wicked.

[\[7\]](#)Rowdy, a low fellow, who engages in fights.

[\[8\]](#)Skulked, went in a sneaking manner.

[\[9\]](#)Uncle, the brother of one's father or mother.

[\[10\]](#)Tavern, a small hotel.

[\[11\]](#)Shamefully, disgracefully.

[\[12\]](#)Insulted, treated with abuse.

[\[13\]](#)Injury, harm done.

[\[14\]](#)Entirely, altogether.

# LESSON 63

## WE ARE SEVEN

### 我们是七个

1. I met a little cottage girl:

She was eight years old, she said;

Her hair was thick with many a curl,

That clustered<sup>[1]</sup> round her head.

2. She had a rustic<sup>[2]</sup>, woodland air,

And she was wildly clad:

Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—

Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,

How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And, wondering, looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."

She answered, "Seven are we;

And two of us at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea.

5. "Two of us in the churchyard lie,

My sister and my brother;

And, in the churchyard cottage, I

Dwell near them with my mother,"



6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,

And two are gone to sea,

Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,

Sweet maid, how this may be."

7. Then did the little maid reply,

"Seven boys and girls are we;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,

Beneath the churchyard tree."

8. "You run about, my little maid,

Your limbs, they are alive;

If two are in the churchyard laid,

Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"

The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,

And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I often knit,

My kerchief<sup>[3]</sup> there I hem;

And there upon the ground I sit,

And sing a song to them.

11. "And often after sunset, sir,

When it is light and fair,

I take my little porringer<sup>[4]</sup>,

And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was sister Jane;

In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released<sup>[5]</sup> her from her pain;

And then she went away.

13. "So in the churchyard she was laid;

And, when the grass was dry,

Together round her grave we played,

My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,

And I could run and slide,

My brother John was forced to go,

And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you, then?" said I,

"If they two are in heaven?"

Quick was the little maid's reply,

"O master! we are seven."

16. "But they are dead; those two are dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"

'T was throwing words away: for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said, "Nay, we are seven."

(William Wordsworth)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我遇到一个乡村小姑娘，

她说，她今年八岁；



卷发盘绕在她头上，

又浓又密的一堆。

2. 她散发着一股乡野气息，

衣着也土里土气；

她的眼睛很美，非常美丽，

她的美令我欣喜。

3. “你的姐妹和兄弟，小姑娘，

一共有几个？”

“有几个？一共是七个，”她讲，

望着我，满脸好奇的神色，

4. “他们在哪里？我恳求你讲一讲。”

她回答说，“我们有七个，”“

两个住在一个叫康威的地方，

两个出海当水手去了。”

5. “还有两个在教堂墓地长眠，

那是我的姐姐和哥哥；

妈妈和我也住在教堂旁边，

我们的小屋靠近他们两个。”

6. “你说你们有两个住在康威那里，

两个当水手去了海上，

可你们一共是七个！我恳求你，

告诉我这是怎么回事，好姑娘。”

7. 小姑娘接着回答，

“我们是七个姐妹和兄弟；

两个躺在那棵树下，

就在教堂的墓地里。”

8. “你跑来又跑去，我的小姑娘，

你有灵活的手和腿；

既然有两个躺在墓地

那你们只有五个才对。”

9. “看得见他们青青的坟墓，

小姑娘说道，

离屋门口只有大概十二步，

他们在一起，紧紧依靠。”

10. “我经常在那里编织毛袜，

为我的手帕缝上褶边；

我常常在坟旁的地上坐下，

为他们唱首歌消遣消遣。”

11. “先生，常常在日落之后的傍晚，

当天还没黑，光线还亮，

我会带上我的小汤碗，

在那里把我的晚饭吃光。”

12. “简，我的姐姐最早进的坟墓，  
她躺在床上呻吟不止，  
直到上帝免除了她的痛苦，  
她便从此远离。”

13. “于是她在教堂的墓地躺下，  
当墓上的草一干，  
我们就围着她的坟墓玩耍。  
就是我和我的哥哥约翰。”

14. “等到大地被白雪覆盖，  
我可以乱跑乱滑，  
我的哥哥约翰被迫离开，  
他就在简的身边躺下。”

15. “那你们还剩下几个？

既然他们两个去了天国？”我问，

小姑娘的回答快得很，

“噢，先生，我们是七个没错。”

16. “可是他们死了，那两个已经死了啊！

他们的灵魂在天国里！”

我说这些话也是白搭

“不，我们是七个，”小姑娘还是坚持。

（威廉·华兹华斯）

注释

[1] Clustered, hung in bunches.

[2] Rustic, country-like.

[3] Kerchief, handkerchief.

[4] Porringer, a small dish for soup or porridge.

[5] Released, freed, relieved.

# LESSON 64

## MARY'S DIME

### 玛丽的硬币

1. There! I have drawn the chairs into the right corners, and dusted the room nicely. How cold papa and mamma will be when they return from their long ride! It is not time to toast<sup>(1)</sup> the bread yet, and I am tired of reading.

2. What shall I do? Somehow, I can't help thinking about the pale face of that little beggar girl all the time. I can see the glad light filling her eyes, just as plain as I did when I laid the dime in her little dirty hand.



3. How much I had thought of that dime, too! Grandpa gave it to me a whole month ago, and I had kept it ever since in my red box upstairs; but those sugar apples looked so beautiful, and were so cheap<sup>[2]</sup>—only a dime apiece<sup>[3]</sup>—that I made up my mind to have one.

4. I can see her—the beggar girl, I mean—as she stood there in front of the store, in her old hood<sup>[4]</sup> and faded<sup>[5]</sup> dress, looking at the candies laid all in a row. I wonder what made me say, "Little girl, what do you want?"

5. How she stared<sup>[6]</sup> at me, just as if nobody had spoken kindly to her before. I guess she thought I was sorry for her, for she said, so earnestly and sorrowfully<sup>[7]</sup>, "I was thinking how good one of those gingerbread<sup>[8]</sup> rolls would taste. I haven't had anything to eat to-day."

6. Now, I thought to myself, "Mary Williams, you have had a good breakfast and a good dinner this day, and this poor girl has not had a mouthful. You can give her your dime; she needs it a great deal more than you do."

7. I could not resist that little girl's sorrowful, hungry look—so I dropped the dime right into her hand, and, without waiting for her to speak, walked straight away. I'm so glad I gave her the dime, if I did have to go without the apple lying there in the window, and looking just like a real one.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 你瞧！我把椅子都拉到合适的角落里，把房间打扫得一尘不染。爸爸妈妈长途旅行，到家的时候该是多冷啊！现在还不是时候烤面包，而我看书也已经看烦了。

2. 我该做些什么呢？不知道为什么，我总是忍不住想起那个乞讨的小女孩。我面前浮现她眼里闪耀快乐的光彩，就像当我把一角硬币放到她脏兮兮的小手里

时一样。

3. 我也多么惦念那个一角硬币啊！那是祖母一个月前给我的，从那以后我一直把它放在楼上的红盒子里。可是那些释迦果看起来多漂亮啊，而且那么便宜——只要一角钱一个——于是我下定决心要去买一个。

4. 我能看到她——那个乞讨的女孩，我的意思是——当时她站在商店前面，戴着旧头巾，穿着褪了色的裙子，看着那些摆成一行的糖果时，我不知道是什么促使我说：“小姑娘，你想要什么？”

5. 她盯着我的神情显得多惊讶啊！就好像从来没有人和气地跟她说过话一样。我猜她是认为我为她感到难过，因为她语气急切而悲伤地答道：“我在想那些姜饼卷该会有多好吃。今天我还没吃过东西。”

6. 那个时候，我在心里对自己说：“玛丽·威廉斯，你今天吃了丰盛的早餐和午餐，这个可怜的小女孩却一口饭都吃不上。你可以把你那个硬币给她，她比你更需要。”

7. 我无法抗拒那个小女孩悲伤、饥饿的神情——于是我把硬币塞到她的手里，不等她开口说话，就立刻走开了。我很高兴自己把硬币给了她，就像是我确实必须走开，让那个释迦果留在橱窗里，只是看起来像真的。

## 注释

[1] Toast, to scorch until brown by the heat of a fire.

[2] Cheap, low in price.

[3] Apiece, each.

[4] Hood, a soft covering for the head.

[5] Faded, having lost freshness of color.

[6] Stared, looked earnestly.

[7] Sorrowfully, full of sadness.



[\[8\]](#) Gingerbread, a kind of sweet cake flavored with ginger.

# LESSON 65

## MARY DOW

### 玛丽·道



1. "Come in, little stranger," I said,  
As she tapped at my half-open door;  
While the blanket<sup>[1]</sup>, pinned over her head,  
Just reached to the basket she bore.
2. A look full of innocence fell  
From her modest and pretty blue eye,

As she said, "I have matches<sup>[2]</sup> to sell,

And hope you are willing to buy.

3. "A penny<sup>[3]</sup> a bunch is the price,

I think you'll not find it too much;

They are tied up so even and nice,

And ready to light with a touch."

4. I asked, "What's your name, little girl?"

"'Tis Mary," said she, "Mary Dow;,"

And carelessly tossed off a curl,

That played on her delicate<sup>[4]</sup> brow.

5. "My father was lost on the deep;

The ship never got to the shore;

And mother is sad, and will weep,

To hear the wind blow and sea roar.

6. "She sits there at home, without food,  
Beside our poor, sick Willy's bed;  
She paid all her money for wood,  
And so I sell matches for bread.

7. "I'd go to the yard and get chips,  
But then it would make me too sad  
To see the men building the ships,  
And think they had made one so bad.

8. "But God, I am sure, who can take  
Such fatherly care of a bird,  
Will never forget nor forsake<sup>[5]</sup>  
The children who trust in his word.

9. "And now, if I only can sell

The matches I brought out to-day,

I think I shall do very well,

And we shall rejoice at the pay."

10. "Fly home, little bird," then I thought,

"Fly home, full of joy, to your nest;"

For I took all the matches she brought,

And Mary may tell you the rest.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 当她轻轻叩响我那半开的门扇，

“请进，小陌生人，”我开口，

别在她头上的布毯，

垂落到她手中的篮子里。

2. 她的蓝色眼睛美丽而害羞，

投向我的眼神天真可爱，

她说：“我有一些火柴出售，

希望您愿意购买。”

3. “一把火柴只要一便士，

我想这个价钱您不会觉得很高；

火柴捆得整整齐齐，

轻轻一擦就能点着。”

4. 我问她：“你叫什么名字，小姑娘？”

“我叫玛丽。”她说，“姓陶，名叫玛丽。”

一缕卷发随意滑落脸上，

在她精致的额前嬉戏。

5. “我父亲的船没能回到岸边，

他消失在海的深处；

只要一听见海风海浪的声音，

伤心的母亲就会哭。”

6. “她守在可怜的威利病床边，  
整天在家里吃不下饭；  
她买木柴就花了所有的钱，  
所以为了面包我才出来卖火柴。”

7. “我愿意到院场上捡拾碎木片，  
可是那会让我非常伤心，  
因为我会见到工人在造船，  
想起曾经有过一艘坏船夺走了父亲，”

8. “可是上帝，我深信不疑，  
能给予小鸟慈父般呵护的上帝，  
永远不会忘记，也不会放弃，  
信赖他每一句话的孩子。”

9. “现在，只要我能卖掉，  
今天带出来的这些火柴，

我想我会做得很好,

挣的钱会让我们感到愉快。”

10. “飞回家吧, 小鸟儿,” 后来我在心里独白,

“飞回家, 满怀欢乐, 飞回你的巢里。”

因为我买下了她所有的火柴,

剩下的事情也许玛丽会告诉你。

## 注释

[1] Blanket, a square of loosely woven woolen cloth.

[2] Matches, small splints of wood, one end of which has been dipped in a preparation which will take fire by rubbing.

[3] Penny, cent.

[4] Delicate, soft and fair.

[5] Forsake, leave, reject.



# LESSON 66

## THE LITTLE LOAF

### 小块面包



1. Once when there was a famine<sup>[1]</sup>, a rich baker sent for twenty of the poorest children in the town, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf<sup>[2]</sup> for each of you. Take it, and come back to me every day at this hour till God sends us better times."
2. The hungry children gathered eagerly about the basket, and quarreled for the bread, because each wished to have the largest loaf. At last they went away without even thanking the good gentleman.

3. But Gretchen<sup>[3]</sup>, a poorly-dressed little girl, did not quarrel or struggle with the rest, but remained<sup>[4]</sup> standing modestly in the distance<sup>[5]</sup>. When the ill-behaved<sup>[6]</sup> girls had left, she took the smallest loaf, which alone was left in the basket, kissed the gentleman's hand, and went home.

4. The next day the children were as ill-behaved as before, and poor, timid Gretchen received a loaf scarcely half the size of the one she got the first day. When she came home, and her mother cut the loaf open, many new, shining pieces of silver fell out of it.

5. Her mother was very much alarmed, and said, "Take the money back to the good gentleman at once, for it must have got into the dough by accident<sup>[7]</sup>. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

6. But when the little girl gave the rich man her mother's message<sup>[8]</sup>, he said, "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Always be as contented, peaceable<sup>[9]</sup>, and grateful as you now are. Go home now, and tell your mother that the money is your own."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 从前，发生了一场饥荒。有一位富有的面包师让人叫来了城里最穷苦的20个小孩，对他们说：“在这个篮子里，你们每个人都可以拿一条面包。拿去吧，以后每天这个时候回到我这里来，直到上帝赐给我们好转的时势为止。”

2. 饥饿的孩子们急忙围拢在篮子周围，他们为了面包互相争吵，因为每个人都希望拿到最大的那条面包。最终，他们连“谢谢”也没对那位善良的先生说一句就走了。

3. 然而，格雷琴，一个衣衫褴褛的小姑娘，并没有和其他人争抢，而是一直谦卑地站在远处。当那些举止失礼的女孩们离去之后，她拿出篮子里仅剩的最小的

那条面包，亲吻面包师先生的手，然后回家了。

4. 第二天，那些孩子们和第一天一样没礼貌。而穷苦、羞怯的格雷琴得到了更小的面包，几乎只有前一天那条面包一半大。当她回到家，妈妈把面包条切开的时候，许多崭新的、闪闪发亮的银币掉了出来。

5. 她的妈妈吓呆了，说：“马上把这些钱拿回去还给那位仁慈的先生，这些钱肯定是意外掉进面团里的。赶快去，格雷琴，赶快！”

6. 然而，当小姑娘把妈妈说的话告诉那位有钱人的时候，先生说：“不，不，我的孩子，那没弄错。我让人把这些银币放进最小的面包条里，是为了奖励你。希望你永远像现在这样，保持知足、平和、感恩的心。现在回家去吧，告诉妈妈，这些钱是你们自己的。”

## 注释

[1]Famine, a general scarcity of food.

[2]Loaf, a molded mass of regular shape (as of bread or cake).

[3]Gretchen, a girl's name—the shortened form, or pet name, for Marguerite.

[4]Remained, staid.

[5]Distance, place which is far off.

[6]ill-behaved, rude, having bad manners.

[7]Accident, mistake.

[8]Message, word sent, communication.

[9]Peaceable, quiet, gentle.

# LESSON 67

## SUSIE AND ROVER

### 苏茜与罗孚

1. "Mamma," said Susie Dean, one summer's morning, "may I go to the woods, and pick berries?"
2. "Yes," replied Mrs. Dean, "but you must take Rover with you."
3. Susie brought her little basket, and her mother put up a nice lunch for her. She tied down the cover, and fastened a tin cup to it.
4. The little girl called Rover—a great Newfoundland dog—and gave him a tin pail to carry. "If I bring it home full, mamma," she said, "won't you make some berry cakes for tea?"
5. Away she tripped, singing as she went down the lane and across the pasture. When she got to the woods, she put her dinner basket down beside a tree, and began to pick berries.
6. Rover ran about, chasing a squirrel or a rabbit now and then, but never straying far from Susie.
7. The tin pail was not a very small one. By the time it was two thirds full, Susie began to feel hungry, and thought she would eat her lunch.
8. Rover came and took his place at her side as soon as she began to eat. Did she not give him some of the lunch? No, she was in a selfish<sup>[1]</sup> mood<sup>[2]</sup>, and did no such thing.



9. "There, Rover, run away! there's a good dog," she said; but Rover staid near her, watching her steadily<sup>[3]</sup> with his clear brown eyes.

10. The meat he wanted so much, was soon eaten up; and all he got of the nice dinner, was a small crust of gingerbread that Susie threw away.



11. After dinner, Susie played a while by the brook. She threw sticks into the water, and Rover swam in and brought them back. Then she began to pick berries again.

12. She did not enjoy the afternoon as she did the morning. The sunshine was as bright, the berries were as sweet and plentiful<sup>[4]</sup>, and she was neither<sup>[5]</sup> tired nor hungry.

13. But good, faithful Rover was hungry, and she had not given him even one piece of meat. She tried to forget how selfish she had been; but she could not do so, and quite early she started for home.

14. When she was nearly out of the woods, a rustling in the underbrush<sup>[6]</sup> attracted<sup>[7]</sup> her attention<sup>[8]</sup>. "I wonder if that is a bird or a squirrel," said she to herself. "If I can catch it, how glad I shall be!"

15. She tried to make her way quietly through the underbrush; but what was her terror<sup>[9]</sup> when she saw a large snake coiled up before her, prepared for a spring!

16. She was so much frightened that she could not move; but brave Rover saw the snake, and, springing forward, seized it by the neck and killed it.

17. When the faithful dog came and rubbed his head against her hand, Susie put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears. "O Rover," she cried, "you dear, good dog! How sorry I am that I was so selfish!"

18. Rover understood the tone of her voice, if he did not understand her words, and capered<sup>[10]</sup> about in great glee, barking all the time. You may be sure that he had a plentiful supper that evening.

19. Susie never forgot the lesson of that day. She soon learned to be on her guard against a selfish spirit, and became a happier and more lovable little girl.

(Mrs. M. O. Johnson)

## 【中文阅读】

1. “妈妈，”一个夏日的早晨，苏茜·迪恩说，“我可不可以到树林里去采浆

果？”

2. “可以，”迪恩太太回答，“但是你必须带着罗孚一起去。”

3. 苏茜带上她的小篮子，妈妈为她准备了美味的午餐。她把盖子绑紧，再在上面系上一个杯子。

4. 小女孩呼唤罗孚——一条很棒的纽芬兰犬——再给它一个锡桶叼着。“要是我装满这个桶带回家来，妈妈，”她说，“你会不会做一些浆果蛋糕在喝茶的时候吃呢？”

5. 她轻快地走了出去，唱着歌儿，顺着小路，穿过了牧场。到了树林里，她把装着午餐的篮子放在一棵树下，开始采起浆果来。

6. 罗孚跑来跑去，不时追赶松鼠或野兔，但绝对不会离开苏茜太远。

7. 锡桶并不小。到浆果装满了桶的三分之二的时候，苏丝开始觉得饿了，想起来该吃午饭了。

8. 苏茜开始吃饭时，罗孚马上跑过来，在她身边找个位置蹲好。不给它分一点儿吗？不，苏丝有些自私的情绪，没有给罗孚食物。

9. “罗孚，那边，快走开！乖。”她说。可是罗孚在她身边一动也不动，清澈的褐色眼睛默默地注视着她。

10. 它多想要那块肉啊，可是很快就被吃掉了；这顿美味的午餐它唯一得到的，就是苏茜扔掉的一小块姜饼皮。

11. 吃完以后，苏茜在小河边玩了一会儿。她把棍子扔到水里，罗孚游出去把它叼回来。之后她又开始采浆果了。

12. 下午她并没有像早上那么开心。阳光一样明亮，浆果也一样多而甜美，她

并不累，也不饿。

13. 然而又乖又忠诚的罗孚却饿着肚子，她连一小片肉也没有给它。她试图忘掉自己是多么自私，可是却做不到。时间还早，可是她决定提前回家。

14. 当她快要走出树林的时候，灌木丛里传来沙沙作响的声音，引起了她的注意。“我想知道那是只小鸟还是松鼠，”她心里想，“如果我能抓住它，我该多高兴啊！”

15. 她努力让自己不发出任何声音，悄悄爬过灌木丛。当她看见一条大蛇盘踞在她面前的时候，简直吓呆了。那条蛇卷成一圈，随时准备一跃而起！

16. 她害怕得无法动弹。然而勇敢的罗孚一看见这条蛇，就跳上前去，咬住蛇的脖子，把它咬死了。

17. 忠心的小狗跑回来，头在苏茜的手上蹭来蹭去。苏茜双手抱住它的脖子，禁不住大哭起来。“噢，罗孚，”她呼喊着重，“亲爱的乖小狗！我好后悔，我那么自私！”

18. 罗孚即便听不懂苏茜说的话，也能理解她的声调和语气。它快乐地跳来跳去，不停地吠叫。你也许猜到了，它那天的晚餐非常丰盛。

19. 苏茜从不忘怀那天的教训。她很快学会了随时警惕自私心理的出现，变成了一个更快乐、更可爱的小女孩。

(M·O·约翰逊夫人)

## 注释

[1] Selfish, thinking and caring only for one's self.



[2]Mood, state of mind.

[3]Steadily, constantly.

[4]Plentiful, abundant.

[5]Neither, not the one or the other.

[6]Underbrush, shrubs or small bushes in a forest.

[7]Attracted, drew.

[8]Attention, earnest thought.

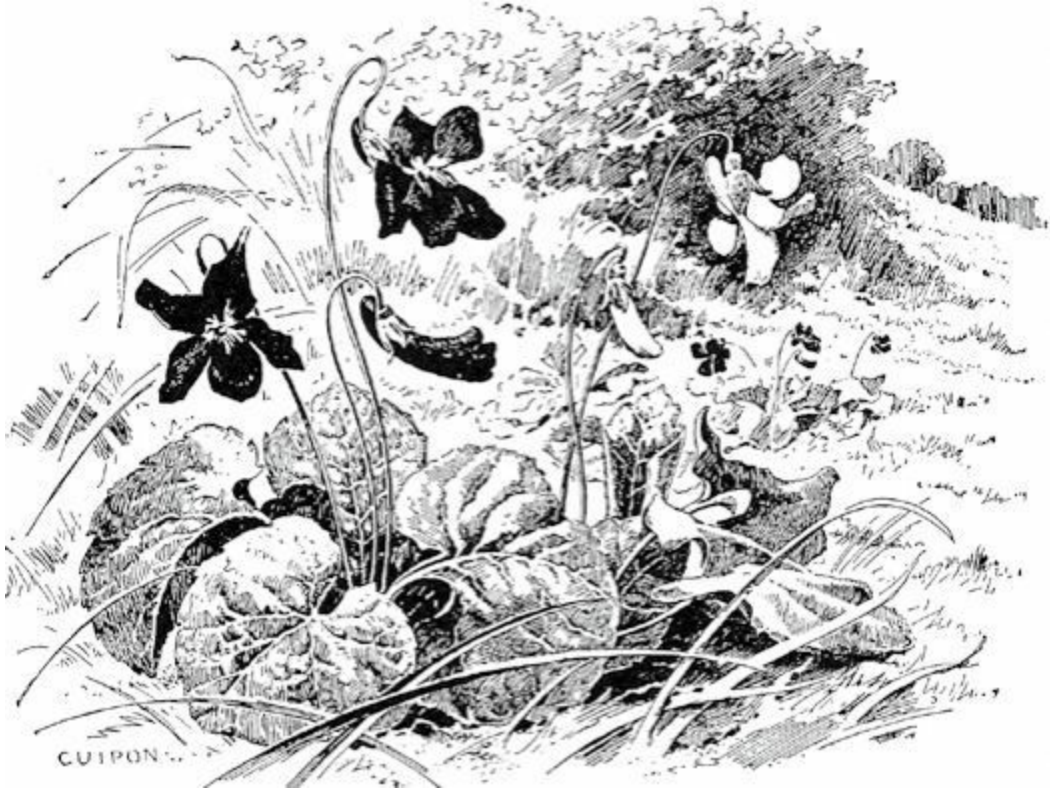
[9]Terror, fright, fear.

[10]Capered, frisked.

# LESSON 68

## THE VIOLET

### 紫罗兰



1. Down in a green and shady bed,  
  
A modest violet grew;  
  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
  
As if to hide from view.
  
2. And yet it was a lovely flower,  
  
Its colors bright and fair;

It might have graced a rosy bower

Instead of hiding there.

3. Yet there it was content to bloom,

In modest tints arrayed,

And there it spread its sweet perfume,

Within the silent shade.

4. Then let me to the valley go,

This pretty flower to see;

That I may also learn to grow

In sweet humility.

(Jane Taylor)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 翠绿幽深的谷底，

生长着谦卑的紫罗兰；

它弯着腰，把头低，

似是要躲避人们的视线。

2. 可它的花朵是多么可爱，

颜色明艳又漂亮；

她本应在树荫下大放异彩，

而不是悄然躲藏。

3. 而她安于朴素色调的装扮，

心甘情愿地开放；

默默地在阴影里面，

吐露甜美的芬芳。

4. 那么让我去那山谷里，

去看看那美丽的紫罗兰花，

我也能向它学习，

怀着美好谦逊的心灵长大。



# LESSON 69

## NO CROWN FOR ME

### 不要给我花冠

1. "Will you come with us, Susan?" cried several little girls to a schoolmate. "We are going to the woods; do come, too."
2. "I should like to go with you very much," replied Susan, with a sigh;"but I can not finish the task grandmother set me to do."
3. "How tiresome<sup>[1]</sup> it must be to stay at home to work on a holiday!"said one of the girls, with a toss of her head. "Susan's grandmother is too strict."
4. Susan heard this remark, and, as she bent her head over her task, she wiped away a tear, and thought of the pleasant afternoon the girls would spend gathering wild flowers in the woods.
5. Soon she said to herself, "What harm can there be in moving the mark grandmother put in the stocking? The woods must be very beautiful to-day, and how I should like to be in them!"
6. "Grandmother," said she, a few minutes afterwards, "I am ready, now." "What, so soon, Susan?" Her grandmother took the work, and looked at it very closely.
7. "True, Susan," said she, laying great stress<sup>[2]</sup> on each word; "true, I count twenty turns from the mark; and, as you have never deceived me, you may go and amuse yourself as you like the rest of the day."
8. Susan's cheeks were scarlet, and she did not say, "Thank you." As she left the cottage, she walked slowly away, not singing as usual.

9. "Why, here is Susan!" the girls cried, when she joined their company<sup>[3]</sup>;"but what is the matter? Why have you left your dear, old grandmother?"they tauntingly<sup>[4]</sup> added.



10. "There is nothing the matter." As Susan repeated these words, she felt that she was trying to deceive herself. She had acted a lie. At the same time she remembered her grandmother's words, "You have never deceived me."

11. "Yes, I have deceived her," said she to herself. "If she knew all, she would never trust me again."

12. When the little party had reached an open space in the woods, her companions ran about enjoying themselves; but Susan sat on the grass, wishing she were at home confessing<sup>[5]</sup> her fault<sup>[6]</sup>.

13. After a while Rose cried out, "Let us make a crown of violets, and put it on the head of the best girl here."

14. "It will be easy enough to make the crown, but not so easy to decide who is

to wear it," said Julia.

15. "Why, Susan is to wear it, of course," said Rose: "is she not said to be the best girl in school and the most obedient at home?"

16. "Yes, yes; the crown shall be for Susan," cried the other girls, and they began to make the crown. It was soon finished.

17. "Now, Susan," said Rose, "put it on in a very dignified<sup>[7]</sup> way, for you are to be our queen."

18. As these words were spoken, the crown was placed on her head. In a moment she snatched it off, and threw it on the ground, saying, "No crown for me; I do not deserve it."

19. The girls looked at her with surprise. "I have deceived my grandmother," said she, while tears flowed down her cheeks. "I altered<sup>[8]</sup> the mark she put in the stocking, that I might join you in the woods."

20. "Do you call that wicked?" asked one of the girls.

"I am quite sure it is; and I have been miserable<sup>[9]</sup> all the time I have been here."

21. Susan now ran home, and as soon as she got there she said, with a beating heart, "O grandmother! I deserve to be punished, for I altered the mark you put in the stocking. Do forgive me; I am very sorry and unhappy."

22. "Susan," said her grandmother, "I knew it all the time; but I let you go out, hoping that your own conscience would tell you of your sin. I am so glad that you have confessed your fault and your sorrow."

23. "When shall I be your own little girl again?" "Now," was the quick reply, and



## 【中文阅读】

1. “苏珊，你一起来吗？”几个小女孩向她们的一位同学呼喊，“我们要去树林里，你也来吧！”

2. “我很想跟你们一起去，”苏珊叹了一口气，回答道，“可是我还没完成奶奶交给我的任务。”

3. “放假还待在家里干活儿多没劲儿啊！”其中一个女孩晃着脑袋说，“苏珊的奶奶太严厉了。”

4. 苏珊听到了这句评语，当她转身低头继续干活时，拭去了眼中的一滴泪水，想象着女孩们将在树林里采摘野花，度过一个愉快的下午。

5. 很快她对自己说：“把奶奶放在袜子里的标志挪用一下又能有什么害处呢？今天树林里一定很美，而我是多么想和她们一起啊！”

6. “奶奶，”过了几分钟之后，她说，“我做好了，就是现在。”“什么，苏珊，这么快？”奶奶接过苏珊的作品，仔细查看。

7. “没错，苏珊，”她说，每一个字都咬得很重，“没错，我数过了，标志上有二十个圈；而且，因为你从来没有欺骗过我，今天剩下的时间你可以去做你喜欢做的事情了。”

8. 苏珊的脸颊红了起来，她也没说“谢谢”。在离开小屋的时候，她走得很慢，没有像平常那样唱着歌走开。

9. “咦，苏珊来了！”苏珊加入女孩们的时候，她们高声喊了起来。“可这是怎么回事呢？你为什么离开你亲爱的老奶奶呢？”她们语带讥讽地问。

10. “什么事也没有。”当苏珊重复这句话的时候，她觉得自己是在试图骗自己。她已经撒了一个谎。同时记起了奶奶跟她说的话：“你从来没有骗过我。”

11. “我骗了她，”她在心里对自己说，“如果她知道真相，肯定再也不会再信任我了。”

12. 她们的小聚会转移到树林里的一块空地，同伴们跑来跑去非常开心，然而苏珊却坐在草地上，希望自己是在家里，正在承认自己的错误。

13. 过了一会儿，罗斯高声说：“我们用紫罗兰编一个花冠吧，把它戴在这里最好的女孩的头上。”

14. “编花冠不难，可是要决定谁可以戴上它就不容易了。”茱莉亚说。

15. “谁说的，当然是苏珊戴上它，”罗斯说，“难道她不是公认在学校里学习最好、在家里最听话的女孩吗？”

16. “对对对，花冠应该属于苏珊。”其他女孩叫道，她们开始编织花冠，很快就编好了。

17. “来，苏珊，”罗斯说，“仪态高贵地把它戴上，因为你是我们的皇后。”

18. 话音刚落，花冠就戴在了苏珊的头上。过了一会儿，她突然把花冠扯了下来，扔在地上，说：“不要给我花冠，我不配戴它。”

19. 女孩们惊讶地看着她。“我欺骗了我的奶奶，”苏珊说，泪水顺着她的脸颊流了下来。“我挪用了她放在袜子里的标志，所以我才能到树林里来和你们一起玩。”

20. “你认为这是坏事？”一个女孩问道。

“我很肯定这是坏事，我待在这里一直感到很痛苦。”

21. 此时，苏珊往家的方向飞奔起来。一回到家，心还“怦怦”跳着，“噢，奶奶！我应该受罚，因为我挪用了你放在袜子里的标志。请千万要原谅我，我一直感到歉疚和不开心。”

22. “苏珊，”奶奶开口说，“我从一开始就知道，但我还是让你出去玩，希望你自己的良心会告诉你自己的过错。我很高兴你承认了自己的错误，并且为此感到伤心。”

23. “我什么时候可以变回你亲爱的小孙女呢？”“现在！”回答很迅速。奶奶在苏珊的前额印上一个吻。

## 注释

[1] Tiresome, tedious, wearisome.

[2] Stress, force, emphasis.

[3] Company, a number of persons together.

[4] Tauntingly, in a disagreeable, reproachful manner.

[5] Confessing, telling of, acknowledging.

[6] Fault, wrongdoing, sin.

[7] Dignified, respectful, stately.

[8] Altered, changed.

[9] Miserable, wretched. very unhappy.

[10] Forehead, the front part of the head above the eyes.

# LESSON 70

## YOUNG SOLDIERS

### 小战士

1. Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy,

And did you never train,

And feel that swelling of the heart

You ne'er can feel again?

2. Did you never meet, far down the street,

With plumes and banners gay,

While the kettle, for the kettledrum<sup>[1]</sup>,

Played your march, march away?



3. It seems to me but yesterday,  
Nor scarce so long ago,  
Since all our school their muskets<sup>[2]</sup> took,  
To charge the fearful foe.

4. Our muskets were of cedar<sup>[3]</sup> wood,  
With ramrods bright and new;  
With bayonets<sup>[4]</sup> forever set,

And painted barrels<sup>[5]</sup>, too.

5. We charged upon a flock of geese,

And put them all to flight—

Except one sturdy<sup>[6]</sup> gander

That thought to show us fight.

6. But, ah! we knew a thing or two;

Our captain wheeled the van<sup>[7]</sup>;

We routed<sup>[8]</sup> him, we scouted<sup>[9]</sup> him,

Nor lost a single man!

7. Our captain was as brave a lad

As e'er commission<sup>[10]</sup> bore;

And brightly shone his new tin sword;

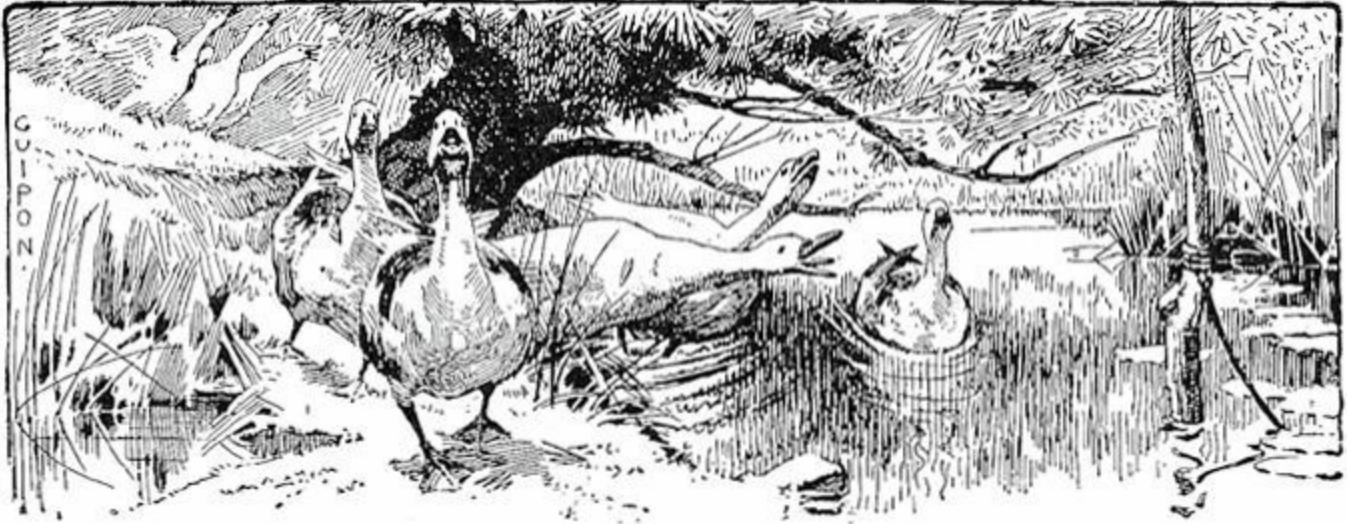
A paper cap he wore.

8. He led us up the steep hillside,

Against the western wind,

While the cockerel<sup>[11]</sup> plume that decked his head

Streamed bravely out behind.



9. We shouldered arms, we carried arms,

We charged<sup>[12]</sup> the bayonet;

And woe unto the mullein<sup>[13]</sup> stalk

That in our course we met!

10. At two o'clock the roll we called,

And till the close of day,

With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,



We fought the mimic fray<sup>[14]</sup>,—

Till the supper bell, from out the dell,

Bade us march, march away.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 噢，还记得你曾是个小男生吗？

还记得你曾日夜操练，

感到血脉贲张满怀豪情，

那种感觉如今已消失不见？

### 2. 难道你不曾在街边上，

遇上挥舞鲜艳羽毛和旗帜的队伍，

当作鼓的水壶咚咚敲着进行曲，

伴随你行进的每一步？

### 3. 似乎就在不久以前，

对我来说一切恍如昨日，

我们全都举着步枪，



向着可怕的敌人冲刺。

4. 那杉木做的步枪，

带有簇新的推弹杆；

刺刀固定在枪上，

还有上了漆的枪管。

5. 我们向一群鹅发起攻击，

吓得它们四处飞散。

除了一只强壮的雄鹅，

想要和我们决一死战。

6. 可是，啊！我们可精于此道，

我们的首领冲在前面；

我们打得它落荒而逃，大肆嘲笑，

而我军一个人都没不见！

7. 我们的队长是个勇敢的小伙子，

就像委任状上写的那样；

他头戴纸帽，

亮出新的铁剑闪闪发光。

8. 他带领我们爬上陡峭的山坡，

猎猎西风迎面而来，

他头上插着的公鸡羽毛，

迎风飘扬的样子多么豪迈。

9. 我们扛枪上肩，我们全副武装，

我们把刺刀都装上；

毛蕊花茎不幸遭了殃，

谁叫它挡在我们奔跑的路上！

10. 两点钟我们就点名集合，

一直玩到夜幕降临，

我们投入模拟的战斗，  
心无所畏惧，手脚却筋疲力尽，  
直到树林外面传来晚饭的呼唤，  
迫使我们踏步走出树林。

## 注释

[1] Kettledrum, a drum made of a copper vessel shaped like a kettle.

[2] Muskets, a kind of gun.

[3] Cedar, a very durable kind of wood.

[4] Bayonets, a sharp piece of steel on the end of a gun.

[5] Barrels, the long metal tube forming part of a gun.

[6] Sturdy, stubborn, bold.

[7] Van, the front.

[8] Routed, put to flight.

[9] Scouted, made fun of.

[10] Commission, a writing to show power.

[11] Cockerel, a young chicken-cock.

[12] Charged, made an onset.

[13] Mullein, a tall plant that grows in neglected fields.

[14] Fray, fight, contest.

# LESSON 71

## HOW WILLIE GOT OUT OF THE SHAFT 威利是怎样逃出枯井的

1. Willie's aunt sent him for a birthday [present](#) a little writing book. There was a place in the book for a pencil. Willie thought a great deal of this little book, and always kept it in his pocket.

2. One day, his mother was very busy, and he called his dog, and said, "Come, Caper, let us have a play."



3. When Willie's mother missed him, she went to the door and looked out, and could not see him anywhere; but she knew that Caper was with him, and thought they would come back before long.

4. She waited an hour, and still they did not come. When she came to the gate by the road, she met Mr. Lee, and told him how long Willie had been gone. Mr. Lee thought he must have gone to sleep under the trees. So they went to all the trees under which Willie was in the habit of playing, but he was nowhere to be found.

5. By this time the sun had gone down. The news that Willie was lost soon spread over the neighborhood<sup>[2]</sup>, and all the men and women<sup>[3]</sup> turned out to hunt. They hunted all night.

6. The next morning the neighbors were gathered round, and all were trying to think what to do next, when Caper came bounding into the room. There was a string tied round his neck, and a bit of paper tied to it.

7. Willie's father, Mr. Lee, took the paper, and saw that it was a letter from Willie. He read it aloud. It said, "O father! come to me. I am in the big hole in the pasture."

8. Everybody ran at once to the far corner of the pasture; and there was Willie, alive and well, in the shaft<sup>[4]</sup>. Oh, how glad he was when his father caught him in his arms, and lifted him out!

9. Now I will tell you how Willie came to be in the shaft. He and Caper went to the pasture field, and came to the edge of the shaft and sat down. In bending over to see how deep it was, he lost his balance, and fell in. He tried very hard to get out, but could not.

10. When the good little dog saw that his master was in the shaft, he would not leave him, but ran round and round, reaching down and trying to pull him out. But

while Caper was pulling Willie by the coat sleeves, a piece of sod gave way under his feet, and he fell in too.

11. Willie called for his father and mother as loud as he could call; but he was so far away from the house that no one could hear him.

12. He cried and called till it was dark, and then he lay down on the ground, and Caper lay down close beside him. It was not long before Willie cried himself to sleep.

13. When he awoke it was morning, and he began to think of a way to get out. The little writing book that his aunt had given him, was in his pocket. He took it out, and, after a good deal of trouble, wrote the letter to his father.

14. Then he tore the leaf out, and took a string out of his pocket, and tied it round Caper's neck, and tied the letter to the string. Then he lifted the dog up, and helped him out, and said to him, "Go home, Caper, go home!" The little dog scampered<sup>[5]</sup> away, and was soon at home.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 威利的阿姨送了他一个笔记本作为生日礼物。本子上有个地方插着铅笔。威利非常喜欢这个小本子，总是把它放在口袋里。

2. 有一天，威利的妈妈很忙。威利把他的小狗叫过来：“凯普过来，咱们玩个游戏。”

3. 当威利的妈妈想起他来，她走到门口四处张望，却哪儿也没有威利的身影。妈妈知道小狗凯普和威利在一起，心想他们不久之后自然就会回来。

4. 等了一个小时，他们还是没有回来。她走到路边的大门口，遇到了李先生，于是告诉他威利有多久不见踪影了。李先生猜想威利一定是在树荫下睡着了。于

是他们到威利平常习惯去玩耍的地方寻找，然而所有的树底下，都没有找到小威利。

5. 到了太阳下山的时候，“威利不见了”的消息已经迅速传开。邻居们男男女女都到外面帮忙寻找，足足找了一整夜。

6. 第二天早晨，邻居们聚集在房间里。大家都一筹莫展，想不出下一步应该怎么做。就在这个时候，小狗凯普突然跑了进来。在凯普的脖子上系着一根绳子，绑着一张小纸条。

7. 威利的爸爸李先生取下了纸条，发现那是威利写的一封信。他大声地读出来，信上是这样写的：“噢，爸爸！快来救我！我在牧场的那个坑里。”

8. 所有人马上跑到牧场那个遥远的角落，威利果然在那个枯井里，安然无恙。噢，当父亲的双臂抱起威利，把他拉到井外的那一刻，威利多么高兴啊！

9. 好了，现在我来告诉你威利是怎么掉进枯井里去的。他和凯普到牧场上玩耍，来到枯井的边缘坐了下来。在弯腰看井有多深的时候，威利失去平衡掉了下去。他做了很大的努力，却怎么也爬不上来。

10. 小狗看见主人掉进了井里，它始终不离不弃，绕着井口跑来跑去，还往下探身子试图把他拉上来。可是就在凯普咬着威利外套的袖子往上拉的时候，它脚下的一块草皮松了，于是凯普也滑进了井里。

11. 威利用尽最大的声音使劲喊爸爸妈妈，然而他离家太远了，根本没有人听见他的呼喊。

12. 他又哭又喊直到天黑，然后躺倒在地上，凯普也在他身边躺了下来。威利哭着哭着，没多久就睡着了。

13. 到威利醒过来的时候已经天亮了，他开始想办法离开这个地方。他想起了

口袋里阿姨送给他小本子。威利把小本子掏了出来，费了半天的劲儿，写了那封给爸爸的信。

14. 写完之后，威利撕下了那一页纸，从口袋里拿出一根绳子，绑在凯普的脖子上，再把信绑紧。然后，他把小狗举起来，帮助它爬了上去，对它说：“回家，凯普，回家！”小狗马上飞奔起来，很快就到家了。

## 注释

[1] Birthday, the same day of the month in which a person was born, in each succeeding year.

[2] Neighborhood, the surrounding region which lies nearest, vicinity.

[3] Women, plural of woman.

[4] Shaft, a deep hole made in the earth, usually for mining purposes.

[5] Scampered, ran briskly.



# LESSON 72

## THE PERT CHICKEN

### 无礼的小公鸡

1. There was once a pretty chicken;

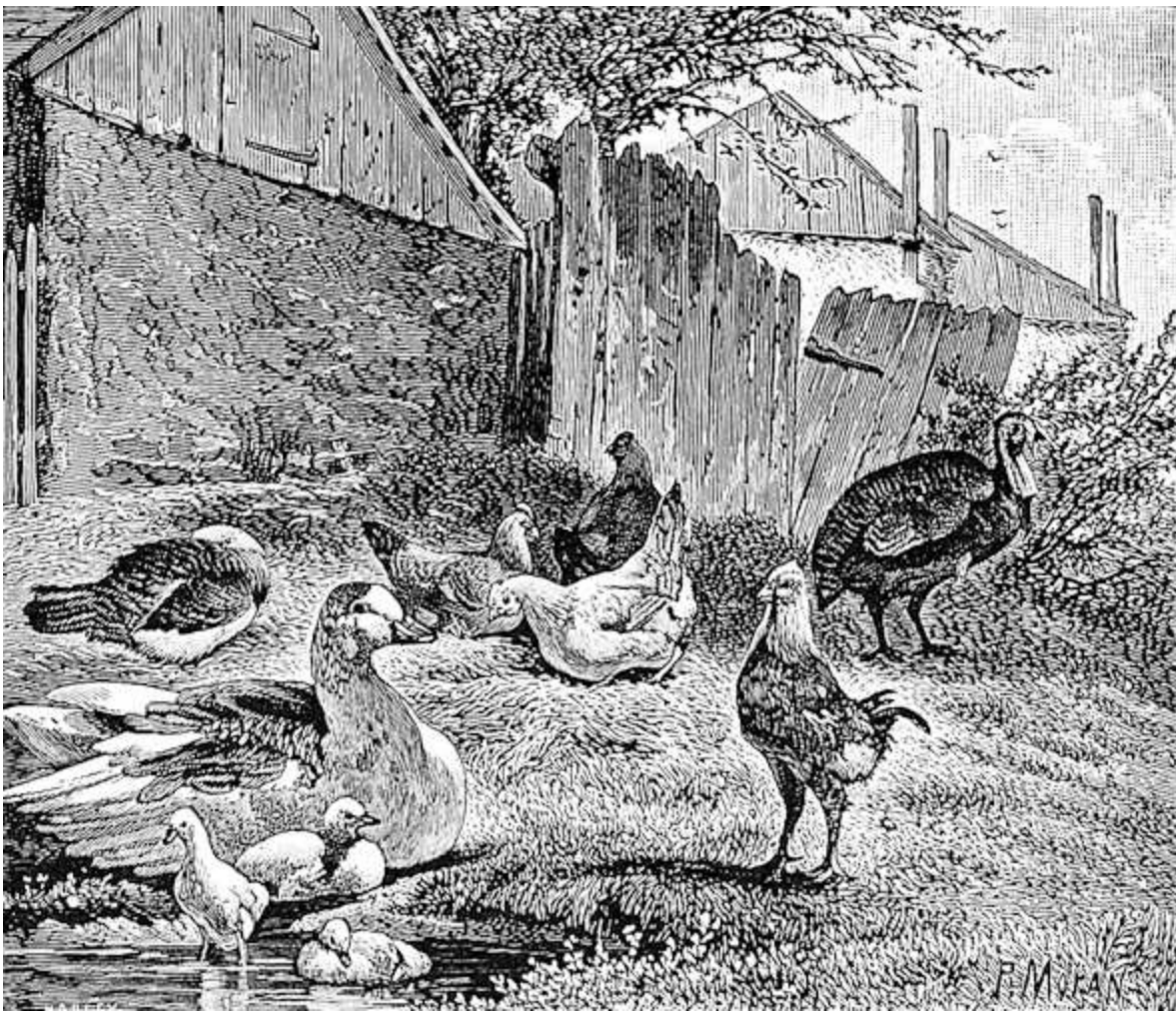
But his friends were very few,

For he thought that there was nothing

In the world but what he knew:

So he always, in the farmyard<sup>[1]</sup>,

Had a very forward<sup>[2]</sup> way,



Telling all the hens and turkeys<sup>[3]</sup>

What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder

That your goslings<sup>[4]</sup> you should let

Go out paddling<sup>[5]</sup> in the water;

It will kill them to get wet."

2. "I wish, my old Aunt Dorking<sup>[6]</sup>,"

He began to her, one day,

"That you wouldn't sit all summer

In your nest upon the hay.

Won't you come out to the meadow,

Where the grass with seeds is filled?"

"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,

"Then my eggs would all get chilled."

"No, they won't," replied the chicken,

"And no matter if they do;

Eggs are really good for nothing;

What's an egg to me or you?"

3. "What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking,

"Can it be you do not know

You yourself were in an eggshell

Just one little month ago?

And, if kind wings had not warmed you,

You would not be out to-day,  
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,  
What they ought to do and say!

4. "To be very wise, and show it,  
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;  
But, when young folks talk to old folks,  
They should know what they're about."

(Marian Douglas)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 从前有只漂亮的小公鸡,  
他的朋友却没几个;  
因为他认为这个世界上  
没有什么是他不知道的;  
所以在农家小院里,  
总看见他直冲向前大言不惭  
告诉所有母鸡和火鸡,

什么该说，什么该干。

他说：“鹅太太，我想你太不应该，

让小鹅们到外面玩耍；

他们在水里扑腾嬉戏，

全身湿透随时会没命的呀。”

2. 有一天，他又对道根鸡开口：

“我希望，我亲爱的道根鸡阿姨，

你不要整个夏天都坐着不动，

老在干草上蹲窝有什么意思！

难道你就不想在草地上走走？

那里多的是种子藏在草里。”

“如果我走开，”道根鸡阿姨回答他，

“那我的蛋全都会冻死。”

“不，它们不会的，”小公鸡接话，“

就算它们冻坏也没问题。

那些蛋一点好处也没有，

对你对我又有什么意义？”

3. “蛋有什么意义！”道根鸡大声说，

“它可以是你不知道的一切。

你可知短短一个月之前的自己，

还在蛋壳里没来到这个世界？

如果不是有慈爱的翅膀给你温暖，

今天你就不会在这里出现，

对着母鸡、火鸡和鹅妈妈，

说它们什么该说，什么该干！”

4. “做个聪明人到处炫耀，

毫无疑问你会感觉愉快；

可是当年轻人面对长者说话，

最好他们说的东西要自己先明白。”

（玛丽安·道格拉斯）

# 注释

[1] Farmyard, the inclosed ground attached to a barn and other farm buildings.

[2] Forward, bold, confident.

[3] Turkeys, a large domestic fowl.

[4] Goslings, young geese.

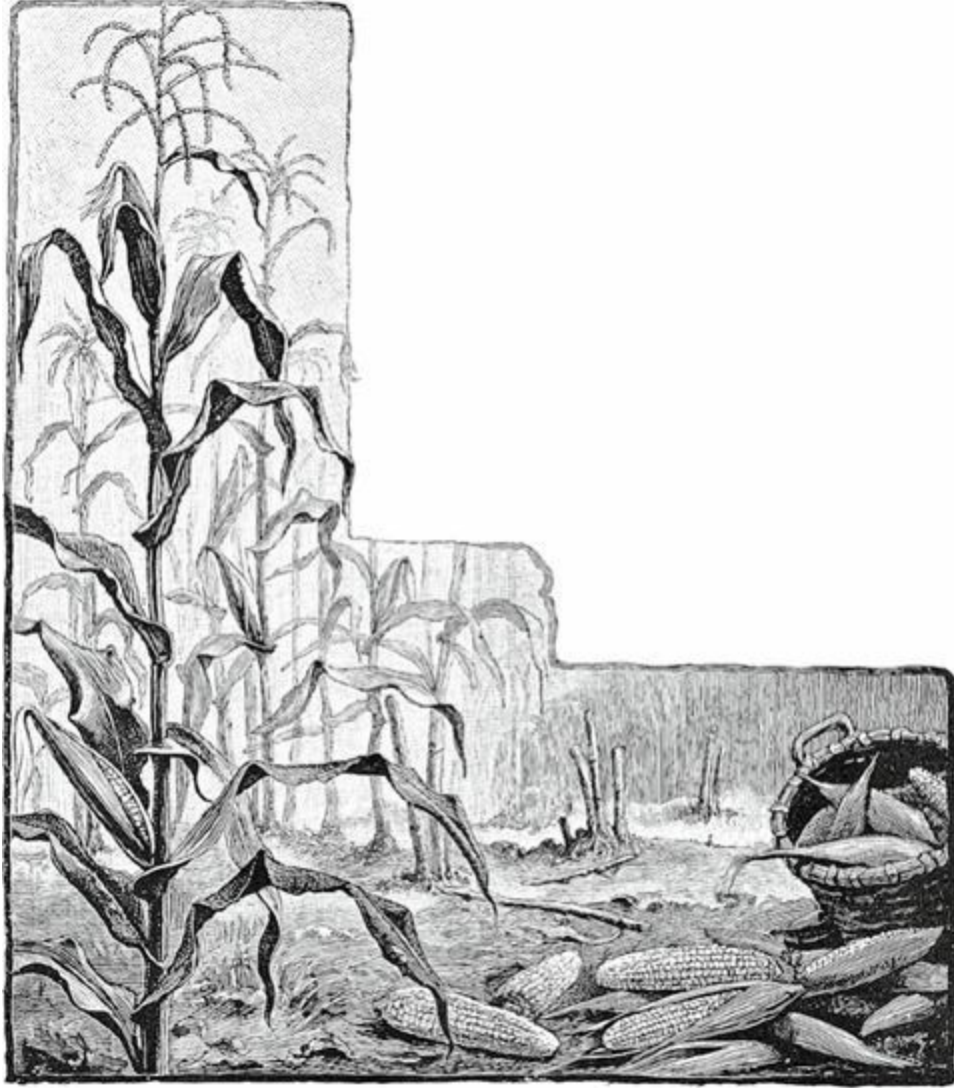
[5] Paddling, beating the water with the feet, swimming.

[6] Dorking, a species of chicken.

# LESSON 73

## INDIAN CORN

### 印第安玉米



1. Few plants are more useful to man than Indian corn, or maize. No grain, except rice, is used to so great an extent as an article<sup>[1]</sup> of food. In some countries corn is almost the only food eaten by the people.

2. Do you know why it is called Indian corn? It is because the American Indians were the first corn growers. Columbus found this grain widely cultivated<sup>[2]</sup> by them when he discovered the New World. They pounded it in rude, stone bowls, and thus



made a coarse flour, which they mixed with water and baked.

3. Indian corn is now the leading crop in the United States. In whatever part of this land we live, we see corn growing every year in its proper season. Yet how few can tell the most simple and important<sup>[3]</sup> facts about its planting and its growth!

4. Corn, to do well, must have a rich soil and a warm climate. It is a tender plant, and is easily injured by cold weather. The seed corn does not sprout, but rots, if the ground is cold and wet.

5. To prepare land properly for planting corn, the soil is made fine by plowing, and furrows<sup>[4]</sup> are run across the field four feet apart each way. At every point where these furrows cross, the farmer drops from four to seven grains of seed corn. These are then covered with about two inches of earth, and thus form "hills" of corn.

6. In favorable<sup>[5]</sup> weather, the tender blades push through the ground in ten days or two weeks; then the stalks mount up rapidly, and the long, streamer<sup>[6]</sup>-like leaves unfold gracefully from day to day. Corn must be carefully cultivated while the plants are small. After they begin to shade the ground, they need but little hoeing or plowing.

7. The moisture<sup>[7]</sup> and earthy matter, drawn through the roots, become sap. This passes through the stalk, and enters the leaves. There a great change takes place which results<sup>[8]</sup> in the starting of the ears and the growth of the grain.

8. The maize plant bears two kinds of flowers,—male and female. The two are widely separated<sup>[9]</sup>. The male flowers are on the tassel; the fine silk threads which surround the ear, and peep out from the end of the husks, are the female flowers.

9. Each grain on the cob is the starting point for a thread of silk; and, unless the thread receives some particle<sup>[10]</sup> of the dust which falls from the tassel flowers, the kernel with which it is connected will not grow.

10. The many uses of Indian corn and its products are worthy of note. The green stalks and leaves make excellent<sup>[11]</sup> fodder<sup>[12]</sup> for cattle. The ripe grain is used all over the earth as food for horses, pigs, and poultry<sup>[13]</sup>. Nothing is better for fattening stock.

11. Green corn, or "roasting ears," hulled corn and hominy, New England hasty pudding, and succotash<sup>[14]</sup> are favorite dishes with many persons. Then there are parched corn and pop corn—the delight of long winter evenings.

12. Cornstarch is an important article of commerce<sup>[15]</sup>. Sirup and sugar are made from the juice of the stalk, and oil and alcohol<sup>[16]</sup> from the ripened grain. Corn husks are largely used for filling mattresses<sup>[17]</sup>, and are braided<sup>[18]</sup> into mats, baskets, and other useful articles.

13. Thus it will be seen how varied are the uses of Indian corn. And besides being so useful, the plant is very beautiful. The sight of a large cornfield in the latter part of summer, with all its green banners waving and its tasseled plumes nodding, is one to admire, and not to be forgotten.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 很少有别的植物像印第安玉米(也叫玉蜀黍)那么有用。除了大米以外,没有哪一种农作物像玉米一样被如此广泛地用作粮食。在某些国家,玉米几乎是人们唯一的食粮。

2. 你知道印第安玉米这个称呼是怎么来的吗?那是因为美洲的印第安人是最早种植玉米的人。哥伦布发现新大陆的时候,也发现了印第安人大面积地种植这种农作物。他们把玉米放在粗糙的石碗里捣碎,做成粗粝的玉米面,和上水就可以烘烤成玉米饼了。

3. 印第安玉米是美国目前最主要的农作物。在我们生活的这片土地上,无论哪个地区,每年在相应的季节,我们都可以看到玉米茁壮生长。然而,尽管并不复

杂，又有多少人能够说出这种作物是如何种植和生长的呢！

4. 要让玉米生长得好，必须要有肥沃的土壤和温暖的气候。这种柔弱的植物很容易被寒冷天气摧毁。如果土地变得又冷又湿，玉米的种子就不会发芽，而会腐烂。

5. 为种植玉米而准备的土地，必须通过翻耕使土壤适于种植，一块地分成许多小块，任一方向每4英尺以土沟分隔。在土沟纵横交叉之处，农夫撒下4~7粒玉米种子，埋在大约两英寸的土壤之下，这样就形成了“玉米堆”。

6. 只要天气适宜，十天到两周之后，柔弱的种子就会扎根在土壤里，很快枝茎破土而出，越长越高。一天一天过去，丝带一样的叶子也优雅地舒展开来。在玉米还是幼苗的时候，必须细心照料。然而当它们长高，盖住了土地之后，就几乎不再需要耕作了。

7. 玉米的根从土壤里吸取水分和养分，成为树液，经由茎部传输到叶子。这为植物带来巨大的变化，因此得以抽穗，最终长出颗粒。

8. 玉米开的花有两种——雄花和雌花。两种花很不一样，雄花呈穗状；而那种围绕着包谷生长并在包皮的末端隐约露出的丝一样的细线，就是雌花。

9. 玉米穗轴上的每一个颗粒都是一束丝状雌花的起点，除非花束获得来自于穗状雄花的微粒，否则它所连接的内核就无法成长。

10. 印第安玉米及其产品的广泛用途值得详细注解：绿色的玉米茎和叶子是喂牛的好饲料。成熟的玉米粒在全世界都被广泛用作饲料，喂养马、猪、家禽等。它还是最好的积肥用料。

11. 嫩玉米、烤或煮熟的玉米、去皮玉米、玉米粥、新英格兰玉米粉糊或是豆煮玉米是许多人们的最爱。还有烘烤玉米片和爆米花，在漫漫冬夜里为人们带来欢乐。

12. 玉米淀粉是一种重要的商品。玉米茎的汁液是提炼糖和糖浆的原料。成熟的玉米粒是油和酒精的来源。玉米的包皮用途也很广泛，它可以是床垫的填充物，或者经过编织成为各种垫子、篮子和其他用品。

13. 由此可见，印第安玉米全身都是宝。它不但用途多样，还是一种美丽的植物。盛夏时节，一望无际的玉米地，绿色的叶子像旗帜一样迎风飞舞，流苏璎珞般的包谷随风点头，这是多么赏心悦目而又令人难忘的景色！

## 注释

[1] Article, a particular one of various things.

[2] Cultivated, grown.

[3] Important, of much value.

[4] Furrows, a trench made by a plow.

[5] Favorable, that which is kindly, propitious.

[6] Streamer, a long, narrow flag.

[7] Moisture, wet, dampness.

[8] Results, comes out, ends.

[9] Separated, apart, not connected.

[10] Particle, a very small portion.

[11] Excellent, good, superior.

[12] Fodder, such food for animals as hay, straw, and vegetables.

[13] Poultry, barnyard fowls.

[14] Succotash, corn and beans boiled together.

[15] Commerce, trade.

[16] Alcohol, distilled liquor.

[17] Mattresses, beds stuffed with hair, straw, or other soft material.

[18] Braided, woven or twisted together.

# LESSON 74

## THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG

### 雪鸟之歌

1. The ground was all covered with snow one day,

And two little sisters were busy at play,

When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,

And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee<sup>[1]</sup>.



2. He had not been singing that tune very long  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;  
"O sister, look out of the window!" said she;  
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.
3. "Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,

And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet:

I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;

He's all the time singing his chick-a-de-dee.

4. "If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know,

I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;

I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!

And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-dee.

5. "O mother; do get him some stockings, and shoes,

And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose:

I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see

How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee!"

6. The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread,

And heard every word little Emily said:

"What a figure<sup>[2]</sup> I'd make in that dress" thought he,

And laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee.

7. "I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you express<sup>[3]</sup>,

But have no occasion for such a fine dress;

I rather remain with my little limbs free,

Than to hobble<sup>[4]</sup> about, singing chick-a-de-dee.

8. "There is One, my dear child, though I can not tell who,

Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.

Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"

And away he flew, singing his chick-a-de-dee.

(F. C. Woodworth)



## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一天白雪覆盖了大地,



两个小姐妹正玩得忘乎所以；

这时候一只雪鸟停在旁边的树上，

嘀沥沥嘀沥沥愉快地歌唱。

2. 他的音调并不太长，

被艾米丽听到之前，他正高声歌唱；

她说“噢，姐姐，你看看窗外的树上！

有只可爱的小鸟嘀沥沥嘀沥沥在欢唱。”

3. “可怜的小家伙！他走在雨雪里，

脚上没有袜子也没有鞋子；

我想知道是什么让他充满欢乐，

总是嘀沥沥嘀沥沥不停唱着歌。”

4. “我知道，如果我是雪鸟光着脚丫，

我才不会待在寒冷的雪地里任风吹雨打；

我多么同情他！噢，他一定冷得不行！

可是他仍然嘀沥沥嘀沥沥地唱个不停。”

5. “噢，妈妈，请给他穿上鞋袜和袍子，

如果他愿意再让他挑一顶帽子；

我希望他能来到我们的会客室，

看看我们可以让他感到多么温暖，可怜的嘀沥沥！”

6. 雪鸟飞下来去啄地上的甜面包渣，

他听见了艾米丽说的每一句话；

他想：“要是我穿上那条裙子会是什么样子？”

他一边笑一边轻声唱着他的嘀沥沥。

7. “我很感激，”他说，“谢谢你们的好意，

但是那么漂亮的裙子对于我实在不合时宜；

我宁愿光着我的脚丫自由自在，

胜过唱着嘀沥沥却一瘸一拐。”

8. “亲爱的小孩，曾经有一个人，虽然我不能说是谁，

曾经给我穿上过衣服既暖和又美；

早上好！噢，谁有我们这么快乐？”

他飞走了，唱着他那嘀沥沥的歌。

(F·C·德沃斯)

## 注释

[1] Chick-a-de-dee, an imitation of the notes of the snowbird.

[2] Figure, shape, appearance.

[3] Express, make known, declare.

[4] Hobble, to walk with a hitch or hop.

# LESSON 75

## MOUNTAINS

### 高山

1. The Himalayas<sup>[1]</sup> are the highest mountains on our globe, They are in Asia, and separate India from Thibet. They extend in a continuous line for more than a thousand miles.

2. If you ever ascend<sup>[2]</sup> one of these mountains from the plain below, you will have to cross an unhealthy border, twenty miles in width. It is, in fact, a swamp<sup>[3]</sup> caused by the waters overflowing the river banks.



3. The soil of this swampy border is covered with trees and shrubs, where the tiger, the elephant, and other animals find secure retreat<sup>[4]</sup>. Beyond this border, you will reach smiling valleys and noble forests.

4. As you advance<sup>[5]</sup> onward and upward, you will get among bolder and more rugged<sup>[6]</sup> scenes. The sides of the mountains are very steep, sometimes well wooded to quite a height, but sometimes quite barren<sup>[7]</sup>.

5. In crossing a river you must be content with three ropes for a bridge. You will find the streets of the towns to be simply stairs cut out of the rock, and see the houses rising in tiers<sup>[8]</sup>.

6. The pathways into Thibet, among these mountains, are mere tracks by the side of foaming torrents. Often, as you advance, you will find every trace of the path swept away by the falling of rocks and earth from above.

7. Sometimes you will find posts driven into the mountain side, upon which branches of trees and earth are spread. This forms a trembling foothold<sup>[9]</sup> for the traveler.

8. In the Andes<sup>[10]</sup>, in South America, the sure-footed mule is used to carry travelers. Quite often a chasm<sup>[11]</sup> must be crossed that is many feet wide and hundreds of feet deep. The mule will leap across this chasm, but not until it is sure it can make a safe jump.

9. "One day," says a traveler, "I went by the worst pass over the Andes Mountains. The path for seventy yards was very narrow, and at one point it was washed entirely away. On one side the rock brushed my shoulder, and on the other side my foot overhung the precipice<sup>[12]</sup>."

10. The guide told this man, after he was safely over the pass, that, to his

knowledge<sup>[13]</sup>, four hundred mules had fallen over that precipice, and in many instances travelers had lost their lives at that terrible spot.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 喜马拉雅山是地球上最高的山，位于亚洲，在印度与中国西藏之间，山脉连绵超过一千英里。
2. 如果你试图从山脚的平原登上其中一座山峰，你就必须跨越一条危及生命健康的边界线，宽度达到了20英里。实际上，那是一片由于河水溢出河床流到岸边形成的沼泽地。
3. 沼泽地的土壤被树林与灌木丛所覆盖，那里是老虎、大象等动物寻找安全退路的所在。跨越了这片边界地，你就能到达开阔的山谷和郁郁葱葱的森林。
4. 当你继续向上攀登，你会置身于更粗糙、更崎岖的山野之间。山崖十分陡峭，有时即便很高的地方也生长着树木，有时则相当贫瘠荒凉。
5. 越过河流的时候，有一条三根绳子做成的桥你就该感到满足了。走进市镇，你会发现街道是直接开凿在岩石上开凿而成，房子一排排拔地而起。
6. 进入西藏的小路蜿蜒在山间，小路一侧就是怒吼着的滚滚洪流，你会发现路上没有任何足迹，因为都被从山上滚落的石头和沙泥一扫而空了。
7. 有时你会看到山崖上插着柱子，在上面铺上树枝和泥土，就形成了让人心惊胆战的立足之地，供旅人通过。
8. 在位于南美洲的安第斯山脉，旅客们使用步伐稳健的骡子作为坐骑。常常在必须跨越好几英尺宽、几百英尺深的峡谷时，这种骡子会一跃而过，当然，如果它们不确定自己可以越过的话，是不会冒险的。
9. “有一天，”一位旅客说，“我遇到了安第斯山脉最糟糕的路况。有一段路长

达70码，非常狭窄，有一个地方路完全被冲走了。我只好任由一侧的肩膀被岩石摩擦着，另一侧的脚就吊挂在悬崖边上。”

10. 在这位旅客安全通过了那条路之后，一位向导告诉他，据他的了解，在那个悬崖大概摔死过400头骡子，还有很多人在那个可怕的地方失去了生命。

## 注释

[1] Himalayas, also written Himmaleh.

[2] Ascend, go up, climb.

[3] Swamp, low, wet ground.

[4] Retreat, place of safety.

[5] Advance, go forward.

[6] Rugged, rough.

[7] Barren, without trees or shrubs, unproductive.

[8] Tiers, rows one above another.

[9] Foothold, that on which one may tread.

[10] Andes, next to the highest range of mountains in the world.

[11] Chasm, a deep opening in the earth, or cleft in the rocks.

[12] Precipice, a very steep and dangerous descent.

[13] Knowledge, that which is known.

# LESSON 76

## A CHILD'S HYMN

### 儿童赞美诗

1. God make my life a little light,

Within the world to glow;

A little flame that burneth bright

Wherever I may go.

2. God make my life a little flower,

That giveth joy to all,

Content to bloom in native bower,

Although its place be small.

3. God make my life a little song,

That comforteth the sad;

That helpeth others to be strong,

And makes the singer glad.



4. God make my life a little hymn

Of tenderness and praise;

Of faith—that never waxeth dim

In all His wondrous ways.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 上帝把我的生命变成一点光，

在这世界发亮；

一点星火把光明燃亮，

无论我去向何方。

2. 上帝把我的生命变成一朵小花，

带给人们欢乐；

尽管在小小的角落里生长开花，

也在树荫下怡然自得。

3. 上帝把我的生命变成一首小曲，

让伤心的人得到安慰；

帮助他人更加坚强无惧，

唱歌的人也忘掉伤悲。

4. 上帝把我的生命变成一首赞美诗，

温柔慈爱，至诚礼赞；

虔诚信仰——以一切神奇的方式，

永不笼罩阴霾黑暗。

# LESSON 77

## HOLDING THE FORT

### 守住堡垒

1. While Genie was walking slowly down street one day, she heard an odd rapping on the pavement<sup>[1]</sup> behind her. Looking round, she saw Rob Grey hobbling on crutches<sup>[2]</sup>

2. "Why, what is the matter?" cried Genie. "I haven't seen you for a week, and now you are walking in that way."



3. "I shall have to walk in this way as much as a week longer, Genie. I sprained<sup>[3]</sup> my ankle by stopping too quick—no, not too quick, either, for there was something in my way."

"What was it?" asked Genie

4. "One of the Commandments<sup>[4]</sup>," replied Rob. "You remember how that lecturer<sup>[5]</sup> talked to us about 'holding the fort'? Well, I thought I should like to do it; but it's a pretty long war, you know—all a lifetime, and no vacations<sup>[6]</sup>—furloughs<sup>[7]</sup>, I think they call them."

5. "If there was nothing to fight, we should not need to be soldiers," said Genie

6. "Well, I thought I would try; but the first day, when we came out of the schoolhouse, Jack Lee snatched my books out of my hand, and threw them into the mud

7. "I started after him as fast as I could run. I meant to throw him where he had thrown the books, when, all of a sudden, I thought of the Commandment about returning good for evil

8. "I stopped short—so short, that, somehow, my foot twisted under me. So, you see, it was one of the commandments."

9. "If one must stumble at them, it is a good thing to fall on the right side," said Genie, with a wise nod of her head

10. "The whole thing puzzles me, and makes me feel—well, like giving it up," said Rob. "It might have served me right when I was chasing Jack; but when I thought of the Commandment, I really tried to do the right thing."

11. "You did do it, Rob," said Genie. "You 'held the fort' that time. Why, don't you see—you are only a wounded<sup>[8]</sup> soldier."

12. "I never thought of that," said Rob. "If I believe that way—" He began to

whistle, and limped off to school without finishing the sentence. But Genie knew, by the way he behaved<sup>[9]</sup> that day, that he had made up his mind to hold the fort.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一天，吉妮在街上慢慢走着，忽然听到后面人行道上上传来奇怪的敲击声。回头一看，原来是罗伯·格雷拄着拐杖一瘸一拐地走过来。

2. “怎么了？发生了什么事？”吉妮不禁失声喊道。“一个星期没见你，你走路怎么这个样子？”

3. “接下来至少一个星期我都得这样走路，吉妮。我太快停下来，所以摔坏了膝盖。不，也不是因为停得太快，是因为有东西挡了我的路。”

4. “就是其中一条戒律，”罗伯继续说，“你记得老师跟我们讲过的‘守住堡垒’那条戒律吗？啊，我那时想我应该这么做；可是你知道，这是一场持久战——整整一生，没有假期——暂时的休息都不行，我想他们是这么说的。”

5. “如果没有什么需要我们为之战斗，那么我们就需要成为战士了。”吉妮说。

6. “嗯，我想我会试着去做；但是我们离开校舍的第一天，杰克·李忽然把我手里的书抢了过去，丢在烂泥地里。”

7. “我马上跑去追他，满脑子想着要抓到他，把他推到扔我书的那块烂泥地里。可是忽然间，我想起了‘以德报怨’那条戒律。”

8. “我突然停住脚步——那么突然，不知道为什么就把脚给扭了。所以，你看，就是一条戒律把我绊倒的。”

9. “如果一个人必须被戒律绊倒，那么倒向正确的一边也是一件好事。”吉妮一边说，一边睿智地点头。

10. “这件事情让我困惑，使我想要，嗯，想要放弃，”罗伯说，“如果是在我追杰克的时候摔倒，我能想得通，可是当我想起戒律的时候，我是真想做正确的事情啊。”

11. “罗伯，你确实做了正确的事情，”吉妮说，“那一刻你守住了堡垒。怎么，你还不明白吗——只不过你是一名负伤的战士。”

12. “我从来没这么想过，”罗伯说，“要是我这么想的话……”他吹起了口哨，抬起脚一瘸一拐地往学校走去，话也没说完。但是吉妮明白，从罗伯那天的举动就知道，他已经下定决心，要“守住城堡”。

## 注释

[1] Pavement, a walk covered with brick or other hard material.

[2] Crutches, long sticks with crosspieces at the top, to aid lame persons in walking.

[3] Sprained, injured by wrenching or twisting.

[4] Commandments, holy laws recorded in the Bible.

[5] Lecturer, a public speaker.

[6] Vacations, the time between two school terms.

[7] Furloughs, a soldier's leave of absence

[8] Wounded, hurt, injured

[9] Behaved, acted.

# LESSON 78

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE

### 小人儿

1. A dreary<sup>[1]</sup> place would be this earth,

Were there no little people in it;

The song of life would lose its mirth,

Were there no children to begin it;

2. No little forms, like buds to grow,

And make the admiring heart surrender<sup>[2]</sup>;

No little hands on breast and brow,

To keep the thrilling love chords<sup>[3]</sup> tender.

3. The sterner souls would grow more stern<sup>[4]</sup>,

Unfeeling nature more inhuman,

And man to utter<sup>[5]</sup> coldness turn,

And woman would be less than woman.

4. Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,

Were there no babies to begin it;

A doleful<sup>[6]</sup> place this world would be,

Were there no little people in it.

(John G. Whittier)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 如果没有了小人儿在地球上，

这个地方将是多么沉闷无聊；

没有了孩子们领头唱，

生命之歌将失去欢乐的曲调。

2. 没有了那些小东西，像嫩芽初露，

让爱慕的心为之震颤；

没有了轻抚于胸前和眉间的小手，

让爱的和弦轻柔地奏响于心间。



3. 无情的灵魂只会更无情,

麻木的心灵会更残忍,

男人现出冷酷言行,

女人也不像女人。

4. 确实, 如果没有婴儿的初啼,

生命之歌将会失去魅力;

如果没有了小人儿在这里,

世界将会变成寂寞阴沉之地。

(约翰·G·惠蒂尔)

## 注释

[1] Dreary, cheerless.

[2] Surrender, give up, yield.

[3] Chords, ties of affection.

[4] Stern, severe, harsh.

[5] Utter, complete.

[6] Doleful, gloomy, sad.

# LESSON 79

## GOOD NIGHT

### 晚 安

1. The sun is hidden from our sight,

The birds are sleeping sound;

'T is time to say to all, "Good night!"

And give a kiss all round.

2. Good night, my father, mother, dear!

Now kiss your little son;

Good night, my friends, both far and near!

Good night to every one.

3. Good night, ye merry, merry birds!

Sleep well till morning light;

Perhaps, if you could sing in words,

You would have said, "Good night!"

4. To all my pretty flowers, good night!

You blossom while I sleep;

And all the stars, that shine so bright,

With you their watches keep.

5. The moon is lighting up the skies,

The stars are sparkling there;

'T is time to shut our weary eyes,

And say our evening prayer.

(Mrs. Follen)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 太阳藏得我们看不见了，

鸟儿也静静安眠；

是时候对大家说“晚安！”

亲吻每个人的笑脸。

## 2. 晚安，亲爱的爸爸妈妈！

请吻吻你们的孩子；

晚安，我的朋友，无论你是远是近！

说一句晚安送给你。

## 3. 晚安，快乐的小鸟！

睡个好觉直到天亮；

也许，如果你有歌词配上曲调，

“晚安！”你唱的肯定也是这样。

## 4. 我美丽的花儿，晚安！

你们在我睡着的时候盛开；

天上所有的星星亮闪闪，

是要守候你们直到早晨到来。

## 5. 月儿照亮天边，

星星闪耀光芒；

是时候闭上我们疲倦的双眼，

祈祷之后进入梦乡。

（佛伦夫人）

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# LESSON 1

## PERSEVERANCE

### 坚持不懈

1. "Will you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

2. "Ah! now, how awkward you are!" said the little fellow. "It was your fault entirely," answered his sister. "Try again, children," said I.

3. Lucy once more took up the kite. But now John was in too great a hurry; he ran off so suddenly that he twitched the kite out of her hand, and it fell flat as before. "Well, who is to blame now?" asked Lucy. "Try again," said I.



4. They did, and with more care; but a side wind coming suddenly, as Lucy let go the kite, it was blown against some shrubs, and the tail became entangled<sup>(1)</sup> in a moment, leaving the poor kite hanging with its head downward.

5. "There, there!" exclaimed John, "that comes of your throwing it all to one side. "As if I could make the wind blow straight," said Lucy. In the meantime, I went to the kite's assistance<sup>(2)</sup>; and having disengaged<sup>(3)</sup> the long tail, I rolled it up, saying, "Come, children, there are too many trees here; let us find a more open space, and then try again."

6. We presently found a nice grassplot<sup>(4)</sup>, at one side of which I took my stand; and all things being prepared, I tossed the kite up just as little John ran off. It rose with all the dignity<sup>(5)</sup> of a balloon, and promised a lofty flight; but John, delighted to find it pulling so hard at the string, stopped short to look upward and admire. The



string slackened, the kite wavered, and, the wind not being very favorable, down came the kite to the grass. "O John, you should not have stopped," said I. "However, try again."

7. "I won't try any more," replied he, rather sullenly. "It is of no use, you see. The kite won't fly, and I don't want to be plagued with it any longer. ""Oh, fie, my little man! would you give up the sport, after all the pains we have taken both to make and to fly the kite? A few disappointments<sup>(6)</sup> ought not to discourage<sup>(7)</sup> us. Come, I have wound up your string, and now try again."

8. And he did try, and succeeded, for the kite was carried upward on the breeze as lightly as a feather; and when the string was all out, John stood in great delight, holding fast the stick and gazing on the kite, which now seemed like a little white speck in the blue sky. "Look, look, aunt, how high it flies! and it pulls like a team of horses, so that I can hardly hold it. I wish I had a mile of string: I am sure it would go to the end of it."

9. After enjoying the sight as long as he pleased, little John proceeded to roll up the string slowly; and when the kite fell, he took it up with great glee<sup>(8)</sup>, saying that it was not at all hurt, and that it had behaved very well. "Shall we come out to-morrow, aunt, after lessons, and try again?"

10. "I have no objection, my dear, if the weather is fine. And now, as we walk home, tell me what you have learned from your morning's sport. ""I have learned to fly my kite properly. ""You may thank aunt for it, brother," said Lucy, "for you would have given it up long ago, if she had not persuaded you to try again."

11. "Yes, dear children, I wish to teach you the value of perseverance,<sup>(9)</sup> even when nothing more depends upon it than the flying of a kite. Whenever you fail in your attempts to do any good thing, let your motto<sup>(10)</sup> be,—try again."

*EXERCISES. —What is the subject of this lesson? Why was John discouraged in his attempts to fly his kite? What did his aunt say to him? What may we learn from this? What should be our motto if we expect to be successful?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “能不能给我的风筝助个力？”我的小侄子对他妹妹说。之前他在地上拖着风筝，试着让它飞起来，但是失败了。他的妹妹露西热心地举起风筝，将它抛向空中，可是哥哥没有在同时起跑，于是风筝又摔了下来。

2. “哎呀！你怎么这么笨手笨脚的！”小家伙说。“这全都是你的错。”他妹妹反驳道。我说：“孩子们，再试一次。”

3. 露西再一次把风筝拿了起来。但这回约翰太心急了，他起跑得过于突然，把露西拿着的风筝扯得脱了手，结果像之前一样以失败告终。“现在是谁的错了？”露西问道。“再试试。”我说。

4. 他们又试了一次，这次更加小心了。但忽然从侧面来了一阵大风，当露西松手放飞风筝的时候，它被吹到了一片灌木丛中，尾部一时间缠绕在了一起，可怜的风筝就头向下挂在了树丛中。

5. “看吧，看吧！”约翰叫道，“这就是你把它抛向一边的结果。”“好像我能让风直着吹似的。”露西说。与此同时，我过去帮忙捡风筝。解开了风筝的长尾巴，我一边把它收起来一边说：“来吧，孩子们，这里树丛太多，我们去找个更开阔的地方，然后再试一次吧。”

6. 不一会儿，我们找到了一片非常不错的草地，我在草地一边站定。一切都准备就绪，我将风筝高高地向上抛起，约翰开始起跑。风筝像气球一样稳稳地飞了起来，似乎有希望可以飞得很高。但是当约翰发现它在用力地扯动风筝线时，他大喜过望，顿时停下脚步抬头欣赏起来。线一松，风筝开始摇摆，加上风势不太理想，它一下子掉在了草地上。“噢，约翰，刚才你不应该停下，”我说道，“不管怎么说，再来一次吧。”

7. “我不想再试了”，他回答道，“你看到了，这根本没用。风筝飞不起来，我可

再也不想让它折磨我了。”“得了，我的小男子汉！之前我们费了那么大劲做风筝、放风筝，难道你想放弃了？我们不应该被一点小小的挫折弄得灰心丧气。来吧，我给你绕好风筝线，现在再来试一次。”

8. 他的确又试了一次，这一次成功了，风筝像一片羽毛一样轻盈地被风吹着飞上了天空。当线都用完了，约翰站在那儿兴高采烈地凝望着风筝，手里紧紧攥着风筝杆。这时，风筝在蔚蓝的天空下看上去就像一张小小的白纸片。“姨妈，快看，快看，它飞得多高啊！感觉像有一群马在拉绳子，我都快拽不住了。我多希望绳子有一英里那么长啊，我相信即使那么长，我的风筝也能飞到头。”

9. 直到他欣赏够了，小约翰才开始慢慢地收回风筝线。风筝一落地，他就满心欢喜地捡了起来，说它毫发未损，刚才的表现棒极了。“姨妈，我们明天下课后还可以出来玩儿吗？还可以再来一次吗？”

10. “亲爱的，只要天气好，我没有任何意见。现在我们回家。边走边告诉我，你从上午的户外活动中学到些什么。”“我学会了用正确的方法放风筝。”“弟弟，你可得感谢姨妈，”露西说道，“要不是姨妈一再劝你再试一次，你肯定早就放弃了。”

11. “没错，孩子们，尽管还有很多事比放风筝更需要坚持不懈的精神，但我希望能够通过这件事教给你们这种精神的意义所在。以后每当你在遇到挫折时，给自己的座右铭应该是——再试一次。”

- 
- (1) Entangled, *twisted in, disordered.*
  - (2) Assistance, *help, aid.*
  - (3) Disengaged, *cleared, set free.*
  - (4) Grassplot, *a space covered with grass.*
  - (5) Dignity, *majestic manner.*

- (6) Disappointments, *failures or defeats of expectation.*
- (7) Discourage, *take away courage.*
- (8) Glee, *joy*
- (9) Perseverance, *continuance in anything once begun.*
- (10) Motto, *a short sentence or a word full of meaning.*

# LESSON 2

## TRY, TRY AGAIN

## 试一次，再试一次

1. 'T is a lesson you should heed,

Try, try again;

If at first you don't succeed,

Try, try again;

Then your courage<sup>(1)</sup> should appear,

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer<sup>(2)</sup>, never fear;

Try, try again.

2. Once or twice though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If you would at last prevail<sup>(3)</sup>,

Try, try again;

If we strive, 't is no disgrace<sup>(4)</sup>

Though we do not win<sup>(5)</sup> the race;

What should you do in the case?

Try, try again.

3. If you find your task is hard,

Try, try again;

Time will bring you your reward<sup>(6)</sup>,

Try, try again.

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience<sup>(7)</sup>, should not you?

Only keep this rule in view:

Try, try again.

# 【中文阅读】

1. 这一课你该留心听，

试一次，再试一次；

倘若最初未能成功，

那就试一次，再试一次；

然后你的决心会出现，

因为如果你坚持不懈，

你将赢得胜利，不再胆怯；

试一次，再试一次。

2. 虽然你可能会遭遇一两次失败，

试一次，再试一次；

你最终会将困难打败，

试一次，再试一次；

只要我们努力了，就不觉得丢脸，

尽管我们没能在比赛中夺冠。

如果这样你该怎么办？

试一次，再试一次；



3. 如果你感觉工作不容易,

试一次, 再试一次;

时间将带给你奖励,

试一次, 再试一次;

所有其他人能做的事,

你有毅力, 为什么不试一试?

谨记这个原则:

试一次, 再试一次。

- 
- (1) Courage, *resolution*.
  - (2) Conquer, *gain the victory*.
  - (3) Prevail, *overcome*.
  - (4) Disgrace, *shame*.
  - (5) Win, *gain, obtain*.
  - (6) Reward, *anything given in return for good or bad conduct*.
  - (7) Patience, *constancy in labor*.

# LESSON 3

## WHY THE SEA IS SALT

### 海水为什么是咸的

**Mary Howitt was born in 1804, at Coleford, England. She wrote many charming stories for children in prose and verse, and also translated many from Swedish, Danish, and German authors. This story is arranged from one in a collection named "Peter Drake's Dream, and Other Stories." She died in 1888.**

1. There were, in very ancient times, two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. Christmas was approaching, but the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner; so he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling<sup>(1)</sup> gift.

2. The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But as Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts, he took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him begone and never to let him see his face again.

3. The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under his arm, and went his way. He had to pass through a great forest on his way home. When he had reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man, with a long, white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said he to him.

4. "Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself up from his work, and looking at him. "That is a fine ham you are carrying. "On this, the poor man told him all about it.

5. "It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you have met with me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it; for the dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any. But mind what I say: you must not sell it for money, but demand for it the 'old hand mill [\(2\)](#) which stands behind the door. 'When you come back, I'll show you how to use it."

6. The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree, and by this door he entered into the land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set his foot in it, than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted [\(3\)](#) by the smell of the ham. They offered him queer, old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for it; but he refused all their tempting offers, and said that he would sell it only for the old hand mill behind the door.

7. At this, the dwarfs held up their little old hands, and looked quite perplexed [\(4\)](#). "We can not make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all a good day."

8. The fragrance [\(5\)](#) of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of dwarf land. The dwarfs came flocking around in little troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

9. "Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers;" it is quite out of order, and he don't know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will have the ham."

10. So the bargain was made. The poor man took the old hand mill, which was a little thing not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods. Here the old man showed him how to use it. All this had taken up a great deal of time, and it was midnight before he reached home.

11. "Where in the world have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge pot for our Christmas supper."

12. The house was dark and cold; but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen. He placed the little hand mill on the table, and began to turn the crank. First, out there came some grand, lighted wax candles, and a fire on the hearth, and a porridge pot boiling over it, because in his mind he said they should come first. Then he ground out a tablecloth, and dishes, and spoons, and knives and forks.

13. He was himself astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy and astonishment. Well, they had a capital supper; and after it was eaten, they ground out of the mill every possible thing to make their house and themselves warm and comfortable. So they had a merry Christmas eve and morning.

## 【中文阅读】

玛丽·豪伊特, 1804年生于英国科尔福德。她以诗歌和散文的形式为孩子们写下了许多动人的故事, 同时还翻译了不少瑞典、丹麦和德国作家的作品。这则故事节选自《彼特·德雷克之梦和其他故事》系列丛书。她于1888年辞世。

1. 很久很久以前, 有两个兄弟, 其中一个很富有, 另外一个很贫穷。圣诞节即将来临, 穷人家里没有任何吃的可以做圣诞晚餐, 于是他去找他的兄弟, 希望能从他那里得到一点微不足道的小礼物。

2. 那个富人生性恶毒, 当他听说了他兄弟的请求时, 他看起来异常粗暴。但是由于在圣诞节时连最坏的人都要送出礼物, 他便从烟囱里取下一块正在熏制的上好火腿, 扔给了他的兄弟, 并命令他赶快滚开, 再也不要让他看见。

3. 穷人将火腿夹在胳膊下就上路了。回家路上需要穿过一大片森林, 当他到达森林最深处时, 看到了一位留着长长白胡须的老人正在伐木。“晚上好,”他对老人说。

4. 老人从劳作中直起腰, 看着他回答道:“晚上好。”“你拿的这块火腿看起来很不错。”于是, 穷人把有关火腿的事源源本本地告诉了老人。

5. 老人说:“遇到我是你运气好。如果你带着火腿去矮人国, 你可以用这个跟他们大大地讨价还价一番, 因为他们非常喜欢火腿, 可是很难弄到。去那里的入口就在这棵树的树根下面。但是请记住我的话: 你一定不能为了钱去卖火腿, 而是要交换‘门后面那台老旧的手工磨粉机’。等你回来后, 我会告诉你如何使用它。”

6. 老人指给他看树根下的大石头, 石头下面就是通向矮人国的大门, 穷人谢过了他的新朋友, 顺着这个门走了进去。当他的双脚刚刚踏上矮人国的地盘, 火腿的味道把矮人们全都吸引了过来, 他们蜂拥而至, 把他团团围住。他们想用很

多奇异的古老钱币以及金银宝石来交换火腿，但他拒绝一切诱人的条件，说他只想用火腿换门后的那台老式手工磨粉机。

7. 矮人们看起来对他的这一举动感到非常困惑不解，纷纷举起他们饱经沧桑的小手。穷人说：“看来我们没法达成一致了，祝大家都有愉快的一天。”

8. 此时此刻，火腿的香气已经飘到了矮人国的深处，矮人们迫不及待地想得到火腿，全都丢下手里正在挖掘的珍贵宝石，成群结队向他簇拥过来。

9. 一些刚刚到达的矮人们说：“把那台老磨粉机给他吧，反正也不能用了，况且他也不知道怎么用。给他吧，这样火腿就归我们了。”

10. 交易就这么完成了。那台老旧的手工磨粉机非常小巧，还没有火腿的一半大。穷人拿着它回到了森林里，他的那位新朋友告诉了他如何操作。整个过程花费了很长时间，他回到家时已经是后半夜了。

11. “你到底上哪儿去了？”他妻子问道，“我在家里等啊等，既没有木头生火，也没有任何食物能下锅熬粥准备圣诞晚餐。”

12. 屋子里又黑又冷，但穷人让他妻子再等一会儿，看看会发生什么。他将那台小小的手工磨粉机放在桌上，开始转动手柄。首先出现的是一些华丽的燃烧着的蜡烛、壁炉里的火焰、一锅沸腾着要流出来的粥，因为在他脑海里，他觉得这些应该最先出现。随后他又不断地磨啊磨，出现了一块台布、一些碟子、勺子和刀叉。

13. 就像你想象的一样，连他自己都惊讶于他的好运气；他的妻子又高兴又吃惊，几乎不能自己。于是，他们享用了一顿丰盛的晚餐。用餐完毕，他们又磨出了能使他们的屋子和他们自己感到温暖舒适的各种物品。这样一来，他们度过了一个非常美妙的圣诞前夜和圣诞节清晨。

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- (1) Trifling, *of small value*.
  - (2) Handmill, *a mill turned by hand*.
  - (3) Attracted, *drawn to, allured*.
  - (4) Perplexed, *puzzled*.
  - (5) Fragrance, *sweetness of smell*.

# LESSON 4

## WHY THE SEA IS SALT (CONCLUDED)

### 海水为什么是咸的(结束篇)

1. When the people went by the house to church, the next day, they could hardly believe their eyes. There was glass in the windows instead of a wooden shutter, and the poor man and his wife, dressed in nice new clothes, were seen devoutly<sup>(1)</sup> kneeling in the church.

2. "There is something very strange in all this," said everyone. "Something very strange indeed," said the rich man, when three days afterwards he received an invitation from his once poor brother to a grand feast. And what a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all of silver or gold. The rich man could not, in his great house, and with all his wealth, set out such a table.

3. "Where did you get all these things?" exclaimed he. His brother told him all about the bargain he had made with the dwarfs, and putting the mill on the table, ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and bade his wife give them to the poor people that had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast the poor brother had made for the rich one.

4. The rich man was very envious of his brother's good fortune, and wanted to borrow the mill, intending—for he was not an honest man— never to return it again. His brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell or lend it to anyone.

5. Some years went on, and, at last, the possessor of the mill built himself a



grand castle on a rock by the sea, facing the west. Its windows, reflecting<sup>(2)</sup> the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. It became a noted landmark<sup>(3)</sup> for sailors. Strangers from foreign parts often came to see this castle and the wonderful mill of which the most extraordinary<sup>(4)</sup> tales were told.

6. At length, a great foreign merchant came, and when he had seen the mill, inquired whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned it he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

7. The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children. So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant. The merchant, however, determined to have it; he bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, and he stole the mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

8. He had scarcely got out to sea, before he determined to set the mill to work. "Now, mill, grind salt," said he;" grind salt with all your might!— salt, salt, and nothing but salt!" The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, it began to fill the ship.

9. The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened. What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding; and at last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool<sup>(5)</sup> where it sank. The ship soon went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and keeps grinding out "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" That is the reason, say the peasants<sup>(6)</sup> of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

*EXERCISES. —How did the poor man find the way to the land of the dwarfs? Do you think the old man would have told him if the poor man had not been so polite? How did the poor man treat his rich brother in return for his unkindness? How was the greed of the dishonest merchant punished? What is meant by "strangers from foreign parts"? Where are Denmark and Norway?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 第二天，当人们去教堂路过他家时，他们简直不敢相信自己的眼睛。他家窗户上不再是木头窗板，而是装上了玻璃。人们看到那个穷人和他妻子穿着体面的新衣服跪在教堂祈祷。

2. 每个人都说道：“这其中肯定发生了非常奇怪的事。”“的确有奇怪的事发生，”有钱人说道。之后第三天，他接到了那位曾经一贫如洗的兄弟发来的请柬，邀请他去享用一顿盛宴。那是怎样的一个盛宴啊！餐桌上铺着雪白雪白的桌布，餐具不是金的的就是银的。即便是在有钱人的大房子里，倾其所有，也准备不出这样一张餐桌。

3. “你是从哪里弄到这些东西的？”他大叫道。他兄弟源源本本地告诉了他和矮人们做的交易的事，并把磨粉机放在桌子上转，转出了靴子和鞋子，衣服和披风，还有长袜、女士长袍和毯子。穷人让妻子把这些东西分给那些围观的穷人们，他们聚集在房子周围，想来看看穷兄弟为有钱人准备的大餐。

4. 有钱人非常嫉妒他兄弟的好运气，想要借走磨粉机——由于他是一个不讲诚信的人，他根本没打算归还。他的兄弟没有答应，因为白胡子老者曾经告诫他不要把磨粉机借给或卖给任何人。

5. 许多年过去了，磨粉机的拥有者终于为他自己建造了一座很大的城堡。它坐落在紧临海边的岩石上，朝向西方。每当夕阳西下的时候，窗户上便会反射上金色的余晖，从距离海边很远的地方就能看到，这也就成了水手们眼中的显著标志物。通常有很多外乡的陌生人慕名而来，就是想看看这座城堡以及这台出现在最不同寻常的传说故事中的磨粉机。

6. 终于有一天，一位外国富商来到这里。当他看到磨粉机时，询问它是否能够用来出盐。得到肯定答复后，他想要买下它。因为他从事的是盐业贸易，想着如果拥有了这台机器，他不用冒着危险远渡涉水就能为顾客供应食盐了。

7. 磨粉机的所有者当然不会卖掉它。他现在家境富裕，根本不想为了自己的利益去使用它了，而是在每年圣诞节时用它为穷人们磨出衣服和煤火，为小孩子们磨出漂亮的礼物。因此，他拒绝了富商的一切出价。但富商一心想得到磨粉机，于是他贿赂了富人身边的一名侍从，在夜间放他进入了城堡。他真的偷到了磨粉机，带着胜利的喜悦乘船离去。

8. 他坐的船刚到海上，他就打算开始让磨粉机工作了。“磨粉机，现在出盐，”他说，“开足马力出盐喽！——盐、盐、除了盐还是盐！”磨粉机开始不停地出盐，水手们则把盐都装进了麻袋；这些袋子不一会儿就全装满了，尽管所有能做的都做了，但盐还是把整艘船全装满了。

9. 这个不诚实的富商现在开始感觉非常害怕了。还能做些什么呢？磨粉机不停地出盐，最后船变得极度超重，整个翻了过去，船沉没时掀起了巨大的旋涡。不一会儿，船身四分五裂，但磨粉机留在了深深的海底，还在不停地出着盐。“盐、盐、除了盐还是盐”，丹麦和挪威的农民常说，海水为什么是咸的，这就是原因所在。

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(1) Devoutly, in a reverent manner.

(2) Reflecting, throwing back light, heat, etc. , as a mirror.

(3) Landmark, an object on land serving as a guide to seamen.

(4) Extraordinary, wonderful.

(5) Whirlpool, a gulf in which the water moves round in a circle.

(6) Peasants, those belonging to the lowest class of tillers of the soil in Europe.

# LESSON 5

## POPPING CORN

### 爆米花

1. One autumn night, when the wind was high,

And the rain fell in heavy plashes,

A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,

A-popping corn in the ashes;

And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,

Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

2. Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,

Came out of the embers flying;

The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,

And kept it busily plying

He stirred the corn and it snapped the more,



And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

3. Part of the kernels flew one way,

And a part hopped out the other;

Some flew plump into the sister's lap,

Some under the stool of the brother;

The little girl gathered them into a heap,

And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 八月夜晚，狂风不断，

雨滴哗啦啦敲打地面，

小男孩坐在厨房的火炉旁，

炉灰里在爆玉米，

他的妹妹头发卷卷，年龄只有三周岁，

坐在他的膝盖边细细观看。

2. 砰！砰！玉米粒一个接一个爆开，

炉灰的余烬飞逸出来，

男孩手里拿着一条长长的松枝，

不停地在炉子里拨动；

他碰一碰玉米，更多的玉米粒爆开了，

很快都蹦到了干净的地板上。

3. 一部分玉米粒蹦向了一个方向，

还有一部分比它们跳得还远；

一些胖胖的玉米花飞到了妹妹的腿上，

还有的跑到了哥哥的椅子下面，

小女孩把它们集中起来堆成一堆，

管它们叫一群奶白色的绵羊。



# LESSON 6

## SMILES

### 微笑

1. Poor lame Jennie sat at her window, looking out upon the dismal<sup>(1)</sup>, narrow street, with a look of pain and weariness on her face. "Oh, dear," she said with a sigh, "what a long day this is going to be," and she looked wishfully<sup>(2)</sup> up the street.

2. Suddenly she leaned forward and pressed her pale face against the glass, as a rosy-cheeked boy came racing down the street, swinging his schoolbooks by the strap. Looking up to the window, he took off his hat and bowed with a bright, pleasant smile.

3. "What a nice boy he is," said Jennie to herself, as he ran out of sight. "I am so glad he goes by here on his way to school. When he smiles, it seems like having the sun shine. I wish everybody who goes by would look up and smile."

4. "Mamma," said George West, as he came from school, "I can't help thinking about that poor little girl I told you of the other day. She looks so tired. I took off my hat and bowed to her to-day. I wish I could do something for her."

5. "Suppose you should carry her a handful of pretty flowers some time when you go to school," said Mrs. West. "I'll do that to-morrow morning," said George, "if I can find my way into that rickety<sup>(3)</sup> old house."

6. The next morning, as Jennie sat leaning her head wearily against the window, watching the raindrops chasing one another down the glass, she spied George with a handful of beautiful flowers carefully picking his way across the street. He stopped in front of her window, and, smiling very pleasantly, said, "How shall I find the way to

your room?"

7. Jennie pointed to an alley near by, where he turned in, and with some difficulty found his way to the dingy<sup>(4)</sup> staircase. Opening the door to Jennie's gentle "Come in," he said, "I have brought you a handful of flowers to look at this rainy day."

8. "Are they for me?" exclaimed Jennie, clapping her hands in delight. "How kind you are," she continued, as George laid them in her lap. "I have not had a flower since we live in the city."

9. "Did you use to live in the country?" asked George. "Oh, yes," answered Jennie, "we used to live in a beautiful cottage, and there were trees and flowers and green grass, and the air was so sweet."

10. "Well, what made you move here?" "Oh," said Jennie, softly, "papa died, and mamma was sick so long that the money was all gone. Then mamma had to sell the cottage, and she moved here to try to get work to do."

11. "Do you have to sit here all day?" asked George, glancing<sup>(5)</sup> around the bare room and out into the dismal street. "Yes," said Jennie, "because I am lame; but I would not care for that, if I could only help mamma."

12. "I declare, it's too bad!" said George, who dreaded nothing so much as being obliged to stay in the house. "Oh, no, it isn't," said Jennie, pleasantly; "mamma says maybe we should forget the Lord if we had everything we wanted, and He never forgets us, you know."

13. "Well, I must rush for school," said George, not knowing exactly what to say next; and he was soon out of Jennie's sight, but had a happy little corner in his heart, because he had tried to do a kind act. He did not know how much good he had done

in making a pleasant day out of a dreary<sup>(6)</sup> one for a little sick girl.

14. "Mamma," said George, that evening, after he had told her what Jennie said, "papa must give them some money, so they can go back to their home."

15. "No," said his mother;" he can not do that, and they would not wish him to do so; but perhaps he can help us contrive<sup>(7)</sup> some way to assist them, so that they can live more comfortably."

16. "I am going to carry Jennie some of the grapes grandpa sent me, tomorrow," said George, turning over the leaves of his geography. "I will put some of my pears into your basket, and go with you," said his mother;" but there is one thing we can always give, and sometimes it does more good than nice things to eat, or even money."

17. "What is that, mamma,—smiles?" asked George, looking up. "Yes," answered his mother;" and it is a good plan to throw in a kind word or two with them, when you can."

*EXERCISES. —What is the subject of this lesson? How did George West make the day pleasant for Jennie? What did his mother suggest? What happened next day? What did Jennie tell George about her life? Relate what happened at George's home that evening. What does the lesson teach?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 可怜的跛脚珍妮坐在窗前，望着外面阴沉、狭窄的街道，脸上写满了痛苦和倦意。“哎呀，”她叹口气说道，“这将是多漫长的一天啊。”她眼巴巴地看着街道的尽头。

2. 她忽然探身向前，将苍白的小脸紧贴在窗户玻璃上。这时从街的尽头跑过来一个脸上粉嘟嘟的男孩，手里抓着书包带将书包甩来甩去。他抬头看到窗户，立即摘下帽子，鞠了一躬，脸上挂着阳光般的友好笑容。

3. 当他跑出了珍妮的视线，她自言自语道：“他真是个可爱的孩子！我真高兴他每天上学都从这儿经过。当他微笑时，仿佛让人沐浴在阳光里。我希望每个路过的人都能抬头微笑一下。”

4. “妈妈，”乔治·威斯特一从学校回到家就叫道，“我总会不由自主地想起那天我和您说过的那个可怜的小女孩。她看上去疲倦极了。今天我摘下帽子朝她鞠躬行礼。我希望能为她做些什么。”

5. “也许什么时候你去学校可以给她带一捧美丽的鲜花，”威斯特夫人说道。“只要能找到进入那栋老旧危房的路，我明天早上就可以按您说的这么做，”乔治说。

6. 第二天清晨，珍妮倦怠地将头靠在窗户上，看着雨点一滴一滴接连不断地沿着玻璃流下去。她忽然注意到乔治手里拿着一捧美丽的鲜花正在小心翼翼地过马路。他在她的窗前停了下来，非常友善地微笑着说：“我怎样才能找到通往你房间的路？”

7. 珍妮指了指附近的一条小路。他拐了进去，颇为费劲地找到了昏暗的楼梯。随着珍妮轻柔的一声“请进”，门开了。他说：“我给你带了鲜花，你在雨天下可以看看的。”

8. “它们是给我的吗？”珍妮惊呼，高兴得拍起手来。“你真是个热心肠。”乔治将花放在她膝盖上，她继续说道：“自从搬到城里来住，我还没见过花儿呢。”

9. “你原来一直住在乡下吗？”乔治问道。“是的，”珍妮回答，“我们原来住在乡间小屋里，那里有很多树很多花，还有大片大片的绿草，就连空气都散发着香甜的味道。”

10. “是什么原因让你搬到这里来的？”“噢，”珍妮缓缓地柔声说道，“爸爸去世了，妈妈又一直生病，钱都花完了。后来妈妈不得不卖掉房子，搬到这里来想办法找点事做。”

11. 乔治扫了一眼空荡荡的屋子和窗外阴郁的街道，问道：“你必须整天都坐在这儿吗？”“是的，”珍妮回答，“因为我的腿有残疾；但其实我不太在意这个，只希望能给妈妈帮点忙。”

12. “我敢说你已经做到了！”乔治说道。

13. 乔治不知下面该说些什么，只好说：“好了，我得赶快跑去上学了。”随后他就溜烟儿跑出了珍妮的视线。但他内心深处感到非常愉快，因为他在努力做一件好事。但他不知道把一个生病小女孩面对的沉闷的一天变成了快乐的一天是多大的一个善举。

14. 那天晚上，在把珍妮的话告诉了他母亲之后，乔治说：“妈妈，爸爸应该给她们些钱，这样她们就能回原来的家啦。”

15. “不，”他母亲说道，“爸爸他没法这么做。而且她们也不希望他这么做。但或许他能帮我们想些援助她们母女的方法，这样她们就能生活得更舒适些。”

16. “明天我打算给珍妮拿些奶奶给我的葡萄，”乔治边翻着他的地理书边说。“我会给你的篮子里放些梨，和你一起去。”他母亲说道，“但有一样东西我们总能给予她们，而且有时候它比好吃的或是金钱更好。”

17. “那是什么呀，妈妈，——是微笑吗？”乔治抬头看着妈妈问。“是啊，”他母亲回答，“而且尽可能地在微笑时说一两句友好的话是个好方法。”

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- (1) Dismal, *gloomy, cheerless.*
- (2) Wishfully, *with desire.*
- (3) Rickety, *imperfect, worn out.*
- (4) Dingy, *dark.*
- (5) Glancing, *looking about quickly.*
- (6) Dreary, *comfortless, gloomy.*
- (7) Contrive, *to plan.*

# LESSON 7

## LAZY NED

### 懒人奈德

1. "'T is royal<sup>(1)</sup> fun," cried lazy Ned,

"To coast<sup>(2)</sup> upon my fine, new sled,

And beat the other boys;

But then, I can not bear to climb

The tiresome hill, for every time

It more and more annoys<sup>(3)</sup>."

2. So, while his schoolmates glided by,

And gladly tugged uphill, to try

Another merry race,

Too indolent<sup>(4)</sup> to share their plays,

Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,

While shivering in his place.

3. Thus, he would never take the pains

To seek the prize<sup>(5)</sup> that labor gains,

Until the time had passed;

For, all his life, he dreaded still

The silly bugbear<sup>(6)</sup> of uphill,

And died a dunce<sup>(7)</sup> at last.

*EXERCISES. —What did Ned like? What did he not like?*



## 【中文阅读】

1. “这个非常有意思，”懒人奈德大叫道，

乘坐我全新的高级雪橇去滑冰，

把其他男生都比下去；

但是我受不了去爬，

那累人的山，因为每次

都让我感到越来越不胜其烦。

2. 因此，当他的校友们从身边滑过，

兴高采烈地将雪橇拉上山顶，尝试进行

又一次愉快的比赛时，

由于太懒惰而没有加入他们的游戏，

奈德只得站在一旁观看，

在原地瑟瑟发抖。

3. 即便这样，他也不愿下工夫

去追求劳动带来的收获，

直到时间流逝，

终其一生，他一直畏惧

那愚蠢的“上山”心结，

最后碌碌无为地死去。

---

(1) Royal, *excellent, noble*.

(2) Coast, *to slide*.

(3) Annoys, *troubles*.

(4) Indolent, *lazy*.

(5) Prize, *a reward*.

(6) Bugbear, *something frightful*.

(7) Dunce, *a silly fellow*.

# LESSON 8

## THE MONKEY

### 猴子

1. The monkey is a very cunning<sup>(1)</sup> little animal, and is found in many parts of the world.

2. A lady once had a monkey, which had been brought to her as a present. This monkey, like all others, was very fond of mischief and of doing whatever he saw others do.

3. His mistress found him one day sitting on her toilet table<sup>(2)</sup>, holding in one hand a little china mug with water in it, and in the other her toothbrush, with which he was cleaning his teeth, looking all the time in the glass.



4. Her little daughter, Maria, had a large doll with a very handsome head and face. She one day left this doll in the cradle, and went out of the room. The monkey

came in, took the doll in his arms, and jumping upon the washstand, he began to wash its face.

5. He first rubbed it all over with soap. Then seizing the towel, he dipped it in the washbowl, and rubbed it so hard that the doll's face was entirely spoiled, the paint being all washed off.

6. There have been many tales of monkeys who, armed with sticks, have joined together and made war or resisted<sup>(3)</sup> their enemies with great effect. These are not true, as it is known that in their native state monkeys have no idea of weapons.

7. The sticks and other missiles<sup>(4)</sup> said to be thrown at travelers as they pass under the branches of trees, are usually the dead branches, etc. , accidentally broken off, as the monkeys, with the natural curiosity of their tribe, pass along the tops of trees to watch the actions of the people below.

8. They can, however, be taught to use a stick, and to use it well. Some time ago, two Italians together owned an organ and a monkey, by means of which they earned their living. During one of their exhibitions<sup>(5)</sup>, a dog flew at the little monkey, which made its owners very angry.

9. They and the owner of the dog quarreled about it, and at last it was agreed that the dog and the monkey should fight it out; the monkey, because he was smaller, was to be allowed a stick.

10. The monkey was taught what he was to do in the following manner: One of the Italians crawled on his hands and knees, barking like a dog, while the other got on his back, grasped his hair, and beat him about the head with a stick.

11. The monkey looked on with great gravity<sup>(6)</sup>, and, when the instruction<sup>(7)</sup> was over, received the stick with the air of a man who knew his work and meant to do it.

12. Everything being settled the dog flew at the monkey with open month. The monkey immediately leaped on his back, and, grasping the dog's ear, beat away at his head with such good will that his adversary speedily gave in. The monkey, however, was not content with a mere victory, but continued pounding at the dog's head until he left him senseless<sup>(8)</sup> on the ground.

*EXERCISES. —What kind of an animal is a monkey? Where did the lady find the monkey one day? What was he doing? What did he do with Maria's doll? Do monkeys in their native state know how to use sticks as weapons? Can they be taught to use them? Relate the story of the two Italians. What is the meaning of "etc." in the seventh paragraph?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 猴子是一种非常灵巧的小动物，人们在世界上很多地方都发现了它们的踪影。
2. 一位女士曾经有一只猴子，是别人送给她的礼物。这只猴子和它的同类们一样，非常淘气，总喜欢看别人做什么就做什么。
3. 一天，它的女主人发现它坐在梳妆台上，一只手里握着一个瓷杯，里面盛着水，另一只手里举着主人的牙刷，从始至终对着镜子清理它的牙齿。
4. 女主人的小女儿玛丽亚有一个很大的娃娃，娃娃的头和脸都非常漂亮。有一天，她把娃娃放在摇篮里，随后出了房间。猴子跑了过来，把娃娃抱在怀里，跳到盥洗池边，开始给娃娃洗脸。
5. 它首先把盥洗池里搓满了肥皂，然后拽来一条毛巾，把毛巾在洗脸池里蘸了蘸，拿毛巾用力地擦洗娃娃的脸，使得她的脸上一片狼藉，原来的颜料全部被洗掉了。
6. 曾经有很多关于猴子的传说，说它们用木棍武装起来，并肩作战，有效地和敌人战斗或是打退它们的敌人。可这些并不是事实，因为众所周知的，猴子的头脑中生来并没有武器的概念。
7. 当游客们经过树下，那些所谓向他们扔下来的棍子和投掷物通常都是些枯树枝之类的东西，偶然间折断了，又由于猴子种群好奇的天性，从树顶上一路跑来想看看人们在树下的活动。
8. 当然，人们可以教它们使用棍子，它们可以用得很自如。之前，有两名意大利人拥有一架风琴和一只猴子，这两样是他们谋生的手段。在他们的一次公开表演中，一只狗扑向了小猴子，这让猴子的主人们非常恼火。

9. 他们和狗的主人争吵了起来, 最后达成一致, 狗和猴子要一决雌雄, 打出个结果来。因为猴子个头小, 允许它使用棍子。

两个意大利人教猴子接下来该怎么做: 其中一个人用手和膝盖撑在地上匍匐, 像狗一样叫着; 另一个人从背后搂住他, 用手抓他的头发, 用棍子敲击他的头部。

11. 猴子非常认真地看着, 当演示过程结束, 它就接过棍子, 神态俨然一个知道自己的任务并准备完成任务的人。

12. 当一切就绪, 那只狗张开大嘴扑向了猴子。猴子敏捷地跳到他的背后, 一把抓住了大狗的耳朵, 开始用力地击打它的头部, 以至于它的对手很快败下阵来。但是猴子并没有满足于单纯的胜利, 而是仍然不停地敲击他的头部, 直到大狗被打得躺在地上失去知觉为止。

- 
- (1) Cunning, *sly*.
  - (2) Toilet table, *dressing table*.
  - (3) Resisted, *opposed*.
  - (4) Missiles, *weapons thrown*.
  - (5) Exhibitions, *public shows*.
  - (6) Gravity, *seriousness*.
  - (7) Instruction, *lesson*.
  - (8) Senseless, *without apparent life*.

# LESSON 9

## MEDDLESOME MATTY

### 爱捣乱的玛蒂

1. Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled

The sweetest and the best!

Matilda, though a pleasant child,

One grievous fault possessed,

Which, like a cloud before the skies,

Hid all her better qualities<sup>(1)</sup>.

2. Sometimes, she'd lift the teapot lid

To peep at what was in it;

Or tilt, the kettle, if you did

But turn your back a minute.

In vain you told her not to touch,

Her trick of meddling<sup>(2)</sup> grew so much.

3. Her grandmamma went out one day,

And, by mistake, she laid



Her spectacles and snuffbox gay,

Too near the little maid;

"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,

As soon as grandmamma is gone."

4. Forthwith<sup>(3)</sup>, she placed upon her nose

The glasses large and wide;

And looking round, as I suppose,

The snuffbox, too, she spied<sup>(4)</sup>."

Oh, what a pretty box is this!

I'll open it," said little miss.

5. "I know that grandmamma would say,

'Don't meddle with it, dear;'

But then she's far enough away,

And no one else is near;

Beside, what can there be amiss<sup>(5)</sup>

In opening such a box as this?"

6. So, thumb and finger went to work

To move the stubborn lid;

And, presently, a mighty jerk

The mighty mischief did;

For all at once, ah! woeful<sup>(6)</sup> case!

The snuff came puffing in her face.

7. Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin

A dismal sight presented;

And as the snuff got further in,

Sincerely she repented.

In vain she ran about for ease,

She could do nothing else but sneeze.

8. She dashed the spectacles away,

To wipe her tingling<sup>(7)</sup> eyes;

And, as in twenty bits they lay,

Her grandmamma she spies.

"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"

Cried grandmamma, with angry brow.

9. Matilda, smarting with the pain,

And tingling still, and sore,

Made many a promise to refrain<sup>(8)</sup>

From meddling evermore;

And 't is a fact, as I have heard,

She ever since has kept her word.

*EXERCISES. —What did Matilda do? How was she punished? What effect did it have on her?*

# 【中文阅读】

1. 哦，一个丑陋的把戏是如何毁掉了

最甜美、最好的一切啊！

虽说玛蒂达是个讨人喜欢的孩子，

但她有一个严重的毛病，

就像是天空中的乌云，

遮挡住了她所有的优秀品质。

2. 有时候，她会拿起茶壶盖，

偷看里面是什么，

或者将水壶斜过来，如果你

转过身一分钟时间，

尽管你告诉她不要碰，但无济于事，

她爱捣乱的毛病有增无减。

3. 一天她祖母外出，

不小心把

她的老花镜和颜色鲜艳的鼻烟盒

放得离小女孩太近了，

“啊，好！”她想，“等祖母一出门，

我来试试它们。”

4. 随即，她把又大又宽的眼镜

架在了鼻梁上；

环顾四周，我猜

她也偷偷地看了鼻烟盒。

“噢，这个盒子多漂亮啊！

我来把它打开，”小女子说。

5. “我知道祖母肯定会说，

别碰它，亲爱的，”

但是她现在出门走远了，

这里又没有其他人，

再说，打开盒子看一下

又能出什么差错呢？

6. 这样一想，拇指和食指开始一起工作

来扭动紧紧的盖子；

现在，一次小聪明造成

猛烈的一抖；

忽然间，啊！糟了！

鼻烟都吹到她脸上了。

7. 可怜的眼睛、鼻子、嘴巴和下巴，

全都是一片狼藉；

当鼻烟飞到鼻子里，

她打心眼儿里感到懊悔，

她想跑一跑能舒服些，不料却无济于事，

她除了打喷嚏啥也干不了。

8. 她把眼镜扔到一边，

来擦擦刺痛的眼睛；

她发现祖母回来了。

“嗨！发生什么事了？”

祖母横眉怒目地叫起来。

9. 玛蒂达，因为眼睛刺痛而痛苦万分，

嗓子又疼又痒，

她向大家保证以后再也

不捣乱了；

这是一个事实，我听说的，

她从此以后说到做到。

---

- (1) Qualities, *traits of character*.
- (2) Meddling, *interfering without right*.
- (3) Forthwith, *at once*.
- (4) Spied, *saw*.
- (5) Amiss, *wrong, faulty*.
- (6) Woeful, *sad, sorrowful*
- (7) Tingling, *smarting*.
- (8) Refrain, *to keep from*.

# LESSON 10

## THE GOOD SON

### 好孩子

1. There was once a jeweler<sup>(1)</sup>, noted<sup>(2)</sup> for many virtues. One day, the Jewish elders<sup>(3)</sup> came to him to buy some diamonds, to put upon that part of the dress of their high priest, which the Bible calls an ephod<sup>(4)</sup>.

2. They told him what they wanted, and offered him a fair price for the diamonds<sup>(5)</sup>. He replied that he could not let them see the jewels at that moment, and requested them to call again.

3. As they wanted them without delay, and thought that the object of the jeweler was only to increase the price of the diamonds, the elders offered him twice, then three times, as much as they were worth. But he still refused, and they went away in very bad humor<sup>(6)</sup>.

4. Some hours after, he went to them, and placed before them the diamonds, for which they again offered him the last price they had named; but he said, "I will only accept the first one you offered to me this morning."

5. "Why, then, did you not close<sup>(7)</sup> with us at once?" asked they in surprise. "When you came," replied he, "my father had the key of the chest, in which the diamonds were kept, and as he was asleep, I should have been obliged to wake him to obtain them.

6. "At his age, a short hour of sleep does him a great deal of good; and for all the gold in the world, I would not be wanting in respect to my father, or take from him a single comfort."



7. The elders, affected by these feeling words, spread their hands upon the jeweler's head, and said, "Thou shalt be blessed of Him who has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' and thy children shall one day pay thee the same respect and love thou hast shown to thy father."

*EXERCISES. —Relate the story of the jeweler and his diamonds. What did the elders say to him, when they heard his reason for not giving them the diamonds at first?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 曾经有一位珠宝匠，因其身上许多的优秀品质而为人们所熟知。一天，几位上了年纪的犹太长老到他店里来，想要买一些珠宝，用来装饰他们最高级别神职人员的服装，即《圣经》中提到的犹太教大祭司所穿的法衣。
  2. 他们告诉他需要什么样的珠宝，并且报的价格也公平合理。他回答说目前他没法让他们看珠宝，请他们再打电话和他联系。
  3. 由于他们当下就需要那些珠宝，不能耽搁，而且他们认为珠宝匠的目的只是为抬高售价，老先生们给他开出了相当于珠宝价值两倍的价格，然后又加到了三倍。但他还是拒绝了，老先生们只得快快离去。
  4. 几个小时之后，他去找他们，将珠宝摆在他们面前，老先生们仍然开出了最后提到的价码。但他说：“我只会接受今天早上你们最初开的价。”
  5. “那你当时为什么不立刻和我们成交呢？”他们无比惊讶地问道。他回答：“当你们来时，我父亲保管着金库的钥匙，珠宝都保存在金库里。而我父亲当时正在睡觉，我本应该叫醒他，拿来钥匙。”
  6. “但是到了他这个年纪，短短一小时的睡眠都会对他的身体非常有好处；再说，出于对父亲的敬爱，就算给我全世界的黄金，我也不会牺牲任何一点父亲休息的时间。”
  7. 珠宝匠一番饱含深情的话语深深打动了老先生们，他们用手拍拍他的头，说：“你必感谢那个说过‘尊敬你父亲母亲’的人，你的孩子们也将如你尊敬你父亲这样尊敬你。”
-

- (1) Jeweler, *one who buys and sells precious stones.*
- (2) Noted, *well known.*
- (3) Elder, *an officer of the Jewish church.*
- (4) Ephod, *part of the dress of a Jewish priest, made of two pieces, one covering the chest and the other the back, united by a girdle.*
- (5) Diamonds, *precious stones.*
- (6) Humor, *state of mind, temper.*
- (7) Close, *come to an agreement.*

# LESSON 11

## TOMORROW

### 明天

**Mrs. M. B. Johnson is the authoress of "Tomorrow," one of a collection of poems entitled "Poems of Home Life."**

1. A bright, merry boy, with laughing face,

Whose every motion was full of grace,

Who knew no trouble and feared no care,

Was the light of our household<sup>(1)</sup>—the youngest there.

2. He was too young, this little elf<sup>(2)</sup>,

With troublesome questions to vex<sup>(3)</sup> himself;

But for many days a thought would rise,

And bring a shade to his dancing eyes.

3. He went to one whom he thought more wise

Than any other beneath the skies;

"Mother,"—O word that makes the home!—

"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

4. "It is almost night," the mother said,

"And time for my boy to be in bed;

When you wake up and it's day again,

It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

5. The little boy slept through all the night,

But woke with the first red streak of light;

He pressed a kiss to his mother's brow,

And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

6. "No, little Eddie, this is to-day:

To-morrow is always one night away."

He pondered<sup>(4)</sup> a while<sup>(5)</sup>, but joys came fast,

And this vexing question quickly passed.

7. But it came again with the shades of night;

"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"

From years to come he seemed care to borrow,

He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

8. "You can not catch it, my little Ted;

Enjoy to-day," the mother said;

"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year——

It is always coming, but never is here."

*EXERCISES. —What is meant by "dancing eyes" in the second stanza? What is meant by "the shades of night," in the seventh stanza? Of what name are "Eddie" and "Ted" nicknames? What troubled Eddie? Can you define tomorrow? What did Eddie's mother advise him to do?*

# 【中文阅读】

作者, M. B. 约翰逊夫人, 选自诗集《家庭生活之诗》。

1. 一个阳光、快乐的男孩, 脸上绽开笑颜,

他的举手投足都风度翩翩,

他不识困难, 无忧无虑,

是我们家中的光明所在。

2. 他太年轻, 这个小精灵,

不会让费解的问题把自己折磨,

但很多天来, 一个想法出现,

给他跃动的眼睛蒙上一层阴影。

3. 他去找他认为比天底下任何人

都更具智慧的人请教;

“妈妈,”——哦, 这个词切中要害,

“告诉我, 明天什么时候到来?”

4. “现在已经是夜里了,”妈妈说,

“该是我儿子上床睡觉的时间了;

当你醒来时, 就是白天了,

那时就是明天了，我的宝贝。”

5. 小男孩整夜熟睡，

但随着早晨的第一缕阳光醒来；

他亲吻妈妈的额头，

轻声问道：“现在是‘明天’了吗？”

6. “不，小艾迪，这是‘今天’；

明天总是要过一个晚上。”

他思考了一会儿，但很快高兴了起来。

这个费解的问题很快过去了。

7. 但它随着夜幕的降临又卷土重来；

“等天亮了是不是就是明天了？”

他似乎想要从未来的年月里借记时间，

他试图努力抓住明天。

8. “你是抓不住它的，我的小泰德；

享受‘今’天，”妈妈说道；

“有些人在一年中的每天等待明天

它总是即将到来，但永远无法到达。”



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(1) Household, *family, those living in the same house.*

(2) Elf, *a small fairylike person.*

(3) Vex, *worry, trouble.*

(4) Pondered, *thought anxiously.*

(5) A while, *for a short time.*

# LESSON 12

## WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY

### 有志者事竟成

1. Henry Bond was about ten years old when his father died. His mother found it difficult to provide for the support of a large family, thus left entirely in her care. By good management<sup>(1)</sup>, however, she contrived to do so, and also to send Henry, the oldest, to school, and to supply him, for the most part, with such books as he needed.
2. At one time, however, Henry wanted a grammar, in order to join a class in that study, and his mother could not furnish<sup>(2)</sup> him with the money to buy it. He was very much troubled about it, and went to bed with a heavy heart, thinking what could be done.
3. On waking in the morning, he found that a deep snow had fallen, and the cold wind was blowing furiously<sup>(3)</sup>. "Ah," said he, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."
4. He rose, ran to the house of a neighbor, and offered his service<sup>(4)</sup> to clear a path around his premises<sup>(5)</sup>. The offer was accepted. Having completed this work, and received his pay, he went to another place for the same purpose, and then to another, until he had earned enough to buy a grammar.
5. When school commenced, Henry was in his seat, the happiest boy there, ready to begin the lesson in his new book.
6. From that time, Henry was always the first in all his classes. He knew no such

word as fail, but always succeeded in all he attempted. Having the will, he always found the way.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在亨利·邦德大约十岁时，他的父亲去世了。支撑整个大家庭的重任全都落在了他母亲的身上，这让她感到异常的艰辛。但通过不断的苦心经营，她想尽办法撑起了这个家，还送她最大的孩子亨利去读书，给他提供了上学所需要的大部分书籍。

2. 然而，有一次，亨利为了参加语法学习班，需要一本语法书，他母亲实在没有钱供他买书。这件事让他非常纠结，晚上躺在床上仍然忧心忡忡，一直在想能做些什么。

3. 早晨醒来，他看到外面已经下了厚厚的一层雪，寒风猛烈地吹着。他说：“啊，这场恶劣的寒风让大家都够难受的。”

4. 他迅速地起床，跑到邻居家里，提出为邻居的房屋四周清扫积雪。邻居接受了他的提议。当完成了这项工作，拿到了工钱，他又跑到另一处帮人扫雪，然后又去了另一家，直到他赚够了买语法书的钱。

5. 等到开学时，亨利坐在他的位子上，等待开始学习新书上的第一课，他是班里最最开心的。

6. 从那时起，亨利总是班上到校最早的。在他的心目中，没有“失败”一词，他总能够成功地做好他想做的事。有了意愿，他就总能够找到成功之路。

---

(1) Management, *manner of directing things*.

(2) Furnish, *to supply*.

(3) Furiously, *violently*.

[\(4\)](#) Service, *labor*.

[\(5\)](#) Premises, *grounds around a house*.

# LESSON 13

## PICCOLA

### 皮克拉

By Celia Loughton Thaxter, who was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836. Much of her childhood was passed at White Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire. "Among the Isles of Shoals" is her most noted work in prose. She published a volume of poems, many of which are favorites with children. She died in 1894.

1. Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear

What happened to Piccola, children dear?

'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants

As fell to this little maid of France.

2. 'T was Christmas time, and her parents poor

Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,

Striving with poverty's patient pain

Only to live till summer again.

3. No gift for Piccola! sad were they

When dawned<sup>(1)</sup> the morning of Christmas day!

Their little darling no joy might stir<sup>(2)</sup>;

St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

4. But Piccola never doubted at all

That something beautiful must befall<sup>(3)</sup>

Every child upon Christmas day,

And so she slept till the dawn was gray.



5. And full of faith, when at last she woke,

She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;

Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,

'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there.

6. In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild—

Never was seen such a joyful child—

"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,

And mother and father must peep inside.

7. Now such a story I never heard!

There was a little shivering<sup>(4)</sup> bird!

A sparrow, that in at the window flew,

Had crept into Piccola's tiny<sup>(5)</sup> shoe!

8. "How good poor Piccola must have been!"

She cried, as happy as any queen,

While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,

And danced with rapture<sup>(6)</sup>, she was so charmed<sup>(7)</sup>.

9. Children, this story I tell to you

Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.

In the far-off land of France, they say,

Still do they live to this very day.

*EXERCISES. —What is meant by "driving the wolf from the door"? In the third stanza, what does "St. Nicholas" mean? Who is St. Nicholas? What did*



*Piccola find in her shoe on Christmas morning?*

# 【中文阅读】

西莉亚·莱顿·萨克斯德著。她1836年6月2日生于新罕布什尔州朴茨茅斯市。她的大部分童年时光是在新罕布什尔州海边“多鱼群岛”中的怀特岛度过的。《海岛生活》是她最著名的作品之一。她还曾出版过很多诗集，广受小朋友们喜爱，于1894年去世。

## 1. 可怜的，可爱的皮克拉！你们听说

皮克拉出什么事了，孩子们？

很少有人遭遇的这种不幸，

却发生在了这个法国小女孩身上。

## 2. 现在是圣诞节，她的父母都很贫穷，

不能摆脱困境，

与贫穷的痛苦斗争着，

只为再次活着迎接夏天的到来。

## 3. 没有礼物给皮克拉！他们非常悲伤

随着圣诞节清晨的来临！

他们的小宝贝不快乐；

圣诞老人没有东西带给她！

## 4. 但皮克拉深信不疑

漂亮的东西会

在圣诞日赠给每个孩子，

所以她一直到天快亮才睡着。

5. 当她最终醒来，信心满怀，

天空破晓，她偷拿来鞋子；

空气中都充满欢快的声音，

显然圣诞老人来过了。

6. 匆忙的皮克拉，内心甜蜜又按捺不住——

从来没见过这么愉快的孩子——

“看看圣诞老人带来了什么！”她叫着，

妈妈和爸爸都往里面看去。

7. 现在是我从未听过的故事了！

有一只颤抖的小鸟！

一只小麻雀，从窗子飞进来，

爬进了皮克拉的小鞋子！

8. “可怜的皮克拉一定是多么善良啊！”

她大声叫着，像女王一样欢乐，

饥饿的小麻雀被她喂饱了，温暖着，

她手舞足蹈地跳起舞来，多么高兴啊。

## 9. 孩子们，我告诉你们的

关于可爱的皮克拉和她的小鸟的故事是真实的。

据说，在遥远的法国，

她们今天仍然健在。

---

(1) Dawned, *began to grow light*.

(2) Stir, *excite*.

(3) Befall, *happen*.

(4) Shivering, *trembling from cold*.

(5) Tiny, *very small*.

(6) Rapture, *great joy*.

(7) Charmed, *greatly pleased*.

# LESSON 14

## TRUE MANLINESS

### 真正的男子汉

1. "Please, mother, do sit down and let me try my hand," said Fred Liscom, a bright, active boy twelve years old. Mrs. Liscom, looking pale and worn, was moving languidly<sup>(1)</sup> about, trying to clear away the breakfast she had scarcely tasted.

2. She smiled, and said, "You, Fred, you wash dishes?" "Yes, indeed, mother," replied Fred;" I should be a poor scholar if I couldn't, when I've seen you do it so many times. Just try me."

3. A look of relief came over his mother's face as she seated herself in her low rocking-chair. Fred washed the dishes, and put them in the closet. He then swept the kitchen, brought up the potatoes from the cellar for the dinner and washed them, and then set out for school.

4. Fred's father was away from home, and as there was some cold meat in the pantry, Mrs. Liscom found it an easy task to prepare dinner. Fred hurried home from school, set the table, and again washed the dishes.

5. He kept on in this way for two or three days, till his mother was able to resume her usual work, and he felt amply<sup>(2)</sup> rewarded when the doctor, who happened in one day, said, "Well, madam, it's my opinion<sup>(3)</sup> that you would have been very sick if you had not kept quiet."

6. The doctor did not know how the "quiet" had been secured, nor how the boy's heart bounded at his words. Fred had given up a great deal of what boys hold dear, for the purpose of helping his mother, coasting and skating being just at this time in

perfection.

7. Besides this, his temper and his patience had been severely tried. He had been in the habit of going early to school, and staying to play after it was dismissed.

8. The boys missed him, and their curiosity was excited when he would give no other reason for not coming to school earlier, or staying after school, than that he was "wanted at home. ""I'll tell you," said Tom Barton, "I'll find him out, boys—see if I don't!"

9. So he called for Fred to go to school, and on his way to the side door walked lightly and somewhat nearer the kitchen window than was absolutely<sup>(4)</sup> needful. Looking in, he saw Fred standing at the table with a dishcloth in his hand.

10. Of course he reported this at school, and various were the greetings poor Fred received at recess. "Well, you're a brave one to stay at home washing dishes. ""Girl boy!" "Pretty Bessie!" "Lost your apron, have n't you, Polly!"

11. Fred was not wanting either in spirit or courage, and he was strongly tempted to resent<sup>(5)</sup> these insults and to fight some of his tormentors. But his consciousness<sup>(6)</sup> of right and his love for his mother helped him.

12. While he was struggling for self mastery, his teacher appeared at the door of the schoolhouse. Fred caught his eye, and it seemed to look, if it did not say, "Don't give up! Be really brave!" He knew the teacher had heard the insulting taunts of his thoughtless schoolmates.

13. The boys received notice during the day that Fred must not be taunted or teased in any manner. They knew that the teacher meant what he said; and so the brave little boy had no farther trouble.

(Mrs. M. O. Johnson)

*EXERCISES. —Why did Fred offer to wash the dishes? Was it a disgraceful thing to do? How was he rewarded? How did his schoolmates show their lack of manliness?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “妈妈，求您了，坐下吧，让我来试试。”弗雷德·利斯科姆说。他是一个阳光、活泼的12岁少年。利斯科姆夫人看起来苍白而疲惫，她没精打采地挪动着，打算收拾起她基本上没怎么吃的早餐。

2. 她微笑着说：“弗雷德，你，你来洗盘子吗？”“是的，妈妈，”弗雷德回答道，“如果我看您刷盘子看了那么多次还没学会，那我肯定是个差劲的学生。就让我试试吧。”

3. 当母亲坐到她的矮摇椅上时，脸上露出了如释重负的表情。弗雷德洗好盘子，将它们放到橱柜里。接着他又打扫了厨房，从地窖里拿上来一些土豆，把它们洗净，准备做晚餐用，然后就去上学了。

4. 弗雷德的父亲不在家，家里的储藏室里还有些冻肉，利斯科姆夫人感觉准备晚餐还比较轻松。弗雷德从学校匆匆忙忙回到家，摆好餐具，饭后又刷了碗。

5. 他如此执行了两到三天，直到他母亲能够继续她的日常工作。医生某天说道：“唉呀，女士，我认为如果前段时间您没有静养，很有可能会病得很重。”听了这些话，他感到自己得到了极大的褒奖。

6. 医生当然不知道“静养”是如何得到保证的，也不知道听到他的话男孩的心是如何狂跳不止。

7. 此外，他的脾气和耐心也经历了严峻的考验。过去，他总是习惯于早早到学校，下课后留在学校玩耍。

8. 他的伙伴们都很想念他。当他对于“没法早到学校，没法下课后留下玩耍”给出原因仅仅是“家里需要他”时，伙伴们的好奇心被激发了起来。

“我会告诉你们的，”汤姆·巴顿说，“我会找到答案的，孩子们——看我会不



会！”

9. 于是他打电话约弗雷德一起上学。在往旁门走时，他轻手轻脚地接近厨房的窗户，这一动作绝对是有意为之而非出于需要。向屋内看去，他看见弗雷德站在餐桌边，手里拿着一块抹布。

10. 当然，他到学校公布了看到的一切。课间时，可怜的弗雷德收到了各种各样的问候。“嗨，你真有勇气，能待在家刷盘子。”“娘娘腔！”“漂亮的小贝西！”“是不是围裙找不到啦，珀莉！”

11. 弗雷德并不是缺乏志气或勇气，而且他对于这些侮辱性的话语表示出强烈的不满，也很有冲动和刺头们打上一架。但正是他的正义感和对母亲的爱帮了他。

12. 正当他挣扎着控制自己的情绪时，老师出现在了教室门口。弗雷德与老师目光相对，虽然他的眼神没有说，但至少看起来是要说“不要放弃！要做到真正的坚强”！他知道老师已经听到了那些没头脑的同学们对他的侮辱和嘲笑了。

13. 那天，男孩子们被告知，不许以任何方式嘲笑或取笑弗雷德。他们知道老师会说到做到的，所以勇敢的小男孩弗雷德没再遇到任何麻烦。

(M·O·约翰逊夫人)

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(1) Languidly, *feebly*.

(2) Amply, *fully*.

(3) Opinion, *judgment*, *belief*.

[\(4\)](#) Absolutely, *wholly, entirely*.

[\(5\)](#) Resent, *to consider as an injury*.

[\(6\)](#) Consciousness, *inward feeling, knowledge of what passes in one's own mind*.

# LESSON 15

## TRUE MANLINESS (CONCLUDED)

### 真正的男子汉(结束篇)

1. "Fire! fire!" The cry crept out on the still night air, and the fire bells began to ring. Fred was wakened by the alarm and the red light streaming into his room. He dressed himself in a moment, almost, and tapped at the door of his mother's bedroom.

2. "It is Mr. Barton's house, mother. Do let me go," he said in eager, excited tones. Mrs. Liscom thought a moment. He was young, but she could trust him, and she knew how much his heart was in the request.

3. "Yes, you may go," she answered;" but be careful, my boy. If you can help, do so; but do nothing rashly. "Fred promised to follow her advice, and hurried to the fire.

4. Mr. and Mrs. Barton were not at home. The house had been left in charge of the servants. The fire spread with fearful speed, for there was a high wind, and it was found impossible to save the house. The servants ran about, screaming and lamenting, but doing nothing to any purpose.

5. Fred found Tom outside, in safety. "Where is Katy?" he asked. Tom, trembling with terror, seemed to have had no thought but of his own escape. He said, "Katy is in the house!" "In what room?" asked Fred. "In that one, "pointing to a window in the upper story.

6. It was no time for words, but for instant, vigorous action. The staircase was already on fire; there was but one way to reach Katy, and that full of danger. The second floor might fall at any moment, and Fred knew it. But he trusted in an arm stronger than his own, and silently sought help and guidance.

7. A ladder was quickly brought, and placed against the house. Fred mounted it, followed by the hired man, dashed in the sash of the window, and pushed his way into the room where the poor child lay nearly suffocated with smoke.



8. He roused her with some difficulty, carried her to the window, and placed her upon the sill. She was instantly grasped by strong arms, and carried down the ladder, Fred following as fast as possible. They had scarcely reached the ground before a crash of falling timbers told them that they had barely escaped with their lives.

9. Tom Barton never forgot the lesson of that night; and he came to believe, and to act upon the belief, in after years, that true manliness is in harmony with gentleness, kindness, and self-denial.

*EXERCISES. —Relate the story of the fire. What is meant by "to any purpose,"*

*in paragraph four? Did Fred show any lack of manliness when tested? What does this lesson teach?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “着火啦！着火啦！”叫喊声划破了寂静的夜空，火灾报警铃声随之响起。报警声惊醒了弗雷德，红色的火光向着他的房间逼近。他立刻穿上衣服，几乎同时敲响了他母亲卧室的门。

2. “是巴顿家的房子着火了，妈妈。让我去帮忙吧。”他用急切而又激动的语气说道。利斯科姆夫人想了一下。虽然他年纪不大，但她相信他能行，而且她也知道他的请求是多么真心实意。

3. “好吧，你可以去，”她回答，“但一定要小心，我的孩子。如果你能帮上忙，那一定要帮；不过千万不要莽撞。”弗雷德保证会遵从母亲的建议，然后匆忙向火灾现场跑去。

4. 巴顿夫妇不在家。房子留给佣人们照看。火势以令人恐惧的速度蔓延着，由于风力太大，想保住房子是不可能的了。佣人们纷纷叫嚷着、抱怨着，四散逃窜，任何想办法的事都没做。

5. 弗雷德在外面找到了汤姆，他安然无恙。“凯蒂在哪儿？”弗雷德问。汤姆害怕得浑身发抖，看起来他只想着自己逃出来，其他的都顾不上了。汤姆说：“凯蒂在房子里！”“在哪间？”弗雷德问道。“就是那间。”汤姆指向了楼上的一扇窗户。

6. 没时间多说了，得马上采取有力的行动。楼梯已经着火了。现在只有一条路能到凯蒂房间，而这条路却又异常危险。弗雷德知道，房子的二楼随时都有可能坍塌。但是他信任那些比他有力气的大人，然后轻声地向他们寻求帮助和指导。

7. 人们很快拿来了一架梯子，把它搭在了房子外墙上。弗雷德爬上了梯子，雇来的人紧随其后，先后从窗框冲了进去。他立刻奔向凯蒂的房间，那个可怜的孩子在里面被浓烟呛得几乎要窒息了。

8. 他费力地叫醒凯蒂，将她抱到窗边，放在窗台上。她随即被一双强有力的胳膊紧紧抓住并抱下了梯子。弗雷德以最快的速度紧跟其后。他们刚一站到地面上就听到了木头掉落的撞击声，这说明刚才他们差点就没机会逃命了。

9. 汤姆·巴顿永远也忘不了那天夜里的一课。在之后的岁月里，他开始相信并且用行动实践这一信念，即真正的男子汉是温柔、善良和自我牺牲的统一。

# LESSON 16

## THE BROWN THRUSH

### 棕色画眉鸟

**Lucy Larcom, the author of the following poem, was born in 1826, and passed many years of her life as a factory girl at Lowell, Mass. She died in 1893.**

1. There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;

" He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"

And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't You hear? Don't you see?

Hush! look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!"

2. And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,



If you never bring sorrow to me."

3. So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

But long it won't be,

Don't you know?

Don't you see?

Unless we're as good as can be."

*EXERCISES. —What is a thrush? Why was the thrush so happy? Do you think he would have been happy if the little boy or girl had robbed the nest?*

# 【中文阅读】

下面这首诗歌的作者露西·拉科姆，生于1826年，很长一段时间曾作为一名工厂女工在马萨诸塞州的罗维尔市生活，1893年去世。

1. 一只欢乐的棕色画眉鸟坐在树枝上；

“他在对我歌唱！他在对我歌唱！”

小女孩，小男孩，他在说什么？

“哦，世界将一直充满欢乐！

难道你听不见？难道你看不出？

安静！看呐！在我的树上

我要多快乐有多快乐！”

2. 棕色画眉一直在唱着，“你看到鸟巢了么？

看到被我藏在杜松树上的五颗蛋了么？

别捣乱！别碰！小女孩，小男孩，

否则世界将会失去一些欢乐！

现在我非常高兴！现在我很自由！

而且我会一直这样

只要你们不给我带来悲伤。”

3. 所以欢乐的棕色画眉总在树上歌唱，

向着你和我，向着我和你；

他整天都在唱，小女孩，小男孩，

“哦，世界将一直充满欢乐！

但这并不长久

难道你不知道？难道你看不出？

除非我们能做多好就做多好。”

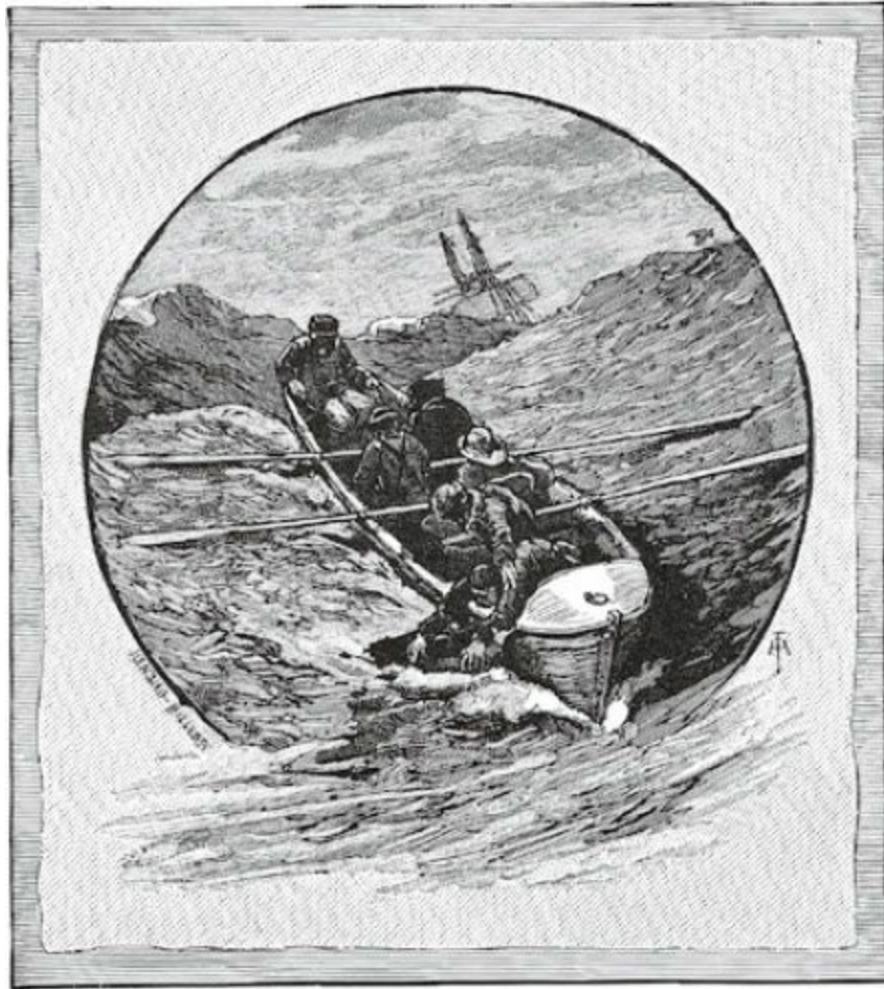
# LESSON 17

## A SHIP IN A STORM

### 暴风雨中的船

1. Did you ever go far out upon the great ocean? How beautiful it is to be out at sea, when the sea is smooth and still!
2. Let a storm approach, and the scene is changed. The heavy, black clouds appear in the distance, and throw a deep, deathlike shade over the world of waters.
3. The captain and sailors soon see in the clouds the signs of evil. All hands are then set to work to take in sail.
4. The hoarse notes of the captain, speaking through his trumpet, are echoed<sup>(1)</sup> from lip to lip among the rigging. Happy will it be, if all is made snug before the gale<sup>(2)</sup> strikes the vessel.
5. At last, the gale comes like a vast moving mountain of air. It strikes the ship. The vessel heaves<sup>(3)</sup> and groans under the dreadful weight, and struggles to escape through the foaming waters.
6. If she is far out at sea, she will be likely to ride out the storm in safety. But if the wind is driving her upon the shore, the poor sailors will hardly escape being dashed upon the rocks, and drowned.
7. Once there was a ship in a storm. Some of her masts were already broken, and her sails lost. While the wind was raging, and the billows<sup>(4)</sup> were dashing against her, the cry was heard, "A man has fallen overboard!"
8. Quickly was the boat lowered, and she was soon seen bounding on her way

over the mountain waves. At one moment, the boat seemed lifted to the skies, and the next, it sank down, and appeared to be lost beneath the waves!



9. At length, the man was found. He was well nigh drowned; but he was taken on board, and now they made for the ship. But the ship rolled so dreadfully, that it seemed certain death to go near her. And now, what should they do?

10. The captain told one of the men to go aloft and throw down a rope. This was made fast to the boat, and when the sea was somewhat calm it was hoisted, and all fell down into the ship with a dreadful crash. It was a desperate<sup>(5)</sup> way of getting on board; but fortunately no lives were lost.

11. On the dangerous points along our seacoast are lighthouses, which can be seen far out at sea, and serve as guides to ships. Sometimes the fog<sup>(6)</sup> is so dense that these lights can not be seen, but most lighthouses have great fog bells or fog horns;

some of the latter are made to sound by steam, and can be heard for a long distance. These bells and horns are kept sounding as long as the fog lasts.

12. There are also many life-saving stations along the coast where trained men are ready with lifeboats. "When a ship is driven ashore they at once go to the rescue of those on board, and thus many valuable lives are saved.

13. Take it all in all, a sailor's life is a very hard one. Our young friends owe a debt of gratitude<sup>(7)</sup> to those whose home is upon the great waters, and who bring them the luxuries<sup>(8)</sup> of other countries.

*EXERCISES. —What is this lesson about? When is it dangerous to be at sea? What do sailors then do? In what situation are they most likely to be saved? Relate the story of the man overboard. Tell about the lighthouses. How are vessels warned of danger in a fog? What about the life-saving stations? What is said of a sailor's life?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 你是否曾经在大海里远航？当风平浪静的时候，海面上是多么漂亮啊！
2. 若让暴风雨接近，场景就完全变了样。厚重的乌云在不远处出现，给这个水的世界投下一个颜色很深的、死亡般的阴影。
3. 船长和水手们很快在乌云中看到了不祥的迹象。所有人手都被派去把船帆收起来。
4. 船长对着扩音器广播着，他沙哑的语调在帆索边忙碌的水手们口中重复回响着。如果能在一阵猛烈的海风袭击船身之前将一切都准备妥当，大家都会很高兴地松口气。
5. 最后，海风来了，像一座巨大的移动着的空气山，向船袭来。惊人的重量使得船身不断地上下起伏，发出咯吱咯吱的声音。轮船挣扎着想要从冒着泡沫的水里逃开。
6. 如果它远航在海里，很有可能经历暴风雨后安然无恙。但若是强风把它吹向了岸边，可怜的水手们将很难逃脱撞上岩石，溺水身亡的命运。
7. 曾经有一艘船在海上遇到了风暴，它的桅杆有些已经折断，船帆也不知去向。这时候，狂风呼啸着袭来，巨浪不断地拍打船身，只听一个声音喊道：“有人从船上落水啦！”
8. 人们迅速从大船上放下一只小船，它很快就在如山般的巨浪里颠簸前进。在这一刻，小船仿佛被举到了天上，而下一刻，它又沉了下去，好似消失在了巨浪下面。
9. 最后终于找到了落水的人，他几乎快要被淹死了，人们把他抬上小船。现在他们开始启程返回大船。可这时大船摇摆得异常剧烈，看起来只要接近它就会

必死无疑。此时此刻，他们该怎么办呢？

10. 船长告诉其中一名船员，让他站到高处往下扔条绳子。绳子的一端被牢牢系在小船上，当海面稍微平静时，把小船用绳子提了起来。随着一声巨大的撞击声，连船带人一起落在了大船上。这是一种不顾一切的收船方式，所幸没有任何的人员伤亡。

11. 沿着海边的险要地点设有灯塔，从海上很远的地方就能看到，它们是船只的路标。有时候，雾霭太过浓重，从远处看不到灯塔发出的光，但大多数灯塔都备有很大的雾钟或雾笛，有些雾笛的声音是蒸汽机发出的，从很远的地方就能听得到。只要雾霭持续，这些雾钟或雾笛就会一直响着。

12. 在海边，经常遇到训练有素的人员准备救生艇进行救援的情况。“当一艘船靠岸时，他们立刻冲上船去营救甲板上的人员，拯救了许多宝贵的生命。”

13. 因此，总体来说，海员的生活是非常艰险的。我们年轻的朋友们确实应该感激那些常年漂在海上，以船为家的人们，是他们给我们带来了外国的好东西。

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(1) Echoed, *sounded again*.

(2) Gale, *a wind storm*.

(3) Heaves, *pitches up and down*.

(4) Billows, *waves*.

(5) Desperate, *hopeless*.

(6) Fog, *watery vapor, mist*.

(7) Gratitude, *thankfulness*.

(8) Luxuries, *nice things*.



# LESSON 18

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

### 水手的慰藉

**Charles Dibdin, the author, was born at Southampton, England, in 1745. He wrote a number of fine sea songs. He died in 1814.**

1. One night came on a hurricane<sup>(1)</sup>,

The sea was mountains rolling,

When Barney Buntline turned his quid<sup>(2)</sup>,

And said to Billy Bowling:

"A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities all

Unhappy folks on shore now!

2. "Foolhardy<sup>(3)</sup> chaps who live in town,

What danger they are all in,

And now are quaking<sup>(4)</sup> in their beds,

For fear the roof shall fall in:

Poor creatures, how they envy us,

And wish, as I've a notion<sup>(5)</sup>,

For our good luck, in such a storm,

To be upon the ocean.

3. "But as for them who're out all day,

On business from their houses,

And late at night are coming home,

To cheer the babes and spouses<sup>(6)</sup>;

While you and I, Bill, on the deck,

Are comfortably lying,

My eyes! what tiles<sup>(7)</sup> and chimney pots<sup>(8)</sup>

About their heads are flying!

4. "And very often have we heard

How men are killed and undone<sup>(9)</sup>

By overturns of carriages,

By thieves, and fires in London.

We know what risks all landsmen run,

From noblemen to tailors;

Then, Bill, let us thank Providence

That you and I are sailors."

*NOTES.—1. "Barney Buntline" and "Billy Bowling" are supposed to be two sailors. "Norwester" is a sailor's name for a northwest storm. 2. "Landsmen" is a term applied by sailors to all who live on shore.*

# 【中文阅读】

作者查尔斯·迪布丁1745年生于英格兰南安普敦市。他写作了大量脍炙人口的关于大海的歌曲，于1814年去世。

1. 一天夜里，飓风袭来，

大海像摇摆的高山，

巴尼·邦特莱恩咀嚼着烟草

和比利·鲍灵说着话，

“比尔，正在刮着强西北风；

听！现在你听到它咆哮没有？

愿上帝保佑他们，我真为那些正在岸上的人们

感到惋惜！”

2. “有勇无谋的家伙们住在镇上，

他们经历过什么险境，

现在正在他们的床上瑟瑟发抖，

担心屋顶会掉下来；

可怜的人们，他们多么羡慕我们，

我这样想，他们会

祝愿我们在这样的风暴中，行进在海上，

能有好运气。”

3. “但对于每天外出工作的人来说，

从他们的家里外出工作，

晚上很晚才回家。

还要哄哄孩子和妻子；

比尔，当我和你在甲板上，

舒舒服服地躺着，

我的眼睛看到了什么！砖瓦和烟囱帽

都在他们头上飞啊！”

4. “而且我们常听说

人们是怎样被倾覆的马车

伦敦的抢劫和大火

夺去生命，灰飞烟灭。

我们知道住在岸上的人们

从贵族到海员，

面对着怎样的风险，

那么，比尔，谢天谢地，

你和我是海员。”

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- (1) Hurricane, *a violent windstorm*.
- (2) Quid, *a small piece of tobacco*.
- (3) Foolhardy, *reckless*.
- (4) Quaking, *shaking with fear*.
- (5) Notion, *idea*.
- (6) Spouses, *wives*.
- (7) Tiles, *thin pieces of baked clay used in roofing houses*.
- (8) Chimney pots, *earthenware tops of chimneys*.
- (9) Undone, *injured, ruined*.

# LESSON 19

## TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

### 两种方式讲述同一个故事



1. In one of the most populous<sup>(1)</sup> cities of New England, a few years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a very large one, drawn by six gray horses.

2. On the following day, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high glee, as they chattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion<sup>(2)</sup>. In answer to some inquiries, one of the lads gave him an account of their trip and its

various incidents<sup>(3)</sup>.

3. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one thing I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

4. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good hurrah. They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5. "As we passed, some one gave the horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant<sup>(4)</sup>.

6. "With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded wagon, and, I believe, almost capsized<sup>(5)</sup> the old creature—and so we left him."

7. "Well, boys," replied the teacher, "take your seats, and I will tell you a story, and all about a sleigh ride, too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable<sup>(6)</sup> old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the rest of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the following spring he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

8. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted<sup>(7)</sup> by age, and he was proceeding very slowly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. He was suddenly disturbed by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.



9. "In his alarm he dropped his reins, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road!' 'What will you take for your pony?' 'What's the price of oats, old man?' were the various cries that met his ears.

10. "'Pray, do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snowballs, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys.

11. "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the great danger of his life. He contrived, however, to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded wagon. A short distance brought him to the house of his son. That son, boys, is your instructor, and that 'old fellow,' was your teacher's father!"

12. When the boys perceived how rude and unkind their conduct appeared from another point of view, they were very much ashamed of their thoughtlessness, and most of them had the manliness to apologize to their teacher for what they had done.

(Henry K. Oliver)

*EXERCISES.—Repeat the boys' story of the sleigh ride. The teacher's story. Were the boys ill-natured or only thoughtless? Is thoughtlessness any excuse for rudeness or unkindness?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 几年前，在新英格兰一个人口稠密的城市里，一群小伙子坐上了一辆大雪橇，他们都是来自同一个学校的学生。雪橇体积非常庞大，由六匹灰色的骏马拉着。

2. 第二天，老师走进教室，发现他的学生们都异常兴奋，还在谈论着前一天出行的逸闻趣事。为回答老师的询问，其中一个小伙子给他描述了他们的行程和一些小插曲。

3. 当他快讲完时，忽然大声说道：“对了，先生！我差点忘了一件事。我们快到家时，看见前面路上有个非常奇怪的东西。后来证实那是一个锈迹斑斑的旧雪橇，被绑在了一辆有篷马车后面，行进速度特别慢，把整条路都挡住了。”

4. “发现马车的主人并没有让路的打算，我们决定一起朝他扔雪球，一起大叫起哄。这些确实起了作用，那辆不正常的马车陷在了厚厚的积雪里，那匹干瘦的老马开始小跑起来。”

5. “当我们赶超前面马车时，有人朝那匹马打了个响指，使得它比之前任何时候跑得都快，我敢保证。”

6. “马车里坐着一名老者，整个脸几乎都掩藏在一顶旧礼帽下。这样一来，他高声斥责道：‘你们为什么吓唬我的马？’‘那你为什么不让开路？’后面的驾驶员说道。所以我们又给他起了三次哄。他的马又受到了惊吓，朝着一辆满载货物的马车冲了过去。我想肯定把那个老头弄翻了——然后我们就驾车走远了。”

7. “好了，孩子们，”老师回答道，“你们都坐下吧”，我来给你们讲个故事，也是关于一次雪橇出行的。昨天下午，一位非常德高望重的老牧师从波士顿赶往塞伦，去他儿子家过冬。为了准备明年春天的旅行，所以他驾驶着自己的马车，同时为了适应冬季的需要，还带上了雪橇，并把它绑在了马车后边。

8. “岁月的风霜使他的视力和听力都变得不再敏锐，他走得非常缓慢，因为他的马和主人一样，已经年老体衰。突然间，吵闹的叫嚷声、猛烈的雪球和冰块击打马车顶篷的声音从后面传来，惊扰了老人家。”

9. 一阵惊慌间，缰绳脱手了，他的马开始乱跑。就在老人家陷入困境时，一群男孩子乘坐着六匹马的雪橇从他身后急速冲过来，大声喊着‘靠边！靠边，老家伙！’‘给我们让路！’‘你花多少钱买的小马啊？’‘麦子多少钱啊，老头子？’，类似的叫喊声传到了他的车里。

10. ‘请不要吓到我的马！’年迈的车夫叫道。得到的回答却是‘那就靠边！靠边！’，接着是‘大雪橇’上的长鞭发出的不断抽打的声音，一阵阵的雪球如雨点般砸过来，男孩子们大喊了三声。

11. “老人家和他的马受到了更大的惊吓，马儿带着他不停地奔跑，给他的生命带来了极大危险。但是他设法让马停下来，避免了撞上一辆满载货物的马车。离那里不远的地方就是他儿子的住处了。孩子们，那个儿子，就是你们的老师，而那个‘老家伙’正是你们老师的父亲！”

12. 当意识到他们的行为从另一个角度看来是多么粗鲁和冷酷时，孩子们都为自己的无所顾忌感到羞愧。他们中的大多数人都很有胆当地去找老师道了歉。

(亨利·肯·奥列弗)

- 
- (1) Populous, *full of inhabitants*.  
(2) Excursion, *a pleasure trip*.  
(3) Incidents, *things that happen, events*.

(4) Warrant, *to declare with assurance*.

(5) Capsized, *upset*.

(6) Venerable, *deserving of honor and respect*.

(7) Blunted, *dulled*.

# LESSON 20

## FREAKS OF THE FROST

### 霜之奇想

**By Hannah Flagg Gould, who was born at Lancaster, Vermont, in 1789. She published several volumes of poems (one for children) and one collection of prose articles, entitled "Gathered Leaves." She died in 1865.**

1. The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,

And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;

So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way;

I will not go on, like that blustering<sup>(1)</sup> train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,

Who make so much bustle<sup>(2)</sup> and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they."

2. Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest<sup>(3)</sup>;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed

In diamond beads; and over the breast

Of the quivering<sup>(4)</sup> lake, he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear,

That he hung on its margin<sup>(5)</sup>, far and near,

Where a rock could rear its head.

3. He went to the windows of those who slept,

And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen

Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;

There were bevvies<sup>(6)</sup> of birds, and swarms of bees;

There were cities with temples and towers, and these

All pictured<sup>(7)</sup> in silver sheen<sup>(8)</sup>.

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair;

He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there

That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now just to set them a-thinking,

I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,

"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;

And the glass of water they've left for me

Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

*EXERCISES.—What did the frost say? What did he do to the mountain? The trees? The lake? What is a "coat of mail"? What did he do to the window? The pitcher?*

## 【中文阅读】

汉娜·弗拉格尔·古尔德著。汉娜1789年出生于佛蒙特州的兰开斯特市。出版了多部诗集(包括一本儿童诗集)和一本散文合辑,书名为《集叶集》。她于1865年逝世。

1. 霜看到一个平静而晴朗的夜晚,

低语道:“现在我要淡出人们视野;

穿过河谷,越过高山,

我会悄悄地出发;

我不会像呼啸的火车那般前行,

风和雪、雹和雨,

枉费了制造出的那么多喧嚣与噪音,

但我会和他们一样繁忙不已。

2. 然后他飞到山边,给山峰打上了粉;

他落在树上,给树枝穿上了

钻石般的珠子;在胸膛般起伏的湖面上,

他展开一幅铠甲,再不需要担心

长矛的戳戳点点,

在石头裸露在外的地方,



他将四周全部包裹。

3. 他还光顾了人们熟睡的窗子，

在每块窗格玻璃上，像精灵般慢慢爬行；

无论他在哪里呼吸，无论他在哪里踏足，

伴随着黎明的光线看到，

最美丽的东西；那些花和树，

成群的鸟儿和蜜蜂；

拥有神庙和高塔的城市；

这些全都披上了银白的光泽。

4. 但他还做了一件不那么公允的事；

他向碗橱中窥望，发现那里

所有东西都忘记为他准备了，

“现在就让他们想一想，

我把这筐水果咬了，”他说道，

“这个价值不菲的水罐我要闯三闯；

这杯他们留给我的水

会发出‘乞’的声音，告诉他们我正喝着。”

- 
- (1) Blustering, *being noisy and loud*.
  - (2) Bustle, *stir*.
  - (3) Crest, *the top*.
  - (4) Quivering, *trembling, shaking*.
  - (5) Margin, *edge, border*.
  - (6) Bevies, *flocks*.
  - (7) Pictured, *painted*.
  - (8) Sheen, *brightness, splendor of appearance*.

# LESSON 21

## WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

### 不浪费，不愁缺

1. *Mr. Jones.* Boys, if you have nothing to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?
2. The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to the table, and began to examine<sup>(1)</sup> the knot, and then to untie it.
3. John took the other parcel, and tried first at one corner, and then at the other, to pull off the string. But the cord had been too well secured, and he only drew the knots tighter.
4. *John.* I wish these people would not tie up their parcels so tightly, as if they were never to be undone. Why, Ben, how did you get yours undone? What is in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine! I wish I could get the string off. I will cut it.
5. *Ben.* Oh, no, do not cut it, John! Look, what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same. It is a pity to cut it.
6. *John.* Pooh! what signifies<sup>(2)</sup> a bit of pack thread?
7. *Ben.* It is whipcord.
8. *John.* Well, whipcord then! what signifies a bit of whipcord? You can get a piece of whipcord twice as long as that for three cents; and who cares for three cents? Not I, for one. So, here it goes.

9. So he took out his knife, and cut it in several places.

10. *Mr. Jones.* Well, my boys, have you undone the parcels for me?

11. *John.* Yes, sir; here is the parcel.

12. *Ben.* And here is my parcel, father, and here is also the string.

13. *Mr. Jones.* You may keep the string, Ben.

14. *Ben.* Thank you, sir. What excellent whipcord it is!

15. *Mr. Jones.* And you, John, may keep your string, too, if it will be of any use to you.

16. *John.* It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir.

17. *Mr. Jones.* No, I am afraid not, if this is it.

18. A few weeks after this, Mr. Jones gave each of his sons a new top.

19. *John.* How is this, Ben? These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?

20. *Ben.* I have a string that will do very well for mine. And he pulled it out of his pocket.

21. *John.* Why, if that is not the whipcord! I wish I had saved mine.

22. A few days afterward, there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the lads. The prize was a fine bow and arrows, to be given to the best marksman<sup>(3)</sup>. "Come, come," said Master Sharp, "I am within one inch of the mark. I should like to see who will go nearer."

23. John drew his bow, and shot. The arrow struck within a quarter of an inch of Master Sharp's. "Shoot away," said Sharp; "but you must understand the rules. We settled them before you came. You are to have three shots with your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow or lend. So shoot away."

24. John seized his second arrow; "If I have any luck," said he;—but just as he pronounced the word "luck," the string broke, and the arrow fell from his hands.

25. *Master Sharp.* There! It is all over with you.

26. *Ben.* Here is my bow for him, and welcome.

27. *Master Sharp.* No, no, sir; that is not fair. Did you not hear the rules? There is to be no lending.

28. It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow missed the mark; the second was exactly as near as John's first. Before venturing the last arrow, Ben very prudently<sup>(4)</sup> examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it snapped.

29. Master Sharp clapped his hands and danced for joy. But his dancing suddenly ceased<sup>(5)</sup>, when careful Ben drew out of his pocket an excellent piece of cord, and began to tie it to the bow.

30. "The everlasting<sup>(6)</sup> whipcord, I declare!" cried John. "Yes," said Ben, "I put it in my pocket today, because I thought I might want it."

31. Ben's last arrow won the prize; and when the bow and arrows were handed to him, John said, "How valuable that whipcord has been to you, Ben. I'll take care how I waste anything hereafter."

*EXERCISES.—What is this lesson designed to teach? Which of the boys preserved his whipcord? What good did it do him? What did the other boy do with his? What was the consequence? What did he learn from it?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 琼斯先生：小伙子们，如果你们没什么事做，能不能请你们给我打开这些包裹？

2. 两个包裹一模一样，都系着上好的鞭绳。本将他手里的包裹放在桌子上，开始检查绳结，然后把它解开了。

3. 约翰拿着另外一个包裹，最开始试图从一角解起，后来又换到从另一边拉绳子。但是鞭绳系得太牢固了，他反而是把绳结越拉越紧。

4. 约翰：我真希望这些人不要把他们的包裹系得这么紧，就像永远不打开似的。本，你是怎么解开你那个包裹的？你包裹里是什么？我在想我这里有什么。我真希望能把绳子弄开。我来剪开它。

5. 本：哦，不，约翰，别剪！看，这是一条多好的绳子，你的那条也一样好。剪断太可惜了。

6. 约翰：哎呀！一小截线段有什么大不了的？

7. 本：这可是鞭绳啊。

8. 约翰：好吧，鞭绳就鞭绳！一小截鞭绳有什么用？三美分就能买条相当于这个两倍长的鞭绳。谁会在乎三美分啊？比如我就不在乎。那么，现在开始。

9. 于是他拿出小刀，将绳子剪成了几截。

10. 琼斯先生：好了，孩子们，你们把包裹给我打开了吗？

11. 约翰：是的。包裹在这儿。

12. 本：爸爸，这是我打开的包裹，绳子在这儿。

13. 琼斯先生：本，绳子你可以留下。

14. 本：谢谢您！多好的鞭绳啊！

15. 琼斯先生：约翰，如果你的那条绳子对你有用，你也可以留着。

16. 约翰：它对我来说没什么用处，谢谢您。

17. 琼斯先生：不，如果是剪成这样的，恐怕确实没用了。

18. 几周之后，琼斯先生给他的两个儿子每人一只陀螺。

19. 约翰：这个怎么玩，本？这两个陀螺没有鞭子。我们拿什么当鞭子啊？

20. 本：我有一条非常合适的绳子。然后他从口袋里拿了出来。

21. 约翰：哦，这不是那条鞭绳嘛！我希望当时完整地留下了我的那条。

22. 之后又过了几天，有一场射箭比赛，参赛的小伙子们手里都拿着弓和箭。比赛的奖品是一副上好的弓箭，会奖励给最优秀的神箭手。“来吧，来吧，”夏普大师说，“我射出的箭落在了距靶心一英尺内。我要看看谁会射得更接近靶心。”

23. 约翰拿起他的弓，开始射箭。他的箭射到了离夏普大师的落点1/4英尺的地方。“再射一次，”夏普说，“但是你们一定要知道规则。我们在你们来之前就已经射完了。你可以用你自己的箭瞄射三次，任何人不许借用或出借自己的弓箭。好了，再射一次。”

24. 约翰拿起他的第二支箭。“但愿我运气好点，”他说。但是，就在他说出“运气”这个词的时候，他的弓弦断了，箭从他手中掉落。

25. 夏普大师：啊！你的比赛结束了。

26. 本：拿我的弓给他，来吧。



27. 夏普先生：不，不，先生，这不公平。你刚才听到规则了吗？不允许借弓箭。

28. 现在轮到本来试试身手了。他的第一箭脱靶了，没射中；第二箭射得和约翰的第一箭不相上下。在大胆射出最后一支箭之前，本小心翼翼地检查他的弓弦，就在他把弓张开准备试试它的弦是否绷紧时，弓弦啪地断了。

29. 夏普大师拍拍手，高兴得跳起舞来。但他的舞蹈突然停下了，细心的本从口袋里拿出一条上好的鞭绳，开始将它绑在弓上。

30. “我知道，那是不朽的鞭绳！”约翰叫道。“是的，”本说，“我今天把它放在口袋里，因为我想我没准会需要它。”

31. 本的最后一箭赢得了奖品。当把弓箭递到他手上时，约翰说：“本，那条鞭绳对你来说可是太珍贵了。将来我要是再想浪费东西可要当心了。”

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(1) Examine, *to look at carefully.*

(2) Signifies, *to be important.*

(3) Marksman, *one who shoots well.*

(4) Prudently, *with proper caution.*

(5) Ceased, *stopped.*

(6) Everlasting, *lasting always.*

# LESSON 22

## JEANNETTE AND JO

### 珍妮特和乔

**By Mary Mapes Dodge, who was born in New York City in 1838. She is the editor of the "St. Nicholas" magazine, and has written many stories for children.**

1. Two girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,

And one is always moping;

The other lassie, come what may,

Is ever bravely hoping.

2. Beauty of face and girlish grace

Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;

Jeannette takes brightly every day,

And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

3. One early morn they watched the dawn—

I saw them stand together;

Their whole day's sport, 't was very plain,

Depended on the weather.

4. "'T will storm!" cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low:

"Yes, but 't will soon be over."

And, as she spoke, the sudden shower  
Came, beating down the clover.

5. "I told you so!" cried angry Jo:

"It always is a-raining!"

Then hid her face in dire despair,  
Lamenting and complaining.

6. But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—

I tell it to her honor,—

Looked up and waited till the sun  
Came streaming in upon her.

7. The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,

Across a sea of glory.

Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—

Which ends my simple story.

8. Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,

The hopeful are the gladdest;

And doubt and dread, children, believe

Of all things are the saddest.

9. In morning's light, let youth be bright;

Take in the sunshine tender;

Then, at the close, shall life's decline

Be full of sunset splendor.

10. And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,

To shun all weak complaining;

And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—

"It always is a-raining!"

# 【中文阅读】

玛丽·梅普斯·道奇著。玛丽1838年生于纽约市，曾任《圣尼古拉斯》杂志编辑，写作过很多儿童故事。

1. 我认识的两个女孩——珍妮特和乔，

其中一个总是愁眉苦脸；

另一个小姑娘，无论发生没什么，

永远是坚强地忙碌着。

2. 无论快乐或悲伤，

她们都拥有美丽的面庞和纯真的姿态；

珍妮特每天都过得神采奕奕，

而乔对明天总是唉声叹气。

3. 一天清晨，她们看着黎明的到来，

我看见她们站在一起；

她们整天的活动，

完完全全，要视天气而定。

4. “暴风雨要来了！”乔大声喊道。珍妮特低声说：

“是啊，但是一会儿就停了。”

她正说着，突然间暴雨袭来，

压弯了三叶草。

5. “我告诉过你吧！”愤怒的乔大声叫道。

“肯定会下雨的！”

然后掩藏起脸上极度绝望的神情，

不住地痛惜和抱怨着。

6. 但是可爱的珍妮特，仍然充满希望——

我能看得出来——

她仰起头等待着，直到太阳出来

照耀在她身上。

7. 阴晴不定的云彩成堆地漂移开去，

越过了壮丽的大海。

珍妮特和乔欢笑着奔跑起来，

我叙述的简单故事也到此结束了。

8. 快乐是上天的恩赐。来吧，暴风雨，来吧，太阳光，

永怀希望之心将是最快乐的；

孩子们，怀疑和忧虑的思想认为

一切都是最糟糕的。

9. 在清晨的时光中，让青春明亮耀眼；

吸纳温和的阳光；

在行将告别之际，生命的谢幕

将充满落日的光辉。

10. 烦恼的人们，试着像珍妮特一样吧，

规避所有无力的抱怨；

并且不要像乔那样，太急于大声叫喊——

“肯定会下雨的！”

# LESSON 23

## THE LION

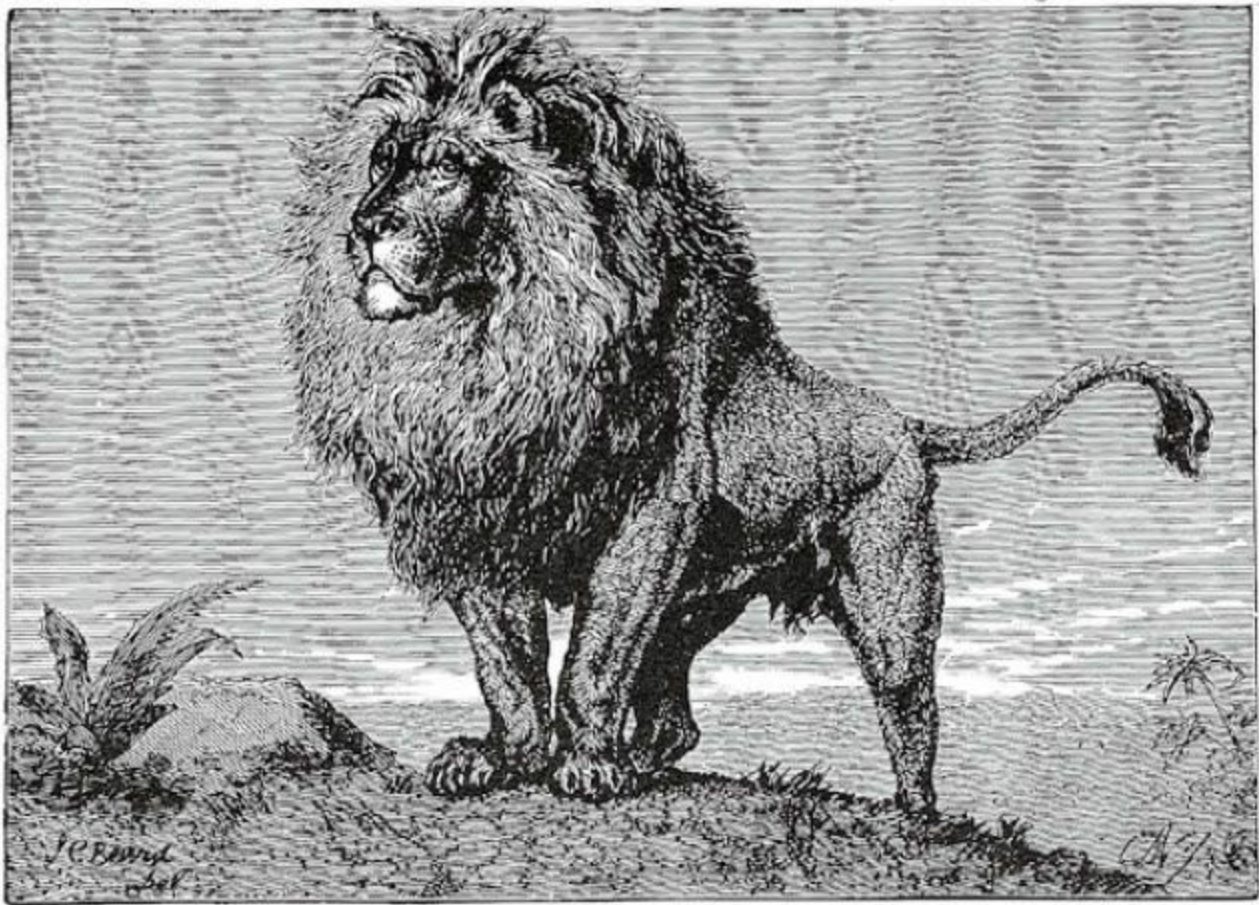
### 狮子

1. The lion is often called the "king of beasts." His height varies from three to four feet, and he is from six to nine feet long. His coat is of a yellowish brown or tawny color, and about his neck is a great shaggy mane which gives his head a majestic<sup>(1)</sup> appearance.

2. The strength of the lion is so great that he can easily crush the skulls of such animals as the horse or ox with one blow of his paw. No one who has not seen the teeth of a full grown lion taken out of their sockets can have any idea of their real size; one of them forms a good handful, and might easily be mistaken for a small elephant's tooth.

3. The home of the lion is in the forests of Asia and Africa, where he is a terror to man and beast. He generally lies concealed during the day, but as darkness comes on he prowls<sup>(2)</sup> about where other animals are accustomed to go for food or drink, and springs upon them unawares<sup>(3)</sup>, with a roar that sounds like the rumble<sup>(4)</sup> of thunder.





4. The lion sometimes lives to a great age. One by the name of Pompey died at London, in the year 1760, at the age of seventy years. If taken when young the lion can be tamed, and will even show marks of kindness to his keeper.

5. In a menagerie<sup>(5)</sup> at Brussels, there was a cell where a large lion, called Danco, used to be kept. The cell happened to be in need of repair, and the keeper, whose name was William, desired a carpenter to come and mend it. The carpenter came, but was so afraid of the lion, that he would not go near the cell alone.

6. So William entered the cell, and led the lion to the upper part of it, while the other part was refitting<sup>(6)</sup>. He played with the lion for some time; but, at last, being wearied, both he and the lion fell asleep. The carpenter went on with his work, and when he had finished he called out for William to come and see it.

7. He called again and again, but no William answered. The poor carpenter began to be frightened, lest the lion had made his dinner of the keeper, or else crushed him

with his great paws. He crept round to the upper part of the cell, and there, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and William sleeping side by side as contentedly as two little brothers.

8. He was so astonished that he uttered a loud cry. The lion, awakened by the noise, stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, as if to say, "Touch him if you dare," the heroic<sup>(7)</sup> beast lay down to sleep again. The carpenter was dreadfully alarmed, and, not knowing how he could rouse William, he ran out and related what he had seen.

9. Some people came, and, opening the door of the cell, contrived to awaken the keeper, who, rubbing his eyes, quietly looked around him, and expressed himself very well satisfied with his nap. He took the lion's paw, shook it kindly, and then retired uninjured from the cell.

*EXERCISES.—Describe the lion's appearance. What is said of his strength? His teeth? Describe the lion's home and habits. To what age do lions live? Can they be tamed? Relate the story about the lion Danco.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 狮子通常被称作“百兽之王”，身高从三英尺到四英尺不等，身长六至九英尺，皮肤呈黄棕色或黄褐色。它的颈部周围有一圈蓬松的鬃毛，使它的头部看起来雄壮威武。
2. 狮子的力量非常大，以至于它能够用爪子一挥轻而易举地击碎马或牛等动物的头骨。没有见过一头成年狮子的牙齿被从齿槽中拔出的人是不会了解它们实际的体型大小的。其中一个非常巨大，很容易被误认为是小象的牙齿。
3. 狮子的家在亚洲和非洲的森林里，在那里，人类和野兽对他充满畏惧。一般来说，白天它都会躲藏起来，但随着夜幕降临，它会悄悄地踱到其他动物惯于觅食或饮水的地方，趁它们毫无察觉时跳出来，发出一声如雷般的吼声。
4. 有时候，狮子可以活到很大年龄。一头名叫庞培的狮子于1760年死在伦敦，终年70岁。如果捕捉幼年时期的狮子，可以进行驯养，它甚至会对主人表现得很友好。
5. 在布鲁塞尔的一家动物园，一个小笼子里关着一头名叫丹科的大狮子。笼子恰好需要维修，动物园的管理员威廉想要请一名木匠来修理它。木匠来了，但是因为太害怕狮子，不敢独自一人靠近笼子。
6. 所以威廉走进笼子里，将狮子引导到上部，这时开始维修笼子的其他地方。他和狮子玩耍了一会儿，但最后由于疲倦，他和狮子都睡着了。木匠继续着他的工作，当全部完工时，他叫威廉来看一看。
7. 他叫了一遍又一遍，但都没有威廉的回答声。可怜的木匠开始害怕起来，担心狮子已经把管理员当作晚餐了，或者用它巨大的爪子将管理员碾碎了。他匍匐着爬到笼子内部，在那儿透过栏杆看到狮子和威廉心满意足地并排睡在一起，像极了两个小兄弟。

8. 木匠大惊失色，不小心大叫了一声。狮子被噪音吵醒，满眼怒火地瞪着他，将爪子搭在管理员的胸口上，仿佛在说“看你敢碰他”。这个鲁莽的野兽随后又躺下去继续睡觉。木匠感到非常震惊，不知怎样能叫醒威廉，他跑了出去，讲述了刚才看到的一切。

9. 一些人赶过来，打开笼门，设法叫醒了管理员。他揉了揉眼睛，静静地看了看四周，表示对刚才的小憩非常满意。然后他抓住狮子的爪子，友好地和它握了握手，毫发无损地从笼子里退了出来。

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- (1) Majestic, *royal, noble*.
- (2) Prowls, *wanders in search of prey*.
- (3) Unawares, *unexpectedly*.
- (4) Rumble, *a low heavy sound*.
- (5) Menagerie, *a collection of wild animals*.
- (6) Refitting, *repairing*.
- (7) Heroic, *bold*.

# LESSON 24

## STRAWBERRIES

### 草 莓

**By John Townsend Trowbridge, who was born at Ogden, N. Y., in 1827. He is a well-known author, and has written much for children both in poetry and prose.**

1. Little Pearl Honeydew, six years old,

From her bright ear parted the curls of gold;

And laid her head on the strawberry bed,

To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

2. Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,

She could almost hear their little hearts beat;

And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound

That ever you heard, came up from the ground.

3. "Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew

How it is you thrive<sup>(1)</sup> on sun and dew!"

And this is the story the berries told

To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.

4. "You wish you knew? And so do we.

But we can't tell you, unless it be

That the same Kind Power that cares for you

Takes care of poor little berries, too.

5. "Tucked up snugly, and nestled<sup>(2)</sup> below

Our coverlid of wind-woven snow,

We peep and listen, all winter long,

For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.

6. "When the swallows fly home to the old brown shed,

And the robins build on the bough overhead,

Then out from the mold<sup>(3)</sup>, from the darkness and cold,

Blossom and runner<sup>(4)</sup> and leaf unfold.

7. "Good children, then, if they come near,

And hearken a good long while, may hear

A wonderful tramping of little feet,—

So fast we grow in the summer heat.

8. "Our clocks are the flowers; and they count the hours

Till we can mellow<sup>(5)</sup> in suns and showers,

With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,

A ripe red berry for a ripe red month.

9. "Apple blooms whiten, and peach blooms fall,

And roses are gay by the garden wall,

Ere the daisy's dial<sup>(6)</sup> gives the sign

That we may invite little Pearl to dine.

10. "The days are longest, the month is June,

The year is nearing its golden noon,

The weather is fine, and our feast<sup>(7)</sup> is spread

With a green cloth and berries red.

11. "Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb,——

And quick, oh, quick! for, see! there come

Tom on all fours, and Martin the man,

And Margaret, picking as fast as they can.

12. "Oh, dear! if you only knew how it shocks

Nice berries like us to be sold by the box,

And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf<sup>(8)</sup>,

You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

13. And this is the story the small lips told

To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old,

When she laid her head on the strawberry bed

To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

*EXERCISES.—What did little Pearl ask of the strawberries? What did they reply? Can you tell what name is given to this kind of story?*



# 【中文阅读】

作者约翰·汤逊·特罗布里奇。1827年生于纽约奥格登，著名作家，曾以诗歌和散文的形式为儿童写过很多作品。

1. 小珍珠蜜瓜，六岁大，

金色的卷发从她漂亮的耳朵边分开；

将她的头放在草莓藤上，

听听红脸蛋的莓子在说什么。

2. 他们的脸颊红扑扑，他们的气息甜丝丝，

她几乎能听到他们小小心脏跳动的声音；

最微小的、含糊不清的低语声

你曾听到过的，来自土地下面。

3. “小朋友们，”她说道，“我希望知道

你们在阳光和雨露下如何茁壮成长！”

这就是莓子们讲给

六岁的小珍珠蜜瓜的故事。

4. “你希望能知道？我们也想。”

但我们不能告诉你，

除非是照料你的仁慈力量

也能够照顾可怜的小莓子们。

5. 紧紧地蜷起来，

依偎在风雪织成的被子下面，

整个冬天，我们从里面看着听着，

等待第一个春日的到来，聆听蓝色知更鸟的歌唱。

6. 当燕子飞回位于棕色小屋的家时，

知更鸟在头顶的树枝上筑巢，

从上好的松软土壤中，从黑暗、寒冷处，

草莓的花朵、枝蔓和叶子竞相出现。

7. “好孩子，如果他们来到跟前，

待那么一会儿，就能够听到

美妙的脚步声——

我们在夏季的高温里长得飞快。”

8. “我们的钟表是花；他们计算着小时

直到我们在阳光和雨露下变得成熟，

再加上和煦的西风和温暖的南风，

成熟的红草莓带来的时机成熟的红月份。”

9. 苹果花变白，桃花谢了，

    玫瑰花在花园墙边怒放，

    在雏菊的花面给出时间标志之前，

    我们要邀请小珍珠来赴晚宴。

10. 日最长，是六月，

    一年接近黄金时间段，

    天气晴好，我们的盛宴

    装饰着绿色的桌布和红红的草莓。

11. “就将我们夹在拇指和食指之间，

    迅速地，噢，迅速！

    你看，四个人中汤姆，马丁，

    玛格丽特都在尽可能快地摘草莓。”

12. “噢，天哪！要是你知道

    像我们这么好的草莓会被放在盒子里出售，

    被陌生人享用，用金钱来换取，

    你肯定会表示同情，自己吃了自己！”

13. 这是小嘴唇们讲给

可爱的小珍珠蜜瓜的故事，  
她把头紧贴在草莓藤上时，  
想听听红脸蛋的草莓在说些什么。

---

- (1) Thrive, *to grow well, to flourish.*
- (2) Nestled, *gathered closely together.*
- (3) Mold, *fine, soft earth.*
- (4) Runner, *a slender branch running along the ground.*
- (5) Mellow, *to ripen.*
- (6) Dial, *the face of a timepiece.*
- (7) Feast, *a festive or joyous meal, a banquet.*
- (8) Pelf, *money.*

# LESSON 25

## HARRY'S RICHES

### 哈里的财富

1. One day, our little Harry spent the morning with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in the grandest carriage to be seen in all the country round.
2. When Harry returned home, he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both pockets!"
3. "Has he, dear?"
4. "Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."
5. "Well, now, that's very pleasant for him," I returned, cheerfully, as a reply was plainly expected. "Very pleasant; don't you think so?"
6. "Yes, ma'am; only—"
7. "Only what, Harry?"
8. "Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things." And Harry looked up at my face with a disconsolate<sup>(1)</sup> stare.
9. "Well, my boy, what of that?"
10. "Nothing, mother," and the telltale tears sprang to his eyes, "only I guess we are very poor, aren't we?"
11. "No, indeed, Harry, we are very far from being poor. We are not so rich as

Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

12. "O mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are very poor; anyhow, I am!"

13. "O Harry!" I exclaimed, reproachfully<sup>(2)</sup>.

14. "Yes, ma'am I am," he sobbed; "I have scarcely anything—I mean anything that's worth money—except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them anyway."

15. "Have to have them?" I echoed, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might reason with him on that point; "do you not know, my son—"

16. Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading: "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so, if you will let me have yours, I will give you a dollar apiece for them."

17. "For my eyes!" exclaimed Harry, very much astonished.

18. "Yes," resumed Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will give you chloroform<sup>(3)</sup>, so it will not hurt you in the least, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar apiece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

19. "Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not." And the startled<sup>(4)</sup> little fellow shook his head defiantly<sup>(5)</sup>.

20. "Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then." Harry shook his head at every offer.

21. "No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the

horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

22. "I will give you two thousand," urged Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. Harry, standing at a respectful distance, shouted that he never would do any such thing.

23. "Very well," continued the uncle, with a serious air, at the same time writing something in his notebook, "I can't afford<sup>(6)</sup> to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without your eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do, I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle in your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. I want to try some experiments<sup>(7)</sup> with deafness, you see. Come quickly, now! Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

24. "Make me deaf!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces temptingly displayed upon the table. "I guess you will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a single word if I were deaf, could I?"

25. "Probably not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not for three thousand dollars."

26. Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," finally ending with an offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

27. To all of these offers Harry shook his head, his eyes flashing, and exclamations<sup>(8)</sup> of surprise and indignation bursting from his lips. At last, Uncle Ben said he must give up his experiments, for Harry's prices were entirely too high.

28. "Ha! ha!" laughed the boy, exultingly<sup>(9)</sup>, and he folded his dimpled arms and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could pay them!"

29. "Why, Harry, look here!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, peeping into his notebook, "here is a big addition sum, I tell you!" He added the numbers, and they amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

30. "There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "don't you think you are foolish not to accept some of my offers?" "No, sir, I don't," answered Harry, resolutely. "Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor, and by your own showing you have treasures<sup>(10)</sup> for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

31. Harry didn't know exactly what to say. So he blushed for a second, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"



## 【中文阅读】

1. 一天，我们的小哈里和他的小伙伴约翰尼·克莱恩玩了一上午。约翰尼住在一栋很高档的房子里，每个礼拜天都坐着全村最气派的马车去教堂。
2. 当哈利回到家，他问道：“妈妈，约翰尼的两个口袋里都装着钱！”
3. “是么，亲爱的？”
4. “是的。而且他说如果他想要，还能得到更多更多的钱。”
5. “哦，那么，这对他来说非常好，”我愉快地回答道，因为显然有人期待有一个回应。“非常好，你不这样认为么？”
6. “是啊，只是——”
7. “只是什么，哈里？”
8. “为什么，他有好大的玩具枪，手表，木马，还有很多其他的东西。”哈里抬头凝视着我的脸，眼神中充满了惆怅。
9. “我的宝贝，那又怎么样？”
10. “没什么，妈妈，”他的眼里含着无法掩饰的泪水，“只是我猜咱们家很穷，是不是？”
11. “不，事实上，哈里，我们离贫穷还远着呢。不过我们不像克莱恩家那么富有，如果这是你想表达的意思的话。”
12. “噢，妈妈！”小家伙坚持说，“我确实认为我们很穷，不管怎么说，我真的这么认为！”

13. “噢，哈里！”我用责备的口吻大声说道。

14. “是的，妈妈，我真的这么认为的，”他抽泣着说，“我几乎什么都没有——我是说任何值钱的东西——除了吃的和穿的，我一定要有那些东西。”

15. “一定要有？”我重复道，与此同时将手里正在缝补的东西放在桌上，这样我就可以继续和他理论了。“儿子，难道你不知道——”

16. 正在这时，本叔叔从他阅读着的报纸上看过来，“哈里，”他说道，“我正想对眼睛进行一些研究，如果你愿意把你的眼睛给我，我付给你一只眼睛一美元。”

17. “交换我的眼睛吗！”哈里异常震惊地叫道。

18. “是的，”本叔叔平静地继续说道，“换你的眼睛。我会给你打麻醉针，所以不会对你有一丁点伤害。然后你会戴上一对漂亮的玻璃眼珠，戴在眼睛的位置。来吧，一只一美元，直接付现金！你看怎么样？我会在眨眼间把它们取下来。”

19. “叔叔，把我的眼睛给你？”哈里哭喊道，看似对这个想法感到非常气愤。“我看不行。”受到惊吓的小家伙反抗地摇着头。

20. “好吧，那么5元、10元、20元呢。”哈里对每个报价都摇头。

21. “不，先生！您就是给我1000美元，我也不会给您我的眼睛！要是没了眼睛，我还能做些什么呢？我再也看不见妈妈，看不见宝宝，看不见花朵，看不见马儿，什么都看不见了。”哈里越来越焦急地补充道。

22. “我给你2000美元，”本叔叔极力劝说道，同时还从衣袋里拿出一叠纸币。哈里表示尊敬地站在保持一定距离的地方，大声喊道他绝对不会这么做的。

23. “很好，”叔叔继续说道，这次更加严肃，同时在他的笔记本上写着些什么。“因为我没法付给你超过2000美元，所以我不用你的眼睛做试验了，但——”他补充道，“我会告诉你我要怎么做。如果你让我往你耳朵滴几滴瓶子里的药水，我

就给你20美元。这不疼，但会让你耳聋。我准备进行一些关于耳聋的试验。快点过来！这里是给你准备的20美元。”

24. “让我耳聋！”哈里叫道，看都没看摆在桌上的诱人金币。“我猜你也不会这么做的。如果我耳朵聋了，我就一个字都听不到了，是不是？”

25. “大概不会，”本叔叔回答。因此，哈里再次拒绝了。他不会放弃自己的听力，他说：“不行，3000美元也不行。”

26. 本叔叔又在他的本子上记下了什么，然后为“一条右胳膊”、“左胳膊”、“双脚”、“鼻子”开出了更高的价钱。最后出价10000美元换“妈妈”，5000美元换“宝宝”。

27. 对于这些报价，哈里都摇头，眼睛闪闪的，嘴里发出表示惊讶和愤怒的感叹。最后，本叔叔说他不得不放弃试验了，因为哈里的出价全都太高了。

28. “哈哈！”小男孩得意地笑了起来，长着酒窝的胳膊交叉抱在一起，好像在说“我很想看看谁能付得起！”

29. “哈里，看这里！”本叔叔瞟了一眼他的笔记本，叫道：“合计的总数很大，我告诉你！”他将数字加在一起，总计32000美元。

30. “那么，哈里，”本叔叔说，“你难道不认为不接受我的某些出价是很愚蠢的吗？”“不，先生，我不这么认为。”哈里果断地回答。“那么，”本叔叔说，“你说到自己很穷，通过你的表现，你全身都是宝藏，但是你不接受32000美元的出价。你对此想说些什么？”

31. 哈里不知道该说什么好，所以脸一下子红了，眼泪也从脸颊滑落下来。他用胖乎乎的胳膊搂住我的脖子。“妈妈，”他悄悄地说，“上帝让每个人都如此富有，难道不是很好么？”

- 
- (1) Disconsolate, *filled with grief.*
  - (2) Reproachfully, *with censure or reproof.*
  - (3) Chloroform, *an oily liquid, the vapor of which causes insensibility.*
  - (4) Startled, *shocked.*
  - (5) Defiantly, *daringly.*
  - (6) Afford, *to be able to pay for.*
  - (7) Experiments, *acts performed to discover some truth.*
  - (8) Exclamations, *expressions of surprise, anger, etc.*
  - (9) Exultingly, *in a triumphant manner.*
  - (10) Treasures, *things which are very much valued.*

# LESSON 26

## IN TIME'S SWING

### 在时间的秋千上

1. Father Time, your footsteps go

Lightly as the falling snow.

In your swing I'm sitting, see!

Push me softly; one, two, three,

Twelve times only. Like a sheet,

Spread the snow beneath my feet.

Singing merrily, let me swing

Out of winter into spring.

2. Swing me out, and swing me in!

Trees are bare, but birds begin

Twittering<sup>(1)</sup> to the peeping leaves,

On the bough beneath the eaves.

Wait,—one lilac bud I saw.

Icy hillsides feel the thaw.

April chased off March to-day;

Now I catch a glimpse<sup>(2)</sup> of May.

3. Oh, the smell of sprouting grass!

In a blur<sup>(3)</sup> the violets pass.

Whispering from the wildwood come

Mayflower's breath and insect's hum.

Roses carpeting the ground;

Thrushes, orioles, warbling sound:—

Swing me low, and swing me high,

To the warm clouds of July.

4. Slower now, for at my side

White pond lilies open wide.

Underneath the pine's tall spire

Cardinal blossoms burn like fire.

They are gone; the golden-rod

Flashes from the dark green sod.

Crickets in the grass I hear;

Asters light the fading year.

5. Slower still! October weaves

Rainbows of the forest leaves.

Gentians fringed, like eyes of blue,

Glimmer out of sleety dew.

Meadow green I sadly miss:

Winds through withered sedges hiss.

Oh, 't is snowing, swing me fast,

While December shivers past!

6. Frosty-bearded Father Time,

Stop your footfall on the rime<sup>(4)</sup>!

Hard you push, your hand is rough;

You have swung me long enough.

"Nay, no stopping," say you? Well,

Some of your best stories tell,

While you swing me—gently, do!—

From the Old Year to the New.

(*Lucy Larcom*)



# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 时间老人，

你的足迹像雪落般轻盈。

我正坐在你的秋千上，看！

温柔地推我；一、二、三；

只有十二次。像一片被单，

将雪片铺展在我脚下。

欢快地歌唱，让我摇摆

走出冬季，走进春季。

## 2. 将我摇进又摇出！

树木光秃秃的，

但鸟儿已开始在屋檐下的树枝上，

对着隐约出现的树叶叽叽喳喳叫不停。

等等——我看到了一个丁香花蕾。

积雪的山坡有了融化的迹象。

今天，四月赶走了三月；

现在我已经瞥见了五月的影子。

3. 噢，青草发芽的味道！

朦胧中眼睛扫过紫罗兰

五月花的气息和昆虫的哼鸣

在原始森林中悄悄传递，

玫瑰花铺满了整个大地；

画眉、黄鹂，婉转的叫声——

把我摇高又摇低，

摇进七月温暖的云朵里。

4. 现在慢点摇，因为在我身边

白色的睡莲已经怒放。

在松树高大的树冠下，

绯红的花朵如火焰般燃烧。

等花儿离去，

鼠尾草从深绿色的草皮中星星点点冒出。

我听到草地中蟋蟀的声音，

紫菀花点亮了黯淡的一年。

5. 还要再摇慢一些！十月编织出

森林里树叶的彩虹，

龙胆花的点缀，像蓝色的眼睛，

在雨夹雪的露水中若隐若现。

我悲伤地思念着草地的绿色：

风儿穿过枯萎的沙草，嘶嘶作响。

哦，要下雪了，把我摇快些，

当十二月在战栗中度过！

6. 白胡子的时间老人，

停下你在白霜上的脚步！

你推得太用力，你的手是那么粗糙；

你已经为我摇了足够长的时间。

你说“不，别停下，”好吧，

当你给我摇秋千时，

讲讲你最好的故事吧——轻轻地，讲吧！——

从过去的一年讲到新的一年。

（露西·拉科姆）

- 
- (1) Twittering, *making a succession of small, chirping noises.*
  - (2) Glimpse, *a short, hurried view.*
  - (3) Blur, *a dim, confused appearance.*
  - (4) Rime, *whitefrost, hoarfrost.*

# LESSON 27

## HARRY AND HIS DOG

### 哈利与他的狗

1. "Beg, Frisk, beg," said little Harry, as he sat on an inverted<sup>(1)</sup> basket, at his grandmother's door, eating, with great satisfaction, a porringer<sup>(2)</sup> of bread and milk. His little sister Annie, who had already dispatched her breakfast, sat on the ground opposite to him, now twisting her flowers into garlands, and now throwing them away.

2. "Beg, Frisk, beg!" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind legs, and held up his fore paws, waiting for master Harry to give him the tempting morsel.

3. The little boy and the little dog were great friends. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did anyone else; perhaps, because he recollected<sup>(3)</sup> that Harry was his earliest and firmest friend during a time of great trouble.

4. Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Milton, the place where Harry lived. If he could have told his own story, it would probably have been a very pitiful one, of kicks and cuffs, of hunger and foul weather.

5. Certain it is, he made his appearance at the very door where Harry was now sitting, in miserable plight<sup>(4)</sup>, wet, dirty, and half starved; and that there he met Harry, who took a fancy to him, and Harry's grandmother, who drove him off with a broom.

6. Harry, at length, obtained permission for the little dog to remain as a sort of outdoor pensioner<sup>(5)</sup>, and fed him with stray bones and cold potatoes, and such things as he could get for him. He also provided him with a little basket to sleep in, the very

same which, turned up, afterward served Harry for a seat.

7. After a while, having proved his good qualities by barking away a set of pilferers<sup>(6)</sup>, who were making an attack on the great pear tree, he was admitted into the house, and became one of its most vigilant<sup>(7)</sup> and valued inmates<sup>(8)</sup>. He could fetch or carry either by land or water; would pick up a thimble or a ball of cotton, if little Annie should happen to drop them; or take Harry's dinner to school for him with perfect honesty.

8. "Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after long waiting, the expected morsel. Frisk was satisfied, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a good-humored fellow in the main, had turns of naughtiness, which were apt to last him all day, and this promised to prove one of his worst. It was a holiday<sup>(9)</sup>, and in the afternoon his cousins, Jane and William, were to come and see him and Annie; and the pears were to be gathered, and the children were to have a treat.



9. Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over. He played such pranks—buffeting<sup>(10)</sup> Frisk, cutting the curls off of Annie's doll, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles—that before his visitors arrived, indeed, almost immediately after dinner, he contrived to be sent to bed in disgrace.

10. Poor Harry! there he lay, rolling and kicking, while Jane, and William, and Annie were busy about the fine, mellow Windsor pears. William was up in the tree, gathering and shaking; Annie and Jane catching them in their aprons, and picking them up from the ground; now piling them in baskets, and now eating the nicest and ripest; while Frisk was barking gayly among them, as if he were catching Windsor pears, too!

11. Poor Harry! He could hear all this glee and merriment through the open

window, as he lay in bed. The storm of passion having subsided<sup>(11)</sup>, there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then, as he heard the loud peals of childish laughter, and as he thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, had he not forfeited<sup>(12)</sup> all this pleasure by his own bad conduct.

12. He wondered if Annie would not be so good-natured as to bring him a pear. All on a sudden, he heard a little foot on the stair, pitapat, and he thought she was coming. Pitapat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half afraid, through the half-open door.

13. But it was not Annie's head; it was Frisk's—poor Frisk, whom Harry had been teasing and tormenting all the morning, and who came into the room wagging his tail, with a great pear in his mouth; and, jumping upon the bed, He laid it in the little boy's hand.

14. Is not Frisk a fine, grateful fellow? and does he not deserve a share of Harry's breakfast, whether he begs for it or not? And little Harry will remember from the events of this day that kindness, even though shown to a dog, will always be rewarded; and that ill nature and bad temper are connected<sup>(13)</sup> with nothing but pain and disgrace.



## 【中文阅读】

1. “作揖，弗里斯克，作揖！”小哈利说道，他坐在祖母家门口一个倒扣的篮子上，心满意足地吃着面包和牛奶。他的妹妹安妮已经很快地解决了她的早餐，坐在哈利对面的地方将花朵扭成花环，又把它们扔到了一边。

2. “作揖，弗里斯克，作揖！”哈利重复道，在小狗吃不到的地方举着一点面包。温顺的狗狗弗里斯克用后腿支撑着蹲在地上，抬起它的前爪，等待主人哈里给它诱人的美味佳肴。

3. 小男孩和小狗是亲密的朋友。弗里斯克非常爱它的小主人，对他比对其他任何人都好。也许因为它记得哈利是它遇到大麻烦时最早认识和最坚定的朋友。

4. 可怜的弗里斯克在来到哈里居住的密尔顿之前是一条流浪狗。如果它能够讲述自己的故事，那很可能是一段辛酸的经历，被人又踢又打，忍饥挨饿，天气恶劣。

5. 可以确定的是，它出现在哈利家门口时——就是哈利现在坐着的地方——是一副惨兮兮的样子：身上湿漉漉、脏兮兮的，已经饿得半死了。在这里它遇到了哈利，哈利喜欢上了它，而哈利的奶奶则想用扫帚把它赶走。

6. 最后，哈利获得了允许，可以将小狗留在室外喂养。他给它喂一些零散的骨头，凉土豆和其他类似他能弄到的东西。他还给它准备了一个小篮子用来睡觉，就是后来被哈利倒扣过来当座椅的那个。

7. 又过了一段时间，小狗用叫声吓走了一群要偷袭大梨树的小偷，它的优良品质得以很好地展现。之后，家里允许它进屋了，它成了家里最机警、最宝贵的一员。它可以在陆路或水路取东西、运东西；如果安妮不小心将顶针或棉球掉在地上，它会帮她捡起来；抑或是绝对诚信地到学校给哈利送午餐。

8. “作揖，弗里斯克，作揖！”哈利说。在长时间的等待之后，把期待的美味扔

给了它。弗里斯克非常满足，但哈利不是。虽然总的来说哈里是个幽默的小男孩，但有时也会有调皮的一面，而且很可能会持续一整天。这是他最差劲的一面。那是一个假日，他的堂姐简和堂兄威廉下午会到这里看他和安妮，正值采摘梨子的时节，孩子们可以大大享用一番。

9. 哈利不耐烦了，觉得上午过得太慢。他搞了一些恶作剧：打弗里斯克，剪掉安妮的洋娃娃的卷发，最后打碎了奶奶的眼镜——这一切全都发生在客人到达之前。事实上，几乎是刚吃过饭，他就灰溜溜地被要求待在床上了。

10. 可怜的哈利！他躺在床上，又踢又滚；简、威廉和安妮忙着采摘上好的成熟温莎梨。威廉爬到树上，边摘边摇，安妮和简忙着用围裙接住梨子，还不时地捡起掉在地上的。然后把梨都装到筐里，挑出最好的、熟透的来吃。弗里斯克在他们中间欢快地叫着，好像它也要去摘梨子似的！

11. 可怜的哈利！他躺在床上，透过打开的窗户听见了外面所有的欢声笑语。热情的浪潮渐渐褪去，他愁眉苦脸地躺在那儿，不停地哭泣。当听到孩子们响亮的笑声时，想到要不是因为他的恶劣表现，他此刻该如何欢笑时，他偶尔还会悲伤地抽泣一下。

12. 他在想安妮是不是不会好心地给他送梨了。忽然间，他听到了楼梯上很轻的脚步声，砰砰，他认为是安妮来了。砰砰，脚步声越来越近了。最后，一个小脑袋怯怯地从半开着的门缝挤了进来。

13. 但那不是安妮的头；是弗里斯克——可怜的弗里斯克。哈利逗弄、折磨了它整个早上。它摇着尾巴进了屋，嘴里叼着一个巨大的梨子；然后跳上床，把梨放在小男孩的手里。

14. 弗里斯克是不是一个有良心的好伙伴？不管它作揖没作揖，难道它不应该得到哈利给的一份早餐吗？从这天发生的一系列事件中，小哈利将会记住友好的善行总会得到回报，即使对象是一条小狗；另外，恶毒和坏脾气只会与痛苦、耻

辱联系在一起。

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- (1) Inverted, *turned upside down*.
- (2) Porringer, *a small metallic dish*.
- (3) Recollected, *brought back to mind*.
- (4) Plight, *condition*.
- (5) Pensioner, *one who is supported by others*.
- (6) Pilferers, *those who steal little things*.
- (7) Vigilant, *watchful*.
- (8) Intimates, *those living in the same house*.
- (9) Holiday, *a day of amusement*.
- (10) Buffeting, *striking with the hand*.
- (11) Subsided, *become quiet*.
- (12) Forfeited, *lost*.
- (13) Connected, *united, have a close relation*.

# LESSON 28

## THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

### 小草之声

1. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,

On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

2. Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere;

All round the open door,

Where sit the aged poor,

Here where the children play,

In the bright and merry May,

I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

3. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

You can not see me coming,

Nor hear my low, sweet humming,

For in the starry night,

And the glad morning light,

I come, quietly creeping, everywhere.

4. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

More welcome than the flowers,

In summer's pleasant hours;

The gentle cow is glad,

And the merry birds not sad,

To see me creeping, creeping, everywhere.

5. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

When you're numbered with the dead,

In your still and narrow bed,

In the happy spring I'll come,

And deck your narrow home,

Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

6. Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

My humble song of praise,  
Most gratefully I raise,  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

*(Sarah Roberts)*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

沿着尘土飞扬的路边，

爬上阳光灿烂的山坡，

接近潺潺的小溪，

在每一处荫凉的角落。

我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀。

2. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

围着敞开的房门，

这里坐着上了年纪的人，

在明媚的五月，

孩子们来此玩耍。

我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀。

3. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

你们看不到我来了，

也听不到我甜美的低声哼唱，

因为在有星星的夜晚，

和欢快的晨光里，

我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀。

4. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

在夏季的美好时光里，

比花朵更受欢迎；

温顺的牛儿很欢乐，

快乐鸟儿不悲伤，

看着我到处爬呀，爬呀。

5. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

当死亡降临，

你躺在静静的坟墓里，

我会在快乐的春天到来，

装点你的坟墓，

爬呀，沉默地爬呀，到处爬。

6. 我来啦，到处爬呀，爬呀，

我卑微的赞美之歌，

充满感激的唱起，



向着引导我

美化了大地的他，

爬呀，沉默地爬呀，到处爬。

（萨拉·罗伯茨）

# LESSON 29

## THE EAGLE

### 鷹

1. The eagle seems to enjoy a kind of supremacy<sup>(1)</sup> over the rest of the inhabitants of the air. Such is the loftiness of his flight, that he often soars<sup>(2)</sup> in the sky beyond the reach of the naked eye, and such is his strength that he has been known to carry away children in his talons. But many of the noble qualities imputed<sup>(3)</sup> to him are rather fanciful than true.

2. He has been described as showing a lofty<sup>(4)</sup> independence, which makes him disdain<sup>(5)</sup> to feed on anything that is not slain by his own strength. But Alexander Wilson, the great naturalist, says that he has seen an eagle feasting on the carcass<sup>(6)</sup> of a horse. The eagle lives to a great age. One at Vienna is stated to have died after a confinement of one hundred and four years.

3. There are several species<sup>(7)</sup> of the eagle. The golden eagle, which is one of the largest, is nearly four feet from the point of the beak to the end of the tail. He is found in most parts of Europe, and is also met with in America. High rocks and ruined and lonely towers are the places which he chooses for his abode. His nest is composed of sticks and rushes. The tail feathers are highly valued as ornaments by the American Indians.

4. The most interesting<sup>(8)</sup> species is the bald eagle, as this is an American bird, and the adopted<sup>(9)</sup> emblem<sup>(10)</sup> of our country. He lives chiefly upon fish, and is found in the neighborhood of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our large lakes and rivers.

5. According to the description given by Wilson, he depends, in procuring his food, chiefly upon the labors of others. He watches the fishhawk as he dives into the sea for his prey, and darting down upon him as he rises, forces him to relinquish<sup>(11)</sup> his victim, and then seizes it before it again reaches the water.

6. One of the most notable<sup>(12)</sup> species is the harpy eagle. This is said to be bold and strong, and to attack beasts, and even man himself. He is fierce, quarrelsome, and sullen<sup>(13)</sup>, living alone in the deepest forests. He is found chiefly in South America.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 鹰似乎比飞在空中的其他动物拥有更至高无上的地位。包括它的飞行高度——它能够在空中翱翔到肉眼看不到的高度，还有它的力量——据说它可以用爪子提起小孩。但是它被赋予的很多卓越品质都是想象出来的，并不是事实。

2. 在人们的描述中，它表现出很高傲的自主性。这使它不屑于进食非它自己力量杀死的猎物。但伟大的博物学家亚历山大·威尔森说他曾看到一只鹰把一匹马的残骸当大餐。鹰可以活到很大年纪。一只生活在维也纳的鹰据说在被饲养了104年后离世。

3. 鹰分为很多种类。金鹰，即鹫，是最大的之一，从鸟喙的顶点到尾部几乎有四英尺长。它生活在欧洲大部分地区，同样也出现在美国。高高的岩石或者废弃、荒凉的高塔是它自己选择的栖身之所。它的窝一般由木棍和灯芯草制成。鹫尾部的羽毛非常名贵，因为美洲的印第安人用它们做装饰品。

4. 最有趣的种类要数秃鹰了，因为它是一种美国鸟，并且已经被当作了美国的象征。它主要以鱼类为食，栖息在美国附近的海域，以及大河、大湖的海岸边和岩石上。

5. 根据威尔森给出的描述，秃鹰获取食物主要依靠其他鸟类的劳动。当鱼鹰扎进海里捕食猎物时，秃鹰会在一边旁观。等鱼鹰一出水面，秃鹰就会冲撞它，迫使它放弃猎物，然后在猎物返回水面前把它抓住。

6. 其中最引人注目的是哈比鹰。据说它非常大胆，非常强壮，会袭击野兽甚至人类。同时它也异常凶猛、好斗，总是非常阴郁而沉默，独自生活在森林深处。主要栖息在南美地区。

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- (1) Supremacy, *highest authority*.
- (2) Soars, *flies aloft*.
- (3) Imputed, *ascribed to*.
- (4) Lofty, *haughty, dignified*.
- (5) Disdain, *to scorn*.
- (6) Carcass, *the dead body of an animal*.
- (7) Species, *classes*.
- (8) Interesting, *engaging the attention*.
- (9) Adopted, *selected, chosen*.
- (10) Emblem, *that which is supposed to resemble some other thing in certain qualities, and is used to represent it*.
- (11) Relinquish, *to give up*.
- (12) Notable, *worthy of notice*.
- (13) Sullen, *gloomily angry and silent*.

# LESSON 30

## THE OLD EAGLE TREE

### 老鷹樹

1. In a distant field, stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's<sup>(1)</sup> growth, and one of the most gigantic<sup>(2)</sup>. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree of huge dimensions<sup>(3)</sup>, standing all alone, is a sublime<sup>(4)</sup> object.

2. On the top of this tree, an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year, for many years, and, undisturbed, had raised her young. A remarkable place to choose, as she procured her food from the ocean, and this tree stood full ten miles from the seashore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle Tree."

3. On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the seaside, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

4. The men soon dispersed<sup>(5)</sup>, but Joseph sat down under a bush near by, to watch, and to bestow unavailing<sup>(6)</sup> pity. The bird soon returned to her nest, without food. The eaglets<sup>(7)</sup> at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous<sup>(8)</sup> that the boy was greatly moved.

5. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest in a manner that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

6. Her indecision<sup>(9)</sup> was but momentary<sup>(10)</sup>; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to "lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea.

7. Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. What boy has not thus watched the flight of the bird of his country!

8. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.

9. On nearing the field, she made a circuit<sup>(11)</sup> round it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted<sup>(12)</sup>. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as, save the cooking, a king might admire.

10. "Glorious bird!" cried the boy, "what a spirit!" Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when discouraged, when so far from the sea, would do this?

11. "Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined it can do almost anything. Others would have drooped, and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings<sup>(13)</sup>; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all."

12. "I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark

high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; I will never yield to discouragements."

*EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the "Old Eagle Tree." What lesson was taught the boy who watched the eagle's actions?*



## 【中文阅读】

1. 在很远的地方矗立着一棵高大的郁金香树，显然已经生长了一个世纪，是那里最大的树木之一。它看起来像是附近森林的父辈。一棵体积如此庞大的树木孤零零站立在那里，是一个非常壮观的景象。

2. 在这棵树的顶端，一只老鹰——通常称作“鱼鹰”——每年都在此筑她的鸟巢，养育它的下一代，并且已经持续了很多年，没有受到任何干扰。由于它要到大海里觅食，所以要挑选一个比较醒目的地方搭窝，而这棵树距离海边整整10英里。长久以来，人们将这棵树叫做“老鹰树”。

3. 在一个阳光灿烂的日子里，空气都是暖暖的。干活的人们在附近的玉米地里锄草。在一天的某个特定时刻，人们知道老鹰会出发去海边，为它的孩子们觅食。这天回来时，它爪子里抓着一条大鱼。干农活的人们围到了树边，不断地又喊又叫，还向上扔石头，以此来吓唬可怜的鸟儿，使得它的鱼掉了下去。他们沾沾自喜地把鱼拿走了。

4. 人们很快散去，但约瑟夫在附近一个安静的地方坐了下来，想看看会怎么样，并且表达一下徒劳的同情。鸟儿很快回到了它的巢，什么食物也没带回来。小鹰们立刻开始哭叫着要食物，声音是那么的尖利，那么的清晰，那么的吵闹，以至于男孩都被深深地触动了。

5. 大鹰似乎在设法安抚它们，但它们的食欲太过旺盛，一切的安慰都无济于事。随后，大鹰飞到了它们附近的一个树枝上栖息，低头向鸟巢里看去，那姿态仿佛在说“我不知道下面该怎么办”。

6. 它的不知所措只持续了很短的时间；随即，它做好了准备，发出了一两声高亢的叫声，好似在告诉小鹰们“静静躺着”，身体找好了平衡，展了展翅膀，再次朝大海飞去。

7. 约瑟夫决定要看看结果。他的眼光跟随着大鹰，直到它的身影越来越小，变成了天空中的一个点，最后彻底消失了。哪个男孩没看过自己国家国鸟的翱翔呢！

8. 大鹰离开了大概两个小时，这几乎是它平时出海觅食时间的两倍。当它再次回来的时候，翅膀挥动得很慢很疲惫，飞得极不寻常的低，为的是让更厚重的大气支撑着它，它的爪子里抓着另一条鱼。

9. 快接近大树所在地时，它围着那里盘旋了一圈，看看敌人是不是还在。当发现附近很清静时，它再次落在了树上，低垂着头，又虚弱又疲倦，显然已经快精疲力尽了。小鹰们又叫开了，不过分配晚餐很快让它们安静了下来。

10. “光荣的鸟！”男孩叫道，“这是何等的精神啊！”其他的鸟能够飞得更快，唱得更甜美，叫得更大声，但是，其他的鸟，在受到非难和抢劫，在疲惫不堪，灰心丧气，离海这么远的地方，能够像它这么做吗？

11. “光荣的鸟！今天我从你这里学到了一课。从今以后，我永远不会忘记，只要有了一种精神，就能够做成任何事。其他人可能会垂头丧气，哀伤人们的残忍行为，为雏鸟的需求而叹息，但是你，迅速弥补了损失，忘记了一切。”

12. “我要向你学习，高贵的鸟儿！我会记住这件事，把自己的目标定得高些。我要设法做出些成绩，在世界上成为非同寻常的人物；我永远不会向挫折屈服。”

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(1) Century, the space of a hundred years.

(2) Gigantic, very large.

(3) Dimensions, size.

(4) Sublime, grand, noble.

- (5) Dispersed, *scattered*.
- (6) Unavailing, *useless*.
- (7) Eaglets, *young eagles*.
- (8) Clamorous, *loud, noisy*.
- (9) Indecision, *want of fixed purpose*.
- (10) Momentary, *for a single moment*.
- (11) Circuit, *movement round in a circle*.
- (12) Exhausted, *wholly tired out*.
- (13) Nestlings, *young birds in the nest*.

# LESSON 31

## ALPINE SONG

### 阿尔卑斯之歌

**William W. Story, the author, was born in Salem, Mass., In 1819. His writings in poetry and prose are well known, and he also gained distinction in his profession as a sculptor. He died in 1895.**

1. With alpenstock<sup>(1)</sup> and knapsack<sup>(2)</sup> light,

I wander o'er hill and valley;

I climb the snow peak's flashing height,

And sleep in the sheltered chalet<sup>(3)</sup>,—

Free in heart—happy and free—

This is the summer life for me.

2. The city's dust I leave behind

For the keen, sweet air of the mountain,

The grassy path by the wild rose lined,

The gush<sup>(4)</sup> of the living fountain,—

Free in heart—happy and free—

This is the summer life for me.

3. High above me snow clouds rise,

In the early morning gleaming;

And the patterned<sup>(5)</sup> valley beneath me lies

Softly in sunshine dreaming,—

Free in heart—happy and free—

This is the summer life for me.

4. The bells of wandering herds I list<sup>(6)</sup>,

Chiming in upland meadows;

How sweet they sound, as I lie at rest

Under the dark pine shadows, —

Glad in heart—happy and free—

This is the summer life for me.

## 【中文阅读】

作者威廉·W·斯多瑞1819年生于马萨诸塞州塞伦市。他的诗歌及散文作品为人们所熟知。他的职业是一名雕塑家，并且在此领域取得了优异成绩。他于1895年去世。

### 1. 手拿登山杖，身背轻轻的行囊，

我在丘陵和山谷中穿行；

我爬上雪峰耀眼的高度，

睡在避风的小木屋——

心灵无比自由——快乐和自由——

这是我在夏季的生活。

### 2. 城市的尘土被我抛在了身后

迎来山里凛冽而清新的空气，

成排的野玫瑰间是布满情操的小径，

喷涌出的活泉——

心灵无比自由——快乐和自由——

这是我的夏季生活。

### 3. 清晨隐约的微光中，

在我头顶的天空里，雪白的云朵升起来，

阳光的梦境中，

我脚下图案般的山谷显得愈加柔和——

心灵无比自由——快乐和自由——

这是我的夏季生活。

4. 我听到游荡的牧群发出的钟声，

在高地牧场响起；

当我放松地躺在黑松的树荫下，

它们听起来多么甜美——

心灵无比愉悦——快乐和自由——

这是我的夏季生活。

- 
- (1) Alpenstock, *a long staff, pointed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps.*
- (2) Knapsack, *a leather sack for carrying food or clothing, borne on the back.*
- (3) Chalet, *a mountain hut.*
- (4) Gush, *a rapid outflowing.*
- (5) Patterned, *marked off in figures or patterns.*
- (6) List, *hearken to.*

# LESSON 32

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

### 环境不同，处理各异

1. *Derby*. Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and shall be extremely<sup>(1)</sup> obliged if you will lend me your gray mare.
2. *Scrapewell*. It would give me great pleasure to oblige you, friend Derby; but I am under the necessity of going to the mill this very morning, with a bag of corn. My wife wants the meal to-day, and you know what a time there'll be if I disappoint her.
3. *D*. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.
4. *S*. You don't say so! That is bad, indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.
5. *D*. I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.
6. *S*. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal would never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical<sup>(2)</sup> she is.
7. *D*. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.
8. *S*. Yes, yes! that's true, indeed; I always have the best of everything. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry



you.

9. *D.* Oh, never fear! I will feed her well with oats on the road.

10. *S.* Oats! neighbor; oats are very dear.

11. *D.* Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

12. *S.* But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

13. *D.* Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

14. *S.* Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

15. *D.* Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

16. *S.* Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare. She's very notional.

17. *D.* Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

18. *S.* Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

19. *D.* At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend, Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

20. *S.* You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried<sup>(3)</sup>, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop<sup>(4)</sup> and

mane want combing and cutting very much. If anyone should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.



21. *D.* Oh, a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall attend to it at once.

22. *S.* Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

23. *D.* Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

24. *S.* What, that tinker, Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler<sup>(5)</sup> to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper shall shoe my mare.

25. *D.* As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

26. *S.* [*Calling to his son.*] Tim, Tim! here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back, last week, a hand's breadth or more. [*Gives Tim a wink.*] However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors; indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let

neighbor Derby have her if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed<sup>(6)</sup> to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you to refuse me in turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward<sup>(7)</sup> in doing them a kindness whenever it is possible. Come, Tim, what do you say?

27. *Tim.* What do I say, father? Why, sir, I say that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable<sup>(8)</sup> of performing<sup>(9)</sup> the journey. About a hand's breadth, did you say? Why, sir, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back the bigness of your broadbrimmed hat! And, besides, I have promised her, so soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

28. *S.* Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters are thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

29. *D.* And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for to tell you the truth I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me if I will be in town to-day he will give me the refusal<sup>(10)</sup> of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, on the side of the hill; and I had intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

30. *S.* Fifty dollars, did you say?

31. *D.* Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

32. *S.* Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor, Here, Tim, tell Ned

Saunders he can't have the mare: neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend anything he asks for.

33. *D.* But what are you to do for meal?

34. *S.* My wife can do without it for a week if you want the mare so long.

35. *D.* But, then, your saddle is all in pieces.

36. *S.* I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

37. *D.* And shall I call at Thumper's and get the mare shod?

38. *S.* No, no; I had forgotten to tell you that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her, last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

39. *D.* But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

40. *S.* Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you it was not, at first, bigger than my thumb nail, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

41. *D.* At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

42. *S.* She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed<sup>(11)</sup> full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 德比(以下简称“德”):早上好,斯科利普韦尔。我今天要赶十几英里路,如果你能把你的灰马借我,我将感激不尽。
2. 斯科利普韦尔(以下简称“斯”):能够帮你是我莫大的荣幸,德比;但我今天一早就必须要到磨坊去,还要驮着一袋玉米。我妻子今天想吃粗粮,你知道,如果我让她扫兴了,日子得多难过。
3. 德:那么她一定会更想吃了,因为我可以向你保证,磨坊今天不开门。我听说磨坊主跟威廉姆·戴维斯说水位太低了。
4. 斯:不见得吧!不过确实太倒霉了;那样的话我就不得不骑马飞奔着进城去弄粗粮了。如果我忽略了这件事,我妻子肯定会修理我的。
5. 德:我能让你不必出门了,因为我家里有很多粗粮,可以借给你妻子,她要多少都行。
6. 斯:啊!德比,我敢肯定你的粗粮不符合我妻子的要求,你都想象不出她有多古怪。
7. 德:即使她比现在古怪十倍,我也敢肯定她会喜欢我的粗粮,因为这些是你们卖给我的,你还保证说这是你们最好的。
8. 斯:是的,是的!确实是事实;我的一切东西都总是最好的。你看,德比,没人比我更乐于助人了。但是我必须告诉你,今天早上灰马拒绝吃草,事实上,我是担心它载不了你。
9. 德:哦,不用担心!我会在路上给它喂燕麦的。
10. 斯:燕麦!邻居啊,燕麦很贵。

11. 德：没关系。当有个好工作在望时，我不会在乎细微小事的。

12. 斯：但是路非常湿滑，我真的很担心它摔倒后折断你的脖子。

13. 德：您自己千万不要为此担忧。灰马肯定会步履稳健的，另外，刚才您还要骑着它飞奔去镇上呢。

14. 斯：那么，跟你说实话吧，虽然我全新全意想要帮助你，可我的马鞍已经破成一片一片的了，而且我也已经把缰绳送去修理了。

15. 德：运气不错，我家里正挂着一副马鞍和缰绳。

16. 斯：哈！那倒是可能，但我相信你的马鞍配我的灰马肯定不合适。它是很有想法的。

17. 德：咳，那么我去借邻居克劳德普家的。

18. 斯：克劳德普家的！他的不会比你那个更合适。

19. 德：最坏的情况是，我去找好朋友斯贵艾尔·琼斯。他那有十来个，我相信他会把适合灰马的借给我。

20. 斯：德比，你看，没人比我更乐于帮助邻居了。我全心全意地向你保证，这匹马应该服务于你；但在过去三个星期我都没给它梳理额毛和鬃毛，额毛和鬃毛现在非常需要修剪。如果有人看到它这么糟糕，肯定会降低它的身价的。

21. 德：哦，给马梳洗很快就能完成，而且我儿子山姆马上就可以来做。

22. 斯：是的，很可能；但是此时此刻我才想起，这个家伙还没有马掌呢。

23. 德：那么，附近不是有个铁匠铺吗？

24. 斯：什么，那个小炉匠多布森？我都不相信那么个笨手笨脚的人会给山羊

钉掌。不，不，其他人都行，只有汤姆·萨姆皮尔大叔能够给我的灰马钉掌。

25. 德：好运气啊，我正巧会路过他家门口。

26. 斯：[喊他儿子]蒂姆，蒂姆！我们的邻居德比来了，他今天想借灰马去镇上。你是知道的，上周灰马背上擦破了皮，有一掌多宽。[朝蒂姆眨了眨眼睛]但是，我想它现在应该好了。蒂姆，你是知道的，我是多么愿意帮助邻居。事实上，我们应该在世界上尽可能地多做善事。如果灰马能适合他的需要，我们当然会把它借给德比。是的，是的。德比，我明显地看到了蒂姆的表情，他不同意借给你。我原本不会因为一匹灰马的价值而回绝你。如果我这么做了，我反过来应该期待你来拒绝我。没有任何一位邻居指责我，说我在可能帮到他们忙时打退堂鼓。行了，蒂姆，你要说什么？

27. 蒂：我说什么，爸爸？为什么，先生，我是想说我和您一样愿意为邻居提供帮助做好事。但是灰马真的无法完成这次行程。您不是说大概有一掌多宽么？先生，那个可怜的家伙背上的皮肤撕裂了宽檐帽那么大一片！再说，我也已经答应奈德·桑德斯了，一旦它能上路，就借给他运一批苹果去市场。

28. 斯：听到了吗，我的邻居？我非常抱歉事情是这样。就算是两匹灰马的钱，我也不会拒绝帮助你。相信我，德比，我真的非常抱歉到你这儿事情变成了这样。

29. 德：我同样对您表示非常遗憾，斯科利普韦尔。因为和您实话实说，我今早收到一封格里芬先生的信，他告诉我如果我今天去镇上一趟，他会给我所有木材的优先选择权，就是他在山坡上准备砍伐的那些树木。而且我本打算分给您一半，价值不会少于您口袋里的美元。但是，既然您——

30. 斯：你是说，50美元？

31. 德：唉，是啊，我是这么说的。但是既然您的灰马不在状态，我去看看能不能借铁匠家的老杂毛马。



32. 斯：老杂毛！邻居，我的灰马可以随时为你服务。蒂姆，告诉奈德·桑德斯他不能用灰马了，邻居德比用了。这么要好的朋友的任何请求我都是不会拒绝的。

33. 德：您要用粗粮来做什么呀？

34. 斯：如果你需要借用灰马一星期，我妻子可以这段时间都不用粗粮。

35. 德：但是，您的马鞍都破成片了。

36. 斯：我指的是旧的那个。后来我又买了个新的，你应该是第一个用的。

37. 德：那我还用去萨姆皮尔店里给灰马钉掌吗？

38. 斯：不用，不用。我忘了告诉你，我上周让邻居多布森尝试着给它钉掌了。而且，公平地说，他钉掌钉得很好。

39. 德：但是，如果可怜的家伙背上脱了很多皮——

40. 斯：咳，咳！那只是蒂姆编的一个故事。我向你保证，最初那块比我的拇指指甲大不了多少，我肯定之后也没再长得更大。

41. 德：不过，由于它不吃草，至少让它吃些能吃的东西。

42. 斯：今天早上它确实不吃草；但是唯一的原因是它吃了太多燕麦。我的邻居，你什么都不用担心，灰马刷洗得很干净，它能载着你像鸟儿般在路上飞驰。祝你一路顺风，工作盈利。



- (2) Whimsical, *full of whims*.
- (3) Curried, *cleaned*.
- (4) Foretop, *hair on the forepart of the head*.
- (5) Bungler, *a clumsy workman*.
- (6) Disposed, *inclined to*.
- (7) Backward, *slow, unwilling*.
- (8) Capable, *possessing ability*.
- (9) Performing, *accomplishing*.
- (10) Refusal, *choice of taking*.
- (11) Crammed, *stuffed*.

# LESSON 33

## THE NOBLEST REVENGE

### 最高尚的复仇

1. "I will have revenge<sup>(1)</sup> on him, that I will, and make him heartily repent<sup>(2)</sup> it," said Philip to himself, with a countenance<sup>(3)</sup> quite red with anger. His mind was so engaged that he did not see Stephen, who happened at that instant to meet him.

2. "Who is that," said Stephen, "on whom you intend to be revenged?" Philip, as if awakened from a dream, stopped short, and looking at his friend, soon resumed<sup>(4)</sup> a smile that was natural to his countenance. "Ah," said he, "you remember my bamboo, a very pretty cane which was given me by my father, do you not? Look! there it is in pieces. It was farmer Robinson's son who reduced it to this worthless state."

3. Stephen very coolly asked him what had induced<sup>(5)</sup> young Robinson to break it. "I was walking peaceably along," replied he, "and was playing with my cane by twisting it round my body. By accident, one of the ends slipped out of my hand, when I was opposite the gate, just by the wooden bridge, where the ill-natured fellow had put down a pitcher of water, which he was taking home from the well.

4. "It so happened that my cane, in springing back, upset the pitcher, but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names, when I assured<sup>(6)</sup> him that what I had done had happened by accident, and that I was sorry for it. Without regarding<sup>(7)</sup> what I said, he instantly seized my cane, and twisted it, as you see; but I will make him repent of it."

5. "To be sure," said Stephen, "he is a very wicked boy, and is already very properly punished for being such, since nobody likes him or will have anything to do

with him. He can scarcely find a companion to play with him; and is often at a loss for amusement, as he deserves to be. This, properly considered<sup>(8)</sup>, I think will appear sufficient revenge for you."

6. "All this is true," replied Philip, "but he has broken my cane. It was a present from my father, and a very pretty cane it was. I offered to fill his pitcher for him again, as I knocked it down by accident. I will be revenged."

7. "Now, Philip;" said Stephen, "I think you will act better in not minding him, as your contempt<sup>(9)</sup> will be the best punishment you can inflict<sup>(10)</sup> upon him. Be assured, he will always be able to do more mischief to you than you choose to do to him. And, now I think of it, I will tell you what happened to him not long since.

8. "Very unluckily for him, he chanced to see a bee hovering<sup>(11)</sup> about a flower which he caught, and was going to pull off its wings out of sport, when the animal stung him, and flew away in safety to the hive. The pain put him into a furious passion, and, like you, he vowed revenge. He accordingly procured a stick, and thrust it into the beehive.

9. "In an instant the whole swarm flew out, and alighting upon him stung him in a hundred different places. He uttered the most piercing cries, and rolled upon the ground in the excess of his agony<sup>(12)</sup>. His father immediately ran to him, but could not put the bees to flight until they had stung him so severely that he was confined several days to his bed.

10. "Thus, you see, he was not very successful in his pursuit of revenge. I would advise you, therefore, to pass over his insult. He is a wicked boy, and much stronger than you; so that your ability<sup>(13)</sup> to obtain this revenge may be doubtful."

11. "I must own," replied Philip, "that your advice seems very good. So come

along with me, and I will tell my father the whole matter, and I think he will not be angry with me." They went, and Philip told his father what had happened. He thanked Stephen for the good advice he had given his son, and promised Philip to give him another cane exactly like the first.

12. A few days afterward, Philip saw this ill-natured boy fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, which he could not lift up again. Philip ran to him, and helped him to replace it on his shoulder. Young Robinson was quite ashamed at the thought of this unmerited kindness, and heartily repented of his behavior. Philip went home quite satisfied. "This," said he, "is the noblest vengeance I could take, in returning good for evil. It is impossible I should repent of it."

*EXERCISES.—What is revenge? Is it right to take revenge on those who injure us? How should we treat such persons?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “我要找他报仇，我一定会的，要让他感到由衷的忏悔。”菲利普自言自语道，脸由于生气而显得格外红。他想得太投入了，以至于没看见斯蒂芬。斯蒂芬正是来见他的。

2. “那人是谁，”斯蒂芬说，“你打算找谁报仇？”菲利普仿佛这才如梦初醒，突然停了下来，看着他的朋友，但很快恢复了他自然的微笑表情。“哈，”他说道，“你还记得我的竹子吧，我父亲给我的一段非常漂亮的竹藤，记得吗？看！它已经成碎片了。是农民罗宾逊的儿子把它弄得这样一钱不值的。”

3. 斯蒂芬非常冷静地问他是什么导致小罗宾逊把它打碎了。“我平静地走着，”他回答说，“边走边把玩着我的竹藤，把它缠在我身上。突然发生了意外，竹藤的一端从我手里滑了出去。当时我正在门外的木桥旁，而那个坏脾气的家伙刚刚把一罐子水放在地上，那是他从井里打完要带回家的。”

4. “说来也巧，我的竹藤回弹时打到了那个罐子，但没有把它打破。他就凑了上来，开始点名道姓地骂我，我向他保证我刚才的动作是个意外，我很抱歉。他根本不管我说什么，上来就抓起我的竹藤，你也看见了，把它扭断了；但我会让他为此感到后悔的。”

5. “可以肯定，”斯蒂芬说，“他是个很可恶的孩子，成为这么一个没人喜欢、没人愿意和他有任何关系的人对他来说已经是个合适的惩罚了。他根本找不到愿意和他一起玩的伙伴，而且通常对娱乐一窍不通，他活该。好好想想吧，这对你来说已经足够报仇雪恨了。”

6. “这些都是事实，”菲利普回答，“但是他弄断了我的竹藤。那是我父亲送的礼物，而且也非常漂亮。我提出要把水罐装满，因为我不小心把它碰倒了。我要报仇。”

7. “现在，菲利普，”斯蒂芬说，“我认为你不去和他一般见识会更好，因为你的蔑视是你能够惩罚他的最佳方式。放心吧，他总能对你做更多的恶作剧，远比你还要对他做得多。现在我想到这个，我告诉你不久前在他身上发生了什么。”

8. “对他来说非常不幸，他偶然看到了一只蜜蜂在花上盘旋，他抓住了它，要把它翅膀扯下来。这时蜜蜂叮了他一下，安全地飞回了蜂箱。疼痛让他怒不可遏，像你一样，他发誓要报仇。于是，他找来一根棍子，戳进了蜂箱。”

9. “顷刻间，整个蜂群飞了出来，落在他身上，叮了他一百多处。他发出了最尖利的哭喊声，过度痛苦使得他在地面上打起滚来。他父亲立刻跑来，但是根本没有办法赶走蜜蜂，直到它们把他叮得严重到不得不卧床很多天。”

10. “你看，他期望的报仇并不成功。因此，我建议你忽略他对你的侮辱。他是个坏孩子，又比你强壮，那么你来实施报复的能力就值得怀疑。”

11. “我必须承认，”菲利普回答道，“你的建议非常好。随我来吧，我会把一切告诉父亲，我想他不会生我的气。”他们离开，菲利普告诉父亲发生了什么。他父亲感谢斯蒂芬给他儿子的建议，并且答应给菲利普一个完全一样的竹藤。

12. 之后几天，菲利普看到这个坏脾气的男孩在往家里搬一块很沉的木柴时摔倒在地，再也抬不起来。菲利普跑到他身边，帮他把木柴扛在肩上。小罗宾逊想到这份好意时感到非常惭愧，发自内心地对自己的行为表示后悔。菲利普心里非常满足地回到家。“这，”他说，“是我进行的最高尚的复仇，以德报怨。我是不会为此后悔的。”

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(1) Revenge, return for an injury.

(2) Repent, to feel sorry for.

- (3) Countenance, *the face*.
- (4) Resumed, *took again*.
- (5) Induced, *caused*.
- (6) Assured, *declared positively*.
- (7) Regarding, *noticing*.
- (8) Considered, *thought of care fully*.
- (9) Contempt, *disdain, scorn*.
- (10) Inflict, *to impose, to put on*.
- (11) Hovering, *hanging over or about*.
- (12) Agony, *very great pain*.
- (13) Ability, *power*.

# LESSON 34

## EVENING HYMN

### 夜晚圣歌

1. Come to the sunset tree,

The day is past and gone;

The woodman's ax lies free,

And the reaper's work is done;

The twilight star to heaven,

And the summer dew to flowers,

And rest to us is given,

By the soft evening hours.

2. Sweet is the hour of rest,

Pleasant the woods' low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,

And the turf whereon we lie,

When the burden and the heat

Of the laborer's task is o'er,



And kindly voices greet

The tired one at the door.

3. Yes, tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whispering boughs:

Welcome the freshness round,

And the gale that fans our brows;

But rest more sweet and still

Than ever the nightfall gave,

Our yearning hearts shall fill,

In the world beyond the grave.

4. There, shall no tempests blow,

Nor scorching noontide heat;

There, shall be no more snow,

No weary, wandering feet;

So we lift our trusting eyes

From the hills our fathers trod,

To the quiet of the skies,

To the Sabbath of our God.



# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 来到落日树旁，

白天一去不复返；

伐木工的斧头随意躺着，

收割者的工作已经完成；

暮色里的星星挂在天边。

到了柔和的傍晚时间，

我们也可以休息了。

## 2. 休息的时光是甜蜜的，

树木的低声叹息是多么令人愉快，

西边闪着光芒，

当劳动者工作的负担和高温已经结束，

我们躺在草地上，

亲切的声音在门口

问候着疲惫的人儿。

## 3. 是的，低语的枝头间存在

和谐悦耳的声音；

欢迎周围新鲜的感觉，

以及吹拂额头的一阵风，

但是夜晚给予的

安稳更加甜蜜、宁静，

我们热切的内心仍然满足，

在死后的另一个世界。

4. 那里，不会刮起大风暴，

也不会有正午灼人的热浪；

那里，不会下雪，

没有疲惫、徘徊的双脚；

因此我们从父辈涉足的山顶，

抬起信任的眼睛，

为了天空的寂静，

为了我神的安息。

# LESSON 35

## HOW MARGERY WONDERED

### 好奇的玛芝莉

1. One bright morning late in March, little Margery put on her hood and her Highland plaid shawl, and went trudging<sup>(1)</sup> across the beach. It was the first time she had been trusted out alone, for Margery was a little girl; nothing about her was large, except her round gray eyes, which had yet scarcely opened upon half a dozen springs and summers.

2. There was a pale mist on the far-off sea and sky, and up around the sun were white clouds edged with the hues<sup>(2)</sup> of pinks and violets. The sunshine and the mild air made Margery's very heart feel warm, and she let the soft wind blow aside her Highland shawl, as she looked across the waters at the sun, and wondered! For, somehow, the sun had never looked before as it did to-day; —it seemed like a great golden flower bursting out of its pearl-lined calyx<sup>(3)</sup>, —a flower without a stem. Or was there a strong stem away behind it in the sky, that reached down below the sea, to a root, nobody could guess where?

3. Margery did not stop to puzzle herself about the answer to her question, for now the tide was coming in, and the waves, little at first, but growing larger every moment, were crowding up along the sand and pebbles, laughing, winking, and whispering, as they tumbled over each other, like thousands of children hurrying home from somewhere, each with its own precious little secret to tell.

4. Where did the waves come from? Who was down there under the blue wall of the horizon<sup>(4)</sup>, with the hoarse, hollow voice, urging and pushing them across the beach at her feet? And what secret was it they were lispng to each other with their

pleasant voices? Oh, what was there beneath the sea, and beyond the sea, so deep, so broad, and so dim, too, away off where the white ships, that looked smaller than sea birds, were gliding out and in?



5. But while Margery stood still for a moment on a dry rock, and wondered, there came a low, rippling warble<sup>(5)</sup> to her ear from a cedar tree on the cliff above her. It had been a long winter, and Margery had forgotten that there were birds, and that birds could sing. So she wondered again what the music was.

6. And when she saw the bird perched on a yellow-brown bough, she wondered yet more. It was only a bluebird, but then it was the first bluebird Margery had ever seen. He fluttered among the prickly twigs, and looked as if he had grown out of them, as the cedar berries had, which were dusty blue, the color of his coat. But how did the music get in his throat? And after it was in his throat, how could it untangle itself, and wind itself off so evenly? And where had the bluebird flown from, across

the snow banks down to the shore of the blue sea?

7. The waves sang a welcome to him, and he sang a welcome to the waves; they seemed to know each other well; and the ripple and the warble sounded so much alike, the bird and the wave must have both learned their music of the same teacher. And Margery kept on wondering as she stepped between the song of the bluebird and the echo of the sea, and climbed a sloping bank, just turning faintly green in the spring sunshine.

8. The grass was surely beginning to grow! There were fresh, juicy shoots running up among the withered blades of last year, as if in hopes of bringing them back to life; and closer down she saw the sharp points of new spears<sup>(6)</sup> peeping from their sheaths<sup>(7)</sup>. And scattered here and there were small, dark green leaves folded around buds shut up so tightly that only those who had watched them many seasons could tell what flowers were to be let out of their safe prisons by and by. So no one could blame Margery for not knowing that they were only common things, nor for stooping over the tiny buds, and wondering.

9. What made the grass come up so green out of the black earth? And how did the buds know when it was time to take off their little green hoods, and see what there was in the world around them? And how came they to be buds at all? Did they bloom in another world before they sprung up here?—and did they know, themselves, what kind of flowers they should blossom into? Had flowers souls, like little girls, that would live in another world when their forms had faded away in this?

10. Margery thought she would like to sit down on the bank, and wait beside the buds until they opened; perhaps they would tell her their secret if the very first thing they saw was her eyes watching them. One bud was beginning to unfold; it was streaked with yellow in little stripes that she could imagine became wider every minute. But she would not touch it, for it seemed almost as much alive as herself. She

only wondered, and wondered!

11. Margery heard her mother calling her, and she trudged home across the shells and pebbles with a pleasant smile dimpling her cheeks; for she felt very much at home in this large, wonderful world, and was happy to be alive, although she neither could have told, nor cared to know, the reason why. But when her mother unpinned the little girl's Highland shawl, and took off her hood, she said, "O mother, do let me live on the doorstep! I don't like houses to stay in. What makes everything so pretty and so glad? Don't you like to wonder?"

12. Margery's mother was a good woman. But then there was all the housework to do, and, if she had thoughts, she did not often let them wander outside of the kitchen door. And just now she was baking some gingerbread, which was in danger of getting burned in the oven. So she pinned the shawl around the child's neck again, and left her on the doorstep, saying to herself, as she returned to her work, "Queer child! I wonder what kind of a woman she will be!"

13. But Margery sat on the doorstep, and wondered, as the sea sounded louder, and the sunshine grew warmer around her. It was all so strange, and grand, and beautiful! Her heart danced with joy to the music that went echoing through the wide world from the roots of the sprouting grass to the great golden blossom of the sun.

14. And when the round, gray eyes closed that night, at the first peep of the stars, the angels looked down and wondered over Margery. For the wisdom of the wisest being God has made, ends in wonder; and there is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.

*(Lucy Larcom)*



*EXERCISES.—Name the things about which Margery wondered. What did she wonder about each? What is still more wonderful than all that at which Margery wondered?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 三月下旬一个明媚的早晨，小玛芝莉戴上兜帽，披上格子花呢披肩，步履沉重地沿着海滩走着。这是玛芝莉第一次单独出门，因为她是个很小的女孩，除了圆圆的灰色大眼睛，她的五官都不大。在过去的六个春夏秋冬，她几乎都没见过什么。

2. 遥远的海边和天空中都飘着一层白雾，太阳四周围绕着白云，全都镶上了粉红和紫罗兰色的云边。阳光和轻柔的空气让玛芝莉感觉心头暖暖的，当她的眼神穿过大海望向太阳时，感觉不可思议，让微风吹动着她的格子披肩。不知怎么回事，太阳似乎从来没像今天这个样子——它看起来像是一朵巨大的金色花朵——一支没有根茎的花，从珍珠色的花萼里开放，抑或是在天空后面有一只强大的根茎，一直伸向海底扎根，没人能猜到在哪儿。

3. 玛芝莉并没有停下来为思考自己提出的问题而伤脑筋，因为现在潮水已经涨上来了。还有波浪，最初很小，但随后每时每刻都在变大，沿着沙子和鹅卵石奔涌上来，欢笑地，迅速地，悄悄地，它们一浪接一浪地跌落，像成千上万个孩子从某个地方跑回家，每个人都有自己的小秘密要诉说。

4. 波浪是从哪里来的？谁在蓝色的水平线下发出沙哑的声音，催促它们，推动它们穿过海滩来到她脚下？它们用甜美的嗓音囫圇说着什么秘密？哦，海的下面是什么，海的尽头是什么，那么深邃，那么宽广，又那么朦胧。远处白色的船舶，看起来似乎比海鸟还渺小，是不是正在航行着？

5. 但是当玛芝莉在一块干燥的大石头上驻足片刻，发出感叹时，一阵低低的柔和的鸟鸣声如流水泛起涟漪般从悬崖边的雪松树上传到她的耳朵里。这是一个漫长的冬天，玛芝莉已经忘记了树上还有鸟儿，鸟儿还会歌唱。所以她又想知道那是什么音乐。

6. 当她看到鸟儿栖息在棕黄色的树枝上，她想了解得更多了。它仅仅是一只

蓝色知更鸟，但却是玛芝莉见到的第一只蓝色知更鸟。它在长满刺的细枝上拍打翅膀，看起来像是从树上长出来的一样。因为雪松树表皮上的灰蓝色和鸟儿身上的颜色极为相近。但是音乐是如何进到它喉咙里的呢？进入它的喉咙里之后，又是怎么能自己解扣，然后匀速地释放出来呢？蓝色知更鸟是从哪里飞来的呢？飞过白雪覆盖的海岸，又飞到蔚蓝的大海边？

7. 海浪歌唱着欢迎它，它对海浪唱出欢迎之歌；它们似乎对彼此都非常了解，海浪泛起涟漪的声音和鸟儿歌唱的声音听起来是那么相似，鸟儿和海浪一定师从同一个老师学习过音乐。玛芝莉行走在蓝色知更鸟的歌声和海面的回声之间，还在不停地思考着。她爬上了一段倾斜的海岸，这里在春天的阳光下刚刚显现出淡淡绿意。

8. 小草已经开始生长了！去年枯萎的叶片中冒出鲜嫩的新芽，仿佛希望它们能重获新生。凑到近前，她看到了新芽外鞘里依稀可见的芽间。四周分布着小小的深绿色叶子，将花蕾紧紧包裹在里面，只有那些观察过它们很多季的人才能辨别出不久以后从安全的‘监牢’里会开放出什么花朵。因此，没人会责怪玛芝莉不仅不知道那些只是平常之物，还弯腰好奇地去看小花蕾。

9. 什么使得小草从黑色的土壤里长出来却长得这么绿油油呢？花蕾是如何知道该什么时候脱去它们绿色的斗篷，看看身边周遭世界的呢？它们到底又是怎么变成花蕾的呢？它们在这里发芽之前是否已经在另一个世界里开过花了呢？——它们自己是否清楚，它们将开出什么样的花朵？当它们的躯体在这个世界凋零后，花儿的灵魂是不是和小女孩的一样，会生活在另一个世界呢？

10. 玛芝莉想她愿意坐在岸上，等在花蕾旁边，直到它们开放；也许当最先看到的是她注视的眼睛，它们会告诉她它们的秘密。一个花蕾正在慢慢绽开，上面长有黄色的细条纹，她能够想象它每分钟都在向外展开。但她不去碰它，因为它看上去和她自己一样，是有生命的。她只是在好奇地想啊，想啊！

11. 玛芝莉听到妈妈在叫她，于是穿过布满贝壳和鹅卵石的岸边磕磕绊绊地

往家里走。一丝满足的微笑浮现在她脸上，因为她在这个很大很奇妙的世界里感觉非常自由自在，也非常高兴能够活着，虽然她从来说不清为什么，也不在乎。但当妈妈解开小女孩的格子斗篷，摘下她的帽子时，她说：“哦，妈妈，让我住在门口吧！我不喜欢住在屋子里。是什么让一切如此美丽，如此美好？难道您不好奇吗？”

12. 玛芝莉的妈妈是个善良的人。但所有的家务都要她做，只要她能想到，通常就不让他们在厨房外晃悠。刚才她正在烤箱里烤一些姜饼，眼看就有着火的危险了。所以她又把斗篷系在了孩子脖子上，把她放在门外台阶上。回去继续干活时她自言自语地说：“好奇怪的孩子！我很好奇她会变成什么样的女人。”

13. 但玛芝莉坐在台阶上，思考着，大海的声音更响了，更温暖的阳光包围着她。一切都那么奇特，那么宏大，那么美丽！从发芽的草根到太阳开出的金色花朵，这样的音乐回响在浩淼的世界里，而她的心便随着这音乐欢快地舞动着。

14. 那天夜里，当灰色的大圆眼睛闭上时，天使们伴随星星的出现低下头惊奇地看着玛芝莉。因为上帝创造出的最聪明的生物的智慧在惊奇中结束。世界上没有比小孩子萌芽的心灵更伟大的东西了。

（露西·拉科姆）

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(1) Trudging, *walking sturdily*.

(2) Hues, *colors*.

(3) Calyx, *the outer covering of a flower*.

(4) Horizon, *the line where the sky and earth seem to meet*.

[\(5\)](#) Warble, *a trill of the voice*.

[\(6\)](#) Spears, *shoots of grass*.

[\(7\)](#) Sheaths, *coverings*.

# LESSON 36

## THE CHILD'S WORLD

### 孩子的世界

1. "Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,

With the wonderful water round you curled,

And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—

World, you are beautifully drest.

2. "The wonderful air is over me,

And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;

It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,

And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

3. "You friendly Earth! how far do you go

With the wheat fields that nod, and the rivers that flow;

With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,

And people upon you for thousands of miles?

4. "Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,

I tremble to think of you, World, at all:

And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,

A whisper inside me seemed to say,

'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:

You can love and think, and the Earth can not!'"

## 【中文阅读】

1. “伟大的，宽广的，美丽的，奇妙的世界，  
奇妙的河流盘旋围绕着你，  
奇妙的绿草覆盖在你的胸膛，——  
世界，你被装点得太美了。”
2. “奇妙的空气包围着我，  
奇妙的风儿吹动树木；  
它在水上漫步，让磨盘旋转，  
在山顶自言自语。”
3. “你，亲切的地球！你走了多远  
伴随着成熟的麦田，流动的河水，  
伴随着城市和花园，悬崖和岛屿，  
以及在你身上居住的人们行走成千上万英里？”
4. “啊，你是那么伟大，而我是这等渺小，  
世界啊，我一想到你就感到颤抖，  
那么，今天，当我在进行祈祷时，  
一阵来自我内心深处的低语似乎在说：



你比地球更伟大，尽管你只是上面的一个小圆点，

但你能够去爱，去思考，地球做不到啊！”

# LESSON 37

## SUSIE'S COMPOSITION

### 苏西的作文

1. Susie Smith came home from school one day, and had no sooner entered the sitting room than she burst into tears. "What is the matter, my dear child?" said her mother, drawing her daughter to her side and smiling.

2. "O mother, matter enough," sobbed Susie. "All our class must bring in compositions<sup>(1)</sup> to-morrow morning, and I never, never can write one. We must write twelve lines at least, and I have written only a few words after trying nearly all the afternoon. See what work I have made of it!"

3. Mrs. Smith took the rumpled<sup>(2)</sup>, tear-stained paper which Susie held in her hand, and glanced at what she had written. In a careful hand she had tried to write upon three themes<sup>(3)</sup>: "Time," "Temperance," and "Industry."

4. "Time is short. We should all improve our time." "Temperance is a very useful thing." "We should all be industrious if we wish to do anything in the world." These sentences were all she had written.

5. "Now," said Susie, "I can't think of another word to say upon any of these subjects, and I know I shall have to go to school without a composition, for I won't be so mean as to copy one from a book, or to ask you or papa to write one for me."

6. "That is right, my dear," said her mother. "You will be far happier with a poor composition, if it is all your own, than with a fine one written by somebody else. But cheer up. You have not begun right—you have been trying to write upon subjects that you know nothing about. Run into the garden and play. I will call you in half an

hour."

7. "But my composition," began Susie. "Don't think about your composition while you are gone," said Mrs. Smith, "but have as pleasant a time as you can."

8. It seemed but a few minutes to Susie before she heard her mother's voice calling her. She went into the house at once—her hands full of sweet flowers, and her cheeks rosy with exercise.

9. "Now, Susie," said her mother, "I want you to sit by the window with this nice sheet of paper and a pencil, and write something about what you can see." "But my composition, mother," said Susie; "when shall I begin that?" "Never mind your composition, my dear; do this to please me, and we will talk about that by and by."

10. Susie thought her mother's request<sup>(4)</sup> was a strange one; but she knew that she always had a good reason for everything she did: so she took the paper and pencil, and sat by the window.

11. "Do not talk to me at all," said her mother. "Look out of the window, and then write down your thoughts about everything you see."

12. Susie could not help laughing, it seemed such a funny thing to be doing. As she looked out, she first saw the western sky and some bright, sunset clouds. "O mother!" she exclaimed, "what a splendid sunset!" "Don't talk," said her mother, "but write."



13. "I'll write about the sunset, then," said she, and the pencil began to move rapidly across the paper. In a few moments she said, "Mother, shall I read you what I have written?" "No, not now," answered her mother; "I am going into the dining room. You may sit and write until I return."

14. As Susie went on writing, she became very much interested in her occupation<sup>(5)</sup>, and for a time forgot all about the dreaded composition. She wrote about the sunset clouds, the appearance of the distant hills, the trees, the river, the garden with its gay flowers, and the birds flying past the window.

15. Just as she had reached the bottom of the page, her mother came in. "Well,

Susie," said she, with a smile, "how does that composition come on?" "Composition!" exclaimed Susie; "you told me not to think about my composition, and I have not thought of it once; I have had such a nice time writing about what I could see from the window."

16. Mrs. Smith took the paper and read aloud what Susie had written: "I am sitting on a low seat at the bay window, one half of which is open, so that I can smell the sweet flowers in the garden. The sky is all bright with sunset; I can see purple, and pink, and golden. I do not believe that any one on earth has a paint box with such lovely colors in it.

17. "I can see one cloud, far above the rest, that looks like a ship sailing in the blue sea. I should like to sail on a cloud, if it would not make me dizzy. Now, while I have been writing, the clouds have changed in color and form, but they are just as beautiful as they were before.

18. "The green hills are tipped with light, and look as if they were wearing golden crowns. I can see a river a great way off, and it looks quite still, although I know it is running as fast as it can to get to the ocean.

19. "The birds are flying past the window to go home and take care of their little ones. I am glad the birds are not afraid to live in our garden, and to build nests in our trees.

20. "Our garden is full of flowers—pinks, lilies, and roses. Mother calls this the month of roses. My birthday will come in a week, and we can have all the flowers we wish for wreaths and bouquets<sup>(6)</sup>."

21. "There, Susie," said Mrs. Smith, "that is a very nice composition, indeed." "A composition!" exclaimed Susie, "is that a composition?" "Yes, my dear, and a very

good one, too," replied her mother. "When it hasn't even a subject?"

22. "We can find one for it, and I do not doubt it will please your teacher, as it does me. You see, my dear," continued her mother, "that it is easy enough to write if you have anything interesting to write about."

23. The next morning Susie copied her composition very neatly, and started to school with a happy heart, saying, as she gave her mother a kiss, "Just think how funny it is, dear mother, that I should have written so long a composition without knowing it."

*EXERCISES.—What is a composition? Why was Susie so troubled? Why could she not write about "Time," "Temperance," or "Industry"? What did her mother have her do? What did Susie write? Was it a composition? Did she know, at the time, that it was? What fault did she find with it? Can you give her composition a proper subject?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一天，苏西·史密斯从学校回到家，一进客厅就泪流满面地哭了起来。“因为什么事啊，我亲爱的宝贝？”妈妈把女儿拉到身边，微笑着说。

2. “哦，妈妈，相当重要的事，”苏西抽泣着，“我们班上的所有学生明天都必须带去一篇作文，而我一直写不出来。我们要写至少12行，我整个下午只写了几个词。您看看我写出来的。”

3. 史密斯夫人接过苏西手里拿着的那张皱巴巴、沾满泪水的纸张，飞快地看了一眼她已经写下的东西。她很认真的试图展开写三个主题：“时间”，“自制”和“勤奋”。

4. “时间很短暂。我们应该改善对时间的利用。”“自制是非常有用的事。”“如果我们想在世界上做成任何事都要勤奋。”这些是所有她写下来的句子。

5. “现在，”苏西说，“我想不出任何与这些主题相关的其他词语了，我想明天上学我肯定交不了作文了，因为我也不会恶劣到从书上抄一篇，或是让您或爸爸给我写一篇。”

6. “那就对了，我的宝贝，”妈妈说，“只要是你自己写出的作文，就算稍微差些，你也会感觉比别人给你写一篇快乐得多。振作起来。你的开头没有写好——你一直在想写些你不了解的主题。去花园里跑跑玩玩吧。半小时后我叫你回来。”

7. “那我的作文，”苏西开口问。“去玩儿的时候别想着你的作文，”史密斯夫人说，“尽可能玩得高兴点。”

8. 苏西感觉只玩了一小会儿就听到了妈妈喊她的声音。她立刻回到屋里——手上握满鲜花，脸颊因为运动而红扑扑的。

9. “苏西，现在，”妈妈说，“我要你坐在窗边，拿一张干净的纸、一根上好的



笔，写些你能看见的东西。”“妈，但是我的作文，”苏西说，“我什么时候开始写？”“亲爱的，不要在意你的作文。照我说的做，我会很高兴的。我们过一会儿再说作文。”

10. 苏西认为妈妈的请求很奇怪，但她知道妈妈做的每件事总有她的道理，所以她拿了纸和笔，坐在了窗前。

11. “千万不要和我说话，”妈妈说，“向窗外看去，然后写下关于你看到的一切的想法。”

12. 苏西不禁笑了起来，感觉要做的事十分好笑。她向外看去，首先看到了西边的天空和一些明亮的日落云。“噢，妈！”她大叫道，“多么灿烂的落日啊！”“别说话，”妈妈说，“只管写。”

13. “那么，我就写写日落吧，”她说，铅笔开始在纸上快速地移动起来。不一会儿，她说：“妈，我可以给您念念我写的东西么？”“不，现在还不行，”妈妈回答，“我要去厨房。你就坐在这儿写，直到我回来。”

14. 苏西继续写着，她开始对这个工作产生兴趣了，在一段时间里忘记了那篇烦人的作文。她写了落日云，远处山上的外景，树木，河流，开满艳丽花朵的花园，飞过窗外的鸟儿。

15. 就在她要写到纸的最后一行时，妈妈走了进来。“那么，苏西，”她微笑着说，“作文进行得怎么样了？”“作文！”苏西叫道，“您说让我不要想作文，我根本一点都没想。我写窗外看到的東西时感觉非常快乐。”

16. 史密斯夫人拿起纸，大声地朗读苏西写下的文字：“我坐在窗边的矮凳上，窗子半开着，这样我可以闻到花园里的花香。天空被落日点亮；我可以看到紫色、粉色和金色。我相信世界上没人拥有这样的一个颜料盒，里面能有这么迷人的颜色。”



17. “我可以看到一朵云，远远高于其他的云，它像一艘小船航行在碧蓝的大海里。如果它不会让我眩晕的话，我会喜欢坐在云朵上航行。现在，就在我写这些的时候，云朵已经改变了颜色和形状，但它们都和之前一样美丽。”

18. “翠绿的山顶闪着光，看起来好像戴上了绿色的皇冠。我能看见一条河从高处流下来，虽然我知道它在速度很快地流向大海，但看起来像静止一般。”

19. “鸟儿在回家途中飞过窗边，悉心照顾着小鸟们。我很高兴鸟儿们不害怕住在我们花园里，在我们的树上筑巢。”

20. “我们的花园开满了鲜花——石竹、百合和玫瑰。妈妈管这个月叫玫瑰月。再过一周就是我的生日了，我们可以弄来所有想要的花来做花环和花束。”

21. “苏西，”史密斯夫人说，“这就是一篇非常好的作文。”“一篇作文！”苏西叫道，“这就是一篇作文？”“是的，我的宝贝，还是一篇非常好的。”妈妈回答。“连主题都没有？”

22. “我们可以找个主题，我一点都不怀疑老师会喜欢这篇文章，就像让我喜欢一样。你看，亲爱的，”妈妈继续说，“如果有你感兴趣的事可写，写作是相当容易的。”

23. 第二天早上，苏西将作文整齐地誊抄了一遍，心情愉快地去上学，并给了妈妈一个吻。“亲爱的妈妈，想起来多可笑啊，我本可以在毫无察觉的情况下写下这么长的一篇作文。”

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(1) Composition, *that which is thought out and arranged, a written or literary work.*

(2) Rumpled, *wrinkled, creased.*

(3) Themes, *subjects or topics on which a person writes.*

[\(4\)](#) Request, *that which is asked*.

[\(5\)](#) Occupation, *that which employs the time*.

[\(6\)](#) Bouquets, *bunches of flowers*.

# LESSON 38

## THE SUMMER SHOWER

### 夏季的雨

**The author, Thomas Buchanan Read, was born in Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822. His life was devoted to the fine arts, and he attained a high reputation both as artist and poet. He died in New York, May 11, 1872.**

1. Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,

As when the strong stormwind is reaping the plain,

And loiters the boy in the briery lane;

But yonder aslant<sup>(1)</sup> comes the silvery rain,

Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

2. Adown the white highway<sup>(2)</sup> like cavalry fleet,

It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.

Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat<sup>(3)</sup>,

The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat;

And the boy crouches<sup>(4)</sup> close to the blackberry wall.

3. The swallows alone take the storm on the wing,

And, taunting<sup>(5)</sup> the tree-sheltered laborers, sing.

Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,

While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;

And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

4. But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves;

The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;

The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;

And the rain-spattered urchin<sup>(6)</sup> now gladly perceives

That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

# 【中文阅读】

作者托马斯·布凯南·瑞德，1822年3月12日生于宾夕法尼亚州切斯特郡。他一生致力于美术事业，作为艺术家和诗人均取得了很高成就，于1872年5月11日在纽约去世。

1. 在强壮的收割机割断庄稼之前，

当猛烈的暴风席卷平原大地，

男孩在荆棘密布的小路上游荡；

但银色的雨丝倾斜着出现在了那边，

像极了一条条又高又亮的长矛，排成长线。

2. 顺着白色的高速路，像骑兵的队伍，

无数的脚步溅起尘土。

像一所听不到沙沙声的学校，

野外的鸟儿坐听雨滴落在它们身边噼啪作响；

男孩蹲在临近长满黑莓的墙边。

3. 唯独燕子用翅膀迎接暴风雨，

它们用歌声嘲笑着在树下避雨的工人们。

雨儿像鹅卵石一样打破了春天的面孔，

而每个绽开的圆圈都形成一个气泡；

沮丧中的男孩听到了大雨倾泻而下的声音。

4. 但收割机很快开始转动它们的滑车轮；

知更鸟从树叶的荫底下冲出来，

鸬鹚从覆盖着苔藓的屋檐下向前探头，

溅了一身雨水的淘气鬼现在高兴地想到，

漂亮的彩虹吸引了它们全部的注意力。

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(1) Aslant, *toward one side*.

(2) Highway, *a public road*.

(3) Retreat, *a place of refuge or safety*,

(4) Crouches, *stoops low*.

(5) Taunting, *deriding, mocking*.

(6) Urchin, *a child*.

# LESSON 39

## CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS

### 懒惰的后果

1. Many young persons seem to think it of not much consequence<sup>(1)</sup> if they do not improve their time well in youth, vainly expecting that they can make it up by diligence when they are older. They also think it is disgraceful for men and women to be idle, but that there can be no harm for persons who are young to spend their time in any manner they please.

2. George Jones thought so. When he was twelve years old, he went to an academy<sup>(2)</sup> to prepare to enter college<sup>(3)</sup>. His father was at great expense in obtaining books for him, clothing him, and paying his tuition. But George was idle. The preceptor<sup>(4)</sup> of the academy would often tell him that if he did not study diligently when young he would never succeed well.

3. But George thought of nothing but present pleasure. He would often go to school without having made any preparation<sup>(5)</sup> for his morning lesson; and, when called to recite with his class, he would stammer and make such blunders that the rest of the class could not help laughing at him. He was one of the poorest scholars in the school, because he was one of the most idle.

4. When recess came, and all the boys ran out of the academy upon the playground, idle George would come moping along. Instead of studying diligently while in school, he was indolent and half asleep. When the proper time for play came, he had no relish for it. I recollect very well, that, when "tossing up" for a game of ball, we used to choose everybody on the playground before we chose George; and if there were enough without him we used to leave him out. Thus he was unhappy in school

and out of school.

5. There is nothing which makes a person enjoy play so well as to study hard. When recess was over, and the rest of the boys returned, fresh and vigorous<sup>(6)</sup>, to their studies, George might be seen lagging and moping along to his seat. Sometimes he would be asleep in school; sometimes he would pass his time in catching flies, and penning them up in little holes, which he cut in his seat; and sometimes, when the preceptor's back was turned, he would throw a paper ball across the room.

6. When the class was called up to recite, George would come drowsily along, looking as mean and ashamed as though he were going to be whipped. The rest of the class stepped up to the recitation with alacrity<sup>(7)</sup>, and appeared happy and contented. When it came George's turn to recite, he would be so long in doing it, and make such blunders, that all most heartily wished him out of the class.

7. At last, George went with his class to enter college. Though he passed a very poor examination, he was admitted with the rest; for those who examined him thought it was possible that the reason why he did not answer questions better was because he was frightened. Now came hard times for poor George. In college there is not much mercy shown to bad scholars; and George had neglected his studies so long that he could not now keep up with his class, let him try ever so hard.

8. He could, without much difficulty, get along in the academy, where there were only two or three boys of his own class to laugh at him. But now he had to go into a large recitation room, filled with students from all parts of the country. In the presence of all these, he must rise and recite to a professor<sup>(8)</sup>. Poor fellow! He paid dearly for his idleness.

9. You would have pitied him if you could have seen him trembling in his seat, every moment expecting to be called upon to recite. And when he was called upon, he



would stand up and take what the class called a "dead set;" that is, he could not recite at all. Sometimes he would make such ludicrous<sup>(9)</sup> blunders that the whole class would burst into a laugh. Such are the applauses<sup>(10)</sup> an idler gets. He was wretched, of course. He had been idle so long that he hardly knew how to apply his mind to study. All the good scholars avoided him; they were ashamed to be seen in his company. He became discouraged, and gradually grew dissipated<sup>(11)</sup>.

10. The officers of the college were soon compelled to suspend him. He returned in a few months, but did no better; and his father was then advised to take him from college. He left college, despised by everyone. A few months ago, I met him, a poor wanderer, without money and without friends. Such are the wages of idleness. I hope every reader will, from this history, take warning, and "stamp improvement<sup>(12)</sup> on the wings of time."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 许多年轻人似乎认为，如果年轻时不善于管理时间，并不会产生什么不良后果，只是徒劳地寄希望于长大后通过勤奋进行弥补。他们还认为懒惰对于男人和女人来说都是件不光彩的事，但对于年轻人来说，用他们自己喜欢的任何方式安排时间都是没有大碍的。

2. 乔治·琼斯就是这么想的。当他12岁时，进入专科学校学习，为考大学做准备。他父亲花了很多钱为他准备书本、衣服和交学费。但是乔治总是很懒散。学校的老师总会告诉他，如果年轻时不努力学习，将来就不会有所成就。

3. 但是乔治什么都不想，只想着眼前的快乐。他经常不做任何预习就去学校上早课；而叫他背诵时，他就会结结巴巴地犯错误，其他同学们都忍不住要笑话他。他在学校是成绩最差的学生，就因为他总是懒惰。

4. 课间休息时间到了，所有的男孩都跑出教室，到操场上去，懒惰的乔治总是没精打采地挪过去。上课时他总是处于半睡半醒的懒惰状态，不认真学习。当真正玩耍的时间到了，他也不能享受其中的乐趣。我记得非常清楚，每当玩球“抛硬币”分组时，我们通常会在选择了操场上的每个人之后再选乔治；如果不用选他，人数已经够了，我们就把他甩在一边。这样一来，他在课上和课下都很不快乐。

5. 对一个人来说，没有比努力学习之后更能享受玩耍的乐趣了。课间休息结束，其他的男孩子都精神饱满，活力无限地回去继续学习，而乔治总是走得很慢，磨磨蹭蹭地回到他的座位上。有时候他会在课堂上睡觉；有时候他会用抓苍蝇来打发时间，然后把它们关在他在椅子上刻出的小洞里。还有些时候，当老师转过身去，他会把一个纸团扔到教室的另一边。

6. 当老师叫同学们背诵时，乔治总是迷迷糊糊地跟着，看上去非常差劲，令人惭愧，仿佛要挨鞭子似的。其他同学加快了背诵的速度，看起来非常愉快，让人

满意。当轮到乔治背诵时，他要花上很长时间，犯很多错，以至于所有人都由衷地希望把他赶出教室。

7. 最终，乔治和他的同学们一起进入了大学。尽管他的考试成绩很差，但他也和其他同学一起被录取了。原因是那个考察他的老师认为，他没回答好问题可能是因为他太害怕，太紧张了。现在，可怜的乔治的艰难时刻来临了。大学里对于差学生可没那么仁慈了。乔治放松学习的时间太长，所以他已经跟不上上课进度了，让他更努力地试试吧。

8. 在专科学校时，他和别人相处并不难，因为班里只有两三个男生笑话他。但是现在他要进到一间非常大的诵读室里，里面坐着来自全国各地的学生。在所有这些情形下，他必须站起来，面对教授背诵。可怜的家伙！他为懒惰付出了高昂的代价。

9. 如果你看见他在颤抖中时刻等待被点名背诵时，你一定会可怜他。当叫到他时，他站起身，采取被同学们戏称为“死套路”的办法，也就是说，他根本不能背诵。有时他会犯一些非常莫名其妙的错误，全班顿时笑成一片。这是对懒惰者喝的倒彩。当然，他也很不幸。由于懒散了太长时间，他甚至不知道该如何将脑子用在学习上。所有的好学生都躲着他，大家都觉得和他在一起很丢脸。他变得心灰意冷，开始慢慢地自暴自弃。

10. 很快，学校的领导不得不让他停课。几个月后，他回到学校，但并没有好转。有人建议他父亲把他从学校带走，所以他在每个人的鄙视中离开了大学校园。几个月前，我偶然遇到了他，一个可怜的流浪者，没有钱也没有朋友。这些就是懒惰者的代价。我希望每位读者能用这则故事的内容引以为戒，要“在时间的翅膀上记录下你进步的印记”。

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- (1) Consequence, *importance, influence.*
- (2) Academy, *a school of high order.*
- (3) College, *a seminary of learning of the highest order.*
- (4) Preceptor, *a teacher.*
- (5) Preparation, *a making ready.*
- (6) Vigorous, *full of activity and strength.*
- (7) Alacrity, *cheerfulness, sprightliness.*
- (8) Professor, *a teacher in a college.*
- (9) Ludicrous, *adapted to raise laughter.*
- (10) Applauses, *praises.*
- (11) Dissipated, *given up to bad habits.*
- (12) Improvement, *increase of knowledge.*

# LESSON 40

## ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY

### 勤奋的益处

1. I gave you, in the last lesson, the history<sup>(1)</sup> of George Jones, an idle boy, and showed you the consequences of his idleness. I shall now give you the history of Charles Bullard, a classmate of George. Charles was about the same age as George, and did not possess superior talents. Indeed, I doubt whether he was equal to him in natural powers of mind.

2. But Charles was a hard student. When quite young, he was always careful and diligent in school. Sometimes, when there was a very hard lesson, instead of going out to play during recess, he would stay in to study. He had resolved that his first object should be to get his lessons well, and then he could play with a good conscience<sup>(2)</sup>. He loved play as well as anybody, and was one of the best players on the ground. I hardly ever saw any boy catch a ball better than he could. When playing any game<sup>(3)</sup>, everyone was glad to get Charles on his side.

3. I have said that Charles would sometimes stay in at recess. This, however, was very seldom; it was only when the lessons were very hard indeed. Generally, he was among the first on the playground, and he was also among the first to go into school when called. Hard study gave him a relish for play, and play again gave him a relish for hard study; so he was happy both in school and out. The preceptor could not help liking him,

for he always had his lessons well committed<sup>(4)</sup>, and never gave him any trouble.

4. When he went to enter college, the preceptor gave him a good

recommendation<sup>(5)</sup>. He was able to answer all the questions which were put to him when he was examined. He had studied so well when he was in the academy, and was so thoroughly prepared for college, that he found it very easy to keep up with his class, and had much time for reading interesting books.

5. But he would always get his lesson well before he did anything else, and would review<sup>(6)</sup> it just before recitation. When called upon to recite, he rose tranquil<sup>(7)</sup> and happy, and very seldom made mistakes. The officers of the college had a high opinion of him, and he was respected by all the students.

6. There was, in the college, a society made up of all the best scholars. Charles was chosen a member of that society. It was the custom to choose some one of the society to deliver a public address every year. This honor was conferred<sup>(8)</sup> on Charles; and he had studied so diligently, and read so much, that he delivered an address which was very interesting to all who heard it.

7. At last he graduated<sup>(9)</sup>, as it is called; that is, he finished his collegiate course, and received his degree. It was known by all that he was a good scholar, and by all that he was respected. His father and mother, brothers and sisters, came on the commencement<sup>(10)</sup> day to hear him speak.

8. They all felt gratified, and loved Charles more than ever. Many situations of usefulness and profit were opened to him; for Charles was now an intelligent man, and universally<sup>(11)</sup> respected. He is still a useful and a happy man. He has a cheerful home, and is esteemed by all who know him.

9. Such are the rewards of industry. How strange it is that any person should be willing to live in idleness, when it will certainly make him unhappy! The idle boy is almost invariably<sup>(12)</sup> poor and miserable; the industrious boy is happy and prosperous.

10. But perhaps some child who reads this, asks, "Does God notice little children in school?" He certainly does. And if you are not diligent in the improvement of your time, it is one of the surest evidences<sup>(13)</sup> that your heart is not right with God. You are placed in this world to improve your time. In youth you must be preparing for future usefulness. And if you do not improve the advantages<sup>(14)</sup> you enjoy, you sin against your Maker.

With books, or work, or healthful play,

Let your first years be passed;

That you may give, for every day,

Some good account, at last.

*EXERCISES.—What was the character of George Jones? Of Charles Bullard? How did George appear in the class at school? How did he behave at recess? How did Charles differ from him in these respects? Relate what happened when George went to college. What became of him? Did Charles succeed at college? Which of them do you think more worthy of imitation? What is said of the idle? What is said of the industrious? Who watches all our actions wherever we may be? For what are we placed in this world? Should you not then be diligent in your studies?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 上篇课文中，我给你们讲了懒惰的孩子乔治·琼斯的经历，指出了他懒散的不良后果。现在我要给你们讲讲乔治的同学——查尔斯·布拉德——的故事。查尔斯和乔治同岁，并没有什么过人的天资。事实上，我都不确定在自然的脑力方面他能否比得上乔治。

2. 但查尔斯是个努力的学生。很小的时候，他就认真勤奋地学习。有时当遇到很有难度的课程时，他在课间休息时不去玩耍而是留在室内继续学习。他认定了自己的第一目标是把课文学好，然后才毫无顾虑地去玩儿。和任何人一样，他也喜欢玩，而且在操场上是最好的选手之一。我没见过其他人接球比他接得更好。做游戏时，大家都愿意和查尔斯在一组。

3. 我刚才说道，查尔斯有时课间会待在屋里。但这种情况很少发生，只有在课程的确非常难时才会这样。总的来说，他都是第一批去操场上玩耍的，也是到时间第一批回来上课的。努力地学习让他享受到玩耍的乐趣，而玩耍也是他努力学习的调剂，因此他上课下课都很快乐。辅导员自然很喜欢他，因为他功课总是很好，不给老师找麻烦。

4. 当他要进入大学时，辅导员给他写了很好的推荐信。考试时他能够回答出所有的问题。在专科学校就读时，他学习得非常扎实，为大学学习做了充分准备。因此，他感觉在大学里听课轻而易举就能跟上进度，还有很多时间用来阅读有趣的书籍。

5. 但他总会先把课程学习好再去做别的事，还会在背诵之前进行复习。当叫他背诵时，他平静而愉快地站来，几乎很少出错。大学教务长对他评价颇高，所有同学都很尊敬他。

6. 大学里有个由成绩最好的学生们组成的社团。查尔斯被选为其中的一员。按惯例，每年都会从社团里选出一人进行公开演讲。这个荣誉被授予了查理。他



刻苦地学习，阅读了大量书籍，所以他的演讲对所有听众来说都非常有趣。

7. 最后，按照惯常的说法，他毕业了，即他完成了大学课程，拿到了学位。所有人都知道他是一名好学生，都敬佩他。他父母和兄弟姐妹都来参加他的毕业典礼，听他演讲。

8. 他们感到非常满足，更加喜爱查尔斯了。很多效益好的工作朝他敞开大门，因为查尔斯已经是能力很强的人了，受到普遍的尊重。他是个有能力并且快乐的人，有一个欢乐的家庭，所有认识他的人都很尊敬他。

9. 这些就是勤奋的回报。浑浑噩噩地活着只会让人不快乐，但还有人愿意如此生活，这是多么奇怪啊！懒散的人总是一成不变地贫穷着、痛苦着，勤奋的人是快乐而且充满希望的。

10. 但可能一些孩子读到这个故事会问：“上帝是否注意到了课堂上的小孩？”他肯定会注意到的。那么，如果你不认真地利用你的时间，那就是最确凿的证据，证明你的心没有和上帝在一起。你来到世界上就要合理利用时间，年轻时要为将来成为有用的人做准备。如果你不去合理地支配你享有的优势，你就是在对造物主犯罪。

读书、工作或健康地游戏，

让你的生活如此度过；

这样你最后可以

说出每天都完成了些什么。

- 
- (1) History, *a description or a narration of events.*
  - (2) Conscience, *our own knowledge of right and wrong.*
  - (3) Game, *play, sport.*
  - (4) Committed, *fixed in mind.*
  - (5) Recommendation, *what is said in praise of anyone.*
  - (6) Review, *to examine again.*
  - (7) Tranquil, *quiet, calm.*
  - (8) Conferred, *given to or bestowed upon anyone.*
  - (9) Graduated, *received a degree from a college.*
  - (10) Commencement, *the day when students receive their degree.*
  - (11) Universally, *by all, without exception.*
  - (12) Invariably, *always, uniformly.*
  - (13) Evidences, *proofs.*
  - (14) Advantages, *opportunities for improvement.*

# LESSON 41

## THE FOUNTAIN

### 喷泉

**By James Russell Lowell, one of the most noted of American poets; also well known as an essayist and lecturer. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1819, and died there in 1891.**

1. Into the sunshine,

Full of the light,

Leaping and flashing,

From morn till night!

2. Into the moonlight,

Whiter than snow,

Waving so flower-like

When the winds blow!

3. Into the starlight,

Rushing in spray,

Happy at midnight,

Happy by day!

4. Ever in motion,

Blithesome<sup>(1)</sup> and cheery<sup>(2)</sup>,

Still climbing heavenward,

Never weary<sup>(3)</sup>;

5. Glad of all weathers,

Still seeming best,

Upward or downward,

Motion, thy rest;

6. Full of a nature

Nothing can tame,

Changed every moment,

Ever the same;

7. Ceaseless aspiring<sup>(4)</sup>,

Ceaseless content,

Darkness or sunshine

Thy element<sup>(5)</sup>;

8. Glorious fountain!

Let my heart be

Fresh, changeful, constant<sup>(6)</sup>,

Upward like thee!

# 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·罗素·罗威尔著。他是美国最著名的诗人之一，同时还是众所周知的随笔作家和演讲家。他于1819年生于马萨诸塞州的剑桥，1891年在那里逝世。

1. 阳光里，

全是光，

跳跃着，闪耀着，

从早到晚！

2. 月光里，

比雪更白，

当风儿吹起，

如花儿般摆动！

3. 星光里，

急速地喷洒着，

在午夜狂欢，

在白天狂欢！

4. 总在活动中，

欢乐而愉快的，

总是向上攀爬，

从不知疲倦；

5. 喜欢所有的天气，

看上去总是最佳状态，

向上或向下，

一会儿动，一会儿歇；

6. 充满性情，

任何东西都不能控制

每时每刻都在变化，

从不墨守成规；

7. 不停地追求，

不停地满足，

黑暗或者是阳光

你的元素；

8. 壮丽的喷泉！

让我的内心

清丽，可变，恒久

向上，如你一样！

- 
- (1) Blithesome, *gay*.
  - (2) Cheery, *in good spirits*.
  - (3) Aweary, *weary, tired*.
  - (4) Aspiring, *ambitious*.
  - (5) Element, *the proper habitation or sphere of anything, suitable state*.
  - (6) Constant, *fixed, not to be changed*.



# LESSON 42

## COFFEE

### 咖啡

1. The coffee tree is a native of eastern Africa, but it was in Arabia that it first became known to the people of Europe, and until about the year 1700 A. D. that country afforded<sup>(1)</sup> the entire supply.

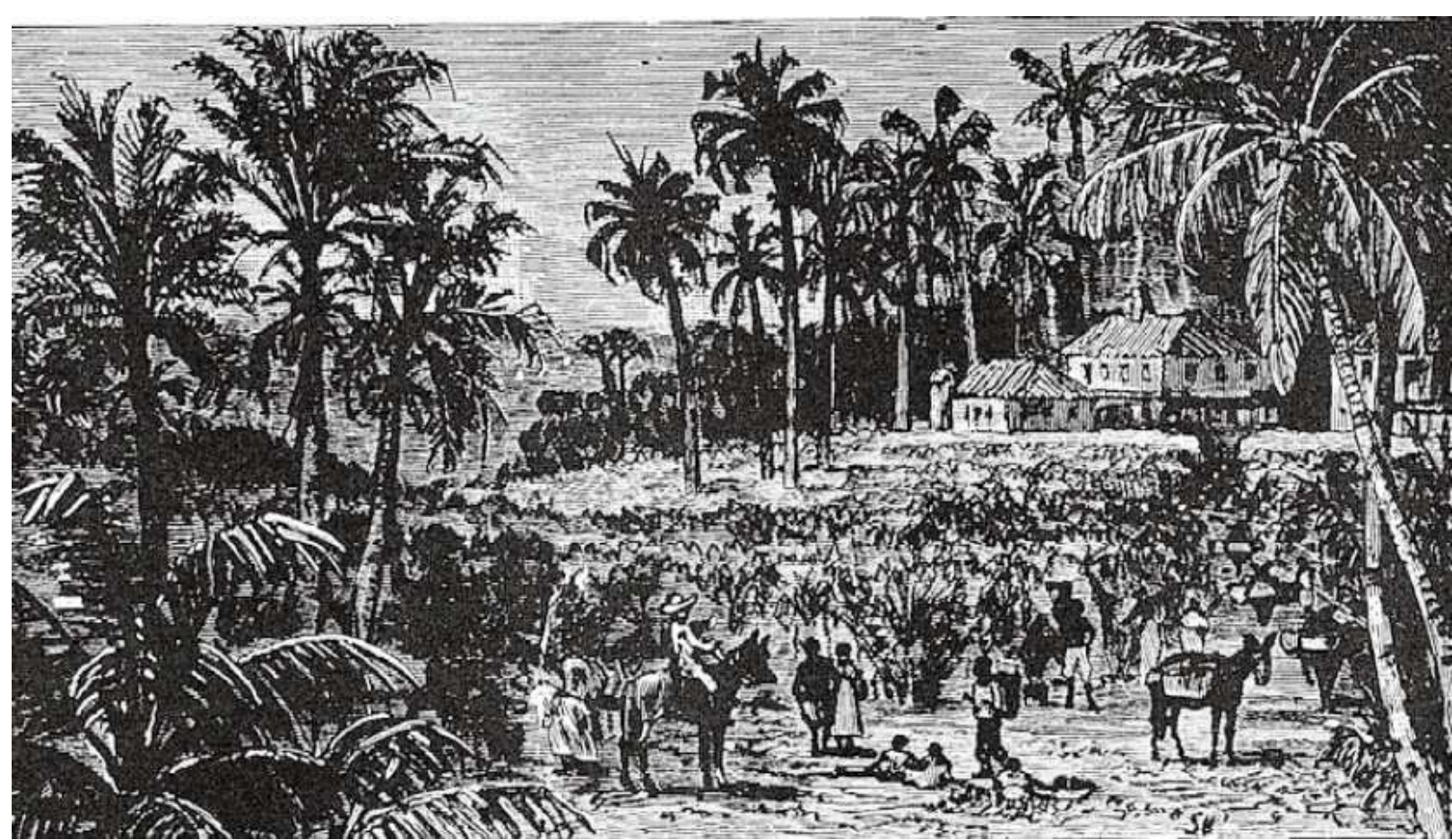
2. Then the coffee seeds found their way to Java, by means of some traders, and one of the first plants grown on that island was sent as a present to the governor of the Dutch East India Company, who lived in Holland.

3. It was planted in the Botanical Gardens at Amsterdam, and in a few years seeds taken from it were sent to South America, where the cultivation of coffee has steadily increased, extending to the West Indies, until now the offspring<sup>(2)</sup> of this one plant produce more coffee than is obtained from all the other plants in the world.

4. The plant is an evergreen, and is from six to twelve feet high, the stem being from ten to fifteen inches in diameter. The lower branches bend down when the tree begins to grow old, and extend themselves into a round form somewhat like an umbrella; and the wood is so pliable<sup>(3)</sup> that the ends of the largest branches may be bent down to within two or three feet of the earth.

5. The bark is whitish and somewhat rough. A tree is never without leaves, which are at small distances from one another, and on almost opposite sides of a bough. Blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on the same tree at the same time. When the blossom falls off, there grows in its place a small green fruit, which becomes dark red as it ripens.

6. This fruit is not unlike a cherry, and is very good to eat. Under the pulp of this cherry is found the bean or berry we call coffee, wrapped in a fine, thin skin. The berry is at first very soft, and has a bad taste; but as the cherry ripens the berry grows harder, and the dried-up fruit becomes a shell or pod of a deep brown color.



7. The berry is now solid, and its color is a translucent<sup>(4)</sup> green. Each shell contains two seeds, rounded on one side and flat on the other. The seeds lie with the flat sides together, and, in one highly prized variety, the two seeds grow together, forming one: this is known as the pea berry. When the fruit is so ripe that it can be shaken from the tree, the husks are separated from the berries, and are used, in Arabia, by the natives, while the berries are sold.

8. The young plants are inserted in holes from twelve to eighteen inches deep, and six or eight feet apart. If left to themselves, they would grow to the height of eighteen or twenty feet; but they are usually dwarfed by pruning<sup>(5)</sup>, so that the fruit

may be easily got at by the gatherer.

9. Thus dwarfed, they extend their branches until they cover the whole space about them. They begin to yield fruit the third year. By the sixth or seventh year they are at full bearing, and continue to bear for twenty years or more.

10. Before the berry can be used, it undergoes a process of roasting. The amount of aromatic<sup>(6)</sup> oil brought out in roasting has much to do with the market value of coffee, and it has been found that the longer the raw coffee is kept, the richer it becomes in this peculiar oil, and so the more valuable. But after the coffee is roasted, and especially after it is ground, it loses its aroma rapidly.

11. Arabia produces the celebrated Mocha, or "Mokha," coffee, which is the finest in the world; but little or none of the best product is ever taken out of that country. The Java coffee from the East Indies is next prized, but the best quality of this kind is also quite difficult to obtain, and many, therefore, prefer the finest grades of Rio coffee from South America to such Mocha and Java as can be had in our country.

*EXERCISES.—What country first supplied coffee? How did the plant come to be grown in other countries? Describe the plant. What is said of the fruit? How are the plants cultivated? What is said about the roasting of coffee? What are the three principal kinds of coffee used, and how are they valued?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 咖啡树原产于非洲东部，但最初是在阿拉伯为欧洲人所知，且直到约公元1700年，阿拉伯地区才开始全面种植咖啡。
2. 然后，咖啡种子借助贸易商的传播到达了爪哇岛。岛上的第一株咖啡树当做礼物送给了居住在荷兰的东印度公司总督。
3. 人们将咖啡树种植在了阿姆斯特丹的植物园里，又过了些年，它的种子被带到了南美洲。咖啡的种植在那里得到了稳步增长，甚至延伸到了西印度群岛。直到现在，这一株咖啡树出产的咖啡豆比世界上任何咖啡树都多。
4. 咖啡树是常绿植物，有6~12英尺高，树干直径有10~12英尺宽。当树开始慢慢变老，靠下的树枝会垂到地上，自己扩展成圆形，看起来像伞状。它的木质非常柔软，最大的树枝顶端可能会垂到距地面2~3英尺的地方。
5. 它的树皮微微发白，略显粗糙。树都要有叶子，咖啡树的每片叶子之间距离很小，分布在树枝两侧。在同一棵树上可以同时看到花、未成熟的果实和成熟的果实。当花开败之后，原来的地方会长出一个青绿的果实，等到成熟之后慢慢变成深红色。
6. 它的果实和樱桃没什么不同，吃起来味道很不错。这个“樱桃”的紫色下面就是我们称之为的咖啡豆，包裹在一层很细薄的外皮里。咖啡豆最初非常柔软，味道不佳。但随着“樱桃”的成熟，咖啡豆会变硬，干瘪的果实成了一个深棕色的外壳或豆荚。
7. 咖啡豆现在是实心的，颜色呈现出半透明的绿色。每个外壳里包含两粒种子，一边是圆弧形，另一边是平直的。两粒种子的平面挨在一起，在一种珍贵的品种中，两粒种子长在一起，合二为一，被称为圆豆。当果实成熟可以从树上摇下来的时候，豆荚从咖啡豆上分离开。在阿拉伯，人们将其利用起来，所以会出售豆



荚。

8. 小树被插在12~18英尺深的洞里, 每棵之间留出6~8英尺的距离。如果让它们自己生长, 可以长到18~20英尺高。但人们通常会把它们剪得比较矮, 以方便采摘者的工作。

9. 由于树变矮了, 它们会不断延伸自己的枝干, 直到把周围的空间全部覆盖上。到第三年, 就开始结果了。到第六或第七年, 它们已经硕果累累, 并且一直到二十年甚至更长时间都可以结出果实。

10. 在使用咖啡豆之前, 需要经过一个烘焙的过程, 这个过程中带出的芳香油的数量直接关系着咖啡的市场价值。研究发现, 原始咖啡保存的时间越长, 这种特殊的油分会越丰富, 价值自然也会更高。但在咖啡经过烘焙后, 尤其是经过研磨后, 芳香会迅速消失。

11. 阿拉伯出产著名的摩卡, 又称穆哈咖啡, 是世界上最优质的咖啡。但是上好的产品很少或几乎没有运到国外。东印度群岛的爪哇咖啡紧随其后, 但好品质的产品同样很难得到。因此, 很多人更愿意选择上等的南美里约咖啡, 而不选择美国国内能买到的摩卡或爪哇咖啡。

---

(1) Afforded, yielded, produced.

(2) Offspring, descendants, however remote, from the stock.

(3) Pliable, easily bent.

(4) Translucent, permitting the passage of light.

(5) Pruning, trimming.

(6) Aromatic, containing aroma, fragrant.

# LESSON 43

## THE WINTER KING

### 冬天之王

1. Oh! what will become of thee, poor little bird?

The muttering<sup>(1)</sup> storm in the distance is heard;

The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing black,

They'll soon scatter snowflakes all over thy back!

From what sunny clime hast thou wandered away?

And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

2. "I'm picking the gum from the old peach tree;

The storm doesn't trouble me. Pee, dee, dee!"

3. But what makes thee seem so unconscious<sup>(2)</sup> of care?

The brown earth is frozen, the branches are bare:

And how canst thou be so light-hearted and free,

As if danger and suffering thou never should'st see,

When no place is near for thy evening nest,

No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no rest?

4. "Because the same Hand is a shelter for me,

That took off the summer leaves. Pee, dee, dee!"

5. But man feels a burden of care and of grief,

While plucking the cluster<sup>(3)</sup> and binding the sheaf:

In the summer we faint, in the winter we're chilled,

With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

We take from the ocean, the earth, and the air,

Yet all their rich gifts do not silence our care.

6. "A very small portion sufficient will be,

If sweetened with gratitude. Pee, dee, dee!"

7. But soon there'll be ice weighing down the light bough,

On which thou art flitting<sup>(4)</sup> so playfully now;

And though there's a vesture<sup>(5)</sup> well fitted and warm,

Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,

What, then, wilt thou do with thy little bare feet,

To save them from pain, mid the frost and the sleet?

8. "I can draw them right up in my feathers, you see,

To warm them, and fly away. Pee, dee, dee!"

9. I thank thee, bright monitor<sup>(6)</sup>; what thou hast taught

Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought;

We look at the clouds; while the birds have an eye

To Him who reigns over them, changeless and high.

And now little hero, just tell me thy name,

That I may be sure whence my oracle<sup>(7)</sup> came.

10. "Because, in all weather, I'm merry and free,

They call me the Winter King. Pee, dee, dee!"



# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 哦！你会变成什么，可怜的小鸟？

已经听到了远处暴风雪低沉的声音；

狂风已经醒来，云已经越来越黑，

它们很快就会将雪片洒在你的背上！

你是从哪片阳光明媚的土地上悄悄溜走的？

这样寒冷的冬天你怎么度过？

## 2. “我正从老桃树上取树胶；

风暴不会打扰我。”

## 3. 但是什么使你对关心毫无察觉？

棕色的土地已经结冰，树枝已经光秃；

你如何能如此无忧无虑，自由自在？

仿佛你永远看不到危险和痛苦，

当没有地方能够做你夜晚栖息的巢穴，

没有树叶为你遮挡，没有地方安放你的胸膛呢？

## 4. “因为同样的手在保护我，

也是它拿走了夏天的树叶。”

5. 但是人们感觉到关心和悲伤的负担，

当拔掉一丛，捆起一束时，

我们在夏天里热晕，在冬天里颤抖，

有个空间等待被填满。

我们从海洋、土地和空气中汲取，

但它们所有的礼物都不能使我们的关怀安静下来。

6. “非常小的一部分就足够了，

如果感恩使人愉快。”

7. 但是很快冰雪就会压断幼嫩的树枝，

就是你正站在上面跳来跳去自在嬉戏的这枝；

尽管它被很好地覆盖住了，暖暖和和的，

保护了你娇弱的身躯，

那么，你裸露在外的小脚该怎么办，

怎样不在风霜中冻疼它们？

8. “你看，我可以把它们抬起来藏在羽毛里，

暖着它们，飞起来。”

9. 感谢你，明智的监督员；你教的东西

将是最快乐思想的主题；

我们看到乌云；而鸟儿的眼睛

一成不变地，高高地着眼于统治着它们的他，

现在，我们的小英雄，告诉我你的名字，

这样我能够确信我的神谕来自何处。

10. “因为在任何天气里，我都快乐而自由，

它们叫我‘冬天之王’。”

---

(1) Muttering, *murmuring, rumbling*.

(2) Unconscious, *not knowing, not perceiving*.

(3) Cluster, *a bunch*.

(4) Flitting, *moving about in a lively manner*.

(5) Vesture, *clothing, covering*.

(6) Monitor, *one who warns of faults*.

(7) Oracle, *a wise sentence or decision*.

# LESSON 44

## THE NETTLE

### 荨 麻

1. *Anna*. O papa! I have stung my hand with that nettle.

2. *Father*. Well, my dear, I am sorry for it; but pull up that large dock leaf you see near it; now bruise the juice out of it on the part which is stung. Well, is the pain lessened?

3. *A*. Oh, very much indeed, I hardly feel it now. But I wish there was not a nettle in the world. I am sure I do not know what use there can be in them.

4. *F*. If you knew anything of botany, Nanny, you would not say so.

5. *A*. What is botany, papa?

6. *F*. Botany, my dear, is the knowledge of plants.

7. *A*. Some plants are very beautiful. If the lily were growing in our fields, I should not complain. But this ugly nettle! I do not know what beauty or use there can be in that.

8. *F*. And yet, Nanny, there is more beauty, use, and instruction in a nettle, than even in a lily.

9. *A*. O papa, how can you make that out?

10. *F*. Put on your gloves, pluck up that nettle, and let us examine it. First, look at the flower.

11. *A.* The flower, papa? I see no flower, unless those little ragged knobs are flowers, which have neither color nor smell, and are not much larger than the heads of pins.

12. *F.* Here, take this magnifying glass<sup>(1)</sup> and examine them.

13. *A.* Oh, I see now; every little knob is folded up in leaves, like a rosebud. Perhaps there is a flower inside.

14. *F.* Try; take this pin and touch the knob. Well, what do you see?

15. *A.* Oh, how curious!

16. *F.* What is curious?

17. *A.* The moment I touched it, it flew open. A little cloud rose out like enchantment<sup>(2)</sup>, and four beautiful little stems sprung up as if they were alive; and, now that I look again with the glass, I see an elegant little flower as nice and perfect as a lily itself.

18. *F.* Well, now examine the leaves.

19. *A.* Oh, I see they are all covered over with little bristles; and when I examine them with the glass, I see a little bag, filled with a juice like water, at the bottom of each. Ha! these are the things which stung me.

20. *F.* Now touch the little bag with the point of the pin.

21. *A.* When I press the bag, the juice runs up and comes out at the small point at the top; so I suppose the little thorn must be hollow inside, though it is finer than the point of my cambric needle.

22. *F.* Have all the leaves those stings?

23. *A.* No, papa; some of the young ones are quite green and soft, like velvet, and I may handle them without any danger.

24. *F.* Now look at the stem, and break it.

25. *A.* I can easily crack it, but I can not break it asunder<sup>(3)</sup>, for the bark is so strong that it holds it together.

26. *F.* Well, now you see there are more curious things in the nettle than you expected.

27. *A.* Yes, indeed, I see that. But you have often told me that God makes nothing without its use; and I am sure I can not see any use in all these things.

28. *F.* That we will now consider. You saw the little flower burst open, and a cloud rose, you say, like enchantment. Now all this is necessary for the nature of the plant. There are many thousand plants in the world, and it has pleased God, in his wisdom, to make them all different. Now look at this other nettle, which grew on the opposite side of the road; you see that it is not exactly like the one you have just examined.

29. *A.* No, papa; this has little flat seeds instead of flowers.

30. *F.* Very right, my dear. Now, in order to make those seeds grow, it is necessary that the little flower of this plant and the seed of that should be together, as they are in most others. But plants can not walk, like animals. The wisdom of God, therefore, has provided a remedy<sup>(4)</sup> for this. When the little flower bursts open it throws out a fine powder, which you saw rise like a cloud; this is conveyed<sup>(5)</sup> by the air to the other plant, and when it falls upon the seed of that plant it gives it power to

grow, and makes it a perfect seed, which, in its turn, when it falls to the ground, will produce a new plant. Were it not for this fine powder, that seed would never be perfect or complete.

31. *A.* That is very curious, indeed; and I see the use of the little cloud and the flower; but the leaf that stung me, of what use can that be? There, dear papa, I am afraid I puzzle you to tell me that.

32. *F.* Even these stings are made useful to man. The poor people in some countries use them instead of blisters, when they are sick. Those leaves which do not sting are used by some for food, and from the stalk others get a stringy<sup>(6)</sup> bark, which answers the purpose of flax. Thus you see that even the despised nettle is not made in vain; and this lesson may serve to teach you that we only need to understand the works of God to see that "in goodness and wisdom he has made them all."

# 【中文阅读】

1. 安娜：哦！爸爸！那棵荨麻蜇到了我的手。

2. 父亲：亲爱的，我为你感到难过；拔下一片旁边的大酸模叶，挤出叶子上的汁，涂在蜇疼了的地方。恩，现在不那么疼了吧？

3. 安娜：哦，确实是，我几乎感觉不到疼了。但我真希望世界上没有荨麻。我不知道它们能有什么用处。

4. 父亲：娜娜，如果你了解植物学的话就不会这么说了。

5. 安娜：爸爸，什么是植物学？

6. 父亲：亲爱的，植物学就是关于植物的学问。

7. 安娜：一些植物很漂亮。如果我们的地里长出的是百合花，我就没什么可抱怨的了。但却是这种难看的荨麻！我真不知道它有什么漂亮之处或者能有什么用处。

8. 父亲：不是啊，娜娜，荨麻里的妙处、功用和门道可比百合花多多了。

9. 安娜：哦，爸爸，你是怎么知道的？

10. 父亲：戴上手套，拔下那棵荨麻，让我们一起来对它进行个考察。首先，看看它的花。

11. 安娜：爸爸，它的花？我看不到花，除非说那些粗糙的小疙瘩是花。它们即没颜色又没味道，还没有大头针的头大呢。

12. 父亲：这里，拿着这个放大镜观察它们。



13. 安娜：噢，我现在看到了；每个小疙瘩都藏在叶子里，像个玫瑰花苞。也许里面有朵花。

14. 父亲：试试，用这个大头针碰碰那个疙瘩。你看见什么了？

15. 安娜：哦，真奇怪！

16. 父亲：什么奇怪啊？

17. 安娜：我碰到它的一瞬间，它就打开了，像施了魔法。一朵云雾玫瑰般的小花长了出来，四条小小的枝茎仿佛有生命一般涌了出来。现在我再用放大镜看，能看见一朵像百合花一样漂亮而优雅的小花了。

18. 父亲：很好，现在再看看叶子。

19. 安娜：哦，我看见叶子上面都覆盖着一层很细小的硬毛。当我用放大镜看时，能看到每根硬毛的下面都有一个小囊袋，里面充满着像水一样的汁液。哈！这些就是蜇我的东西。

20. 父亲：现在，用大头针的头碰碰那个小囊袋。

21. 安娜：当我按压它时，里面的汁液挤了上来，从顶部的小孔处流出来。所以我估计那个小刺里面应该是空的，尽管它比我的麻纱针的针头锋利多了。

22. 父亲：所有的叶子上都有这些刺吗？

23. 安娜：不是的，爸爸。一些嫩刺还很绿很软，像天鹅绒，我处理它们一点都没危险。

24. 父亲：现在看看枝干，把它折断。

25. 安娜：我很容易就把它弄折了，但没法让它断开，因为外皮太坚韧了，总连在一起。

26. 父亲：好了，你看荨麻里奇妙的事情比你想象的多很多吧。

27. 安娜：是啊，我看到了。但是您原来经常告诉我说上帝造的每样东西都有它的用处。我可是看不出这些能有什么用。

28. 父亲：那是我们现在要来考量的事。你看到了小花的绽开，一片玫瑰色的云雾，你说像有魔力一样。所有这些都是植物自然生长所必需的。世界上有成千上万种植物，上帝以他的智慧欣然将它们创作成各自不同的样子。现在你看看长在马路对面的另一种荨麻，和你刚才仔细检查过的不完全一样。

29. 安娜：是的，爸爸。这种长着扁平的种子，而不是花。

30. 父亲：没错，亲爱的。为了让这些种子生长，必须把这株植物的小花和种子凑到一起，就像大多数情况下那样。但植物不能像动物一样行走移动。因此，上帝的智慧为之提供了一个补救的办法。小花绽开时会抛出一些花粉，就是你看到的像云团一样的东西，它通过空气被运送到其他植物上。当落到那个植物的种子上时，它就让花粉在里面生长，使其成为一个饱满的种子。反过来，等到种子落到地上，就会长出一株新的植物。要不是有了这种花粉，种子将无法变得饱满和完整。

31. 安娜：确实很奇特。我知道小云团和花的用处了。但是那蜇我的叶子呢，它能有什么用？亲爱的爸爸，让你告诉我这个，恐怕把你弄糊涂了。

32. 父亲：这些刺对人类也是有用的。在一些国家，穷人们生病时不用药，而是用它们来治病。这些不带刺的叶子可以用做食物原料，人们还从它的茎上得到纤维质的茎皮，来制作亚麻。这样一来，你看，连最不起眼的荨麻都不是一无是处的。这一课可以教育你，我们需要去理解上帝的杰作，看“他是如何用善意和智慧创造了这一切”。

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- (1) Magnifying glass, *an instrument used to make objects appear larger.*
  - (2) Enchantment, *magic art, witch-craft.*
  - (3) Asunder, *apart, into parts.*
  - (4) Remedy, *that which removes an evil.*
  - (5) Conveyed, *carried.*
  - (6) Stringy, *full of strings.*

# LESSON 45

## THE TEMPEST

### 暴风雨

By James T. Fields (born 1817, died 1881), who was born at Portsmouth, N. H. He was a poet, and the author, also, of some well known prose works. Of these, his "Yesterdays with Authors" is the most noted.

1. We were crowded in the cabin;

Not a soul would dare to sleep:

It was midnight on the waters,

And a storm was on the deep<sup>(1)</sup>.

2. 'T is a fearful thing in winter

To be shattered by the blast<sup>(2)</sup>,

And to hear the rattling trumpet

Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

3. So we shuddered there in silence,

For the stoutest held his breath,

While the hungry sea was roaring,

And the breakers<sup>(3)</sup> threatened death.

4. And as thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.

5. But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is n't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

6. Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer<sup>(4)</sup>;  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·T·菲尔德著(1817~1881年)，生于新罕布什尔州的朴茨茅斯，作家，著有一些著名散文作品。在这些作品中，《与作者们在一起的昨天》最为著名。

1. 我们挤在船舱里，

没有一个人敢睡去，

那是海上的午夜，

海上风暴正起。

2. 这是冬天最可怕的事，

被一阵疾风打碎，

听到绳梯的吼叫声

雷声，“切断桅杆！”

3. 我们在沉默中战栗，

连最强壮的人都屏住了呼吸，

当饥饿的大海在咆哮时，

浪花发出死亡的威胁。

4. 这样一来，我们坐在黑暗中，

每个人都忙着祈祷，

“我们迷路了！”船长喊道，

从楼梯上跌跌撞撞地跑下来。

5. 但他的小女儿握起他冰冷的手轻声说，

“难道上帝不是像在陆地上一样，

也会在海上当吗？”

6. 我们亲了亲小女孩，

用更加欢快的语调谈话；

我们在早晨明媚的阳光里，

平安地停靠在港口。

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(1) Deep, *the ocean*.

(2) Blast, *tempest*.

(3) Breakers, *waves of the sea broken by rocks*.

(4) Cheer, *state of mind*.

# LESSON 46

## THE CREATOR

### 造物主

**The poetry at the close of this selection is by John Keble, a celebrated English clergyman, born in 1792. He held for some years the professorship of Poetry at Oxford University. He died in 1866.**

1. Come, and I will show you what is beautiful. It is a rose fully blown<sup>(1)</sup>. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, the queen of flowers. Her leaves glow like fire. The air is filled with her sweet odor<sup>(2)</sup>. She is the delight of every eye.

2. But there is one fairer than the rose. He that made the rose is more beautiful than the rose. He is altogether lovely. He is the delight of every heart.

3. I will show you what is strong. The lion is strong. When he raiseth himself up from his lair<sup>(3)</sup>, when he shaketh his mane, when the voice of his roaring is heard, the cattle of the field fly, and the wild beasts of the desert<sup>(4)</sup> hide themselves; for he is terrible.

4. But He who made the lion is stronger than the lion. He can do all things. He gave us life, and in a moment can take it away, and no one can save us from his hand.

5. I will show you what is glorious. The sun is glorious. When he shineth in the clear sky, when he sitteth on his throne in the heavens, and looketh abroad over the earth, he is the most glorious and excellent<sup>(5)</sup> object the eye can behold.

6. But He who made the sun is more glorious than the sun. The eye cannot look



on his dazzling<sup>(6)</sup> brightness. He seeth all dark places, by night as well as by day. The light of his countenance is over all the world.

7. This great Being is God. He made all things, but He is more excellent than all that He has made. He is the Creator, they are the creatures. They may be beautiful, but He is Beauty. They may be strong, but He is Strength. They may be perfect, but He is Perfection<sup>(7)</sup>.

8. There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts<sup>(8)</sup>,  
And all the lore<sup>(9)</sup> its scholars need—  
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

9. The works of God, above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.

10. The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Father's love;  
Wherewith encompassed<sup>(10)</sup>, great and small  
In peace and order move.

11. Thou who hast given me eyes to see

And love this sight so fair,

Give me a heart to find out Thee

And read Thee everywhere.

*EXERCISES.—What is described as beautiful? As strong? As glorious? Who is more beautiful than the rose, stronger than the lion, and more glorious than the sun? What is the book which we may all read? What should it teach us?*

## 【中文阅读】

本部分结尾处的诗歌由约翰·基布尔创作。他生于1792年，是一位著名的英国牧师。他曾多年受聘为牛津大学的诗歌教授，于1866年逝世。

1. 来吧，我来告诉你们漂亮是什么。是完全绽开的玫瑰花。看花中女王是如何安坐在长着青苔的枝干上，她的叶子如火般闪光，空气中充满着她香甜的气息。她是每个人眼中欣喜的源泉。

2. 但还有比玫瑰更美丽的，创造出玫瑰的人比玫瑰还要美丽，他还是可爱的，是每个人心中欣喜的源泉。

3. 我来告诉你们强壮是什么。狮子是强壮的。当他从藏身之处起身，当他摇动鬃毛，当听到他的吼声，野外的牛儿飞奔，荒原上的野兽躲藏起来，因为他很可怕。

4. 但是创造了狮子的人比狮子更强壮，他能做所有的事情。他给了我们生命，也可以在瞬间将它夺走，没有人能从他手里救出我们。

5. 我来告诉你什么是灿烂的。太阳是灿烂的。当他在晴朗的天空闪耀，当他坐在天空的宝座上，看向地球时，他是肉眼能看到的最灿烂、最杰出的物体。

6. 但是创造了太阳的人比太阳还要灿烂。眼睛无法注视他那耀眼的光亮。他看到了所有黑暗的地方，无论在黑夜还是白天。他脸上的光辉洒遍全世界。

7. 这个伟大的存在就是上帝。他创造了这一切，但他比创作出的一切都要杰出。他是造物主，他们是创造出的产物。他们可能漂亮，但他才是美。他们可能强壮，但他是力量。他们可能完美，但他是完满。

8. 有一本书，人人能读，

传授神圣的真理，

和学者需要的一切知识——

纯净的眼神和爱心。

9. 上帝的作品，上面，下面，

我们心里，我们周围，

那本书里是否写了，

上帝是怎么发现自己。

10. 耀眼的天空，拥抱一切，

像上帝的爱；

用什么来包围住，使大大小小

和平而有序地运动着。

11. 你给了我四周的眼睛，

我当然地爱上了这景象，

你赋予我心灵去找寻你，

我在任何地方都能读到你。

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- (1) Blown, *blossomed, bloomed.*
- (2) Odor, *smell, scent.*
- (3) Lair, *bed of a wild beast.*
- (4) Desert, *a wilderness, a place where no one lives.*
- (5) Excellent, *surpassing others in worth, superior.*
- (6) Dazzling, *overpowering with light.*
- (7) Perfection, *the state of being perfect, so that nothing is wanting.*
- (8) Imparts, *makes known.*
- (9) Lore, *learning.*
- (10) Encompassed, *surrounded.*

# LESSON 47

## THE HORSE



1. *Uncle Thomas.* Well, boys, I am glad to see you again. Since I last saw you I have made quite a tour, and at some future time will describe to you what I have seen. I promised at this meeting, however, to tell you something about animals, and I propose to begin with the horse. But I know that you like stories better than lecturing, so I will proceed at once to tell you some which I have gathered for you.



2. *Frank*. We never feel tired of listening to you, Uncle Thomas. We know you always have something curious to tell us.

3. *Uncle Thomas*. Well then, Frank, to begin at once with the horse.

4. In several parts of the world there are to be found large herds of wild horses. In South America the immense<sup>(1)</sup> plains are inhabited<sup>(2)</sup> by them, and it is said that ten thousand are sometimes found in a single herd. These herds are always preceded by a leader, who directs their motions; and such

is the regularity with which they perform their movements, that it seems as if they could hardly be surpassed by the best trained cavalry<sup>(3)</sup>.

5. It is extremely dangerous for travelers to meet a herd of this description. When they are unaccustomed to the sight of such a mass of creatures, they can not help feeling greatly alarmed at their rapid and apparently irresistible approach. The trampling of the animals sounds like distant thunder; and such is the rapidity and impetuosity<sup>(4)</sup> of their advance, that it seems to threaten instant destruction.

6. Sometimes, however, they suddenly stop short, utter a loud and piercing neigh, and, with a rapid wheel, take an opposite course, and altogether disappear. On such occasions it requires great care in the traveler to prevent his horses from breaking loose and escaping with the wild herd.

7. In those countries where wild horses are so plentiful, the inhabitants do not take the trouble to raise others, but whenever they want one they mount upon an animal accustomed to the sport, and gallop over the plain toward a herd, which is readily found at no great distance.

8. The rider gradually approaches some stragglers from the main body, and, having selected the one he wishes, he dexterously<sup>(5)</sup> throws the lasso (which is a long rope with a running noose, and is firmly fixed to his saddle) either over the wild horse's head or in such a manner as to entangle his hind legs; and by the sudden checking of his own horse, he throws the captured animal over on its side.

9. In an instant he jumps off his horse, wraps his cloak round the head of the captive, forces a bit into his mouth, and straps a saddle on his back. He then removes the cloak, and the animal starts to his feet. With equal quickness the hunter leaps into his saddle; and, in spite of the kicking of the captive, keeps his seat, till, being wearied out with his efforts, the horse submits to the guidance of his new master, and is



reduced<sup>(6)</sup> to complete obedience.

10. *Frank*. But, Uncle Thomas, are all horses originally<sup>(7)</sup> wild? I have heard that Arabia is famous for raising horses.

11. *Uncle Thomas*. Arabia has, for a long time, been noted for the beauty and speed of its horses. It is not strange, however, that the Arabian horse should be the most excellent, when we consider the care and kindness with which it is treated. One of the best stories which I have ever heard of the love of an Arabian for his steed, is that related of an Arab, from whom an English officer wished to purchase his horse.

12. The animal was a bright bay mare, of fine form and great beauty; and the owner, proud of her appearance and qualities, paraded<sup>(8)</sup> her before the Englishman's tent until she attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, "What will you give me?" was the reply. "That depends upon her age. I suppose she is past five?" "Guess again," said he. "Four?" "Look at her mouth," said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be about three. This, from her size and symmetry<sup>(9)</sup>, greatly increased her value.

13. The gentleman said, "I will give you eighty tomans<sup>(10)</sup>," (nearly two hundred and fifty dollars). "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, somewhat entertained. "Ninety—a hundred." He shook his head and smiled. The officer at last came to three hundred tomans, (nearly one thousand dollars). "Well," said the Arab, "you need not tempt me further. You are a rich nobleman, and, I am told, have loads of silver and gold. Now," added he, "you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got." He put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of the reach of temptation.

14. The horse can swim, when necessary, as well as most other animals, although he is not very fond of the water. Some years ago a vessel was driven upon the rocks, on the coast of the Cape of Good Hope, and most of the crew fell an immediate

sacrifice to the waves. Those who were left were seen from the shore, clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran so high that no boat could venture off to their assistance.

15. Meanwhile, a planter had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck. His heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and, knowing the bold spirit of his horse and his excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make a desperate<sup>(11)</sup> effort for their deliverance<sup>(12)</sup>. Having blown a little Brandy into his horse's nostrils, he pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both horse and rider disappeared, but it was not long before they floated to the surface, and swam up to the wreck; when, taking two men with him, each of whom held on by one of his boots, the planter brought them safe to shore.

16. This was repeated no less than seven times, and he saved fourteen lives; but on his return the eighth time, being much fatigued, and meeting a tremendous wave, he lost his balance and sank in a moment. His horse swam safely to land, but its gallant<sup>(13)</sup> rider sank, to rise no more.

*EXERCISES.—Where are wild horses found? How are they taken? For what purpose are they taken? In what country are the finest horses raised? Why are the horses so excellent there? Are not animals always made better by kind treatment? Why would not the Arab sell his horse? Relate the anecdote of the planter and the shipwrecked seamen.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 托马斯叔叔：啊，孩子们，很高兴再次见到大家。自从上次见到你们之后，我去旅游了一段时间，将来给你们讲讲我看到了些什么。不管怎么说，我答应过这次见面会给你们讲关于动物的事，我建议从马开始讲起。我知道你们喜欢听故事，不喜欢听课，所以我马上来给你们讲讲搜集到的故事。
2. 弗兰克：托马斯叔叔，听您讲故事我们从来不感到疲倦。我们知道您总会讲些奇特的事情。
3. 托马斯叔叔：好吧，弗兰克，这就开始讲马的故事了。
4. 在世界上很多地方都发现了大群的野马。它们有些生活在南美洲广袤的平原上，据说有时一个马群就有1万匹之多。马群都由一个领头的马带队，它来指挥大家的行动。这就是马匹们行动的秩序性，看起来经过最优秀培训的骑兵也很难能超越它们。
5. 对旅行者来说，遇到这样的一群马匹是非常危险的。当他们还不习惯于眼前这么一大群的生物时，会不禁被它们快速且显然不可抗拒的行动方式吓住。动物们发出的踢踏声听起来像远处的雷声，那是它们飞快且疾速前进的声音，似乎带来了瞬间毁灭的威胁。
6. 但有的时候，它们会突然间停下来，发出高亢而尖利的嘶叫声，然后迅速转弯，朝着对面跑去，全部消失不见。在这种情形下，旅游者需要特别小心，防止他自己的马挣脱缰绳随着野马群一起跑掉。
7. 在那些野马数量很多的国家，居民们不必费力去饲养它们。但当他们需要一匹马时，会骑上一匹善于奔跑的马，朝着平原上不远处就能找到的马群奔去。
8. 骑马的人渐渐地接近从大群里掉队的马匹，选择一匹他想要的，灵活地抛出索套（一条长绳子，一端系个套，另一端牢牢地绑在他的鞍上），或者套住野马

的头，或者缠住它的后腿。然后突然停住自己的马，把捕到的马拉向一边。

9. 随后，他快速跳下马，用斗篷遮在被捕马匹的头上，给它喂些吃的，在它背上套上马鞍。然后他移开斗篷，马匹就会开始走起来。猎人同时非常迅速地跳上这匹马，尽管被捕到的马匹会不停地踢来踢去，但只要一直保持骑在马上，直到马匹用尽力气，它就会听从新主人的指挥，变得完全顺从。

10. 托弗兰克：马斯叔叔，所有的马原来都是野马吗？我听说阿拉伯人驯马非常有名。

11. 托马斯叔叔：很长一段时间，阿拉伯国家以其马匹的健美和速度而闻名于世。我们想想那里的马得到的照料和关怀，就不会对阿拉伯马是最出色的而感到奇怪了。关于阿拉伯人热爱自己的马，我听说过的最好的故事是一名英国军官想从一个阿拉伯人那里买他的马。

12. 那匹马是一匹亮红棕色的母马，体格健硕，俊美无比。马的主人为它的外表和体格感到骄傲，骑着它在英国人的帐篷外炫耀，直到引起了英国人的注意。当被问及愿不愿意将它出售时，主人回答：“你能给我什么？”“那要看它的年龄。我猜它已经超过五岁了？”“再猜，”他说。“四岁？”“看看它的嘴，”阿拉伯人笑着说。经过检查，发现它大约三岁的样子。从它的体型大小和体格匀称程度来看，这样的年龄无疑大大增加了它的价值。

13. 绅士说：“我给你80托曼金币（约合250美元）。”“请再加点吧，”阿拉伯人有点恳切地说。“90~100。”他还是微笑着摇摇头。最后，英国军官给到了300托曼金币（约合1000美元）。“好吧，”阿拉伯人说，“您不要再诱惑我了。我听说您是个有钱的贵族，有成堆的金银财宝。现在，”他补充说，“您想要我的马，但又不愿意用您所有的钱去换它。”说完，他将马鞭放在马上，很快离开了这个充满诱惑的地方。

14. 虽然马不太喜欢水，但当情况需要时，马也能像其他动物一样游泳。几年前，一艘船在好望角的岸边撞到了礁石上，大部分船员很快成了海浪的牺牲品。

从岸上看去，活下来的那些人都抓着船体残骸。海浪非常高，没有船敢冒险出海去营救他们。

15. 就在这时，一个庄稼汉从农场走来，看到了船只遇险。海员们遇难的景象顿时融化了他的心，他知道自己的马非常勇敢，而他自己也是名游泳高手，于是决定不顾一切去营救船员们。他先往马的鼻孔里擦了些白兰地，然后牵着马儿冲进了浪花里。刚一进到海里，马和骑手都消失了，但不久他们就浮出了水面，朝着船的残骸游了过去。他让两名船员每个人都抓住他的一只靴子，然后安全地将他们带回了岸边。

16. 这样重复了至少七次，救回了14条生命。但当他第八次返回时，由于太过疲惫，又加上遇到巨浪，他的身体失去了平衡，顷刻间沉了下去。他的马安全地回到陆上，可它勇敢的主人却沉到了水里，再也没有起来。

- 
- (1) Immense, *very large*.
  - (2) Inhabited, *occupied as a home*.
  - (3) Cavalry, *a body of military troops on horses*.
  - (4) Impetuosity, *fury, violence*.
  - (5) Dexterously, *skillfully*.
  - (6) Reduced, *brought into*.
  - (7) Originally, *at first*.
  - (8) Paraded, *showed off*.
  - (9) Symmetry, *a proper proportion of the several parts*.
  - (10) Toman, *a Persian coin valued at about three dollars*.
  - (11) Desperate, *without care of safety*.
  - (12) Deliverance, *release from danger*.
  - (13) Gallant, *brave, heroic*.

# LESSON 48

## EMULATION<sup>(1)</sup>

### 竞争

1. Frank's father was speaking to a friend, one day, on the subject of competition<sup>(2)</sup> at school. He said that he could answer for it that envy is not always connected with it.

2. He had been excelled<sup>(3)</sup> by many, but did not recollect ever having felt envious of his successful rivals<sup>(4)</sup>; "nor did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch," said he, "ever lessen his friendship for me."

3. In support of the truth of this, a friend who was present related an anecdote<sup>(5)</sup> which had fallen under his own notice in a school in his neighborhood.

4. At this school the sons of several wealthy farmers, and others, who were poorer, received instruction. Frank listened with great attention while the gentleman gave the following account of the two rivals:

5. It happened that the son of a rich farmer and the son of a poor widow came in competition for the head of their class. They were so nearly equal that the teacher could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was determined by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

6. The widow's son, by the last day's trial, gained the victory, and kept his place the following week, till the school was dismissed for the holidays.

7. When they met again the widow's son did not appear, and the farmer's son,

being next to him, might now have been at the head of his class. Instead of seizing the vacant place, however, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

8. Poverty was the cause; the poor woman found that she was not able, with her utmost efforts, to continue to pay for the tuition<sup>(6)</sup> and books of her son, and so he, poor fellow! had been compelled to give up his schooling, and to return to labor for her support.

9. The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket money which his father gave him, bought all the necessary books and paid for the tuition of his rival. He also permitted him to be brought back again to the head of his class, where he continued for some time, at the expense of his generous rival.

*EXERCISES.—What is the subject of this lesson? What do you mean by emulation? What is envy? What story is told about the two rivals? Is it right to envy any person?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一天，弗兰克的爸爸正在和一个朋友聊天，内容是关于校园内竞争的。他说自己敢负责任地说，嫉妒并不总是和竞争联系在一起。
2. 很多人都比他优秀，但他不记得自己曾经嫉妒过对手的成功。“我从朋友波驰那里赢过很多奖，”他说，“但这丝毫没有削弱他和我的友谊。”
3. 为支持这种说法的真实性，在场的一位朋友讲述了他注意到的一个故事，就发生他家社区的学校里。
4. 在这所学校里，一些富农的孩子和贫农的孩子一起上课接受教育。弗兰克全神贯注地听着，这位绅士讲述了以下关于两名竞争对手的故事。
5. 一个富农的儿子和一个穷寡妇的儿子在班里竞争当班长。他们两人的成绩不分伯仲，老师也没法决定让谁来当。有些时候其中一个人的成绩是班上最好的，过些天另外一个人的成绩又是最好的。最后决定，谁在一周里成绩好的时间长就由谁来当班长。
6. 在最后一天的角逐中，寡妇的儿子获得了胜利，并将优势保持到了接下来的一周，直到学校假期的来临。
7. 当开学后再见面时，寡妇的儿子没有出现。富农的儿子因为成绩紧随其后，可以成为班上的班长了。但是，他并没有抢占这个空位置，而是去寡妇的家里询问是什么原因使得她儿子上课缺席。
8. 原因是贫穷。可怜的女人发现她尽了最大努力也没办法继续支付儿子的学费和书本费了，可怜的家伙！所以他不得不被迫辍学，回到家里帮妈妈干活。
9. 富农的儿子拿出父亲给他的零用钱，给他的对手买齐了所需的课本，交齐了学费，还允许他再次做回班长的位置。寡妇的儿子继续做着班长，而学费却是



慷慨的对手提供的。

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(1) Emulation, *rivalry, contest.*

(2) Competition, *rivalry.*

(3) Excelled, *surpassed, exceeded in good qualities.*

(4) Rivals, *those who pursue the same thing.*

(5) Anecdote, *a short story.*

(6) Tuition, *payment for teaching.*

# LESSON 49

## THE SANDPIPER

### 矶 鹬

1. Across the lonely beach we flit,

One little sandpiper<sup>(1)</sup> and I,

And fast I gather, bit by bit,

The scattered driftwood<sup>(2)</sup>, bleached<sup>(3)</sup> and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,

The wild wind raves, the tide<sup>(4)</sup> runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit,

One little sandpiper and I.

2. Above our heads the sullen clouds

Scud<sup>(5)</sup>, black and swift, across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds<sup>(6)</sup>

Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach

I see the close-reefed<sup>(7)</sup> vessels fly,

As fast we flit across the beach,

One little sandpiper and I.

3. I watch him as he skims along,

Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;

He starts not at my fitful<sup>(8)</sup> song,

Nor flash of fluttering drapery<sup>(9)</sup>.

He has no thought of any wrong,

He scans<sup>(10)</sup> me with a fearless eye;

Stanch<sup>(11)</sup> friends are we, well-tried and strong,

The little sandpiper and I.

4. Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,

When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright!

To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth<sup>(12)</sup>

The tempest rushes through the sky;

For are we not God's children both,

Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

*(Cella Thaxter)*



# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 我们掠过寂寞的海滩，

我和一只小矶鹬，

我快速地捡拾着，一点一点，

散落的浮木，发白而干枯。

狂浪伸出手要抓它，

我们在海滩来来回回地走，

一只小矶鹬和我。

## 2. 我们头顶是阴郁的云，

阴暗而迅速的，划过天空；

像沉默的幽灵在朦胧的雾色中

高高的白色灯塔凸现出来。

几乎在眼睛能看到的地方

我看到收起了帆的船儿在飞，

像我们掠过海滩一样迅速，

一只小矶鹬和我。

## 3. 我看着它跳过来，

发出甜美而哀伤的叫声；

它开始唱的不是我断断续续的歌曲，

也不是飘飘帷幕的闪光，

它不知道什么是错，

它用无畏的眼神扫看我；

我们是亲密的朋友，经过考验，依然坚强，

小矶鹬和我。

#### 4. 伙伴，你在哪里过夜？

当肆意的风暴狂怒着来到？

我的浮木将会燃烧得很亮！

你能飞到哪个温暖的避风港？

我不为你担心，尽管汹涌的

风暴怒吼着冲向天空，

因为难道我们不是上帝的孩子，

你，小矶鹬，和我？

（塞莉娅·撒克斯特）

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- (1) Sandpiper, *a bird of the snipe family, found along the seacoast.*
  - (2) Driftwood, *wood tossed on shore by the waves.*
  - (3) Bleached, *whitened.*
  - (4) Tide, *the regular rise and fall of the ocean which occurs twice in a little over twenty-four hours.*
  - (5) Scud, *fly hastily.*
  - (6) Shrouds, *winding sheets, dresses of the dead.*
  - (7) Close-reefed, *with sails contracted as much as possible.*
  - (8) Fitful, *irregularly variable.*
  - (9) Drapery, *garments.*
  - (10) Scans, *looks at carefully.*
  - (11) Stanch, *firm.*
  - (12) Wroth, *angry.*

# LESSON 50

## THE RIGHT WAY

### 正确的方式

**Adapted from a story by Frank R. Stockton. He was born at Philadelphia, April 5, 1834, and when quite a young boy used to write stories for his own pleasure. He was once a designer and engraver on wood, and afterwards an editor; but he now devotes himself entirely to writing, not only for young but also for grown people.**

1. "O Andy!" said little Jenny Murdock, "I'm so glad you came along this way. I can't get over."
2. "Can't get over?" said Andrew. "Why what's the matter?"
3. "The bridge is gone," said Jenny. "When I came across after breakfast it was there, and now it's over on the other side, and how can I get back home?"
4. "Why, so it is," said Andrew. "It was all right when I came over a little while ago, but old Donald pulls it on the other side every morning after he has driven his cows across, and I don't think he has any right to do it. I suppose he thinks the bridge was made for him and his cows."
5. "Now I must go down to the big bridge, Andy, and I want you to go with me. I'm afraid to go through all those dark woods by myself," said Jenny.
6. "But I can't go, Jenny," said Andrew, "it's nearly school time now."



7. Andrew was a Scotch boy, and a fine fellow. He was next to the head of his school, and he was as good at play as he was at his book.

8. Jenny Murdock, his most particular<sup>(1)</sup> friend, was a little girl who lived very near Andrew's home. She had no brothers or sisters, but Andrew had always been as good as a brother to her; and, therefore, when she stood by the water's edge that morning, just ready to burst into tears, she thought all her troubles over when she saw Andrew coming along the road.

9. He had always helped her out of her troubles before, and she saw no reason why he should not do it now. She had crossed the creek in search of wild flowers, and when she wished to return had found the bridge removed, as Andrew supposed, by old Donald McKensie, who pastured his cows on this side of the creek.

10. This stream was not very wide, nor very deep at its edges, but in the center it was four or five feet deep; and in the spring the water ran very swiftly, so that wading across it, either by cattle or men, was quite a difficult undertaking. As for Jenny, she could not get across at all without a bridge, and there was none nearer than the wagon bridge, a mile and a half below.

11. "You will go with me, Andy, won't you?" said the little girl.

12. "And be late to school?" said he. "I have not been late yet, you know, Jenny."

13. "Perhaps Dominie<sup>(2)</sup> Black will think you have been sick or had to mind the cows," said Jenny.

14. "He won't think so unless I tell him," said Andrew, "and you know I won't do that."

15. "If we were to run all the way, would you be too late?" said Jenny.

16. "If we were to run all the way to the bridge, and I were to run all the way back, I should not get to school till after copy time. I expect every minute to hear the school bell ring," said Andrew.

17. "But what can I do, then?" said poor little Jenny. "I can't wait here till school's out, and I don't want to go up to the schoolhouse, for all the boys to laugh at me."

18. "No," said Andrew, reflecting<sup>(3)</sup> very seriously, "I must take you home some way or other. It won't do to leave you here, and, no matter where you might stay, your mother would be very much troubled about you."

19. "Yes," said Jenny, "she would think I was drowned."

20. Time pressed, and Jenny's countenance became more and more overcast<sup>(4)</sup>, but Andrew could think of no way in which he could take the little girl home without being late and losing his standing in the school.

21. It was impossible to get her across the stream at any place nearer than the "big bridge;" he would not take her that way, and make up a false story to account<sup>(5)</sup> for his lateness at school, and he could not leave her alone or take her with him.

22. What was to be done? While several absurd and impracticable<sup>(6)</sup> plans were passing through his brain, the school bell began to ring, and he must start immediately to reach the schoolhouse in time.

23. And now his anxiety<sup>(7)</sup> and perplexity became more intense than ever; and Jenny, looking up into his troubled countenance, began to cry.

24. Andrew, who had never before failed to be at the school door before the first tap of the bell, began to despair. Was there nothing to be done?

25. Yes! a happy thought passed through his mind. How strange that he should not have thought of it before! He would ask Dominie Black to let him take Jenny home. What could be more sensible and straightforward than such a plan?

26. Of course, the good old schoolmaster gave Andrew the desired permission, and everything ended happily. But the best thing about the whole affair was the lesson that the young Scotch boy learned that day.

27. The lesson was this: when we are puzzling our brains with plans to help ourselves out of trouble, let us always stop a moment in our planning, and try to think if there is not some simple way out of the difficulty, which shall be in every respect perfectly right. If we do this, we shall probably find a way more easy and satisfactory than any which we can devise<sup>(8)</sup>.

*EXERCISES.—Why could not Jenny cross the stream? Whom did she ask to help her? What can you tell about Andrew? Who was Jenny Murdock? What did Jenny wish Andrew to do? Why could he not go with her? Would it have been right for Andrew to have told an untruth even to help Jenny out of trouble? What did he finally do? What does this lesson teach us to do in case of trouble?*

## 【中文阅读】

节选自弗兰克·H·斯托克顿所著的故事。他1843年4月5日生于费城，在少年时就以写作为乐趣。他曾当过木材设计师和雕刻师，还做过编辑。随后全身心投入写作，不仅为儿童编写作品，也为成年人写作。

1. “哦，安迪！”小珍妮·默多克说，“我真高兴你从这边路过。我过不去了。”

2. “过不来了？”安德鲁说，“怎么回事？”

3. “桥不见了，”珍妮说，“早餐后我过来时桥还在那儿，现在却在另外一边了，我怎么回家呀？”

4. “哎呀，是啊，”安德鲁说，“刚才我从这儿经过的时候还是好好的，可是老唐纳德每天早上赶着他的牛过桥以后就把桥拉到一边去，他根本没权利这么做。我猜他以为这桥是为他和他的牛修建的。”

5. “安迪，现在我必须到大桥那边去了，我想让你和我一起去。我害怕自己一个人穿过那片黑暗的树林。”珍妮说。

6. “但是我不能去啊，珍妮，”安德鲁说，“上课的时间马上就到了。”

7. 安德鲁是个苏格兰男孩，一个好学生。他几乎是学校里的孩子王，又会玩又会学习。

8. 珍妮·默多克是他最特别的朋友。这个小女孩住在安德鲁家附近，她没有兄弟姐妹，安德鲁总像哥哥似的照顾她。所以，那天早上，当她站在岸边就快要哭出来时，一看到安德鲁走了过来，她就觉得所有的麻烦都算不了什么了。

9. 安德鲁原来总是能帮她摆脱困境，她不明白为什么这次不行。她刚才沿着小溪去找野花，等回来的时候发现桥已经移走了，正如安德鲁猜的，是老唐纳德·

麦肯斯干的，他总在小溪这边放牛。

10. 面前这条小河并不太宽，河水也不很深，但是河的中央会有四五英尺深。春天时水流得非常湍急，所以涉水过河无论对牛还是人来说都是件很困难的事。对珍妮而言，没有桥她根本过不去，附近最近的公路桥在离这里一里半的下游。

11. “安迪，你会跟我一起去吧？”小女孩问道。

12. “然后上课迟到？”他说，“知道么，珍妮，我还从没迟到过。”

13. “也许布莱克校长会认为你生病了，或者需要照顾牛。”珍妮说。

14. “除非我亲自告诉他，否则他不会那么想的，”安德鲁说，“你知道我不会那么说的。”

15. “如果我们一直快点跑着，你还会迟到吗？”珍妮问。

16. “如果我们快速跑到桥那里，我还要再跑回来，抄写课之前我肯定到不了学校。我还想在上课的钟声响起之前到学校呢。”安德鲁说。

17. “但是，那我该怎么办？”可怜的小珍妮说，“我也不能一直在这里等着你下课，我也不想一起去教室，男孩子们会笑话我的。”

18. “是，”安德鲁严肃地思考着说，“我一定得想个办法把你送回家。不能把你留在这里，无论你待在哪儿，你妈妈都会很担心你的。”

19. “是啊，”珍妮说，“她没准认为我被淹死了。”

20. 时间越来越紧迫，珍妮的表情也变得越来越忧愁，但是安德鲁还是没有想出办法，既能将小女孩送回家还不至于上课迟到，让他在学校的威信扫地。

21. 除了“大桥”那里，没有任何更近的地方可以送她过河；而他又不能去那里送她之后编个故事来解释为什么迟到；他既不能把她留在原地又不能带她去学

校。

22. 怎么办呢？正当若干个荒唐而不切实际的计划在他脑子里闪过时，学校的钟声开始响起来，他必须开始往教室那边赶了。

23. 现在，他的焦虑和困窘比任何时候都更加强烈。珍妮抬起头，看到他发愁的样子，哭了起来。

24. 从来都是在第一遍钟声响起前踏进校门的安德鲁现在开始感到绝望了。难道就没有任何办法了吗？

25. 是的！一个两全齐美的想法闪过脑海。之前没想到真是太奇怪了！他先去和布莱克校长说明情况，让他带珍妮回家。什么计划能比这个更合理更直接呢？

26. 当然，善良的老校长允许了安德鲁这样做，一切得以圆满地解决。但是整个过程中最好的事是那名苏格兰少年学到了一课。

27. 这一课是：当我们绞尽脑汁想帮助自己摆脱困境时，让我们停下片刻，试着想想是否还有更简单、从各方面都更完美的脱困办法。如果我们这样做，可能会找到比原先计划中更简单易行、更令人满意的办法。

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(1) Particular, *not ordinary, worthy of particular attention, chief.*

(2) Dominie, *the Scotch name for school-master.*

(3) Reflecting, *thinking earnestly.*

(4) Overcast, *covered with gloom.*

(5) Account, *to state the reasons.*

(6) Impracticable, *not possible.*

[\(7\)](#) Anxiety, care, *trouble of mind*.

[\(8\)](#) Devise, *plan, contrive*.

# LESSON 51

## THE GOLDEN RULE

### 黄金法则

1. To act with integrity<sup>(1)</sup> and good faith was such a habit with Susan that she had never before thought of examining the Golden Rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." But the longer she reflected upon it, the stronger was her conviction<sup>(2)</sup> that she did not always obey the precept; at length, she appealed<sup>(3)</sup> to her mother for its meaning.

2. "It implies," said her mother, "in the first place, a total destruction of all selfishness: for a man who loves himself better than his neighbors, can never do to others as he would have others do to him. We are bound not only to do, but to feel, toward others as we would have others feel toward us. Remember, it is much easier to reprove the sin of others than to overcome temptation<sup>(4)</sup> when it assails<sup>(5)</sup> ourselves.

3. "A man may be perfectly honest and yet very selfish; but the command implies something more than mere honesty; it requires charity as well as integrity. The meaning of the command is fully explained in the parable of the Good Samaritan. The Levite, who passed by the wounded man without offering him assistance, may have been a man of great honesty; but he did not do unto the poor stranger as he would have wished others to do unto him."

4. Susan pondered carefully and seriously on what her mother had said. When she thought over her past conduct, a blush of shame crept to her cheeks, and a look of sorrow into her eyes, as many little acts of selfishness and unkindness came back to her memory. She resolved that for the future, both in great things and small, she would remember and follow the Golden Rule.



5. It was not long after this that an opportunity occurred of trying Susan's principles. One Saturday evening when she went, as usual, to farmer Thompson's inn, to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable yard.

6. He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse dealers with whom he had been bargaining. He held in his hand an open pocketbook, full of bills; and scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her, as usual, for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a bank note.

7. Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out of the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her two bills instead of one. She looked around; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize.

8. "It is mine, all mine," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to sister Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday school with me next winter. I wonder if it will not buy a pair of shoes for brother Tom, too."

9. At that moment she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake; and therefore she had no right to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He gave it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it, even if it should be a mistake; for he had too many such bills in that great pocketbook to miss one."

10. While this conflict<sup>(6)</sup> was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying homeward as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced<sup>(7)</sup> the comforts which the money would buy against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

11. As she crossed the little bridge over the narrow creek before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which they had occupied during the conversation I have before narrated. Instantly the words of Scripture, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," sounded in her ears like a trumpet.

12. Turning suddenly round, as if flying from some unseen peril, the child hastened along the road with breathless speed until she found herself once more at farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff<sup>(8)</sup> old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

13. "Sir, you paid me two bills, instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills? did I? let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did you not bring it back sooner?" Susan blushed and hung her head.

14. "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well, I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer and none the wiser." "My mother knows nothing about it, sir," said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home."

15. The old man looked at the child, and, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

16. "No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be paid for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for, indeed, it was a sore temptation. Oh! sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how hard it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

17. The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little

upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise," murmured<sup>(9)</sup> he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her humble home with a lightened<sup>(10)</sup> heart, and through the course of a long and useful life she never forgot her first temptation.

*EXERCISES.—What is the Golden Rule? What does it imply? Can a man be perfectly honest and still not follow the Golden Rule? What parable is a perfect illustration of its meaning? How was Susan tempted? What did she first think of doing? What changed her intention? Relate what happened when she returned the money. What effect did her action have?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 为人正直、办事诚实守信是苏珊的习惯。因此，之前她一直没有想到去验证“黄金法则”，即“无论什么事，你希望别人怎样对待你，你也要怎样对待别人”。但她越是长时间思考这句话，越是笃定地相信她并没有一直遵循这一法则；最后，她去向妈妈请教这句话的含义。

2. “它意味着，”她妈妈说，“首先，彻底摧毁一切自私的心理：如果一个人爱自己比爱邻居更多，他就永远不可能像他期望别人对他那样对待他人。我们一定不只是去帮助别人，还要去体会别人的感受，因为别人也会体会我们的感受。记住，数落别人的不是总比克服我们自己面对的诱惑容易得多。”

3. “一个人可能非常正直，同时还很自私。但是自我约束意味着比单纯的正直更深层次的东西；它需要人们有仁慈之心，为人诚实。自我约束的含义在《善良的撒马利亚人》寓言中得到了充分阐释。路过那个受伤的人而未对其施救的利未夫可能也是个很诚实的人，但是他没有做到对那个可怜的陌生人像他期望别人对待他一样。”

4. 苏珊仔细而认真地思考着妈妈说的话。当想到自己过去的表现时，她的小脸因为惭愧而变得绯红，眼里满是懊悔的神情，因为她想起了过去做过的许多自私和刻薄的事。她下定决心，今后无论在大事还是小事上，都会记住并遵守“黄金法则”。

5. 这之后没多久，一个考验苏珊的机会来了。一个周六的晚上，她像往常一样去了农民汤姆森的旅店，去收取妈妈给住店客们洗衣服的钱，一共五美元。她在马厩场院里找到了汤姆森。

6. 显然他正在和一些马匹交易商发火，原因是他们在跟他讨价还价。他手里拿着一个敞开的皮夹子，里面全是钞票，几乎没有注意小孩子跟他说的话，只是像平常一样骂她几句，说她在他忙的时候给他捣乱，然后递给了她一张钞票。

7. 苏珊很高兴这么快就可以离开了，所以快速地跑出了门。随后她停下脚步，准备将钱牢牢地钉在披肩的叠层里。忽然，她发现农民给的钞票是两张，而不是一张。她向四周看了看，附近没有人看到她的发现，而她的第一反应是对这个意料之外的奖金高兴不已。

8. “它是我的了，全是我的，”她自言自语道，“我要给妈妈买件新斗篷，这样她就可以把那件旧的给妹妹玛丽，玛丽明年冬天就可以和我一起去上周日学校了。我想它是不是还够给弟弟汤姆买双鞋子的。”

9. 那时，她想起钱一定是他给错了，所以她没有权利留下。但诱惑的声音又悄悄地说：“他给的，你怎么知道他不是特意想给礼物呢？留着吧，即使是弄错了，他永远也不会知道，因为他的皮夹里有那么多钱，根本想不起来丢了一张。”

10. 当善恶在她头脑中不断斗争时，她还在快速地朝着家的方向跑。可是，当她出现在她家视野范围之前，她不停地平衡着金钱带来的慰藉和伤害邻居的罪恶感。

11. 她家门前有一条窄窄的小河，河上架着一座小桥。当她经过这座小桥时，她的眼光落在了一个质朴的长椅上，这就是前面提到的对话发生的地方。《圣经》中的那些话语——“无论什么事，你希望别人怎样对待你，你也要怎样对待别人”——立刻像小号的声音一样在她耳边响起。

12. 她突然转身，好似从一些看不见的危险里抽身一般，上气不接下气地在路上狂奔，直到她发现自己又来到了农民汤姆森的门口。“你又来要什么？”粗鲁的老家伙看到她回来了，问道。

13. “先生，你给了我两张钞票，不是一张，”她四肢颤抖着说。“两张钞票？是么？让我看看。嗯，是的。但你是刚发现吗？你为什么没早点送回来？”苏珊的脸红了，头也低了下来。

14. “我猜你是想留着，”他说，“我很高兴你妈妈比你诚实，否则我的身家就少

了五美元，我也算不得精明了。”“我妈妈不知道这件事，先生，”苏珊说，“我在到家之前就把它送回来了。”

15. 那个老人看了看孩子，泪水从她的脸上滚下来，似乎被她的不幸感动了。他把手伸进兜里，掏出一先令给她。

16. “不，先生，谢谢您。”她抽泣着说，“我不愿意您因为我做对了一件事而付给我钱；我只是希望您不会认为我不诚实，因为它确实是个让人很纠结的诱惑。哦！先生，如果您看到您最爱的人想要得到最平常的舒适生活，您就会了解对于我们来说，做到‘我们希望别人怎么对我们，我们也要怎么对待别人’是多么难的事了。”

17. 这个自私的男人被打动了。“一些在世界上微不足道的小事，已经远远超出了精明的范畴，”他喃喃自语道。他和小女孩道了晚安，然后有点伤感地走进屋里，但愿他能做一个更善良的人。苏珊心情轻松地回到她简陋的家，之后在漫长而有意义的生命历程中，她再也没有忘记她遇到的第一次诱惑。

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(1) Integrity, honesty, uprightness.

(2) Conviction, strong belief.

(3) Appealed, referred to.

(4) Temptation, that which has a tendency to induce one to do wrong.

(5) Assails, attacks.

(6) Conflict, struggle.

(7) Balanced, weighed, compared.

(8) Gruff, rough.

(9) Murmured, spoke in a low voice.

(10) Lightened, made cheerful or lighter.

# LESSON 52

## THE SNOW MAN

### 雪人

1. Look! how the clouds are flying south!

The winds pipe<sup>(1)</sup> loud and shrill!

And high above the white drifts stands

The snow man on the hill.

2. Blow, wild wind from the icy north!

Here's one who will not fear

To feel thy coldest touch, or shrink<sup>(2)</sup>

Thy loudest blast to hear.

3. Proud triumph<sup>(3)</sup> of the schoolboy's skill!

Far rather would I be

A winter giant, ruling o'er

A frosty realm<sup>(4)</sup>, like thee,

4. And stand amid the drifted snow,

Like thee, a thing apart,

Than be a man who walks with men,

But has a frozen heart!

*(Marian Douglas)*

*EXERCISES.—With what is the snow man compared in this poem? What is meant by a man with “a frozen heart”? Do you think such a man would follow the Golden Rule?*



# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 看啊！乌云滚滚！

北风凛冽！

山峦上风卷雪刮过，

雪人巍然屹立。

## 2. 任它寒风彻骨！

他没有一丝恐惧，

任它北风呼啸。

他一步也不退缩。

## 3. 学到新本领虽令人骄傲！

我却宁愿像你一样

冬天里的巨人，

你是这片冻土的主宰。

## 4. 宁愿和你一样，

独立在风雪中，

也不愿走在人群里，

心却没有一丝温暖。

- 
- (1) Pipe, *whistle*.
  - (2) Shrink, *to draw back on account of fear*.
  - (3) Triumph, *success causing exultation*.
  - (4) Realm, *the territory over which authority is used, dominion*.

# LESSON 53

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S HOUSE

### 鲁滨逊·克鲁索的住所

**Daniel DeFoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe" (from which these selections are adapted), was born in London, England, in 1661, and died in 1731. He wrote a number of books; but his "Robinson Crusoe" is the only one that attained great notoriety.**

1. I have already described my habitation<sup>(1)</sup>, which was a tent under the side of a rock, surrounded with a strong pale<sup>(2)</sup> of posts and cables<sup>(3)</sup>, but I might now rather call it a wall, for I raised a kind of wall up against it of turf<sup>(4)</sup>, about two feet thick on the outside; and, after some time (I think it was a year and a half) I raised rafters from it, leaning to the rock, and thatched or covered it with boughs of trees and such things as I could get to keep out the rain, which I found at some times of the year very violent.

2. I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me; but I must observe, too, that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, took up all my place, so that I had no room to turn myself. So I set to work to enlarge my cave and work farther into the earth; for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed upon it.

3. And so when I found that I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways into the rock; and then, turning to the right again, worked quite out, and

made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification<sup>(5)</sup>. This gave me not only egress<sup>(6)</sup> and regress<sup>(7)</sup>, as it was a back way to my tent and to my storehouse, but gave me room to stow<sup>(8)</sup> my goods.

4. And now I began to apply<sup>(9)</sup> myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, particularly a chair and a table; for without these I was not able to enjoy the few comforts I had in the world. I could not write or eat, or do several things with so much pleasure without a table.

5. So I went to work. I had never handled a tool in my life; and yet in time by labor, application, and contrivance, I found that I wanted nothing but I could have made it, especially if I had had tools; however, I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adz and a hatchet, which perhaps were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor.

6. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it before me, and hew it flat on either side with my ax till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub<sup>(10)</sup> it smooth with my adz.

7. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience, any more than I had for the prodigious<sup>(11)</sup> deal<sup>(12)</sup> of time and labor which it took me to make a plank or board; but my time or labor was little worth, and so it was as well employed one way as another.

8. However, I made me a table and a chair, as I observed above; and this I did out of the short pieces of boards which I brought on my raft from the ship; but when I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, to lay all my tools, nails, and ironwork on, and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might come easily at them.

9. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock to hang my guns and all things that would hang up. So that, had my cave been seen, it would have looked like a general magazine<sup>(13)</sup> of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

*EXERCISES.—How did Robinson Crusoe make a house? Of what did he make a chair and table? How did he obtain boards? What does this lesson teach us in regard to perseverance?*

## 【中文阅读】

本文摘自《鲁滨逊漂流记》，作者：丹尼尔·笛福，1661年生于英国伦敦，1731年去世。在他的多部作品中，最著名的是《鲁滨逊漂流记》。

1. 我前面已经描述了我的住所，这是一个帐篷，位于山岩一侧，周围是用木桩和缆绳搭造的结实的栅栏，我现在也可以把这个栅栏称作墙，因为在栅栏的外面我堆砌了两英尺厚的草皮；过了一段时间（我想是一年半）我架起了椽，一端靠在岩石上，用树枝等材料封了顶，可以在暴雨倾盆时用来避雨。

2. 我把所有物品拿进栅栏，放到岩洞里；但是开始的时候东西堆得杂乱无章，很占地方，我甚至无法转身。因此我着手扩大岩洞，挖出更多的泥土。因为岩石已经疏松沙化了，挖掘起来很容易。

3. 当我发现自己相当安全，不用担心野兽的攻击时，我开始挖掘山岩的侧面；然后又向右挖，一直挖到外面，这样我就能从另一扇门通到栅栏或者说堡垒的外面。我不但多了出口和入口，进出帐篷和工具间，而且贮藏的空间也扩大了。

4. 这时我开始专心制作最需要的物品，尤其是椅子和桌子；没有桌椅，我就没法享受世上为数已不多的乐事。没有桌椅，写作、吃饭也毫无乐趣可言了。

5. 我开始工作起来，我以前从未使用过工具；可是当我后来花费了很大力气，专心工作，想出不少好点子的时候，我发现不论需要什么，我都能做出来，要是有了工具就更好了。即使没有工具，我还是做了不少东西，有时只使用凿子和斧头，可能以前还没人这样做出这些东西，或者花这么大的力气。

6. 比如，如果我想要一块木板，就必须先砍倒一棵树，然后用斧子把两面刨平，直到树木像木板一样薄，再用凿子刮光滑。

7. 真的，我就这么把整棵树做成了木板；做木板要花费很多时间和精力，需要很大的耐心，好在我时间和精力多得是。

8. 前面提到过, 我从离开大船时乘坐的木筏上拆了一些木板做了桌椅; 当用上面的方法做了一些木板后, 我还把一些一英尺半宽的隔板, 立在岩洞的侧面, 放置工具、钉子和铁器, 总之, 我把所有工具摆放整齐, 便于取用。

9. 我还把一些木棒钉进山岩, 悬挂枪和别的能挂起来的東西。因此, 要是有人看到, 我的岩洞就像是仓库, 所有必备的物品应有尽有。看到一切井井有条, 带给我极大的乐趣, 我的东西可真不少呢。

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(1) Habitation, *a dwelling place*.

(2) Pale, *a fence*.

(3) Cables, *large ropes*.

(4) Turf, *sod*.

(5) Fortification, *a place built for defense against attack*.

(6) Egress, *going out*.

(7) Regress, *coming back, return*.

(8) Stow, *to arrange compactly*.

(9) Apply, *to employ diligently*.

(10) Dub, *to cut down or bring to an even surface*.

(11) Prodigious, *very great*.

(12) Deal, *part, amount*.

(13) Magazine, *a storehouse*.

# LESSON 54

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S DRESS

### 鲁滨逊·克鲁索的衣服

1. But had any man in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him or raised a great deal of laughter; and, as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my traveling through Yorkshire in such a dress.

2. I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of a goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.





3. I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of the thighs, and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same; the breeches were made of the skin of an old goat, and the hair hung down such a length on either side that it reached to the middle of my legs like pantaloons.

4. Stockings and shoes I had none; but I made a pair of something, I scarce know what to call them, like buskins<sup>(1)</sup>, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side like spatterdashes<sup>(2)</sup>; but they were of a most barbarous<sup>(3)</sup> shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

5. I had on a broad belt of goatskin dried, which I drew together with two thongs<sup>(4)</sup> of the same, instead of buckles; and, in a kind of frog<sup>(5)</sup> on each side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet; one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches<sup>(6)</sup>, both made of goatskin, too; in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot.

6. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy, ugly, goatskin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

7. As for my face, the color of it was really not so dark as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equator. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks.

8. Of these mustaches or whiskers, I will not say that they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous<sup>(7)</sup> enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful. But all this is by the bye; for, as to my figure, I had so few to observe me that it was of no manner of consequence; so I say no more on that part.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在英国，任何人看到我的样子，一定被吓着或者被逗得开怀大笑；当我不时一动不动打量自己的时候，想到穿着这身打扮走在约克郡的路上就忍俊不禁。

2. 我的帽子是用山羊皮做的，又高又大，没有帽子的形状，后面垂下一个帽檐，既遮阳，又可以防止雨水流进脖子里；没有比让雨水流进衣服沾到皮肤更有害的了。

3. 我穿着一件山羊皮做的上衣，上衣的下摆垂到大腿中部，还穿着件相同材料的露着膝盖的短裙；短裙是用老山羊皮做成的，两侧的羊毛垂到膝盖，像马裤一样。

4. 我没有袜子和鞋；但是做了一双类似的东西，我几乎不知道该称它什么，有点像高筒靴，像绑腿一样从两侧系在腿上；它们的形状极其原始，实际上我的其他穿着也一样原始。

5. 我系着一个晒干的山羊皮做的宽皮带，用相同材料的皮条系住，而不是用搭扣；在皮带两侧的饰扣里，悬挂的不是剑和匕首，而是小锯和斧子。我还有另一个皮带，不这么宽，也用山羊皮的皮条系着，斜搭在肩上；我的左腋下的一端，挂着两个山羊皮做的口袋；一个口袋装着火药，另一个口袋装着子弹。

6. 我的身后背着筐，肩上扛着枪，头上顶着一把巨大的、样子笨拙而丑陋的山羊皮做的雨伞，这是除枪以外最有用的东西。

7. 至于我的脸，对于像我这样不太在乎，而且生活在距离赤道九或十度以内的人，还不算黑。我容忍胡须长到大约四分之一码长；由于有剪子和剃刀，我把胡须剪得相当短，至于上唇上的胡子，我把它们修剪成和伊斯兰教徒的胡子一样，就像我见过的土耳其人。

8. 关于这些八字胡，我不想说它们长得足以悬挂帽子，但是它们的长度和形

状非常古怪，如果在英国会吓着人的。但是所有这些都无关紧要，因为几乎没有人看到我，怎么穿着打扮都没有多大关系。因此，我就不多说了。

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- (1) Buskins, *coverings for the feet coming some distance up the leg, and fit for a defense against thorns, etc.*
- (2) Spatterdashes, *coverings for the legs to keep them clean from water and mud.*
- (3) Barbarous, *uncouth, clumsy.*
- (4) Thongs, *strips of leather.*
- (5) Frog, *a loop similar to that sometimes used in fastening a cloak or coat.*
- (6) Pouches, *bags.*
- (7) Monstrous, *very large, enormous.*

# LESSON 55

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING

### 谁的亲人沉睡在这里

1. Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,

Where the dead and dying lay,

Wounded by bayonets<sup>(1)</sup>, shells, and balls,

Somebody's darling<sup>(2)</sup> was borne one day;

2. Somebody's darling, so young and brave,

Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,

The lingering<sup>(3)</sup> light of his boyhood's grace.

3. Matted<sup>(4)</sup> and damp are the curls of gold,

Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;

Pale are the lips of delicate<sup>(5)</sup> mold<sup>(6)</sup>—

Somebody's darling is dying now.

4. Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow,

Brush all the wandering<sup>(7)</sup> waves of gold;

Cross his hands on his bosom now;

Somebody's darling is still and cold.

5. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,

Murmur a prayer soft and low;

One bright curl from its fair mates take;

They were somebody's pride, you know;

6. Somebody's hand has rested there;

Was it a mother's, soft and white?

And have the lips of a sister fair

Been baptized in the waves of light?

7. God knows best! he was somebody's love:

Somebody's heart enshrined<sup>(8)</sup> him there;

Somebody wafted<sup>(9)</sup> his name above,

Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

8. Somebody wept when he marched away,

Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;

Somebody clung to his parting hand.

9. Somebody's watching and waiting for him,

Yearning<sup>(10)</sup> to hold him again to her heart;

And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,

And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

10. Tenderly<sup>(11)</sup> bury the fair young dead,

Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;

Carve on the wooden slab at his head,

"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 谁的亲人被抬进医院的

一间病房，那里躺着

已死和垂死的人，

被刺刀、子弹和炮弹所伤；

## 2. 谁的亲人，年轻而勇敢，

甜美的面孔，却苍白如纸，

可这青年英俊的光芒，

却即将被坟墓的尘土淹没。

## 3. 绺绺金色的鬈发，

亲吻着年轻美丽的前额；

纤弱的双唇如此苍白——

谁的亲人即将死去。

## 4. 美丽的带有青筋的前额，

金色的卷发荡漾着波澜；

双手交叉在胸前；

谁的亲人已无法动弹。



5. 替他的亲人与他吻别，

柔和地低声为他祷告；

那一缕金色的卷发；

曾经是谁的骄傲；

6. 亲人的手放在他的身上；

是母亲的手吗，柔和而白皙？

是他美丽的爱人祷告的双唇吗，

浸润在清晨的阳光里？

7. 上帝知道！谁是他的亲人，

谁把他珍藏在心里；

日日夜夜的祷告声里，

阵阵重复着他的名字。

8. 他奔向战场时，又有谁在啜泣，

如此英俊、勇敢和骄傲；

谁亲吻着他的前额；

抓着他的手不忍分离。

9. 谁在注视和等待着他，

渴望再次与他相拥；

他却躺着，眼睛黯然无光，

天真的双唇轻启泛着笑容。

10. 轻轻埋葬了年轻的美丽身躯，

停在墓前泪水轻轻滴落；

在头部的一块木牌上，刻着，

“谁的亲人沉睡在这里。”

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(1) Bayonet, *a short, pointed iron weapon, fitted to the muzzle of a gun.*

(2) Darling, *one dearly loved.*

(3) Lingering, *protracted.*

(4) Matted, *twisted together.*

(5) Delicate, *soft and fair.*

(6) Mold, *shape.*

(7) Wandering, *straying.*

(8) Enshrined, *cherished.*

(9) Wafted, *caused to float.*

(10) Yearning, *being eager, longing.*

(11) Tenderly, *gently, kindly.*

# LESSON 56

## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

### 知识的力量

1. "What an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects<sup>(1)</sup>. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is all excellent thing?"

2. "Why, sir," replied the old man, looking grave, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad, as well as a good thing." "That is what I can not understand," said the bustling<sup>(2)</sup> little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

3. "I will tell you," meekly<sup>(3)</sup> replied the old man; and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint<sup>(4)</sup>, the animal is useful in bearing burdens<sup>(5)</sup>, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider." "I see!" said the little man.

4. "When the water of a large pond is properly conducted<sup>(6)</sup> by trenches<sup>(7)</sup>, it renders the fields around fertile<sup>(8)</sup>; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it and destroys the produce<sup>(9)</sup> of the fields." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

5. "When the ship is steered<sup>(10)</sup> aright, the sail that she hoists<sup>(11)</sup> enables her

sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the further will she go out of her course." "I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly!"

6. "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied<sup>(12)</sup>. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse." "I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

*EXERCISES—What is the subject of this lesson? Is knowledge always a power? Is it always blessing? Relate the several examples of power wrongly used. If we use the powers that God has given us for bad purposes, what will our knowledge prove to be?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “知识是多么非同寻常啊，”一位长相瘦削，精力充沛的小个子男人对一位老年人说。“知识是多么非同寻常啊，”他重复道。“六七岁大的男孩子们比我十二岁的时候懂得更多。他们读的书多，谈论的话题也多。世界比以前变聪明了。现在人人对所有事都有所了解。先生，你不认为知识真的非同寻常吗？”

2. “这个嘛，先生，”老人回答说，他看起来很严肃，“那完全取决于知识用在什么地方。知识可能是好事，也可能是祸根。知识意味着力量的增加，而力量既可能是好事，也可能是坏事。”“我无法理解你说的话，”精力旺盛的小个子说，“力量怎么可能是坏事呢？”

3. “我这就跟你讲，”老人温和地回答，接下来他说道：“当马匹的力量得到约束，这牲口可以用来负重、拉货、驮主人；但是当这种力量不受约束，马会脱缰，飞奔的时候把车拖碎，或者把主人掀下来。”“我明白了！”小个子说道。

4. “当池塘里的水用沟渠进行适当的疏导，可以灌溉周围的田地；但是如果水冲出堤坝，它会冲走一切，摧毁地里的收成。”“我明白了！”小个子说，“我明白了！”

5. “当正确地驾驶船，它升起的帆能让船更早驶入港口；但是如果驾驶错误，船的帆会让船驶离航线。”“我明白了！”小个子说，“我清楚地明白了！”

6. “好吧，那么，”老人继续说，“如果你清楚地明白这些事，我希望你也能明白，要想让知识成为好事，必须正确使用它。心中带着主的恩宠，知识就会变成好事；可是，如果没有做到，知识就和祸根一样了。”“我明白了！我明白了！”小个子说道，“我明白了！”

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- (1) Subject, *the thing treated of*.
- (2) Bustling, *very active, stirring*.
- (3) Meekly, *mildly, quietly, gently*.
- (4) Restraint, *anything which hinders*.
- (5) Burdens, *loads*.
- (6) Conducted, *led, guided*.
- (7) Trenches, *ditches*.
- (8) Fertile, *producing much fruit, rich*.
- (9) Produce, *that which is yielded or produced*.
- (10) Steered, *guided, directed*.
- (11) Hoists, *raises*.
- (12) Applied, *directed, made use of*.

# LESSON 57

## GOOD WILL

### 善 意

1. I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life; it is right that you should; but what are your notions of success? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired?

2. There is no true success in that: when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy, not to great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace; not to a palace, but to a prison.

3. Wealth rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame,—these are all worthy objects of ambition; but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put good will into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character<sup>(1)</sup>, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

4. I say, good will in all your actions. You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but, whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose<sup>(2)</sup> to it. Thomas is put by his parents to learn a business. But Thomas does not like to apply himself very closely. "What's the use?" he says. "I'm not paid much, and I'm not going to work much. I'll get along just as easily as I can, and have as good times as I can."

5. So he shirks his tasks; and instead of thinking about his employer's interests,

or his own self improvement, gives his mind to trifles,—often to evil things, which in their ruinous effects upon his life are not trifles. As soon as he is free from his daily duties, he is off with his companions, having what they call a good time; his heart is with them even while his hands are employed in the shop or store.

6. He does nothing thoroughly well,—not at all for want of talent, but solely for lack of good will. He is not preparing himself to be one of those efficient clerks or workmen who are always in demand, and who receive the highest wages.

7. There is a class of people who are the pest of every community, workmen who do not know their trade, men of business ignorant of the first principles<sup>(3)</sup> of business. They can never be relied upon to do well anything they undertake. They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business.

8. To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become not merely contemptible but criminal. Thomas is preparing himself to be one of this class. You can not, boys, expect to raise a good crop from evil seed.

9. By Thomas's side works another boy, whom we will call James,—a lad of only ordinary capacity<sup>(4)</sup>, very likely. If Thomas and all the other boys did their best, there would be but small chance for James ever to become eminent. But he has something better than talent: he brings good will to his work. Whatever he learns, he learns so well that it becomes a part of himself.

10. His employers find that they can depend upon him. Customers soon learn to like and trust him. By diligence, self-culture, good habits, cheerful and kindly conduct, he is laying the foundation of a generous manhood and a genuine success.



11. In short, boys, by slighting your tasks you hurt yourself more than you wrong your employer. By honest service you benefit yourself more than you help him. If you were aiming at mere worldly advancement only, I should still say that good will was the very best investment you could make in business.

12. By cheating a customer, you gain only a temporary and unreal advantage. By serving him with right good will,—doing by him as you would be done by,—you not only secure his confidence but also his good will in return. But this is a sordid<sup>(5)</sup> consideration compared with the inward satisfaction, the glow and expansion of soul which attend a good action done for itself alone. If I were to sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—Good will.

(J. T. Trowbridge)

*EXERCISES.* — *What is meant by the phrase "to apply himself," in the fourth paragraph? What is meant by "a generous manhood," tenth paragraph? By "expansion of soul," twelfth paragraph? Tell what is meant by "good will," as taught by this lesson. How did Tom and James differ in character?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我的孩子们，你们一定想在生活中取得成功；你应该这么做，这是对的；但是成功的概念是什么呢？是尽快致富，而不考虑获取财富的方式吗？

2. 这样做不会带来真正的成功：当你成为百万富翁时，你可能比一无所有更贫穷；同样，不计后果的野心，最后常常不会给聪明能干的孩子带来财富，而是惨痛的失败和耻辱；等待他们的不是宫殿，而是监狱。

3. 正确获得和使用财富、理性享受、得到权力和荣誉，这些目标都值得追求；但是它们不是最高的目标，而且即使没有获得真正的成功，也可以取得这一切。可是，不论你追求的是什么，如果你都带着善意去做，你最后一定会取得最大的成功；因为不论你得到或失去什么，你都在培养高尚良好的品格，这不仅是这个世界上最好的财富，也是你能期望带到下一世的所有财富。

4. 我说，你所有的行为必须带着善意。不是简单的善良，乐于助人；而是，不论你做什么，带着诚实认真的意图去做。托马斯的父母让他学习做生意。可是托马斯并不全力以赴。“有什么用呢？”他说，“我的报酬低，因此我不会干太多的工作。我得过且过，过得轻松愉快就行了。”

5. 他因此在面对工作时不主动上前；不考虑雇主的利益，或者提高自己的能力，只考虑微不足道的——这些事常常是有害的，同样这些事对他的人生具有毁灭性的后果，这可不是微不足道的。一做完日常的工作，他马上就和伙伴们出去玩，正如他们自己说的，享受快乐的时光；即使手头做着店里或仓库里的工作，他的心也飞到伙伴们那里去了。

6. 他从不尽力把工作做到最好，这完全不是因为缺乏才智，只是因为缺乏善意。他不愿意让自己成为一名有效率的职员或工人，可是这些人总是很抢手，收入也最高。

7. 有一种人是所有人群里的害虫，工人不懂业务，商人不了解商业第一法则。你永远不能指望他们做好任何工作。他们不断出错，给别人添麻烦，反过来也影响自己。他们总是失业，经商也失败。

8. 因为缺乏知识，做事欠考虑，他们常常耍把戏欺骗别人，因此他们不但可憎甚至会滑向犯罪。托马斯就是其中的一个。孩子们，你们不能期望邪恶的种子会长出好的庄稼。

9. 托马斯身边还有一个男孩，就称他詹姆斯吧，他很可能才能一般。如果托马斯和别的男孩子全力以赴，詹姆斯变得杰出的机会微乎其微。但是他具有比才智更好的品质：他带着善意工作。无论学什么，他都学得很好，并且与所学的知识融为一体。

10. 雇主们发现可以信赖吉姆。客户们很快开始喜欢和信任他。通过勤奋、自我培养、良好的习惯、热情亲切的行为，他正在为具有慷慨的人格和真正的成功奠定良好的基础。

11. 总之，孩子们，如果轻视工作，你不但无法公正地对待雇主，而且更多地伤害了自己。通过诚实服务，你让雇主受益，也更多地让自己受益。即使你的目标仅仅是物质上的成就，我仍然要说，善意是你对事业唯一最好的投资。

12. 欺骗客户，你得到的只是暂时的利益，这是不真实的。但是如果带着善意服务客户，将心比心，你不但可以赢得客户的信任，而且还能得到客户的善意回报。但是与获得内心的满足，心灵的喜悦和充实相比，这种考虑确是微不足道的，伴随每个善行的心灵的喜悦和充实是没有他求的。如果要我用一个词总结我对你们说的关于爱和关心的话，这个词就是——善意。

(J·T·特罗布里奇)

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- (1) Character, *the sum of qualities which distinguish one person from another.*
  - (2) Purpose, *intention, aim.*
  - (3) Principles, *fixed rules.*
  - (4) Capacity, *ability, the power of receiving ideas.*
  - (5) Sordid, *base, meanly avaricious.*

# LESSON 58

## A CHINESE STORY

### 中国故事一则

By Christopher Pearse Cranch, who was born at Alexandria, Va. (then D. C.), in 1813. He has written some well-known children's stories, besides numerous poems; but his greatest literary work is "The Aeneid of Vergil, translated into English blank verse." He died in Cambridge Mass., 1892.

1. Two young, near-sighted<sup>(1)</sup> fellows, Chang and Ching,

Over their chopsticks<sup>(2)</sup> idly chattering,

Fell to disputing which could see the best;

At last, they agreed to put it to the test.

Said Chang, "A marble tablet<sup>(3)</sup>, so I hear,

Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,

With an inscription<sup>(4)</sup> on it. Let us go

And read it (since you boast your optics<sup>(5)</sup> so),

Standing together at a certain place

In front, where we the letters just may trace;

Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,

The palm<sup>(6)</sup> for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."

"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:

Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

2. "Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go

To-morrow a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,

And sha'n't be ready till the following day:

At ten A. M.<sup>(7)</sup>, on Thursday, let us say."

3. So 't was arranged; but Ching was wide-awake:

Time by the forelock he resolved to take;

And to the temple went at once, and read,

Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,

The chief of mandarins<sup>(8)</sup>, the great Goh-Bang."

Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,

Who read the same; but peering closer, he

Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—

The words, "This tablet is erected here

By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

4. So on the appointed day—both innocent

As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,

And took their distant station; and Ching said,

"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,

The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"

"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;

"I see what you have read, but furthermore,

In smaller letters, toward the temple door,

Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here

By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

5. "My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.

"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything,

As clear as daylight." "Patent<sup>(9)</sup> eyes, indeed,

You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I can not read?"

"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,

"If what you say you saw is all you read."

6. In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,

Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;



Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"

Said honest Ching; "no falsehood he will tell."

7. The good man heard their artless story through,

And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few

Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:

There's no such tablet or inscription there!



There was one, it is true; 't was moved away

And placed within the temple yesterday."

## 【中文阅读】

克里斯托弗·皮尔斯·克朗次，1813年生于弗吉尼亚州亚历山德里亚县（当时的哥伦比亚特区）。他写过很多诗歌和一些著名的儿童故事，他最伟大的文学作品是《维吉尔的埃涅伊德，译成英文的无韵诗》，他于1892年于马萨诸塞州的坎布里齐去世。

### 1. 常和庆是两个年轻的近视眼，

饭桌上闲谈时争执起谁的眼力好，

最后他们决定来较量；

常说，“附近有个武夷庙，

庙前立了一块石碑，

碑上刻着碑文，我们去看看

碑文（既然你吹嘘你的眼力好），

站在石碑前面一定距离，

刚好看见上面文字的地方，

谁最快读出碑上的文字，

谁的视力就最好。”

庆说，“同意，我们尽快比，

明天下午怎么样？”

2. 常说,“不用这么早,我还有

一天的行程,骑马从黄河出发,

后天才能回来,

周四上午十点再较量吧。”

3. 这样决定了,庆睡不着觉:

天刚蒙蒙亮他就出发了;

到了庙前看石碑上写着,

“这里埋葬着杰出的满洲首领,

伟大的国邦。”

他刚刚离开常就偷偷溜来,

他也看到了同样的碑文,

可他更仔细,

发现碑角上写着——

“这个石碑是

敬爱国邦的人所立。”

这是庆没看到的。

4. 约定的日子转眼就到了——

两个孩子般诚实的人来到碑前，

站得很远，庆说，

“我清楚看到碑上写着，

‘这里埋葬着杰出的满洲首领，

伟大的国邦。’”

常说，“就只有这些吗？”

“我不但看到你读的这些，而且

朝向庙门的碑角还有小字，

清楚写着，‘这个石碑是

敬爱国邦的人所立。’”

5. “我好眼神的朋友，没有这些文字！”常说，

“我清楚地看到了，”庆说，“碑上刻着这些文字，

就和白天一样清楚。”“你的眼睛真特别，

难道你以为我不识字吗？”

“从这么远可不像我能识字，”常说，

“如果你说你看到的是全部文字。”

6. 他们越吵越凶，满腔怒火，

最后常说,“让主持来裁判吧;

看!他走过来了。”“这样最好,”

诚实的庆说;“他可从不说谎。”

7. 善良的主持听了他们可爱的故事,

说,“我想,亲爱的先生们,肯定有几个人,

眼神和你们一样好:

可那里既没石碑,也没碑文!

以前是有;没错,可是已经挪走了,

昨天被我们移到庙里了。”

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(1) Near-sighted, *seeing at a short distance only.*

(2) Chopsticks, *small sticks of wood, ivory, etc., used in pairs by Chinese to carry food to the mouth.*

(3) Tablet, *a small, flat piece of anything on which to write or engrave.*

(4) Inscription, *something written or engraved on a solid substance.*

(5) Optics, *eyes.*

(6) Palm, *the reward of victory, prize.*

(7) A. M., *an abbreviation for the Latin ante meridian, meaning before noon.*

(8) Mandarin, *a Chinese public officer.*

(9) Patent, *secured from general use, peculiar to one person.*

# LESSON 59

## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY

### 幸福之道

1. Every child must observe how much more happy and beloved some children are than others. There are some children you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy.

2. There are others whom you always avoid. They seem to have no friends. No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and can not be happy without it.

3. "T is not in titles nor in rank,

'T is not in wealth like London bank,

To make us truly blest.

If happiness have not her seat

And center in the breast,

We may be wise, or rich, or great,

But never can be blest."

4. But you can not receive affection unless you will also give it. You can not find others to love you unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating<sup>(1)</sup> a good disposition. You can not be happy without it.

5. I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular<sup>(2)</sup> at school." Now, this plainly shows that she is not amiable.

6. If your companions<sup>(3)</sup> do not love you, it is your own fault. They can not help loving you if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is a good proof that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true that a sense of duty may, at times, render it necessary for you to do that which will displease your companions.

7. But if it is seen that you have a noble spirit, that you are above selfishness, that you are willing to make sacrifices<sup>(4)</sup> to promote<sup>(5)</sup> the happiness of others, you will never be in want of friends.

8. You must not regard it as your misfortune that others do not love you, but your fault. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract to yourself the esteem and affection of those around you.

9. You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of a good disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favors whenever you can, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent friends. Begin upon this principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

10. You go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing in the stove, surrounded with boys struggling to get near it to warm themselves. After you are slightly warmed, a schoolmate comes in suffering<sup>(6)</sup> with cold. "Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place."

11. As you slip aside to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst boy in the world can not help admiring such

generosity<sup>(7)</sup>; and, even though he be so ungrateful as not to return the favor, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend as far as he is capable of friendship. If you will always act upon this principle, you will never want for friends.

12. Suppose, some day, you are out with your companions playing ball. After you have been playing for some time, another boy comes along. He can not be chosen upon either side, for there is no one to match him. "Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest."

13. You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous, takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you give up to oblige him, and how can he help liking you for it? The fact is, that neither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness without attracting affection and esteem.

14. Look and see which of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves, that they may make others happy. There is but one way to make friends; and that is, by being friendly to others.

15. Perhaps some child who reads this feels conscious of being disliked, and yet desires to have the affection of his companions. You ask me what you shall do. I will tell you. I will give you an infallible<sup>(8)</sup> rule: Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices, that you may promote the happiness of others.

16. This is the way to make friends, and the only way. When you are playing with your brothers and sisters at home, be always ready to give them more than their share of privileges. Manifest<sup>(9)</sup> an obliging disposition, and they can not but regard you with affection. In all your intercourse<sup>(10)</sup> with others, at home or abroad, let these feelings influence you, and you will receive a rich reward.



*EXERCISES.—What is this lesson about? Can we be happy without friends? How can we win the love of those about us? Whose fault is it if we are not loved? What rule will surely gain us love and friendship if we always follow it?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 你一定注意到，一些孩子比其他孩子更幸福更惹人喜爱。有一些孩子，你总是喜欢和他们在一起。他们自己幸福，也让你感到幸福。

2. 还有一些孩子你总想躲避。似乎他们没有朋友。没有朋友谁也不会幸福。心是为爱而生的，没有爱，心不可能幸福。

3. “让我们真正幸福的，

既不是头衔或地位，

也不是和伦敦银行一样多的财富。

如果我们心中

没有幸福的位置

我们可能会聪明、富有、伟大，

但是永远不会幸福。”

4. 除非你愿意给予爱，否则你无法得到它。如果你不爱别人，你会发现别人也不会爱你。爱只能通过给予才能获得。因此培养良好的性格非常重要。没有良好性格的人不会幸福。

5. 我曾听一个女孩子说：“我知道我在学校非常不受欢迎。”这显然表明她不是个友好的人。

6. 如果你的伙伴不爱你，这是你自己的错。如果你愿意做一个善良和友好的人，他们无法不爱你。如果别人不爱你，这证明你不值得爱。尽管责任感有时让你必须做使伙伴感到不快的事，这是个事实。

7. 但是如果他人看到你有一颗高尚的心灵，超越自私，愿意为他人的幸福牺牲自己，你永远也不会缺少朋友。

8. 如果别人不爱你，你不要认为这是你的不幸，而是你的过错。使你拥有朋友的不是美丽，也不是财富。如果你想赢得周围人的尊敬和友谊，你的心必须洋溢着善意。

9. 你很少意识到你整个生命的幸福是多么有赖于对良好性格的培养。如果你决心不论何时只要你有能力就帮助他人，你当然会被热心的朋友包围。从童年起就遵循这一原则，整个一生都奉行它，你将会让自己幸福，并能使受到你影响的人幸福。

10. 一个寒冷冬日的清晨你来到学校。炉子里火很旺，四周坐满了取暖的男孩们。在你稍微暖和后，一个同学走进来，浑身发冷。“到这里，詹姆斯，”你友好地朝他喊道，“我暖和得差不多了，你坐我这儿吧。”

11. 当你走到旁边让他坐在你的位置时，他会感觉不到你的善意吗？世界上最坏的孩子也会赞赏这种慷慨；即使他不领情，没有投桃报李，你也可以相信只要他具有交友的能力，他就会是你的朋友。如果你始终奉行这个原则，你永远不会缺少朋友。

12. 假设有一天你和伙伴在外面打球。在你玩了一会儿后，一个男孩走过来。他无法加入，因为哪边都不缺人手。“亨利，”你说，“你可以打我的位置，我歇一会。”

13. 你躺在草地上，而新来的亨利浑身是劲，接替你加入比赛。他知道你为了帮助他放弃了比赛，他会不喜欢你吗？事实是，不论大人还是孩子，培养了这种慷慨和善良的精神，没有得不到情谊和敬重的。

14. 观察一下，看你的伙伴里哪一个朋友最多，你会发现一定是具有这种高尚心灵的人，他们为了让他人幸福愿意克制自己。交友的办法只有一个，就是对人

友善。

15. 可能有的孩子读到这里意识到自己不受人喜欢，可是希望得到伙伴们的情谊。你问我该怎么做，我会告诉你。我会给你一条绝对有效的法则：尽全力使他人幸福，愿意为促进他人的幸福做出牺牲。

16. 这就是交友之道，唯一的交友之道。当你在家里和兄弟姐妹玩，你应该总是愿意给予他们更多的权利。显示一颗乐于助人的心，他们会把爱心给你。在你和他人的交往中，不论在家里还是外面，拥有这种感情，你就会得到丰厚的回报。

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- (1) Cultivating, *cherishing, encouraging.*
  - (2) Unpopular, *not pleasing others.*
  - (3) Companions, *those who keep company with anyone.*
  - (4) Sacrifices, *things given up to oblige others.*
  - (5) Promote, *advance, forward.*
  - (6) Suffering, *undergoing pain.*
  - (7) Generosity, *kindness, nobleness of soul.*
  - (8) Infallible, *certain, that can not fail.*
  - (9) Manifest, *to show plainly.*
  - (10) Intercourse, *communication, mutual dealings.*

# LESSON 60

## THE GIRAFFE

### 长颈鹿

1. The giraffe is a native of Africa. It is of singular shape and size, and bears some resemblance both to the camel and the deer. The mouth is small; the eyes are full and brilliant<sup>(1)</sup>; the tongue is rough, very long, and ending in a point. The neck is long and slender, and, from the shoulder to the top of the head, it measures between seven and eight feet; from the ground to the top of the shoulder, it is commonly ten or eleven feet; so that the height of a full-grown giraffe is seventeen or eighteen feet.

2. The hair is of a deep brown color in the male, and of a light or yellowish brown in the female. The skin is beautifully diversified<sup>(2)</sup> with white spots. They have short, blunt horns, and hoofs like those of the ox. In their wild state, they feed on the leaves of a gum-bearing tree peculiar<sup>(3)</sup> to warm climates.

3. The giraffe, like the horse and other hoofed animals, defends itself by kicking; and its hinder limbs are so light, and its blows so rapid, that the eye can not follow them. They are sufficient for its defense against the lion. It never employs its horns in resisting the attack of an enemy. Its disposition is gentle, and it flees to its native forest upon the least alarm.

4. Le Vaillant (the celebrated French traveler and naturalist<sup>(4)</sup>) was the first who gave us any exact account of the form and habits of the giraffe. While he was traveling in South Africa, he happened one day to discover a hut covered with the skin of one of those animals; and learned to his surprise that he was now in a part of the country where the creature was found. He could not rest contented until he had seen the animal alive, and had secured a specimen<sup>(5)</sup>.

5. Having on several days obtained sight of some of them, he, with his attendants, on horseback and accompanied with dogs, gave chase; but they baffled<sup>(6)</sup> all pursuit. After a chase of a whole day, which effected nothing but the fatigue<sup>(7)</sup> of the party, he began to despair of success.

6. "The next day," says he, "by sunrise, I was in pursuit of game, in the hope of obtaining some provisions for my men. After several hours' fatigue, we saw, at the turn of a hill, seven giraffes, which my pack of dogs instantly pursued. Six of them went off together; but the seventh, cut off by my dogs, took another way.

7. "I followed the single one at full speed, but, in spite of the efforts of my horse, she got so much ahead of me, that, in turning a little hill, I lost sight of her altogether, and I gave up the pursuit. My dogs, however, were not so easily exhausted. They were soon so close upon her that she was obliged to stop and defend herself. From the noise they made, I conjectured<sup>(8)</sup> that they had got the animal into a corner, and I again pushed forward.

8. "I had scarcely got round the hill, when I perceived her surrounded by the dogs, and endeavoring to drive them away by heavy kicks. In a moment I was on my feet, and a shot from my carbine<sup>(9)</sup> brought her to the earth. I was delighted with my victory, which enabled me to add to the riches of natural history. I was now able, also, to destroy the romance<sup>(10)</sup> which attached to this animal, and to establish the truth of its existence."

*EXERCISES.—Of what country is the giraffe a native? To what height does it attain when full grown? On what does it live? How does it defend itself? Relate the story of Le Vaillant's giraffe hunt.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 长颈鹿产自非洲，是一种外形和尺寸独特的动物，与骆驼和鹿都有相似的特征。口部很小；眼睛又圆又亮；舌头粗糙，而且很长，舌尖很尖。脖子细长，从肩到头顶有七到八英尺；自地面到肩，一般有十或十一英尺；因此一个成年的长颈鹿的高度是十七或十八英尺。

2. 雄长颈鹿的毛是深灰色的，而雌长颈鹿的毛是淡褐色或黄褐色的。长颈鹿的皮肤上有漂亮的白点。长颈鹿的角是短的，并不尖锐，蹄子和牛的相似。野生状态的长颈鹿吃含树胶的树叶，这种树是气候温暖的地方特有的。

3. 像马或其他有蹄类动物一样，长颈鹿用踢腿来保护自己；长颈鹿的后肢非常灵巧，踢的时候快得我们的眼睛都跟不上。这使长颈鹿甚至可以和狮子对抗。长颈鹿从来不用角来对付敌人。它脾气温和，得到轻微的警报就会跑回森林。

4. 勒·瓦扬(法国著名旅行家和博物学家)是第一个为我们精确描述长颈鹿的外形和生活习性的人。他在南非旅行时，一天碰巧发现了一个棚屋上覆盖着长颈鹿的鹿皮；他惊讶地了解到这里就是发现长颈鹿的地方。除非亲自看到野生的长颈鹿，取得标本，否则他无法安心。

5. 后来有几天他看到了一些长颈鹿，因此他和助手骑着马，带着猎犬，开始追踪；但是没有追到。后来在追了整整一天后，队伍疲劳极了却一无所获，他开始丧失信心了。

6. “第二天，”他说，“黎明的时候，我正在追逐猎物，希望为我们的人弄一些吃的。几个小时后，在一个山丘的拐弯处，我们见到七只长颈鹿，猎犬立刻追过去。六只长颈鹿一起奔跑；但是第七只长颈鹿被猎犬拦截，向另一个方向跑去。

7. “我全速追赶这只落单的长颈鹿，但是不论我的马怎么使劲，它就是远远地跑在前面，绕过一个小山丘的时候，我完全见不到它了，于是我放弃了追赶。可

是，我的猎犬可不是那么容易疲倦的。它们很快接近了长颈鹿，使它不得不停下来抵抗。从它们发出的声音，我猜测猎犬把长颈鹿困住了，我重新骑马追过去。

8. “我刚绕过山丘，就看见猎犬包围了长颈鹿，长颈鹿用力踢，试图赶走猎犬。我立刻跳下马，用卡宾枪射出一枚子弹把长颈鹿打倒在地。我对胜利感到非常高兴，我可以为博物学增添新的财富了。我也打破了关于这个动物的浪漫神话，证明它确实存在。”

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- (1) Brilliant, *sparkling, shining*.
- (2) Diversified, *made various*.
- (3) Peculiar, *especially belonging to*.
- (4) Naturalist, *one who is acquainted with objects of nature*.
- (5) Specimen, *a sample*.
- (6) Baffled, *defeated, escaped from*.
- (7) Fatigue, *weariness*.
- (8) Conjectured, *guessed*.
- (9) Carbine, *a short gun*.
- (10) Romance, *a story without truth*.



# LESSON 61

## THE LOST CHILD

### 失踪的孩子

1. A few years since, a child was lost in the woods. He was out with his brothers and sisters gathering berries, and was accidentally separated<sup>(1)</sup> from them, and lost. The children, after looking in vain for some time in search of the little wanderer, returned, just in the dusk of the evening, to inform their parents that their brother was lost and could not be found.

2. The woods, at that time, were full of bears. The darkness of a cloudy night was rapidly coming on, and the alarmed father, gathering a few of his neighbors, hastened in search of the lost child. The mother remained at home, almost distracted<sup>(2)</sup> with suspense<sup>(3)</sup>.

3. As the clouds gathered, and the darkness increased, the father and the neighbors, with highly excited fears, traversed<sup>(4)</sup> the woods in all directions, and raised loud shouts to attract the attention of the child. But their search was in vain. They could find no trace of the wanderer; and, as they stood under the boughs of the lofty trees, and listened, that if possible they might hear his feeble voice, no sound was borne to their ears but the melancholy moaning of the wind as it swept through the thick branches of the forest.

4. The gathering clouds threatened an approaching storm, and the deep darkness of the night had already enveloped them. It is difficult to conceive what were the feelings of that father. And who could imagine how deep the distress which filled the bosom of that mother, as she heard the wind, and beheld the darkness in which her child was wandering!

5. The search was continued in vain till nine o'clock in the evening. Then, one of the party was sent back to the village, to collect the inhabitants for a more extensive search. The bell rung the alarm, and the cry of fire resounded through the streets. It was ascertained<sup>(5)</sup>, however, that it was not fire which caused the alarm, but that the bell tolled the more solemn tidings of a lost child.

6. Every heart sympathized<sup>(6)</sup> in the sorrows of the distracted parents. Soon, multitudes of the people were seen ascending the hill, upon the declivity<sup>(7)</sup> of which the village stood, to aid in the search. Ere long, the rain began to fall, but no tidings came back to the village of the lost child. Hardly an eye was that night closed in sleep, and there was not a mother who did not feel for the parents.

7. The night passed away, and the morning dawned, and yet no tidings came. At last, those engaged in the search met together and held a consultation<sup>(8)</sup>. They made arrangements for a more minute search, and agreed that, in case the child was found, a gun should be fired, to give a signal to the rest of the party.

8. As the sun arose, the clouds were scattered, and the whole landscape<sup>(9)</sup> glittered in the rays of the bright morning. But that village was deserted and still. The stores were closed, and business was hushed. Mothers were walking the streets, with sympathizing countenances and anxious hearts. There was but one thought in every mind: "What has become of the lost child?"

9. All the affections and interest of the neighborhood were flowing in one deep and broad channel toward the little wanderer. About nine in the morning, the signal gun was fired, which announced that the child was found; and, for a moment, how dreadful was the suspense! Was it found a mangled corpse? or was it alive and well?

10. Soon, a joyful shout proclaimed<sup>(10)</sup> the safety of the child. The shout was borne from tongue to tongue, till the whole forest rang again with the joyful sound. A

messenger rapidly bore the tidings to the distracted mother. A procession was immediately formed by those engaged in the search. The child was placed upon a platform, hastily formed from the boughs of trees, and borne in triumph at the head of the procession. When they arrived at the brow of the hill, they rested for a moment, and proclaimed their success with three loud and animated cheers.

11. The procession<sup>(11)</sup> then moved on till they arrived in front of the dwelling where the parents of the child resided. The mother, who stood at the door, with streaming eyes and throbbing heart, could no longer restrain herself or her feelings.

12. She rushed into the street, clasped her child to her bosom, and wept aloud. Every eye was filled with tears, and, for a moment, all were silent. But suddenly some one gave a signal for a shout. One loud, and long, and happy note of joy rose from the assembled multitude, and they went to their business and their homes.

13. There was more joy over the one child that was found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray. Likewise, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. But still, this is a feeble representation<sup>(12)</sup> of the love of our Father in heaven for us, and of the joy with which the angels welcome the returning wanderer.

14. The mother can not feel for her child that is lost as God feels for the unhappy wanderer in the paths of sin. If a mother can feel so much, what must be the feelings of our Father in heaven for those who have strayed from his love? If man can feel so deep a sympathy, what must be the emotions which glow in the bosom of angels?

## 【中文阅读】

1. 几年前，一个孩子在森林里失踪了。他和兄弟姐妹一起去采草莓，不小心和他们走散了。孩子们找了一阵子没有找到，在黄昏的时候赶回家，告诉父母他们的兄弟失踪的消息。

2. 当时的森林里有很多熊。那个夜晚天空乌云滚滚，夜幕已经开始降临，得到警报的父亲赶忙召集了几个邻居，匆匆忙忙地去寻找失踪的孩子。妈妈心慌意乱地在家里等消息。

3. 乌云开始聚集，天色更黑了，父亲和邻居们非常担心，他们在森林四处寻找着，大声叫着孩子的名字希望孩子能听到。但是没有什么结果，一点蛛丝马迹也没有。他们站在大树下仔细倾听，希望能听到孩子微弱的声音，可是除了风扫过浓密的树枝发出的令人沮丧的呼啸声之外什么也听不到。

4. 乌云越聚越多，似乎暴风雨就要降临，漆黑的夜已经包围了他们。很难看出失踪孩子的父亲的心情。谁又能想象，听着呼啸的风声，看着屋外的一片漆黑，想到失踪的孩子，母亲的心里是多么悲伤啊！

5. 晚上九点的时候，依然没找到孩子。于是他们派了一个人返回村庄，召集更多的村民进行更彻底地搜索。报警的钟声响了，失火的叫喊声响彻大街。后来证实敲响警钟并不是因为失火，而是因为更严重的消息：一个孩子失踪了。

6. 每个人的心中都对失踪孩子父母的痛苦感到同情。村庄就坐落在山坡上，大批人开始爬山，帮助寻找。不久，雨下了起来，但是还没有失踪孩子的消息。那个晚上，几乎没有人睡觉，妈妈们没有不同情失踪孩子父母的。

7. 黑夜过去，黎明到来，仍然没有一点消息。最后，搜寻的人聚在一起，商量下一步的行动。他们安排了更仔细的搜寻，并且商量好在找到孩子的时候，向空中放一枪，给其他人报信。

8. 太阳升起来，乌云散开了，清晨明亮的光线闪烁着。但是村庄像没有人住一样悄无声息。商店关着门，人们低声说话。走在街上的母亲们，都带着同情的神色，十分焦急。每个人的心里只有一个念头：“失踪孩子怎么样了呢？”

9. 邻居们的情感和关注都集中在了失踪的孩子身上。早上大约九点的时候，一声报信的枪声响了，向人们通报孩子找到了。可是，人们仍然十分担心！找到的是孩子的尸身？还是健健康康的孩子？

10. 很快，喜悦的喊声传来，孩子是安全的。喊声口口相传，直到整个森林都响起了喜悦的声音。一个报信的人迅速把消息带给心烦意乱的母亲。参与搜寻的人们立刻排成一队。在队伍的最前头，人们胜利地抬着临时用大树枝做成的台子，孩子就在上面。当他们来到坡顶的时候，休息了一会，随着三次热烈的大声欢呼，宣布搜寻工作胜利了。

11. 队伍继续向前，最后来到了失踪孩子的家。站在门口的母亲流着泪，心扑通扑通地跳，此时再也无法控制自己的感情了。

12. 她冲到街上，把孩子抱在胸前，大声哭了起来。所有人的眼睛也噙着泪水，那一刻非常安静。突然，一个人给出了欢呼的信号。人群中发出了长长的喜悦的欢呼声，人们各自返回工作或家里。

13. 找到一个失踪的孩子带给人们的喜悦比九十九个没失踪的更多。同样，当着上帝的天使，一个罪人的忏悔也一样令人喜悦。这确实代表了上帝对我们的爱，以及天使欢迎浪子回头的喜悦。

14. 一个母亲对失踪孩子的感受，无法和上帝对犯罪的不幸的浪子产生的感受相比。如果一个母亲能有那么深的感受，那么上帝对于迷失了爱的浪子的情感会是怎样的呢？如果人类有那么深的情感，那么天使的心中洋溢的情感会是怎样的呢？

- 
- (1) Separated, *parted*.
  - (2) Distracted, *made crazy*.
  - (3) Suspense, *doubt, uncertainty*.
  - (4) Traversed, *passed over and examined*.
  - (5) Ascertained, *made certain*.
  - (6) Sympathized, *felt for*.
  - (7) Declivity, *descent of land*.
  - (8) Consultation, *a meeting of persons to advise together*.
  - (9) Landscape, *a portion of territory which the eye can see in a single view*.
  - (10) Proclaimed, *made known publicly*.
  - (11) Procession, *a train of persons walking or riding*.
  - (12) Representation, *the act of describing or showing*.

# LESSON 62

## WHICH?

### 把哪个送人

1. Which shall it be? Which shall it be?

I looked at John—John looked at me;

Dear, patient John, who loves me yet

As well as though my locks were jet.

And when I found that I must speak,

My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said!"

And then I, listening, bent my head.

"This is his letter:"

2. "I will give

A house and land while you shall live,

If, in return, from out your seven,

One child to me for aye<sup>(1)</sup> is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,

I thought of all that John had borne  
Of poverty, and work, and care,  
Which I, though willing, could not share;  
I thought of seven mouths to feed,  
Of seven little children's need,  
And then of this.

3. "Come, John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,





Dear John and I surveyed<sup>(2)</sup> our band.

First to the cradle light we stepped,

Where Lilian the baby slept,

A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly the father stooped to lay

His rough hand down in loving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,

And huskily he said: "Not her!"

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,

And one long ray of lamplight shed

Athwart the boyish faces there,

In sleep so pitiful and fair;

I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,

A tear undried. Ere John could speak,

"He's but a baby, too," said I,

And kissed him as we hurried by.

5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face

Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:

"No, for a thousand crowns<sup>(3)</sup>, not him,"

He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward<sup>(4)</sup> son,

Turbulent<sup>(5)</sup>, reckless, idle one—

Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,

Bade us befriend him to the grave;

Only a mother's heart can be

Patient enough for such as he;

And so," said John, "I would not dare

To send him from her bedside prayer."

7. Then stole we softly up above

And knelt by Mary, child of love.

"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"

I said to John. Quite silently

He lifted up a curl that lay

Across her cheek in willful way,

And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"

The while my heart beat audibly.

8. Only one more, our eldest lad,

Trusty and truthful, good and glad—

So like his father. "No, John, no—

I can not, will not let him go."

9. And so we wrote in courteous<sup>(6)</sup> way,

We could not drive one child away.

And afterward, toil lighter seemed,

Thinking of that of which we dreamed;

Happy, in truth, that not one face

We missed from its accustomed [\(7\)](#) place;

Thankful to work for all the seven,

Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

*(Mrs. E. L. Beers)*

# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 选哪一个？选哪一个？

我看着约翰

约翰正看着我；

他对我的爱

像我头发的颜色那么黑。

当我发现我不得不说话时，

我的声音奇怪而微弱：

“再说说罗伯特说了什么！”

我听着，低垂着头。

“这是他的来信：”

## 2. “我会给你

一所房子、一块地，让你们过下去

条件是把你们七个孩子中的一个，

永远过继给我。””

看着约翰的旧大衣，

想着约翰受的苦

贫穷、辛苦、生活的重担，

我无法分担，虽然愿意；

想着七张等饭吃的嘴，

七个孩子的生活需要，

然后想着这封信。

3. “来吧，约翰，”我说，

“趁他们睡着，我们挑选一个；”

手牵着手，

亲爱的约翰和我

先来到摇篮边，

莉莲熟睡着，

头枕在白色的枕头上。

父亲弯下腰

把粗糙的手放在孩子身上，

梦中的她轻轻动了动，

爸爸嗓音嘶哑：

“不要把她送人！”

4. 我们站在小床边，

油灯的光照在男孩子脸上，

梦中的他们如此让人怜爱；

杰米红红的脸蛋还挂着，

一滴泪水。没等约翰说话，

我已说了出来，“他还是婴儿，”

亲了他一下，我们继续向前走。

5. 天使般的罗比依旧生着病，脸色苍白，

熟睡中还显得痛苦：

“一千克郎也不行，也不能送走他，”

他低声说，我们双眼湿润。

6. 可怜的迪克！坏坏的迪克，任性的孩子，

淘气、毛手毛脚，又懒散——

把他送走吗？

不，把他托付给我们的人，

叮嘱我们永远好好待他；

只有母亲才能对他耐心；

“因此，”约翰说，“我不敢

让他离开妈妈身边。”

## 7. 我们悄悄来到

玛丽的床边，我们的最爱。

“最好别送走她，”

我对约翰说。他轻轻

捋起她面颊上俏丽的卷发，

“不是她，亲爱的，”

我听到了自己的心跳声。

## 8. 只剩一个了，我们的大孩子，

让人信赖、性格真诚、脾气温和、讨人喜爱

和他的父亲一样。“不，约翰，不——

我不能送走他，也不想送走他。”

## 9. 我们礼貌地回了信，

我们不能把任何一个孩子给他。

此后，劳动似乎也不显劳累，

因为心中充满了憧憬；



我们没有让任何一个孩子

离开熟悉的地方；

为了七个孩子工作，心存感激，

我们把自己托付给天上的主！

(E·L·比尔)

- 
- (1) Aye, *always*,  
(2) Surveyed, *took a view of*.  
(3) Crown, *an English silver coin worth about \$1.20*.  
(4) Wayward, *willful*.  
(5) Turbulent, *disposed to disorder*.  
(6) Courteous, *polite*.  
(7) Accustomed, *usual*.

# LESSON 63

## THE PET FAWN

### 小宠物鹿

1. A pretty little fawn<sup>(1)</sup> had been brought in from the woods, when very young, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, being caressed<sup>(2)</sup> by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

2. One morning, after playing about as usual until weary, it lay down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several hounds, one of which was now with him.

3. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped. The little animal saw him, and started to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know that an enemy was near. In an instant, its whole nature seemed changed; all its past habits were forgotten; every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated<sup>(3)</sup>, its eyes flashing.

4. In another instant, before the spectators<sup>(4)</sup> had thought of the danger, and before its friends could secure it, the fawn was bounding away through the street, and the hound in full chase. The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons immediately followed its track; the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, in vain.

5. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; for the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit.

6. A large crowd collected on the bank—men, women, and children—anxious for the fate of the little animal so well known to them all. Some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept<sup>(5)</sup> the hound before he reached his prey. The plashing of the oars, the eager voices of men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish,—as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

7. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest. Immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, and ran at full speed, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On swam the fawn, as it never swam before; its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed<sup>(6)</sup> its course alike to its friends and foes.

8. As it approached the land, the interest became intense<sup>(7)</sup>. The hunter was already on the same side of the lake, calling loudly and angrily to his dog; but the hound seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn reached the shore. With a leap it had crossed the narrow strip of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods.

9. The hound followed true to the scent<sup>(8)</sup>, pointing to the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the same critical moment. Will the dog listen to his voice? or can the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the bank told that the fawn had passed

out of sight into the forest. At the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy was restrained. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed<sup>(9)</sup>, were easily managed.

10. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the fawn had not been seen. Some thought that after its fright had passed it would return of its own accord. It wore a pretty collar with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

11. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showed a collar with her name upon it. He said that he was out hunting in the morning, and saw a fawn in the distance. The little pet, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it through the heart.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 有一只可爱的小鹿，还很小的时候，就被人从森林里带了回来，由村里的一位太太收养，因此非常温顺。像别的小动物一样，小鹿举止优美，也非常温和、爱玩，没有人不喜欢它，它跟着家人到处走，邻居们也都喜欢抚摩它，它甭提多受欢迎了。

2. 一天上午，小鹿像往常一样玩耍，累了就躺在商店的台阶上，趴在一个朋友的脚下晒太阳。这时来了一个乡下人，他多年来一直以打猎为业，养了好几只猎犬，现在就带了一只在身边。

3. 猎犬走近小鹿，突然停了下来。小鹿看到它，站了起来。小鹿有一半时间都和村中的狗在一起，显然不惧怕它们；可是现在它似乎意识到敌人在附近。瞬间，小鹿的整个性格似乎都变了；它完全忘记了过去的习性；野性的冲动苏醒了；它抬起头，鼻孔翕张，眼睛放光。

4. 又一个瞬间，谁也没想到可能发生的危险，出乎小鹿的朋友们的意料，它已经跳跃着冲过大街，猎犬紧追不舍。人们急着营救它，几个人立即跟了上去。一直喂养爱抚小鹿的朋友们，开始喊叫它的名字，可是一点都没有用。

5. 猎人吹着口哨试图唤回猎犬，可是没成功。半分钟后小鹿已经拐过第一个街角，冲到湖边，跃入水中。刚开始，受惊的小鹿还以为在凉爽的湖水中已经安全了，可是它很快醒悟过来；猎犬紧紧尾随着，十几只狗也盲目地一起追赶。

6. 湖岸已经聚集了一大群人——男人、女人和孩子们——为他们熟悉的小鹿的命运担着心。一些人冲上船，希望在猎犬追上小鹿之前拦住它。船桨摇动水花四溅的声音，男人和男孩子们急切的叫喊声和汪汪的狗叫声，肯定已经让可怜的小鹿心中充满了恐惧和痛苦——仿佛在那块土地上曾经爱抚过它的所有人都成了它的死敌。

7. 很快人们看到小鹿横过河湾朝森林的方向游去。猎犬的主人迅速过了桥，全速奔跑着，希望在猎犬上岸时拦住它。小鹿继续向前游，使出了平生的力气；尽管几乎看不到小鹿的头，但所过之处在水面上留下了痕迹，暴露了自己的路线。

8. 当小鹿接近陆地的时候，人们变得极其紧张。猎人已经在湖的另一侧，愤怒地大声呼叫他的猎犬；可是猎犬在无情的追逐中似乎忘记了主人的声音。小鹿上岸了，它一跃跃过狭窄的河滩，它马上就要到森林了。

9. 猎犬紧跟着小鹿的气味，朝河滩上的小鹿奔去；猎犬的主人急于拦住它，全速奔跑着，也在这关键时刻追到了。猎犬会听他的招呼吗？猎人会及时赶上控制住他的猎犬吗？岸上有人喊，小鹿已经跑进森林，踪迹不见了。同一时刻，猎犬一踏上陆地就被主人强有力的手臂掐住了脖子。最可怕的事情终于没有发生；小鹿顺着山坡向上跳跃，它的敌人受到了控制。别的狗看到领头的被制服了，也都乖乖的了。

10. 一些人分头进入森林寻找小鹿，但是没找到；他们返回村里，报告说没找到小鹿。人们想小鹿自己会回来的。小鹿戴着漂亮的项圈，上面刻着主人的名字，很容易识别。

11. 过了些天，一个猎人来到了曾经喂养小鹿的太太那里，出示了一个项圈，上面刻着她的名字。他说，早上去打猎，远远看到一只小鹿。他以为小鹿会离开，没想到却朝他走了过来；他瞄准，开枪，射穿了小鹿的心脏。

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(1) Fawn, *a young deer*.

(2) Caressed, *fondled, petted*.

(3) Dilated, *extended, spread out*.

(4) Spectators, *those who look on*.

(5) Intercept, *to stop, to seize*.

(6) Betrayed, *showed*.

(7) Intense, *extreme*.

(8) Scent, *track followed by the sense of smell*.

(9) Cowed, *made afraid*.

# LESSON 64

## ANNIE'S DREAM

### 安妮的梦

1. It was a clear, cold, winter evening, and all the Sinclairs but Annie had gone out for a neighborly visit. She had resolved to stay at home and study a long, difficult lesson in Natural<sup>(1)</sup> Philosophy.

2. Left to herself, the evening passed quickly, but the lesson was learned a full half hour before the time set for the family to come home.

3. Closing her book, she leaned back in the soft armchair in which she was sitting, soon fell asleep, and began to dream. She dreamed that it was a very cold morning, and that she was standing by the dining-room stove, looking into the glass basin which was every day filled with water for evaporation<sup>(2)</sup>.

4. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "it is nearly school time. I don't want to go out in the cold this morning. Then there is that long lesson. I wonder if I can say it. Let me see—it takes two hundred and twelve degrees<sup>(3)</sup> of heat, I believe, for water to evaporate —"

5. "Nonsense!" "Ridiculous!" shouted a chorus of strange little voices near by; "Look here! is this water boiling? What an idea; two hundred and twelve degrees before we can fly, ha, ha!"

6. "Who are you?" asked Annie, in amazement. "Where must I look?" "In the basin, of course."

7. Annie looked, and saw a multitude of tiny forms moving swiftly around, their



numbers increasing as the heat of the fire increased. "Why, you dear little things!" said she, "what are you doing down there?"

8. "We are water sprites<sup>(4)</sup>," answered one, in the clearest voice that can be imagined, "and when this delightful warmth comes all about us, we become so light that we fly off, as you see."

9. In another moment he had joined a crowd of his companions that were spreading their wings and flying off in curling, white clouds over Annie's head. But they were so light and thin that they soon disappeared in the air.

10. She could not see where they went, so she again turned to the basin. "Does n't it hurt you," she asked one, "to be heated—?" "Not always to two hundred and twelve," said the sprite, mischievously<sup>(5)</sup>.

11. "No, no," replied Annie, half-vexed; "I remember, that is boiling point—but I mean, to be heated as you all are, and then to fly off in the cold?"

12. "Oh, no," laughed the little sprite; "we like it. We are made to change by God's wise laws, and so it can't hurt us. We are all the time at work, in our way, taking different shapes. It is good for us. If you will go to the window, you will find some of my brothers and sisters on the glass."

13. Annie went to the window, and at first could see nothing but some beautiful frostwork on it. Soon, however, the panes seemed to swarm<sup>(6)</sup> with little folks. Their wings were as white as snow, and sparkled with ice jewels.

14. "Oh," cried Annie, "this is the prettiest sight I ever saw. What is your name, darling?" she asked one that wore a crown of snow roses. The little voice that replied was so sharp and fine that Annie thought it seemed like a needle point of sound, and she began to laugh.

15. "Fine Frost is our family name," it said. "I have a first name of my own, but I shall not tell you what it is, for you are so impolite as to laugh at me."

16. "I beg your pardon, dear," said Annie; "I could not help it. I will not laugh at you any more if you will tell me how you came here. I have been talking with one of your brothers over there in the basin."

17. The little sprite then folded her wings in a dignified manner, and said, "I will tell you all I know about it, since you promise to be polite. It is a very short story, however."

18. "Last evening we all escaped<sup>(7)</sup> from the glass basin, as you have seen our companions do this morning. Oh, how light and free we felt! But we were so very delicate and thin that no one saw us as we flew about in the air of the room."

19. "After a while I flew with these others to this window, and, as we alighted on the glass, the cold changed us from water sprites into sprites of the Fine Frost family." "It is very wonderful," said Annie. "Is it nice to be a sprite?"

20. "Oh, yes, we are very gay. All last night we had a fine time sparkling in the moonlight. I wore a long wreath full of ice pearls and diamonds. Here is a piece of it. Before long we shall be water sprites again. I see the sun is coming this way."

21. "Shall you dread to be melted?" inquired Annie. "No, indeed," answered the sprite. "I like to change my form now and then."

22. A thought flashed across Annie's brain. What if she should breathe on the frost and not wait for the sun to melt it. In a moment more she had done so. Down fell a great number of the tiny mountains and castles, carrying with them a multitude of frost sprites, and all that could be seen was a drop of water on the window sill.

23. "Oh, dear! have I hurt them?" she exclaimed. "No, no," replied a chorus of many small voices from the drop of water, "we are only water sprites again. Nothing hurts us; we merely change." "But you are always pretty little things," said Annie. "I wish—"

24. Here a ring at the doorbell woke Annie. She started up to find the family had returned from their visit, which all declared was a delightful one. But Annie said she did not believe they had enjoyed their visit better than she had her half hour's dream.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 这是一个清澈寒冷的冬夜，辛克莱一家除安妮外都去邻居家做客去了。她决心待在家里学习一节又长又难的自然哲学课程。

2. 一个人留在家里，夜晚过得很快，课程已经学完了，可是距离家人回来还有整整半个小时。

3. 合上书，她坐在柔软的扶手椅里，向后靠着，很快就睡着了，她开始做起了梦。她梦到一个寒冷的早晨，她站在餐厅的炉子旁边，向玻璃水盆里面看，水盆里每天都装满水，水蒸发后可以增加室内的湿度。

4. “噢，天哪，”她叹了口气，“上学时间快到了。这么冷，我真不愿意出门。还有那节长长的课程。我想知道，我可不可以说——让我考虑一下——我相信水在212度时蒸发——”

5. “胡说！”“荒谬！”一道奇怪的很小的声音齐声喊道；“朝这儿看！水沸腾了吗？真是怪念头；212度后我们才会飞，哈哈！”

6. “你们是谁？”安妮惊讶地问道，“我得朝哪儿看？”“当然朝水盆里。”

7. 安妮看过去，只见无数微小的身形在水盆里敏捷地移动着，随着炉火越来越热，他们数量也不断增加。“原来是你们这些可爱的小东西！”她说，“你们在那儿做什么呢？”

8. “我们是水精灵，”一个身形回答，声音很清楚，“当讨人喜欢的温暖包围我们的时候，我们就轻得能够飞走了，你能看到的。”

9. 一瞬间，他加入了一群伙伴中，张开翅膀，像白色的云，从安妮的头顶上，盘旋着飞走了。可是他们是那么轻那么薄，很快就消失在空气中了。

10. 她看不到他们去了哪里，因此她又转向水盆。“不会伤到你们吗，”她问他们其中的一个，“加热到——？”“不总是212度<sup>(8)</sup>，”水精灵顽皮地说。

11. “不，不，”安妮有点恼怒的回答道，“我记得那是沸点——可是我的意思是，你们都被加热，然后飞进冷空气里？”

12. “噢，不，”小精灵笑着答道，“我们很喜欢。上帝的智慧法则让我们变化，因此不会伤害我们。我们一直在工作，用我们的方式，变成不同的形状。这对我们有好处。如果你愿意去窗户那儿，在玻璃上，你会看到我们的一些兄弟姐妹。”

13. 安妮走到窗户那儿，开始只看到玻璃上美丽的霜花。可是，很快，窗玻璃上好像挤满了小家伙。他们的翅膀和雪一样白，像冰宝石一样闪闪发光。

14. “噢，”安妮叫了起来，“这是我见过的最美的景象。亲爱的，你叫什么名字？”她问其中戴着玫瑰王冠的一个。回答的声音又尖又细，安妮想这有点像针眼的声音，于是开始笑了起来。

15. “霜是我们的姓，”它说，“我有自己的名字，可是我不告诉你是什么，因为你没有礼貌，笑话我。”

16. “请原谅我，亲爱的，”安妮说，“我忍不住。如果你告诉我你是怎么来这里的，我就不笑你了。我刚才一直在和那边水盆里你的一个兄弟谈话呢。”

17. 这个小精灵叠起翅膀，神态显得很高贵，说道：“我告诉你我知道的一切，因为你答应有礼貌。可这只是个很短的故事。

18. “昨晚我们都从玻璃盆里逃了出来，就像你今天早上看到的我们的伙伴那样。噢，我们是多么轻，多么自由啊！可是我们这么纤弱，这么薄，我们在房间的空气中飞来飞去谁也看不到我们。

19. “过了一会，我和别人一起飞到窗户这儿，当我们在玻璃上排好队的时候，

寒冷把我们从水精灵变成了霜家族的精灵。”“太奇妙了，”安妮说，“做精灵好吗？”

20. “噢，好，我们很开心。昨天整晚我们在月光下闪耀，过得快乐极了。我戴着长长的镶满冰珍珠和钻石的花环。这是其中一颗。我们不久就会重新变成水精灵。我看到太阳朝这边来了。”

21. “你害怕融化吗？”安妮问道。“不，实际上，”小精灵回答道，“我愿意不时换换体形。”

22. 一个念头掠过安妮的大脑。要是在霜上呼气，不等太阳融化它会怎么样。不一会，她果然这么做了。大量微小的山脉和城堡坍塌了，带着大量的霜精灵，窗玻璃上只看到一滴水。

23. “噢，天哪！我伤到你们了吗？”她惊叫道。“没有，没有，”水滴中很多小的声音齐声回答，“我们又变成水精灵了。什么也不能伤害我们，我们只是变化了体形。”“可是你们永远是可爱的小精灵，”安妮说，“我希望——”

24. 这时门铃声唤醒了梦中的安妮。家人已经做客回来了，他们都说过得很开心。可是安妮说她不信他们过得比她半小时的梦还快乐。

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(1) Natural Philosophy, *the study which teaches about the laws of matter in nature.*

(2) Evaporation, *the act of turning into vapor.*

(3) Degree, *a division of space marked on an instrument such as a thermometer.*

(4) Water sprite, *a spirit or fairy living in the water.*

(5) Mischievously, *in a teasing manner.*

(6) Swarm, *to be crowded.*

(7) Escaped, *got away, fled.*

(8) 此处为华氏度, 相当于100°C——译注。

# LESSON 65

## MY GHOST

### 我见到的鬼

**By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, who was born near Lexington, Ky., in 1836. Among her published works may be mentioned "The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems," and "A Woman's Poems."**

1. Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet,

Now that the tangles are out of your hair,

And you sing as well as the birds you meet,

That are playing, like you, in the blossoms there.

But now you are coming to kiss me, you say:

Well, what is it for? Shall I tie your shoe?

Or loop up your sleeve in a prettier way?

"Do I know about ghosts?" Indeed I do.

2. "Have I seen one?" Yes; last evening, you know,

We were taking a walk that you had to miss,

(I think you were naughty, and cried to go,

But, surely, you'll stay at home after this!)



And, away in the twilight, lonesomely,

("What is the twilight?" It's—getting late!)

I was thinking of things that were sad to me!—

There, hush! you know nothing about them, Kate.

3. Well, we had to go through the rocky lane,

Close to that bridge where the water roars,

By a still, red house, where the dark and rain

Go in when they will at the open doors.

And the moon, that had just waked up, looked through

The broken old windows, and seemed afraid,

And the wild bats flew, and the thistles grew

Where once in the roses the children played.

4. Just across the road by the cherry trees

Some fallen white stones had been lying so long,

Half hid in the grass, and under these

There were people dead. I could hear the song

Of a very sleepy dove as I passed

The graveyard near, and the cricket that cried;

And I look'd (ah! the Ghost is coming at last!)

And something was walking at my side.

5. It seemed to be wrapped in a great dark shawl

(For the night was a little cold, you know,);

It would not speak. It was black and tall;

And it walked so proudly and very slow.

Then it mocked me everything I could do:

Now it caught at the lightning flies like me;

Now it stopped where the elder blossoms grew;

Now it tore the thorns from a gray bent tree.

6. Still it followed me under the yellow moon,

Looking back to the graveyard now and then,

Where the winds were playing the night a tune—

But, Kate, a Ghost doesn't care for men,

And your papa could n't have done it harm.

Ah! dark-eyed darling, what is it you see?

There, you needn't hide in your dimpled arm—

It was only my shadow that walk'd with me!

## 【中文阅读】

S. M. 皮亚特夫人, 1836年生于肯塔基州莱克星顿附近。他发表的作品包括《华盛顿的巢和其他诗歌》和《一个女人的诗》。

1. 是的凯蒂, 你今天真可爱,  
  
头发也不乱了,  
  
歌也唱得像鸟一样好听,  
  
鸟儿和你一样喜欢在花丛中玩耍,  
  
现在你过来亲我, 你说:  
  
要我帮你系鞋带吗?  
  
还是把袖口挽得漂亮些?  
  
“你知道鬼吗?”我当然知道。

2. “我见过吗?”是的, 就在昨晚,  
  
我们去散步, 你没能去,  
  
(你可真淘气, 哭着要去。  
  
等我说完了, 你就再不想去了。)  
  
黄昏的光线很暗, 我心情孤独。  
  
(黄昏是什么?就是天晚了。)  
  
心中思量着我的伤心事,

安静，你还不懂呢，凯蒂。

3. 散步必须经过石径，靠近小桥，

桥下的水声咆哮个不停，

那个安静的红房子敞着房门，

雨水落进门里，门里黑漆漆的。

月光刚睡醒照进窗子，

看起来好恐怖。

蝙蝠吱吱叫着从蓊草里飞起，

那里曾经是孩子们喜爱的玫瑰花丛。

4. 路旁的果树下面乱草丛生，

草里埋着乱石，曾经有人死在那里，

经过墓地旁边的时候，我听到鸽子在唱，

蚰蚰也在叫；当我抬头看，

看啊，（就要说到鬼了。）

好像什么人走在我身边。

5. 他披着黑色的斗篷，

（你知道夜里有点冷）；

走路很缓慢，个子又高大，

不说一句话，只是高傲而缓慢地走着。

模仿着我的每个动作，

我抓萤火虫，他也伸手去抓，

我停在花旁，他也停在那儿，

我去折树枝，他也和我学。

6. 黄色的月光下，它一直跟着我，

不时转身朝那墓地看，

夜里风呜咽着，

可是凯蒂，鬼可不会在意。

你爸爸可没招惹过他？

黑眼小可爱，你看到什么了？

你不用藏在我胳肢窝里，

那不过是我的影子罢了！

# LESSON 66

## THE ELEPHANT

### 大 象

1. The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds<sup>(1)</sup>; his height is from eight to fourteen feet, and his length, from ten to fifteen feet. His form is that of a hog; his eyes are small and lively; his ears are long, broad and pendulous<sup>(2)</sup>. He has two large tusks, which form the ivory of commerce<sup>(3)</sup>, and a trunk, or proboscis<sup>(4)</sup>, at the end of the nose, which he uses to take his food with, and for attack or defense. His color is a dark ash-brown.

2. Elephants often assemble in large troops; and, as they march in search of food, the forests seem to tremble under them. They eat the branches of trees, together with roots, herbs, leaves, grain, and fruit, but will not touch fish nor flesh. In a state of nature, they are peaceable, mild, and brave; exerting their power only for their own protection or in defense of their own species.

3. Elephants are found both in Asia and Africa, but they are of different species, the Asiatic elephant having five toes, and the African, three. These animals are caught by stratagem<sup>(5)</sup>, and, when tamed, they are the most gentle, obedient, and patient, as well as the most docile<sup>(6)</sup> and sagacious of all quadrupeds. They are used to carry burdens, and for traveling. Their attachment to their masters is remarkable; and they seem to live but to serve and obey them. They always kneel to receive their riders or the loads they have to carry.

4. The anecdotes illustrating the character of the elephant are numerous. An elephant which was kept for exhibition at London, was often required, as is usual in such exhibitions, to pick up with his trunk a piece of money thrown upon the floor

for this purpose. On one occasion a sixpence was thrown, which happened to roll a little out of his reach, not far from the wall. Being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his proboscis several times to reach it; failing in this, he stood motionless a few seconds, evidently considering how to act.

5. He then stretched his proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, a little distance above the coin, and blew with great force against the wall. The angle produced by the opposition of the wall, made the current of air act under the coin, as he evidently supposed it would, and it was curious to observe the sixpence traveling toward the animal till it came within his reach, when he picked it up.

6. A soldier in India, who had frequently carried an elephant some arrack<sup>(7)</sup>, being one day intoxicated, and seeing himself pursued by the guard whose orders were to conduct him to prison, took refuge under the elephant. The guard soon finding his retreat, attempted in vain to take him from his asylum<sup>(8)</sup>; for the elephant vigorously defended him with his trunk.

7. As soon as the soldier became sober, and saw himself placed under such an unwieldy<sup>(9)</sup> animal, he was so terrified that he scarcely durst move either hand or foot; but the elephant soon caused his fears to subside by caressing him with his trunk, and thus tacitly<sup>(10)</sup> saying, "Depart in peace."

8. A pleasing anecdote is related of an elephant which was the property of the nabob<sup>(11)</sup> of Lucknow. There was in that city an epidemic<sup>(12)</sup> disorder, making dreadful havoc among the inhabitants. The road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, lying on the ground at the moment the nabob was about to pass.

9. Regardless of the suffering he must cause, the nabob held on his way, not caring whether his beast trod upon the poor helpless creatures or not. But the animal, more kind-hearted than his master, carefully cleared the path of the poor, helpless



wretches as he went along. Some he lifted with his trunk, entirely out of the road. Some he set upon their feet, and among the others he stepped so carefully that not an individual was injured.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 大象是四蹄动物当中最大的；高八到十四英尺，长十到十五英尺。大象的外形有点像猪；眼睛小而生动；耳朵又长又宽，向下耷拉着。它有两颗大牙，因此形成了象牙贸易，大象用长鼻取得食物、攻击和防卫。大象的牙是深灰褐色的。

2. 大象经常成群聚集在一起；大象觅食走过时，似乎把森林踩在脚下。大象吃树枝、草根、草药、树叶、谷物和水果，但从不吃鱼和肉。大象爱好和平，性格温和而勇敢；只有保护自己或族群时才施展自己的威力。

3. 尽管在亚洲和非洲都有大象，但是它们的种类不同，亚洲象有五个趾头，非洲象只有三个趾头。捕捉大象需要施展些手段才行，可是驯服后，大象是最温和、最顺从、最有耐心的动物，也是四蹄动物中最聪明的。大象被用来驮重物 and 骑行。大象对主人感情很深，它们的生活似乎就是为主人服务。它们总是跪着让主人骑上去，或者等人们把货物放到身上。

4. 很多故事都描绘了大象的性格。在伦敦展览的一只大象常常被要求用长鼻拾起扔在地上的钱币，就像展览中经常做的那样。有一次，一枚六便士的硬币被扔到地上后，碰巧滚到离墙很近的一个地方。大象的长鼻伸出去几次都够不到，大象一动不动站了几分钟，显然在考虑该怎么办。

5. 这时大象尽可能在硬币的上方伸直长鼻，用力向墙上吹气。吹出的气流受到墙的阻挡，作用在硬币下方，好像计算好了似的，人们惊讶地发现硬币移动到了大象能够到的位置，这时大象拾起了硬币。

6. 一个印度士兵经常用大象运送酒，有一天他喝醉了，一个卫兵追了过来，一旦被抓住，就要被关进监狱，这个印度士兵藏在了大象的身体下面。卫兵虽然很快找到了他，却没有办法抓到他，因为大象用长鼻奋力保护他。

7. 一清醒过来，看到自己钻到这个庞然大物的身下，士兵吓坏了，手脚都不

敢移动；可是大象很快打消了他的恐惧，用鼻子抚摩着他，似乎在说，“放心离开吧。”

8. 还有一个人们喜闻乐见的故事，一位印度王子有一头不同寻常的大象。在那个城市正流行传染病，大部分居民受到了感染。当王子要经过王宫大门的时候，道路上到处躺着生病和垂死的人。

9. 王子骑着象继续赶路，毫不顾及会不会踩到人，也不管会带来多大的痛苦。可是大象比它的主人善良，一边走一边小心地清理道路，移开那些可怜的、无助的、不幸的人。它用鼻子把一些人挪到路边，又使另外一些人站起来。小心翼翼地走在余下的人中间，没伤到一个人。

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(1) Quadruped, *an animal having four feet.*

(2) Pendulous, *hanging down.*

(3) Commerce, *trade.*

(4) Proboscis, *snout, trunk.*

(5) Stratagem, *artifice.*

(6) Docile, *teachable.*

(7) Arrack, *a spirituous liquor made from the juice of the cocoanut.*

(8) Asylum, *a refuge.*

(9) Unwieldy, *heavy, unmanageable.*

(10) Tacitly, *silently.*

(11) Nabob, *a prince in India.*

(12) Epidemic, *affecting many people.*

# LESSON 67

## DARE TO DO RIGHT

### 道德勇气

**Adapted from "School Days at Rugby<sup>(1)</sup>," by Thomas Hughes, an English writer well known through this book, and its sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford." The author was born in 1823, and died in 1896.**

1. The little schoolboys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers: while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats<sup>(2)</sup> off.

2. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed<sup>(3)</sup> with the novelty<sup>(4)</sup> of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

3. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?" "Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring: "that's your wash-hand stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all."

4. And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions<sup>(5)</sup>, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

5. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

6. It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

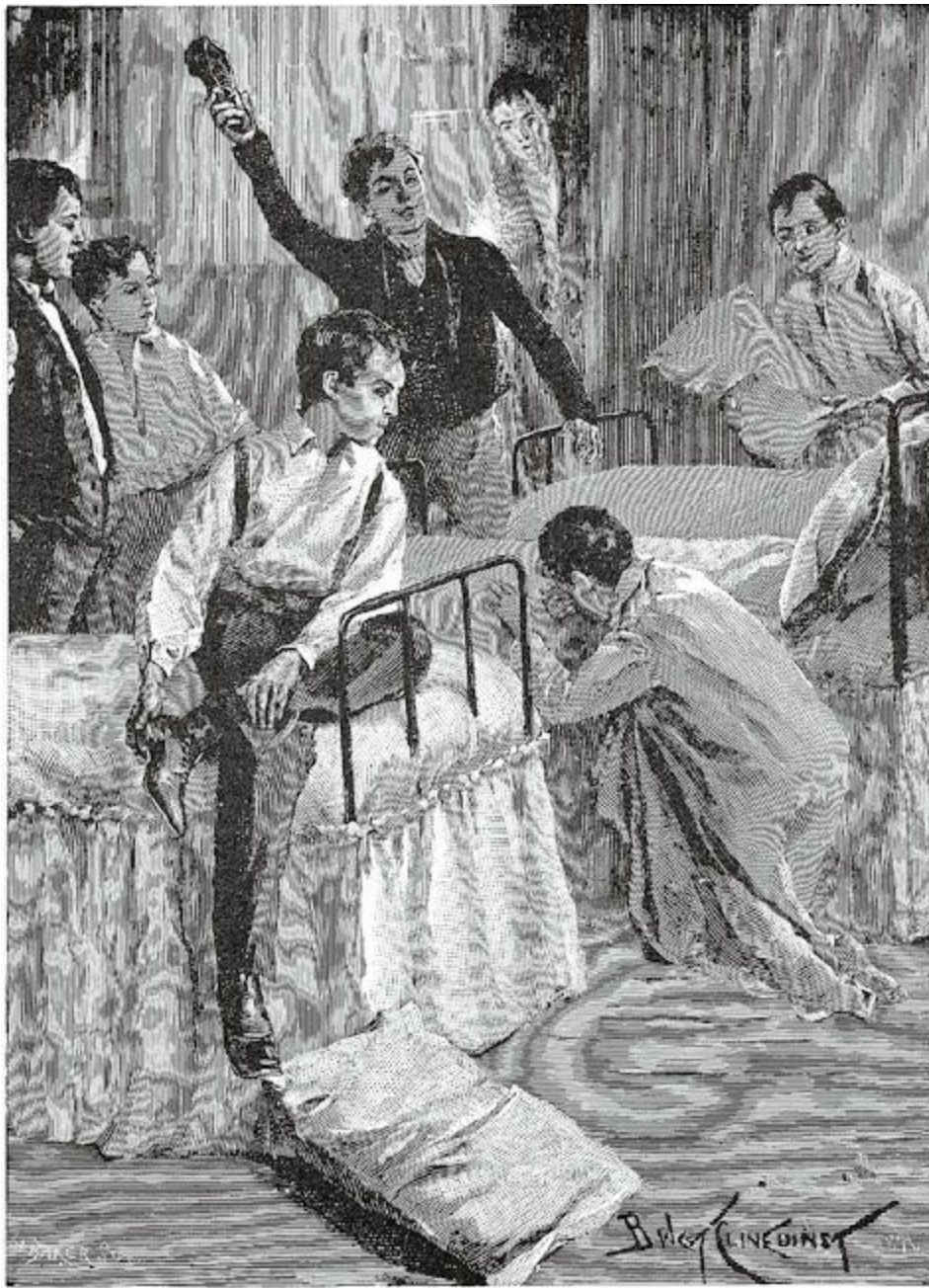
7. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered<sup>(6)</sup>, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver.

8. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully<sup>(7)</sup>, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow. "Confound you, Brown; what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain. "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling<sup>(8)</sup>: "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

9. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy<sup>(9)</sup> came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old janitor had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting the door with his usual, "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

10. There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

11. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.



*EXERCISES.—What were Arthur's feelings the first night at Rugby? Relate what happened when he said his prayers. What do you think of the boy who threw the slipper? Was Tom right in defending Arthur from insult?*

## 【中文阅读】

改写自托马斯·休斯的《在拉格比学校的日子》，作者以本书及其续集《汤姆·布朗在牛津》闻名。作者生于1823年，于1896年逝世。

1. 小孩子们悄悄地上了床，开始脱下衣服，说悄悄话；大点的孩子们，包括汤姆，脱了外衣和马甲，坐在床上交谈着。
2. 新环境使可怜的小阿瑟感到不安。以前他从来没想过要和陌生的男孩子们睡在一个房间，因此既陌生，又痛苦。他很难忍受脱下外衣；可是很快，一咬牙还是脱了下来，然后停了一下，看了看汤姆，汤姆正坐在床脚，有说有笑的。
3. “请问，汤姆，”他低声说，“我可以洗洗脸和手吗？”“当然，要是你愿意，”汤姆盯着他说，“窗子下面是你的洗手架，从你床边数第二个。如果你把水用光，明天早上你就得多打些水。”
4. 汤姆继续和别人说话，阿瑟羞怯地从床的间隙中走到洗手架，洗了起来，也吸引了房间里其他人的目光。
5. 房间里依然有说有笑。阿瑟洗完后，脱了衣服，穿上了睡衣。看着四周，他这时显得更紧张了。两三个小孩子已经膝盖顶着下巴坐在床上。烛光明亮，房间里依然乱哄哄的。
6. 对可怜的小阿瑟来说，这可是一个考验他的时刻；可是，这次他没有问汤姆可以或不可以，他双腿跪在了床边，就像他自孩提时开始每天做的那样，向聆听世人的恳求、为弱小的孩子和成年人承受苦恼和痛苦的主敞开了心扉。
7. 汤姆正坐在床脚解鞋带，背对着阿瑟，没有看到发生的一切，房间里突然的安静使他惊讶地抬起了头。这时两三个男孩儿大声取笑讥讽小阿瑟，站在房子



中间的一个高大野蛮的家伙拾起一只拖鞋，掷向跪拜的男孩，把他称作哭啼啼的小教徒。

8. 汤姆看到了发生的一切，刚脱下的靴子笔直地飞向了那个恶棍的头，那个野蛮的家伙连忙伸手去接，正好打在肘部。“你疯了，布朗；你干什么？”他大声叫起来，疼得直跺脚。“别管我什么意思，”汤姆说着，站到了地上，身上的每滴血都沸腾了：“如果谁想要另一个靴子，他知道应该怎么做。”

9. 可能发生什么谁也无法知道，因为这时，六年级男孩走了进来，大家都不作声了。汤姆和别的孩子们匆忙上了床，脱去衣服，一分钟后老舍监熄了蜡烛，走向另一个房间，像往常一样关了门，说了声“晚安，先生们。”

10. 刚发生的小插曲让房间里很多男孩睡前在心里思量起来。可怜的汤姆一点也不瞌睡。兴奋和刚发生的场面在头脑中相互追逐着，使他无法思考和分析。他的头痛得厉害，心跳个不停，强忍住才没从床上跳起来，在房间里奔跑。

11. 他想起了母亲，想起了几年前在她的膝前自己的承诺，一定要把自己交给上帝，然后才能把头放到枕头上，因为一觉之后可能就再也醒不过来了；他轻轻躺下，哭泣起来，好像心都要碎了。他才十四岁呀。

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(1) "Rugby," the scene of this story, is a celebrated grammar school which was established at the town of Rugby, England, in 1567.

(2) Waistcoat, a vest.

(3) Overwhelmed, overcome, cast down.

(4) Novelty, newness.

(5) Ablution, the act of washing.

(6) Sneered, showed contempt.

(7) Bully, a noisy, *blustering fellow, more insolent than courageous.*

(8) Tingling, *having a thrilling feeling.*

(9) Sixth-form boy. *The school was graded into six classes or "forms," and the boys of the highest, or sixth, form were expected to keep the smaller boys under them in order.*

# LESSON 68

## DARE TO DO RIGHT (CONCLUDED)

### 道德勇气(结束篇)

1. It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's<sup>(1)</sup> manly piety had begun to leaven<sup>(2)</sup> the school, the tables turned: before he died, in the Schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

2. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

3. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

4. Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed<sup>(3)</sup> was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, little, weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart<sup>(4)</sup> as he was, dared not do.

5. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing<sup>(5)</sup> to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his

burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony<sup>(6)</sup> next morning.

6. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered<sup>(7)</sup>, for the Devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint," and "Squaretoes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives<sup>(8)</sup> would be misunderstood, and he would be left alone with the new boy; whereas, it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

7. And then came the more subtle<sup>(9)</sup> temptation, "shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study<sup>(10)</sup>, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

8. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him?

9. He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

10. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering<sup>(11)</sup> of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave at Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still, small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

11. He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

*EXERCISES.—Relate Tom's early experience at Rugby. Was it courageous in him to stop saying his prayers? How did he feel over it? What did he resolve to do? Did he carry out his resolve? What two lessons was he taught?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 在当时一个小孩子当众祷告需要不小的勇气，在整个拉格比也是这样。几年后，阿诺德校长以勇敢和虔诚开始潜移默化地转变这种风气，在他去世前，至少拉格比学校的情形不同了。我想其他学校里并没有什么变化。

2. 但是可怜的汤姆没赶上好时候，他来的头几晚因为喧闹没有跪地祷告，而是坐在床上，等蜡烛熄灭后溜出去祷告，怕让别人看到。可怜的小孩子很多都这么做。

3. 后来他想干脆就在床上祷告吧，然后他想，不论是跪着还是坐着或躺着有什么关系。这就是事情的经过，不愿意当着别人的面祷告的人都是这么做的；最后一年，他很多次祷告都敷衍了事。

4. 可怜的汤姆，最先也是最令他痛苦的就是他的懦弱，这让他的心都碎了。他想到了别的令他厌恶的罪恶，这些罪恶现在让他的灵魂备受煎熬。他对母亲、自己的良心和上帝说了谎。他怎么能容忍呢？然而，这可怜的柔弱的男孩，这个曾让他感到怜悯，甚至鄙视男孩，却做了这件他这么自负的人都没有勇气做的事。

5. 他发誓要支持那个孩子面对困难，因为他这个晚上做的好事，他要鼓励他，帮助他，帮他分担，这给他带来一丝安慰。他决定第二天给家里写封信，告诉母亲发生的一切，告诉她自己曾经是个胆小鬼。他下定决心要在第二天早上证明自己，这时他感到平静了。

6. 他想到第二天早上可能会更难，可是他再也不能失去另一次机会了。他动摇了好几次，心里的魔鬼暗示他，他的老朋友都会称他“圣人”、“老古板”等难听的称呼，魔鬼小声告诉他别人会误解他的动机，说他会和新来的男孩一起众叛亲离；可是，只有战胜各种各样的不良影响，才能做最有益的事情。

7. 更狡猾的诱惑出现了，“我不这么逞强不行吗？我必须现在开始吗？我是不是应该在书房祷告，让别人了解我这么做，并努力引导他们，可是在公开场合，还和以前一样？”可是他的好天使那晚太强大了，他翻了个身准备睡觉了，他已经厌烦推理，决心按照那股强烈的让他找到内心平静的冲动去做。

8. 第二天早上，洗完脸穿好衣服，没有穿外套和西装背心，预备的钟声响起的时候，当着全屋人的面，他跪下来祷告。还没说五个字，铃声就响了起来，像在嘲笑他；他注意听着别人的耳语，他们会怎么想他呢？

9. 他很害羞跪下祷告，终于，好像从内心深处，一个微小的声音坚定地说出了税官说的那些话，“愿上帝怜悯我这个罪人！”他一遍又一遍地重复着，紧紧抓住它们不放，然后站了起来，这时他感到了安慰和谦卑，他已经做好面对整个世界的准备了。

10. 他的担心是多余的：阿瑟旁边另两个男孩已经和他一样跪了下来，他感到又学到了一课——征服了自己内心的懦弱就是征服了世界；他也明白了当以利亚藏身在基立溪旁的山洞时，为什么会有一个坚定的声音问他，“你在这里做什么，以利亚？”——不论我们觉得自己在世界上有多孤独，神灵是看得见的；一个不论多么腐败和不敬神的社会，总有不向邪恶屈服的人。

11. 他还发现，他是多么夸大了自己行为的影响。接下来的几个晚上，当他跪下祷告时都有一两声嘲笑，可是很快就听不到了。不久，除三四个男孩以外，其他人一个个都和他一样祷告了。

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(1) Arnold's. *Dr. Thomas Arnold was head master at Rugby nearly fifteen years. His influence on the character of the boys was very marked, and soon made the school celebrated throughout England. The Schoolhouse was the name of one of*

*the numerous buildings belonging to Rugby.*

(2) Leaven, *to make a general change, to imbue.*

(3) Loathed, *hated, detested.*

(4) Braggart, *a boaster.*

(5) Vowing, *making a solemn promise to God.*

(6) Testimony, *open declaration.*

(7) Faltered, *hesitated.*

(8) Motive, *that which causes action, cause, reason.*

(9) Subtle, *artful, cunning.*

(10) Study, *a private room devoted to study.*

(11) Glimmering, *a faint view.*



# LESSON 69

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

### 赫斯珀洛斯号的残骸

**By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. For some years he held the professorship of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and later a similar professorship in Harvard College. He died March 24th, 1882.**

1. It was the schooner Hesperus,

That sailed the wintry sea;

And the skipper<sup>(1)</sup> had taken his little daughter,

To bear him company.

2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,

Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,

That ope in the month of May.

3. The skipper, he stood beside the helm,

His pipe was in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering<sup>(2)</sup> flaw<sup>(3)</sup> did blow

The smoke now west, now south.

4. Then up and spake an old sailor,

Had sailed to the Spanish Main<sup>(4)</sup>,

"I pray thee, put into yonder port<sup>(5)</sup>,

For I fear the hurricane.

5. "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,

And to-night no moon we see!"

The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,

And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6. Colder and louder blew the wind,

A gale from the northeast;

The snow fell hissing in the brine<sup>(6)</sup>,

And the billows frothed like yeast.

7. Down came the storm, and smote amain<sup>(7)</sup>

The vessel in its strength;

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,

Then leaped her cable's length.

8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,

And do not tremble so;

For I can weather<sup>(8)</sup> the roughest gale

That ever wind did blow."

9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,

Against the stinging blast:

He cut a rope from a broken spar<sup>(9)</sup>,

And bound her to the mast.

10. "O father! I hear the church bells ring,

Oh say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"—

And he steered for the open sea.

11. "O father! I hear the sound of guns,

Oh say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that can not live

In such an angry sea!"

12. "O father! I see a gleaming light,

Oh say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he.

13. Lashed to the helm<sup>(10)</sup>, all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14. Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed

That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave

On the lake of Galilee.

15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe<sup>(11)</sup>.

16. And ever the fitful gusts between

A sound came from the land:

It was the sound of the trampling surf

On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

17. The breakers were right beneath her bows,

She drifted a dreary wreck,

And a whooping billow swept the crew

Like icicles from her deck.

18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves

Looked soft as carded<sup>(12)</sup> wool,

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side

Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds<sup>(13)</sup>, all sheathed in ice,

With the masts, went by the board<sup>(14)</sup>;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove<sup>(15)</sup> and sank,

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

20. At daybreak, on the bleak seabeach,

A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair

Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,

On the billows fall and rise.

22. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus

In the midnight and the snow:

Heav'n save us all from a death like this

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

## 【中文阅读】

亨利·瓦兹华斯·朗费罗(1807~1882年)美国最伟大的诗人之一, 1807年生于缅因州波特兰市。在博多因学院现代语言系任教多年, 后来在哈佛大学任类似职务, 他去世于1882年3月21日。

### 1. 帆船赫斯珀洛斯号;

行驶在冬天的大海上。

船长把他的小女儿,

带在身边陪伴他。

### 2. 她的眼珠蓝得像亚麻花,

脸颊像明媚的晨光,

雪白的胸脯像

五月里绽放的山楂花。

### 3. 船长站在舵边,

嘴里叼着烟斗,

观察着不停变化的风向,

时而向西, 时而向南。

### 4. 老船员走过来,

他曾到过危险的加勒比海岸,

说，“请您快点驶入港口，

恐怕会刮起飓风。”

5. “昨晚我看见月亮的金边，

今晚却看不见月亮了！”

吐了一口烟，

船长哈哈笑着，不屑一顾地。

6. 风刮得更猛，天也更寒冷，

忽然有大风，从东北刮来；

雪嘶嘶叫着落在海上，

海上掀起了巨浪。

7. 暴风雪突然来了，

用力拍打着帆船，

帆船摇摇晃晃，像受惊的马儿，

跃起到缆绳那么高。

8. “到这儿来！到这儿来！我的小女儿，

你不要害怕；

再大的风浪，



我也能挺得过”

9. 他脱下海员服给女儿穿上，

对抗凛冽刺骨的寒风；

从折断的侧板上割下一段绳子，

把小女儿缠在桅杆上。

10. “噢，爸爸！我听到教堂的钟声响了，

出了什么事？”

“海岸起了大雾，钟声才响起！”

船长把船朝大海驶去。

11. “噢，爸爸！我听到枪声响起，

出了什么事？”

“有船遇麻烦了，

海浪太凶猛，估计好不了！”

12. “噢，爸爸！我见到了微弱的灯光，

出了什么事？”

可是她的父亲

已经无法回答，他已经冻僵了。

13. 船长的身体靠在舵上，全身僵硬，

仰面朝天，

灯光透过雪的光芒，

照在他已失去生气的双眼上。

14. 女孩合起双手，开始祷告，

愿自己得救；

她想起基督在加利利湖上，

让波浪平息。

15. 漆黑恐怖的午夜，

风雪嘶嘶叫着，

赫斯珀洛斯号像扬帆的鬼船，

迅速驶向诺曼沃暗礁。

16. 阵阵的大风当中，

不时从岸上传来一声，

浪花拍打在

岩石上面的声音。

17. 这声音就在船头下方，

帆船已毁坏。

巨浪把所有船员冲走了，

就像冲走了的冰柱。

18. 帆船已卡在一处

波浪拍岸掀起浪花的地方。

岩石撞击着帆船，

如同愤怒的牛用角乱撞。

19. 桅杆侧支索被冰裹着，

发出嘎嘎响声，

桅杆已滑向大海里。

看！看！巨浪依然拍打着岩石！

20. 黎明凄凉的海滩上，

一个渔夫已目瞪口呆。

他看到冰雪里裹着一个美丽的少女，

绑在桅杆上。

21. 胸脯上海水已结冰，

眼中含着泪水。

她的长发像是海草，

随巨浪起伏。

22. 这就是暴风雪的午夜，

赫斯珀洛斯号帆船的残骸，

愿主保佑我们，使我们在

人生的诺曼沃暗礁得到拯救。

- 
- (1) Skipper, *the master of a small merchant vessel.*
- (2) Veering, *changing.*
- (3) Flaw, *a sudden gust of wind.*
- (4) The Spanish Main, *was the name formerly applied to the northern coast of South America from the Mosquito Territory to the Leeward Islands.*
- (5) Port, *harbor.*
- (6) Brine, *the sea.*
- (7) Amain, *with sudden force.*
- (8) Weather, *to endure, to resist.*
- (9) Spar, *a long beam.*
- (10) Helm, *the instrument by which a ship is steered.*
- (11) The reef of Norman's Woe. *A dangerous ledge of rocks on the Massachusetts coast, near Gloucester harbor.*
- (12) Carded, *cleaned by combing.*
- (13) Shrouds, *sets of ropes reaching from the mastheads to the sides of a vessel to support the masts.*

(14) Went by the board. *A sailor's expression, meaning "fell over the side of the vessel."*

(15) Stove, *broke in.*

# LESSON 70

## ANECDOTES OF BIRDS

### 鸟类趣闻

1. I had once a favorite black hen, "a great beauty," as she was called by everyone, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the fragments that I never failed to collect from the breakfast table for "Yarico," as she was called.

2. Yarico, by the time she was a year old, hatched a respectable family of chickens; little, cowering, timid things at first, but, in due time, they became fine chubby ones; and old Norah said, "If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse<sup>(1)</sup>, it would do; but the copse is full of weasels and of foxes.

3. "I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again. It is always the case with young hens, Miss; they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens." I have often thought since that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear.

4. One morning, after breakfast, I went to seek my favorite in the poultry yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico. The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yard mastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious<sup>(2)</sup> as a judge.

5. At the end of a lane, flanked on one side by a quickset hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the

spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young, long-legged pullets, running with both wings and feet toward home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse; but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock.

6. Poor Yarico! An impertinent<sup>(3)</sup> fox cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth had placed herself in front, and positively kept the impudent animal at bay. His desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an Englishmastiff over a cub fox.

7. The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterward ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog which had preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly.

8. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not knowing exactly what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated, and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel<sup>(4)</sup>, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the henhouse. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

9. One could almost believe a parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it is certainly singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been

taught many sentences; thus, "Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!" "Sally, Poll wants her tea!" but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by "How do you do, Mr. A?"

10. She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of "Get out, dogs!" with such vehemence<sup>(5)</sup> and authority as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight.

11. How wonderful is that instinct by which the bird of passage performs its annual migration<sup>(6)</sup>! But how still more wonderful is it when the bird, after its voyage of thousands of miles has been performed, and new lands visited, returns to the precise window or eaves where, the summer before, it first enjoyed existence! And yet, such is unquestionably the fact.

12. Four brothers had watched with indignation the felonious<sup>(7)</sup> attempts of a sparrow to possess himself of the nest of a house martin, in which lay its young brood of four unfledged birds.

13. The little fellows considered themselves as champions for the bird which had come over land and sea, and chosen its shelter under their mother's roof. They therefore marshaled themselves with blowguns, to execute summary vengeance; but their well-meant endeavors brought destruction upon the mud-built domicile<sup>(8)</sup> they wished to defend. Their artillery<sup>(9)</sup> loosened the foundations, and down it came, precipitating its four little inmates to the ground. The mother of the children, Good Samaritan-like, replaced the little outcasts in their nest, and set it in the open window of an unoccupied chamber.



14. The parent birds, after the first terror was over, did not appear disconcerted<sup>(10)</sup> by the change of situation, but hourly fed their young as usual, and testified, by their unwearied twitter of pleasure, the satisfaction and confidence they felt. There the young birds were duly fledged, and from that window they began their flight, and entered upon life.

15. The next spring, with the reappearance of the martins, came four, which familiarly flew into the chamber, visited all the walls, and expressed their recognition<sup>(11)</sup> by the most clamorous twitterings of joy. They were, without question, the very birds that had been bred there the preceding year.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我曾经有一只最喜爱的黑色大母鸡，名字叫“大美人”，人们都这么叫她，她真是一只美丽的大母鸡。身上的羽毛漆黑，头顶上的羽毛又白又密！她的听觉像狗一样灵敏，能听出我的声音，常常咯咯叫着，跑到我的手上啄食，我从不忘记拾起桌上的剩饭给雅丽克，雅丽克是她的名字。

2. 那时雅丽克已经一岁了，她已经孵育了一大群小鸡；这些小东西一开始还蹑手蹑脚的，胆子很小，可是渐渐地，变得胖乎乎的；老诺拉说：“我得让雅丽克离小树林远点，那里都是黄鼬和狐狸。

3. “我把她赶回来二十次了；可是她专门瞧着人出门的时候溜出去。小姐，小母鸡可都这样；她们自以为比主人聪明；不丢一两窝小鸡她们可记不住。”此后我就常想，年轻人和小母鸡一样，买个教训总要花上大价钱。

4. 一天上午，早饭后，我到养殖场找这只我最喜爱的大母鸡；很多母鸡都在那里，却不见了雅丽克。门开着，我判断她一定是偷着去禁地了，我朝那边走，马士提夫獒犬跟着我；雄赳赳的，步伐稳重，目光敏锐，神态庄重，像法官一样。

5. 小路的一边是简易的栅栏，另外一边是片空地，小路的尽头就是小树林了。可是还没到小树林，就听到了咯咯的尖叫声，两只小母鸡，张着翅膀，朝家的方向奔跑。泽克马上立起了尖耳朵，朝小树林就要跑过去，我拉住了他以最快的速度向那个方向跑去，我想我和泽克一样有权看一看究竟发生了什么。

6. 可怜的雅丽克！一只莽撞的小狐狸试图叼走她的一个孩子；她设法把小鸡挡在身后的栅栏里，雅丽克冒着危险冲在前面，无礼的小狐狸明显被逼到了死胡同。小狐狸一心做强盗，没注意到靠近的我们，泽克很快就让他感到了英国马士提夫獒犬的优势地位。

7. 我就要讲到最有趣的地方了。雅丽克此后不仅不再冒险去小树林了，而且

还和保护了她一家的马士提夫獒犬结下了深厚的友谊。不论泽克什么时候出现在鸡场，她都会跑去迎接他，咯咯地叫个不停，还会走在泽克的两腿之间，给他造成了不小的烦恼。如果别的狗进了鸡场，她会猛冲过去，担心她的孩子受到伤害；可她显然觉得泽克是她的保护者，因此对泽克非常亲热。

8. 泽克对他的长满羽毛的朋友那副奇怪的表情显得很滑稽；不知道怎么回报她的热情，泽克显得手足无措。当她的孩子们长大了，用不着她时刻照看的时候，雅丽克常常到犬舍做客，有时晚上就在犬舍栖息，而不是和别的小鸡一样回鸡舍。雅丽克确实是只最知恩图报最有趣的小鸡。

9. 如果看到鹦鹉活泼地与人交谈，甚至相信他是有智力的动物。观察一只受到良好训练的鹦鹉准确地运用这种知识确实很新奇。我的一个朋友见过一只会说很多话的鹦鹉。例如，“萨拉，波尔要吃早餐！”“萨拉，波尔要喝茶！”还从来没用错过；早上要早餐，下午要茶；而且见到主人时总是说：“你好啊，A先生？”却从不对别人这样说。

10. 这真是一只有趣的鸟，她甚至能吹口号招呼狗，从中得到很多乐趣。当人们把鸟笼挂在门口的时候，她会扔出一块面包到鸟笼外面，然后吹一段口哨，狗儿闻讯赶来。就在狗儿去吃面包的时候，她会发出尖叫“狗儿，滚开！”声音里充满了力量和权威，狗儿一点也没吃到就跑了，她可快乐极了。

11. 候鸟具有每年准确迁徙的惊人本能！可是当鸟儿在飞行了上千里，在新家过冬后，依然能准确地飞回前一年夏天出生的那个窗户或屋檐，这是多么奇妙啊！可是，毫无疑问事实就是这样。

12. 四兄弟愤怒地看到一只麻雀试图夺取一只燕子的巢窠，里面有四只羽翼未丰的小燕子。

13. 四兄弟觉得自己是英雄，因为鸟儿飞跃陆地和海洋后选择了自家的屋顶。因此他们拿着气枪匆忙向麻雀讨公道，可是他们的尝试给他们要保卫的用泥土垒

成的巢窠带来了灾难。巢窠的根基被炮火动摇了，掉落在地上，四只雏燕摔到了地上。四兄弟的妈妈，就像善良的撒马利亚人一样，把四只雏燕放回巢窠，放在一扇未住人的房间的窗户上方。

14. 经历了最初的恐慌后，成年燕子没有因为环境改变而显得不安，仍然每隔一小时给小鸟喂食，不知疲倦唧唧喳喳的欢叫着，充满满足和信心。在这个窗户上方四只小鸟长大了。

15. 第二年春天，随着燕子迁徙归来，四只燕子熟悉地飞到那个房间的窗口，在墙上飞来飞去，唧唧喳喳地，显得非常熟悉。毫无疑问，这是头一年在那里出生的四只雏燕。

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(1) Copse, *a grove of small trees or bushes.*

(2) Sagacious, *quick in discernment.*

(3) Impertinent, *rude, intrusive.*

(4) Kennel, *a place for dogs.*

(5) Vehemence, *force.*

(6) Migration, *change of place, removal.*

(7) Felonious, *criminal.*

(8) Domicile, *the home or residence of any one.*

(9) Artillery, *weapons of warfare.*

(10) Disconcerted, *interrupted, confused.*

(11) Recognition, *recollection of a former acquaintance.*

# LESSON 71

## THE RAINBOW PILGRIMAGE

### 彩虹之旅

**By Sara J. Lippincott, born at Onondaga, N. Y., in 1823, of New England parentage. Under the name of "Grace Greenwood" she has written many charming stories for children. Some of her best sketches are in "Records of Five Years."**

1. One summer afternoon, when I was about eight years of age, I was standing at an eastern window, looking at a beautiful rainbow that, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile distant.

2. It happened that no one was in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who was just recovering<sup>(1)</sup> from a severe illness, and was sitting, propped up with pillows, in an easy-chair, looking out, with me, at the rainbow.

3. "See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we go in the spring to find wintergreens<sup>(2)</sup>!"

4. "Do you know, Gracie," said my brother, with a very serious face, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

5. "Is it truly so?" I asked.

6. "Truly so," answered my brother, with a smile. Now, I was a simple-hearted child who believed everything that was told me, although I was again and again

imposed<sup>(3)</sup> upon; so, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth toward the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he was able, but I did not heed him.

7. I cared nothing for the wet grass, which was sadly drabbling<sup>(4)</sup> my clean frock, —on and on I ran: I was so sure that I knew just where that rainbow ended. I remember how glad and proud I was in my thoughts, and what fine presents I promised to all my friends out of my great riches.

8. So thinking, and laying delightful plans, almost before I knew it I had reached the cedar grove, and the end of the rainbow was not there! But I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther off; so on and on I struggled, through the thick bushes and over logs, till I came within the sound of a stream which ran through the swamp. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

9. Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver, and my purses of money. How should I ever find them there? and what a time I should have getting them out! I reached the bank of the stream, and "the end was not yet." But I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the creek on a fallen tree, and still ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way, and my side ached with fatigue.

10. The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people had found before me, that there was rather hard traveling in a journey after riches. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine<sup>(5)</sup>, who made himself still larger when he saw me, as a cross cat raises its back and makes tails at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet would carry me.

11. In my fright and hurry I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow, as I had done

before; and when, at last, I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it was indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my pilgrimage<sup>(6)</sup> but muddy feet and a wet and torn frock. So I set out for home.

12. But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way: I was lost! I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

13. All at once I heard voices shouting and hallooing; but, instead of being rejoiced at this, I was frightened, fearing that the Indians were upon me! I crawled under some bushes, by the side of a large log, and lay perfectly still. I was wet, cold, scared, —altogether very miserable indeed; yet, when the voices came near, I did not start up and show myself.

14. At last I heard my own name called; but I remembered that Indians were very cunning, and thought they might have found it out some way, so I did not answer. Then came a voice near me, that sounded like that of my eldest brother, who lived away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months; but I dared not believe that the voice was his.

15. Soon some one sprang up on the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face; I could only see the tips of his toes, but by them I saw that he wore a nice pair of boots, and not moccasins<sup>(7)</sup>. Yet I remembered that some Indians dressed like white folks; so I still kept quiet, till I heard shouted over me a pet name, which this brother had given me. It was the funniest name in the world.

16. I knew that no Indian knew of the name, as it was a little family secret; so I sprang up, and caught my brother about the ankles. I hardly think that an Indian could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log

down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and, after kissing me till he had kissed away all my tears, he hoisted me on to his shoulder, called my other brothers, who were hunting in different directions, and we all set out for home.

17. I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a number of miles. My brother Joseph's coming and asking for me, had first set them to inquiring and searching me out. When I went into the room where my brother Rufus sat, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know I was only quizzing<sup>(8)</sup> you."

18. Then my eldest brother took me on his knee, and told me what the rainbow really is: that it is only painted air, and does not rest on the earth, so nobody could ever find the end; and that God has set it in the cloud to remind him and us of his promise never again to drown the world with a flood. "Oh, I think God's Promise would be a beautiful name for the rainbow!" I said.

19. "Yes," replied my mother, "but it tells us something more than that he will not send great floods upon the earth,—it tells us of his beautiful love always bending over us from the skies. And I trust that when my little girl sets forth on a pilgrimage to find God's love, she will be led by the rainbow of his promise through all the dark places of this world to 'treasures laid up in heaven,' better, far better, than silver or gold."



## 【中文阅读】

萨拉·利平科特，1823年生于纽约州的奥隆达加，父母居住在新英格兰。以“格雷·格林伍德”为笔名，写了很多迷人的儿童故事。《五年记录》包括一些著名的故事。

1. 我八岁时，一个夏天的下午，我站在窗边，看着美丽的彩虹从天边弯下来，似乎消失在四分之一英里外的一片沼泽密林里。
2. 当时房间里只有我和我的哥哥鲁弗斯，重伤康复的他靠着枕头坐在扶手椅里，和我一起看彩虹。
3. “看，哥哥，”我说，“彩虹正好落在雪松林里，我们春天还在那儿找过鹿蹄草呢！”
4. “你知道吗，格雷西，”哥哥认真地说，“如果你到彩虹尽头，你会找到鼓鼓的钱包，和一罐罐的金银？”
5. “真的吗？”我问。
6. “真的，”哥哥笑着说。我当时还是一个头脑简单的孩子，尽管多次被骗，但别人说什么我仍然信以为真。于是，二话不说，我蹦蹦跳跳地跑出门，向树林跑去。哥哥大声喊我的名字，可是我并没注意。
7. 我完全不顾潮湿的草地是不是弄脏了我干净的连衣裙，只是不停地跑：我相信我知道彩虹的尽头在哪儿。我是那么开心和自豪，我发誓用我的巨大财富把最好的礼物送给好朋友们。
8. 这样想着，开心地计划着，不知不觉就到了雪松林，彩虹的尽头却不在那

儿！可是我看见不远处的树林里发出彩虹的光；因此，我挣扎着继续向前走，穿过茂盛的灌木丛，跨过伐倒的圆木，走着走着，我听到了穿过沼泽的小溪的流水声。我想，“是彩虹落在又深又泥泞的小溪里可怎么办呢！”

9. 啊！我不禁担心起那满罐的金银和鼓鼓的钱包了。打捞可不容易！我来到了溪边，“彩虹的尽头也不在那儿”。我看到它就在小溪对面不远的地方。我踩着一棵伐倒的树过了小溪，继续向前跑，我的双腿已经不太听使唤了，腰也很疼。

10. 树林更密更黑，地面也更湿更难走，和很多成年人一样，我发现寻找财宝的路非常艰辛。突然，我遇到了一只豪猪，它一见我就耸起了身躯，就像坏脾气的猫遇到狗的时候，弓起背，竖起尾巴的样子。我拔起劳累的双腿就跑，生怕豪猪会用刺刺我。

11. 匆忙和害怕中，我忘记了彩虹。最后，想起彩虹的时候，哪儿也见不到了！彩虹消逝了。当我确定彩虹确实不见了，我嚎啕大哭起来；我已经失去了财宝，我的寻宝之旅什么也没找到，而且双腿还沾满泥，连衣襟也又湿又破。我只能回家了。

12. 我很快发现我的麻烦才刚刚开始，我找不到回家的路了！我分不出东西南北，四处打转，一边哭一边喊叫，可我也知道没人会听到。

13. 突然我听到人们的喊叫声；我没有感到高兴，相反却很害怕，我担心是印第安人来追赶我！我趴在一棵伐倒的圆木旁的灌木丛里，一动不动。我又湿又冷又害怕，非常痛苦；可是当声音靠近的时候，我并没有站起来。

14. 最后我听到有人喊我的名字；我记得印第安人非常狡诈，我想他们可能通过某种方式知道了我的名字，因此我没有出声。这时我听见身边有人喊，声音像是我大哥的，他不在家住，几个月没见了，可我不敢相信这声音是他的。

15. 很快有人跳到我身边的圆木上，站着大声喊我。我看不到他的脸，从他的鞋尖，我看到他穿着新靴子，不是印第安人穿的软皮平底鞋。可是我记得有些印

印第安人的穿着和白人一样；所以我还是没出声，终于我听到喊我的昵称，这个昵称是我的大哥起的，是世界上最可笑的昵称。

16. 印第安人肯定不知道这个名字，因为这是一个家庭小秘密。我于是跳了起来，抓住哥哥的腿。他发出一声大叫，我想没有任何印第安人叫得比他的声音大，他从圆木上跳下来，正巧跌倒在我旁边。我俩都没伤着，他不断亲着我，把我的泪水都亲没了。他把我举到肩膀上，叫着分头寻找我的其他哥哥的名字，一起出发往家走。

17. 后来知道当我离家快三个小时，走了好几英里的时候，我的哥哥约瑟夫刚好来家里，知道我的情况后，立即开始让人们分头寻找。当我走进鲁弗斯房间的时候，他说：“怎么了，可怜的小妹妹！我可没想让你没头没脑地找什么彩虹的尽头。我以为你知道我在逗你玩呢。”

18. 然后大哥把我抱到膝盖上，告诉我什么是彩虹：彩虹只是带有色彩的空气，也不是立在地上的，因此不会找到彩虹的尽头。上帝在云里创造了彩虹，是为了提醒他和人们，他曾经发誓不再发洪水。“噢，我想‘上帝的约定’这个名字更好！”我说。

19. “是的，”妈妈回答说，“可是，彩虹告诉我们的比不再发洪水还要多。它告诉我们，他对人类美好的爱永远来自天上。我相信当我的小女孩启程寻找上帝之爱的时候，在上帝的彩虹的引导下，世界上任何黑暗的地方都挡不住，最终将找到‘天上的财富’，这财富比任何金银都珍贵。”

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(1) Recovering, growing well.

(2) Wintergreen, a creeping evergreen plant with bright red berries.

(3) Imposed, (used with on or upon), deceived, misled.

- [\(4\)](#) Drabbling, *making dirty by drawing in mud and water.*
- [\(5\)](#) Porcupine, *a small quadruped whose body is covered with sharp quills.*
- [\(6\)](#) Pilgrimage, *journey*
- [\(7\)](#) Moccasins, *shoes of deerskin without soles, such as are usually worn by Indians.*
- [\(8\)](#) Quizzing, *making sport of.*

# LESSON 72

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

### 旧橡木桶

**By Samuel Woodworth, who was born in Massachusetts in 1785. He was both author and editor. This is his best known poem. He died in 1842.**

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,



When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it:

The bridge and the rock where the cataract [\(1\)](#) fell:

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;

For often, at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite<sup>(2)</sup> pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing<sup>(3)</sup>,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:

The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As poised<sup>(4)</sup> on the curb, it inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet<sup>(5)</sup> could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar<sup>(6)</sup> which Jupiter sips;  
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively<sup>(7)</sup> swell,  
As fancy reverts<sup>(8)</sup> to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:  
The old oaken bucket, the ironbound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

*EXERCISES.—Who was the author of “The Old Oaken Bucket”? What is said of this piece? What does the poem describe? and what feeling does it express?*



# 【中文阅读】

塞缪尔·伍德沃思，1785年生于马萨诸塞州。他既是作家也是编辑。本诗是他最著名的作品。他于1842年去世。

## 1. 童年的时光多么美好，

童年的回忆如在眼前！

果园、草地和茂盛的密林，

童年里处处如此可爱；

宽阔的池塘，池塘边的磨坊：

小桥、山石、瀑布流淌：

爸爸的畜棚，旁边的奶牛舍，

井里挂着粗制的木桶：

旧橡木桶，包着铁的木桶，

覆盖着苔藓，悬挂在井里。

## 2. 覆盖苔藓的木桶是我的宝贝；

多少个日中，从田地返回，

它打上来大自然最甘甜的井水，

带给我无限的欢喜。

双手抓住它时多么激动，

立刻沉到白鹅卵石的井底；

片刻间木桶似盛满真理，

从井里升起，滴滴清凉；

这就是旧橡木桶，包铁的木桶，

覆盖着苔藓的木桶，从井里升起。

### 3. 从长着绿色苔藓的桶边喝甜甜的水，

把木桶立在井栏上，向唇边倾斜着木桶！

即使是朱庇特的酒杯盛满琼浆玉液，

也不能让我离开这甜甜的井水；

这些可爱的情景已经远去，

思念的泪水不禁溢满双眼，

幻想回到爸爸的种植园，

挂在井里的木桶仍令我叹息；

旧橡木桶，铁箍的橡木桶，

挂在井里的，覆盖苔藓的橡木桶。

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- (1) Cataract, *a great fall of water.*
- (2) Exquisite, *exceeding, extreme.*
- (3) Overflowing, *running over.*
- (4) Poised, *balanced.*
- (5) Goblet, *a kind of cup or drinking vessel.*
- (6) Nectar, *the drink of the gods.*
- (7) Intrusively, *without right or welcome.*
- (8) Reverts, *returns.*

# LESSON 73

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

### 登山宝训

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples<sup>(1)</sup> came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

2. Blessed<sup>(2)</sup> are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit<sup>(3)</sup> the earth.

3. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

4. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

5. Blessed are ye when men shall revile<sup>(4)</sup> you, and persecute<sup>(5)</sup> you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

6. Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear<sup>(6)</sup> thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

7. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair

white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

8. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

9. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully<sup>(7)</sup> use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

10. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans<sup>(8)</sup> the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

11. Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete<sup>(9)</sup>, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote<sup>(10)</sup> that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

12. Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite<sup>(11)</sup>, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of

thy brother's eye.

13. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

14. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.

15. Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

16. And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

17. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes<sup>(12)</sup>.

*EXERCISES.—Who delivered this sermon? Who are blessed? and why? Is it right to swear? How should we treat our enemies? Should we judge others harshly?*

*What does Jesus say of him who finds faults in his neighbor, but does not see his own? What is said about prayer? About our conduct to others?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 看到众人，他走上山。坐下后，信徒们走上来；他开口教导他们，说：

2. 虚心的人有福了；因为天国是他们的。悲伤的人有福了，因为他们将得到安慰。顺从的人有福了，因为他们将继承世界。

3. 对正直如饥似渴的人有福了，因为他们会充满正直。慈爱的人有福了，因为他们将得到慈爱。心地纯净的人有福了，因为他们将见到神。

4. 使人和睦的人有福了，因为他们将被称作神的子民。因为正直而受到迫害的人有福了，因为天国是他们的。

5. 人或因我而辱骂你们、迫害你们、捏造各种恶毒的话诽谤你们，你们有福了。你们应该欢喜快乐，因为你们在天上的回报是大的。

6. 你们曾经听到古人说，不可背誓，而应该向主遵守誓言；可是我要对你们说，什么誓都不要起；不要以天国的名义起誓，因为天国是上帝的宝座；不要以大地的名义起誓，因为大地是上帝的脚凳；不要以耶路撒冷的名义起誓，因为它是王的城。

7. 不要用你的头起誓，因为你不能命令一根头发变白或变黑。是，就说是，不是，就说不是；多余的话都是出自邪恶的。

8. 你曾经听见有人说，以眼还眼，以牙还牙；可是我要对你们说，你们不要拒绝邪恶；有人打你的右脸，把另一边也转向他。要是有人在法庭告你，拿走你的衬衣，把外套也给他。有人迫使你走一英里，你就和他走二英里。有求你的，就给他，有向你借贷的，不可推辞。

9. 你们曾经听人说，爱你的邻居，恨你的敌人。可是我要对你们说，爱你的敌人；祝福诅咒你的人，对恨你的人做善事，为迫害你的人祷告；这样你们才是天父



的子民；因为他让太阳不但照耀善人，也照耀恶人，雨水不但降给义人，也降给不义的人。

10. 因为如果你只爱那爱你的人，能有什么回报呢？税吏不也一样吗？如果你只和兄弟打招呼，你比别人强在哪里呢？税吏不也一样吗？因此，你们要做完美的人，因为天上的父是完美的。

11. 不要评判他人，就不会被他人评判。因为你在评判他人的同时，他人也同样评判你；你衡量别人，别人也同样衡量你。你为什么只看见兄弟眼里的刺，却不见自己眼里的梁木呢？

12. 你怎么会对兄弟说，让我拿掉你眼里的刺，可是看啊，你的眼里还有梁木呢？你们这些伪善的人，先拿掉你眼里的梁木，看清楚之后再拿掉你兄弟眼里的刺。

13. 祈求，必会得到；寻找，必会找到；敲门，门必开启；凡祈求的人必会得到；凡寻找的人必会发现，敲门的人，门必会开启。如果你的儿子向你要面包，你们有人给他石头吗？如果你的儿子向你要鱼，你们有人给他蛇吗？

14. 你们虽然不好，也知道给儿女好礼物，那么在天上的父岂不会给求他的人更好的礼物？因此，无论你要他人如何对你，你也要同样对待他们，因为这是律法，是先知的教诲。

15. 任何听到我的话信受奉行的人，我把他们比作把房子建在山岩上的智者，雨淋、水冲、风吹，房子不会倒塌，因为是建在山岩上的。

16. 任何听到我的话不信受奉行的人，我把他们比作把房子建在沙滩上的蠢人，雨淋、水冲、风吹，房子倒塌，因为是建在沙滩上的，而且倒塌得很严重。

17. 当耶稣讲了这些话后，人们对他的教诲都感到十分惊讶，因为他教诲他们，正像一个有权的人，而不像他们的文士。

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- (1) Disciple, *one who receives instruction from another.*
  - (2) Blessed, *happy.*
  - (3) Inherit, *to come into possession of.*
  - (4) Revile, *to speak against without cause.*
  - (5) Persecute, *to punish on account of religion.*
  - (6) Forswear, *to swear falsely.*
  - (7) Despitefully, *maliciously, cruelly.*
  - (8) Publicans, *tax collectors (they were often oppressive and were hated by the Jews).*
  - (9) Mete, *to measure.*
  - (10) Mote, *a small particle.*
  - (11) Hypocrite, *a false pretender.*
  - (12) Scribes, *men among the Jews who read and explained the law to the people.*

# LESSON 74

## THE YOUNG WITNESS

### 小证人

1. A little girl nine years of age was brought into court, and offered as a witness<sup>(1)</sup> against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed<sup>(2)</sup> in her father's house.
2. "Now, Emily," said the counsel<sup>(3)</sup> for the prisoner, "I wish to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"
3. "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.
4. "Your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the judge, "it is evident that this witness should be rejected<sup>(4)</sup>. She does not understand the nature of an oath."
5. "Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."
6. Assured<sup>(5)</sup> by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly<sup>(6)</sup> in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.
7. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.
8. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood rose and spread in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to ask if she had ever used profane<sup>(7)</sup> language.
9. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness?"

10. "No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

11. He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

12. She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

13. "Do you ever read in it?" he asked.

14. "Yes, sir; every evening."

15. "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

16. "It is the word of the great God," she answered.

17. "Well," said the judge, "place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the following oath: "Do you swear that in the evidence which you shall give in this case, you will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; and that you will ask God to help you?"

18. "I do," she replied.

19. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

20. "I shall be shut up in the state prison," answered the child.

21. "Anything else?" asked the judge.

22. "I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

23. "How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

24. The child took the Bible, turned rapidly to the chapter containing the

commandments, and, pointing to the one which reads, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," said, "I learned that before I could read."

25. "Has anyone talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

26. "Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him.

27. "And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

28. "Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

29. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner which showed that her conviction of the truth was perfect.

30. "God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. The witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

31. She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but her voice and manner carried conviction of her truthfulness to every heart.

32. The lawyers asked her many perplexing questions, but she did not vary in the least from her first statement.

33. The truth, as spoken by a little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury<sup>(8)</sup> had preceded her testimony; but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff<sup>(9)</sup>.

34. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured<sup>(10)</sup> villainy to pieces, like a potter's<sup>(11)</sup> vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her; and the sublime and terrible simplicity,—terrible to the prisoner and his associates,—was like a revelation<sup>(12)</sup> from God himself.

(S. H. Hammond)

*EXERCISES.*—What is this story about? Why did the counsel wish to have Emily refused as a witness? Was she a fit person to be a witness? How was this shown? Which commandment forbids us to bear false witness? What was the result of Emily's testimony?

## 【中文阅读】

1. 九岁的小女孩走上法庭，作为一个证人，她将要指证一个受审的罪犯，案件发生在她家里。
2. “现在，艾米莉，”罪犯的辩护律师说，“你了解誓言的本质吗？”
3. “我不懂你说的是什么意思，”小女孩简单地回答。
4. “法官大人，”律师对法官说，“显然应该驳回这个证人，她不了解誓言的本质。”
5. “让我们看一看，”法官说，“到这儿来，我的女儿。”
6. 法官善良的语气和态度鼓励了小女孩，她走向他，自信地看着他，眼神平静、清澈，态度天真、诚恳，打动人心。
7. “你起过誓吗？”法官询问。
8. 小女孩后退了一步，显得很震惊；血液涌上来，脸和脖子都涨红了，回答道：“没有，先生。”她以为法官在问她是否说过亵渎神的话。
9. “我不是那个意思，”看到她误会了，法官说，“我的意思是你是否做过证人？”
10. “没有，先生；我以前从没来过法庭。”小女孩回答说。
11. 法官递给她一本打开的《圣经》。“你知道这本书吗，我的女儿？”
12. 她看了看，回答道：“是的，先生；这是《圣经》。”
13. “你读过吗？”他问。

14. “是的, 先生; 每天早晨。”

15. “能告诉我什么是《圣经》吗?”法官问道。

16. “这是伟大的神的话,”她回答。

17. “那么,”法官说,“把手放到《圣经》上, 听我说。”然后他缓慢而严肃地重复着以下的誓词,“你发誓你在为本案提供证据时, 只讲真话, 而且请求上帝帮助你吗?”

18. “我发誓,”她回答说。

19. “现在,”法官说,“你已经宣誓做证人了; 你能告诉我如果你讲的不是真话会发生什么吗?”

20. “我将被关入州监狱,”孩子回答。

21. “别的呢?”法官问。

22. “我将永远不能去天堂了,”她回答。

23. “你怎么知道的?”法官又问。

24. 孩子拿起《圣经》, 迅速翻到有关“十诫”那一章, 指着其中一节, 上面写着:“你们不应该做伪证, 陷害你们的邻居。”孩子说:“我识字前就知道了。”

25. “有人和你谈过在法庭上作证揭发这个人吗?”法官询问道。

26. “是的, 先生,”她回答,“我妈妈听说要让我做证人; 昨晚把我叫到她的房间, 让我告诉她“十诫”的内容; 然后我们一起向神祷告, 她让我知道做伪证陷害邻居是邪恶的, 她祷告上帝保佑我, 要我讲实话, 就好像在上帝面前一样。”

27. “当我和爸爸来这里的时候, 妈妈亲了我, 告诉我一定要记得第九诫的内



容，她说我说的每个字上帝都能听到。”

28. “你相信吗？”法官问，眼中含着晶莹的泪珠，嘴唇因激动而发颤。

29. “是的，先生，”孩子说，声音和态度显示她确信无疑。

30. “上帝保佑你，我的孩子，”法官说，“你有个好母亲。作为证人你是胜任的，”他继续说，“如果是我无辜受审，我也会祷告上帝派给我这样一个证人。你们可以询问她了。”

31. 因为她就是个孩子，她用孩子的方式简单叙述了她看到的经过，可是她的声音和态度令每个人从心里对她的话没有丝毫疑问。

32. 律师问了很多迷惑人的问题，可是她的陈述始终是一致的。

33. 正如孩子所说，真相是崇高的。在她之前有人说谎和做伪证；可是在她的证言面前，谎言就像谷皮一样消散了。

34. 这个小孩子，她的母亲曾经为她祷告，使她拥有讲真话的力量，就好像在上帝面前讲话一样，把某些成年人狡猾编织的罪恶击成了碎片，就像打破陶器一样。她拥有了母亲向神祷告祈求的力量，而她那崇高却可怕的简洁话语——对犯人和他的同伙来说是可怕的——就像神的启示一样。

(S·H·哈蒙德)

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(1) Witness, *one who gives testimony*.

(2) Committed, *done, performed*.

- (3) Counsel, *a lawyer.*
- (4) Rejected, *refused.*
- (5) Assured, *made bold.*
- (6) Confidingly, *with trust.*
- (7) Profane, *irreverent, taking the name of God in vain.*
- (8) Perjury, *the act of willfully making a false oath.*
- (9) Chaff, *the light dry husk of grains or grasses.*
- (10) Matured, *perfected, fully developed.*
- (11) Potter, *one whose occupation is to make earthen vessels.*
- (12) Revelation, *the act of disclosing or showing what was before unknown.*

# LESSON 75

## KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

### 所罗门王和蚂蚁

**By John Greenleaf Whittier, born near Haverhill, Mass., In 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., In 1892. Until he was eighteen years old he worked on the farm, and during that time learned the trade of at a shoemaker. He afterwards became an editor, and one of the first poets of America.**

#### 1. Out from Jerusalem

The king rode with his great  
War chiefs and lords of state,  
And Sheba's queen with them.

#### 2. Proud in the Syrian sun,

In gold and purple sheen,  
The dusky Ethiop queen  
Smiled on King Solomon.

#### 3. Wisest of men, he knew

The languages of all  
The creatures great or small

That trod the earth or flew.

4. Across an ant-hill led

The king's path, and he heard

Its small folk, and their word

He thus interpreted<sup>(1)</sup>:

5. "Here comes the king men greet<sup>(2)</sup>

As wise and good and just,

To crush us in the dust

Under his heedless feet."

6. The great king bowed his head,

And saw the wide surprise

Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes

As he told her what they said.

7. "O king!" she whispered sweet,

"Too happy fate have they

Who perish in thy way

Beneath thy gracious feet!

8. "Thou of the God-lent crown,  
  
Shall these vile creatures dare  
  
Murmur against thee where  
  
The knees of kings kneel down?"

9. "Nay," Solomon replied,  
  
"The wise and strong should seek  
  
The welfare<sup>(3)</sup> of the weak;"  
  
And turned his horse aside.

10. His train<sup>(4)</sup>, with quick alarm,  
  
Curved with their leader round  
  
The ant-hill's peopled mound,  
  
And left it free from harm.

11. The jeweled head bent low;  
  
"O king!" she said, "henceforth  
  
The secret of thy worth  
  
And wisdom well I know.

12. Happy must be the State

Whose ruler heedeth more

The murmurs of the poor

Than flatteries<sup>(5)</sup> of the great."

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·格林里夫·惠蒂埃，1807年生于马萨诸塞州黑弗里尔，1892年于新罕布什尔州的汉普敦瀑布去世。十八岁前一直在农场工作，同时在一家制鞋厂学习。他后来成为编辑和美国最早的诗人之一。

1. 从耶路撒冷城，

国王跃马而出

带着军官和领主，

还有示巴女王。

2. 在叙利亚的阳光下，

披着金色和紫色华服，

高傲的示巴女王，

微笑地凝视着所罗门王。

3. 所有人中他是最聪明的，

懂所有的语言，

不论大小生物，

不论飞禽走兽。

4. 国王在路上，

经过一处蚁丘，

听到小蚂蚁交谈，

他懂得它们是这么说的：

5. “令人爱戴的王来了，

他聪明，善良又正直

可是却要无情地

把我们踩在脚下了。”

6. 国王把蚂蚁的话，

转述给示巴女王，

低头他看见，

她眼中露出的惊讶。

7. “哦，王！”她甜蜜地低语，

“他们真幸运，

即使牺牲，

也要牺牲在你光荣的脚下。”

8. “你的王位是神赋予的，

所有的王向你跪拜，

这些卑微的小动物，



竟敢对你嘀嘀咕咕？”

9. “不，”所罗门王回答，

“智慧和强大的人

应为弱者谋福利；”

于是调转马头。

10. 并告知随从保持警觉，

随他一起绕过蚁丘，

不能让蚁丘的蚂蚁，

受到丝毫伤害。

11. 戴着无数珠宝的女王，

低头说，“噢，王，

我终于明白了人的价值

和智慧的秘密。”

12. “君主关心穷人疾苦，

胜过权贵的奉承，

生活在这个国家的人，

他们是有福的。”

- 
- (1) Interpreted, *explained the meaning of*.
  - (2) Greet, *address, salute*.
  - (3) Welfare, *happiness*.
  - (4) Train, *a body of followers*.
  - (5) Flatteries, *praises for the purpose of gratifying vanity or gaining favor*.

# LESSON 76

## RIVERMOUTH THEATER

### 河口剧场

**From "The Story of a Bad Boy," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The author was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836. When quite young his family moved to Louisiana, but he was sent back to New England to be educated, and later he located at New York. He is a well-known writer of both prose and poetry.**

1. "Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave<sup>(1)</sup> of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon. "Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

2. The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial<sup>(2)</sup> eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theater.

3. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances.

4. The theater, however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting<sup>(3)</sup> the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal

characters myself—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

5. At the tenth representation, my dramatic career<sup>(4)</sup> was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I wouldn't let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had.

6. I made a crossbow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene where Gesler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son.

7. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.



8. I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the crossbow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience<sup>(5)</sup>—consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothespin. I raised the crossbow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

9. I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution<sup>(6)</sup> in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

10. Luckily, poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter,

appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction<sup>(7)</sup> against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I hadn't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, "Hear! hear!"

11. I then attributed<sup>(8)</sup> the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom<sup>(9)</sup> could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

12. This was my last appearance on any stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys who hadn't been allowed to buy tickets to my theater used to cry out after me in the street,—"'Who killed Cock Robin?'"

# 【中文阅读】

选自《顽童故事》，作者托马斯·贝里·奥尔德里奇，1836年生于新罕布什尔州的朴次茅斯市，很小的时候，全家移居路易斯安那州，他回到新英格兰接受教育，后来移居纽约。他是著名的诗歌和散文作家。

1. “现在，孩子们，咱们做点什么呢？”一个阴霾的雨天的下午，我问七个聚集在我家谷仓的男孩子。“我们办个剧场吧，”宾尼·华莱士建议道。

2. 好主意！可是剧场在哪里？谷仓阁楼堆满了给马准备的干草，但马车库对面还有空地。这个地方最合适！我用主办人的眼光扫视了一下，看能不能改造成剧场。

3. 我多次去过新奥尔良的剧院，对于排戏这类事情无所不知。因此，我制作了绝妙的道具。可是幕布尽管做别的用途时一直很顺滑，演出时却被钩住了。

4. 尽管如此，到目前为止，剧场的一切都很顺利。我最后收获了一千五百多枚钉子，还有很多没有帽、没有尖或弯曲的，剧场的看门人拿这些钉子也毫无办法。从始至终，我们收到了不少这种“假币”。入场费是二十枚钉子。我自己扮演了所有的主要角色——不是因为我更优秀，只是因为我是剧场的主人。

5. 第十场演出时发生了意外，我的舞台生涯也随之结束了。当时我们正在演出《瑞士英雄威廉·退尔》。当然，威廉·退尔由我扮演，尽管弗雷德·兰登也觊觎这个角色。我没有让他演，他愤怒地退出了剧场，带走了唯一的弓箭。

6. 我用鲸须另外做了一张弓，因此没有弗雷德·兰登也能演下去。演到奥地利暴君格斯勒命令威廉·退尔箭射放在自己儿子头上的苹果了。剧中扮演孩子的是佩珀·惠特科姆，他包揽了所有儿童和女性角色。



7. 为了防止意外，惠特科姆面部上方用手帕包了一块纸板挡着，箭头也用法兰绒布条缝了起来。我是个神射手，而金黄色的大苹果离我只有二码远。

8. 我看到小佩珀站在那儿，毫无畏惧地等着我的壮举。观众包括七个男孩和三个女孩，还有基蒂·克林斯，因为她坚持用衣夹支付入场费。我拉了两次弓。砰！弓弦响了；哎呀！箭没有射中苹果，笔直飞入惠特科姆张开的嘴里。

9. 我永远不会忘记那可怕的一刻。佩珀嚎叫着，充满吃惊、愤怒和痛苦，这声音至今还回响在我的耳边。我像看一具尸体一样看着他，同时想象着在不久的将来，我当着这些人的面被处决。

10. 幸运的是，可怜的佩珀伤势并不重。混乱中爷爷努特出现了（被小退尔的嚎叫吸引来的），下令从此停止一切演出，剧场关闭了。我没忘发表告别演说，我说如果不是射中了佩珀·惠特科姆的嘴，这一定是一生中最骄傲的时刻。对此，观众（我得说，佩珀起了不小的作用）喊叫起来：“听！听！”

11. 后来我把过错归于佩珀自己，我射击的时候，他大张的嘴像旋涡一样，把箭吸了进去。在观众的喊叫声中，我正要解释小旋涡是怎么吸进大船的，舞台的幕布自己掉了下来。

12. 这是我最后一次和舞台沾边。可是很久以后人们还会提到威廉·退尔。未获准买票进入剧场的小孩子们心怀恶意，常常在我身后喊——“谁杀死了知更鸟？”

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(1) Conclave, *a private meeting*.

(2) Managerial, *of or pertaining to a manager*.

(3) Deducting, *taking away, subtracting*.

(4) Career, *course of action*.



- (5) Audience, *an assembly of hearers*.
- (6) Execution, *a putting to death by law*.
- (7) Injunction, *a command*.
- (8) Attributed, *assigned, charged*.
- (9) Maelstrom, *a whirlpool*.

# LESSON 77

## ALFRED THE GREAT

### 阿尔弗雷德大帝

1. More than a thousand years ago, (in the year 849), a prince was born in England, who afterwards became one of the most celebrated and best loved kings in the world. His name was Alfred—afterwards called Alfred the Great—and he was the favorite son both of the king and queen.

2. In those days the common people were very ignorant; few of them could even read and write. There were no schools, and the monasteries<sup>(1)</sup>, where almost the only teaching had been done, were nearly all destroyed in the wars which were continually going on. Only the higher classes had any chance to study, and even they paid much more attention to fighting than to studying.

3. But Alfred was different from most persons of his time. Even when a little boy, he delighted in listening to poems and to the ballads which harpers used to sing, and he learned many of them by heart. When he was twelve years old, his mother, the queen, offered to give a volume of poems to that one of her four sons who would first learn to read it. Alfred was the youngest of them all, yet he easily won the prize of which his brothers thought so little.

4. But, as has been said, these were stirring times, and Alfred was soon called on to show his great abilities as a soldier. The Danes, a warlike people, were continually swooping down in their vessels upon the coast of England. Often they spread over the entire country, plundering and burning the towns, and killing the people.

5. In the midst of these invasions<sup>(2)</sup> Alfred became king, when he was only

twenty-two years old. He proved as good a warrior as he was a student. He thought that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. He was generally successful against the Danes, but at one time they seemed to have the country entirely in their power, and Alfred was compelled to hide for his life.

6. For some time he dressed as a peasant, and lived in the cottage of a cowherd, who was so careful of his king's safety that he did not even tell his wife who he was. So she treated the king as a common peasant, and one day gave him a sharp scolding because he allowed some cakes to burn on the griddle, after she had left him to watch them. She told him he was clever enough at eating cakes though he managed so badly at baking them.

7. When the search for him grew less active, Alfred gradually collected some of his followers, with whom he encamped on a small spot of firm ground in the center of a bog. It was surrounded by almost impassable forests, and Alfred fortified the place so that it could not well be taken. Then he made frequent sudden and successful attacks on the enemy until his troops and the people became encouraged.

8. One victory in particular, when they captured a banner which the Danes thought enchanted, led Alfred to take bolder steps. He wished to find out the exact condition of the enemy, and, for this purpose, disguised<sup>(3)</sup> himself as a harper and entered their camp. He was so successful in his disguise that he remained there some days, even being admitted to the tent of the Danish leader Guthrum.

9. He found their entire army living in careless security, and so he determined to make a sudden and bold attack on them, to try and rid his country once more of these cruel invaders. He summoned his people about him from far and wide. Many of them had long thought their beloved king dead, but now all eagerly obeyed his call.

10. He at once led them against that part of the camp which he had seen to be

most unguarded. The attack was entirely unexpected; and, although the Danes were greater in numbers, they were defeated with great slaughter. Some of them, with their leader, fled to a fortified place, but were soon obliged to surrender.

11. Alfred granted them their lives, and settled them in a part of his kingdom where nearly all his own people had been destroyed. He hoped by this to change obstinate enemies into useful friends who would protect England from further attacks of their own countrymen. However, some years later, when the Danes made another invasion, these people joined them in fighting against Alfred, but he soon succeeded in driving them all out of the country.

12. Much as Alfred did for his people in war, he did more in time of peace. Above all else he gave careful attention to their education. He rebuilt the monasteries and aided the young University<sup>(4)</sup> of Oxford. He also founded many schools, to which every owner of a certain portion of land was compelled to send his children.

13. But he did as much good by the example that he set as by these acts. His time was divided into three parts. One was given to business, one to refreshment by sleep and food, and the third to study and devotion. Clocks and watches, and probably even sundials, were then unknown, so these divisions were marked by burning candles of equal lengths.

14. Alfred did not study for his own pleasure merely, but translated<sup>(5)</sup> and wrote many works for the good of his people, using the simple language which they could easily understand and enjoy. His person was handsome and dignified, full of grace and activity. But the more noble beauty was within, in the enlightened<sup>(6)</sup> mind and virtuous heart of the king. After his name, which has its place on an ancient record of English kings, is written the noble title of "Truth Teller."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一千多年以前(公元849年),一个王子在英格兰出生了,他后来成为世界上最著名最受人爱戴的国王之一。他的名字叫阿尔弗雷德——后来人们称他为阿尔弗雷德大帝——他是国王和王后最喜爱的儿子。

2. 当时人们都很无知,没有几个人会读会写。没有学校,修道院是当时人们受教育的唯一场所,但几乎也都毁于绵延不断的战火中。只有贵族有机会接受教育,即使是他们,关注战争的时间也超过学习的时间。

3. 可是阿尔弗雷德与同时代的大部分人不同。还是小孩子的时候,他就喜欢听竖琴师演唱诗歌和民谣,而且很多都记在了心里。十二岁的时候,他的母后拿出一卷诗歌,对她的四个儿子说,谁最快学会阅读,就把这卷诗歌奖励给他。阿尔弗雷德年龄最小,可是他轻松赢得了奖励,而他的哥哥们都心不在焉。

4. 可是,就像前面说的那样,那是个兵荒马乱的年代,阿尔弗雷德很快入伍成为战士。好战的丹麦人,不断乘船袭击英格兰的海岸。他们常常席卷全国,烧杀抢掠。

5. 在战火中,年仅二十三岁的阿尔弗雷德成为国王。他不但是个好学者,也是个好战士。他认为不论什么事,只要值得做就应当做好。在对抗丹麦人的战争中他打了不少胜仗,但是有一个时期丹麦人似乎控制了整个英格兰,阿尔弗雷德被迫躲藏起来。

6. 阿尔弗雷德一度装扮成农民,住在一个牧民家里,牧民对国王的安全小心翼翼,即使对他的妻子也没透露。因此牧民的妻子对国王就像对待普通的农民一样,有一天还狠狠责备了他,因为他照看的蛋糕烤糊了。牧民的妻子对他说,你吃蛋糕的本事可比烤蛋糕强多了。

7. 当丹麦人放松对他的搜捕的时候,阿尔弗雷德渐渐聚拢起一些追随者,他

们驻扎在沼泽中心一小块结实的平地上。四周都是密林，难以通过，加之阿尔弗雷德构筑了防御工事，因此易守难攻。他频繁地袭击敌人，都很成功，军队和人民很受鼓舞。

8. 在一次胜利中，他们夺取了一面丹麦人认为施了魔法的旗帜，这促使阿尔弗雷德采取更大胆的行动。他希望准确地了解敌人的情况，因此，他假扮成竖琴师，混进了敌营。他伪装得很成功，在敌营住了很多天，甚至还得到允许进入了丹麦首领古特伦的营帐。

9. 他发现丹麦军队纪律松弛，因此决定对他们采取大胆的突袭，把这些残酷的侵略者赶出英格兰。他召集远近的人民。很多人原以为他们热爱的国王已经死了，现在纷纷响应他的命令。

10. 他带领军队袭击了敌人防备最松弛的部位。尽管人数众多，丹麦人却毫无准备，吃了败仗，死伤惨重。他们的领袖带着一部分人逃到一个堡垒，可是很快就不得不投降了。

11. 阿尔弗雷德饶了他们的命，把他们安置在王国的一块地方，这里原来的居民几乎都死于战争中。他希望这样做能够改变顽固的敌人，把他们变成有用的朋友，在其他丹麦人侵犯时保卫英格兰。可是，几年后，当丹麦人再次侵略英格兰的时候，这些人加入了他们，与阿尔弗雷德作战，但阿尔弗雷德很快把他们都赶出了英格兰。

12. 就像在战争时期保卫国家一样，阿尔弗雷德在和平时期也为本国人做了很多事。他尤其重视教育，重修了修道院，资助了新建的牛津大学。还开办了很多学校，所有拥有土地的人都必须把孩子送去学习。

13. 不仅如此，他更以身作则。他把时间分成三块。一块用于商业，一块用于日常的睡眠和进食，第三块用于学习和宗教活动。钟表，甚至日晷在当时也不为人所知，因此这三块时间是通过点燃相同长度的蜡烛表示的。

14. 阿尔弗雷德不仅仅因为喜爱而学习,更为了让人民受益,他用简单易懂、生动优美的语言翻译和写作了很多作品。他长相英俊、态度庄重、举止优雅、充满活力。可是他最崇高的美存在于心灵里,表现为开明的头脑和高贵的品德。作为古代英国国王,他名垂青史,在他的名字后面,写着“讲真话的人”。

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- (1) Monastery, *a religious house where monks live.*
- (2) Invasion, *the warlike entrance of an army.*
- (3) Disguised, *hidden by an unusual dress and appearance.*
- (4) University, *a school of the highest grade, in which are taught all branches of learning.*
- (5) Translated, *changed from one language to another.*
- (6) Enlightened, *well informed.*

# LESSON 78

## LIVING ON A FARM

### 农场生活

1. How brightly through the mist of years,

My quiet country home appears!

My father busy all the day

In plowing corn or raking hay;

My mother moving with delight

Among the milk pans, silver-bright;

We children, just from school set free,

Filling the garden with our glee.

The blood of life was flowing warm

When I was living on a farm.

2. I hear the sweet churchgoing bell,

As o'er the fields its music fell,

I see the country neighbors round

Gathering beneath the pleasant sound;



They stop awhile beside the door,

To talk their homely matters o'er—

The springing corn, the ripening grain,

And "how we need a little rain;"

"A little sun would do no harm,

We want good weather for the farm."

3. When autumn came, what joy to see

The gathering of the husking bee,

To hear the voices keeping tune,

Of girls and boys beneath the moon,

To mark the golden corn ears bright,

More golden in the yellow light!

Since I have learned the ways of men,

I often turn to these again,

And feel life wore its highest charm.

When I was living on the farm.

# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 如烟岁月中清晰呈现，

儿时的故乡，安静的乡村！

爸爸整日忙忙碌碌，

犁着玉米地，或打干草，

妈妈在亮银色的奶锅旁，

开心地忙前忙后；

放学后我们小孩子们，

在菜园里欢声笑语。

我在农场生活的时候，

流淌着温暖的盎然生机。

## 2. 钟声召唤人们去教堂，

声音悦耳响彻原野，

美妙的钟声下面，

渐渐聚拢起村民，

他们在门旁逗留，

谈着各自的大事小情——

玉米蹿高了，谷子在成熟，

“要是下场小雨就好了”

“多点日光也不赖，

农场需要好气候。”

3. 秋天是多么快乐，

参加剥玉米壳聚会，

月光下少男少女，

轻声低语。

月光下金黄玉米穗，

闪闪发光。

越是长大成人，

越是喜欢回顾，

在农场度过的日子，

生活是那么富有魅力。

# LESSON 79

## HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL

### 休·伊德和特劳先生

**Adapted from the story of "Little Daffydowndilly," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and ranks among the first of American novelists. He died in 1864.**

1. Hugh Idle loved to do only what was agreeable<sup>(1)</sup>, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Hugh was yet a little boy, he was sent away from home, and put under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

2. Those who knew him best, affirmed<sup>(2)</sup> that Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. He had, however, a severe and ugly countenance; his voice was harsh; and all his ways and customs were disagreeable to our young friend, Hugh Idle.

3. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster stalked about among his scholars, with a big cane in his hand; and unless a lad chose to attend constantly and quietly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a single quiet moment. "This will never do for me," thought Hugh; "I'll run off, and try to find my way home."

4. So the very next morning off he started, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses<sup>(3)</sup>. He had gone but a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate<sup>(4)</sup> appearance trudging at a moderate<sup>(5)</sup> pace along the road.

5. "Good morning, my fine lad!" said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

6. Now Hugh was a boy of very frank disposition<sup>(6)</sup>, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now, but confessed<sup>(7)</sup> that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger; "then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of." So they walked on very sociably<sup>(8)</sup> side by side.

7. By and by their road led them past a field, where some haymakers were at work. Hugh could not help thinking how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to learn lessons all day long, shut up in a dismal schoolroom, continually watched by Mr. Toil.

8. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand. "Quick, quick!" cried he; "let us run away, or he will catch us!"

9. "Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

10. "Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Hugh; "don't you see him among the haymakers?" and Hugh pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field.

11. He was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; and he kept constantly crying out to his work people to make hay while the sun shone. Strange to say, the features<sup>(9)</sup> of the old farmer were precisely the same as those of Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering the schoolroom.

12. "Don't be afraid," said the stranger; "this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer. He won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on his farm."

13. Hugh believed what his companion said, but was glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance<sup>(10)</sup> to Mr. Toil. The two travelers came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Hugh begged his companion to stop awhile, for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work with their saws, planes, and hammers; and he was beginning to think he too should like to use the saw, and the plane, and the hammer, and be a carpenter himself. But suddenly he caught sight of something that made him seize his friend's hand, in a great fright.

14. "Make haste! quick, quick!" cried he; "there's old Mr. Toil again." The stranger cast his eyes where Hugh pointed his finger, and saw an elderly man, who seemed to be overseeing the carpenters, as he went to and fro about the unfinished house, marking out the work to be done, and urging the men to be diligent<sup>(11)</sup>; and wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage<sup>(12)</sup>, they sawed and hammered as if for dear life.

15. "Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger; "it is another brother of his who follows the trade of carpenter."

16. "I am very glad to hear it," quoth<sup>(13)</sup> Hugh; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

## 【中文阅读】

选编自《小水仙》，作者纳撒尼尔·霍桑，1804年生于马萨诸塞州的萨勒姆镇，是美国最早的小说家之一，864年去世。

1. 休·伊德只喜欢做使他感到惬意的事，不喜欢任何劳动。休虽然还很小，却被送到了严厉的教师特劳先生那里学习。

2. 了解特劳先生的人都说他是个值得敬重的人，他为孩子，也为成年人所做的事比世界上任何人都多。可是他表情严肃，长相丑陋，说话的声音严厉；他的所有方式和习惯都让我们的小朋友休·伊德感到不快。

3. 手里拿着一根大竹杖，这个可怕的老师对孩子们非常严厉；除非安静专心致志地读书，否则将得不到一刻消停。“这对我来说可不行，”休心里想，“我得逃回家去。”

4. 第二天早上他就出发了，只带了一些用作早餐的面包奶酪和一点零花钱。刚走不远，他就遇到了一个表情严肃、走在路上稳稳当当的人。

5. “早上好，我的好孩子！”陌生人说。他的声音生硬、严肃，可是透着善良，“你怎么这么早？你去哪儿呀？”

6. 休是个性格坦率的男孩，从来没撒过谎。他坦诚地说他是从学校逃出来的，因为非常不喜欢特劳先生。“哦，很好，我的小朋友！”陌生人回答说，“那么我们一起走吧；因为我也受不了特劳先生，我们得找一个谁也没听说过他的地方。”于是，他们友好地一起往前走。

7. 经过一片田野，一些人在那里晾干草。休不禁想，在蓝天下阳光里晾干草也比整天关在阴暗的教室里学习功课快乐多了，又没有特劳先生一直监视。

8. 一边想一边透过石墙的缝隙往里看，一看之下，不禁吃了一惊，抓住同伴的手。“快，快！”他喊道，“我们逃跑吧，否则他会抓住我们的！”

9. “谁抓我们？”陌生人说。

10. “特劳先生，老校长，”休回答说，“你在晾干草的人中没看到他吗？”休指着一个老人，好像是这片地的主人。

11. 那个人挽着袖子在干活。额头上汗水涔涔，他不停地对工人们喊叫，趁着天晴赶快晾干草。说起来，这个老农民的相貌和特劳先生一模一样，此刻，特劳先生一定刚走进教室。

12. “不要害怕，”陌生人说，“这不是特劳校长，而是他的一个当农民的兄弟。除非你是他农场的工人，否则他不会找你麻烦的。”

13. 休相信同伴说的话，很高兴地离开了这个和特劳先生长相惊人相似的人。两人来到了一个地方，那里木匠们正在盖房子。休求同伴等一会，木匠们用他们的锯、刨子、锤子利索地干活的情景很有趣；他开始想象也想拿起那些锯、刨子、锤子，成为一名木匠。可是突然，他看到了什么，害怕地抓住朋友的手。

14. “快点！快，快！”休叫起来，“又看到老特劳了。”休用手指着，陌生人顺着手指的方向看去，一个老年人似乎是监工，他走来走去，给要做的工作做着标记，督促人们更用力气；严肃而布满皱纹的脸在哪里出现，那里的木匠们就都拼命地工作。

15. “哦，不！这不是特劳校长，”陌生人说，“这是他的从事木匠工作的另一个兄弟。”

16. “听见你这么说我就不放心了，”休说，“可是，先生，我想尽快离开这儿。”



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- (1) Agreeable, *pleasing*.
  - (2) Affirmed, *declared*.
  - (3) Expenses, *costs*.
  - (4) Sedate, *calm*.
  - (5) Moderate, *neither fast nor slow*,
  - (6) Disposition, *natural state of mind*.
  - (7) Confessed, *acknowledged*.
  - (8) Sociably, *in a friendly way*.
  - (9) Features, *the distinctive marks of the face*.
  - (10) Resemblance, *likeness*.
  - (11) Diligent, *industrious*.
  - (12) Visage, *the face*.
  - (13) Quoth, *said*.

# LESSON 80

## HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL (CONCLUDED)

### 休·伊德和特劳先生(结束篇)

1. Now Hugh and the stranger had not gone much further, when they met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with feathers in their caps, and glittering muskets on their shoulders. In front marched the drummers and fifers, making such merry music that Hugh would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. If he were only a soldier, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture<sup>(1)</sup> to look him in the face.

2. "Quickstep! forward! march!" shouted a gruff voice.

3. Little Hugh started in great dismay<sup>(2)</sup>; for this voice sounded precisely<sup>(3)</sup> like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, in an officer's dress, to be sure, but looking as ugly and disagreeable as ever.

4. "This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Hugh, in a trembling voice. "Let us away, for fear he should make us enlist<sup>(4)</sup> in his company."

5. "You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger very composedly<sup>(5)</sup>. "This is only a brother of Mr. Toil's, who has served in the army all his life. You and I need not be afraid of him."

6. "Well, well," said Hugh, "if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more." So the child and the stranger resumed<sup>(6)</sup> their journey; and, after awhile, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

7. "Oh, let us stop here," cried Hugh; "Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry."

8. But the words had scarcely died away on the little boy's tongue, when, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, armed with a fiddle bow this time, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life.

9. "Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale; "it seems as if there were nobody but Mr. Toil in the world."

10. "This is not your old schoolmaster," observed<sup>(7)</sup> the stranger, "but another brother of his, who has learned to be a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Master Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who know him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

11. "Pray, let us go on," said Hugh.

12. Well, thus the two went wandering along the highway and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages, and wherever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere they stumbled on some of the old schoolmaster's innumerable<sup>(8)</sup> brothers.

13. At length, little Hugh found himself completely worn out with running away from Mr. Toil. "Take me back! take me back!" cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

14. "Yonder it is; there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and

little Hugh had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to the school together."

15. There was something in his companion's voice that little Hugh now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil, so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he had been doing his best to run away from him.

16. Little Hugh Idle, however, had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he now knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think his ways were not so disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation<sup>(9)</sup> made his face sometimes appear almost as pleasant as even that of Hugh's mother.

*EXERCISES.—To whose school was Hugh Idle sent? Why did he run away? Relate the adventures of Hugh and the stranger. What lesson is taught by this story?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 休和陌生人没走多远，看见一队士兵，衣着华丽，帽子上插着羽毛，肩膀上扛着闪闪发光的毛瑟枪。队伍前面走着鼓手和吹横笛的人，听着欢快的音乐，休心里想，就是跟着他们到天涯海角也行。如果当个士兵，老特劳先生永远也不敢朝他看了。

2. “快步走！齐步走！踏步走！”一个粗哑的声音喊道。

3. 休吓了一跳，这个声音听起来和特劳先生的声音完全一样。再看领队，竟然是特劳先生本人，穿着军官的服装，可是看起来和以前一样又丑又不令人愉快。

4. “这肯定是老特劳先生，”休声音颤抖地说道，“我们走吧，我害怕他会让我们参加他的军队。”

5. “你又错了，我的小朋友，”陌生人沉着地回答，“这只是特劳先生的一个兄弟，他一生都在军队里。你用不着怕他。”

6. “好吧，好吧，”休说，“先生，求您了，我不想再看这些士兵。”于是休和陌生人继续他们的旅行，不久，他们看到路边有一户人家，几个少年和一个脸色红扑扑的女孩，正随着小提琴的演奏起舞。

7. “噢，我们就在这儿，”休大声说，“有小提琴手，有人跳舞享乐的地方，特劳先生永远不敢露面的。”

8. 可是话还没说完，休的眼光正好落在小提琴师身上，竟然是特劳先生！这次他轻松熟练地舞动着提琴弓，好像他一生都是小提琴手。

9. “哎呀，天啊！”休小声说，面色惨白，“世界上除了特劳先生好像没有别人了。”

10. “这不是你的老校长，”陌生人看了看说，“这是他的另一个兄弟，他是个小提琴手。他为家庭感到难为情，通常称自己是快乐大师；可是他的真名是特劳，认识他的人觉得他比他的兄弟们更令人不快。”

11. “天啊，我们快走吧。”休说。

12. 两人继续向前走，走过大路，穿过林荫小路，经过美丽的村庄，可是不论走到哪儿，看啊！总有特劳先生的身影。如果他们走进一户人家，他坐在客厅里；如果向厨房窥视，他就在那里！在每个农舍或商店，或者在最金碧辉煌的大厦，都可以见到打扮不同的特劳先生。总之，不论在哪，他们都能撞上特劳先生无数兄弟中的某一个。

13. 最后，休精疲力尽。“带我回去！带我回去！”可怜的小家伙喊着，满脸泪水。“如果世界上都是特劳，我回学校也是一样的。”

14. “学校就在那儿，学校就在那儿！”陌生人说。他和休虽然走了很久，却没有走直线，只是绕了一圈。“来，我们一起回学校吧。”

15. 同伴的声音里有些东西让休想起了什么，很奇怪他没早点儿想起来。抬头看着同伴的脸，看！又是老特劳先生，可怜的孩子全天都和特劳先生在一起，他居然还拼命躲着他。

16. 休学到了很好的一课，从这一刻开始，他勤奋学习，因为他现在明白了勤奋不比游戏或偷懒更辛苦。在对特劳先生有了更多了解后，开始觉得他并非那么令人讨厌，而老校长不时露出的赞赏的微笑几乎和妈妈的一样令人快乐。

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(1) Venture, *to dare, to risk.*

(2) Dismay, *fright, terror.*

- (3) Precisely, *exactly*.
- (4) Enlist, *to put one's name on a roll, to join*.
- (5) Composedly, *calmly, quietly*.
- (6) Resumed, *recommenced*.
- (7) Observed, *remarked*.
- (8) Innumerable, *not to be counted*.
- (9) Approbation, *the act of regarding with pleasure*.

# LESSON 81

## BURNING THE FALLOW

### 火 警

**Adapted from "Roughing it in the Bush," a story by Mrs. Susanna Moodie (sister of Agnes Strickland), who was born in Suffolk, England, in 1803. She died in 1885.**

1. The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up that roared in the pine tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating<sup>(1)</sup> the heat. The children were lying listlessly<sup>(2)</sup> upon the floor, and the girl and I were finishing sunbonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, "Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!"

2. I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

3. "What can this mean?" I cried. "Who can have set fire to the fallow<sup>(3)</sup>?" As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. "John, what is the meaning of this fire?"

4. "Oh, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it."

5. "What is the danger?"

6. "Oh, I'm afraid that we shall all be burnt up," said John, beginning to



whimper. "What shall we do?"

7. "Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."

8. "We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration<sup>(4)</sup> of fear; "I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

9. Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for, could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy<sup>(5)</sup> of smoke; and, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

10. I closed the door, and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness destroyed all hope of our being able to effect<sup>(6)</sup> our escape. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping; while the boy who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

11. A strange calm succeeded<sup>(7)</sup> my first alarm. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar swamp immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling<sup>(8)</sup>.

12. From out of the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke—the blackest I ever saw—leaped up red forks of lurid<sup>(9)</sup> flame as high as the tree tops, igniting<sup>(10)</sup> the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left for saw logs. A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles, which floated even to the doorstep—while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been

heard at a great distance.

13. To reach the shore of the lake, we must pass through the burning swamp, and not a bird could pass over it with unscorched wings. The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the fire.

14. I turned to young Thomas, and asked him how long he thought that would be. "When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma'am. The Lord have mercy on us then, or we must all go."

15. I threw myself down on the floor beside my children, and pressed them to my heart, while inwardly I thanked God that they were asleep, unconscious of danger, and unable by their cries to distract<sup>(11)</sup> our attention from adopting any plan which might offer to effect their escape.

16. The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched<sup>(12)</sup> with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

17. "Ah," thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—"what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that his poor wife and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet." 18. The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our

heads, and, like the breaking of a waterspout<sup>(13)</sup>, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

19. In a few minutes the chip yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.

## 【中文阅读】

选自《丛林中的艰苦岁月》，作者苏姗娜·穆迪(艾格尼斯·斯特里克兰(Agnes Strickland)的妹妹)，1803年生于英格兰的沙福克郡，1885年去世。

1. 天气湿热，快到中午的时候，一阵大风在松树梢上呼啸而过，就像远方大海的滚滚波涛，可是天气一点也不见凉快。孩子们无精打采地躺在地板上，女孩和我在给遮阳帽收尾，突然玛莉喊叫起来：“上帝保佑，太太，怎么这么大的烟啊！”

2. 我立刻跑向门边，眼前十码远的地方什么也看不见了。我们下面的沼泽地一片火海，大风正把大片的浓烟吹向我们。

3. “这意味着什么？”我喊道。“谁把休耕地点着了？”这时，约翰·托马斯脸色苍白颤抖地站到我面前。“约翰，这火意味着什么？”

4. “噢，太太，我希望你原谅我；是我放的火，真希望我没有这么做，为此让我放弃世界上的一切都愿意。”

5. “到底有什么危险？”

6. “哦，恐怕我们都会被烧死，”约翰说，开始啜泣，“我们该怎么办？”

7. “还能怎么办，我们必须尽快离开，房子只能听天由命了。”

8. “我们出不去了，”男孩说，声音低沉、空洞，似乎充满了恐惧；“如果能出去，我早就出去了；可是太太，你看看后门。”

9. 后面，前面，每个方向，火墙把我们包围了，距离我们一百码的地方大火猛烈地燃烧着，切断了我们的退路。即使我们从熊熊火焰中找到缝隙，浓烟中我们

也无法辨别方向，而且由于我们在森林的中心，谁也无法及时发现我们的状况。

10. 我关上门，回到客厅。恐惧撞击着我的心，我们身处绝地，逃生无望。女孩站在孩子们旁边，孩子们对于面临的巨大危险一无所知，都已沉沉入睡。女孩悄悄地哭泣着，而造成这场危害的男孩子也不停地哭。

11. 惊恐之后，我感到一种奇怪的平静。坐在门前的台阶上，我无声地观察着这可怕的情景。我们的房子坐落在山脊上，山脊下方的雪松沼泽里大火在迅速蔓延，情形确实令人震惊。

12. 浓密的黑烟中火红的火舌跃起到树梢那么高，点燃了被留作锯材用的原木的枝干。天空被浓烟遮挡住了。空气中充满了炽热的颗粒，有些颗粒甚至漂到了门前的台阶上——而火焰的噼噼啪啪声和呼啸声从很远的地方也一定能听到。

13. 要到达湖边，必须经过燃烧着的沼泽地，即使鸟儿飞过去也会烧焦翅膀。狂风吹动着火焰正越过门前空地，就要达到房子侧墙和后墙了；通向左侧的山路或右侧森林的路完全被火焰阻挡了。如果火焰没烧到房子，它就是我们唯一安全的方舟。

14. 我转向小托马斯，问他需要多久会烧到房子。“当火烧光前面的小山脊，太太。到时候上帝保佑我们，我们都得走。”

15. 我扑倒在地板上的孩子们身边，把他们紧紧抱在胸前，心里感谢上帝，他们还都熟睡着，不知道发生的危险，不会因为哭叫干扰我们，而我们计划着如何使他们躲过这一场浩劫。

16. 热浪很快变得令人窒息。我们都口干舌燥，房子里没有一滴水，除非到湖边。我又朝门望去，希望看到已经烧出来一条到湖泊的路。可是除了浓浓的烟火以外，什么都看不见——除了火焰的噼噼啪啪声和呼啸声什么也听不见，火焰正迅速向我们逼近，我感到了脸上的焦烤。17. “噢，”带着苦涩，我想，“我可爱的丈夫返回时看到他可怜的妻子和可爱的女儿们这么痛苦地消失会怎么说呢？上帝

会拯救我们的。”

18. 我甚至还没来得及想，台风骤起，四周的火焰被台风吹得四散，就像燃烧的巨浪在翻滚。我把头埋在围裙里，心想一切都完了，这时头上响起了一声巨雷，就像水管裂开了，几周来酝酿着的大雨倾盆而下。

19. 几分钟内，贮存场的木片就全漂浮了起来，大火得到了有效地遏制。我们没有注意到整天都在酝酿着暴雨，那是那个夏天的唯一一场雨，猛下了一晚，终于在黎明到来前制服了那曾经向我们袭来，让我们万分恐惧的残酷的敌人。

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(1) Abating, *lessening*.

(2) Listlessly, *not paying attention, heedlessly*.

(3) Fallow, *a new clearing usually covered with brush heaps*.

(4) Concentration, *bringing into a small space, the essence*.

(5) Canopy, *a covering or curtain*.

(6) Effect, *to bring to pass*.

(7) Succeeded, *followed*.

(8) Appalling, *terrifying*.

(9) Lurid, *dull red*.

(10) Igniting, *setting on fire*.

(11) Distract, *confuse, perplex*.

(12) Parched, *made very dry*.

(13) Waterspout, *a column of water caught up by a whirlwind*.

# LESSON 82

## THE DYING SOLDIERS

### 垂死的士兵

1. A waste of land, a sodden<sup>(1)</sup> plain,

A lurid sunset sky,

With clouds that fled and faded fast

In ghostly phantasy<sup>(2)</sup>;

A field upturned by trampling feet,

A field uppled with slain,

With horse and rider blent<sup>(3)</sup> in death

Upon the battle plain.

2. The dying and the dead lie low;

For them, no more shall rise

The evening moon, nor midnight stars,

Nor daylight's soft surprise:

They will not wake to tenderest call,

Nor see again each home,

Where waiting hearts shall throb and break,

When this day's tidings<sup>(4)</sup> come.

3. Two soldiers, lying as they fell

Upon the reddened clay—

In daytime, foes; at night, in peace

Breathing their lives away!

Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;

Fate only, made them foes;

And lying, dying, side by side,

A softened feeling rose.

4. "Our time is short," one faint voice said;

"To-day we've done our best

On different sides: what matters now?

To-morrow we shall rest!

Life lies behind. I might not care

For only my own sake;

But far away are other hearts,



That this day's work will break.

5. "Among New Hampshire's snowy hills,

There pray for me to-night

A woman, and a little girl

With hair like golden light;"

And at the thought, broke forth, at last,

The cry of anguish<sup>(5)</sup> wild,

That would not longer be repressed<sup>(6)</sup>—

"O God, my wife, my child!"

6. "And," said the other dying man,

"Across the Georgia plain,

There watch and wait for me loved one

I ne'er shall see again:

A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,

Each day waits at the door;

Her father's step, her father's kiss,

Will never greet her more.

7. "To-day we sought each other's lives:

Death levels all that now;

For soon before God's mercy seat

Together we shall bow.

Forgive each other while we may;

Life's but a weary game,

And, right or wrong, the morning sun

Will find us, dead, the same."

8. The dying lips the pardon<sup>(7)</sup> breathe;

The dying hands entwine<sup>(8)</sup>;

The last ray fades, and over all

The stars from heaven shine;

And the little girl with golden hair,

And one with dark eyes bright,

On Hampshire's hills, and Georgia's plain,

Were fatherless that night!

*EXERCISES.—What do the first two stanzas describe? What does the third? What did one soldier say to the other? Where was his home? What friends had he there? Where was the home of the other soldier? Who waited for him? Did they forgive each other?*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 土地荒芜，地面刚刚淋湿，

晚霞火红如血，

乌云飘过，迅速消散，

一派凄凉的景象，

战马践踏过的平原，

无数战士横尸沙场，

杀戮的战场上，

躺卧着战马和骑兵。

2. 有的牺牲了，有的奄奄一息，

他们再也见不到，

傍晚的月亮和深夜的繁星，

也不会感受清晨的日光。

他们不会为轻柔的呼唤叫醒，

也不会再见到家中亲人，

当战场消息传回家乡，

亲人会心痛、心碎。

3. 有两个士兵倒下了，

倒在鲜红的泥土上——

白天他们是仇敌，夜间他们和平地

呼吸着生命最后的空气！

胸膛里跳动着勇敢的心；

是命运让他们成为敌人；

此刻躺在一起，一起走向死亡，

一种温暖的感情从心中生起。

4. “我们的时间不多了，”一个微弱的声音说；

“我们今天尽了全力，

为了各自一方，现在这些还有什么意义？

明天我们就将休息了！

生命已逝，我在乎的不是

我自己的生命；

可是远方的亲人啊，

今天会让他们心碎。”

5. “新罕布什尔雪山村庄里，

今晚有人会为我祷告，

一个女人，和一个小女孩

都长着金发。”

想到这些，终于忍不住，

失声痛哭起来，

这是无法抑制的——

“噢，神啊，我的妻子，我的孩子！”

6. “还有，”另一个垂死的士兵说，

“我再也看不到，

在佐治亚州平原，

我的爱人在等待着我：

一个小女孩，眼睛又黑又亮，

每天在门边等待听到；

爸爸的脚步，得到爸爸的亲吻，

她再也得不到这些了。

7. “今天我们要了对方的生命，

死亡把一切抹平了；

很快在仁慈的神的面前

我们会一起拜倒。

趁活着我们原谅彼此吧；

生命不过是个烦恼的游戏，

不论对错，当朝阳升起，

我们都已死去，一模一样。”

8. 嘴唇里互相说着原谅的话，

双手牵到一起；

晚霞渐渐消失，

天空繁星闪耀；

而一个金发的女孩，

和一个眼睛又黑又亮的少女，

在新罕布什尔山区和佐治亚平原

这个夜晚都没有了父亲！

---

(1) Sodden, *soaked*.

(2) Phantasy, *specter-like appearance*.

(3) Blent, *mingled together*.

(4) Tidings, *news*.

(5) Anguish, *deep distress*.

(6) Repressed, *kept back*.

(7) Pardon, *forgiveness*.

(8) Entwine, *clasp together*.



# LESSON 83

## THE ATTACK ON NYMWEGEN

### 袭击纳梅亨

**From "The History of the United Netherlands," by John Lothrop Motley, who was born in 1814, at Dorchester, Mass. He graduated at Harvard in 1831, and afterwards lived many years In Europe, writing the histories which made him famous. He died in 1877.**

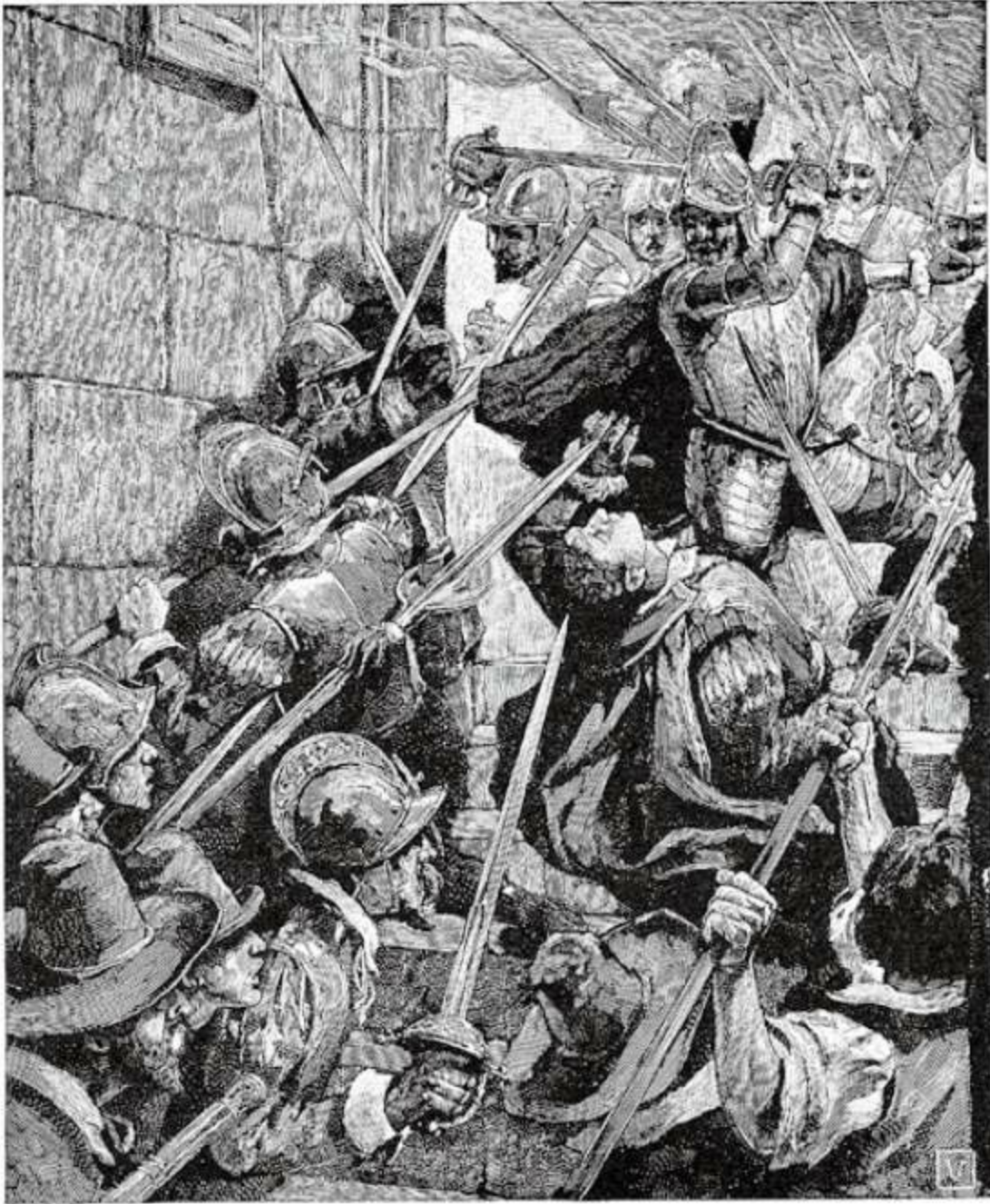
1. On the evening of the 10th of August, 1589, there was a wedding feast in one of the splendid mansions of the stately city. The festivities were prolonged until deep in the midsummer's night, and harp and viol were still inspiring the feet of the dancers, when on a sudden, in the midst of the holiday groups, appeared the grim visage of Martin Schenk, the man who never smiled.

2. Clad in no wedding garment, but in armor of proof, with morion<sup>(1)</sup> on head, and sword in hand, the great freebooter<sup>(2)</sup> strode heavily through the ballroom, followed by a party of those terrible musketeers<sup>(3)</sup> who never gave or asked for quarter<sup>(4)</sup>, while the affrighted revelers fluttered away before them.

3. Taking advantage of a dark night, he had just dropped down the river from his castle, with five and twenty barges, had landed with his most trusted soldiers in the foremost vessels, had battered down the gate of St. Anthony, and surprised and slain the guard.

4. Without waiting for the rest of his boats, he had then stolen with his comrades through the silent streets, and torn away the latticework, and other slight defenses on

the rear of the house which they had now entered, and through which they intended to possess themselves of the market place.



5. Martin had long since selected this mansion as a proper position for his enterprise, but he had not been bidden to the wedding, and was somewhat disconcerted when he found himself on the festive scene which he had so grimly interrupted.

6. Some of the merry-makers escaped from the house, and proceeded to alarm the town; while Schenk hastily fortified his position, and took possession of the square.

But the burghers<sup>(5)</sup> and garrison<sup>(6)</sup> were soon on foot, and he was driven back into the house.

7. Three times he recovered the square by main strength of his own arm, seconded by the handful of men whom he had brought with him, and three times he was beaten back by overwhelming numbers into the wedding mansion.

8. The arrival of the greater part of his followers, with whose assistance he could easily have mastered the city in the first moments of surprise, was mysteriously delayed. He could not account for their prolonged absence, and was meanwhile supported only by those who had arrived with him in the foremost barges.

9. The truth—of which he was ignorant—was, that the remainder of the flotilla<sup>(7)</sup>, borne along by the strong and deep current of the Waal, then in a state of freshet, had shot past the landing place, and had ever since been vainly struggling against wind and tide to force their way back to the necessary point.

10. Meantime Schenk and his followers fought desperately in the market place, and desperately in the house which he had seized. But a whole garrison, and a town full of citizens in arms proved too much for him, and he was now hotly besieged in the mansion, and at last driven forth into the streets.

11. By this time day was dawning, the whole population, soldiers and burghers, men, women, and children, were thronging about the little band of marauders<sup>(8)</sup>, and assailing them with every weapon and every missile to be found. Schenk fought with his usual ferocity, but at last the musketeers, in spite of his indignant commands, began rapidly to retreat toward the quay<sup>(9)</sup>.

12. In vain Martin stormed and cursed, in vain with his own hand he struck more than one of his soldiers dead. He was swept along with the panic-stricken band, and

when, shouting and gnashing his teeth with frenzy, he reached the quay at last, he saw at a glance why his great enterprise had failed.

13. The few empty barges of his own party were moored at the steps; the rest were half a mile off, contending hopelessly against the swollen and rapid Waal. Schenk, desperately wounded, was left almost alone upon the wharf, for his routed followers had plunged helter-skelter into the boats, several of which, overladen in the panic, sank at once, leaving the soldiers to drown or struggle with the waves.

14. The game was lost. Nothing was left the freebooter but retreat. Reluctantly turning his back on his enemies, now in full cry close behind him, Schenk sprang into the last remaining boat just pushing from the quay. Already overladen, it foundered<sup>(10)</sup> with his additional weight, and Martin Schenk, encumbered<sup>(11)</sup> with his heavy armor, sank at once to the bottom of the Waal.

15. Some of the fugitives succeeded in swimming down the stream, and were picked up by their comrades in the barges below the town, and so made their escape. Many were drowned with their captain. A few days afterward, the inhabitants of Nymwegen fished up the body of the famous partisan<sup>(12)</sup>. He was easily recognized by his armor, and by his truculent<sup>(13)</sup> face, still wearing the scowl with which he had last rebuked his followers.

## 【中文阅读】

选自《统一尼德兰史》，作者约翰·洛思罗普·莫特利，1814年生于马萨诸塞州多切斯特，1831年毕业于哈佛大学，在欧洲生活多年，以历史创作闻名，1877年去世。

1. 1589年8月10日夜，在这个伟大城市的一座富丽堂皇的大厦里正举办一场婚宴。庆祝活动一直持续到半夜，人们伴着竖琴和小提琴翩翩起舞，突然在庆祝的人群中出现了从来不笑的马丁·申克的阴冷面孔。

2. 他没穿礼服，而是穿着盔甲，手中拿着剑，这个著名的强盗步履沉重地穿过舞厅，身后跟着一队恐怖的火枪手，这些人从不要求得到或给予别人怜悯，受惊的狂欢者纷纷让路。

3. 乘着漆黑的夜色，二十五条驳船从他们的城堡顺流而下。他带着最亲信的士兵，来到了圣安东尼城，撞开城门，杀死了毫无准备的把守城门的卫兵。

4. 没等别的船上的人，他和他的战友悄悄穿过寂静的街道，破坏了屋后的栅栏等无足轻重的防御设施，进入了屋子，他们想据此占领市场。

5. 马丁一直想选这栋大厦作为行动的根据地，可是他没有收到婚礼邀请，当他发现自己冷酷地打断了庆祝婚礼的现场时也感到有点窘迫。

6. 一些寻欢作乐的人从房子里逃了出来，报了警，全城都知道了；申克急急忙忙地巩固他的根据地，并且占领了广场。可是居民和驻军很快站稳了脚跟，把他赶到房子里。

7. 凭借他自己的力量，和他带领的那一小部分人，他们三次收复了市场，可是三次又都被数量众多的居民和驻军打回到举办婚礼的大厦。

8. 如果他的大队人马到来，他们可以不费力气地突袭占领这个城市，可是他们竟然神秘地没有出现。他不知道他们为什么迟到，只能依靠先到的几只驳船的人进行抵抗。

9. 他不了解的真相是，他的船队顺着瓦尔河湍急的水流，在涨水的时候迅速驶过了登陆地点，而后又费力地逆风逆流向登陆地点行驶。

10. 同时申克和他的人在市场和房子里绝望地战斗。可是全体驻军和武装起来的居民人数实在太多了，他们被紧紧包围在大厦里，最终被赶到了街上。

11. 此时黎明已经到来，所有人，包括驻军和市民，男人、女人和孩子，紧紧困住了这一小撮海盗，用各种武器和所有能找到的投掷物向他们攻击。申克和往常一样凶猛作战，可是最后火枪手们已经不听他愤怒的命令了，开始迅速朝码头方向撤退。

12. 尽管马丁暴跳如雷，大声咒骂，还亲手杀死了几个随从，可是已经无济干事了。尽管他愤怒地大喊大叫，咬牙切齿，他的恐慌的随从还是裹带着他到达了码头，一眼他就明白了大队人马没赶到的原因。

13. 几只空驳船系在踏板上，其余的都在一英里以外漂浮着，无望地对抗着汹涌澎湃的瓦尔河。码头上几乎只剩下重伤之下的申克一人，溃败的随从匆匆忙忙一头扎进小船，仓惶中由于分量太重，几艘船立刻沉了下去，士兵们或被淹死或在波涛里挣扎着。

14. 游戏失败了，强盗们只得撤退。申克不情愿地转过身，背对身后大声叫喊的人们，跃入仅存的最后一只小船。小船已经超重，再加上他的体重，立刻沉了下去，而申克由于浑身穿着甲冑，立刻沉入了瓦尔河底。15. 一些人顺流游到了下游，被停靠在下流的同伙救起，成功逃跑了。很多人和他们的首领一起葬身水中。几天后，纳梅亨的居民打捞出来这个著名的强盗的尸体。从甲冑和他阴冷的面孔上很容易辨认他，他还带着责骂手下时的满脸怒容。



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- (1) Morion, *a kind of helmet.*
  - (2) Freebooter, *one who plunders.*
  - (3) Musketeer, *a soldier armed with a musket.*
  - (4) Quarter, *mercy.*
  - (5) Burghers, *inhabitants of a town.*
  - (6) Garrison, *troops stationed in a fort or town.*
  - (7) Flotilla, *a fleet of small vessels.*
  - (8) Marauders, *plunderers.*
  - (9) Quay, *a wharf.*
  - (10) Foundered, *sank.*
  - (11) Encumbered, *weighed down.*
  - (12) Partisan, *a commander of a body of roving troops.*
  - (13) Truculent, *fierce.*

# LESSON 84

## THE SEASONS

### 四 季

#### I. SPRING

**H. G. Adams, an English writer, has compiled two volumes of poetical quotations, and is the author of several volumes of original poems. The following is from the "Story of the Seasons."**

A bursting into greenness;

A waking as from sleep;

A twitter and a warble

That make the pulses leap:

A watching, as in childhood,

For the flowers that, one by one,

Open their golden petals<sup>(1)</sup>

To woo the fitful sun.

A gust, a flash, a gurgle,

A wish to shout and sing,



As, filled with hope and gladness,

We hail the vernal<sup>(2)</sup> Spring.

## II. SUMMER

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed<sup>(3)</sup> away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.

We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back

For other couriers<sup>(4)</sup> we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty<sup>(5)</sup> crowing.

—Lowell

### III. AUTUMN

**Thomas Hood, author of the following selection, was born in 1798, at London, where he was editor of the "London Magazine," and died in 1845. He is best known as a humorist, but some of his poems are full of tender feeling.**

The autumn is old;

The sear<sup>(6)</sup> leaves are flying;

He hath gathered up gold

And now he is dying:

Old age, begin sighing!

The year's in the wane<sup>(7)</sup>;

There is nothing adorning;

The night has no eve,

And the day has no morning;

Cold winter gives warning.

#### IV. WINTER

**Charles T. Brooks translated the following selection from the original by the German poet, Ludwig Holty. Mr. Brooks was born at Salem, Mass., in 1813. After graduation at Harvard he entered the ministry. He translated much from the German, both of poetry and prose. He died in 1883.**

Now no plumed throng

Charms the wood with song;

Icebound trees are glittering;

Merry snowbirds, twittering,

Fondly strive to cheer

Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see

Many charms in thee,—

Love thy chilly greeting,

Snowstorms fiercely beating,

And the dear delights

Of the long, long nights.

# 【中文阅读】

## 1. 春

作者H·G·亚当斯，英国作家，编辑过两卷诗集，也创作过几卷诗歌。以下诗歌选自《季节的故事》。

一片生机勃勃的绿，  
就像刚刚从睡梦中苏醒，  
鸟儿发出啁啾的鸣叫，  
让我的脉搏跳动。

仍然像孩童时候一样，  
看着鲜花一朵朵，  
绽放着金色的花瓣，  
好像在追求日光。

微风袭人，泉水淙淙。  
我们多么想大声呼唤和歌唱，  
我们呼唤春天来了，

心中充满了希望和喜悦。

## 2. 夏

夏天是一年的高峰，  
不论生命曾经消逝，  
都已奔回，像荡漾的水波，  
充满了干涸的河流和小溪。  
即使闭上双眼，我也知道，  
天空清澈，小草茂盛，  
微风似在耳语，  
蒲公英也在绽放，  
玉米长出新芽，小河欢快流淌，  
河水比天还蓝，  
知更鸟也在忙着筑巢，  
如果微风不把好消息送来，  
我们能猜出来，

我们也不乏其他信使，

牛犊哞哞叫着，

雄鸡像饮了新酒，

啼叫声多么嘹亮。

### 3. 秋

以下部分作者托马斯·胡德，1798年生于伦敦，曾任《伦敦杂志》编辑，1845年去世，是广为人知的幽默作家，他的一些诗歌感情细腻。

晚秋已经到来，

叶子也枯萎了，到处飞扬，

曾经是绚丽的金秋，

现在却走向死亡，

像老年人一样唏嘘着！

一年已快到头了，

大自然也不再点缀，

夜晚时黄昏很短，

白天也没有清晨，

冬天已经在逼近了。

#### 4. 冬

以下选自布鲁克斯翻译的德国诗人霍尔蒂的诗歌。布鲁克斯于1813年生于马萨诸塞州的萨勒姆镇，哈佛毕业后成为牧师。他由德语翻译了很多诗歌和散文，1883年去世。

不再有人群佩戴羽饰，

在树林中欢快地歌唱，

树已结冰，闪着微光；

快乐的雪鸟欢快歌唱，

天真地要把士气鼓舞，

到处依然严寒和荒凉。

我却能从冬天里看到，

冬天无穷无尽的魅力，

当清晨寒气扑面而来，



当暴雪猛烈敲打窗户，  
即使长长的冬日夜晚，  
也有一种亲切的喜悦。

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- (1) Petals, *the colored leaves of flowers*
- (2) Vernal, *belonging to spring.*
- (3) Ebbed, *flowed back, receded.*
- (4) Courier, *a messenger.*
- (5) Lusty, *strong, vigorous, healthful.*
- (6) Sear, *dry, withered.*
- (7) Wane, *decrease, decline.*

# LESSON 85

## BRANDYWINE FORD

### 白兰地酒河浅滩

**Bayard Taylor was born at Kennett Square, Penn., in 1825. He received a limited school education, but at an early age displayed great energy and talent. He was a great traveler, and a fluent, graceful writer, both of prose and verse. Mr. Taylor held high official positions under the government. The following selection is adapted from "The Story of Kennett," He died in 1878.**

1. The black, dreary night, seemed interminable<sup>(1)</sup>. He could only guess, here and there, at a landmark, and was forced to rely more upon Roger's instinct of the road than upon the guidance of his senses. Toward midnight, as he judged, by the solitary crow of a cock, the rain almost entirely ceased.

2. The wind began to blow sharp and keen, and the hard vault of the sky to lift a little. He fancied that the hills on his right had fallen away, and that the horizon was suddenly depressed<sup>(2)</sup> towards the north. Roger's feet began to splash in constantly deepening water, and presently a roar, distinct from that of the wind, filled the air.

3. It was the Brandywine. The stream had overflowed its broad meadow bottoms, and was running high and fierce beyond its main channel. The turbid<sup>(3)</sup> waters made a dim, dusky gleam around him; soon the fences disappeared, and the flood reached to his horse's body.

4. But he knew that the ford could be distinguished by the break in the fringe of timber; moreover, that the creek bank was a little higher than the meadows behind it,

and so far, at least, he might venture. The ford was not more than twenty yards across, and he could trust Roger to swim that distance.

5. The faithful animal pressed bravely on, but Gilbert soon noticed that he seemed at fault. The swift water had forced him out of the road, and he stopped from time to time, as if anxious and uneasy. The timber could now be discerned<sup>(4)</sup>, only a short distance in advance, and in a few minutes they would gain the bank.

6. What was that? A strange, rustling, hissing sound, as of cattle trampling through dry reeds,—a sound which quivered and shook, even in the breath of the hurrying wind! Roger snorted, stood still, and trembled in every limb; and a sensation of awe and terror struck a chill through Gilbert's heart. The sound drew swiftly nearer, and became a wild, seething<sup>(5)</sup> roar, filling the whole breadth of the valley.

7. "The dam! the dam!" cried Gilbert, "the dam has given way!" He turned Roger's head, gave him the rein, struck, spurred, cheered, and shouted. The brave beast struggled through the impeding<sup>(6)</sup> flood, but the advance wave of the coming inundation<sup>(7)</sup> already touched his side. He staggered; a line of churning foam bore down upon them, the terrible roar was all around and over them, and horse and rider were whirled away.

8. What happened during the first few seconds, Gilbert could never distinctly recall. Now they were whelmed in the water, now riding its careering tide, torn through the tops of brushwood, jostled by floating logs and timbers of the dam, but always, as it seemed, remorselessly held in the heart of the tumult and the ruin.

9. He saw at last that they had fallen behind the furious onset<sup>(8)</sup> of the flood, but Roger was still swimming with it, desperately throwing up his head from time to time, and snorting the water from his nostrils. All his efforts to gain a foothold failed; his strength was nearly spent, and unless some help should come in a few minutes it

would come in vain. And in the darkness, and the rapidity with which they were borne along, how should help come?

10. All at once Roger's course stopped. He became an obstacle to the flood, which pressed him against some other obstacle below, and rushed over horse and rider. Thrusting out his hand, Gilbert felt the rough bark of a tree. Leaning towards it, and clasping the log in his arms, he drew himself from the saddle, while Roger, freed from his burden, struggled into the current and instantly disappeared.

11. As nearly as Gilbert could ascertain, several timbers, thrown over each other, had lodged, probably upon a rocky islet in the stream, the uppermost one projecting slantingly out of the flood. It required all his strength to resist the current which sucked, and whirled, and tugged at his body, and to climb high enough to escape its force, without overbalancing his support. At last, though still half immersed<sup>(9)</sup>, he found himself comparatively safe for a time, yet as far as ever from a final rescue.

12. Yet a new danger now assailed him, from the increasing cold. There was already a sting of frost, a breath of ice, in the wind. In another hour the sky was nearly swept bare of clouds, and he could note the lapse<sup>(10)</sup> of the night by the sinking of the moon. But he was by this time hardly in a condition to note anything more.

## 【中文阅读】

贝亚德·泰勒，1825年生于宾夕法尼亚州的肯尼特斯奎尔。他接受了有限的学校教育，但在早年就展现了惊人的能量和天赋。他是伟大的旅行家，文字流畅优美，散文和诗歌都很擅长。泰勒在政府中担任重要职务。以下改写自《肯尼特的故事》。他于1878年去世。

1. 漆黑单调的夜似乎没有止境。所经过的地方，他只能通过路标作出推测，甚至更多地依靠罗杰的本能来认路。临近半夜，他听到了一声鸡鸣，心想雨快停了。

2. 寒风刺骨，天空开阔了一点。他感到右侧的山峦变远了，地平线也向北方移动。罗杰的蹄子在深水里溅起水花，突然，和四周的风声完全不同的咆哮声传来。

3. 这里是白兰地酒河。河水已经漫过宽广的低洼地带，漫过了主河道。四周浑浊的水闪烁着暗淡的光；围栏很快就看不见了，水涨到了马的身体。

4. 但他知道还是可以通过围栏的缝隙分辨出浅滩来。此外，河岸比低洼处高，他可以涉险过去。浅滩只有二十码宽，罗杰一定能游过去。

5. 忠实的罗杰奋力地向前游，可是吉尔伯特很快注意到他似乎犯了错误。迅速上涨的河水迫使他离开了公路，必须不时停下来，显得急迫和不安。可以看到，围栏就在前方不远，几分钟后就能到河岸了。

6. 那是什么？一种奇怪的嘶嘶的声音传来，就像牛群踩过芦苇丛的声音，即使是在风里，这声音也令人震颤！罗杰打了个响鼻，一动不动，四肢发抖；一丝敬畏使吉尔伯特心寒。声音迅速靠近，变成了翻腾的咆哮声，响彻山谷。

7. “大坝！大坝！”吉尔伯特叫了起来，“大坝决口了！”他转向罗杰的头，抓住缰绳用力拍打、喊叫、给马加油。勇敢的罗杰在洪水中奋力挣扎，可是洪水已经涨到了马的身体。马踉跄了一下；洪水夹杂着漩涡和泡沫袭来，四周都是洪水的咆哮声，马和骑手被卷走了。

8. 吉尔伯特无法清楚记得最初几秒发生了什么。他们一会被洪水淹没，一会又被冲到奔腾的浪尖，有时水底的灌木撕扯着身体，有时被水中漂浮的木材撞得东倒西歪，就这样困在了无情的洪水和杂物中间。

9. 虽然洪峰把他们落在后面，罗杰仍然绝望地游着，不时探头从鼻孔喷出水。他想找到落脚地，可是他的努力都失败了；他几乎用尽了力气，除非几分钟后有人来救援，否则一切都是徒劳。可是天又黑洪水又急，怎么会有人救援呢？

10. 吉尔伯特突然感到身体下方有一股力量在吸引他的身体，因此停了下来。他费力向外伸出手，摸到了粗糙的树干。他向树靠近，双臂抱住树干，离开了马鞍，同时罗杰由于减少了分量，被奔腾的洪流冲走，立刻消失了。

11. 正如吉尔伯特想到的，几根木材摞在一起，堆在水中一处小岛上，最上面那根倾斜着伸出水面。他使出全身力气对抗着吸引他的漩涡，向更高处爬才躲开，又避免抱住的大树失去平衡。最后，尽管半个身体还在水里，但他发现自己相对安全了，可是离最后获救仍然很遥远。

12. 这时新的危险袭来，水越来越冷。风也带着寒霜和冰的气息。一个小时后，天空中乌云被吹散了，从正在落山的月亮知道夜晚即将过去。可是他这时已经没法注意更多东西了。

- (2) Depressed, *lowered*.
- (3) Turbid, *muddy*.
- (4) Discerned, *made out, distinguished*.
- (5) Seething, *boiling, bubbling*.
- (6) Impeding, *hindering, obstructing*.
- (7) Inundation, *a flood*.
- (8) Onset, *a rushing upon, attack*.
- (9) Immersed, *plunged under a liquid*.
- (10) Lapse, *a gradual passing away*.

# LESSON 86

## BRANDYWINE FORD (CNCLUDED)

### 白兰地酒河浅滩(结束篇)

1. The moon was low in the west, and there was a pale glimmer of the coming dawn in the sky, when Gilbert Potter suddenly raised his head. Above the noise of the water and the whistle of the wind, he heard a familiar sound,—the shrill, sharp neigh of a horse. Lifting himself with great exertion, to a sitting posture, he saw two men, on horseback, in the flooded meadow, a little below him. They stopped, seemed to consult, and presently drew nearer.

2. Gilbert tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat were stiff, and his lungs refused to act. The horse neighed again. This time there was no mistake; it was Roger that he heard! Voice came to him, and he cried aloud,—a hoarse, strange, unnatural cry.

The horsemen heard it, and rapidly pushed up the bank, until they reached a point directly opposite to him. The prospect<sup>(1)</sup> of escape brought a thrill of life to his frame; he looked around and saw that the flood had indeed fallen.

3. "We have no rope," he heard one of the men say. "How shall we reach him?"

"There is no time to get one now," the other answered. "My horse is stronger than yours. I'll go into the creek just below, where it's broader and not so deep, and work my way up to him."

"But one horse can't carry both."

"His will follow, be sure, when it sees me."



4. As the last speaker moved away, Gilbert saw a led horse plunging through the water beside the other. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The horseman and the loose horse entered the main stream below, where its divided channel met and broadened, but it was still above the saddle girths, and very swift.

5. Sometimes the animals plunged, losing their foothold; nevertheless, they gallantly breasted<sup>(2)</sup> the current, and inch by inch worked their way to a point about six feet below Gilbert. It seemed impossible to approach nearer.

"Can you swim?" asked the man.

Gilbert shook his head. "Throw me the end of Roger's bridle!" he then cried.

6. The man unbuckled the bridle and threw it, keeping the end of the rein in his hand. Gilbert tried to grasp it, but his hands were too numb<sup>(3)</sup>. He managed, however, to get one arm and his head through the opening, and relaxed<sup>(4)</sup> his hold on the log.

7. A plunge, and the man had him by the collar. He felt himself lifted by a strong arm and laid across Roger's saddle. With his failing strength and stiff limbs, it was no slight task to get into place; and the return, though less laborious to the horses, was equally dangerous, because Gilbert was scarcely able to support himself without help.

"You're safe now," said the man, when they reached the bank, "but it's a downright mercy of God that you're alive!"

8. The other horseman joined them, and they rode slowly across the flooded meadow. They had both thrown their cloaks around Gilbert, and carefully steadied him in the saddle, one on each side. He was too much exhausted to ask how they had found him, or whither they were taking him,—too numb for curiosity, almost for gratitude.

9. "Here's your savior!" said one of the men, patting Roger's shoulder. "It was through him that we found you. Do you wish to know how? Well—about three o'clock it was, maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later, my wife woke me up. 'Do you hear that?' she said.

10. "I listened and heard a horse in the lane before the door, neighing,—I can't tell you exactly how it was,—as though he would call up the house. It was rather queer, I thought, so I got up and looked out of the window, and it seemed to me he had a saddle on. He stamped, and pawed, and then he gave another neigh, and stamped again.

11. "Said I to my wife, 'There is something wrong here,' and I dressed and went out. When he saw me, he acted in the strangest way you ever saw; thought I, if ever an animal wanted to speak, that animal does. When I tried to catch him, he shot off, ran down the lane a bit, and then came back acting as strangely as ever.

12. "I went into the house and woke up my brother, here, and we saddled our horses and started. Away went yours ahead, stopping every minute to look around and see if we followed. When we came to the water I rather hesitated, but it was of no use; the horse would have us go on and on, till we found you. I never heard of such a thing before, in all my life." Gilbert did not speak, but two large tears slowly gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The men saw his emotion<sup>(5)</sup>, and respected it.

13. In the light of the cold, keen dawn, they reached a snug farmhouse, a mile from the Brandywine. The men lifted Gilbert from the saddle, and would have carried him immediately into the house, but he first leaned upon Roger's neck, took the faithful creature's head in his arms, and kissed it.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 月已西斜，空中闪烁着清晨的微光，吉尔伯特·波特突然抬起头。在风的呼啸和水声中，他听到了一个熟悉的声音——马的嘶鸣。费力地撑身坐起，他看到在已被洪水淹没的低洼地里有两个人骑在马上。他们停了下来，商量着什么，很快向他靠拢。

2. 吉尔伯特想要喊叫，可是喉部肌肉僵硬，发不出声。马又发出了一声嘶鸣。没错，是罗杰！他终于可以发出声音了，他大声喊叫——声音嘶哑、奇怪，极其自然。

骑马的人听到声音，迅速上了河岸，来到和他正相对的一个地方。获救的前景使他兴奋起来；看看四周，洪水确实已经退了。

3. “我们没有绳子，”他听到其中一个人说，“我们怎么才能够到他呢？”

“没有时间取绳子了，”另一个人回答，“我的马比你的健壮。我去稍微靠下的河里，那里宽一些，水也不太深，我争取靠近他。”

“可是一匹马驮不了两个人。”

“他的马会跟来，我敢肯定，它看到我时就会跟来的。”

4. 后一个说话的人走过去，吉尔伯特看到一匹灰马趟着水，走在另一匹马旁边。非常艰难而且危险。骑手和马进入了下方河流的主干，这里两股水渠相交，河流变宽，可是水仍高过马的腹带，而且水流很急。

5. 有时马踩空，失去平衡；尽管如此，他们仍勇敢地面对洪水，一寸寸地来到了距离吉尔伯特六英尺的地方。不可能更靠近了。

“你还能游吗？”那个人说。

吉尔伯特摇了摇头。“扔给我罗杰的缰绳！”他大喊道。

6. 那个人解开马的缰绳，扔了过来。吉尔伯特试图抓住另一端，可他的手麻木了。最后他终于让一只胳膊和头穿过缰绳的圆孔，放开了一直抱着的树干。

7. 向前一跨步，那个人抓住了他的衣领。他感到一只强有力的手把他提了起来，放到了罗杰的鞍子上。由于他力气丧失，手脚麻木，坐稳可不容易；回程不那么费力，也同样危险，因为如果没人帮忙，吉尔伯特无法坐稳。

“你现在安全了，”到河岸时那个人说，“全是上帝的怜悯，你还活着！”

8. 另一个骑手走过来，他们缓慢骑过低洼地。他们都把外衣给吉尔伯特披上，一边一个，小心地扶着他。他太疲劳了，无法询问他们是如何找到他的，要到哪儿去——身体都冻麻木了，顾不上好奇和表达感激之情。

9. “这是你的救命恩人！”一个骑手拍着罗杰的肩说，“我们是通过他找到你的。想知道怎么回事吗？好的——大约三点钟的时候，或许更早或更晚一点，我的妻子叫醒我，说，‘听到了吗？’

10. “我听到门前马嘶鸣的声音，——我无法准确地告诉你是什么样的声音，他好像要叫醒我们全家。非常奇怪，我想，因此我起床，朝窗外看去，马上似乎有马鞍。他跺着蹄子，抓着地，又叫了一声，然后又跺着蹄子。

11. “我对我的妻子说，‘一定出了什么事，’便穿好衣服，出去了。当他看见我时，他的动作很奇怪。我想，如果动物想说话，这匹马一定是想要说话。当我要抓他的时候，他飞跑起来，然后返回来，动作和原来一样奇怪。

12. “我进屋叫醒我的兄弟，我们给马备了鞍，出发了，你的马走在前面，每隔一会回头看看我们是不是跟着。来到水边时，我犹豫了，可是没用；这马就是让我们不断往前走，直到发现了你。我以前从没听到过这种事儿。”吉尔伯特没说话，可是双眼含泪，泪水顺着脸颊流了下来。两个人看到他动了感情，都很敬重他。

13. 在清晨寒冷的阳光中，他们来到了一个温暖舒适的农宅，离白兰地酒河一英里远。两个人把吉尔伯特从马鞍上抱起来，要立刻把他送进屋子里，可是他先是靠在了罗杰的脖子上，双臂抱住马的头，亲了一下。

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(1) Prospect, *ground or reason for hoping, anticipation.*

(2) Breasted, *opposed courageously.*

(3) Numb, *without the power of feeling or motion.*

(4) Relaxed, *loosened.*

(5) Emotion, *excited feeling, agitation.*

# LESSON 87

## THE BEST CAPITAL

### 最好的资本

**Louisa May Alcott was born at Germantown, Pa., in 1833, and, among other works, wrote many beautiful stories for children. During the Civil War she was a hospital nurse at Washington. The following selection is adapted from "Little Men." She died in 1888.**

1. One would have said that modest John Brooke, in his busy, quiet, humble life, had had little time to make friends; but now they seemed to start up everywhere,—old and young, rich and poor, high and low; for all unconsciously his influence had made itself widely felt, his virtues were remembered, and his hidden charities rose up to bless him.

2. The group about his coffin was a far more eloquent eulogy<sup>(1)</sup> than any that man could utter. There were the rich men whom he had served faithfully for years; the poor old women whom he cherished<sup>(2)</sup> with his little store, in memory of his mother; the wife to whom he had given such happiness that death could not mar it utterly; the brothers and sisters in whose hearts he had made a place forever; the little son and daughter who already felt the loss of his strong arm and tender voice; the young children, sobbing for their kindest playmate, and the tall lads, watching with softened faces a scene which they never could forget.

3. That evening, as the Plumfield boys sat on the steps, as usual, in the mild September moonlight, they naturally fell to talking of the event of the day.

Emil began by breaking out in his impetuous way, "Uncle Fritz is the wisest, and Uncle Laurie the jolliest, but Uncle John was the best; and I'd rather be like him than any man I ever saw."

4. "So would I. Did you hear what those gentlemen said to Grandpa to-day? I would like to have that said of me when I was dead;" and Franz felt with regret that he had not appreciated<sup>(3)</sup> Uncle John enough.

"What did they say?" asked Jack, who had been much impressed by the scenes of the day.

5. "Why, one of the partners of Mr. Laurence, where Uncle John has been ever so long, was saying that he was conscientious<sup>(4)</sup> almost to a fault as a business man, and above reproach in all things. Another gentleman said no money could repay the fidelity and honesty with which Uncle John had served him, and then Grandpa told them the best of all.

6. "Uncle John once had a place in the office of a man who cheated, and when this man wanted uncle to help him do it, uncle wouldn't, though he was offered a big salary. The man was angry, and said, 'You will never get on in business with such strict principles;' and uncle answered back, 'I never will try to get on without them,' and left the place for a much harder and poorer one."

7. "Good!" cried several of the boys warmly, for they were in the mood<sup>(5)</sup> to understand and value the little story as never before.

"He wasn't rich, was he?" asked Jack.

"No."

"He never did anything to make a stir in the world, did he?"

"No."

"He was only good?"

"That's all;" and Franz found himself wishing that Uncle John had done something to boast of, for it was evident that Jack was disappointed by his replies.

8. "Only good. That is all and everything," said Uncle Fritz, who had overheard the last few words, and guessed what was going on in the minds of the lads.

"Let me tell you a little about John Brooke, and you will see why men honor him, and why he was satisfied to be good rather than rich or famous. He simply did his duty in all things, and did it so cheerfully, so faithfully, that it kept him patient, brave, and happy, through poverty and loneliness and years of hard work.

9. "He was a good son, and gave up his own plans to stay and live with his mother while she needed him. He was a good friend, and taught your Uncle Laurie much beside his Greek and Latin, did it unconsciously, perhaps, by showing him an example of an upright man.

10. "He was a faithful servant, and made himself so valuable to those who employed him that they will find it hard to fill his place. He was a good husband and father, so tender, wise, and thoughtful, that Laurie and I learned much of him, and only knew how well he loved his family when we discovered all he had done for them, unsuspected and unassisted."

11. Uncle Fritz stopped a minute, and the boys sat like statues in the moonlight until he went on again, in a subdued<sup>(6)</sup> and earnest voice: "As he lay dying, I said to him, 'Have no care for your wife and the little ones; I will see that they never want.' Then he smiled and pressed my hand, and answered, in his cheerful way, 'No need of that; I have cared for them.'



12. "And so he had, for when we looked among his papers, all was in order,—not a debt remained; and safely put away was enough to keep his wife comfortable and independent<sup>(7)</sup>. Then we knew why he had lived so plainly, denied himself so many pleasures, except that of charity, and worked so hard that I fear he shortened his good life.

13. "He never asked help for himself, though often for others, but bore his own burden and worked out his own task bravely and quietly. No one can say a word of complaint against him, so just and generous and kind was he; and now, when he is gone, all find so much to love and praise and honor, that I am proud to have been his friend, and would rather leave my children the legacy<sup>(8)</sup> he leaves his than the largest fortune ever made.

14. "Yes! simple, genuine goodness is the best capital<sup>(9)</sup> to found the business of this life upon. It lasts when fame and money fail, and is the only riches we can take out of this world with us. Remember that, my boys; and, if you want to earn respect and confidence and love, follow in the footsteps of John Brooke."

## 【中文阅读】

路易莎·梅·奥尔科特，1833年生于宾夕法尼亚州杰曼镇，除了其他作品，还写过一些优美的儿童故事。内战时期，她在华盛顿担任护士。以下改写自《小男子汉》。她于1888年去世。

1. 有人可能会说诚实的约翰·布鲁克，忙碌、安静、卑微的一生中很少有时间交朋友；可是现在他的朋友似乎无处不在，——老人和孩子，富人和穷人，高个儿和矮个儿；所有人不知不觉都感受到了他的影响，人们记起了他的美德，他默默的善行也带给他祝福。

2. 棺木旁的人群比颂词更流畅。有他忠实服务过的富人；有他用自己的小店照顾过的贫困老妇人，他这么做是为了怀念他的母亲；有他的妻子，他带给她的幸福死亡也带不走；有他的兄弟姐妹，他们在心里永远怀念他；有他的儿女，他们感到失去了强有力的臂膀和亲切的声音；小孩子们因为失去了一个玩伴而啜泣，大一点的孩子神色温和地看着这永远难忘的情景。

3. 当晚，梅园的男孩子们像往常一样坐在台阶上，九月的月光照射下来，他们自然谈起这天发生的事情。

急切的埃米尔抢先说话：“弗里茨舅舅最有智慧，劳里舅舅最快活，可是约翰舅舅最好；我宁愿做像他一样的人。”

4. “我也是。你们听到今天那些绅士们对祖母说的话了吗？我真希望我死的时候别人也这么说我。”弗兰斯遗憾地觉得自己以前对约翰舅舅敬仰得不够。

“他们说什么了？”杰克问，今天的情景给杰克留下了深刻的印象。

5. “嗯，劳伦斯先生的一个合伙人和约翰舅舅共事过很长时间，他说他作为商

人的责任心几乎到了挑剔的程度，他做的所有事情都无可指责。另一个商人说任何金钱都无法酬报约翰舅舅服务的忠诚和诚实，然后祖母讲了约翰舅舅做的一件了不起的事。”

6. “约翰舅舅曾经在某个人的公司做事，那个人做了骗人的事，当他让舅舅帮助他骗人的时候，舅舅拒绝了，尽管他许诺给他很高的薪水。那个人很难生气，说，‘你这么有原则性，在生意上不会取得成功的；’舅舅回答他说，‘我永远不会通过骗人取得成功。’后来舅舅离开了那儿，从事了一份更艰苦收入更少的工作。”

7. “太棒了！”几个男孩热情地叫了起来，因为他们了解这个小故事的价值。

“他不是富人，是吗？”杰克问。

“不是。”

“他从来没有做过什么惊天动地的事，是吗？”

“没做过。”

“他只是一个好人？”

“完全如此！”弗兰斯此时知道自己希望约翰舅舅做过什么值得吹嘘的事，杰克对他的回答显然有些失望。

8. “只是个好人，这是最重要的。”弗里茨舅舅说。他无意中听到了最后几句话，猜到了孩子们心里想着什么。“让我告诉你们一点约翰·布鲁克的事，你们就会看到为什么人们尊敬他，为什么他宁愿做个好人，而不是富人、名人。他只是热情地、诚心诚意地尽自己的一切义务，这使他尽管贫困、孤独、多年辛劳却仍然充满耐心、勇气和幸福。

9. “他是个好儿子，放弃了自己的计划，为了和需要自己的母亲在一起生活。他是个好朋友，除了教劳里舅舅希腊文和拉丁文，还不知不觉地教给他很多东

西，或者是通过自身的榜样告诉他怎样做一个正直的人。

10. “他是个忠实的仆人，为雇主创造价值，他们感到他是不可代替的。他是个好丈夫和好父亲，亲切、有智慧、体贴周到，劳里和我从他身上学到了很多，当我们发现他独自默默地为家人所做的一切后，我们知道了他是多么爱他的家人。”

11. 弗里茨舅舅停了一会，月光下，孩子们像雕像一样坐着，他继续说道，声音低沉而认真：“当他临死前躺在床上，我对他说，‘不要担心你的妻子和孩子；我会照顾他们，让他们什么也不少。’他笑了，按住我的手，用他一贯热情的方式答道，‘不用了，我已经替他们安排好了。’”

12. “他确实安排好了，当我们查看他的遗嘱的时候，一切井井有条——没有债务，他的积蓄足够让他的妻子过上舒适而独立的生活。我们这才知道他为什么过那么简朴的生活，一点快乐都不享受，除非是为了慈善，而且那么努力工作，我感觉他缩短了自己的寿命。

13. “他从来不为自己求人，却常常为了他人向人求助，他承担自己的担子，勇敢、安静地完成自己的工作。没人对他有一句怨言，他是那么公正、慷慨和善良；现在，他走了，人们发现他是那么值得爱、赞扬和尊敬，我很骄傲曾经是他的朋友，我宁愿把他留给他的孩子的遗产留给我的孩子，而不是很多金钱。

14. “是的！简单、真诚的善良就是奠定这一生的最好资本。当名誉和金钱消失的时候，它依然存在，它是我们能从这个世界带走的唯一财富。记住，孩子们；如果你想要赢得尊敬、信心和爱，就要踩着布鲁克舅舅的脚印走。”

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(1) Eulogy, a speech or writing in praise of the character of a person.

- (2) Cherished, *supported, nurtured with care.*
- (3) Appreciated, *valued justly.*
- (4) Conscientious, *governed by a strict regard to the rules of right and wrong.*
- (5) Mood, *state of mind, disposition.*
- (6) Subdued, *reduced to tenderness, softened.*
- (7) Independent, *not relying on others.*
- (8) Legacy, *a gift by will, a bequest.*
- (9) Capital, *stock employed in any business.*

# LESSON 88

## THE INCHCAPE ROCK<sup>(1)</sup>

### 印奇开普暗礁

**Robert Southey was a celebrated English poet, born in 1774, who once held the honorable position of poet laureate. He wrote a great deal both in prose and verse. He died in 1843.**

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,

The ship was as still as she could be,

Her sails from heaven received no motion,

Her keel<sup>(2)</sup> was steady in the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of their shock

The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock<sup>(3)</sup>;

So little they rose, so little they fell,

They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;

On a buoy<sup>(4)</sup> in the storm it floated and swung,

And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the Rock was hid by the surges'<sup>(5)</sup> swell,

The mariners heard the warning bell;

And then they knew the perilous Rock,

And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

5. The sun in heaven was shining gay,

All things were joyful on that day;

The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,

And there was joyance<sup>(6)</sup> in their sound.

6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen

A darker speck on the ocean green;

Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,

And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7. He felt the cheering power of spring,

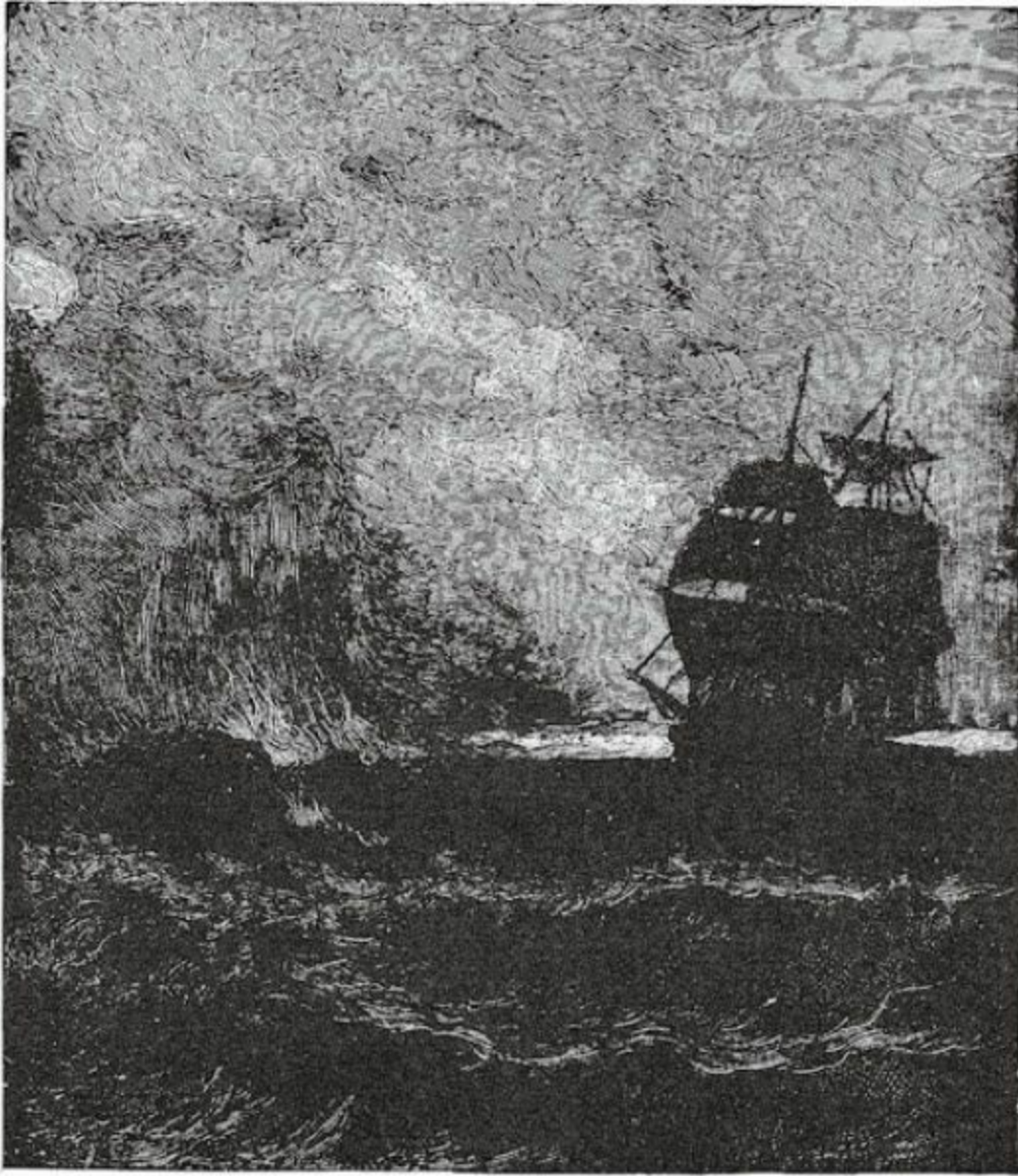
It made him whistle, it made him sing;

His heart was mirthful to excess,

But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float;

Quoth he, "My men put out the boat,



And row me to the Inchcape Rock,

And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,

And to the Inchcape Rock they go;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,

And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.



10. Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,

The bubbles rose and burst around;

Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,

Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,

He scoured<sup>(7)</sup> the seas for many a day;

And now grown rich with plundered store<sup>(8)</sup>,

He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky

They can not see the sun on high;

The wind hath blown a gale all day,

At evening it hath died away.

13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand,

So dark it is they see no land.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,

For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?

For methinks<sup>(9)</sup> we should be near the shore."

"Now where we are I can not tell,

But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound, the swell is strong;

Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:

Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,

He curst himself in his despair;

The waves rush in on every side,

The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

17. But even in his dying fear

One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,

A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell

The fiends<sup>(10)</sup> below were ringing his knell<sup>(11)</sup>.

# 【中文阅读】

罗伯特·骚塞，英国著名诗人，生于1774年，有桂冠诗人的荣誉，他写过大量的散文和诗歌，于1843年去世。

1. 空中无风，海面平静，

帆一动不动，

船也一动不动，

稳稳停在海里。

2. 波涛无声无息地流淌，

流淌过印奇开普暗礁，

波浪缓缓起伏，

印奇开普钟不摇不晃。

3. 善良的老艾伯布洛索克修道院长

把钟挂在印奇开普暗礁一个浮标上，

暴风雨来时就会摇晃，

发出声响。

4. 当波涛涌起遮蔽了暗礁，

船员们仍会听到钟的响声；

他们知道致命的暗礁的位置，

全都祝福艾伯布洛索克修道院长。

5. 空中照耀着明亮的太阳，

这天一切都那么令人喜悦，

海鸟盘旋发出尖叫，

声音中也充满欢畅。

6. 在泛绿的大海上，

印奇开普暗礁的浮标只是个黑点；

海盗拉尔夫在甲板上踱步，

目光盯在了那个黑点上。

7. 他感到春天使人振奋的力量，

这令他吹响口哨唱起歌；

他的心充满快乐，

可是海盗的快乐是邪恶。

8. 注视着印奇开普浮标，

他说，“我的人放下小船，

送我到印奇开普暗礁，

我要让艾伯布洛索克修道院长烦恼。”

9. 小船放下，船员摇桨，

他们到了印奇开普暗礁；

海盗拉尔夫从船上弯腰，

从印奇开普浮标把钟砍掉。

10. 钟沉入大海，汩汩做响

泡沫升起又破裂，

海盗拉尔夫说，“下一个人到暗礁，

不会再祝福艾伯布洛索克修道院长了。”

11. 海盗拉尔夫的船驶离暗礁，

在海上飘荡了很多天；

抢劫的财物使他变富了，

他把船驶向苏格兰海岸。

12. 浓雾布满了大海，

不能看到空中的太阳；

大风刮了一整天，

夜晚平息了。

13. 海盗站在甲板上，

一片漆黑看不见陆地。

海盗拉尔夫说，“很快会亮些，

月亮开始出现了。”

14. 一个船员说，“听到波浪拍打礁石声了吗？

我想我们离海岸不远了。”

“我也不知道我们在哪儿，

可我希望听到印奇开普的钟声。”

15. 他们什么也听不到，波浪汹涌，

尽管风已平息，他们的船依旧漂浮着，

最后船撞上暗礁猛地震动，

他们喊：“这里是印奇开普暗礁！”

16. 海盗拉尔夫揪着自己的头发，

绝望地诅咒自己；

波浪从四面涌入船里，

船已经沉到浪底。

17. 在垂死的惊恐中，

海盗依然听到一个可怖的声音，

好像是印奇开普钟声，

下面的魔鬼在为他敲响。

- 
- (1) *The above poem was written at Bristol, England, in 1802, and recounts an old tradition.*
- (2) *Keel, the principal timber in a ship, extending from bow to stern, at the bottom.*
- (3) *The Inchcape Rock is at the entrance of the Frith of Tay, Scotland, about fifteen miles from shore.*
- (4) *Buoy, a floating mark to point out the position of rocks, etc., beneath the water.*
- (5) *Surge, a large wave.*
- (6) *Joyance, gayety.*
- (7) *Scoured, roved over, ranged about.*
- (8) *Store, that which is massed together.*
- (9) *Methinks, it seems to me.*
- (10) *Fiends, evil spirits.*
- (11) *Knell, the stroke of a bell rung at a funeral or at the death of a person.*

# LESSON 89

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

### 母亲的坟墓

1. It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful<sup>(1)</sup> period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered, too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize<sup>(2)</sup> that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess<sup>(3)</sup> of tenderness.

2. But the varied<sup>(4)</sup> events of thirteen years had not effaced<sup>(5)</sup> the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing.

3. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought. My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

4. One day when I had lost my place in the class, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with



the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by it. She requested me to go downstairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly<sup>(6)</sup> asked her why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?"

5. I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her as I had been wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor, sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her.

6. I did not tell anyone what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved<sup>(7)</sup> to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct. The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start.

7. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I then wished that I might die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude<sup>(8)</sup>. But I can not call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold <sup>(9)</sup>kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 母亲已经去世十三年了，离开家乡十三年后，我站在了这片神圣的土堆旁，我曾亲眼看见她被埋葬在这里。从那悲伤的时刻以后，我的生活也已经发生了很大的变化。我的孩提岁月已成往事，青年时光也一去不返。世界也发生了变化；当我站在母亲的坟墓前，难以想象我曾经是那个双颊被母亲无数遍亲吻的天真无邪、快快乐乐的小孩子。

2. 十三年的岁月也无法抹去记忆中妈妈的笑容。一切就好像是在昨天——我的耳畔依然响着她亲切的声音。儿时和童年的梦境清晰地出现在脑海，要不是是一件痛苦的回忆，我流出的泪水一定是柔情似水和心旷神怡的。

3. 尽管发生的只是一件小事，却依然刺痛着我的心；我描述它，就是希望那些依然享受着父母之爱的孩子们能珍惜这一切。我的母亲长期生病，我也习惯了她的苍白的脸色和微弱的声音，不再像孩子一般害怕。开始的时候，我哭泣不止，可是日渐一日，当从学校返回，见到她和从前一样，我开始相信她会永远和我在一起，可是别人告诉我她快死了。

4. 一天，因为考试不理想，我沮丧和烦躁地回到家里。我走进母亲的房间。她比以前更显苍白，可是她一如往常带着亲切的微笑欢迎我回来。唉！十三年后回忆起来，我想当时我的心可能是石头做的才没被融化。她叫我下楼取一杯水。我怒气冲冲地说怎么不叫佣人去。她略带责备地说，这种责备即使活一百岁我也不会忘记，“我的女儿不愿意给她生病的可怜母亲取杯水吗？”

5. 我心不甘情不愿地取来了水。我没有对她笑，也没有像往常一样亲吻她，我放下杯子就离开了房间。在玩了一阵后，我上床了，没有和母亲说晚安；可是当我独自一人在安静漆黑的房间里，我想起她脸色多么苍白，她说“我的女儿不愿意给她生病的可怜母亲取杯水吗？”她的声音是多么颤抖，我无法入睡。我偷偷走进她的房间请求她原谅我。可她已经睡着了，人们告诉我不能惊醒她。

6. 我没有告诉别人困扰我的是什么，悄悄地回到我的床上，我下定决心第二天早晨告诉她我是多么后悔。醒来时，太阳很刺眼，我急急忙忙换好衣服来到母亲的房间。她已经去世了！不再对我说什么，也不再对我微笑了；我触摸着她的手，她曾经把手放在我头上祝福我，现在是那么凉，使我吃了一惊。

7. 我跪在她的床边，心中凄苦地啜泣。我多么希望我死了，和她埋在一起；现在不再年轻的我，如果能让母亲活着告诉我她已经原谅我儿时不懂得感恩，我愿意用全世界来交换——如果全世界都是我的。但是时间不会倒转；现在我站在母亲坟墓旁，想着慈祥的母亲，记忆中她责备我的神情就像毒蛇一样啮咬着我。

---

(1) Mournful, *full of sorrow*.

(2) Realize, *to cause to seem real*.

(3) Excess, *that which goes beyond what is usual*.

(4) Varied, *different*.

(5) Effaced, *worn away*.

(6) Pettishly, *in an illtempered way*.

(7) Resolved, *determined*.

(8) Ingratitude, *unthankfulness*.

(9) Manifold, *various, multiplied*.

# LESSON 90

## A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE

### 母亲的礼物——《圣经》

1. Remember, love, who gave thee this,

When other days shall come,

When she who had thine earliest kiss,

Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember! 't was a mother gave

The gift to one she'd die to save!

2. That mother sought a pledge<sup>(1)</sup> of love,

The holiest for her son,

And from the gifts of God above,

She chose a goodly one;

She chose for her beloved boy,

The source of light, and life, and joy.

3. She bade him keep the gift, that, when

The parting hour should come,

They might have hope to meet again

In an eternal home.

She said his faith<sup>(2)</sup> in this would be

Sweet incense<sup>(3)</sup> to her memory.

4. And should the scoffer<sup>(4)</sup>, in his pride,

Laugh that fond faith to scorn,

And bid him cast the pledge aside,

That he from youth had borne,

She bade him pause, and ask his breast

If SHE or HE had loved him best.

5. A parent's blessing on her son

Goes with this holy thing;

The love that would retain the one,

Must to the other cling.

Remember! 't is no idle toy:

A mother's gift! remember, boy.

# 【中文阅读】

1. 在将来的日子里，

当给你最早亲吻的人，

早已不在人世，

亲爱的，记住，这本书是谁给你的。

不要忘记，这是母亲的礼物，

为了保护你不畏牺牲的母亲的礼物。

2. 母亲给孩子的这份礼物，

是最神圣的礼物，是爱的约定。

这礼物是她从神的礼物中选择的，

最美好的礼物。

因为她为她的爱子选择的是，

光明、生命和喜悦的源泉。

3. 她说要保存好这份礼物，

当分手的时候到来时，

他们还有希望，

在永恒的天上的家相聚。

她说他的信念，

就是对她最好的纪念。

4. 如果有傲慢的嘲笑者，

奚落嘲笑这种信念，

让他把这幼时就坚守的信念，

抛到一边，

她让她停留片刻，问问自己的心，

到底谁更爱他。

5. 母亲给儿子的祝福，

永远和这神圣的礼物在一起。

如果爱自己的母亲，

也绝不会忘记另一个。

记住，孩子！这不是无聊的玩具，

这是母亲的礼物！

---

(1) Pledge, *proof, evidence.*

(2) Faith, *belief*

[\(3\)](#) Incense, *something offered in honor of anyone*.

[\(4\)](#) Scoffer, *one who laughs at what is good*.



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LESSON 1

THE GOOD READER

朗读者

1. It is told of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that, as he was seated one day in his private room, a written petition<sup>[1]</sup> was brought to him with the request that it should be immediately read. The King had just returned from hunting, and the glare of the sun, or some other cause, had so dazzled his eyes that he found it difficult to make out a single word of the writing.

2. His private secretary happened to be absent; and the soldier who brought the petition could not read. There was a page, or favorite boy servant, waiting in the hall, and upon him the King called. The page was a son of one of the noblemen of the court, but proved to be a very poor reader.

3. In the first place, he did not articulate<sup>[2]</sup> distinctly. He huddled his words together in the utterance, as if they were syllables of one long word, which he must get through with as speedily as possible. His pronunciation was bad, and he did not modulate<sup>[3]</sup> his voice so as to bring out the meaning of what he read. Every sentence was uttered with a dismal monotony<sup>[4]</sup> of voice, as if it did not differ in any respect from that which preceded it.

4. “Stop!” said the King, impatiently. “Is it an auctioneer’s list of goods to be sold that you are hurrying over? Send your companion to me.” Another page who stood at the door now entered, and to him the King gave the petition. The second page began by hemming and clearing his throat in such an affected<sup>[5]</sup> manner that the King jokingly asked him whether he had not slept in the public garden, with the gate open, the night before.

5. The second page had a good share of self-conceit, however, and so was not greatly confused by

the King's jest. He determined that he would avoid the mistake which his comrade had made. So he commenced reading the petition slowly and with great formality, emphasizing every word, and prolonging the articulation of every syllable. But his manner was so tedious that the King cried out, "Stop! are you reciting a lesson in the elementary sounds? Out of the room! But no: stay! Send me that little girl who is sitting there by the fountain."

6. The girl thus pointed out by the King was a daughter of one of the laborers employed by the royal gardener; and she had come to help her father weed the flower beds. It chanced that, like many of the poor people in Prussia, she had received a good education. She was somewhat alarmed when she found herself in the King's presence, but took courage when the King told her that he only wanted her to read for him, as his eyes were weak.



7. Now, Ernestine (for this was the name of the little girl) was fond of reading aloud, and often many of the neighbors would assemble at her father's house to hear her; those who could not read themselves would come to her, also, with their letters from distant friends or children, and she thus formed the habit of reading various sorts of handwriting promptly and well.

8. The King gave her the petition, and she rapidly glanced through the opening lines to get some idea of what it was about. As she read, her eyes began to glisten, and her breast to heave. "What is

the matter?" asked the King; "don't you know how to read?" "Oh, yes! sire," she replied, addressing him with the title usually applied to him: "I will now read it, if you please."

9. The two pages were about to leave the room. "Remain," said the King. The little girl began to read the petition. It was from a poor widow, whose only son had been drafted<sup>[6]</sup> to serve in the army, although his health was delicate and his pursuits had been such as to unfit him for military life. His father had been killed in battle, and the son had a strong desire to become a portrait painter.

10. The writer told her story in a simple, concise<sup>[7]</sup> manner, that carried to the heart a belief of its truth; and Ernestine read it with so much feeling, and with an articulation so just, in tones so pure and distinct, that when she had finished, the King, into whose eyes the tears had started, exclaimed, "Oh! now I understand what it is all about; but I might never have known, certainly I never should have felt, its meaning had I trusted to these young gentlemen, whom I now dismiss from my service for one year, advising them to occupy their time in learning to read."

11. "As for you, my young lady," continued the King, "I know you will ask no better reward for your trouble than the pleasure of carrying to this poor widow my order for her son's immediate discharge<sup>[8]</sup>. Let me see whether you can write as well as you can read. Take this pen, and write as I dictate<sup>[9]</sup>." He then dictated an order, which Ernestine wrote, and he signed. Calling one of his guards, he bade him go with the girl and see that the order was obeyed.

12. How much happiness was Ernestine the means of bestowing through her good elocution, united to the happy circumstance that brought it to the knowledge of the King! First, there were her poor neighbors, to whom she could give instruction and entertainment. Then, there was the poor widow who sent the petition, and who not only regained her son, but received through Ernestine an order for him to paint the King's likeness; so that the poor boy soon rose to great distinction<sup>[10]</sup>, and had more orders than he could attend to. Words could not express<sup>[11]</sup> his gratitude, and that of his mother, to the little girl.

13. And Ernestine had, moreover, the satisfaction of aiding her father to rise in the world, so that he became the King's chief gardener. The King did not forget her, but had her well educated at his own expense. As for the two pages, she was indirectly the means of doing them good, also; for, ashamed of their bad reading, they commenced studying in earnest, till they overcame the faults that had offended the King. Both finally rose to distinction, one as a lawyer, and the other as a statesman; and they owed their advancement in life chiefly to their good elocution.

*NOTES.—Frederick II. of Prussia (b. 1712, d. 1788), or Frederick the Great, as he was called, was one of the greatest of German rulers. He was distinguished for his military exploits, for his wise and just government, and for his literary attainments. He wrote many able works in the French language. Many pleasant anecdotes are told of this king, of which the one given in the lesson is a fair sample.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 传说，一天，普鲁士国王弗里德里希大帝坐在屋里，他的卫兵给他送来一份书面请愿书。书中注明，请求国王即刻阅读。当时，国王刚刚结束打猎回宫，因为阳光刺眼，或某些其他原因，他头昏眼花，一个字也很难看清。

2. 国王的私人秘书碰巧不在宫内，送来请愿书的卫兵也不识字。当时有位男侍，或者不如说一位乖巧侍童正在大厅当班伺候，国王吩咐他过来。那位侍童是宫廷某位贵族的儿子，可随后证实，他的阅读能力相当糟糕。

3. 一上来，那位侍童发音就不够清晰，那些词语在他嘴里居然咕囔成串，杂乱无章地快速蹦出。听起来，有的词语音节应该很长，可他似乎总是急不可耐地含糊读完。他的发音很糟，无法表现文字的准确含义。与此同时，他所表述的所有话语无不沉闷呆板，毫无抑扬顿挫之感或音调变化，似乎词语间不存在任何差异。

4. “停下！”国王不耐烦地说，“莫非你是公开清单、急于拍卖物品的拍卖师，那么草草念完？把你的同伴叫来！”很快，大厅门口守候的另一位侍童来到国王身边，国王将请愿书交给了他。那侍童装模作样地清了清嗓子，国王诙谐地问他，是不是他昨晚没在公园里过夜，但睡

觉时门却整晚没关。

5. 第二位侍童颇为自负，对国王的俏皮话，似乎不太在意。他有心避免前面那位同伴的类似失误，开始朗读起来。他的语速迟缓，太过一本正经，所有词语无不辅以重音，逐个音节拉长拼读，他的朗读那么乏味造作，国王不禁大声呵斥，“停下！你难道是小学生背诵课文？滚出去！不，站好！先把坐在喷泉那边的小姑娘给我叫过来！”

6. 国王点名的那位姑娘是宫廷花师所雇佣人的女儿，那天，她过来帮着父亲给宫廷花圃除草。像普鲁士不少穷人那样，她碰巧接受过良好的教育。听到国王召见自己，她多少有点心存警觉。国王告诉她，由于他眼睛无法阅读，只是让她代劳，她才稍稍鼓起了勇气。

7. 欧内斯廷(小姑娘名字)喜欢高声朗读，不少邻居经常聚集在她家门口听她读书。那些不识字的人亦总乐意找她，他们带来远方朋友或孩子的来信。因此，她便具有阅读不同手写文体、并能迅速准确朗读的能力。

8. 国王将请愿书递给她，她快速地浏览了开篇数行，从而获悉文章的大体印象。她读了不一会儿，眼神炯炯有光，呼吸急速。“怎么回事？”国王问道，“难道你不会读？”“不！陛下，”她以国王的尊称回答，“如果你乐意的话，我会继续。”

9. 两位侍童正准备离开，“站着，别动！”国王下令，姑娘又接着往下读。这份请愿书说的是一位贫苦寡妇的遭遇，她唯一的儿子被抓到军队服兵役，虽然他身虚体弱，志向亦不在行伍。男孩父亲已在一次战役中身亡，那少年还有个梦寐以求的愿望，想成为一名肖像画家。

10. 请愿书作者以质朴简洁的语言，叙述那位寡妇的悲惨遭遇，文章的真情实感让人动容。欧内斯廷满怀深情地读着，她的语言清晰，音调纯正，抑扬顿挫。读完后，国王眼里充满了泪水，他高声叫道：“天呀！我现在才知道怎么回事，假如听信那些年轻贵族的话，我将压根无从了解，准确地说，从来不会感受到这种请愿书的深刻涵义。现在，我要将那些家伙解职一年，让他们好好学习一下如何阅读。”

11. “至于你，我的孩子，”国王接着说，“相信你会高兴地带上我的手令，立刻解除那可怜寡妇孩子的兵役，我想，假若给你其他任何报酬，亦不会比这更开心吧。我要看看，你是否也能准确书写，像你的阅读那样棒。拿这支笔，写下我口授的话。”他接着口授了一份命令，欧内



斯廷记录完毕，国王随后签上自己名字。然后他又吩咐一个卫兵过来，安排他与姑娘一同前去执行他的命令。

12. 通过感情真挚的阅读，获取这种特殊赠与，欧内斯廷简直快乐极了！国王获悉了民情，内心产生共鸣，并最终授于树内。起初，那些贫困邻居们从姑娘那里找到安慰，随后，送出请愿书的那位寡妇不仅能与儿子重新一起生活，还接受了欧内斯廷带来的国王旨意，安排她的儿子前去宫廷为国王画像。不久，那位贫苦人家孩子便迅速得以擢升，并获得更多的发展机会。千言万语无法表达那位少年还有他的寡母对小姑娘欧内斯廷的深深感激之情。

13. 不仅如此，欧内斯廷的父亲后来成为国王的首席园艺师，在世界园林界赢得了声誉，这一点，让欧内斯廷非常自豪。国王并没有忘记这个小姑娘，花钱让她受到最好的教育。至于那两位侍童，她亦间接帮助他们。由于对自己阅读能力深感羞愧，他们急切想重新获得学习机会。两人通过读书最终弥补了阅读能力的不足，随后皆获取了提升机会，一位做了律师，还有一位成了政治家，他们把生命升华归功于极有裨益的开卷阅读。

## LESSON 2

### THE BLUEBELL

### 风铃草

1. There is a story I have heard—  
A poet learned it of a bird,  
And kept its music every word—
2. A story of a dim ravine,  
O'er which the towering tree tops lean,  
With one blue rift<sup>[12]</sup> of sky between;
3. And there, two thousand years ago,  
A little flower as white as snow  
Swayed<sup>[13]</sup> in the silence to and fro.
4. Day after day, with longing eye,  
The floweret watched the narrow sky,

And fleecy clouds that floated by.

5. And through the darkness, night by night,  
One gleaming star would climb the height<sup>[14]</sup>,  
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.
6. Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,  
And the rising of its favorite star,  
A slow change came—but not to mar;
7. For softly o'er its petals<sup>[15]</sup> white  
There crept a blueness, like the light  
Of skies upon a summer night;
8. And in its chalice<sup>[16]</sup>, I am told,  
The bonny<sup>[17]</sup> bell was formed to hold  
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.
9. Now, little people, sweet and true,  
I find a lesson here for you  
Writ in the floweret's hell of blue:
10. The patient child whose watchful eye  
Strives after all things pure and high,  
Shall take their image by and by.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我听说，一只鸟的故事，  
传说久远，诗人辗转获悉，  
他记下，鸟儿啁啾的过去；

2. 有座峡谷，幽深阴暗，  
一株树，高高的树梢弯曲，  
天空，挤出一丝蓝色缝隙；

3. 两千多年前，那处峡谷，  
开着朵小花，洁白妩媚，  
踏着内心脚步，曼妙起舞；
4. 年复一年，摇曳着企盼，  
晶亮眼瞳，凝视狭仄天空，  
轻柔的云，悠然飘过头顶；
5. 流水的日子，黑暗无边，  
有颗星星，从蓝色缝隙闪入，  
鼓掌欢呼，遗世独立的坚守；
6. 于是，遥远天穹，  
升起一颗，笑脸星辰，  
哪怕改变微小，不会太糟；
7. 花瓣上方，悄然升起  
一抹亮丽，幽蓝夜空里，  
尽情伸展，夏季的深邃致意；
8. 小花，那捧白色圣杯，  
一柄漂亮的花蕊，从容举起，  
金色铃铛，星光四溢的魅力；

9. 可爱的孩子，关于真诚课程，  
一场动容相逢，竟是风铃草  
地狱里，写下的秘密；

10. 学会坚忍，学会敏锐观察，  
仰望那些，纯洁高贵的魂灵，  
耳濡目染，获取精神动力。

### LESSON 3

## THE GENTLE HAND

## 温柔的手

Timothy S. Arthur (b. 1809, d. 1885) was born near Newburgh, N.Y., but passed most of his life at Baltimore and Philadelphia. His opportunities for good schooling were quite limited, and he may be considered a self-educated man. He was the author of more than a hundred volumes, principally novels of a domestic and moral tone, and of many shorter tales—magazine articles, etc. “Ten Nights in a Barroom,” and “Three Years in a Mantrap,” are among his best known works.

1. When and where it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night’s lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

2. Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity<sup>[18]</sup> of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an inclosure, and a short distance from the road

along which I was moving with wearied feet.

3. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

4. A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken.

5. “Go in, Tiger,” said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away and disappeared within the dwelling.

6. “Who’s that?” A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog’s place in the door.

7. “How far is it to G—?” I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting place for the night.

8. “To G—!” growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. “It’s good six miles from here.”

9. “A long distance; and I’m a stranger and on foot,” said I. “If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful.”

10. I saw the girl’s hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

11. “Come in. We’ll try what can be done for you.” There was a change in the man’s voice that made me wonder. I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman

was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

12. “A stranger, mother,” said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; “and he wants us to let him stay all night.”

13. The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly, “We don’t keep a public house.”

14. “I’m aware of that, ma’am,” said I; “but night has overtaken me, and it’s a long way yet to G—.”

15. “Too far for a tired man to go on foot,” said the master of the house, kindly, “so it’s no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed.”

16. So unobtrusively<sup>[19]</sup> that I scarce noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to her mother’s side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman’s hand.

17. Was there magic in that touch? The woman’s repulsive<sup>[20]</sup> aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said, “Yes, it’s a long way to G—. I guess we can find a place for him.”

18. Many times more during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent<sup>[21]</sup> as the other. On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure when my host<sup>[22]</sup> informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G—, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation.

19. In due time, the farmer’s wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

20. “Dick!” said the farmer in a peremptory<sup>[23]</sup> voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke. But Dick moved not a step. “Dick! you vagabond! get up.” And the farmer’s whip cracked sharply by the pony’s ear.

21. It availed<sup>[24]</sup> not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half a dozen. The man might as well have beaten the wagon, for all his end was gained.

22. A stout lad now came out into the road, and, catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally<sup>[25]</sup> with increased stubbornness, planting his fore feet more firmly and at a sharper angle with the ground.

23. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of the head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

24. “Don’t do so, John!” I turned my head as the maiden’s sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and in the next moment had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

25. And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony’s neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense<sup>[26]</sup> muscles relaxed<sup>[27]</sup>—how quickly the stubborn air vanished!

26. “Poor Dick!” said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a childlike hand. “Now, go along, you provoking fellow!” she added, in a half-chiding<sup>[28]</sup>, yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle.

27. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then,

pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet<sup>[29]</sup> had ever entered his stubborn brain.

28. “What a wonderful power that hand possesses!” said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

29. He looked at me for a moment, as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly, “She’s good! Everybody and everything loves her.”

30. Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father’s explanation was doubtless the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden’s magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced<sup>[30]</sup> in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call “Gentle Hand.”

## 【中文阅读】

提摩太·斯·亚瑟(1809~1885)出生于纽约州纽博市附近,他在巴尔的摩和费城度过生命中的大量时光。他接受正规教育机会相当有限,属于自学成才的类型。他的著述多达一百多部,主要有涉及家庭伦理方面的小说,以及为杂志撰写的大量篇幅更短的文章等。《酒吧间的十个夜晚》和《捕人陷阱中的三年》皆为他的名篇。

1. 究竟什么时间、地点,现在看来似乎无关紧要——姑且算是从前吧,当我走过一处人烟稀少的地区,不知不觉间,夜幕降临了。由于步行,我不可能指望找到一处乡镇或村庄。又过了一个时辰,我急切地想找处地方过夜,没别的,最先撞见的地方,无论怎样粗鄙简陋,对付一晚足矣。

2. 昏暗灯火来自深不可测的黑暗,我突然发现附近有户人家,从那扇光秃秃的窗口里,似乎感觉到灯火里透出喜悦的安详。屋子四周有栅栏,离我走的路很近,那时,我可真是走得太累了。

3. 走下路,跨过那扇歪扭的大门,我走向那处屋子。大门在木质铰链上慢慢晃动,门闩的



吱呀声悄无声息，直到最后关门才发出轻微声响。待我走到房前走廊时，才看到一位身材修长的姑娘站在那里，显然，刚才她听到了我的脚步。

4. 门甫关上，旋即响起一声低沉的狗吠，一条体型硕大的狗幽灵般出现在我的身边。就在它立马扑过来的刹那，一只手轻轻搭在那只狗毛发蓬松的脖颈。

5. “虎子，进去，”姑娘低声说道，声音并不威严，但温柔中含有不得不服从的暗示，与此同时，她轻轻地拍打那狗几下，于是那狗转身闪进屋内。

6. “你是谁？”一个粗厉声音响起，一位脸色阴沉的男人在狗的身后闪出。

7. “请问，这里离G地还有多远？”我问道，乍开口，才觉得并不合适，那时的我不过想找个过夜的地方。

8. “到G地去，”那男人大声地说，言语间却少了最初的苛厉，“从这到那还有不近的六英里路呢。”

9. “路真够远的，我是步行来的，一个过路客，”我说，“如果你们让我在这歇上一晚，我真是感激不尽。”

10. 我看见那姑娘的手迅速上移，最后搭在那男人肩膀上，现在她贴那男人更近了点。

11. “进来吧，看看我们能给你帮上什么忙。”那男人语气的变化让我有点喜出望外。我走进房间，房间很宽敞，火苗轻快地跳跃着。火堆边坐着两位粗硕身材的人，满脸阴沉地打量着我，明显带着不快的神情。一位中年妇女站在桌子旁边，两个孩子在地上逗着小猫玩。

12. “妈妈，这位过路客，”刚才在门口粗鲁地与我打招呼的那位男人说道，“他想在这里过上一夜。”

13. 那妇人狐疑地打量我片刻，冷淡地说，“我们这没有客房。”

14. “我，我知道，夫人，”我说，“不过，天太晚了，去G地路实在太远了。”

15. “他走得太累了，前面的路那么远，”那好心的姑娘接着说，“别说了，妈妈，我们得给

他准备个睡觉的地方。”

16. 起初，我还真没注意到，悄无声息地，那姑娘仄到她妈妈身边，那些话语很轻，我听不见她对母亲说了什么，不过，我留意到，那姑娘说话的当口，她那小巧美丽的手已搭在那妇人的手上。

17. 这就是触摸的神奇？那妇人反感冷淡的口吻转瞬变得柔和亲近，“是的，去G地的路还远着呢，我想，我们是得给他安排住下。”

18. 就在那个晚上，我确实留心到那双手、那个声音的神奇——温柔中透出强势力量。次日清早，早饭后，我打算告辞，男主人突然告诉我，如果我可以等半个时辰的话，他可以捎带我去G地，他要赶着马车去G地办事。我自然非常高兴地接受了他的好意。

19. 约定的时间到了，那农夫的马车来到屋前路上，我受邀上车后，这才看见那匹驾辕的马驹，那马驹面部粗糙，属于加拿大品种，具有顽强忍耐的优良品性。农夫上了车，坐在我身边，全家人走出门来给我们送行。

20、“狄克！”那农夫严厉地呵斥，一边猛地拉动缰绳，狄克竟然没有挪步，“狄克！你这个懒鬼！快走呀。”农夫鞭子在小马耳边尖锐地乍响。

21. 依然毫不奏效。接下来，农夫语气变得委婉甚至恳求，小马驹还是无动于衷。然后，主人急躁的鞭子甩在了狄克身上，那马驹只是稍稍后退，接着又来了六七下快速猛烈的鞭答，那农夫如果早知道他最终束手无策，还不如起先就鞭打那马车罢。

22. 一位身材粗硕的妇人走过来，她抓住马笼头猛地往前拉，嘴里不停叨唠类似场合那些粗鄙的话，但狄克愈发倔犟，死活不走，甚至还将它的前蹄翘起，死死地抵住地面。

23. 这会儿，那位不耐烦的男孩用钳子般手掌猛力撞击狄克头部，然后死命猛拽马的笼头，毫不奏效，狄克不会在这样暴力下炮开蹄子。

24. “约翰，别这样！”我一转头，那位姑娘的温柔声音传了过来。

她正迈过大门，来到路上。姑娘一把抓住那莽撞的家伙，将他从狄克身边甩开。她毫不费

力地抓住了他的一只胳膊，他好像也相当乐意地与其配合，好像压根没有忤逆她的意思。

25. 眼前，那只温柔的手轻轻放在小马驹的脖颈上，姑娘轻声慢语地对它说话。不过转眼间，狄克紧张的肌肉已经松弛，僵持的坚冰终于打破。

26. “可怜的狄克，”那姑娘一边说，一边轻轻拍着小马驹的脖颈，或者不如说，用那满怀柔情的孩子般手拍打狄克，“该走了，你这让人生气的孩子！”她的话语中夹杂责备，亦不乏温情脉脉，说话间，她还提了提笼头。

27. 狄克朝她转过身来，用头朝她胳膊蹭动片刻，然后竖立耳朵，轻快地跑起碎步，接着，抛开蹄子跑开了，好像刚才不曾有任何怪异的念头盘踞在它那固执的小脑瓜里。

28. 马车跑起来了，“手，该有多么神奇！”我对身边的人说道。

29. 农夫注视了我片刻，好像我的话使他偶发惊奇，他的脸上闪过一丝喜悦，却只说了句，“她心地仁慈，这里的人和那些牲口都喜欢她。”

30. 的确，难道她有神奇力量的秘密？抑或她的灵魂高贵？这位父亲的话无疑道出了真相，从那以后，我确实想知道，甚至今天，似乎更想弄明白，那姑娘轻抚的手里究竟存在什么样的神奇魔力。我见过同样的力量诉求，从容地表达爱恋与善行，但从未见过类似这位姑娘手里升起的奇迹，她给我内心带来了惊悚震撼。如果让我用贴切的词语形容，我宁愿称呼她为“温柔的手”。

## LESSON 4

### THE GRANDFATHER

### 爷 爷

Charles G. Eastman (b. 1816, d.1861) was born in Maine, but removed at an early age to Vermont, where he was connected with the press at Burlington, Woodstock, and Montpelier. He published a volume of poems in 1848, written in a happy lyric and ballad style, and faithfully portraying rural life in New England.

1. The farmer sat in his easy-chair  
Smoking his pipe of clay,  
While his hale<sup>[31]</sup> old wife with busy care,  
Was clearing the dinner away;  
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,  
On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.
2. The old man laid his hand on her head,  
With a tear on his wrinkled face,  
He thought how often her mother, dead,  
Had sat in the selfsame place;  
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,  
“Don't smoke!” said the child, “how it makes you cry!”
3. The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,  
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;  
The busy old wife by the open door  
Was turning the spinning wheel,  
And the old brass clock on the mantel<sup>[32]</sup>  
Had plodded<sup>[33]</sup> along to almost three.
4. Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,  
While close to his heaving<sup>[34]</sup> breast  
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair  
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;  
His head bent down, all her soft hair lay;  
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·基·伊士曼(1816~1861)出生于美国缅因,但早年就已迁往佛蒙特州,在那里,他与伯灵顿、伍兹托克以及蒙彼利埃数处媒体联系密切。1848年,他出版了以抒情和民谣风格表现的诗歌集,真实地描绘了新英格兰的乡村生活。

1. 躺在休闲椅上的老农,  
悠闲地抽着陶制烟斗,  
他硬朗的年迈妻子,

忙碌收拾着杯盘狼藉。

蓝眼睛可爱的小姑娘，

趴在爷爷膝上捉蜻蜓。

2.老人摩挲孙女的头，

满脸皱纹，泪水扑簌在流。

孩子的妈妈去世不久，

好像还坐在从前地方。

“不要抽烟！”孩子开口说话，

“你怎么哭了，爷爷？”

3.趴在午后荫凉地上，

惬意打盹的老狗；

片刻不得空闲的老妇人，

门前，吱呀呀纺着棉花。

壁炉楣顶上古老铜钟，

快到三点的时针在爬。

4.老人还躺在休闲椅上，

他呼吸急促，神色安详，

饱经沧桑的脸颊沾满泪渍，

怀里抱着他可爱的孙女，

头发蓬松，脑袋耷拉，

夏日午后，祖孙俩都睡着啦。

## LESSON 5

# A BOY ON A FARM

# 农场少年

Charles Dudley Warner (b. 1829,—d.1900) was born at Plainfield, Mass. In 1851 he graduated at Hamilton College, and in 1856 was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia, but moved to Chicago to practice his profession. There he remained until 1860, when he became connected with the press at Hartford, Conn., and has ever since devoted himself to literature. “My Summer in a Garden,” “Saunterings,” and “Backlog Studies” are his best known works. The following extract is from “Being a Boy.”

1. Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum<sup>[35]</sup>, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable<sup>[36]</sup> things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

2. After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's,—perpetually<sup>[37]</sup> waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do,—things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

3. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede<sup>[38]</sup>, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

4. This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him “turning cart wheels” along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize<sup>[39]</sup> his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch<sup>[40]</sup>.

5. He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leapfrog is one

of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go an errand any distance if he could leapfrog it with a few other boys.

6. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock<sup>[41]</sup>, to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

7. He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

8. Just before the school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet flags, but instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores<sup>[42]</sup>!

9. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·达德利·沃纳(1829~1900)出生于美国马萨诸塞州麦斯·普兰菲尔德。1851年,他从汉密尔顿学院毕业。1856年获资格进入费城律师界,然后搬迁到芝加哥从事律师见习。1860年,他离开芝加哥,与康涅狄格州首府哈特福德出版界联系密切,随后致力投身文学事业。沃纳闻名于世的作品包括《花园的夏天》、《悠闲漫步》和《滞压工作研究》。下列节选自他的《少年有担当》。

1. 你认为农场少年能做什么?依我看,没有少年的农场真的会非常糟糕。他们在农场生活里须臾不可少,他们是农场的闲杂总管,男女老少大呼小叫的左膀右臂。在农场里,千头万绪的事零星琐碎,最为困难的事棘手庞杂,无一例外都落到他们肩上,其他人委实无法帮忙。

2. 别人忙完了活儿，农场少年得去扫尾，有点像一直忙着为别人做嫁衣的嫁娘，总得听从他人使唤。毋庸置疑，外出赴宴享受美味大餐永远比餐后洗碗刷碟轻松太多太多。只要想象一下农场少年的活儿，那些需要做的，可又不得不做的，否则，生活将无法继续下去。

3. 首先，众所周知，农场少年得去做完所有跑腿的活计，他要跑商店、上邮局、送消息、传信件，即使他拥有蜈蚣一样的几十条腿，晚上上床躺倒前亦会累个半死。每天指望两条细腿跑路干活，看来远远不够，他们恨不得长有自行车轮毂上众多辐条般的腿，恐怕还要连轴转个不停。

4. 有时，农场少年兴冲冲地到处奔跑，旁人看来，他们骑车忙着到处乱窜，或许还有人认为，他们纯粹是玩酷一族或借此消磨时光。其实，他们不过想创造某种新型的运动方式，以便节省腿力，完成更多支派或差遣。

5. 农场少年还得练习倒立，以使自己习惯任何不拘一格的运动姿势。蛙跳行进堪称快捷走完路程的美妙方法之一。当然，能与其他几个狐朋狗友互动互乐更好，这样的话，他挺乐意四下跑腿，路再远似乎也毫不在乎。

6. 忙中作乐，对农场少年来说，似乎是与生俱来的。如果让他去泉边汲水，很长时间他都不会回来。他总会时而停留片刻，或者戳捣一番趴在青石上的青蛙。碰到木槽水管之类，他非得将手伸到木槽下，乐不可支地玩会水后才心满意足地回家。

7. 大人们割下田里的草，农场少年需要将青草摊开曝晒，还要将谷仓里干草堆成垛。他还要骑马、种玉米，上上下下，整天屁颠颠地左右逢源。马铃薯该收了，他跟着收庄稼；清晨，他赶着牛群外出放牧；黄昏，他牵着牛群打道回府；他还要拣柴、提水、劈柴、生火、喂马、洗马、拴马、遛马……家里家外，每天的事情总也做不完。

8. 冬天开学前，农场少年先要铲除路上的坚冰积雪，夏天该找出磨石磨刀霍霍。他知道哪里的鹿蹄草最多，哪里的白菖蒲最甜，不过，他可不能急着出门摘采；他还得待在家里削苹果，将葡萄干晾晒在石片上，把食材放进研钵臼烂。他满脑子装满大大小小需要做的事，手上更是根本闲不住，难道他还能游手好闲？除去学业和家里家外的繁琐杂活，他哪有心思想到自己。



9. 农场少年觉得,如果有人愿意揽下这些庞杂琐碎,他宁愿去做那些正儿八经的活儿。不过,我怀疑,如果一个少年不喜欢受益于这种干杂活的自由式教育,他将来是否能在世上找到自己可干点什么,能否做一个尽量有用之人。

## LESSON 6

### THE SINGING LESSON

### 唱歌课

Jean Ingelow (b. 1830, d.1897) was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Her fame as a poetess was at once established upon the publication of her “Poems” in 1863; since which time several other volumes have appeared. The most generally admired of her poems are “Songs of Seven” and “The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,” She has also written several successful novels, of which, “Off the Skelligs” is the most popular. “Stories Told to a Child,” “The Cumberers,” “Poor Mat,” “Studies for Stories,” and “Mopsa, the Fairy” are also well known. Miss Ingelow resided in London, England, and spent much of her time in deeds of charity.

1. A nightingale made a mistake;  
She sang a few notes out of tune:  
Her heart was ready to break,  
And she hid away from the moon.  
She wrung her claws, poor thing,  
But was far too proud to weep;  
She tucked her head under her wing,  
And pretended to be asleep.
2. A lark, arm in arm with a thrush,  
Came sauntering<sup>[43]</sup> up to the place;  
The nightingale felt herself blush,  
Though feathers hid her face;  
She knew they had heard her song,  
She felt them snicker<sup>[44]</sup> and sneer;  
She thought that life was too long,  
And wished she could skip a year.
3. “O nightingale!” cooed a dove;  
“O nightingale! what’s the use?  
You bird of beauty and love,  
Why behave like a goose?

Don't sulk away from our sight,  
Like a common, contemptible fowl;  
You bird of joy and delight,  
Why behave like an owl?

4. "Only think of all you have done;  
Only think of all you can do;  
A false note is really fun  
From such a bird as you!  
Lift up your proud little crest<sup>[45]</sup>,  
Open your musical beak;  
Other birds have to do their best,  
You need only to speak!"
5. The nightingale shyly took  
Her head from under her wing,  
And, giving the dove a look,  
Straightway began to sing.  
There was never a bird could pass;  
The night was divinely<sup>[46]</sup> calm;  
And the people stood on the grass  
To hear that wonderful psalm.
6. The nightingale did not care,  
She only sang to the skies;  
Her song ascended there,  
And there she fixed her eyes.  
The people that stood below  
She knew but little about;  
And this tale has a moral<sup>[47]</sup>, I know,  
If you'll try and find it out.

*NOTE.—The nightingale is a small bird, about six inches in length, with a coat of dark-brown feathers above and of grayish, white beneath. Its voice is astonishingly strong and sweet, and, when wild, it usually sings throughout the evening and night from April to the middle of summer. The bird is common in Europe, but is not found in America.*

## 【中文阅读】

吉恩·英吉笏(1830~1897)生于英格兰林肯郡波士顿。1863年,她的《诗集》甫经推出,随即奠定了她的诗人声望。此后,

她陆续出版了其他选集。最为世人推崇当为她的《七曲颂歌》以及《林肯郡海边的浪涛》。她也发表过数篇小说，获得声誉。其中《告别斯凯林斯》最为著名，《对一个孩子讲述的故事》、《累赘的人》、《可怜的垫子》、《故事剖析》以及《玛泊桑仙女》亦皆为世人熟知。吉恩·英吉笏居住在英国伦敦，一生大多时间致力慈善事业。

1. 一只夜莺，露了丑，  
刚开口唱歌，就跑了调，  
它的心儿，就要碎了，  
连忙赶紧，躲开月亮。  
不小心还扭了脚，这可怜家伙，  
是否太过骄傲，大哭一场，  
反正，它将头蜷缩翼翅下，  
装模作样地睡着了。

2. 云雀和画眉，肩并肩，  
蹒跚走过来，查看究竟，  
夜莺捂住，羞红的脸，  
虽然羽毛遮住，心中胆怯，  
它知道，鸟儿听见自己歌唱，  
叽喳嘲笑，犹如芒刺，  
它讨厌憎恨，时光漫长，  
一年眨眼过去，该有多棒！

3. “哦，夜莺”，一只鸽子咕咕叫，  
“有什么大事不得了？  
你那么漂亮，又可爱，  
何必，像那些粗鄙家鹅？

别躲在旮旯里，生闷气，  
也不要小鸡肚肠，没度量，  
你应该，开心更快乐，  
为什么，不学学猫头鹰？

4. “只要想一想，你所做的，  
再思忖看看，你能做的，  
唱错了调，无关紧要，  
权当有趣，一笑别过。  
耸起你，那骄傲鸟冠，  
打开你，美丽的喙角，  
鸟儿们，竭力帮助你，  
不妨，亮开歌喉再唱歌。”

5. 夜莺，羞愧地，  
从翼翅里，抬起头，  
感激中，看了鸽子一眼，  
蓦然间，亮开嗓门，  
鸟儿，纷纷飞来驻足，  
夜晚，霎时庄严静穆，  
草地上，人群安静伫立，  
聆听那，质朴无华的圣歌。

6. 夜莺，不再害怕，  
它的歌声，渐次上扬回旋，  
它的目光，悠然攀升，

伴随着，响彻入云骄傲，  
歌声拂过，娴静无边夜色。  
夜莺，或许茫然不知，  
这篇故事，包含人生箴言，  
只要尝试，奇迹不难发现。

## LESSON 7

### DO NOT MEDDLE

### 请别多管闲事

1. About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the Old Hall among the elm trees. He was about three-score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

2. No poor cottager stood in need of comforts, which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished<sup>[48]</sup> for want of his assistance; and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor<sup>[49]</sup>, went empty-handed from the Hall. Like the village pastor described in Goldsmith's poem of "The Deserted Village,"

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wand'ring, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast."

3. Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion<sup>[50]</sup> to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge<sup>[51]</sup>.

He used to say, “The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound<sup>[52]</sup> in his manhood.”

4. No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a boy than twenty applications<sup>[53]</sup> were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage anyone until he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

5. On Monday morning seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desiring to obtain the situation. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall should be shown into this room one after another.

6. And first, Charles Brown was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little. So Charles sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room that at last he got up to peep at them.

7. On the table was placed a dish cover, and Charles wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things; and, as Charles was of a curious disposition, he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep. So he lifted up the cover.

8. This turned out to be a sad affair; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers; part of the feathers, drawn up by a current of air, flew about the room, and Charles, in his fright, putting the cover down hastily, puffed the rest of them off the table.

9. What was to be done? Charles began to pick up the feathers one by one; but the old gentleman, who was in an adjoining room, hearing a scuffle, and guessing the cause of it, entered the room, to the consternation<sup>[54]</sup> of Charles Brown, who was very soon dismissed as a boy who had not principle<sup>[55]</sup> enough to resist even a slight temptation.

10. When the room was once more arranged, Henry Wilkins was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine, ripe cherries. Now Henry was uncommonly fond of cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm.

11. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it into his mouth. It was excellent; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth.

12. Now, the old gentleman had placed a few artificial<sup>[56]</sup> cherries at the top of the others, filled with Cayenne pepper; one of these Henry had unfortunately taken, and it made his mouth smart and burn most intolerably<sup>[57]</sup>. The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy that would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him. Henry Wilkins was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal in to it.

13. Rufus Wilson was next introduced into the room and left to himself; but he had not been there ten minutes before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburdened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet, and drawer in the house, without being found out, he would have done it directly.

14. Having looked around the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein. But no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons<sup>[58]</sup>, and entered the room.

15. Rufus was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him. He looked as though anyone might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him

if he had rung the bell because he wanted anything. Rufus was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself, but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent him from being ordered off the premises.

16. George Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a cautious disposition, he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open, and, thinking it would be impossible for anyone to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther, looking down at the bottom of the door, that it might not catch against anything and make a noise.

17. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him; for to the top of the door was fastened a plug, which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch, and then another, till, the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate. At the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan made such a clatter that George was frightened half out of his senses.

18. The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found George nearly as pale as a sheet. George was soon dismissed.

19. It now came the turn of Albert Jenkins to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways, and no one knew what the experience<sup>[59]</sup> of the other had been in the room of trial.

20. On the table stood a small round box, with a screw top to it, and Albert, thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top; but no sooner did he do this than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. He started back, and uttered a scream which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Albert, with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor.

21. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore, the sooner you are gone the better." With that he dismissed him, without waiting a



moment for his reply.

22. William Smith next entered the room, and being left alone soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him. William was not only curious and prying, but dishonest, too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction. The key had a wire fastened to it, which communicated with an electrical machine, and William received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house, and let other people lock and unlock their own drawers.

23. The other boy was Harry Gordon, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never during that time stirred from his chair. Harry had eyes in his head as well as the others, but he had more integrity<sup>[60]</sup> in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key tempted him to rise from his feet; and the consequence was that, in half an hour after, he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall. He followed his good old master to his grave, and received a large legacy<sup>[61]</sup> for his upright conduct in his service.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 大约20年前，一处榆树簇拥的古老庄园里，住着一位超凡脱俗的乡间绅士。他约莫60来岁，非常富有，行为举止有点乖张，但他为人慷慨，处事宽宏大方，而且宅心仁厚，无人堪比。

2. 无论遇见贫苦潦倒的佃农雇工，或者憔悴羸弱的乡邻妇孺，甚至衣衫褴褛的乞丐，他总是不吝钱财，鼎力相助。只有那些恶名昭彰的诈骗之徒，才会两手空空地离开。正如戈德史密斯诗歌《被抛弃的村庄》中曾经描述的那样，“他的门口，流浪汉排成了长队，他呵斥那些人的原罪，却倾心减除他们痛苦，甚至有位记忆苍老的乞丐，简直成为他的座上客，那老人髯须灰白，垂到皱纹如穀的胸前。”

3. 当时，那位年迈绅士正需要一名伺童照料他的生活起居，他很喜爱年轻人。然而，他愈喜欢年轻人的社会，就愈憎恶不少年轻人深陷五花八门的走火入魔。他总是说，“喜欢窥探他

人抽屉的孩子，不由自主总想拿走点东西。俗语说得好：‘少时偷针，大时偷金’。”

4. 那位乡绅要找伺童的消息一经传开，二十来位想要为自己孩子谋就职位的乡邻纷纷挤上门来。老人执意不愿雇用，他心里明白，唯有通过某种程序以验证雇佣孩子是否具有良好的品格，那些孩子应该既不好奇心太盛，亦不爱多管闲事，他才能彻底放心。

5. 一个周日的早晨，七名少年穿上礼拜的衣服，脸上洋溢着开心幸福的笑容，聚集到那座庄园门口。人人都急切获得那个职位。那性格怪异的老人早已备好一处房间，以待更好察看应聘少年的品行，检测他们是否安分守己，是否不窥探自己不该知道的东西。他下令将那些站在榆树庄园里的少年逐一领进那处房间。

6. 查尔斯·布朗第一个被带进房间，有人告诉他，让他在房间里稍等片刻。于是查尔斯在门边椅子上坐下，刚开始，他一声不吭，环顾四周，房间里好玩东西实在诱惑太多，最后，他忍不住站起来到处查看。

7. 一个盘子倒扣桌上，查尔斯急切想弄清盘子下究竟藏有什么东西，可又害怕将盘子掀开。查尔斯的坏习惯看来根深蒂固，与好奇心不相上下，他实在抵挡不住窥探一眼的诱惑，于是将盘子倒翻过来，这下够糟了，原来盘子下堆着一簇细小羽毛。在气流的裹挟下，有的羽毛被吹开，忽悠悠到处乱飘。恐惧中的查尔斯匆忙将盘子盖上，还没忘记顺嘴吹走桌上剩下的细绒。

下步该做什么？查尔斯迅速逐一拣拾羽绒。此刻，那位老人走进房间，原来他就在隔壁，听到了这边的手忙脚乱，猜到了事情的原委经过。没有足够定力的少年，竟然无法抵制如此微小的诱惑。使查尔斯·布朗大为惊愕的是，他很快就被打发回家。

10. 当房间再度安排妥当，亨利·威尔金斯被带了进来。他亦得单独待上一段时间。片刻工夫，看到一盘鲜艳熟透的莓果，他的眼球就错不开了。亨利喜爱莓果，称得上情有独钟。他暗中思忖，这么大一盘莓果，不品咂上一颗似乎绝无可能。他左盯右看，心里七上八下。就在他站起来，准备抓起一颗，他听见，不，他以为有脚步声走来，原来却是闹钟滴嗒声，弄得他虚惊一场。

11. 亨利重新鼓起勇气，小心翼翼走上前，抓了只艳红的果子。原本他只拿一颗，但品尝

后发现，那莓果味道实在太好，他不停地说服自己，绝不能冒险再拿一颗，然而还是伸出了手。仓促中，果实“砰”的一声落进他的嘴里。

12. 原来，老人在莓果上放了几颗人造果实，里面夹杂辣椒或胡椒面，亨利不巧拿到那颗假果，刚进口，那辛辣味道让他实在无法忍受。老人听见隔壁咳嗽声，便已洞悉这边发生的事情。那可怜的少年，拿取不属于自己的东西，尽管不过一颗莓子，对老人来说，也就完全失去了聘用意义。威尔金斯毫不迟延地被带了出去，当时他的口腔冒火，嘴里像塞了块燃煤。

13. 随后，鲁弗斯·威尔森被吩咐走进房间。不到十分钟，他就开始在房间里转悠开了。他胆子很大，性格果敢，对诚信的原则问题似乎不太介意，如果不被发现的话，或许房间内每扇橱柜、壁柜甚至抽屉皆能被它逐一打开，无须任何踌躇或犹豫。

14. 四周看看，鲁弗斯看到了桌子抽屉，他一心想知道里面装有什么。不料他刚刚捏住抽屉把手，旋即铃声大作，原来那响铃竟隐蔽地装在桌下。听到铃声，老人迅速走进房间。

15. 鲁弗斯被突如其来的铃声完全弄懵了，他的所有鲁莽无法自圆其说。他看起来那么不堪一击，似乎一根羽毛也能将其击倒。老人问他是否需要什么才掀动响铃，尴尬的鲁弗斯结结巴巴，不知所措，张口还想辩解什么，却又莫衷一是，理由愈发站不住脚，最终还是没能逃脱被要求离开的结局。

16. 乔治·琼斯由一位老管家领进房间，他生性谨慎小心，不敢触动屋内任何物品，只用眼光横扫室内一圈。最后，他发现一扇壁橱的门露出些许缝隙，他想，如果自己将那门稍微开大些，亦断然不会为人察觉。于是他看了看门底，确信不会挂住什么，发出声音，然后小心翼翼地将门打开一点缝隙。

17. 如果他当时查看门顶而不是门底，情况或许要好些。因为壁橱门顶被一处木栓固定，栓后有处孔洞，洞里塞满许多细小铅沙粒。乔治试着将门轻轻打开点，再开一些，木栓终于从孔洞脱落，细小铅粒以难以想象的速度四下飞迸。壁橱下置一个锡盘，泻出的铅粒哗啦啦掉落到锡盘上，发出噼里啪啦的声响，乔治吓得血液似乎都凝固了。

18. 老人很快走进屋，询问究竟出了什么事。乔治脸色苍白，很快便被打道回府。

19. 下面轮到艾尔伯特·詹金斯登台亮相。被淘汰的少年通过不同路径送出庄园，他们在那间屋子的不同经历当然无人知晓。
20. 桌上放着一只很小的圆箱，箱盖上嵌有螺帽，艾尔伯特仔细端详，那箱里肯定装有好奇的东西。他思忖如果不拧松螺帽，便不可能打开箱子。可他刚刚拧动螺帽，忽然箱里弹出一条蛇，一码来长的假蛇，啪地落到了他的胳膊上。他吓得连忙后退，大声尖叫起来。老人赶来抓住艾尔伯特的的手肘，艾尔伯特僵直地站着，一只手抓着箱底，另只手抓着箱盖，那条假蛇掉在地上，一动不动。
21. “得了，得了，”老人说道，“有时，家里有条蛇还是不错的，这样的话，还是快走为好！”说话间，老人即刻令人将艾尔伯特送走，容不得他半点解释。
22. 接下来，威廉姆·史密斯走进房间，周围一旦没人，他马上开始东张西望，到处巡睃周围好玩的物件。威廉姆好奇心忒重，喜欢包打听，人还不够诚实。他留意到书柜抽屉上留下的钥匙，于是踮起脚尖走过去。钥匙上拴有一根金属线，线那头连接一台电机，那种电击可能让他终生难忘。威廉姆从电击中缓过神，刚能挪步，就被告知即刻回家，至于那些抽屉是否打开还是关闭，已与他全然无关。
23. 接下来的哈利·戈登也被单独留在屋里长达二十分钟，他没有离开座椅到处走动。哈利眼力不错，他与其他少年一样，但他更具有别人没有的诚实。盘盖也好，莓果也罢，或是抽屉把手，或是壁橱柜门，或是圆盒，或是钥匙，没有东西可以诱惑哈利。半小时后，哈利最终被留在榆树山庄。哈利忠心耿耿地为老人服务，为他养老送终。由于哈利为人正派，举止端庄，最终继承了老人大笔遗产。

LESSON 8

WORK

劳动

Eliza Cook (b. 1817, d. 1889) was born at London. In 1837 she commenced contributing to periodicals. In 1840 the first

collection of her poems was made. In 1849 she became editor of “Eliza Cook’s Journal.”

1. Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;  
Look labor boldly in the face;  
Take up the hammer or the spade,  
And blush not for your humble place.
2. There’s glory in the shuttle’s song;  
There’s triumph in the anvil’s stroke;  
There’s merit in the brave and strong  
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.
3. The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,  
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;  
It moves the green boughs till they make  
Grand music in their leafy mesh<sup>[62]</sup>.
4. And so the active breath of life  
Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;  
For are we not created rife<sup>[63]</sup>  
With health, that stagnant<sup>[64]</sup> torpor<sup>[65]</sup> kills?
5. I doubt if he who lolls<sup>[66]</sup> his head  
Where idleness and plenty meet,  
Enjoys his pillow or his bread  
As those who earn the meals they eat.
6. And man is never half so blest  
As when the busy day is spent  
So as to make his evening rest  
A holiday of glad content.

## 【中文阅读】

伊莉莎·库克(1817~1889)生于伦敦。1837年,开始投身杂志出版事业。1840年,她的第一部诗歌选集问世。1849年,她成为《伊莉莎·库克》杂志编辑。

1. 干活，我的孩子，不要害怕；  
勇敢地，面对劳动；  
从容地拿起，锤子铁锹，  
千万不要，为卑微感到羞愧。
2. 穿梭机，歌唱中赋有荣光；  
铁砧敲打，寓意着凯旋胜利，  
勇敢坚强，涵盖人的优秀品德；  
阳光照耀，工人们坚实臂膀。
3. 微风，拂起沉睡的湖面，  
撩动，优美的水意潺潺；  
狂风，挪动绿意葱茏的枝干，  
茂密丛林，奏起交响奇观。
4. 生命翕动，吐出力的欢畅，  
是否搅翻，沉寂的死水昏然？  
如果不愿，沦陷致命慵懒，  
哪怕身体康健，情欲正常？
5. 是否，他还无力地歪着头，  
恣意放纵，将怠惰富足写在脸上，  
沉湎于，烟水繁华的食色享受，  
与艰难讨生活面孔，相得益彰。
6. 如果，铭记生活中点滴感恩，  
忙碌充足，度过愉快时光，

节日礼花, 绽放成光明降临,  
夜晚的心, 最终皈依安康。

## LESSON 9

### THE MANIAC

### 疯子

1. A gentleman who had traveled in Europe, relates that he one day visited the hospital of Berlin, where he saw a man whose exterior<sup>[67]</sup> was very striking. His figure, tall and commanding, was bending with age, but more with sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples were white almost as the driven snow, and the deepest melancholy was depicted<sup>[68]</sup> in his countenance.

2. On inquiring who he was and what brought him there, he started, as, if from sleep, and, after looking around him, began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall, repeating in a low but audible voice, “Once one is two; once one is two.”

3. Now and then he would stop, and remain with his arms folded on his breast as if in contemplation<sup>[69]</sup>, for some minutes; then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, “Once one is two; once one is two.” His story, as our traveler understood it, is as follows:

4. Conrad Lange, collector of the revenues<sup>[70]</sup> of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty. Scrupulously<sup>[71]</sup> exact in an his dealings, and assiduous<sup>[72]</sup> in the discharge of all his duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the minister of finance<sup>[73]</sup>, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue.

5. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit<sup>[74]</sup> of ten thousand

ducats<sup>[75]</sup>. Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin.

6. The minister received his accounts, but thinking it a duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter<sup>[76]</sup>, he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said, once one is two, instead of once one is one.

7. The poor man was immediately released from confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted two days, he had neither eaten, drunk, nor taken any repose; and when he appeared, his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent; then suddenly awaking, as if from a trance, he repeated, “Once one is two.”

8. He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. While repeating his accustomed phrase, if anyone corrected him by saying, “Once one is one,” his attention was arrested for a moment, and he said, “Ah, right, once one is one;” and then resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, “Once one is two.” He died shortly after the traveler left Berlin.

9. This affecting story, whether true or untrue, obviously<sup>[77]</sup> abounds with lessons of instruction. Alas! how easily is the human mind thrown off its balance; especially when it is stayed on this world only, and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the injunction<sup>[78]</sup> of Scripture, to cast all our cares upon Him who careth for us, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 一位绅士曾去欧洲旅行，有一天，他去参观柏林一家医院。在医院里，他遇见一位男



人，那人看上去令人吃惊。他身材高大，器宇轩昂，由于上了年纪，腰也弓了，脸上满是悲伤，鬓角残留些许灰白头发，像被碾压的路旁积雪，面孔上刻着深藏的忧郁。

2. 我询问他的身世，询问他如何这般模样。他仿佛从梦中醒来，环顾一下四周，开始缓慢却不失标准地在医院门厅前后踱步，嘴里还不停嘟哝，声音很小，但还算清晰：“一一得二，一一得二”。

3. 他时而停下，胳膊交叉胸前，似乎陷入一阵冥思祈祷，过了一会儿，又继续走动起来，嘴里依然重复：“一一得二，一一得二。”下面就是他的人生，留存在一个观光客记忆里的故事。

4. 康拉德·兰格曾是柏林市的税务官，多年来，他为人正派，极富声望。历年税务征收中，他总是力求一丝不苟的精确，勤勉地履行职责。熟捻他的人，无不对他赞誉有加。作为柏林市财政长官，负责稽查所有官员账户，厘清该市税收众多的资金往来，为他的职责所在。

5. 一个不同寻常的年末，康拉德清理完他的所有账目后，突然发现账面竟然出现一万元的亏空。他大为惊愕，面见部长后，他提交了自己的账务报告，并向部长陈述有人对他实施了抢劫，至于具体原因，尚一无所知，肯定有人想蓄意谋害他。

6. 部长接管了税务官账目，不过，他认为，这位税务官极可能涉嫌犯罪，应该即刻予以关押。在部长授意下，康拉德随后遭到逮捕。部长将康拉德的账目交与他的下属稽查，那位下属最终查明了亏空原因，原来，康拉德计算出现失误，他的乘法口诀背错了，正是故事开头他那句话，“一一得二，而不是一一得一”。

7. 倒霉的税务官很快从监狱里释放出来，他的账目亦已返还，他的错误自然得到纠正。前后两天关押期间，他不吃、不喝，甚至没打过一个盹。从监狱释放出来后，康拉德面如死灰。拿到他的账本后，突然间，他似乎从恍惚中苏醒过来，嘴里依然振振有词，“一一得二。”

8. 看来，可怜的税务官完全失去了自主意识，他还是不吃不喝，除非有人央求他。他对周围所有事情茫然无知，只是不停地念叨那句话。如果有人试图纠正他，告诉他“一一得一”，他留心片刻，随即改口说，“哦，不错，一一得一。”然后，又开始来回踱步，嘴里还是继续念叨，“一一得二。”那位旅游者离开柏林不久，康拉德，死了。

9. 这故事无论真假，让人唏嘘不已，故事蕴涵深刻，不乏指导意义。唉，尤其当今世道，人心如此容易失衡，完全不再具备《圣经》里警示训诫做人的基本常识。将人类所有忧虑不安寄予上帝，她对众生心怀悲悯；哪怕一只雏鸦嘶鸣哭泣，那万能的主亦能听见。

## LESSON 10

### ROBIN REDBREAST

### 知更鸟

William Allingham (b. 1828, d. 1889) was born at Ballyshannon, Ireland. His father was a banker, and gave him a good education in Irish schools. He showed his literary tastes at an early date, contributing to periodicals, etc. In 1850 he published his first volume of poems; in 1854 his “Day and Night Songs” appeared, and in 1864 a poem in twelve chapters entitled “Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland.” His reputation was established chiefly through his shorter lyrics, or ballad poetry. In 1864 he received a literary pension.

1. Good-by, good-by to Summer!  
For Summer's nearly done;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away,—  
But Robin's here in coat of brown,  
And scarlet brestknot gay.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

2. Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough;  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'T will soon be winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!

And what will this poor Robin do?  
For pinching days are near.

3. The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheat stack for the mouse,  
When trembling night winds whistle  
And moan all round the house.  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow,—  
Alas! in winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer.

*Notes.—The Old World Robin here referred to is quite different in appearance and habits from the American Robin. It is only about half the size of the latter. Its prevailing color above is olive green, while the forehead, cheeks, throat, and breast are a light yellowish red. It does not migrate, but is found at all seasons throughout temperate Europe, Asia Minor, and northern Africa.*

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·亚力汉姆(1828~1889)生于爱尔兰巴利沙依,银行家的父亲给予他良好的教育。亚力汉姆很早就展现了他的文学审美才华,致力投身期刊杂志等文学事业。1850年,出版了他的首部诗集;1854年,他的《昼夜之歌》问世;1864年,他的一首标题为《劳伦斯·布卢姆菲尔德在爱尔兰》诗歌出版,该诗囊括12个章节。亚力汉姆的短篇抒情诗及乡村歌谣为他赢得了文学声望。1864年,他接受了文学年金嘉奖。

1. 再见,与夏季挥手作别,  
炎热的舞台,即将落幕,  
花园里,笑声黯淡下来,  
微风,吹过九月艳阳,  
画眉,不再引吭高歌,  
燕子,亦成群结对飞远。  
知更鸟,身穿褐色衣裳,

猩红色围脖，夺目耀眼，  
知更鸟，知更鸟，  
那么可爱，我的鸟儿。  
你婉转的歌声，清脆明亮，  
落在枝头，满眼夏日灿烂。

2. 明黄、艳红、亮橘斑斓，  
落叶纷飞里，光影迷乱，  
叙述昨天的树，繁复故事，  
寒风中，即将形销骨立，  
印度王子般，挺立依然。  
苹果树、梨树，外皮粗韧，  
赤褐色果实，点缀在夕阳苍峦，  
晚秋的步伐，迟缓沉重，  
转眼间，迎来霁雪初寒。  
知更鸟，知更鸟，  
那么快乐，我的鸟儿。  
温暖的秋阳，风声中消失，  
你将如何，飞进浓密黑暗，  
最终躲过，萧瑟寒冬难关？

3. 蟋蟀，猫在壁炉过冬，  
老鼠，钻进麦堆取暖，  
颤栗的风，呼啸着刮过村庄，  
锐利疼痛，撕裂出呻吟呼喊。  
路上，泛着银色寒霜，  
大雪皑皑，铺开白色殿堂，

冬天枝桠上，到处写满死亡。

知更鸟，你究竟飞向何方？

知更鸟，知更鸟，

那么可爱，我的鸟儿。

为你，我撒上面包屑，

你在枝头雀跃，报以欢欣。

## LESSON 11

### THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

#### 脱钩的狗鱼

John Greenleaf Whittier was born near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N.H., in 1892. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and he never received a classical education. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston. In the following year he removed to Hartford, Conn., to assume a similar position. In 1836 he edited an antislavery paper in Philadelphia. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass. Mr. Whittier's parents were Friends, and he always held to the same faith. He wrote extensively both in prose and verse. As a poet, he ranked among those most highly esteemed and honored by his countrymen. "Snow Bound" is one of the longest and best of his poems.

1. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial<sup>[79]</sup> man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

2. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener,

the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

3. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts <sup>[80]</sup>of pickerel, considerably<sup>[81]</sup> placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. “Try again,” said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. “Now for it,” thought I; “here is a fish at last.”

4. I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly<sup>[82]</sup>. “Try once more,” he said; “we fishermen must have patience.”

5. Suddenly something tugged at my line, and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. “Uncle!” I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, “I’ve got a fish!” “Not yet,” said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream, my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.



6. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with

those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified<sup>[83]</sup> and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties<sup>[84]</sup>, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing<sup>[85]</sup>, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

7. So, overcome with my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock<sup>[86]</sup>, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

8. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then, either, for it speaks for itself."

9. How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch. When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate<sup>[87]</sup> the credit which belongs only to actual achievement<sup>[88]</sup>, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

## 【中文阅读】

1807年, 约翰·格林利夫·惠蒂尔出生于美国马萨诸塞州的哈福希尔附近地区, 1892年在新罕布什尔州汉普敦大瀑布逝世。惠蒂尔在农场度过了童年时代, 他从未接受过任何传统教育。1829年, 惠蒂尔在波士顿开始编撰报纸, 翌年搬迁到美国康涅狄格州首府哈特福特市继续编辑职业。1836年, 他在费城从事反对奴隶制报刊编辑工作。1840年, 他又迁回马萨诸塞州埃姆斯伯里。惠蒂尔父母为基督教公教会教友, 他本人亦笃信基督教, 一生写有大量散文与诗歌, 堪称为美国最负声望及受人爱戴的诗人之一。《雪原》是他篇幅最长、最为优异的一篇诗歌作品。

1. 与我们全家共同生活的鳏夫叔叔沉默寡言, 性情温和, 打猎或垂钓占据他生活中大多时光, 于是, 跟随他到处郊游野足成了我们年少时乐此不疲的快乐生活。我们足迹遍及格瑞特山、布兰迪山坡森林和大湖等地方。令我们最为心驰神往的还是那条康瑞河。夏季来临, 我们通常在玉米地或干草堆边挥汗如雨, 筋疲力尽地做完当天必须完成的农活, 午后, 我们便钻进

丛林，或者沿那条康瑞河尽兴散步。

2. 恍惚如昨天发生的一切，那是我首次出去钓鱼。在我一生中，有过许多快乐时光，可这次钓鱼，却给我留下刻骨铭心的记忆。平生第一次，我从叔叔手里接过那根鱼竿，随他穿过那簇簇丛林，涉过翻飞草场，一路跋涉步履艰难。记得当时正值初夏，四周安静极了，路边枝繁叶茂，遮蔽了午后漫长的阳光，满地蓊郁夹杂五颜六色的野花，鸟声鸣啾不断，天地间似乎未曾有过这样的美妙柔和。

3. 由于长期垂钓生涯，经验丰富的叔叔谙知狗鱼出没之地，他极为慎重地帮我选好上佳的垂钓地方。素日观看他人钓鱼颇多，我也学着别人模样，用力甩出长长的钓线，然后焦急地等待鱼儿上来咬钩；还不时模仿青蛙蹦跳姿势，沿水面上猛拽鱼饵，半晌，也没见一条鱼儿上钩。“再试一次，”叔叔对我叫道。突然，鱼钩沉下水面，“有了，”我心头一喜，“咬钩了。”

4. 我猛地提起鱼竿，拽出的却是缠成一团的水草。再来一次，我总是满怀希望地抛出钓线，却还是一无所获，胳膊亦隐约疼痛起来。我求救地看了看叔叔，“再试试，”他对我说，“钓鱼的人需要格外耐心。”

5. 忽然，什么东西扯住了鱼线，猛地往下一拽，我扯住鱼竿拉起一看，一条漂亮的狗鱼在阳光下挣扎扭动，“叔叔！”我回头大声叫道，抑制不住满心激动。“我钓到了一条大鱼！”“哎，”叔叔的话未说完，刹那间，水面溅起浪花，只见一道箭矢般银光划过，那条大鱼跃入水中，我手握的那柄钓竿上，只留下空空的饵钩，呜呼！到手的大狗鱼就这样在我的眼皮下溜走了。

6. 我们极易谈及孩提时代的懊恼，与成人那些痛苦比较，尽管鸡毛蒜皮，不值一提，但总会耿耿于怀。当然，年轻人看来每每不以为然。因理性、经验、甚至自尊改变并抑制的童年痛苦，将会演变成一种安之若素的面对，可能的话，我们或许不再百般纠结闷闷不乐。然而，孩提时代缺乏理性、沉湎痛苦难以自拔，却是任由性情恣意放纵。洋娃娃鼻子破了，整个世界随之打碎；弹子球滚不见了，整个天地接着地陷天塌。

7. 哎呀，一种说不出的锥心痛苦攫取了我，我倍感失望，一屁股颓然瘫坐在身边的草墩上，叔叔好言好语的相劝亦无法使我平静下来。他一再劝说我，“河里的鱼，反正多着呢。”然后



一声不吭地帮我重新安好鱼饵，将鱼竿递给我，嘱咐我再来试试手气。

8.“孩子，请记住，”叔叔最后对我说，脸上露出狡黠笑意，“切忌不可自吹自擂，除非鱼儿上岸入笼。我这一生，见过多少年轻人花样翻新的吹牛，结果呢？徒给世人留下几多笑话。凡事八字未见一撇，不可吹嘘张扬。谨慎从事，低调做人，事实胜于雄辩。”

9.从此，每当我一次次听到周围朋友吐沫四溅地吹嘘自己遥遥无期的奋斗目标，为人事不切实际，却又指望成功唾手可得，那条漏网的大狗鱼总会不失时机地跳跃在我的面前，河边钓鱼的场景再度浮现。当年叔叔那么睿智冷静，循循善诱地开导我不可鲁莽，寡言者智，一条谚语教我悟透人生玄机：“静以修身，静水流深。”

## LESSON 12

### IT SNOWS

### 下雪了

Sarah Josepha Hale (b. 1788, d.1879) was born in Newport, N.H. Her maiden name was Buell. In 1814 she married David Hale, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1822. Left with five children to support, she turned her attention to literature. In 1828 she became editor of the “Ladies’ Magazine.” In 1837 this periodical was united with “Godey’s Lady’s Book,” of which Mrs. Hale was literary editor for more than forty years.

1. “It snows!” cries the Schoolboy, “Hurrah!” and his shout  
Is ringing through parlor and hall,  
While swift as the wing of a swallow, he’s out,  
And his playmates have answered his call;  
It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;  
Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow<sup>[89]</sup>,  
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy  
As he gathers his treasures of snow;  
Then lay not the trappings<sup>[90]</sup> of gold on thine heirs,  
While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

2. “It snows!” sighs the Imbecile<sup>[91]</sup>, “Ah!” and his breath

- Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;  
While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,  
He turns to the blaze of his grate;  
And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair  
Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;  
He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,  
Lest it wither his delicate frame;  
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,  
When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!
3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word  
Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;  
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,  
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;  
For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,  
Ay, though leagues intervened<sup>[92]</sup>, he can see:  
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,  
And his wife with her babes at her knee;  
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,  
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!
4. "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns  
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,  
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns!  
While musing<sup>[93]</sup> on sleigh ride and ball:  
There are visions of conquests<sup>[94]</sup>, of splendor, and mirth,  
Floating over each drear winter's day;  
But the tintings<sup>[95]</sup> of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,  
Will melt like the snowflakes away.  
Turn, then thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;  
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.
5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her sighs  
Have stifled<sup>[96]</sup> the voice of her prayer;  
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,  
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.  
'T is night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,  
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"  
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread.,  
And she lays on her last chip of wood.  
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;  
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

## 【中文阅读】

莎拉·约瑟福·黑尔(1788~1879)出生于美国新罕布什尔州纽波特,她未婚时的名字为布埃尔。1814年,莎拉与著名律师大卫·黑尔结婚,1822年,大卫离世后,给她留下5个嗷嗷待哺的孩子,黑尔夫人随后转向文学。1828年,她成为《妇女杂志》编辑。1837年,该杂志与《戈迪妇女丛书》合并,黑尔夫人担任该杂志文学编辑,长达40多年。

1. “下雪了!”一位校园男生高声叫着,“太好啦!”伴随一声尖叫划过门厅,穿过走廊,他像只迅疾的燕子飞奔门外,同学们随即回应他的大呼小叫。不过目睹他们的快乐张扬,你的心在欢跳;窃以为,骄傲的财富绝不会给人带来欣喜,倾慕应该来自那些青春脉搏的活力四射。因为他们捧起来自圣父的雪花馈赠,并非显摆父母给予的财产继承,健康与天籁的得天独厚原本属于他们。

2. “下雪了!”愚蠢的人在叹息,“唉呀!”他的呼吸变得如此滞重,似乎心有所雍;从死亡本质的惨白里,他不得不求助壁炉里烈火的熊熊温暖;那优裕的温柔乡愈来愈近,旋转着冲向赋以生命形式的骨骼,他害怕风中卷起的寒意彻骨,唯恐会摧毁他那孱弱不堪的肉体。噢,生存给予的快乐那么微不足道,人类无法逃脱死亡的恐惧仅仅证明,他,依然苟延残喘。

3. “下雪了!”路途上行者发出感叹。“驾!”他策马加鞭,加快速度。风,在肆虐,但他难以听见风的尖利呼啸,只有刀子般扑面的疼痛;光,冲破风雪弥漫,他已看到前方;家,隐约在现。心灵相通的人儿,他能看见家里壁炉明净温暖,桌台已摆好,孩子们趴在妻子膝间玩耍,全家人都在焦急地等他。唯有蒙恩念想,才能减轻辛勤劳作的悲哀。我挚爱的亲人们呵,从主的祝福中获得安宁。

4. “下雪了!”美女惊叹,“天呀,实在太美了!”她从镜中转身,窗外雪花飘落,宛若夏季第一朵玫瑰,她的脸上浮出笑意酒窝。恍惚中雪橇飞奔,还有豪华盛装舞会,红男绿女,欢歌浅笑,烟水繁华,柔情似水,打发那绵延不断的忧郁冬日。历尽风雨沧桑,希望之星黯淡,是否像那雪花融尽,倏忽不知所踪?不妨祈求上帝还有圣母赐予祝福!那才是未曾开启的醇美清泉。

5. “下雪了!”寡妇哀叹,“哦,我的上帝!”她的叹息声声盖过了她的祷告。从她泪水浸泡的眼里,可以听见心在慢慢撕裂;她颧骨下陷,象征饥谨悲哀的呼号。在这个雪花飘落的冬夜,失去父亲的孩子向她伸手祈求面包。“万能的主,请哺食那些幼小寒鸦。”她仍然怀有希望,直

到冰冷的壁炉落满恐惧，或者绝望，直到她将最后一根细柴投进炉腔。悲哀的母亲！唯独上帝才能洞悉你的苦难，雪花降临，那是穷人难以迈过的道道鬼门关。

## LESSON 13

### RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED

### 尊重安息日

1. In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was on the way to his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work, and worship God. He replied that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent<sup>[97]</sup>.

3. He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel<sup>[98]</sup> customers left him, and he was nicknamed "Puritan" or "Methodist." He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced<sup>[99]</sup> as to take a cellar under the old market house and shave the poorer people.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate<sup>[100]</sup> the Sabbath. This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

5. When shaved, he said, “There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate<sup>[101]</sup> your case. What is your name?” “William Reed,” said the astonished barber. “William Reed?” echoed the stranger: “William Reed? by your dialect<sup>[102]</sup> you are from the West.” “Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton.” “William Reed from Kingston, near Taunton? What was your father’s name?” “Thomas.” “Had he any brother?” “Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead.”

6. “Come along, follow me,” said the stranger, “I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront<sup>[103]</sup> him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed.”

7. They went by the coach; saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney<sup>[104]</sup>, was soon legally satisfied of the barber’s identity<sup>[105]</sup>, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring<sup>[106]</sup> a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man’s extremity<sup>[107]</sup> God’s opportunity<sup>[108]</sup>. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, “Seek ye my face,” in vain.

1. 前些年，巴斯城内有位理发匠，他一直保留星期日不休息、照常理发的习惯。一天，在他早晨去理发店的路上，他碰巧看见教徒做礼拜的一处地方，有位牧师正在分发布道经文，“别忘记安息日，请维护它的神圣”。他听了很久，终于相信自己所作所为确实违背了上帝与人类的法则，安息日里，他竟然还在为顾客打理胡须、修剪头发。想到这里，他心里变得纠结不安，反复琢磨安息日的道理。

2. 他终于鼓起勇气，向牧师袒露了他的忧虑。牧师建议他安息日向上帝祈祷，不要干活。他回答，如果不做生意的话，他就得到处去乞讨。他生意一向兴隆，周日不做活，他的生意可能会垮掉。经过不少辗转反侧的难眠之夜，不停地哭泣祷告，他最终决定全身心地信奉上帝，愈是反省，他愈感到他的职责至关重要。

3. 从此，每逢安息日，他不再干活，总是早起去参加公共宗教礼拜，不久，他便感到心灵的满足，这种满足来自履行宗教职责的馈赠，还有那份尘世既不能给予他、亦不能从其内心取走的安宁。他的预言很快得到应验，那些有教养的顾客不再光临他的理发店，他甚至还被封为“清教徒”、“卫道士”的绰号，被迫卖掉他那间时尚理发屋。随后岁月里，他生活日渐窘困，不得不租住在一家破旧市场地下室里，为穷人做点生意谋生。

4. 一个周六的晚上，天快擦黑了。一位从马车上下来的陌生人想要理发，原来，带客人来的人就是他理发店对面的马夫。匆忙走进小店后，客人一边将马缰递给马夫，一边催促理发匠尽快给他理发，他可不想破了安息日规矩。这句话，触动了理发匠心思，他不禁涕泗横流。原来屋里太黑，他唯恐做起活来不稳当，只有开口向客人先支借半便士买根蜡烛，客人照他的吩咐做了。理发匠贫困潦倒如此，让来客思忖良久。

5. “你的经历肯定与众不同，”理发完毕后，客人说道：“我现在没有时间，先付你两个半便士，等会回来，我再找你好好聊聊。你叫什么名字？”“威廉·瑞德。”理发师告诉陌生人，心里有点吃惊。“威廉·瑞德？”陌生人问道，“你的方言听起来，好像西边来的？”“不错，先生，我老家在陶顿旁边金斯敦。”“来自陶顿旁边金斯敦的威廉·瑞德，你父亲叫什么？”“托马斯。”“他有兄弟吗？”“有，先生，他有一个兄弟，在我洗礼后，他便去了西印度群岛，此后就再也没有音讯了，我们觉得他已经不在人世了。”

6. “哎，先听我说，”陌生人说，“我正在找从金斯敦来的一个叫威廉·瑞德的人，不错，金斯敦确实离陶顿很近。倘若你能证实你所言不虚，我可有天大好事要告诉你。你的叔叔去世了，他留下一笔巨额遗产，你可以拥有这笔财产，当然你必须通过所有相关的法律认证。”

7. 两人坐马车赶回威廉·瑞德的家乡，见到了那个冒牌的威廉·瑞德，最后查明他是个骗子。原来，那位陌生人是位敬业的律师，他很快便获得了理发匠威廉·瑞德的合法身份证明，他还告诉理发匠自己曾登过广告寻找，最终一无所获。如今天遂人意，能将这份巨额财产交给值得拥有的人，一份财产的合法继承人，他感到非常高兴，这真是踏破铁鞋无觅处的天赐良机。倘若，当时那位贫困潦倒的理发匠手里还有半便士，如果不是一根蜡烛的诚信，或许接下来很多年，理发匠仍然默默无闻。他，相信上帝，而上帝将证明，“信任，永远不会徒劳。”

## LESSON 14

### THE SANDS O' DEE

### 迪河沙滩

Charles Kingsley (b.1819, d.1875) was born at Holne, Devonshire, England. He took his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1842, and soon after entered the Church. His writings are quite voluminous, including sermons, lectures, novels, fairy tales, and poems, published in book form, besides numerous miscellaneous sermons and magazine articles. He was an earnest worker for bettering the condition of the working classes, and this object was the basis of most of his writings. As a lyric poet he has gained a high place. The “Saint's Tragedy” and “Andromeda” are the most pretentious of his poems, and “Alton Locke” and “Hypatia” are his best known novels.

1. “O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee!” [\[109\]](#)  
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
And all alone went she.

2. The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,

As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—  
And never home came she.

3. Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—  
A tress o' golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea.  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes on Dee.

4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
Across the sands O' Dee.

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·金斯利(1819~1875)生于英格兰德文郡霍恩。1842年在剑桥大学获学士学位,不久进入教会。他涉猎广泛,著述丰富,大多以书籍形式出版他的作品不仅囊括内容繁杂的大量宗教布道、杂志文章外,还有训诫文、演讲、小说、寓言以及诗歌。他致力献身于工人阶级的劳动条件改善,弱势阶层为他大多文章的关注的焦点。作为抒情诗人,他在英国获得极高声誉。《圣徒的悲剧》和《安德洛墨达》不愧为他倾心创造的诗歌,而《奥尔登·洛克》、《希帕蒂娅》是他最为著名的小说。

1. “哦, 玛丽, 去牛舍看看,  
去牛舍, 唤唤牛儿,  
去那里, 看看牛儿可在。”  
于是, 她穿过迪河沙滩,  
寒风肆虐, 浪花翻卷,  
她竟然, 独自前往。

2. 潮水蠕动着, 漫过沙滩,  
哗啦啦, 一浪高过一浪,



就那样，周而复始，  
远远望去，极目穷尽。  
浓密的雾霭，笼罩大地，  
她竟然，再也没有回来。

3. 哦，那是野草、鱼儿、丝带？  
或者，树的金色枝条？  
或者，闪烁迷人的鲑鱼，  
盘桓在，险恶的滩涂？  
天呀，那是溺水少女的头发，  
缠绕在，近海渔网的旁边；

4. 越过海浪，渔民的小船划近，  
波涛翻涌中，艰难穿行，  
嗜血的魔鬼，扑打过来，  
残忍地，将她无情吞没，  
依然听见，玛丽凄厉地呼喊，  
久久回荡，在迪河的沙滩。

## LESSON 15

### SELECT PARAGRAPHS

### 《圣经》节选

1. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Remember his marvelous [works](#) that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth.

2. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained<sup>[111]</sup>; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion<sup>[112]</sup> over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

3. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in him will I trust. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

4. O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him. For he cometh, for he cometh, to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

5. Oh that men would praise the Lord' for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven<sup>[113]</sup>. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

6. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he

leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—Bible.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 哦，感谢尊贵的耶和华，呼唤它的名字；让其恩泽在世间流传；为你歌唱，为你呈献美好诗篇；传播你的奇妙功绩；赞叹你的神圣荣光；让信奉神的万民欣喜若狂；铭记你无所不能的作为；你摧枯拉朽的奇迹，以及金口烁言的判断。

2. 哦，耶和华，万民的上帝。你的圣名在世界每一个角落传诵。谁将你至高无上的荣光撒满天穹；抬头瞭望夜空，你遣命月转星移；那里留下你神迹的伟大。人是什么？你警觉着人的贪欲；你是否眷顾人的儿子圣子？你让他与天使般圣洁，你将荣誉与光耀的皇冠赐予他。你令他担当你的职责，让他具有俯瞰众生的从容和力量。哦，耶和华，万民的上帝。你的圣名在世界每一个角落传诵。

3. 我会谈论耶和华的神圣，你是我心灵的庇护和堡垒，我信任尊贵的上帝。因为，你将你的爱施加于我，我要传诵你的神圣，并永远景仰。你洞悉我的名字，并呼唤我，我要回应你的呼唤；与你一起度过艰难时世；我要传诵你的神圣，并景仰你。我将终生让你欢欣，向你袒露我灵魂的皈依。

4. 哦，来吧！让我们歌颂耶和华，让我们尽情地狂欢发自内心的拯救力量。让我们以感恩之情来到你的身边，用诗歌表达欢畅。耶和华伟大兹此，万神之神！我们以圣洁的美为你祈祷；让世界敬畏你的存在。耶和华降临于世，降临到这个世界，你以公义正直以及信任审判万物。

5. 哦，人们将讴歌耶和华的美德，讴歌你怜惜幼弱生命的温柔与悲悯！孩子们划着小船奔向大海，他们在经济大潮中不断沉浮，他们亲眼目睹耶和华的万能，你的超然力量。你翻云

覆雨的手，才能搅起漫天的暴雨狂飙。孩子们在扭曲翻滚，倏忽升到半空，倏忽坠落沟壑，他们的灵魂得以熔炼。他们眩晕混沌奔波不止，他们步履蹒跚不明方向，仿佛站在世界尽头的悬崖边上。他们向耶和华哭诉苦难，你引导他们走出绝望。你使风暴平息，波涛不再涌翻，万籁俱静。暴风雨停息了，孩子们在欢笑，上帝照亮了他们梦中的天堂。哦，人们将赞叹上帝的慈善，你运筹帷幄以拯救迷途的羔羊。

6. 耶和华啊，你是我的牧羊人，须臾不能缺少。你吩咐我卧躺在绿色的牧场上；你指引我走向静穆的溪流，你让我的灵魂得以复苏；为了你的名誉，你带着我走向公平正义的道路。诚然，我走在死亡阴影笼罩下的山谷，但我决不惧怕魔鬼，因为上帝之光与我同在，还有你的威严和信仰，给我安慰。耶和华神，你在我的面前铺好台桌，我的敌人与我对视相望。你将圣油涂抹摩挲在我的头顶，圣杯悄然漫溢。是的，良知和怜悯将伴我走过一生；我将在你的宫殿生活，直到永远。

——《圣经》

## LESSON 16

### THE CORN SONG

### 玉米谣

1. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!<sup>[114]</sup>

Heap high the golden corn!

No richer gift has Autumn poured

From out her lavish<sup>[115]</sup> horn!

2. Let other lands, exulting, glean

The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,

The cluster from the vine;

3. We better love the hardy gift

Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us, when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

4. Through vales of grass and meads<sup>[116]</sup> of flowers  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

5. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

6. All through the long, bright days of June,  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

7. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come;  
We pluck away the frosted leaves  
And bear the treasure home.

8. There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo <sup>[117]</sup> showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

9. Let vapid<sup>[118]</sup> idlers loll in silk,  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp<sup>[119]</sup> and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

10. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth  
And bless our farmer girls!

11. Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

12. Let earth withhold her goodly root;  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat field to the fly:
13. But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

*From Whittier's "Songs of Labor"*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 将农夫冬天的囤垛堆高，  
将金色玉米垛堆高！  
秋天流泻的丰收，无与伦比，  
来自大地慷慨的丰饶。
2. 无数双手，欢欣翻飞，  
将苹果，从树上摘下来；  
将柑橘，从翠叶中采下来；  
将葡萄，从藤蔓中剪下来。
3. 溪谷崎岖，山峦起伏，  
那耐寒植物，令人景仰，  
落雪成壅，悄然盖住，  
狂风不会刮走，良田庄稼。
4. 河谷青翠，铺满鲜花，  
划出深浅辙沟，坚硬铧犁，  
阳光照耀，风带雨露，  
四月明媚，春风如煦如画。
5. 沟谷平原，人们播撒种子，

希望蛰伏，初夏金色阳光，  
一片片，唰唰声中生长的绿芽，  
惊飞起，田野成群的乌鸦。

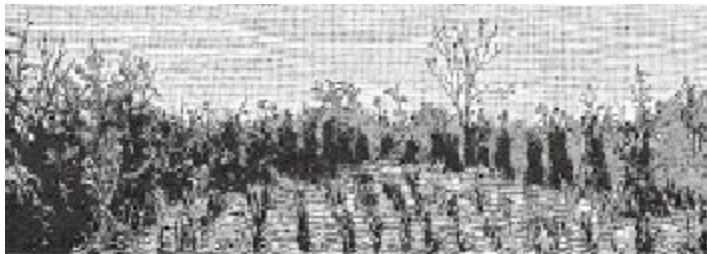
6. 六月烈日，炙热漫长，  
摇曳起，满地青春旗帜，  
仲夏月光下，波涛起伏，  
转眼间，换上金色盛装。
7. 秋天的月，黑夜孕育出，  
金秋的诞生，庄严隆重，  
将丰收果实，收获回家，  
留下，田野霜打的颓颜。
8. 比想象的馈赠，更为富足，  
阿波罗，带来光的神奇，  
苍老灵巧的双手，筛尽谷粒，  
揉捻成，霞光万道的晚餐。
9. 乏味无趣，那些慵懒之辈，  
衣着华美，佳肴云集，  
应当施舍，给穷人一碗米粥，  
古道热肠的质朴，让人流泪。
10. 何处寻找，古老宽敞的灶台？  
雾霭散去，袅袅炊烟飘来，  
难道不再祝福，仁慈大地，  
胼手胝足，我们农家女孩？
11. 骄傲虚妄，实在极端可耻，  
谁竟然，卖弄愚昧自夸，  
尽情嘲笑，农夫的辛勤劳作，

还有黄澄澄的，地里庄稼！

12. 让大地留存，优异的良种，  
否则，霉菌病让黑麦绝收，  
蝇虫，在果园里肆虐成群，  
万亩良田，全被飞鸟糟蹋。

13. 亘古流传的种子，装扮自然，  
祖先土地，广袤的田野山峦，  
怀念上帝，点播下金色玉米，  
心存感激，至今口授相传。

——摘自惠蒂尔的《劳动之歌》



## LESSON 17

### THE VENOMOUS WORM

### 致命的虫豸

John Russell (b. 1793, d. 1863) graduated at Middlebury College, Vt., in 1818. He was at one time editor of the “Backwoodsman,” published at Grafton, Ill., and later of the “Louisville Advocate.” He was the author of many tales of western adventure and of numerous essays, sketches, etc. His language is clear, chaste, and classical; his style concise, vigorous, and sometimes highly ornate.

1. Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these



reptiles<sup>[120]</sup> will make even the lords of creation recoil<sup>[121]</sup>; but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this country, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind is the object of this lesson.

2. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch in diameter, but, as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of India to shun the deadly cobra.<sup>[122]</sup>

3. Several of these reptiles have long infested<sup>[123]</sup> our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle<sup>[124]</sup> poison which this worm infuses<sup>[125]</sup>.

4. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs<sup>[126]</sup> his utterance; and delirium<sup>[127]</sup> of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

5. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle<sup>[128]</sup> in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm<sup>[129]</sup> of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer for the sole purpose of being bitten again.

6. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope that his son would be the “staff of his declining years,” had supported him through

many a sorrow.

7. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the WORM<sup>[130]</sup> OF THE STILL<sup>[131]</sup>.

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·拉塞尔(1793~1863), 1818年毕业于美国佛蒙特州米德尔伯里学院。一度曾任伊利诺斯州格拉夫顿《蛮荒人》编辑, 后为《路易斯维尔宣传者》编辑。他写过许多西部冒险小说, 以及大量的散文随笔等等。他的语言清晰质朴, 遣词造句传统典雅, 文风简洁热情, 有时过于文辞华丽。

1. 有人从没听说响尾蛇或一种头呈铜色的北美毒蛇? 这两种虫豸, 无论哪一种与你不期而遇, 哪怕作为生物界主宰的人类亦会惊恐万分; 不过, 还有一种极为特异的蠕虫, 这种蠕虫在美国不少地区业已相继发现, 这种蠕虫分泌出某种致命的天然毒液, 与其相比, 响尾蛇对人的伤害委实是小巫见大巫。本文旨在指导读者如何预防来自人类敌人的伤害。

2. 这种蠕虫体形差异很大。通常其直径达到一英寸, 但除非蠕虫盘绕成团, 这种情形极为鲜见, 因此蠕虫长度几乎难以估测。蠕虫呈暗铅色, 通常盘踞在泉水或细小溪流附近, 对前去饮水的人发动攻击。蠕虫从不攻击猛兽, 与此同时, 那些北美猛兽出于相同本能亦尽量避免与蠕虫接触, 甚至知道如何避开致命的眼镜蛇。

3. 世界上存在好几种长期侵扰人类的爬行动物, 它们给人们生命酿成不幸或导致灾难。这种蠕虫刺入人体哪怕极少或微量体液, 亦会给人带来不可避免的悲剧。不幸的是, 这类受害者对我来说, 实在是司空见惯。

4. 遭受这种蠕虫叮咬的症状相当可怕。病人眼睛变红或炙热, 舌头过度肿胀, 发音模糊不清, 随后出现可怕的谵妄症状, 病人处于癫狂状态下, 甚至有可能攻击周围亲朋好友。

5. 如果受害人有家小的话, 他身边哭泣的妻子以及无助的孩子们不可避免地成为他狂暴状态下首选攻击的目标, 这一惨绝人寰悲剧并非少见。简而言之, 受害人会向外界表达他野蛮内心的可怕暴怒, 这种行为归咎于意识锁闭, 即倘若由蠕虫咬噬引起精神错乱间断发作, 这

类病人一旦苏醒过来，他即刻会寻找下一个报复者，唯一目的在于，他希望再度遭受虫豸啃噬。

6. 我曾经见过一位心地仁慈的年迈父亲，他的鬓发几乎花白，他的步履蹒跚颤抖，却依然徒劳无助地为他唯一的儿子乞讨，希望儿子可以从这类蠕虫潜伏期症状中获得解脱。当他艰难地转身离开时，我的心在滴血，因为，我知道这美好的企盼，无外乎为他走过垂暮之年的唯一精神支柱，并已支撑他度过许多艰难厄苦。

7. 美国年轻人们，你知道这种爬行动物叫什么？它就是僵尸蠕虫。

## LESSON 18

### THE FESTAL BOARD

### 节日聚会

1. Come to the festal<sup>[132]</sup> board tonight,  
For bright-eyed beauty will be there,  
Her coral lips in nectar steeped,  
And garlanded<sup>[133]</sup> her hair.
2. Come to the festal board to-night,  
For there the joyous laugh of youth  
Will ring those silvery peals, which speak  
Of bosom pure and stainless truth.
3. Come to the festal board to-night,  
For friendship, there, with stronger chain,  
Devoted<sup>[134]</sup> hearts already bound  
For good or ill, will bind again.  
I went.
4. Nature and art their stores outpoured;  
Joy beamed in every kindling glance;  
Love, friendship, youth, and beauty smiled;  
What could that evening's bliss enhance<sup>[135]</sup>?

We parted.

5. And years have flown; but where are now  
The guests who round that table met?  
Rises their sun as gloriously  
As on the banquet's eve it set?
6. How holds the chain which friendship wove?  
It broke; and soon the hearts it bound  
Were widely sundered<sup>[136]</sup>; and for peace,  
Envy and strife and blood were found.
7. The merriest laugh which then was heard  
Has changed its tones to maniac screams,  
As half-quenched memory kindles up  
Glimmerings<sup>[137]</sup> of guilt in feverish dreams.
8. And where is she whose diamond eyes  
Golconda's <sup>[138]</sup>purest gems outshone?  
Whose roseate<sup>[139]</sup> lips of Eden breathed?  
Say, where is she, the beauteous one?
9. Beneath yon willow's drooping shade,  
With eyes now dim, and lips all pale,  
She sleeps in peace. Read on her urn,  
"A broken heart." This tells her tale.
10. And where is he, that tower of strength,  
Whose fate with hers for life was joined?  
How beats his heart, once honor's throne?  
How high has soared his daring mind?
11. Go to the dungeon's gloom to-night;  
His wasted form, his aching head,  
And all that now remains of him,  
Lies, shuddering, on a felon's<sup>[140]</sup> bed.
12. Ask you of all these woes the cause?  
The festal board, the enticing<sup>[141]</sup> bowl,  
More often came, and reason fled,  
And maddened passions spurned<sup>[142]</sup> control.
13. Learn wisdom, then. The frequent feast  
Avoid; for there, with stealthy tread  
Temptation walks, to lure<sup>[143]</sup> you on,

Till death, at last, the banquet spread.

14. And shun, oh shun, the enchanted [\[144\]](#)cup!  
Though now its draught like joy appears,  
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,  
And sadly mixed with blood and tears.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 快来，参加今晚聚会，  
那美丽的，大眼睛姑娘要来，  
她珊瑚色嘴唇，浸透花蜜，  
头上戴着，芳香的花蕾。
2. 快来，参加今晚聚会，  
到处有，年轻人爽朗笑脸，  
月光下奏响，银铃般乐曲，  
讴歌纯净内心，不变信念。
3. 快来，参加今晚聚会，  
连结一条，友谊的纽带，  
憧憬的心，跳跃不停，  
无论未来如何，我们心心相印。
4. 天籁自然，袒露内心真诚，  
笑语欢歌，满面春风送迎，  
关爱叮咛，谱写难忘青春，  
祝福声声，挥手兹别壮行。
5. 岁月穿梭，依稀已非从前，  
分聚离散，陌路难得相见，  
星光闪烁，重逢已是不堪，  
是否记起，昨日笑容灿烂？

6. 何以维系，曾经友谊纽带？  
分道扬镳，畅怀交流不再，  
嫉妒冲突，甚至流血，  
寻觅安宁，难道竟是永远分开？

7. 开怀的笑声，重新荡漾，  
改弦易张，恍然回眸拥抱，  
沉寂的内心，再次照亮，  
疯狂梦幻，心灵深处罪孽。

8. 明眸生辉，那双迷人的眼睛，  
胜过世上，昂贵的钻石，  
芳唇轻启，玫瑰色诱人，  
消失何方？美丽从此不再。

9. 远方垂柳，撒下鬼魅阴影，  
眼神黯淡，沧桑已经老去，  
她亦安然睡下，墓志铭上写着：  
“破碎的心”，芳菲纷纷落尽。

10. 如今，他已抵达权力顶端，  
当初，她的命运与谁相连？  
他备受摧残，贪婪向往名利，  
他野心勃勃，梦寐平步登天。

11. 今晚，他将走进阴暗地牢，  
行尸走肉的躯体，头痛欲裂，  
孑然一身，感叹行只影单，  
不寒而栗，重温难醒的梦魇。

12. 倘若质疑，你所有的悲哀，  
不过归咎，聚会上的酒杯，  
时光买醉，毫无理由的失控，  
走火入魔，理智深陷昏睡。

13. 究竟如何，更加睿智冷静，  
摒弃世俗，走马灯的诱惑，  
豪华盛筵，夜夜笙歌不断，  
魑魅魍魉，早牵你进坟墓。

14. 躲开吧，那施加魔咒的酒盅，  
杯空酒尽，叹息人生无常，  
往日愧疚，忘乎所以的虚妄，  
蓦然回首，难叙一把苍凉。

## LESSON 19

### HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS

### 如何告诉噩耗

Mr. H. and the Steward.

*Mr. H.* Ha! Steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

*Steward.* Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

*H.* Poor Mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?

*S.* Overeat himself, sir.

*H.* Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

*S.* Horseflesh, sir; he died of eating horseflesh,

*H.* How came he to get so much horseflesh?

*S.* All your father's horses, sir.

*H.* What! are they dead, too?

*S.* Ay, sir; they died of overwork.

*H.* And why were they overworked, pray?

*S.* To carry water, sir.

*H.* To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

*S.* Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

*H.* Fire! what fire?

*S.* O, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

*H.* My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

*S.* I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

*H.* Torches! what torches?

*S.* At your mother's funeral.

*H.* My mother dead!

*S.* Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.

*H.* After what?

*S.* The loss of your father.

*H.* My father gone, too?

*S.* Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.



H. Heard of what?

S. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

H. What! more miseries! more bad news!

S. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

## 【中文阅读】

H先生和管家

H先生：你好！管家，最近好吗？老伙计。家里都还好吗？

管家：实在太糟了，尊贵的主人，家里那只叫喜鹊的狗儿死了。

H先生：可怜的狗儿，它竟然死了，怎么死的？

管家：它吃多了，先生。

H先生：是吗？这条贪吃的狗。究竟怎么回事？它到底吃了什么？

管家：马肉，先生。它吃了太多的马肉。

H先生：它怎么能吃这么多马肉？

管家：你父亲的马一只也没剩下，先生。

H先生：怎么回事？父亲的马怎么死光了呢？

管家：唉！先生，那些马是干活累死的。

H先生：它们为什么干那么多活？快说呀！

管家：它们要运水，先生。

H先生：运水？为什么马儿要运水？

管家：没错，先生，家里失火了。

H先生：失火？怎么回事？

管家：哦，先生，你父亲的房子烧光了。

H先生：我父亲的房子烧光了！房子怎么会失火呢？

管家：我觉得，先生，应该是那些火把引起了火灾。

H先生：火把？什么火把？

管家：你母亲葬礼上的火把。

H先生：啊？我母亲去世了？

管家：哦，可怜的夫人！从那天之后，她压根没睁开眼过。

H先生：什么之后？

管家：你父亲去世之后。

H先生：天呀！我父亲也去世了？

管家：是的，可怜先生！他听说那消息，就上床睡觉，也就再没能醒过来。

H先生：究竟听到什么消息？

管家：他听到了噩耗，先生，尊敬的主人。

H先生：我的天呀！还有噩耗？？究竟有完没完的噩耗？

管家：听好，先生。你的银行破产了，你的信用没有了，在这个世界上，如今，你不值一个子了。先生，我如此冒昧地等你回来，就是要告诉你这些事情，我原以为，你会乐意听到这些噩耗的。

LESSON 20

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

布伦海姆战役

Robert Southey (b. 1774, d. 1843) was born in Bristol, England. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793. In 1804 he established himself permanently at Greta Hall, near Keswick, Cumberland, in the “Lake Country,” where he enjoyed the friendship and society of Wordsworth and Coleridge, other poets of the “Lake School.” He was appointed poet laureate in 1813, and received a pension of £300 a year from the government in 1835. Mr. Southey was a voluminous writer in both prose and verse. As a poet, he can not be placed in the first rank, although some of his minor poems are very happy in thought and expression. Among his most noted poetical works are “Joan of Arc,” “Thalaba the Destroyer,” “Madoc,” “Roderick,” and the “Curse of Kehama.”

1. It was a summer evening,  
    Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he, before his cottage door,  
    Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green,  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
  
2. She saw her brother Peterkin  
    Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
    In playing there, had found;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
  
3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
    Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
    And, with a natural sigh,  
“ 'T is some poor fellow's skull,” said he,

“Who fell in the great victory.

4. “I find them in the garden,  
For there’s many hereabout;  
And often when I go to plow,  
The plowshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“Were slain in that great victory.”

5. “Now tell us what ’t was all about,”  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
While little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
“Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for.”

6. “It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
“Who put the French to rout,  
But what they killed each other for,  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said,” quoth he,  
“That ’t was a famous victory:

7. “My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream, hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So, with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. “With fire and sword, the country round

Was wasted, far and wide;  
And many a nursing mother then,  
And newborn baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

9. “They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

10. “Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won,  
And our young prince, Eugene.”  
“Why, ’t was a very wicked thing!”  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
“Nay, nay, my little girl!” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory.”  
11. “And everybody praised the Duke  
Who this great fight did win.”  
“But what good came of it at last?”  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
“Why, that I can not tell,” said he,  
“But ’t was a glorious victory.”

*Notes.—The Battle of Blenheim, in the “War of the Spanish Succession,” was fought August 13, 1704, near Blenheim, in Bavaria, between the French and Bavarians, on one side, and an allied army under the great English general, the Duke of Marlborough, and Eugene, Prince of Savoy, on the other. The latter won a decisive victory: 10,000 of the defeated army were killed and wounded, and 13,000 were taken prisoners.*

## 【中文阅读】

罗伯特·骚塞(1774~1843)出生于英格兰布里斯托尔。1793年,他考入牛津大学贝列尔学院。1804年,他在坎伯兰凯斯维克附近葛丽塔会所获得永久声誉。在“湖泊区”的坎伯兰,他与华兹华斯和柯勒律治以及其他一些“湖畔派”诗人来往密切,交情笃厚。1813年他被授予“桂冠诗人”,1835年,开始接受政府提供的每年300英镑年金。骚塞先生著述颇丰,写有大量散文和

诗歌。作为诗人，他或许不能荣忝一流，尽管他的某些短小篇幅诗歌在思想与艺术表达上相当成功。他最为著名的诗歌作品包括《天穹的琼》、《塞拉芭毁灭者》、《马多克》、《罗德里克》和《凯赫姆的诅咒》。

1. 一个夏天傍晚，  
老卡斯帕做完了农活，  
他坐在茅屋门口，  
残阳日落，身旁，  
他的孙女威廉明妮  
在草地上，尽情玩耍。
  
2. 她看见了哥哥彼得金，  
滚动一个又大又圆的东西，  
河边玩耍时，  
他把这东西带回家，  
忙不迭，让爷爷看，  
那圆圆光滑的东西。
  
3. 老人接过那东西，  
孩子站在旁边，好奇地等待，  
老人摇了摇头，  
发出一声长叹，  
“一个可怜家伙的脑瓜，”他说，  
“他在那次恶战中丧命。”

4. 我在园子里看过，

这附近，地里很多；  
我下田犁地，  
犁头常常翻出头颅，  
“好几千人啊，”他说，  
“在那次战役中阵亡。”

5. “爷爷快告诉我，究竟怎么回事？”

小彼得金央求爷爷，  
威廉明妮也抬头望着爷爷，  
孩子们神情急切，  
“爷爷，说说那次打仗，  
为什么，他们互相砍杀？”

6. “那次英国佬，”卡斯帕说，

“确实打败了法国佬，  
为什么，他们互相残杀，  
我还真的不知道，  
不过，人人都说，  
那次胜利可真是不得了。”

7. “当年，我父亲住在布伦海姆，

那里有条小河，水流湍急，  
英国佬放火烧光我家房子，  
寸草不存，片瓦不留，  
父亲被迫离家出走，  
带着母亲，抱着我。

8. “四面八方，火光混合枪声，  
遍地都是，焦土、尸体  
喂奶的母亲，  
怀抱出生就死去的孩子。  
可你们知道，战争就是那样，  
哪次，不是血流成河？

9. “人们都说，景象悲惨，  
后来，法国人打回后，  
数千具尸体，七横八躺，  
阳光暴晒下，很快腐烂。  
可你们知道，战争就是那样，  
哪次，不是尸骨堆山？

10. “人们盛赞，马尔伯勒公爵的战绩，  
还有，年轻王子尤金的胜利。”  
“为什么呢？杀人是邪恶的！”  
小威廉明妮开口说道。  
“噢，不，我的孩子，”老卡斯帕说，  
“那可是，一次了不起的胜利。”

11. “每人都称赞公爵，  
他确实，赢得了战争。”  
“但，最终又有什么好处？”



小威廉明妮问道。

“为什么？我也不知道，”老卡斯帕嘟囔，

“那可是，一次辉煌的胜利。”

## LESSON 21

### “I PITY THEM”

### “我怜悯他们”

1. A poor man once undertook to emigrate<sup>[145]</sup> from Castine, Me., to Illinois. When he was attempting to cross a river in New York, his horse broke through the rotten timbers of the bridge, and was drowned. He had but this one animal to convey all his property and his family to his new home.

2. His wife and children were almost miraculously<sup>[146]</sup> saved from sharing the fate of the horse; but the loss of this poor animal was enough. By its aid the family, it may be said, had lived and moved; now they were left helpless in a land of strangers, without the ability<sup>[147]</sup> to go on or return, without money or a single friend to whom to appeal. The case was a hard one.



3. There were a great many who “passed by on the other side.” Some even laughed at the predicament<sup>[148]</sup> in which the man was placed; but by degrees a group of people began to collect, all

of whom pitied him.

4. Some pitied him a great deal, and some did not pity him very much, because, they said, he might have known better than to try to cross an unsafe bridge, and should have made his horse swim the river. Pity, however, seemed rather to predominate<sup>[149]</sup>. Some pitied the man, and some the horse; all pitied the poor, sick mother and her six helpless children.

5. Among this pitying party was a rough son of the West, who knew what it was to migrate some hundreds of miles over new roads to locate<sup>[150]</sup> a destitute<sup>[151]</sup> family on a prairie. Seeing the man's forlorn situation, and looking around on the bystanders, he said, "All of you seem to pity these poor people very much, but I would beg leave to ask each of you how much."

6. "There, stranger," continued he, holding up a ten dollar bill, "there is the amount of my pity; and if others will do as I do, you may soon get another pony. God bless you." It is needless to state the effect that this active charity produced. In a short time the happy emigrant arrived at his destination<sup>[152]</sup>, and he is now a thriving<sup>[153]</sup> farmer, and a neighbor to him who was his "friend in need, and a friend indeed."

## 【中文阅读】

1.从前，一位穷人率全家老小从缅因州卡斯廷准备移居到伊利诺斯州。在纽约州过河时，他家里的马撞断桥上已经朽烂的栅栏，不幸掉到河里淹死了。那淹死的马是全家唯一的运输工具，是驮运他家所有家产搬迁到新家的所有指望。

2.很难相信，这家穷人的妻小最终从丢失马匹的绝望深渊中恢复过来，不过，马的损失本身够大。或许可以这么说，无论居住或者搬迁，马对这个处于迁徙状态中的家来说，毕竟举足轻重。如今，全家人在这块举目无亲的土地上求告无门，缺少盘缠无人可以求助。他们甚至没有办法决定是否继续前行，还是原路返回。当时境况的确非常糟糕。

3.那时，还有大批移民逆向涌来，甚至有人嘲笑这家穷人手足无措的窘困。不过，慢慢地，有的人开始为这家人募捐，大家都很怜悯这不幸的一家人。

4.有些人深深同情这一家庭，有些人却不以为然，他们觉得这家人早该清楚，不该从那条不安全的桥上过，或是让那匹马游过河。大家众说纷纭，七嘴八舌，最后，来往的移民队伍里还是怜悯同情占了上风。有的人同情那家人，有的人叹息那马；不过，那位贫穷体弱的母亲，以及她六个无助的孩子无不让人潸然泪下。

5.人群中有一位当地西部酋长的儿子，性格相当直率。他清楚在荒无人烟的大草原上跋涉数百英里，对两手空空的一家老小来说，意味着什么。目睹这家人的绝望无助，看到四周围观的人群，他高声说道：“看来，你们都非常同情这家遭难的人，我是否可以冒昧地问一下，你们每人能拿出多少钱？”

6.“我们原本素昧平生，”他接着往下说，同时举起手里一张10美元的钞票，“这是我捐出的钱，如果有人像我一样，同样捐出10元钱的话，我马上送你一匹小马驹，上帝保佑你们！”不用说，当时募捐场面相当火爆，因为，那些迁入的新移民很快在当地定居落户；酋长儿子的农场昌盛兴旺，有幸作为他的邻居，大家如何不乐意结交这种可谓“患难之交见真情”的新朋挚友呢。

## LESSON 22

### AN ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE

### 布莱兹夫人的挽歌

Oliver Goldsmith (b. 1728, d. 1774) was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the parish of Forney, Ireland. He received his education at several schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. He spent some time in wandering over continental Europe, often in poverty and want. In 1756 he became a resident of London, where he made the acquaintance of several celebrated men, among whom were Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His writings are noted for their purity, grace, and fluency. His fame as a poet is secured by “The Traveler,” and “The Deserted Village;” as a dramatist, by “She Stoops to Conquer;” and as a novelist, by “The Vicar of Wakefield.” His reckless extravagance always kept him in financial difficulty, and he died heavily in debt. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.

1. Good people all, with one accord<sup>[154]</sup>,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,

Who never wanted a good word—  
From those who spoke her praise.

2. The needy seldom passed her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor—  
Who left a pledge<sup>[155]</sup> behind.

3. She strove the neighborhood to please,  
With manner wondrous winning:  
She never followed wicked ways—  
Unless when she was sinning.

4. At church, in silks and satin new,  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew—  
But when she shut her eyes.

5. Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has followed her—  
When she has walked before.

6. But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers<sup>[156]</sup>-on cut short all,  
Her doctors found, when she was dead—  
Her last disorder mortal<sup>[157]</sup>.

7. Let us lament, in sorrow sore;

For Kent Street well may say,  
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—  
She had not died to-day.

## 【中文阅读】

奥利弗·戈德史密斯(1728~1774)出生于爱尔兰帕拉斯, 又称福尼教区帕拉斯茅。他在都柏林三圣学院、爱丁堡大学以及莱顿大学数处接受教育。在极端窘困的条件下, 他曾游历整个欧洲大陆。1756年, 戈德史密斯在伦敦定居, 他结识了数位有名望的权威学者, 包括约翰逊博士以及约书亚·雷诺先生。戈氏的作品纯净优雅, 行文流畅。他兼诗人、剧作家和小说家于一身, 其著名作品包括: 诗歌《行旅者》和《被遗弃的村庄》, 剧作《她向征服者臣服》, 小说《韦克菲尔德教区牧师》。戈德史密斯挥金如土的生活让自己时常捉襟见肘, 甚至死后亦留有大量债务。威斯敏斯特大教堂矗有他的纪念碑。

1. 善良的人, 异口同声,  
    哀悼, 布莱兹夫人,  
    生前, 她不在意任何褒奖,  
    尽管, 他们发自内心称赞。
2. 穷人, 很少从她的门前走过,  
    她心地善良, 济贫扶弱,  
    她施舍众生, 为人慷慨,  
    借贷者, 甚至只留下极少许诺。
3. 她竭尽所能, 造福乡梓,  
    心有谋略, 变通灵活,  
    她为人坦荡, 不要诡计,  
    除非, 偶尔难以顾及。

4. 教堂里，那些豪绅贵妇，  
绫罗绸缎，裙裾飘飞，  
她闭上眼睛，聆听诵经，  
却从不曾经，打盹走神。
5. 她追求者甚众，我敢断定，  
那些人百般追求，倾心思慕，  
她娉婷袅娜，走在街上，  
即便国王，亦趋尊随后。
6. 如今，她财富散尽美貌不再，  
那些追随者，日渐稀疏，  
待最后离世，医生才发现，  
她身体衰竭，难以挽救。
7. 悲哀深深，无以表述，  
那条肯特大街，或许见证，  
她多活一年，该有多好，  
否则不会遗憾，她走得太早。

## LESSON 23

### KING CHARLES II AND WILLIAM PENN 英王查尔斯二世与威廉·佩恩先生

*King Charles.* Well, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still, I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself?

*Penn.* Yes, I have, I assure thee, friend Charles; and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

*K.C.* What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

*P.* The best security in the world.

*K.C.* I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals<sup>[158]</sup> but in a regiment<sup>[159]</sup> of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

*P.* I want none of thy soldiers, Charles: I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

*K.C.* Ah! what may that be?

*P.* Why, I depend upon themselves; on the working of their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

*K.C.* A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

*P.* And why not among them as well as others?

*K.C.* Because if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.

*P.* That is no proof of the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors<sup>[160]</sup>. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison<sup>[161]</sup>, and corn, which were all they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting grounds for farms for themselves. Now, is it to be wondered at, that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they

should have committed some excesses<sup>[162]</sup>?

*K.C.* Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

*P.* I am not afraid of it.

*K.C.* Ah! how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose?

*P.* Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

*K.C.* No, indeed? How then will you get their lands?

*P.* I mean to buy their lands of them.

*K.C.* Buy their lands of them? Why, man, you have already bought them of me!

*P.* Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

*K.C.* How, man? no right to their lands?

*P.* No, friend Charles, no right; no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

*K.C.* Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

*P.* The right of discovery? A strange kind of right, indeed. Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe load of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering this island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

*K.C.* Why—why—why—I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.

*P.* Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest<sup>[163]</sup> in these people whom thou callest savages? And suppose, again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and drive the rest away—wouldst



thou not think it horribly cruel?

*K. C.* I must say, friend William, that I should; how can I say otherwise?

*P.* Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in the heathen?

No. I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

—*Mason L. Weems*

*Notes.*—Charles II. was king of England from A.D. 1660 to 1685. William Penn (b. 1644, d. 1718) was a noted Englishman who belonged to the sect of Friends. He came to America in 1682, and founded the province which is now the state of Pennsylvania. He purchased the lands from the Indians, who were so impressed with the justice and good will of Penn and his associates, that the Quaker dress often served as a sure protection when other settlers were trembling for their lives.

## 【中文阅读】

英王查尔斯:哎,威廉老友!我把北美一处不错的地方交付于你,可是我觉得你根本不想去,对吗?

佩恩:不,陛下,恰恰相反,我就是来和您道别的。

英王查尔斯:天呀!你真敢与北美野蛮人厮混一起?呃,一旦你落脚北美海滩,不出两小时,一群土著就会刀斧鸣鼓地对你发动进攻,你如何保住自家性命?

佩恩:那里才是世上最安全的地方。

英王查尔斯:安全?威廉,我的朋友,就那些野蛮食人族来说,我完全不知道还有什么安全可言!除非你带上全副武装的军队!听着,我可事先奉告你,出于我的好意,以及我照顾你与你的家庭的责任,我绝对不会派一兵一卒随你去美洲。

佩恩:我不需要您任何兵卒,查尔斯陛下,我希望不战而屈人之兵。

佩恩:哎呀!怎么说?

佩恩：嗯，我要指望他们自己；依赖他们的独立思考、他们的正义观念、包括他们自身道德感。

英王查尔斯：不错，绝对无须怀疑这种高尚的道德感；可我担心在北美印第安人部落里，你或许难以找到什么道德感。

佩恩：那么，为什么就道德感来说，他们不如其他民族？

英王查尔斯：如果印第安人具备哪怕一点点道德意识，他们就不会那么野蛮地杀戮我的臣民了。

佩恩：查尔斯，我的朋友，难道不存在恰恰相反的证据？陛下臣民才是入侵者，当初踏入那块美洲大地，他们发现，世界上没有人能比那些可怜的土著更温顺平和，待人友好。每天，土著人毫无例外地赶到海滩探望白人，给他们送上最好的鱼、鹿肉、玉米，倾其所有，供其充饥。为回报土著人的好客，正如我们所说的，那些被称为基督徒的陛下臣民，他们强占掠夺印第安人大片家园以及丰美猎场，建起他们自己的农场。如此看来，那些非正义行为使得大量遭受杀戮的土著人沦陷绝境，我们难道不觉惊诧莫名？陛下臣民采用烧杀抢掠手段报复印第安人，那些野蛮屠杀难道并不过分？

英王查尔斯：好了，今后，土著人若以同样方法对付你，但愿你不要抱怨。

佩恩：我可不会害怕。

英王查尔斯：天呀！你怎样避免他们报复？我觉得，你不也想得到他们的狩猎场吗？

佩恩：不错，我需要土地，不过不会把印第安人从他们的狩猎场上赶出去。

英王查尔斯：确实如此？那你怎么得到他们的土地？

佩恩：我打算从他们手中买土地。

英王查尔斯：从他们手中买土地？哎呀，伙计。你应该是从我的手中买下那些土地吧！

佩恩：我确实买了土地，价钱还相当高；为什么我这样做，无非考虑到陛下的仁慈，当然，

我并不认为，您对印第安人的土地拥有任何权力。

英王查尔斯：哎呀，伙计，难道我没有支配印第安人土地的权力？

佩恩：是的，查尔斯，我的朋友，您没有权利，没有任何权力。您有什么权力可以支配那些土著人的土地？

英王查尔斯：天呀，我有发现的权利，确切地说，罗马教皇和所有基督教国王无一不赞同相互之间给予的权力。

佩恩：发现的权力？真是莫名其妙。不妨推想一下，查尔斯，我的朋友，假如这些印第安人乘独木舟漂洋过海，最终发现了大不列颠群岛，倘若他们宣称这岛屿属于他们，并在你眼皮底下将其标价出售，你将如何喙置？

英王查尔斯：呃，呃，呃——我得承认，这实在有点太厚颜无耻了。

佩恩：那么，好了，一位基督徒，堂堂的基督徒国王，你指控野蛮人最该受到谴责，却对你所称为野蛮的人做出同样最该谴责的事。再假设一下，倘若这些印第安人拒绝放弃你的大不列颠群岛，甚至对你进行开战，手中的武器比你的厉害，他们大规模屠戮你的臣民，再将你的臣民全部撵走，你难道不觉得这种行为恐怖残忍？

英王查尔斯：威廉，我的朋友，我必须承认，我应该这么说，否则，我还该怎么说？

佩恩：好了，既然这样，我怎么能，能说自己是基督徒？做那些我最憎恶的事，哪怕针对那些异教徒？不！我不会那样做。但我会从合法的拥有者手中购买权利，即便这些拥有者就是印第安人。通过购买的方式，我无非在效仿上帝本身的正义与悲悯，从而确保上帝佑福降临我管辖的领地，当然，如果，我能在北美洲活下来，先要种下一棵心愿之树。

（梅森·爱尔·维姆斯）

# WHAT I LIVE FOR

## 我为什么而活

1. I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned<sup>[164]</sup> me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,  
Who suffered for my sake;  
To emulate<sup>[165]</sup> their glory,  
And follow in their wake<sup>[166]</sup>;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs<sup>[167]</sup>, sages<sup>[168]</sup>,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hail<sup>[169]</sup> that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When man shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

4. I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,

And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我为那些爱我的人活着，  
那些人，心地善良无比真诚；  
我为天空里爽朗笑声活着，  
它们，似乎在等待我的魂灵。  
我为与生俱来的责任活着，  
为上帝赋予的神圣道义活着，  
为身后闪现的美丽光明活着，  
一生活着，我应该努力向善。
2. 生活中，我已了解大爱的涵义，  
有人曾为我受尽磨难，  
发扬光大先哲的荣光，  
勇敢地追随前辈足迹，  
那些诗人爱国者、烈士和圣贤，  
无数英雄，彪炳千古，  
他们，大气凛然地走过，  
汇成波涛壮阔的历史长河。
3. 活着，我为那些季节欢呼，  
思索那些睿者的醒世恒言，  
人，需要理性地活着，

绝不能沦为金钱的怪物；

人与人应该和谐相处，

遏制罪恶，张扬正义，

地球将会阳光普照，

伊甸园才能美好如初。

4. 我为那些爱我的人活着，

我为了解我真诚的人活着，

我为天空里爽朗笑声活着，

它们，似乎在等待我的魂灵。

活着，正义需要声张，

活着，罪恶必须抵制。

活着，未来就在前方，

一生活着，我应该努力向善。

## LESSON 25

### THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN

### 公正不会缺席

1. It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots<sup>[170]</sup>, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their prattle<sup>[171]</sup> to dissipate<sup>[172]</sup> the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still

seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny<sup>[173]</sup> mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget his word.

4. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and in her latter time had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage<sup>[174]</sup>, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance<sup>[175]</sup> remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude<sup>[176]</sup> the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.  
But trust him for his grace;

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments and in apparently indifferent<sup>[177]</sup> health; entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he: “It is now twenty-four hour’s since I tasted bread.” The widow’s heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication<sup>[178]</sup> of distresses; for her sympathies<sup>[179]</sup> lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest, and a share of all she had, she proffered<sup>[180]</sup> to the stranger. “We shall not be forsaken,” said she, “or suffer deeper for an act of charity.”

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: “And is this all your store?” said he; “and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! But, madam,” said he, continuing, “do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?”

9. “Ah,” said the poor widow—and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it—“I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna<sup>[181]</sup> from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!”

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. “God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! oh, my mother!” It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.



## 【中文阅读】

1. 一个周六的夜晚，一座松木搭建的小屋里，一位寡妇坐在燃烧的火堆旁，五个衣衫褴褛的孩子依偎在她的身边。她强打精神，听着周围咿呀吵闹，孩子们不谙人世的纯真，或许消散她内心些许沉重阴霾。一年来，她用羸弱的双手独自撑起这个呼告无门的家。在这个偌大寒冷的世界上，她举目无亲，无所可依。

2. 然而，天意神秘不可知。那位超越人类认知的睿者，目睹了她的病弱之躯，她那微薄家产逐渐消耗殆尽。适逢仲冬，四周森林莽野，雪下得很大，很厚，暴风雪仍在天空不断聚集，狂风在松林里呼啸翻卷，摇撼着她和她的孩子那间可怜的木屋。

3. 最后一条鲱鱼在她面前炉火上燎起轻烟，那是她仅剩的最后一点食物。毫不奇怪，她看着玩耍的孩子们，一丝绝望情绪在她无助的内心蔓延，那是一个母亲的呼救无门；毋庸多说，她倍感孤独，尽管她明白，对一户孤儿寡母来说，上帝不会忘记它的诺言，她还是感觉到最后的绝望在她心底慢慢隆起，隆起那道彻骨的冰凉。

4. 很多年前，上帝带走了她的大儿子。那年，他离开了森林里的家，去海上淘金。从那以后，母亲再亦没有听到他的音讯；随后，死亡之神最终夺去她的丈夫——她世俗生活中的伴侣以及家庭支柱。即便那时，她仍然还有支撑下去的信念，她静心地照料她的孩子们，亦从未错过任何机会对更为贫困潦倒的人伸出援手。

5. 懒惰很可能和贫穷与生俱来，但维持生存能力依然还在，唯有那些给予奉献的个体，坚韧不拔地面对物质的极度匮乏，从而饱经尘世苦难；她的钟爱不会受伤，她的心灵亦不会榨干。在人口稠密的喧嚣城市，最为孤独的人或许心怀希望，因为慈善的人会向她打开心灵之窗，慈善的人不会对她的悲惨熟视无睹。

6. 然而，这位勤劳无助而依赖孩子的母亲，远离人间行善，亦未曾接受任何仁慈，以安慰她那颗饱经苍凉的心。一位松树木屋里的寡母，当她弯身从火堆里拿出家里仅存的食物，分给面前嗷嗷待哺的孩子，她的心情似乎略微轻松，仿佛某种突如其来的神秘感召，库柏的优美诗句蓦然在她的心头响起：

不要用你微弱感知判断上帝，

相信他的宽宏慈悲，

一个蹙眉的上帝身后，

它藏匿了自己笑脸。

7. 烟熏的鲱鱼刚刚放到桌上，门上响起轻轻的叩门声，狗的大声吠叫，吸引了全家人目光。孩子们飞快跑过去打开门，一位衣着褴褛的过路人走进屋，他面色疲惫，神情淡然，祈求主人能否给他安顿住处，再给他点吃的东西。他说，“我已经一天一夜没吃一点东西了。”那位母亲的心突然又揪痛起来，新的困厄到来更是雪上加霜；毕竟，她的同情心不会让她无动于衷地坐在火堆边，哪怕现在，也不会犹豫不决。她请陌生人和全家一起分享食物。她对他说，“哪怕付出的善行再小，我们亦不该被上帝抛弃或者遭难更多。”

8. 那位来客走近桌子，看见桌上那丁点食物，他仰起头惊讶地问，“所有食物就这些？难道你还愿意与陌生人分享？这是我未曾见过的慈悲！不过，夫人，”他说，“给陌生人哪怕一口吃的，难道不委屈你的孩子们吗？”

9. “哎，”那位寡母叹了口气，泪如泉涌，“我有个儿子，伶俐可爱，只有圣父才能将他带走，他现在一定还活在这世上某个地方。我为你做这点事，就是指望别人亦能这样善待他。我的上帝，谁能从天上为我们孤儿寡母带回他的恩赐，就像他当年赐予以色列人那样？假如我的孩子也在流浪，和你一样无助无望，他也该有个地方可以过夜，风寒抵御，哪怕和我们这间小屋如此简陋，如果我拒绝落难中的你，我怎能指望别人亦能为他做点什么！”

10. 那位寡母刚说完，陌生人“腾”地一声站起，将她揽进怀里，“上帝确实为你的儿子准备了住所，并且赐予他财富，以报答母亲的养育之恩，妈妈！噢，我的妈妈！”原来，这位陌生人正是寡妇失去音讯很久的儿子。他刚从印度群岛返回，原本想给全家一个惊喜，才装扮成过路人进屋打听。这真是让全家人意想不到的天大惊喜，随后，狭小木屋顿时变成一片欢乐的海洋。

LESSON 26

ABOU BEN ADHEM

阿博·本·艾德汉姆

James Henry Leigh Hunt (b. 1784, d. 1859) was the son of a West Indian, who married an American lady, and practiced law in Philadelphia until the Revolution; being a Tory, he then returned to England, where Leigh Hunt was born. The latter wrote many verses while yet a boy, and in 1801 his father published a collection of them, entitled “Juvenilia.” For many years he was connected with various newspapers, and, while editor of the “Examiner,” was imprisoned for two years for writing disrespectfully of the prince regent. While in prison he was visited frequently by the poets Byron, Moore, Lamb, Shelley, and Keats; and there wrote “The Feast of the Poets,” “The Descent of Liberty, a Mask,” and “The Story of Rimini,” which immediately gave him a reputation as a poet. His writings include various translations, dramas, novels, collections of essays, and poems.

1.ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.

2.Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;

And to the presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”

3.“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

4.The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;  
And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

NOTE.—The above selection is written in imitation of an oriental fable.

- [1] Petition, *a formal request.*
- [2] Articulate, *to utter the elementary sounds.*
- [3] Modulate, *to vary or inflect.*
- [4] Monotony, *lack of variety.*
- [5] Affected, *unnatural and silly.*
- [6] Drafted, *selected by lot.*
- [7] Concise, *brief and full of meaning.*
- [8] Discharge, *release.*
- [9] Dictate, *to utter so that another may write it down.*
- [10] Distinction, *honorable and notable position.*
- [11] Express, *to make known the feelings of.*
- [12] Rift, *a narrow opening, a cleft.*
- [13] Swayed, *swung.*
- [14] Height, *an elevated place.*
- [15] Petals, *the colored leaves of a flower.*
- [16] Chalice, *a cup or bowl.*
- [17] Bonny, *beautiful.*
- [18] Vicinity, *neighborhood.*
- [19] Unobtrusively, *not noticeably, modestly.*
- [20] Repulsive, *repelling, forbidding.*
- [21] Potent, *powerful, effective.*
- [22] Host, *one from whom another receives food, lodging, or entertainment.*
- [23] Peremptory, *commanding, decisive.*
- [24] Availed, *was of use, had effect.*
- [25] Ally, *a confederate, one who unites with another in some purpose.*
- [26] Tense, *strained to stiffness, rigid.*
- [27] Relaxed, *loosened.*
- [28] Chiding, *scolding, rebuking.*
- [29] Crotchet, *a perverse fancy, a whim.*
- [30] Instanced, *mentioned as an example.*
- [31] Hale, *healthy.*
- [32] Manteltree, *shelf over a fireplace.*
- [33] Plodded, *went slowly.*
- [34] Heaving, *rising and falling.*
- [35] Factotum, *a person employed to do all kinds of work.*
- [36] Indispensable, *absolutely necessary.*
- [37] Perpetually, *continually.*
- [38] Centiped, *an insect with a great number of feet.*
- [39] Economize, *to save.*
- [40] Dispatch, *diligence, haste.*
- [41] Penstock, *a wooden tube for conducting water.*

- [42] Chores, *the light work of the household either within or without doors.*
- [43] Sauntering, *wandering idly, strolling.*
- [44] Snicker, *to laugh in a half-suppressed manner.*
- [45] Crest, *a tuft growing on an animal's head.*
- [46] Divinely, *in a supreme degree.*
- [47] Moral, *the practical lesson which anything is fitted to teach.*
- [48] Languished, *suffered, sank away.*
- [49] Impostor, *a deceiver.*
- [50] Aversion, *dislike.*
- [51] Indulge, *to give way to.*
- [52] Pound, *a British denomination of money equal in value to about \$4.86.*
- [53] Application, *the act of making a request.*
- [54] Consternation, *excessive terror, dismay.*
- [55] Principle, *a right rule of conduct.*
- [56] Artificial, *made by art, not real.*
- [57] Intolerably, *in a manner not to be borne.*
- [58] Summons, *a call to appear.*
- [59] Experience, *knowledge gained by actual trial.*
- [60] Integrity, *honesty.*
- [61] Legacy, *a gift, by will, of personal property.*
- [62] Mesh, *network.*
- [63] Rife, *abounding.*
- [64] Stagnant, *inactive.*
- [65] Torpor, *laziness, stupidity.*
- [66] Lolls, *reclines, leans*
- [67] Exterior, *outward appearance.*
- [68] Depicted, *painted, represented.*
- [69] Contemplation, *continued attention of the mind to one subject.*
- [70] Revenues, *the annual income from taxes, public rents, etc.*
- [71] Scrupulously, *carefully.*
- [72] Assiduous, *constant in attention.*
- [73] Finance, *the income of a ruler or a state.*
- [74] Deficit, *lack, want.*
- [75] Ducat, *a gold coin worth about \$2.00.*
- [76] Defaulter, *one who fails to account for public money intrusted to his care.*
- [77] Obviously, *plainly.*
- [78] Injunction, *a command.*
- [79] Genial, *cheerful.*
- [80] Haunts, *places frequently visited.*
- [81] Considerately, *with due regard to others, kindly thoughtful.*
- [82] Appealingly, *as though asking for aid.*
- [83] Modified, *qualified, lessened.*

- [84] Proprieties, *fixed customs or rules of conduct.*
- [85] Absorbing, *engaging the attention entirely.*
- [86] Hassock, *a raised mound of turf.*
- [87] Anticipate, *to take before the proper time.*
- [88] Achievement, *performance, deed.*
- [89] Trow, *to think, to believe.*
- [90] Trappings, *ornaments.*
- [91] Imbecile, *one who is feeble either in body or mind.*
- [92] Intervened, *were situated between.*
- [93] Musing, *thinking in an absent-minded way.*
- [94] Conquests, *triumphs, successes.*
- [95] Tintings, *slight colorings.*
- [96] Stifled, *choked, suppressed.*
- [97] Apparent, *clear, plain.*
- [98] Genteel, *fashionable, elegant.*
- [99] Reduced, *brought to poverty.*
- [100] Violate, *to break, to profane.*
- [101] Investigate, *to inquire into with care.*
- [102] Dialect, *a local form of speech.*
- [103] Confront, *to face, to stand before.*
- [104] Attorney, *a lawyer.*
- [105] Identity, *the condition of being the same as something claimed.*
- [106] Transferring, *making over the possession of.*
- [107] Extremity, *greatest need.*
- [108] Opportunity, *favorable time.*
- [109] The Sands O' Dee. *The Dee is a river of Scotland, noted for its salmon fisheries. O' is a contraction for of, commonly used by the Scotch.*
- [110] Marvelous, *wonderful.*
- [111] Ordained, *appointed, established.*
- [112] Dominion. *supreme power.*
- [113] Haven, *a harbor, a place where ships can lie in safety.*
- [114] Hoard, *a large quantify of anything laid up.*
- [115] Lavish. *profuse.*
- [116] Meads, *meadows.*
- [117] *According to the ancient fable, Apollo, the god of music, sowed the isle of Delos, his birthplace, with golden flowers, by the music of his lyre.*
- [118] Vapid, *spiritless, dull.*
- [119] Samp, *bruised corn cooked by boiling.*
- [120] Reptiles, *animals that crawl, as snakes, lizards, etc.*
- [121] Recoil, *to start back, to shrink from.*
- [122] Cobra, *a highly venomous reptile inhabiting the East Indies.*
- [123] Infested, *troubled, annoyed.*
- [124] Subtile, *acute, piercing.*

- [125] Infuses, *introduces*.
- [126] Obstructs, *hinders*.
- [127] Delirium, *a wandering of the mind*.
- [128] Rankle, *to rage*.
- [129] Paroxysm, *a fit, a convulsion*.
- [130] Worm, *a spiral metallic pipe used in distilling liquors*.
- [131] Still, *a vessel used in distilling or making liquors*.
- [132] Festal, *mirthful, joyous*.
- [133] Garlanded, *adorned with wreaths of flowers*.
- [134] Devoted, *solemnly set apart*.
- [135] Enhance, *increase*.
- [136] Sundered, *separated*.
- [137] Glimmerings, *faint views, glimpses*.
- [138] Golconda, *is an ancient city and fortress of India, formerly renowned for its diamonds. They were merely cut and polished there, however, being generally brought from Parteall, a city farther south*.
- [139] Roseate, *blooming, rosy*.
- [140] Felon, *a public criminal*.
- [141] Enticing, *attracting to evil*.
- [142] Spurned, *rejected with disdain*.
- [143] Lure, *to attract, to entice*.
- [144] Enchanted, *affected with enchantment, bewitched*.
- [145] Emigrate, *to remove from one country or state to another for the purpose of residence, to migrate*.
- [146] Miraculously, *as if by miracle, wonderfully*.
- [147] Ability, *power, capability*.
- [148] Predicament, *condition, plight*.
- [149] Predominate, *to prevail, to rule*.
- [150] Locate, *to place*.
- [151] Destitute, *needy, poor*.
- [152] Destination, *end of a journey*.
- [153] Thriving, *prosperous through industry, economy, and good management*.
- [154] Accord, *agreement of opinion, consent*.
- [155] Pledge, *personal property delivered to another as a security for a debt*.
- [156] Hangers-on, *followers*.
- [157] Mortal, *destructive to life*.
- [158] Cannibals, *human beings that eat human flesh*.
- [159] Regiment, *a body of troops, consisting usually of ten companies*.
- [160] Aggressors, *those who first commence hostilities*.
- [161] Venison, *the flesh of deer*.
- [162] Excesses, *misdeeds, evil acts*.
- [163] Condemnest, *censure, blame*.
- [164] Assigned, *allotted, marked out*.
- [165] Emulate, *to strive to equal or excel, to rival*.
- [166] Wake, *the track left by a vessel in the water, hence, figuratively, in the train of. Bard, a poet*.

- [167] Martyr, *one who sacrifices what is of great value to him for the sake of principle.*
- [168] Sage, *a wise man.*
- [169] Hail, *to salute.*
- [170] Fagots. *bundles of sticks used for fuel.*
- [171] Prattle, *trifling talk.*
- [172] Dissipate, *to scatter.*
- [173] Puny, *small and weak.*
- [174] Pilgrimage, *a journey.*
- [175] Sustenance, *that which supports life.*
- [176] Fortitude, *resolute endurance.*
- [177] Indifferent, *neither very good nor very bad.*
- [178] Complication, *entanglement.*
- [179] Sympathies, *compassion.*
- [180] Proffered, *offered to give.*
- [181] Manna, *food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.*



## 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·亨利·李·亨特(1784~1859)为西部印第安人的儿子，他的父亲与一位美国妇女结婚，曾在费城从事律师工作，直到美国独立战争爆发。由于父亲身为保守党员，因此他回到英国，不久，他的儿子李·亨特呱呱坠地。孩童时期，李·亨特已经写有大量散文。1801年，父亲出版了一本题为《少年读物》的父子合集。多年来，李·亨特与各类报刊交往密切，作为《检查者》的报纸编辑，由于发表对亲王不满的文章，他被囚禁监狱两年。关押期间，诗人拜伦、摩尔、兰姆、雪莱以及济慈经常前来拜访他。在监狱里，他完成了他的《诗人的盛宴》、《自由的变味，面具》和《里米尼的故事》，这些作品迅速奠定了他的诗坛地位。李·亨特写作题材广泛，包括各类翻译、戏剧、小说、散文集以及诗歌。

### 1. 阿博·本·艾德汉姆（祝愿他的部落壮大！）

深夜，从香甜的梦中醒来，  
屋内，月色如水，  
光华耀眼，宛如百合盛开，  
有位天使，在金灿灿的书上誊写。

### 2. 祥云环绕，四周静寂无声， 他不免打消怯意，上前问道， “你在写什么？”幻影抬头， 声音柔和，巧笑嫣然： “我在抄写，信奉上帝的名单。”

### 3. “有我吗？”阿博又问。“哦，没有。” 顿时，阿博语调有点凄然， 但依然快乐，“那，我为你祈祷， 把我记成，热爱同胞的人吧。”

### 4. 天使写毕隐去，翌日夜晚，

再度降临，带来恢弘光明，  
照亮那些，上帝赐予的爱意，  
瞧，本·艾德汉姆的名字熠熠生辉！

LESSON 27  
LUCY FORESTER<sup>[1]</sup>  
露西·福斯特

John Wilson (b. 1785, d. 1854), better known as “Christopher North,” was a celebrated author, poet, and critic, born at Paisley, Scotland, and educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford. In 1808 he moved to Westmoreland, England, where he formed one of the “Lake School” of poets. While at Oxford he gained a prize for a poem on “Painting, Poetry, and Architecture.” In 1820 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which position he retained until 1851. He gained his greatest reputation as the chief author of “Noctes Ambrosianae,” essays contributed to Blackwood’s Magazine between 1822 and 1825. Among his poems may be mentioned “The Isle of Palms” and the “City of the Plague,” This selection is adapted from “The Foresters,” a tale of Scottish life.

1. Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy; she had gone by herself a thousand times about the braes<sup>[2]</sup>, and often upon errands to houses two or three miles distant. What had her parents to fear? The footpaths were all firm, and led to no places of danger, nor are infants themselves incautious when alone in their pastimes<sup>[3]</sup>. Lucy went singing into the low woods, and singing she reappeared on the open hillside. With her small white hand on the rail, she glided along the wooden bridge, or tripped from stone to stone across the shallow streamlet.

2. The creature would be away for hours, and no fear be felt on her account by anyone at home; whether she had gone, with her basket on her arm, to borrow some articles of household use from a neighbor, or, merely for her own solitary delight, had wandered off to the braes to play among the flowers, coming back laden with wreaths and garlands.

3. The happy child had been invited to pass a whole day, from morning to night, at Ladyside (a

farmhouse about two miles off) with her playmates the Maynes; and she left home about an hour after sunrise.

4. During her absence, the house was silent but happy, and, the evening being now far advanced, Lucy was expected home every minute, and Michael, Agnes, and Isabel, her father, mother, and aunt, went to meet her on the way. They walked on and on, wondering a little, but in no degree alarmed till they reached Ladyside, and heard the cheerful din of the children within, still rioting<sup>[4]</sup> at the close of the holiday. Jacob Mayne came to the door, but, on their kindly asking why Lucy had not been sent home before daylight was over, he looked painfully surprised, and said that she had not been at Ladyside.

5. Within two hours, a hundred persons were traversing the hills in all directions, even at a distance which it seemed most unlikely that poor Lucy could have reached. The shepherds and their dogs, all the night through, searched every nook, every stony and rocky place, every piece of taller heather<sup>[5]</sup>, every crevice that could conceal anything alive or dead: but no Lucy was there.

6. Her mother, who for a while seemed inspired<sup>[6]</sup> with supernatural<sup>[7]</sup> strength, had joined in the search, and with a quaking heart looked into every brake<sup>[8]</sup>, or stopped and listened to every shout and halloo reverberating<sup>[9]</sup> among the hills, intent<sup>[10]</sup> to seize upon some tone of recognition or discovery. But the moon sank; and then the stars, whose increased brightness had for a short time supplied her place, all faded away; and then came the gray dawn of the morning, and then the clear brightness of the day,—and still Michael and Agnes were childless.

7. “She has sunk into some mossy or miry place,” said Michael, to a man near him, into whose face he could not look, “a cruel, cruel death to one like her! The earth on which my child walked has closed over her, and we shall never see her more!”

8. At last, a man who had left the search, and gone in a direction toward the highroad, came running with something in his arms toward the place where Michael and others were standing beside Agnes, who lay, apparently exhausted almost to dying, on the sward. He approached hesitatingly; and

Michael saw that he carried Lucy's bonnet, clothes, and plaid<sup>[11]</sup>.

9. It was impossible not to see some spots of blood upon the frill that the child had worn around her neck. "Murdered! murdered!" was the one word whispered or ejaculated<sup>[12]</sup> all around; but Agnes heard it not; for, worn out by that long night of hope and despair, she had fallen asleep, and was, perhaps, seeking her lost Lucy in her dreams.

10. Isabel took the clothes, and, narrowly inspecting them with eye and hand, said, with a fervent voice that was heard even in Michael's despair, "No, Lucy is yet among the living. There are no marks of violence on the garments of the innocent; no murderer's hand has been here. These blood spots have been put here to deceive. Besides, would not the murderer have carried off these things? For what else would he have murdered her? But, oh! foolish despair! What speak I of? For, wicked as the world is—ay! desperately wicked—there is not, on all the surface of the wide earth, a hand that would murder our child! Is it not plain as the sun in the heaven, that Lucy has been stolen by some wretched gypsy beggar?"

11. The crowd quietly dispersed, and horse and foot began to scour<sup>[13]</sup> the country. Some took the highroads, others all the bypaths, and many the trackless hills. Now that they were in some measure relieved from the horrible belief that the child was dead, the worst other calamity seemed nothing, for hope brought her back to their arms.

12. Agnes had been able to walk home to Bracken-Braes, and Michael and Isabel sat by her bedside. All her strength was gone, and she lay at the mercy of the rustle of a leaf, or a shadow across the window. Thus hour after hour passed, till it was again twilight. "I hear footsteps coming up the brae," said Agnes, who had for some time appeared to be slumbering; and in a few moments the voice of Jacob Mayne was heard at the outer door.

13. Jacob wore a solemn expression of countenance, and he seemed, from his looks, to bring no comfort. Michael stood up between him and his wife, and looked into his heart. Something there seemed to be in his face that was not miserable. "If he has heard nothing of my child," thought

Michael, "this man must care little for his own fireside." "Oh, speak, speak," said Agnes; "yet why need you speak? All this has been but a vain belief, and Lucy is in heaven."

14. "Something like a trace of her has been discovered; a woman, with a child that did not look like a child of hers, was last night at Clovenford, and left it at the dawning." "Do you hear that, my beloved Agnes?" said Isabel; "she will have tramped away with Lucy up into Ettrick or Yarrow; but hundreds of eyes will have been upon her; for these are quiet but not solitary glens; and the hunt will be over long before she has crossed down upon Hawick. I knew that country in my young days, What say you, Mr. Mayne? There is the light of hope in your face." "There is no reason to doubt, ma'am, that it was Lucy. Everybody is sure of it. If it was my own Rachel, I should have no fear as to seeing her this blessed night."

15. Jacob Mayne now took a chair, and sat down, with even a smile upon his countenance. "I may tell you now, that Watty Oliver knows it was your child, for he saw her limping along after the gypsy at Galla-Brigg; but, having no suspicion, he did not take a second look at her,—but one look is sufficient, and he swears it was bonny Lucy Forester."

16. Aunt Isabel, by this time, had bread and cheese and a bottle of her own elder-flower wine on the table. "You have been a long and hard journey, wherever you have been, Mr. Mayne; take some refreshment;" and Michael asked a blessing.

17. Jacob saw that he might now venture to reveal the whole truth. "No, no, Mrs. Irving, I am over happy to eat or to drink. You are all prepared for the blessing that awaits you. Your child is not far off; and I myself, for it is I myself that found her, will bring her by the hand, and restore her to her parents."

18. Agnes had raised herself up in her bed at these words, but she sank gently back on her pillow; aunt Isabel was rooted to her chair; and Michael, as he rose up, felt as if the ground were sinking under his feet. There was a dead silence all around the house for a short space, and then the sound of many voices, which again by degrees subsided. The eyes of all then looked, and yet feared to look,

toward the door.

19. Jacob Mayne was not so good as his word, for he did not bring Lucy by the hand to restore her to her parents; but dressed again in her own bonnet and gown, and her own plaid, in rushed their own child, by herself, with tears and sobs of joy, and her father laid her within her mother's bosom.

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·威尔逊(1785~1854), 又称北方的克里斯托弗, 后者更广为人知。威尔逊为著名作家、诗人兼评论家, 他出生于苏格兰佩斯利, 曾在格拉斯哥大学和牛津大学求学。1808年, 他搬到英格兰威斯特摩兰, 并建立“英国湖畔诗”流派分系。在牛津大学求学期间, 他曾以一首题为《绘画, 诗歌和建筑》的诗歌荣膺奖项。1820年, 威尔逊成为英国爱丁堡大学伦理学教授, 并一直任职到1851年。作为《安部罗斯那对话》一书首席作者, 1822~1825年期间, 该书在《黑檀木》杂志上连载, 使其声名鹊起。他的诗歌《棕榈岛》和《瘟疫城》尤为值得一提。本章节由《林务官》删节改编, 描写一位苏格兰人的生活故事。

1.露西不过六岁, 自命不凡地总想做仙女。她不计其数地独自攀爬房前屋后的陡坡, 经常被差遣到两三英里外的地方。露西父母没有什么好担心的, 孩子走路坚实有力, 所到之处没有危险, 即便露西单独玩耍时, 也不像其他孩子那样不够谨慎小心。露西喜欢唱着歌走进低矮的灌林, 她重复吟唱的稚嫩歌声在山坡上飘荡回响, 她白嫩的小手扶着栏杆, 时而飞快走过木桥, 时而在浅窄溪水的石头上蹦来蹦去。

2.小家伙一连好几个钟头不沾家, 家里没人担心她, 不管她去哪里玩, 胳膊上挎只小花篮, 或从邻居那借点家什物件, 或不过独自玩耍的开心。她撒丫子在山涧花丛昏天黑地地玩, 然后满筐野花野草拎回家。

3.快乐的小姑娘总会和她的玩伴梅恩斯受邀去女人坡(两英里外一处农庄), 整天在那开心玩耍。通常, 露西日出一小时后离开家。她走后, 家里显得安静祥和, 可现在天黑早了, 家里人惦记她早点回家。

4.她的父母迈克尔、艾格尼丝, 还有婶婶伊莎贝尔都去路上接她。大家有点纳闷地走呀走, 不知不觉中竟然来到了女人坡, 隐约听到屋里面孩子们的嬉笑打闹, 聚会快结束了, 依然喧闹翻天。雅各·梅恩过来开门, 可听到来客礼貌地询问为何露西没有在天黑前赶到家, 顿时, 他神色惊愕地告诉他们, 今天露西没来女人坡。

5.接下来两小时里，上百人从四面八方到处搜索，甚至连露西完全不可能走到的地方也去了。整整一夜，那些牧羊人带上他们的牧羊犬，找遍了山间野外所有能想到的旮旯角落，甚至每处石缝沟壑、灌丛树林，那些可以藏身匿尸的所有地方，但，没有发现露西。

6.似乎由某种超自然力量支撑，露西母亲一度亦参加了夜间搜索，她胆战心惊地查看途经的茂密丛林。夜色苍茫，山岭野外，“嗨——嗨——”的呼唤声不时在山间沟壑回荡，每一声都让露西母亲挂肚牵肠，她不时停下，聆听呼喊声中是否夹有欢乐或惊喜。月亮落山了，星星随之落下，她的心里刹那涌出了点欣喜，夜幕黯淡隐去，清晨煦光乍露，惯常一轮艳阳腾空而起，露西父母迈克尔和艾格尼丝仍然没有孩子的消息。

7.“露西或许陷进沼泽或泥泞的地方了，”迈克尔对身边的一个男人说，他没法直视那男人的脸，“对她来说，那么残忍的、无法想象的死亡！我的孩子，你究竟在哪里陷进去了？我们难道再也见不到你吗？”

8.搜索队有人早已离开，独自往公路方向寻找，后来，有人朝迈克尔站的地方跑过来，胳膊上好像还抱着什么东西，艾格尼丝躺在草地上，明显看起来筋疲力尽似乎濒死的模样，大家纷纷围着她。来人犹豫着走近，迈克尔看清楚了，他怀里抱着露西的衣帽，还有外套。

9.不难看出，孩子脖颈处的帽褶地方有斑点血迹，“谋杀，这是谋杀！”周围不约而同的窃窃私语或高声叫嚷响成一片。但是，母亲艾格尼丝听不见了，整整一夜希望与绝望的反复折磨后，她早已睡着了，或许正在梦里寻找她的可爱露西。

10.婶婶伊莎贝尔拿过衣服，仔细察看一番，急切地说，“露西还活着，这些衣物上没有任何施暴者的痕迹。”她的声音给绝望的迈克尔带来希望，“不会是谋杀。这些血迹好像有意要隐藏什么。况且，为什么谋杀犯为什么不把这些衣物带走？他（她）又是为什么要杀害她呢？天呀，没有必要绝望！让我说什么好呢？这邪恶的世道！唉呀，简直太邪恶了！在世界上所有地方，但愿不会再有罪恶的手摧残我们的孩子！露西肯定被那些卑鄙无耻的吉卜赛乞丐偷走了，这点，难道不正像天底下阳光那样最简单明白？”

11.人群很快散去了，马匹或脚印很快将布满周边区域。有人去大路搜索，有人去岔道追踪，还有很多人去那些偏僻的山隘小路寻找。此刻，大伙都从孩子已不在世上的可怕念想中解

脱出来，更坏的灾祸看来绝不可能，生的希望已把露西重新带回众人怀抱。

12.艾格尼丝走过蕨丛簇密的山坡，回到家倒床不起，她看来完全筋疲力尽，迈克尔和伊莎贝尔坐在她的床边。窗外，树叶沙沙，越过窗棂的阴影，周围仿佛沉浸一片悲戚之中。时间一点点流逝，直到满天星斗再现。“我听见有人爬上山坡。”艾格尼丝说着，似乎愣了愣神，不一会，雅各·梅恩的声音在门外响起。

13.雅各·梅恩脸色凝重，从他表情来看，似乎并没有什么好消息。迈克尔在来客和夫人间站起，急切想从他的脸上寻到答案。雅各·梅恩此刻表情看来并非那么糟。“如果他没有露西的消息，”迈克尔心想，“看来不可能的，他对自己家庭的关心，亦不过如此。”“哦，说吧，说呀，”艾格尼丝焦急地问，转而又说：“还说什么好呢？所有不过虚妄之想，露西已经走了。”

14.“怀疑与露西有关的线索已经发现，昨晚在卡楼福德，一位妇女，带着孩子，那孩子看起来并不像她亲生的，今天拂晓离开了。”“亲爱的艾格尼丝，你听到这消息吗？”伊莎贝尔急切地问道，然后接着说，“那吉卜赛女人肯定带着露西赶往埃特里克或亚罗，可好几百双眼睛不会放过她的，那些山道关隘尽管人烟稀少，但总会有人蹲守，甚至等不到那女人穿山越岭下来赶到霍伊克，我们就会抓住她。我打小对这块地区相当熟悉，你想说什么？梅恩先生？你的脸上露出希望。”“没有理由怀疑，伊莎贝尔，那孩子就是露西，没有人不相信。倘若那是我的女儿，在这个上帝赐福的夜晚，我根本不害怕弄清真相。”

15.这时，雅各·梅恩拖过一把椅子坐下，脸上甚至浮出一丝笑容。“现在可以告诉你们，沃蒂·奥利弗认识你们的女儿，当时在加拉·布瑞格，他看见露西一跛一拐地跟在那吉卜赛女人身后，由于压根没怀疑，他只不过看了那孩子一眼，一眼就足够了。他发誓，那孩子就是漂亮的小露西·福斯特。”

16.这时，伊莎贝尔婶婶把面包、奶酪还有自酿的一瓶接骨木花酒摆上了餐桌。“你肯定走了很远山路，路上那么难走，四处寻找，辛苦你了，梅恩先生，请吃点东西吧。”迈克尔亦随声附和。

17.雅各心里清楚，说出真相的时候到了。“不，别急，欧文夫人，我实在太开心了，什么吃喝也不想。对于等待已久的圣灵赐福，你们大家心里肯定有所准备。你们孩子就在附近，是我



亲自找到她的，亲手把她带回家，将她重新交到她父母的手中。”

18.听到这话，艾格尼丝飞快地从床上起身，但她的头仍无力地落到了枕头上；伊莎贝尔婶婶呆坐片刻，半晌没回过神来；迈克尔站了起来，仿佛天塌地陷。房间里弥漫着死一般寂静，随即爆发出一片欢快嘈杂，好一会才平息下来。所有目光都注视门口，似乎惴惴不安，又害怕张望。

19.雅各·梅恩的话没有兑现，他并未亲手将孩子送到她父母的手中；露西还是往常一身装扮，她戴着帽子，穿着裙子，套着那件斜纹外衣，不由分说地冲了过来；迈克尔悲喜交加，难以自禁，一把抱起女儿，将她投入母亲的怀抱。

## LESSON 28

### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

### 花朵与死亡

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (b. 1807, d. 1882), the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer, was born in Portland, Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. After spending four years in Europe, he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. He resigned his professorship in 1854, after which time he resided in Cambridge, Mass. Longfellow wrote many original works both in verse and prose, and made several translations, the most famous of which is that of the works of Dante. His poetry is always chaste and elegant, showing traces of careful scholarship in every line. The numerous and varied editions of his poems are evidences of their popularity.

1. There is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

2. “Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;  
“Have naught but the bearded grain?”

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves<sup>[14]</sup>.

4. “My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
“Dear tokens<sup>[15]</sup> of the earth are they,  
Where he was once a child.

5. “They shall all bloom in the fields of light,  
Transplanted<sup>[16]</sup> by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear.”

6. And the mother gave in tears and pain  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

7. O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day,  
’T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

## 【中文阅读】

亨利·沃兹华思·朗费罗(1807~1882)为汉·斯蒂芬·朗费罗之子，著名律师，出生于美国缅因州波特兰，1825年他毕业于鲍登学院。在欧洲度过四年后，在鲍登学院担任现代语言与文学教授，直到1835年。随即，他又被任命为哈佛大学现代语言和纯文学系主任。1854年，在美国马萨诸塞州剑桥定居后，他辞去教授职位。朗费罗先生不仅创造了大量英文诗歌和散文，并且出版数部译著，包括最为著名的但丁翻译作品。他的诗歌纯洁不乏优雅，字里行间透出缜密的学术气质。纷杂多样的诗集版本，表明朗氏作品的风靡盛行。

1.收割者，姑且称为死神，

寒光凛冽，闪烁镰刀锋利，  
转眼间，长满胡须的作物伏地，  
满地繁花凋零，一扫而尽。

2.“我一无所获，是否公平？”死神说，  
“除却谷物，最终万物皆空，  
清新恬谧的怒放，奉与死亡，  
可我终将魂魄，还给大地。”

3.泪眼凝眸，风中娉娉招摇，  
死神亲吻，颓枝败叶的老去，  
捆扎曾经，晶莹剔透般娇艳，  
伊甸园里，呼朋唤友的精灵。

4.“上帝但愿，花朵们竞相怒放，”  
说话间，死神露出笑意，  
“这些属于，大地的追忆馈赠。  
打他记事起，原本那样。”

5.“小心翼翼，我将希望之树挪移，  
光的国度里，花朵蓦然绽放，  
每一朵，圣洁素雅的花神，  
每一位，穿披圣袍的优美。”

6. 母亲黯然神伤，痛苦哭泣，

芳香满地，难诉别离衷肠，  
这一别，已是绝尘万里，  
望断秋水，几多妖娆难觅。

7. 噢，不要残忍，不要愤怒，  
死亡之神，终于降临，  
“翩然天使，来到绿色大地，  
倏然带走，恍然如梦仙境。”

## LESSON 29

### THE TOWN PUMP

### 小镇水泵

Nathaniel Hawthorne (b.1804, d.1864) was born in Salem, Mass. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. His earliest literary productions, written for periodicals, were published in two volumes—the first in 1837, the second in 1842—under the title of “Twice-Told Tales,” “Mosses from an Old Manse,” another series of tales and sketches, was published in 1845. From 1846 to 1850 he was surveyor of the port of Salem. In 1852 he was appointed United States consul for Liverpool. After holding this office four years, he traveled for some time on the continent. His most popular works are “The Scarlet Letter,” a work showing a deep knowledge of human nature, “The House of the Seven Gables,” “The Blithedale Romance.” and “The Marble Faun,” an Italian romance, which is regarded by many as the best of his works. Being of a modest and retiring disposition, Mr. Hawthorne avoided publicity. Most of his works are highly imaginative. As a prose writer he has no superior among American authors. He died at Plymouth, N. H., while on a visit to the White Mountains for his health.

[SCENE.—*The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*]

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity<sup>[17]</sup>, upon the Town Pump?

2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating<sup>[18]</sup> public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality<sup>[19]</sup>, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the public square, on a muster<sup>[20]</sup> day, I cry aloud to all and sundry<sup>[21]</sup>, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. “Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated<sup>[22]</sup> ale of father Adam! better than Cognac<sup>[23]</sup>, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!”

5. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all—in the fashion of a jellyfish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations<sup>[24]</sup>, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund<sup>[25]</sup> sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet<sup>[26]</sup>, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

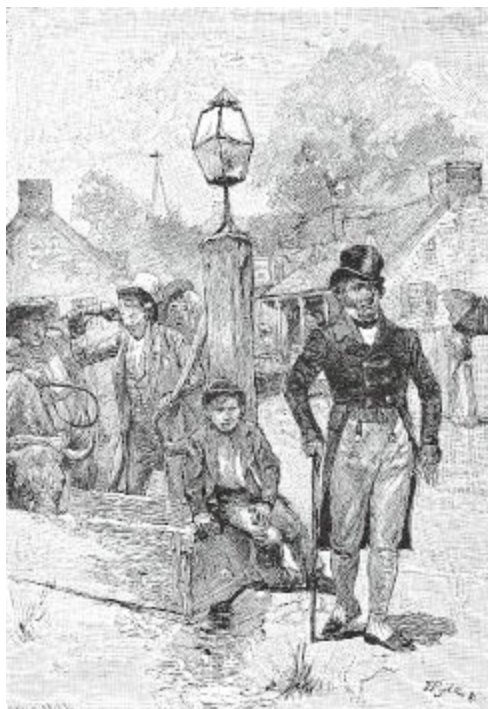
10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation<sup>[27]</sup> of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish<sup>[28]</sup> the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way

from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment! Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.



14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize<sup>[29]</sup> the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation<sup>[30]</sup>! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid<sup>[31]</sup> form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her

strength.

15. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted<sup>[32]</sup> close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of a drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked<sup>[33]</sup> the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold, with certainty and joy, the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all.

## 【中文阅读】

纳撒尼尔·霍桑(1804~1864)出生于美国马萨诸塞州塞勒姆, 1825年毕业于鲍登学院。他早期为期刊所写的文学作品辑为两集出版, 分别于1837年和1842年问世, 题名为《老生常谈的故事》、《老迈牧师的古宅青苔》。1845年, 霍桑先生另一本故事和短篇作品集出版。从1846~1850年, 他担任塞勒姆港口的勘测官。1852年, 他被美国政府任命驻利物浦领事, 任职4年后, 他一度在欧洲大陆考察游览。霍桑最受追捧的《红字》为一部深刻揭示人性的上乘之作, 以及《七座山墙的房屋》、《布里斯戴尔浪漫》、《大理石农牧之神》, 后者描述一位意大利人的浪漫。大多数人公认《大理石农牧之神》为他的巅峰之作。由于生性谦逊, 不善社交, 霍桑先生习惯躲避公众关注, 他的大多作品具有高超的想象力。就散文写作来说, 他在美国作家群中绝非出类拔萃。霍桑在美国新罕布什尔州普利茅斯与世长辞, 当时他因健康原因去怀特山观光游览。

[幕景两个主要街道交口。小镇水泵在用鼻子说话]

1.中午, 北方时钟报时! 中午, 东方时钟报时! 正午, 那炽火的光几乎垂直泻落到我的头顶, 我鼻子下水槽里的水即将沸腾冒烟, 坦率地说, 我们这些公众人物居然身受如此磨难。如果镇政府大小一千官员, 若有人被选中参加小镇年度会议, 是否意味一年内他应该履行那些五花八门的职责, 类似那些被永久赋予小镇水泵身上的诸多义务?



2.通过某种正当方式，我被授以小镇财务长官的头衔，如同小镇那些宝贵资产的监护人。那些济贫会执事们真该提名我为主席，由于我慷慨地为乞丐或贫民提供帮助，更无需让他们缴税。我是小镇消防部门当仁不让的主管，同时行使镇上卫生理事会医生的崇高职责。作为小镇的维护者，或者毋庸说安宁生活的守护者，所有饮水居民无不承认我的作用好比治安巡警。一旦镇政府颁布公告张贴到我的身上，我甚至亦能履行小镇官员的相应管理义务。

3.就言论许可范围来说，我是小镇当局的重要人物兼政务形象。此外，鉴于我的冷静稳定、诚信爽直，以及公正地胜任工作，坚持履行职责，对我的兄弟官员来说，难保不成为令人钦佩的光辉榜样。无论寒寒暑秋冬，无论什么人，我一概有求必应。从早到晚，我成天呆在市场上最繁忙的地方，不管穷人富人，都是以礼相待。每逢夜晚，我会在我的头顶挂上一盏灯，表明我的存在，提醒镇上居民小心沟坎。

4.在这个闷热难当的中午，我成了为那些干渴市民斟水上茶的跑堂，我尽心为他们服务，腰上别挂个铁制酒杯，就像公众广场游行集会上的酒厂推销员。对那些南来北往的人，我用最道地的口音，对那些南来北往的人大声叫喊，“快来看呀，女士们，先生们，清爽甘甜的饮料！快点来呀，快来看呀！女士们，先生们，快点来呀，快来看呀！这可是上等的饮料，货真价实的亚当父亲的麦酒！比法国白兰地酒、荷兰杜松子酒、牙买加酒、高浓度啤酒，甭管多高价钱的酒还要棒！饮料大卖啦！无论你要上一大桶，还是只喝一小杯，统统无需付一个子儿。快来呀，女士们，先生们，快点呀，赶快来敞开肚子喝个痛快吧！”

5.万一这样大声吆喝还不能吸引顾客，那可真够遗憾的。看！有人来了。天这么热，先生们，大口狂饮吧，喝好再离开。多么透彻清凉！多么畅快淋漓！我的朋友们，你们还得再来一杯，好好漱漱你们满嘴尘土的喉咙。如果满脸风尘仆仆，想必今天你长途跋涉而来。每当路过客栈或酒馆，你总会在河溪旁或井栏边停下脚步，那才是明智的首选。否则，面对内热与外火的里外夹攻，你很可能被灼成一团热碳慢慢燃尽，或类似软耷无力的海蜇最后干涸死去。

6.喝吧，再给那家伙腾点地方。此刻，那醉醺醺的家伙需要我，才能平息他内心的炽烈。昨晚，他饮尽的全是酒，没有一滴水。欢迎你！面颊通红的先生！你我至今素不相识，亦没有说过心里话，但愿我能与你贴得更近些，稍微减轻点你的炙热痛苦。

7.可怜的人，我怜悯你！水可以彻底消退你咽喉的烈火煎熬，在你喉腔的微小地狱里全

部化为缕缕水气，可你误把喉咙当做胃，不停地牛饮海灌猫尿。请你以诚实酒鬼的名义告诉我，是否曾经在地窖或酒馆、甚至像样点的酒吧，挥霍花尽你孩子的生活费，一大口喝下大半瓶，痛饮中不能自抑？十年来，你第一次终究明白了凉水滋味。再见，无论什么时候，倘若再干渴冒火，不妨回想一下，我会在老地方给你送上清冽甘甜的凉水。

8.下一个轮到谁？哦，我的小朋友。你不过想从紧张的校园里放松自己。过来！洗洗你那花朵般的小脸，暂时忘掉学校里那些清规戒律，还有与小伙伴争吵的闷闷不乐。在小镇水泵这里痛快地喝上一气，喝吧，这水纯净得好像你年轻生命启程的小溪；喝吧，但愿你的身心永远不会像现在受尽饥渴的折磨。

9.过来，我可爱的孩子，放下杯子，给走过来这位年迈绅士让条路来。老人缓步地走过街上石子路，脚步很轻，我怀疑他似乎害怕会把石子踩碎。天呀！那老人蹒跚地走过，压根没想到对我心存感激，好像我的好意不过为了那些家里没有酒窖的酒鬼。

10.好了，好了，先生，但愿你一点没有受伤！请过来，拔掉软木塞，倾倒那个热水瓶；不过，一旦你那了不得的脚拇指让你咆哮起来，那可与我真是毫不相干。如果绅士们都喜欢这种蹭痒游戏，对小镇水泵来说，也没什么！这条干渴至极的狗，它红红的舌头耷拉外面，它并不厌恶我的殷勤好客。此时，它倚着后腿立起，急切地拍打水槽里流出的水，看呀，它那么快乐地再次雀跃跑开！好一条大颌狗！你的拜神仪式中竟然还有这等乐趣？

11.请你们原谅，好心的人。我得打断一下我的连珠妙语。我得赶紧喷水，眼见水槽里的水快要见底了。那个赶车的人走过来了，牵着他的双轭牛车，也许从斯坦顿或其他什么地方一路匆匆赶来。没有什么事情能比我能为畜群提供饮水更开心。看！水槽两边的水位标降得多快，直到它们个个喝得肚鼓腰圆，不时地打上几声响嚏，发出快乐的喘息！好了，它们此刻正安详地望着各自鼓胀的胃囊。牛们，你们才是真正的豪饮者。

12.我自认是这一时代了不起的改革家。一股股清澈水流汹涌喷泻，源源不断地来自静寂的泉眼深处，从我的喷嘴或姑且算作的喷嘴里流出，势必涤荡这个世界上大多罪恶与痛苦。在这一辉煌的事业中，奶牛正是我伟大的同盟军，给力！牛奶，还有水！

13.唉！尤其对那些初出茅庐的演说者，口干舌燥、滔滔不绝的演说，难免不是高谈阔论。

直到现在我才意识到，由于我的缘故，那些演说家的节制颇为痛苦。那位好心的基督徒，压住水泵猛地揠按一两下，不过才弄湿我的鼻子。谢谢你，先生，请继续压呀，别松手。

14.小镇水泵和奶牛不愧光荣的联手，上帝保佑的终极完美，最终势必占据试图消除干渴的世界垄断领域！这一上帝佑福的终极完美！整个世界上，贫穷将不复存在。不会有遮蔽自身污秽的悲惨鄙陋。因此，受害者从此锐减，疾病不再猖獗蔓延。至于罪恶，如果不能完全泯灭，亦会苟存不多。

15.那时，将不会有家庭战争，夫妻一起静静享受岁月姝好，手牵手地走过温馨一生，面对死亡无怨无悔，直到绵延温情戛然而止。在他们眼里，不曾有疯子癫狂梦魇的体验，亦不会有酒鬼谵妄错乱后的悔意不迭。那种记忆与希冀的微笑难以消逝，曾经以及未来爱恋的精神契合将在他们的脸上自然浮现。

16.喝吧，接下来你会焕然一新！水，那么纯净透凉，何时才能平息杀戮者的嗜血疯狂？泉水淙淙，从苍劲古老的粗干虬枝下奔涌流出，尽管大漠荒烟里历史珍宝仍深藏在炽热岩浆中。那里天远地阔，没有遮蔽，唯有现代文明的阴翳庇护，那才是人类康健和平乃至幸福的源泉。我确信它的到来，快乐地翘首以待。从耶稣诞生之日起，那曾经过于低估、清澈之水的种种美德，将会获得我们的充分评价与再度认知。

## LESSON 30

### GOOD NIGHT

### 晚 安

Samuel Griswold Goodrich (b. 1793, d. 1860) was born in Ridgefield, Conn. Mr. Goodrich is best known as “Peter Parley,” under which assumed name he commenced the publication of a series of Juvenile works about 1827. He edited “Parley’s Magazine” from 1841 to 1854. He was appointed United States consul for Paris in 1848, and held that office four years. He was a voluminous writer, and his works are interesting and popular. His “Recollections of a Lifetime” was published in 1857, and “Peter Parley’s Own Story” the year after his death.

1. The sun has sunk behind the hills,  
The shadows o'er the landscape creep;  
A drowsy sound the woodland fills,  
As nature folds her arms to sleep:  
Good night—good night.
  
2. The chattering jay has ceased his din,  
The noisy robin sings no more;  
The crow, his mountain haunt within,  
Dreams 'mid the forest's surly roar:  
Good night—good night.
  
3. The sunlit cloud floats dim and pale;  
The dew is falling soft and still,  
The mist hangs trembling o'er the vale,  
And silence broods o'er yonder mill:  
Good night—good night.
  
4. The rose, so ruddy in the light,  
Bends on its stem all rayless now;  
And by its side a lily white,  
A sister shadow, seems to bow:  
Good night—good night.
  
5. The bat may wheel on silent wing,  
The fox his guilty vigils keep,  
The boding owl his dirges sing;  
But love and innocence will sleep:  
Good night—good night.

<sup>[1]</sup> *The scene of this story is laid in Scotland, and many of the words employed, such as brae, brake, heather, and plaid, are but little used except in that country.*

<sup>[2]</sup> *Brae, shelving ground, a declivity or slope of a hill.*

<sup>[3]</sup> *Pastimes, sports, plays.*

<sup>[4]</sup> *Rioting, romping.*

- [5] Heather, *an evergreen shrub bearing beautiful flowers, used in Great Britain for making brooms, etc.*
- [6] Inspired, *animated, enlivened.*
- [7] Supernatural, *more than human.*
- [8] Brake, *a place overgrown with shrubs and brambles.*
- [9] Reverberating, *resounding, echoing.*
- [10] Intent, *having the mind closely fixed.*
- [11] Plaid, *a striped or decked overgarment worn by the Scotch.*
- [12] Ejaculated, *exclaimed.*
- [13] Scour, *to pass over swiftly and thoroughly.*
- [14] Sheaves, *bundles of grain.*
- [15] Token, *a souvenir, that which is to recall some person, thing, or event.*
- [16] Transplanted, *removed and planted in another place.*
- [17] Perpetuity, *endless duration.*
- [18] Promulgating, *announcing.*
- [19] Municipality, *a division of a country or of a city.*
- [20] Muster day, *parade day.*
- [21] Sundry, *several.*
- [22] Unadulterated, *pure, unmixed.*
- [23] Cognac, *a French brandy.*
- [24] Potations, *drinkings.*
- [25] Rubicund, *inclining to redness.*
- [26] Tophet, *the infernal regions.*
- [27] Titillation, *tickling.*
- [28] Replenish, *to fill again.*
- [29] Monopolize, *to obtain the whole.*
- [30] Consummation, *completion, termination.*
- [31] Squalid, *filthy.*
- [32] Protracted, *delayed.*
- [33] Slaked, *quenched.*

## 【中文阅读】

塞缪尔·格里斯沃德·古德里奇(1793~1860)出生于美国康涅狄格州瑞吉菲尔德。古德里奇先生笔名彼得·帕利更为世人熟知。1827年前后,他以笔名开始出版系列青少年作品。从1841年至1854年,他从事编辑《帕利杂志》。1848年,他被任命美国驻巴黎领事,任职4年。古德里奇先生著述丰富,文字饶有趣味,深受公众欢迎。他的《一生的回忆》出版于1857年,去世后,他的《彼得·帕利的故事》一书翌年出版。

1. 太阳, 藏到山后了,  
影子, 蠕动在寥廓霜天,  
森林里, 响起长短不一的哈欠,  
大地, 隆起臂膀开始睡眠,  
晚安, 大家晚安!

2. 饶舌的, 松鸡不再喧哗,  
啁啾的, 知更鸟停止歌唱,  
风声乍起, 惊飞一行寒鸦,  
安谧的梦, 在浓密山峦滚下。  
晚安, 大家晚安!

3. 夕阳云朵, 暮色里游动昏暗;  
露珠轻声, 凝固起静穆悄然,  
溪谷升起, 雾霭颤栗的网,  
徘徊很久, 直到磨坊天边。  
晚安, 大家晚安!

4. 大红玫瑰，落日里抖出亮丽，  
枝叶匍匐，收尽白昼光华，  
朦胧身边，白色娇艳百合，  
娉婷而立，仿佛谦卑致意，  
晚安，大家晚安！
5. 蝙蝠无声无息，空中盘旋，  
狐狸警觉，等待猎物出现，  
猫头鹰，撕开夜的挽歌，  
爱情，进入童话梦幻。  
晚安，大家晚安！



## LESSON 31

### AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

### 刻板守旧的姑娘

Louisa May Alcott (b. 1833, d. 1888) was born at Germantown, Pa., of New England parentage. Her parents afterwards returned to New England, and most of her life was spent in Concord, Mass. During the Civil War she went to Washington and nursed the wounded and sick until her own health gave way. As a child she used to write stories for the amusement of her playmates, and in 1857 published her first book, “Flower Fables.” Her first novel, “Moods,” appeared in 1865. “Little Women,” published in 1868, is a picture of her own home life. “An Old Fashioned Girl,” from which this extract is adapted, was published in 1870, and is one of her most popular books.

1. Polly hoped the “dreadful boy” (Tom) would not be present; but he was, and stared at her all dinner time in a most trying manner.

2. Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said, “How do you do, my dear? Hope you’ll enjoy yourself;” and then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing.

3. Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an imposing<sup>[1]</sup> cap, exclaimed, on seeing Polly, “Bless my heart! the image of her mother—a sweet woman—how is she, dear?” and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses till, between Madam and Tom, poor Polly lost her appetite.

4. Her cousin Fanny chatted like a magpie<sup>[2]</sup>, and little Maud fidgeted, till Tom proposed to put her under the big dish cover, which produced such an explosion that the young lady was borne screaming away by the much-enduring nurse.

5. It was, altogether, an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. They all went about their own affairs; and, after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room.

6. Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded, and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room.

7. Presently Madam came slowly in, and sat down in her armchair, saying, “That’s a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I have n’t heard it this many a day.”

8. Polly didn’t like to sing before strangers, for she had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and, having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano and did as she was bid.

9. “That’s the sort of music it’s a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear,” said Madam, in her gentle way, when she had done.

10. Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice that went straight to the



listener's heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store. The more she sung, the better she did it; and when she wound up with "A Health to King Charlie," the room quite rung with the stirring music made by the big piano and the little maid.

11. "That's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself.

12. It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to Madam in the other room. The red head vanished <sup>[3]</sup>like a meteor<sup>[4]</sup>, for Polly's tone had been decidedly cool.

13. The old lady put out her hand, and, drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such kind eyes that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidently<sup>[5]</sup>; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it.

14. "You mus'n't mind my staring, dear," said Madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek, "I haven't seen a little girl for so long, it does my old eyes good to look at you." Polly thought that a very odd speech, and could n't help saying, "Are n't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

15. "Oh, dear, no! not what I call little girls. Fan has been a young lady this two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child."

16. "What a queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said "Yes'm," respectfully, and looked at the fire. "You don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked Madam, still holding her by the chin. "No'm; not quite."

17. "Well, dear, I'll tell you. In my day, children of fourteen and fifteen did n't dress in the height of the fashion; go to parties as nearly like those of grown people as it's possible to make them; lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives, and get blase'<sup>[6]</sup> at twenty. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played, like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

18. The old lady appeared to forget Polly, at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue. “Was he your father, Madam?”

19. “Yes, my dear; my honored father. I did up his frills to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned, was five dollars which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the handsomest darn in his silk stockings.”

20. “How proud you must have been!” cried Polly, leaning on the old lady’s knee with an interested face.

21. “Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers; and I’m the last—seventy next birthday, my dear, and not worn out yet; though daughter Shaw is an invalid<sup>[7]</sup> at forty.”

22. “That’s the way I was brought up, and that’s why Fan calls me old-fashioned, I suppose. Tell more about your papa, please; I like it,” said Polly.

23. “Say, ‘father.’ We never called him papa; and if one of my brothers had addressed him as ‘governor,’ as boys now do, I really think he’d have him cut off with a shilling.”

## 【中文阅读】

路易莎·梅·奥尔科特(1833~1888)出生于美国宾夕法尼亚州日耳曼敦的一个具有新英格兰血统的家庭。她的父母后来返回新英格兰地区,她一生中大多时间在马萨诸塞州康科德度过。内战期间,路易莎去了华盛顿,在那里护理伤病员,后来因自身健康原因离开。路易莎年幼起就开始写故事,当时不过为她的童年伙伴寻找乐趣。1857年,她出版了题为《花的寓言》的第一部小说,她的《情绪》发表于1865年,《小妇人》出版于1868年,那是她自己家庭的生活写照。《一位传统守旧的女人》发表于1870年,是她最受欢迎的作品之一。此段由书中删节改编。

1. 波莉但愿那个讨厌的男孩(汤姆)不会来,可他偏在,更可恶的是,他那惹人生烦的眼睛直直地盯着她,整整一餐饭,没闪过眼。

2. 肖先生说，“你好，亲爱的，希望你在这里玩得开心。”他似乎忙得不可开交，接下来，好像完全忘了她的存在。面色苍白的肖太太，神情有点紧张，问候了她的小客人后，便再也没有招呼她。

3. 年迈的肖老夫人，言语不多，头上戴着颇为夸张的帽子，一见波莉，就大呼小叫起来，“我的天哪！好家伙！简直和你妈一个模子刻出来的，你妈可真是个大美人，她还好吗？我的孩子。”老太太边说，边从眼镜上端辨认才到的客人，侧身躲过肖太太和汤姆挡住来客的视线。可怜的波莉觉得索然无趣。

4. 波莉堂姐范妮叽喳起来没完没了，旁边的小穆德烦躁地坐立不安。汤姆对她说，那我把你放到那个大号菜盘盖子下，没想到，居然让过来掀锅盖的一位年轻女子尖叫着跑开，这种把戏实在超出了她的心理承受能力。

5. 总而言之，那次经历有点令人难忘，一俟晚餐结束，波莉如释重负地喘气，顿时开心起来。大家各忙各的散去了，尽过地主之谊后，范妮被叫到裁缝那里去了，偌大的客厅里，只留波莉独自一人玩耍。

6. 波莉感觉很爽，没人叨扰自己。将周围好玩的杂七杂八瞅完后，波莉在客厅那块松软的花地毯上走来走去，嘴里不停地哼唱着。白天正在退去，火苗的红润光亮在整个房间弥漫开来。

7. 不一会，肖老夫人步履迟缓地走进客厅，在摇椅上坐下，她对波莉说，“这是一只很老的曲子，很好听，给我唱唱，亲爱的，我可是很久没听过这首歌了。”

8. 在生人面前开口让波莉感到很是别扭，波莉从未受过什么正规教育，除了从整天忙碌的妈妈那得到些家常教诲；长者最应该获得尊重，这种道理她倒是清楚，看来没有任何理由拒绝，于是，她径直走到钢琴边，按老人的吩咐唱了起来。

9. 波莉唱完，老夫人轻声地说，“就是这首歌，真的不错。再来一遍吧，亲爱的。”

10. 听到老夫人的赞扬，波莉心里感觉挺受用。再次开口时，她的歌声愈加清新柔婉，悠悠然荡漾开来。百听不厌、经典甜美的老歌从来都是波莉的拿手好戏。她越唱越发投入，一曲

《祝查理国王健康》达到高亢，整个房间弥漫着钢琴叮当交响与小姑娘的美妙歌声。

11. “这曲子太好听了！再唱一遍，好吗？”汤姆冷不丁冒了出来。他的红头发突然出现在高椅后面，没想到，他竟藏在那里。

12. 波莉心猛然一惊，她原以为，客厅里只有那位老太太，在火炉边打盹，不会有别人，“不唱了，我累了。”说完，她迅速躲开汤姆，走向房间那头的老太太。红头发汤姆即刻流星般消失了，毕竟，波莉话里有不容置疑的冷淡。

13. 老太太伸出手，把波莉拉到她的身边，满眼慈祥地望着她，此刻的波莉早已忘记老人头上那顶讨厌的帽子，看着老太太笑了起来，心里不再感到怯意。她很清楚，她的听众对自己的歌声饶有兴趣，想到这里，她觉得很开心。

14. “千万别介意我这样看着你，亲爱的，”老人轻轻捏了捏小姑娘粉红色的脸颊，“我很长时间没和小姑娘这样说话了，成天老眼昏花的，看到你，我也神清气爽了。”波莉听到这些，心里纳闷，禁不住问道：“范妮还有穆德，难道不也是小姑娘吗？”

15. “哦，不，孩子，那可不是我说的小姑娘，范妮这两年长大了，变成大姑娘了，穆德实在是被宠坏了。你妈妈真是明晓事理，我的孩子。”

16. “老太太够古怪的！”波莉心想。“是的，夫人，”她嘴上只管附和老太太，眼睛却盯着炉中火苗。“你难道不明白我的意思吗？”老太太问道，手还轻轻捏了一下波莉下巴。“是的，好像不太明白。”

17. “好的，孩子，我来告诉你。在我们那个年代，14—15岁的姑娘不会穿现在的时尚短裙，也不会穿类似成人的服装去参加各种聚会，如果那样装扮，看起来就会让人感觉游手好闲，轻佻浅薄，甚至生活不正常。等到二十岁左右，你自己也会玩腻的。18岁之前，我们不过都是些小毛孩子，整天就是拼命读书学习，穿衣打扮得像正经家庭的孩子，这要尊敬父母长辈，与现在相比，那时日子舒坦实在得多，至少对我来说是这样。”

18. 说话末了，老太太似乎忘了波莉，她坐在那里，忘神地轻轻拍着握在她手里那只丰润的小手，然后抬头看了看泛黄的相片，相片中老先生穿着衬衫，头上系根发辫，衣服有点皱巴

巴的。“这是你父亲吗？夫人？”

19. “是的，亲爱的，那就是我可爱的父亲。我一直给父亲整理衣物，直到他离开人世。记得我第一次挣的五美元，就是他给他六个女儿定的规矩，谁的织补活最好，谁就得到那次奖励。”

20. “你一定非常自豪！”波莉叫了起来，她倚靠在老太太的膝头，饶有兴趣地看着老人。

21. “你说得不错，我们六姐妹都学会了做面包，烧饭，从小就穿粗布衣衫，整天活泼健康的，像一群活蹦乱跳的猫仔。如今，我们姐妹六个都当上奶奶了，我最小，明年就七十岁了，孩子，我这身子骨还结实着呢，可我的女儿肖才四十岁上下，身体就不中用了。”

22. “那就是我接受的教育方式，我想，也就是范妮为什么总是叫我老古董。再说说你的爸爸，求你了，我喜欢听。”波莉说。

23. “我们从不叫他‘爸爸’，只称呼他‘父亲’，如果我的兄弟中有人撒娇地叫他‘老爸’，就像眼下孩子们习惯那样，父亲肯定会用一先令剥夺他的实际财产继承权，这一点，我从不怀疑。”

## LESSON 32

### MY MOTHER'S HANDS

#### 妈妈的双手

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
They're neither white nor small;  
And you, I know, would scarcely think  
That they are fair at all.  
I've looked on hands whose form and hue  
A sculptor's dream might be;  
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands  
More beautiful to me.

2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
    Though heart were weary and sad,  
Those patient hands kept toiling on,  
    That the children might be glad.  
I always weep, as, looking back  
    To childhood's distant day,  
I think how those hands rested not  
    When mine were at their play.

3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!  
    They're growing feeble now,  
For time and pain have left their mark  
    On hands and heart and brow.  
Alas! alas! the nearing time,  
    And the sad, sad day to me,  
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,  
    These hands will folded be.

4. But oh! beyond this shadow land,  
    Where all is bright and fair,  
I know full well these dear old hands  
    Will palms of victory bear;  
Where crystal streams through endless years  
    Flow over golden sands,  
And where the old grow young again,  
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

[1] Imposing, having the power of exciting attention and feeling, impressive.

[2] Magpie, a noisy, mischievous bird, common in Europe and America.

[3] Vanished, disappeared.

[4] Meteor, a shooting star.

[5] Confidently, with trust.

[6] Blase, a French word meaning surfeited, rendered incapable further enjoyment.

[7] Invalid, a person who is sickly.

1. 如此美丽的双手！

不白，也不娇小，  
我知道，你很少想到，  
你的手，叙述朴实无华之道。  
我端详，那手的形态色泽，  
或许激起，雕塑家艺术灵感，  
尽管，干枯羸弱皱纹满布，  
只需一眼，就将我彻底击倒。

2. 如此美丽的双手！

虽然，心里盛满疲惫哀伤，  
每天渴望，孩子们醉心微笑，  
日夜操劳，忍受生活的痛楚，  
时常回首，我总会无声恸哭，  
一幕幕，那煎熬的锥心刺骨，  
当年我，尽情地奔跑玩耍，  
从未想到，妈妈的千辛万苦。

3. 如此美丽的双手！

那双手，衰老已不堪入目，  
逝水流年，留下岁月履痕，  
亲情难舍，远去的晨钟暮鼓，  
唉！越来越近的最后撒手，  
我的心，那么悲痛欲绝，  
雏菊花下，消失了你佝偻身影，  
所有思念，竟敌不过一抔黄土。

4. 哦， 越过死亡阴影，

抵达最后的光明彼岸，  
我感叹，那苍老怜爱的双手，  
掬起母亲，一生的悲欢离愁；

人世间，那个于我最特别的人，  
流泻出，母性的庸常感动，  
恍惚中，倏然穿越漫长时光，  
我依然，紧紧扣住母亲的双手。

LESSON 33  
THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM  
不满意的钟摆

Jane Taylor (b. 1783, d. 1824) was born in London. Her mother was a writer of some note. In connection with her sister Ann, Jane Taylor wrote several juvenile works of more than ordinary excellence. Among them were “Hymns for Infant Minds” and “Original Poems.” Besides these, she wrote “Display, a Tale,” “Essays in Rhyme,” and “Contributions of QQ.” Her writings are graceful, and often contain a useful moral.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer’s kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer’s morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted<sup>[1]</sup> a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested<sup>[2]</sup> their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who spoke thus: “I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.” Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking. “Lazy wire!” exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its bands.

3. “Very good!” replied the pendulum; “it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always,



as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do.”

4. “As to that,” said the dial, “is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?” “For all that,” resumed the pendulum, “it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I’ll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating<sup>[3]</sup> how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum.”

5. The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, “Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.” “Exactly so,” replied the pendulum. “Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue anyone; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect<sup>[4]</sup>. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I’ll stop.”

6. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue<sup>[5]</sup>; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: “Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate<sup>[6]</sup> my argument?”

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. “Now,” resumed the dial, “may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion<sup>[7]</sup> is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?” “Not in the least,” replied the pendulum; “it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions.”

8. “Very good,” replied the dial; “but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute<sup>[8]</sup> but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in.” “That consideration<sup>[9]</sup> staggers me, I confess,” said the pendulum. “Then I hope,” resumed the dial plate, “that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will be in bed if we stand idling thus.”

9. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

10. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

## 【中文阅读】

简·泰勒(1783~1824)出生于英国伦敦,母亲是位游记作家。简·泰勒写过数本有关青少年的作品,这些作品与她的妹妹安有关,达到卓越的文学高度,包括《幼稚思想的赞美》和《原始诗歌》。除此,她还写作了《展示,一个寓言》、《韵律札记》以及《QQ的贡献》,她的作品大多文笔优雅,教育意义蕴藉深厚。

1. 农夫厨房里,立着一座半世纪之久的老钟,老钟从未向主人抱怨过什么。一年夏天,黎明时分,农夫全家起床的喧哗之前,钟突然停了。钟刚停,惊诧不已的钟的表盘(我们不妨认为这不过是个寓言)马上拉长了脸,钟的指针打算循原有路程迈步,却发现不过徒劳枉然;齿轮此刻也惊讶地静止不动;这边刻度量衡高高挂着,一声不吭。每位成员都想将过错归咎于他人,最终,表盘实施正规盘查,以求查明老钟停止的缘故,与此同时,时针、齿轮以及刻度量衡异口同声地表明自己的无辜清白。

2. 就在那时,钟摆下方传来极为微弱的一声滴答,那声音说道,“我主动坦白,我是钟表停止的唯一原因,考虑到在座各位,我愿意陈述自己的理由。原因很简单,我实在厌倦了滴

答。”听到这话，又恰逢敲钟的节骨眼上，老钟顿时怒火中烧。“好一个懒惰钟摆！”表盘也大声叫着，同时扬起表盘嵌条。

3. “太妙了！”钟摆反讥道，“对你来说，说说总是再容易不过，表盘夫人，大家看得都很清楚，究竟谁总是凌驾在我的头上？我要说的是，你总是指责别人懒惰！这点对你来说，简直太过容易。你一生无所事事，除了瞪眼看着别人的脸，厨房里发生的大小事情你只会袖手旁观，围观为乐。我请你想想，如果年复一年地像我这样不停地左摇右摆，你是否乐意被关在这黑暗笼子里度过一生？”

4. “说到这一点，”表盘说，“难道不是特意为你安了个窗口，让你可以看到外面？”“那就索性说清楚吧，”钟摆接着说，“虽然开了个窗口，这里可太黑了，我甚至不敢停顿片刻向外张望，再说，我实在厌倦了这种生活方式；如果你不计较的话，那我不妨说说，我对这份工作实在过于厌恶。今天早晨，我碰巧算了一下，接下来一天24小时内，我需要滴答多少次呀，你们上面诸位或许能给我报个准确数字。”

5. 擅长计算的分钟随即回答：“86400次。”“一点不错，”钟摆说，“那么，我希望大家注意，假若仅仅这点还不能使任何人疲惫至极，如果再将每天每月每年的数字翻倍累计，我对前途感到沮丧失望，感到累得无处可逃，这，难道还有什么奇怪吗？考虑到这些理由，犹豫再三，经过反复琢磨，我决定罢工。”

6. 钟摆诉苦时，表盘几乎无法保持它的沉稳表情，稍微定神恢复常态后，表盘开口了，“亲爱的钟摆先生，像你这样勤勉能干的人，竟然被突如其来的疲惫压垮，让人匪夷所思。在你任职期间，你的确做了大量工作，难道在座诸位不亦拼命干活？工作不亦将继续如此？尽管想到这点，我们或许都疲惫不堪，问题在于，继续做下去难道使我们疲惫不堪？你能否帮我个忙，再摆动滴答六七下，以证明我所言不虚？”

7. 按照正常的节奏，钟摆顺从地滴答了六次。“好了，”表盘接着说，“可否允许我向你提个问题？说到底，这样干活让你生烦讨厌？”“一点也不，”钟摆回答，“我抱怨的不是滴答六次，不是六十次，而是数以百万计的六次。”

8. “很好，”表盘说道，“不过，你想一下，虽然，你或许考虑顷刻间需要一百万次滴答，其

实你实施的唯有最初的一次，因为接下来，往往无论你摇摆多少，你的感觉总是滴答不停。”“一想到这点，我就眩晕得不行，我承认。”钟摆说。“那么，我希望，”表盘接着说，“我们大家立即各就各位，女仆们马上就该起床了，我们还在这无所事事地闲聊。”

9. 听到这话，从未有人指责自己工作轻巧的刻度量衡，纷纷竭尽全力地劝说钟摆继续干活，末了，大家看来意见达到统一，于是，齿轮们转动起来，时钟们开始踱步，钟摆也进入摇摆状态。为证实自己信用如一，钟摆滴答声与以前同样铿锵有力。初升太阳的光线，从厨房上的一处洞口流泻下来，红色阳光落满表盘的脸庞，表盘眉眼熠熠生辉，好像刚才什么事都不曾发生过。

10. 那天早晨，那位农夫走进厨房吃早饭，抬头看了看钟说，他的表，昨晚快了半小时。

## LESSON 34

### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

### 花朵的死亡

William Cullen Bryant (b. 1794, d. 1878) was born in Cummington, Mass. He entered Williams College at the age of sixteen, but was honorably dismissed at the end of two years. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession successfully for nine years. In 1826 he removed to New York, and became connected with the “Evening Post”—a connection which continued to the time of his death. His residence for more than thirty of the last years of his life was at Roslyn, Long Island. He visited Europe several times; and in 1849 he continued his travels into Egypt and Syria.

In all his poems, Mr. Bryant exhibits a remarkable love for, and a careful study of, nature. His language, both in prose and verse, is always chaste, correct, and elegant. “Thanatopsis,” perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but nineteen. His excellent translations of the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey” of Homer and some of his best poems, were written after he had passed the age of seventy. He retained his powers and his activity till the close of his life.

1. The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of wailing<sup>[10]</sup> winds, and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and sear<sup>[11]</sup>.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove

The autumn leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust,  
And to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
And from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow  
Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,  
That lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs,  
A beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves;  
The gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds  
With the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie;  
But the cold November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth  
The lovely ones again.

3. The windflower and the violet,  
They perished long ago,  
And the brier rose and the orchis died  
Amid the summer's glow;  
But on the hill, the golden-rod,  
And the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,  
In autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,  
As falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone  
From upland, glade<sup>[12]</sup>, and glen<sup>[13]</sup>,

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,  
As still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light  
The waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers  
Whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood  
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one, who in  
Her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
And faded by my side.  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,  
When the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
Should have a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet<sup>[14]</sup> it was that one,  
Like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·卡伦·布莱恩特(1794~1878)出生于美国马萨诸塞州卡明顿。他16岁进入威廉姆斯学院,但两年后,被体面地要求离开。他21岁获得资格进入律师界,成功地从事律师职业长达9年。1826年,他迁到纽约,与《晚邮报》保持联系,并一直延续到他的生命结束。他在美国长岛罗斯林度过后半生30多年时光。布莱恩特曾游览欧洲数次,1849年,他继续去埃及和叙利亚旅行。在他所有的诗歌作品中,布莱恩特先生展示了对自然不同寻常的爱恋与缜密研究。他的语言,无论散文抑或诗歌,以其清纯、准确、优雅的风格为人称道。《死亡观》极可能是他诗歌的巅峰之作,当年创造这首诗时,他不过19岁。70岁后,他陆续完成系列优秀译作,包括荷马史诗《伊利亚特》和《奥德赛》,并创造了一些优秀诗歌。他保持旺盛的精力,坚持文学创造直至最后离世。

1. 那些, 忧郁悲伤的日子来了,  
年复一年, 最为痛苦难捱,  
风在哀哭, 掠过光秃裸露的丛林,  
炙热尽舔, 枯萎成片的草原,

昔日绿意盈盈，已经完成宿命，  
拥挤成团，飘落在沟壑低洼，  
萧瑟秋风，卷起漫天尘土，  
不时遮住，狡兔三窟巢穴，  
惊飞一群群，知更鸟鸛鷀。  
灌木林中，觅食栖息的松鸦，  
还有树梢上，戛然而止鸦阵，  
天空晦暗，阴冷列队飞来。

## 2. 那些，美丽的花朵哪里去了？

转眼间，不见了风中摇曳，  
明晃晃艳阳，微风和煦，  
呼朋唤友，千姿百媚地涌来。  
唉呀！纷纷扬扬的嫣红，  
悄然铺成，黑色连绵的花冢，  
卑微的花瓣们，匍匐在地，  
卷走人世间赞美祝福。  
雨声淅沥，扑打凋零的容颜，  
凄风冷雨，再亦难唤回  
从前，婀娜多姿的身影，  
沧浪那边，推不开鬼魅深重。

## 3. 银莲花，还有紫罗兰，

恍惚中，它们已离开很久，  
野蔷薇，玫瑰，红门兰，  
死在，骄阳如火的热烈。  
山路蜿蜒，金色的快乐枝条，  
森林里，笑容洋溢的紫菀，  
溪水边，明黄色向日葵，  
涂抹出，秋天的寥廓浪漫。  
严霜，很快搅起周天寒彻，  
犹如，世间肆虐的瘟疫，  
裹走了，那些欢歌笑语，  
寒风呼啸，魂魄从此飘散。

4. 万物复苏，大地苏醒回暖，  
微风吹拂，阳光又现人间。  
春姑娘脚步，轻声呼唤，  
走出巢穴，冬眠者不再梦酣。  
每棵树木，伫立冬天的沉思，  
万籁静寂，松果落地的铮然，  
河水蜿蜒，流淌出潺潺快意，  
星光闪烁，烟波浩渺的水面。  
春风呵，你追着千花万朵寻来，  
哪一缕芬芳，寄寓内心企盼？  
长吁短叹，那清香竟来自灌丛，  
幽静河畔，花的踪迹早已杳然。

5. 我想起，那位清纯少女，  
青春靓丽，尚未绽放的花蕾，  
亭亭玉立，羞赧迷人的笑脸，  
旋即枯萎，凋谢在我的身边。  
亲手将她葬进，冰冷潮湿的墓地，  
落叶为穹，无限惆怅倍添，  
长泣而痛，为何美丽短暂？  
红销香断，难道天妒红颜？  
青山逶迤，远走了你的笑容，  
绿水悠悠，流去了你的温柔，  
一缕相思，今朝无从寻觅，  
陌上花开，来年何以寄愁？

LESSON 35  
THE THUNDERSTORM  
暴风雨



Washington Irving (b. 1783, d. 1859). This distinguished author, whose works have enriched American literature, was born in the city of New York. He had an ordinary school education, and began his literary career at the age of nineteen, by writing for a paper published by his brother. His first book, "Salmagundi," was published in 1807. Two years later he published "Knickerbocker's History of New York." In 1815 he sailed for Europe, and remained abroad seventeen years, during which time he wrote several of his works. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. The last years of his life were passed at "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N.Y. He was never married. "The Life of Washington," his last work, was completed in the same year in which he died. Mr. Irving's works are characterized by humor, chaste sentiment, and elegance and correctness of expression. The following selection is from "Dolph" in "Bracebridge Hall."

1. In the second day of the voyage, they came to the Highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor<sup>[15]</sup> of summer heat. The turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar, on deck, was echoed from the mountain side and reverberated along the shores; and, if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

2. Dolph gazed about him, in mute delight and wonder, at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left, the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right, strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together and confine this mighty river in their embraces.

3. In the midst of this admiration, Dolph remarked<sup>[16]</sup> a pile of bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onward its predecessor<sup>[17]</sup>, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere; and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the wind came creeping up it. The fishhawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high, dry trees; the crows flew clamorously<sup>[18]</sup> to the crevices of the rocks; and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder gust.

4. The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length, it seemed as if the bellying<sup>[19]</sup> clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and then rolled up the long defile<sup>[20]</sup> of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

5. For a time the scudding rack<sup>[21]</sup> and mist and the sheeted rain almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the raindrops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements<sup>[22]</sup>; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through the mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

## 【中文阅读】

华盛顿 · 欧文(1783~1859), 出生于美国纽约市的著名作家, 其作品极大丰富了美国文学宝库。欧文接受的是常规教育, 他19岁时, 开始写文章, 其兄将其文章刊登报纸, 由此开始他的文学生涯。他的首部作品《大杂烩》出版于1807年; 两年后他推出新作《荷兰裔移民的纽约史》。1815年, 欧文去欧洲旅行, 滞留海外长达17年之久, 在此期间, 他完成数部作品。1842年至1846年, 他出任美国驻西班牙公使, 后来在纽约州塔利镇附近向阳坡度过生命中最后几年。欧文终生未婚, 《华盛顿传》为他最后一部著作, 当年作品封笔后, 欧文离开人世。欧文先生作品蕴含幽默, 素朴高雅, 文辞表达准确优美。下文选自《布雷斯里奇庄园》一书中《道尔夫》章节。

1. 旅途第二天, 他们抵达苏格兰高地。当时天近傍晚, 无风、闷热。船儿顺流轻轻漂流, 两岸森严的崇山峻岭绵亘延伸。天地陷入浓重的静谧。夏日无精打采, 似乎耗尽了最后一缕炎热。船舷时而偏转, 甲板上木浆偶然落水, 哪怕一点细微声音, 撞击山体后旋即沿山涧两岸依次荡开。如果碰巧船长扯开嗓子吆喝一声, 四周峭壁很快炸响一连串滚动轰然。

2. 道尔夫出神地看着周遭如同淹没在远古洪荒中的自然奇观, 内心满是无言的快乐, 还

有好奇。从左舷看，此刻，“邓德伯格号”船高竖前舷，径直冲过层层前方陡峭，飞快掠过两岸浓密丛林，进入更为幽深的夏日空寂。从右舷看，舷体凸出一块木牌，外形有点像安东尼的粗硕鼻子，木牌上刻有一只孤独的鹰，那只鹰正在快速不停地旋转。放眼望去，只见沿岸山峦叠嶂不断后退，最后，好像山穷水复疑无路，群峰兀立，头顶上唯有一道狭长蓝天。

3. 道尔夫忙着观幽探奇，突然看到一簇明晃晃的银色云团，在西方天际若隐若现，随后，又飘过来一簇云团，又涌来一团，不断叠现翻滚的云团逐次相推，直冲九天云汉，亦愈发炫目耀眼，背景天空现出阴晦的深蓝。倏尔，沉闷的雷声依稀裹杂响起，从山那边滚翻冒出。河水，恍然不知，一如既往地娴静；满目山川景色，在澄明如镜的一袭水面现出清晰倒影。很快，似乎闻到风的潜行气息，远处水域翻起黑色波浪。水面上，鱼鹰急速地盘旋尖叫，到处寻觅筑在山崖枯树上的鸟巢；乌鸦鼓噪地飞向峭崖绝壁的石隙里；自然万物无不惊悚，一场暴风雨顷刻来临。

4. 云层翻卷滚过道道山峦，峰顶明晃晃地刺眼，峰峦下端黧黑模糊连成一片。雨滴噼里啪啦地落下，溅起大朵水珠，风，愈发清新，腾起高耸连天的浪花，然后，不断隆升的云层仿佛被山尖猛地撕开，暴雨哗哗如注，搅动漫天倾盆。闪电从一朵云旋即跳到另一朵云上，它们锐利的触角颤抖着撞向四处岩壁，猛力撕扯劈开那些粗硕高大的树木。震耳欲聋的雷声不时炸开，悬崖绝壁上的訇声雷裂渐次放大，在峰回水转中迸发一串串巨响。轰鸣滚滚，扑打“邓德伯格号”船舷，然后越过半空苏格兰高地的狭长山谷，每逢凸崖，势必炸开新一轮力拔千钧，直到老牛山不停地哞哞吼叫，将暴风骤雨发狂地撵开。

5. 黑云催天压地，碎云疾驰穿梭，片状雨滴如泄似注从天而下，天地间几乎看不见手掌，周围一片可怕的混沌阴暗。刹那间，接二连三的闪电穿过雨点，迸出一道道刺目光亮，那么惨人惨白、狰狞可怖。道尔夫从未目睹过如此怪异纷呈的天象，似乎暴风骤雨慌不择路，欲冲破山涧中那条峡谷，愣是凶猛异常地撕开一条血路。天上雷公电母前来相助，调遣麾下所有的天兵天将，将箭矢枪炮一应辎重悉数投入了战斗。

# 四月的日子

Caroline Anne Southey (b. 1786, d.1854), the second wife of Southey the poet, and better known as Caroline Bowles, was born near Lymington, Hampshire, England. Her first work, “Ellen Fitzarthur,” a poem, was published in 1820; and for more than twenty years her writings were published anonymously. In 1839 she was married to Mr. Southey, and survived him over ten years. Her poetry is graceful in expression, and full of tenderness, though somewhat melancholy. The following extract first appeared in 1822 in a collection entitled, “The Widow’s Tale, and other Poems.”

1. All day the low-hung clouds have dropped  
    Their garnered<sup>[23]</sup> fullness down;  
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped  
    Hill, valley, grove, and town.
2. There has not been a sound to-day  
    To break the calm of nature;  
Nor motion, I might almost say,  
    Of life or living creature;
3. Of waving bough, or warbling bird,  
    Or cattle faintly lowing;  
I could have half believed I heard  
    The leaves and blossoms growing.
4. I stood to hear—I love it well—  
    The rain’s continuous sound;  
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,  
    Down straight into the ground.
5. For leafy thickness is not yet  
    Earth’s naked breast to screen,  
Though every dripping branch is set  
    With shoots of tender green.

6. Sure, since I looked, at early morn,  
Those honeysuckle buds  
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn  
Hath put forth larger studs<sup>[24]</sup>.
7. That lilac's cleaving<sup>[25]</sup> cones have burst,  
The milk-white flowers revealing;  
Even now upon my senses first  
Methinks their sweets are stealing.
8. The very earth, the steamy air,  
Is all with fragrance rife!  
And grace and beauty everywhere  
Are flushing into life.
9. Down, down they come, those fruitful stores,  
Those earth-rejoicing drops!  
A momentary deluge pours,  
Then thins, decreases, stops.
10. And ere the dimples<sup>[26]</sup> on the stream  
Have circled out of sight,  
Lo! from the west a parting gleam  
Breaks forth of amber<sup>[27]</sup> light.
- \* \* \*
11. But yet behold—abrupt and loud,  
Comes down the glittering rain;  
The farewell of a passing cloud,  
The fringes of its train.

卡罗琳·安妮·骚塞(1786~1854)出生于英国汉普郡莱明敦附近，为诗人骚塞的第二任妻子，卡罗琳·鲍尔斯的名字更为人熟知。卡罗琳首部诗作《艾伦·菲茨瑟》出版于1820年。长达20多年来，她的作品一直匿名发表。1839年，她与骚塞先生结婚，使他得以延长10多年生命。卡罗琳诗歌言辞优雅，充满柔情，尽管不乏些许悲哀忧郁。下面段落来自最早发表在1822年出版的题为《寡妇故事及其诗歌》的诗歌集，有删节。

1. 低垂一天，云朵已经落下，  
农夫庄稼，亦已安然入仓。  
灰色雾霭，万般缱绻裹住，  
山丘沟谷，灌丛还有村庄。
2. 今天，我未曾听到那种声音，  
可以打破，自然万物的寂静；  
亦没听见，或许我可以说，  
漫长一天，没有生命的韵律。
3. 树干没有摇晃，鸟儿没有啭鸣，  
牛群，没有低声哞叫，  
枝叶生长，或者花朵绽开，  
我半信半疑，没有纹丝动静。
4. 默默站着聆听，我太爱这些声音，  
雨，接连不停地刷刷，  
碎细身影，密集落下，  
径直一跤，跌进土里长大。
5. 大地赤裸的胸膛，尚未舒展，  
绿叶沙沙，铺成天空的旗帜，

此刻，每一根湿漉漉的枝干，  
都会萌发，植物的微观思考。

6. 曙光初露，美丽的金银花，  
星光点缀，骨朵又见丰满，  
含苞待放；亭亭玉立的枝杈，  
转眼冒出，深浅不一的嫩芽。

7. 紫丁香，风中绽放挺立，  
奶白色花朵，惊悚震撼，  
一瞥中感动，最是难抑，  
你的心中，流泻悠悠甜蜜。

8. 脚下大地，润泽丰盈，  
繁复优雅，竟是不期而遇，  
蛰伏精灵，一路暗香浮动，  
走过多少，金色生命年华。

9. 收割装仓，满囤的金子，  
欢快雨滴，大地交响奏鸣，  
刹那间，洪水翻滚泛滥，

雨过天晴，禾苗萌发新绿。

10. 溪水淙淙，岁月流年的涟漪，  
穿梭奔涌，消失于远方天际，  
瞧！西边那缕离别的星光，  
隐约露出，金色琥珀的传奇。

11. 看呀！随着一声高喊，  
流星雨，划破天空消失，  
挥手作别，霓虹的云彩，  
裙裾飞扬，生命的斑斓花边。

## LESSON 37

### THE TEA ROSE

### 香水月季

1. There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious, creamy tint peculiar to its kind: its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending, as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness.—Oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living, perfect flower!

2. But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman<sup>[28]</sup>, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin: “I say, cousin, I



have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York; as, to our consternation, you are determined to do. You know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers, indeed,—that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line.”

3. “Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,” said Florence, with a smile; “I have no intention of calling upon your talent; I have an asylum<sup>[29]</sup> in view for my favorite.”

4. “Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic<sup>[30]</sup> upon the subject; telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her greenhouse; it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her; you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know.”

5. “Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged.”

“Whom can it be to? you have so few intimates here.”

“Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies.”

“But do tell me, Florence.”

“Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?”

6. “What! little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways; dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets, and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys behind our house than ever you have in Chestnut Street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou<sup>[31]</sup> to a seamstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the

world can people in their circumstances<sup>[32]</sup> want with flowers?”



7. “Just the same as I do,” replied Florence, calmly. “Have you not noticed that the little girl never comes without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don’t you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?”

8. “But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room, where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook.”

9. “Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me.”

10. “Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment<sup>[33]</sup>! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don’t believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living.”

11. “Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and poor Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our

window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens's room as in ours."

12. "Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

13. "Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but, having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratifications we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command<sup>[34]</sup>. From necessity, her room, her clothing,—all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture<sup>[35]</sup> she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

14. "Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of taste<sup>[36]</sup>!"

15. "Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns<sup>[37]</sup> for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard day's work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in." "Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

16. "True, Kate, but I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor woman regarded her baby in its new dress and cap was something quite worth creating; I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

17. "Well, I never thought before of giving anything to the poor but what they really needed, and I

have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way.”

18. “Ah! cousin, if our heavenly Father gave to us after this mode, we should have only coarse, shapeless piles of provisions lying about the world, instead of all this beautiful variety of trees, and fruits, and flowers,”

19. “Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once, so go on your own way;” and the little lady began practicing a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

[1] Instituted, *commenced, began.*

[2] Protested, *solemnly declared.*

[3] Calculating, *reckoning, computing.*

[4] Prospect, *anticipation, that to which one looks forward.*

[5] Harangue, *speech.*

[6] Illustrate, *to make clear, to exemplify.*

[7] Exertion, *effort.*

[8] Execute, *to complete, to finish.*

[9] Consideration, *reason.*

[10] Wailing, *lamenting, mourning.*

[11] Sear, *dry, withered.*

[12] Glade, *an open place in the forest.*

[13] Glen, *a valley, a dale.*

[14] Unmeet, *improper, unfitting.*

[15] Languor, *exhaustion of strength, dullness.*

[16] Remarked, *noticed, observed.*

[17] Predecessor, *the one going immediately before.*

[18] Clamorously, *with a loud noise.*

[19] Bellying, *swelling out.*

[20] Defile, *a long, narrow pass.*

[21] Rack, *thin, flying, broken clouds.*

[22] Elements, *a term usually including fire, water, earth, and air.*

[23] Garnered, *laid up, treasured.*

[24] Studs, *knobs, buds.*

[25] Cleaving, *dividing.*

[26] Dimples, *small depressions.*

[27] Amber, *the color of amber, yellow.*

[28] Ottoman, *a stuffed seat without a back.*

[29] Asylum, *a place of refuge and protection.*

[30] Pathetic, *moving to pity or grief.*

[31] Bijou, *a jewel.*

[32] Circumstances, *condition in regard to worldly property.*

[33] Sentimental, *showing an excess of sentiment or feeling.*

[34] Command, *to claim.*

[35] Rapture, *extreme joy or pleasure, ecstasy.*

[36] Taste, *the faculty of discerning beauty or whatever forms excellence.*

[37] Yearns, *longs, is eager.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 客厅窗边，一个浅乌檀色的花架上，一枝月季插在小小的绿色花瓶里。昂贵的锦缎窗帘，配着昂贵的窗饰挂幔垂落。房间里，到处摆满了亮闪闪的稀罕物件，满目珠光宝气，满屋奢贵豪华。那支香水月季当属鹤立鸡群，素朴中透着清纯可爱，奶白色精致花瓣，稀有品种的色泽，它的花瓣饱满精致，花朵稍微前倾，宛如沉浸一种天籁富足的天地。哦，人类何时亦能创造出这类精美生物？

2. 阳光泻过窗帘，香水月季旁边更为亮眼。一位年轻女子斜倚在无背沙发上，活泼可爱的表妹正在与她聊天，“哦，表姐，我一直在想，如果你去纽约，怎么处理你那宝贝月季？大家很吃惊，你怎么坚持要走。你要知道，把你钟爱的花留给我这样一个总爱丢三落四的主儿，可真够倒霉的。我当然喜欢花，或换句话说，我偏爱那些修剪扎好后、风风光光捧去参加聚会的花。这种花那么娇嫩，每天打理起来烦不胜烦，我才没有兴趣哩。”

3. “凯特，别那么紧张，”弗罗伦丝笑着说，“我可不指望你有那本事，我这有些救急的办法，你不妨查查。”

4. “哦，那么，你就明白我准备说什么了。我在揣摩马歇尔夫人与你说话的意思。她昨天来这里了，谈到你要离开，我就很难过，还与她谈些不忍美好流失的道理等等；她说，如果香水月季能送给她，挪到她家花房，她可就太开心了。眼看花快开了，花苞这么多，我告诉她，我知道你打算将花送给她，再说，你对马歇尔夫人那么好，是吗？”

5. “哦，凯特，很抱歉，我还在想其他办法。”

“还会是谁？你在这没什么密友吧。”

“哦，不过是个奇怪想法吧。”

“那，弗罗伦丝，你得告诉我。”

“好吧，表妹，你还记得我们送缝活时，那个脸色苍白的小姑娘吗？”

6. “什么？你说的是玛丽·斯蒂芬？弗罗伦丝，你太搞笑了！你婆婆妈妈、古板迂腐的另外一张面孔竟然是这样，什么给穷孩子缝娃娃啦，缝制帽子，钩织袜子啦，给街坊四邻那些脏兮兮的孩子送点礼物什么的。我确实相信，你在我屋后那两条臭味难闻的街巷里走家串户，比你在宽敞漂亮的栗树大街上做得多，虽然你知道，那些穷人眼巴巴地想见到你。既然这样，给所有穷人都戴上皇冠？借机再给那个做缝活小姑娘送件小玩意，你那些同阶层的闺蜜好友，或许极为赞赏这些，我实在搞不懂，生活在世上如此低劣环境里的人难道需要花？”

7. “这正是我想做的，”弗罗伦丝平心静气地说，“你难道没注意到，那小姑娘哪次来不是急切地想看花？你难道不记得，那天早晨，她那么可怜见地请求我，可否让她妈妈过来看看香水月季？她母亲也那么喜欢花！”

8. “哎呀，弗罗伦丝，先想想，这么名贵的月季和那些火腿呀，鸡蛋，奶酪，还有面粉，统统挤在那间狭窄破屋的小桌上，斯蒂芬夫人和女儿兜转着忙着洗涮、熨烫，还要做饭。”

9. “好了，凯特，如果我也没办法，只好住在简陋的破屋，就像你说的，忙着洗涮、熨烫、做饭，如果没有片刻空闲，窗外满眼只有颓败坍塌的砖墙，肮脏不堪的街巷，对我来说，这花难道不是无法言说的快乐？”

10. “哼，弗罗伦丝，你太多愁善感了！穷人怎么有时间获取情感快乐。我才不相信呐，那香水月季能在她们家里养下去？那名贵的花是种在温室里的，月季对环境可是太挑剔了。”

11. “哦，这一点，花朵从不会质问它的主人贫穷还是富有；斯蒂芬夫人很穷，她缺少什么无关紧要，只要拥有和这里同样可以穿透窗子的美好阳光，那就够了。上帝创造出来的美好事物，在于它给予所有人相同的馈赠。你会看见，我那漂亮的香水月季在斯蒂芬夫人家里肯定会长得不错，与在我们家没什么两样。”

12. “好了，不管怎么说，你真够搞怪！如果想送穷人东西，送点实用的东西总是不错，比如，一麻袋土豆，或一条火腿什么的。”

13. “天呀！确实，土豆或火腿都是不可少的，那是穷人生存的首选或最渴望得到的东西，可是，我们为什么就不能给穷人精神上的微薄快乐，使她们内心获得少许喜悦，而这些，对我们来说不过举手之劳？我知道，许多穷人情感丰富，对美好事物相当敏锐，可他们活得实

在艰难，也就自然钝化或磨灭了内在美好。否则，就鸟类花草或音乐欣赏能力而言，史蒂芬夫人，虽穷，亦绝不比我少。

我留意到，那次斯蒂芬夫人来到我们家，仔细打量客厅里那些艺术摆件，尽管没说一句话，可她的眼睛很亮。你看看她家的陋屋、那些衣物还有居家必需品，当然杂乱不堪。你也该看到，当我说把香水月季送给她们，她和女儿玛丽几乎欣喜若狂。”

14. “天呀！这些或许不假，不过，我以前从未想到这些，这些每天苦力劳作的穷人能有什么欣赏品位。”

15. “那么，为什么那些穷家陋户的破漏茶壶或瓦罐里，居然还种着天竺葵或月季，或者木箱里还养着牵牛花，沿窗户向上缠绕攀爬？这些难道不是说明，不管人的职业高贵或低下，人们内心难道不是同样渴望美？追求美？凯特，你还记得，有一次，我们家洗衣女工干了一天活回到家，为了第二天的洗礼仪式，通宵达旦地为孩子缝制新裙子吗？”“是的，记得，那时我还嘲笑你，费心劳神地做那么雅致的婴儿帽。”

16. “不错，凯特，漂亮的外貌当然使人愉悦，那可怜女人觉得，只要她的孩子能穿上新衣、戴上新帽，她付出一些辛苦当然值得，我更相信，如果那时我再送上一把鲜花，在她看来，不管怎样感激涕零，都难以表达她的心情。”

17. “是的，我以前从未想到周济穷人，除非他们确实需要，虽然，我一直想做力所能及的善事，却不愿偏离自己直觉太远。”

18. “哎呀！表妹，倘若天堂的圣父亦依据这种方式馈赠我们，那么在这个世界上，或许，我们只有那些粗鄙不堪或乱七八糟的东西，而不会类似现在，那些花草、树木以及果实等等的美丽组合。”

19. “得了，得了，表姐，我觉得你说得都对，发发慈悲，饶过我这不开窍的可怜脑瓜，怎能转眼装下那么多新鲜念头，你还是忙你的去吧。”接着，对着镜子，小姑娘悠然自得地练习华尔兹舞步起来。



## LESSON 38

# THE CATARACT OF LODORE

## 洛多大瀑布

1. “How does the water  
Come down at Lodore?”  
My little boy asked me  
Thus once on a time;  
And, moreover, he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.
  
2. Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.
  
3. So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store,  
And 't was in my vocation  
For their recreation  
That so I should sing;  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.
  
4. From its sources which well  
In the tarn<sup>[1]</sup> on the fell<sup>[2]</sup>;  
From its fountains

In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills<sup>[3]</sup>;  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps  
For a while, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.

5. And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-scurry.

6. Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

7. The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;

8. Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound

9. Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;  
10. Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling<sup>[4]</sup> and sprawling,

And driving and riving<sup>[5]</sup> and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

11. And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

*(Abridged from Southey.)*

## 【中文阅读】

1. “洛多瀑布的水，  
怎么落下的呢？”  
曾经一次，  
年幼的儿子问我，  
甚至特别要求，  
用韵律节奏告诉他。

2. 此后不久，  
女儿也有如此疑问，  
三个妹妹，  
走马灯地询问哥哥，  
当时，那瀑布的水，  
究竟如何落下。  
水吼叫着，直冲而下，  
许多许多次，  
大人们以前看过。

3. 我用诗歌节奏描述，  
那心底珍藏的韵律，  
留存于昔日旅程中，  
跌宕起伏的过去，  
我应该放开歌喉，  
将桂冠诗人的吟颂，  
告诉孩子，献与上帝。

4. 洛多瀑布老家，坐落在  
嶙峋多石的山顶，小湖边，  
山间，泉眼潺潺，  
淙淙流淌，汇成叮咚溪河，  
流过满山青苔、树丛，  
时快，时缓，过了一会，  
落脚到，雍积的小湖，  
它，居然睡着了。

5. 苏醒后，它再度启程，  
蜿蜒走过，芦苇沼泽，  
一路上，川流不息，  
流经草地，灌丛空旷，  
阳光下，或森林蓊郁，  
面对悬崖峭壁，掀起  
湍流急浪，仓皇惊慌地  
奏起，杂乱无序的乐章。

6. 那股黑暗中光亮，奔泻而来，  
不再低调，迸发张扬，  
雾气漫天，浪花飞溅，

酝酿着。骚动，呼啸愤怒，  
积聚最后，爆发出千钧力量，  
直到，快步赶到这里，  
弯起身躯，从陡峭悬崖上，  
腾空飞起，骤然跃下。

7. 湍急洪流，磅礴而来，  
天堑处，撞击疯狂，  
龙腾虎跃，忽然雷动，  
犹如，战争中万炮齐发，  
在山中，无数洞穴石窟炸响。

8. 它在攀升、跨跃，  
速降、蠕行，  
它在膨胀、席卷，  
飞泻，遽起，  
它在飞翔、横扫，  
翻扭、迂回，  
它在旋转、掠动，  
喷泄、蹦跹，  
它在回旋、纠结，  
百折千转，千转百折，  
永无止境，撒开弹射。  
它在袭击，在阻击，  
铺开，汹涌澎湃的浩荡，  
它在挫败，在震颤，  
发起，耳聋目眩的较量；  
不嫌涓流，经久凸变，  
悄悄减慢，兀自加速，  
时而打击，或者摇撼，

时而猛冲，或者断裂，  
时而践踏，或者舒展，  
飏飏狂飙，徐徐低缓；

9. 无声渗漏，欢呼雀跃，  
重锤撞击，刀戟劈开，  
晶莹夺目，藤缠枝绕，  
喋喋不休，天崩地裂，  
趑趄晃荡，声撼山摇，  
万马奔涌，虎啸平川  
波浪起伏，凌空漫舞，  
辗转摇晃，乖戾叵测，  
碎语绵绵，雷霆万钧，  
扼腕之叹，裂帛之惊，  
悲泣呻吟，抱怨哀鸣，  
闪闪泛亮，粼粼碎屑，  
聚拢收缩，羽化飞天，  
湍流涡旋，银光耀眼，  
天地悸动，惊悚山川，  
仓促匆忙，紧锣密鼓，  
电闪雷鸣，跋涉艰难，  
分叉，滑翔，不断变异，  
跌落，嚎叫，到处蔓生，  
驱赶，撕裂，抗争不息，  
雾漫，影动，波光潋滟；

11. 捶击，坠落，碰撞，凌空展翅，  
泼溅，迸闪，喷射，铿锵有声，  
飞流直下，奔泻穿梭，  
那些所有声音与运动，交融汇聚，

伴随巨大的喧嚣，戛然而止。

这就是，洛多瀑布，  
一条涅槃再生之路。

(骚塞诗集节选)

LESSON 39  
THE BOBOLINK  
北美食米鸟

1. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblincoln, or bobolink as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: “the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

2. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled<sup>[6]</sup> with clover blossoms; while the young apple, peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

3. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility<sup>[7]</sup> and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises



and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

4. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed<sup>[8]</sup> up, during the live-long day, in a schoolroom.

5. It seemed as if the little varlet<sup>[9]</sup> mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed<sup>[10]</sup> in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan<sup>[11]</sup> to the cuckoo:

“Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

“Oh. could I fly, I’d fly with thee!  
We’d make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o’er the globe,  
Companions of the spring.”

6. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary<sup>[12]</sup>, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him

with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

7. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a bon vivant<sup>[13]</sup>, a gourmand<sup>[14]</sup>: with him now there is nothing like the “joys of the table.” In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic<sup>[15]</sup> tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

8. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent<sup>[16]</sup> with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Boblincoln no more, he is the reedbird now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvanian epicures<sup>[17]</sup>, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan<sup>[18]</sup>! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous ricebird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted<sup>[19]</sup> dish, on some southern table.

9. Such is the story of the bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates<sup>[20]</sup> his sensuality in the larder<sup>[21]</sup>. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of

popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew<sup>[22]</sup> all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

—From Irving's "Birds of Spring."

## 【中文阅读】

1. 依我看来，可以和欧洲云雀媲美、北美春天最快乐的鸟，该是北美食米鸟，食米鸟为北美人习惯俗称。就地理纬度而言，食米鸟通常五月出现，诗人在五月的季节抒怀与之呼应，人们钟爱的五月阳光最终光临。大约五月中旬，食米鸟飞来，盘桓此地将近一月。早些的冬天季节，人们易于勘查食米鸟的踪迹，然而，肆意的覆巢行为意味摧毁一年的美好开局。再晚些日子，天气炙热焦干，让人简直喘不过气来，老天仿佛释放出夏季的所有热量。只有五月气候凉爽适宜，大自然袒露出每一朵的清新芬芳，“雨季结束了，花朵绽放，鸟儿鸣啾，海龟也爬上岸来。”

2. 满树叶片蓊郁得碧绿晃眼，森林里洋溢着月桂花朵的成簇欢乐；蔷薇和野生玫瑰的芬芳浓郁；草地上铺满苜蓿草花朵，瓷釉般亮丽，苹果梨子还有李子的青嫩果实正在急遽地胀大，绿叶中草莓但见猩红艳丽点点。

3. 食米鸟狂欢的季节来临，这是它们翩翩飞来的隆重庆典，穿梭在馥郁花海的盛大节日。食米鸟一生追逐快乐、追逐阳光，情感丰富，引吭高歌。它乐于栖息在水丰草美的牧场或草原。当苜蓿绽开细碎的花朵，它总喜欢在花丛里鸣啾歌唱。它时而亦会伫立高高树枝，或风中招摇的细长草尖。它随着微风雀跃腾飞，流泻出一连串美妙音符，佩铃叮当。它清脆的鸣啾此起彼伏，宛如云雀的清脆歌喉，充满狂性和热烈的质感。

4. 食米鸟常常落在树梢，一旦梳理好翅膀，便开始亮开歌喉，它不时朝地面猛力拍打双翼，仿佛在自己歌声里陶醉忘形；它自然喜欢追求配偶，开口吟唱那些高亢曲调，好像唯有音欬相求，才能获取配偶芳心，当然，它那一副陶醉自得的快乐神情让人忍俊不禁。北美森林莽莽草原上所有鸟类，食米鸟是我孩提时代最为嫉妒的鸟。在一年中最美好的季节里，气候适宜，它在我漫步的小路上穿梭飞行。当自然万物声声呼唤田野，当田园情愫在每一个生命的心中悸动，可我，一个不幸的孩子，每天却被牢牢地囚禁在教室里。

5. 这个看起来像恶棍的家伙，放开歌喉从我身边飞过，它唱得那么开心，似乎伺机嘲笑我。哦，我嫉妒死它了！没有功课，没有作业，没有学校，除了假期、嬉戏、绿色田野及美妙气候，它真是一无所有。假如我具有更多的诗歌才华，原本可将诗人洛根送给杜鹃鸟的赞誉送给它。

甜蜜的鸟儿，  
你的巢穴四季常青，  
天空那么清澈湛蓝，  
你的岁月没有漫长冬季  
你的歌声没有丝毫悲伤，

哦，如果我能张开翅膀，  
和你一起比翼飞翔。  
鼓起幸福的双翼，  
一年一度，和春天做伴，  
完成飞越环球的梦想。

6. 经过进一步观察体验，对这个身披羽裳、耽于安逸享乐的主儿，我有了全新认识，鉴于年轻读者的需要，我乐于勇敢地传教。这些年轻人可能与我当时沉湎的感觉相同，那么嫉妒和赞赏食米鸟。当第一眼看到它，我便为之心颤，称它具有生命的诗意。从某种意义上说，食米鸟追求高雅以及享受的表达，它迷恋音乐、歌声，关注品位、敏感还有精致，因此，这种神圣的鸟类不容丝毫伤害，甚至学校那些淘气鬼们不会冲它投掷石块，淳朴的农民时而停下脚步聆听它歌唱。

7. 当然，不妨关注这些差异。随着光阴流逝，苜蓿草花儿凋谢，春天隐退，夏天到来，食米鸟不再执著于自己的高雅品位，它逐渐褪去诗意的黑色装束，换上赤褐色的粗鄙外表；它整日沉溺享受安乐，与那些常见的恶俗鸟儿没什么两样；它的歌唱不再悦耳，胃囊里也装满草

籽，就在那些飞扬的野草上，它刚才还在摇晃着优美身躯，反复吟唱动听的歌谣。如今它过得很好，气色不错，不过饕餮之徒而已。很快，它便厌倦了简朴的生活方式，到处寻觅丰饌珍肴，对它来说，没有任何东西能比过享用美食大餐的受用。

8. 现在我们再度聆听，它与它的无数同类，穿梭在特拉华州的芦苇丛中，因饮食太好愈见臃肿不堪。旅途中，它更换了名字，不叫食米鸟，改称芦苇鸟了，居然成为宾夕法尼亚州最受热捧的小报趣闻，与伊壁鸠鲁享乐者们享有同等恶名。无论食米鸟飞到哪里，砰！砰！砰！全州老枪火铳争相对准它瞄准开火，成千上万只食米鸟不停地倒毙死亡。那么，它接受人们警告或者有所改变吗？哎呀！没有。食米鸟继续振动双翼，南方丰美稻田等待着它的光临。在那里，食米鸟狼吞虎咽险乎撑死，它的体态变得臃肿不堪，甚至无法飞起。它不得不再次更名，变成卡罗莱纳州闻名遐迩的稻米鸟，这里，将是它一生的最后舞台：看着自己与无数大腹便便的同类被唾弃，最后变成北美大陆南方餐桌上为人称道的一道烘烤大餐。

9. 这就是食米鸟的故事，曾经具有精神信仰、富有音乐气质、令人钦佩、追逐自然草原快乐、钟爱春天蓬勃的鸟儿，最终变异为恶俗拥趸，躲在角落里耽于世俗物质享受的恶鸟。

这篇食米鸟的故事具有典型的道德意义，世上青少年需引以为戒。故事旨在告诫那些年轻人，必须恪守对美好事物与崇高精神的执著坚守，保持懵懂之初纯洁的品质高度，戒绝世俗世界声色犬马的物欲满足。无疑，致命的外在诱惑只会给迷途难返的年轻生命带来过早的凋谢与终结。

（摘自欧文《春天的鸟儿》）

LESSON 40  
ROBERT OF LINCOLN  
罗伯特·林肯

1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink.  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours.  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat:  
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note:  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Look what a nice new coat is mine;  
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,  
One weak chirp is her only note;  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat:  
“Bobolink, Bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Never was I afraid of man,

Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might:  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nice good wife that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood..  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air:  
“Bobolink, bobolink,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.”

8. Summer wanes; the children are grown;

Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:  
    "Bobolink, bobolink,  
    Spink, spank, spink,  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
                                    Chee, chee, chee."

*(William Cullen Bryant)*

[1] Tarn, *a small lake among the mountains.*

[2] Fell, *a stony hill.*

[3] Gills, *brooks.*

[4] Brawling, *roaring.*

[5] Riving, *splitting.*

[6] Enameled, *coated with a smooth, glossy surface.*

[7] Sensibility, *feeling.*

[8] Mewed, *shut up.*

[9] Varlet, *a rascal.*

[10] Versed, *familiar, practiced.*

[11] John Logan (b. 1748, d. 1788). *A Scotch writer of note. His writings include dramas, poetry, history, and essays.*

[12] Voluptuary, *one who makes his bodily enjoyment his chief object.*

[13] Bon vivant, *one who lives well.*

[14] Gourmand, *a glutton.*

[15] Gastronomic, *relating to the science of good eating.*

[16] Corpulent, *fleshy, fat.*

[17] Epicure, *one who indulges in the luxuries of the table.*

[18] *The ortolan is a small bird, abundant in southern Europe, Cyprus, and Japan. It is fattened for the table, and is considered a great delicacy.*

[19] Vaunted, *boasted.*

[20] Expiates, *atones for.*

[21] Larder, *a pantry.*

[22] Eschew, *to shun.*



## 【中文阅读】

1. 在荆棘野草上，欢快地荡着秋千，  
身边，娇小雌鸟的窝，  
飞过山脊或草地，  
罗伯特·林肯呼唤自己名字，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
我们的窝安全又舒适，  
藏在夏季花丛间，  
唧，唧，唧。”

2. 罗伯特·林肯盛装华丽，  
黑色燕尾服闪亮夺目，  
雪白的肩饰和顶冠，  
它在空中尽情欢唱，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
瞧！我这漂亮的新外套，  
别的鸟儿怎能比得上，  
唧，唧，唧。”

3. 那可爱宁静的雌鸟，  
不时扑闪灰褐色双翼，  
安心静卧于温暖鸟巢，

精心地孵化它的宝贝，  
旁边，它的夫君歌声相伴，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
可爱的孩子，别害怕，  
小偷，还有强盗，哪个敢来？  
唧，唧，唧。”

4. 雌鸟羞涩得像位修女，  
偶尔低声地唧喳两声，  
夫君却是自吹自擂的王子，  
颇为自豪地不停叫唤，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
我可从来不怕人，  
无赖！流氓！有胆你就放马过来，  
唧，唧，唧。”

5. 干草上，六只白色的蛋，  
紫色的斑点，温润美丽，  
妈妈整天地孵坐窝里，  
父亲快乐地吐露心声，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
尽职的母亲从不挪窝，  
我却在一边玩耍嬉戏，  
唧，唧，唧。”

6. 雏鸟们很快破壳而出，  
六只嗷嗷小嘴盼着食物，  
罗伯特·林肯抖擞精神，  
衔来草籽喂养待哺的宝贝，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
新出世的雏鸟们，  
今后或许像我同样艰难辛苦，  
唧，唧，唧。”

7. 罗伯特·林肯变了模样，  
精心地照料孩子不再歌唱，  
它脱下假日漂亮的盛装，  
忘却快乐的和煦阳光，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，  
斯宾克，斯潘克，斯宾克，  
除了我们夫妻俩，  
没人知道孵蛋的小窝搭在哪，  
唧，唧，唧。”

8. 夏天过去，雏鸟们已长大，  
不再只知道嬉戏玩耍，  
老伴变得干瘪无趣，  
罗伯特飞走时，歌谣依然在唱，  
“食米鸟，食米鸟，

斯宾克, 斯潘克, 斯宾克,  
风笛吹响, 古老迷人的曲调,  
罗伯特终于飞回来了,  
唧, 唧, 唧。”

(威廉·卡伦·布莱恩特)

## LESSON 41

# REBELLION IN MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON

### 马萨诸塞州的监狱叛乱

1. A more impressive exhibition of moral courage, opposed to the wildest ferocity under the most appalling circumstances, was never seen than that which was witnessed by the officers of our state prison; in the rebellion which occurred some years since.
2. Three convicts had been sentenced, under the rules of the prison, to be whipped in the yard, and, by some effort of one of the other prisoners, a door had been opened at midday communicating with the great dining hall and, through the warden's<sup>[1]</sup> lodge, with the street.
3. The dining hall was long, dark, and damp, from its situation near the surface of the ground; and in this all the prisoners assembled, with clubs and such other tools as they could seize in passing through the workshops.
4. Knives, hammers, and chisels, with every variety of such weapons, were in the hands of the ferocious spirits, who are drawn away from their encroachments<sup>[2]</sup> on society, forming a congregation of strength, vileness, and talent that can hardly be equaled on earth, even among the famed brigands<sup>[3]</sup> of Italy.
5. Men of all ages and characters, guilty of every variety of infamous crime, dressed in the

motley<sup>[4]</sup> and peculiar garb of the institution, and displaying the wild and demoniac<sup>[5]</sup> appearance that always pertains to imprisoned wretches, were gathered together for the single purpose of preventing the punishment which was to be inflicted on the morrow upon their comrades.

6. The warden, the surgeon, and some other officers of the prison were there at the time, and were alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue from the conflict necessary to restore order. They huddled together, and could scarcely be said to consult, as the stoutest among them lost all presence of mind in overwhelming fear. The news rapidly spread through the town, and a subordinate<sup>[6]</sup> officer, of the most mild and kind disposition, hurried to the scene, and came calm and collected into the midst of the officers. The most equable-tempered and the mildest man in the government was in this hour of peril the firmest.

7. He instantly dispatched a request to Major Wainright, commander of the marines<sup>[7]</sup> stationed at the Navy Yard, for assistance, and declared his purpose to enter into the hall and try the force of firm demeanor<sup>[8]</sup> and persuasion upon the enraged multitude.

8. All his brethren exclaimed against an attempt so full of hazard, but in vain. They offered him arms, a sword and pistols, but he refused them, and said that he had no fear, and, in case of danger, arms would do him no service; and alone, with only a little rattan, which was his usual walking stick, he advanced into the hall to hold parley<sup>[9]</sup> with the selected, congregated, and enraged villains of the whole commonwealth.

9. He demanded their purpose in thus coming together with arms, in violation of the prison laws. They replied that they were determined to obtain the remission<sup>[10]</sup> of the punishment of their three comrades. He said it was impossible; the rules of the prison must be obeyed, and they must submit.

10. At the hint of submission they drew a little nearer together, prepared their weapons for service, and, as they were dimly seen in the further end of the hall by those who observed from the gratings that opened up to the day, a more appalling sight can not be conceived, nor one of more moral

grandeur, than that of the single man standing within their grasp, and exposed to be torn limb from limb instantly if a word or look should add to the already intense excitement.

11. That excitement, too, was of a most dangerous kind. It broke not forth in noise and imprecations<sup>[11]</sup>, but was seen only in the dark looks and the strained nerves that showed a deep determination. The officer expostulated<sup>[12]</sup>. He reminded them of the hopelessness of escape; that the town was alarmed, and that the government of the prison would submit to nothing but unconditional surrender. He said that all those who would go quietly away should be forgiven for this offense; but that if every prisoner were killed in the contest, power enough would be obtained to enforce the regulations of the prison.

12. They replied that they expected that some would be killed,—that death would be better than such imprisonment; and, with that look and tone which bespeak an indomitable<sup>[13]</sup> purpose, they declared that not a man should leave the hall alive till the flogging was remitted. At this period of the discussion their evil passions seemed to be more inflamed, and one or two offered to destroy the officer, who still stood firmer and with a more temperate pulse than did his friends, who saw from above, but could not avert, the danger that threatened him.

13. Just at this moment, and in about fifteen minutes from the commencement of the tumult, the officer saw the feet of the marines, on whose presence alone he relied for succor, filing by the small upper lights. Without any apparent anxiety, he had repeatedly turned his attention to their approach; and now he knew that it was his only time to escape, before the conflict became, as was expected, one of the most dark and dreadful in the world.

14. He stepped slowly backward, still urging them to depart before the officers were driven to use the last resort of firearms. When within three or four feet of the door, it was opened, and closed instantly again as he sprang through, and was thus unexpectedly restored to his friends.

15. Major Wainright was requested to order his men to fire down upon the convicts through the little windows, first with powder and then with ball, till they were willing to retreat; but he took a

wiser as well as a bolder course, relying upon the effect which firm determination would have upon men so critically situated. He ordered the door to be again opened, and marched in at the head of twenty or thirty men, who filed through the passage, and formed at the end of the hall opposite to the crowd of criminals huddled together at the other.

16. He stated that he was empowered to quell the rebellion, that he wished to avoid shedding blood, but that he would not quit that hall alive till every convict had returned to his duty. They seemed balancing the strength of the two parties, and replied that some of them were ready to die, and only waited for an attack to see which was the more powerful; swearing that they would fight to the last, unless the punishment was remitted, for they would not submit to any such punishment in the prison. Major Wainright ordered his marines to load their pieces, and, that they might not be suspected of trifling, each man was made to hold up to view the bullet which he afterward put in his gun.

17. This only caused a growl of determination, and no one blenched<sup>[14]</sup> or seemed disposed to shrink from the foremost exposure. They knew that their number would enable them to bear down and destroy the handful of marines after the first discharge, and before their pieces could be reloaded. Again they were ordered to retire; but they answered with more ferocity than ever. The marines were ordered to take their aim so as to be sure and kill as many as possible. Their guns were presented, but not a prisoner stirred, except to grasp more firmly his weapon.

18. Still desirous to avoid such a tremendous slaughter as must have followed the discharge of a single gun, Major Wainright advanced a step or two, and spoke even more firmly than before, urging them to depart. Again, and while looking directly into the muzzles of the guns which they had seen loaded with ball, they declared their intention “to fight it out.” This intrepid<sup>[15]</sup> officer then took out his watch, and told his men to hold their pieces aimed at the convicts, but not to fire till they had orders; then, turning to the prisoners, he said: “You must leave this hall; I give you three minutes to decide; if at the end of that time a man remains, he shall be shot dead.”

19. No situation of greater interest than this can be conceived. At one end of the hall, a fearful

multitude of the most desperate and powerful men in existence, waiting for the assault; at the other, a little band of disciplined men, waiting with arms presented, and ready, upon the least motion or sign, to begin the carnage; and their tall and imposing commander, holding up his watch to count the lapse of three minutes, given as the reprieve<sup>[16]</sup> to the lives of hundreds. No poet or painter can conceive a spectacle of more dark and terrible sublimity; no human heart can conceive a situation of more appalling suspense.

20. For two minutes not a person nor a muscle moved; not a sound was heard in the unwonted stillness of the prison, except the labored breathings of the infuriated wretches, as they began to pant between fear and revenge: at the expiration of two minutes, during which they had faced the ministers of death with unblenching eyes, two or three of those in the rear, and nearest the further entrance, went slowly out; a few more followed the example, dropping out quietly and deliberately: and before half of the last minute was gone, every man was struck by the panic, and crowded for an exit, and the hall was cleared, as if by magic.

21. Thus the steady firmness of moral force and the strong effect of determination, acting deliberately, awed the most savage men, and suppressed a scene of carnage, which would have instantly followed the least precipitancy<sup>[17]</sup> or exertion of physical force.

—*J. T. Buckingham.*

“It may be that more lofty courage dwells

In one weak heart which braves all adverse fate  
Than does in his whose soul indignant swells,  
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.”

## 【中文阅读】

1.几年前，马萨诸塞州监狱发生叛乱，当监狱警官们目睹这场惨绝人寰的暴乱，奋起反抗



这一闻所未闻的恐怖行为，他们临危不惧而表现出崇高的正义感与罕见的勇气令人钦佩、震撼。

2.三个罪犯已被依法判决，依据监狱律令，还将在监狱院内接受鞭刑，由于其他一位囚徒的精心策划，中午，这一消息由通往囚犯大型餐厅的一间看守房悄悄传出，在餐厅内不胫而走，并传到监狱外面。

3.囚犯餐厅极长，光线阴暗，空气潮湿，屋顶基本与监狱地面持平。餐厅为全体囚犯的集合之处，里面放有棍棒之类工具，方便囚犯们随手抓起，进入各自工作车间。

4.现在，各种刀锤凿钻，所以可以用作武器的家什，都掌控在这些凶残的暴徒手中。这些罪犯因非法侵犯他人权利而与世隔绝；与此同时也形成暴力、邪恶及惊人才华的荟萃麋集，世界上几乎不存在可以与之抗衡的势力，甚而包括意大利最为凶残的黑帮。

5.任何男囚，无论年龄身份，凡涉犯各类重罪，按规定一律穿戴统一杂色的狱服，以表现重罪囚犯野蛮与魔性的外貌特征及内心凶残。这些重罪囚犯被关押在一起的唯一理由，旨在避免次日早晨，有可能对同监狱其他人犯造成人身伤害。

6.当时，监狱典狱长、医生以及部分警官都已赶到现场，他们因可能引发冲突而产生严重后果倍感警觉，并试图恢复常规秩序。囚犯们乱哄哄地拥挤成团，与警方谈判磋商几乎无法进行，由于极度恐惧，哪怕内心最坚强的人也会失去正常心智。监狱暴乱的消息迅速地传遍整个小镇，一位性情温和、宅心仁厚然而级别较低的警官闻讯后匆忙赶到现场，冷静自若地走进狱方警官们中间。面对一触即发的危险境地，他的神情最为坚毅。

7.那位警官即刻向韦恩赖特海军少将发出求救，少将为驻扎附近海军基地陆战队的指挥官，然后向同僚们陈述他将走进餐厅的意图与目的，即以强势态度表现震慑力威严，并劝导说服愤怒的罪犯。

8.他的同僚无不大呼小叫地阻止他实施任何冒险举动，然而无济于事。他们让他随身带上一把匕首和一支手枪，他仍然拒绝携带任何武器进去。他对同事们说，他毫不畏惧，即便真有危险，这些刀枪根本帮不上忙。于是，不过拿了那根平日他走路用的拐杖，然后独自一人走进大厅，与美国联邦恶贯满盈、最为暴虐以及怒火中烧的囚徒们开始谈判。

9.他严正指出，囚犯们手拿武器的集聚行为，严重地违背了监狱法规，对方则回答，他们已下定决心，促使狱方赦免三位囚犯。他说，这点完全不可能，监狱法规必须服从，囚犯务必退让。

10.在貌似顺从的暗示下，囚犯们开始聚拢过来，时刻准备抄家伙。通过餐厅远端那处天花光栅，外面监视的警官们影影绰绰看到下面囚犯的举动。那一令人恐怖的景象看来模糊不清，那种高尚感动的牺牲亦无从获悉细节，只能看见那位警官孤身站在一群穷凶极恶的匪徒中间，哪怕任何只言片语不合，或眼神不对路，不过瞬间工夫，他们就可一拥而上将他撕成碎片。

11.最可怕的危机已经降临。这种危机并非以嘈杂或诅咒形式爆发，黑暗中感觉的不过是那些暴戾眼神与紧绷神经，以及罪犯们毫不退让的残忍果狠。那位警官有礼有节地训诫囚犯，暗示他们无法逃脱的结局；小镇此刻亦已获知监狱的消息，除了无条件投降，狱方管理方不会屈从囚犯提出的任何条件。他还说，所有退出暴乱的囚犯将会得到宽恕，随后不再追究，但如果囚徒在冲突中死亡，监狱将获取更多警力支持，以强化监狱法规的执行。

12.囚犯们回应说，他们已经料到这场冲突中势必有人伤亡，但死亡的结局兴许比囚禁监狱更好；那神色语调无不显示了暴徒们不达目的、绝不罢休的凶残。他们不依不饶地声称，除非免除三位囚犯的鞭刑，否则没有一个人会活着离开餐厅。谈判期间，囚犯们邪恶情绪似乎正加剧膨胀爆发，甚至有一两个罪犯提出先解决那位警官。那位警官，仍然神情坚毅地站在那里，比他的同事们更为冷静温和。上面的人目睹这一场景，对随时可能威胁其人身安全的危险行为，只能束手无策。

13.就在那时，距骚乱发生大约十五分钟后，通过天花板上的微弱光亮，那位警官看到了海军陆战队员的身影，他清楚自己可以依赖的救助近在眼前。他不露声色，脸上未有丝毫焦虑之情，不过密切注意士兵们愈发逼近的脚步。此刻，他内心明白，这是冲突发生前可以逃脱的唯一良机，毫无疑问，正是世上最为可怕紧张的时刻。

14.他慢慢地往后挪动，嘴里仍然不停地劝说囚犯们，告诉他们最好在陆战队员们最后不得不开火前离开。离门三四英尺时，门突然被打开，他飞身跑了出去，旋即门重新关上，出乎意料地，他重新回到了同僚们中间。

15.韦恩赖特海军少将接到请求，请求下令手下陆战队员通过那些窄小窗口迅速向罪犯们开火，先用炸药，然后实弹射击，直到囚犯们愿意退却；少将却采取一种更为睿智大胆的方案，即依赖坚不可摧的攻心战使这些暴徒陷入危境。韦恩赖特少将命令再次打开餐厅大门，带领二三十名列队士兵率先冲了进去，然后在餐厅另侧，面对拥挤成团的暴徒呈“一”字形迅速排开。

16.少将对囚犯们开始喊话，说他奉命前来平息叛乱，希望能够避免流血，但他不会放弃餐厅里所有生者，直至每个罪犯愿意重新履行自身职责。似乎衡量一番双方力量后，囚犯们最后回答，他们中已有人决心赴死，只有等到最后时刻，才能看出究竟哪一方更为强势。他们发誓要血战到最后一个人，除非狱方解除对犯人的惩罚，否则他们不会屈从任何类似刑罚。韦恩赖特少将命令陆战队员们子弹上膛，当然，他们手中的枪并非拨火棒。士兵们端起枪口严阵以待，同时看着少将将他的子弹最后推入枪膛。

17.事与愿违，双方紧张对峙激起了更为顽强的反抗，黑压压的囚犯中没有任何人退却，面对生命危险，没有人流露任何畏惧的举动。他们内心清楚，就人数对比来看，暴徒们占有相当优势，因为第一轮枪支开火后，子弹未及再度上膛，他们可以一拥而上，消灭为数不多的士兵。囚犯们再次被要求后退，但他们恶狠狠的回答愈见嚣张。少将要求手下准确瞄准，以确保尽可能多地射杀对方。士兵们枪支各就各位，但暴徒人群中没有任何人心悸恐慌，只是紧紧攥住了手中武器。

18.最后一丝希望犹存。如何避免大规模的血腥屠戮，哪怕一枪射发亦会使所有努力霎时灰飞烟灭。韦恩赖特少将往前跨了一两步，用比先前更为坚定的语气力劝囚犯离开。径直面对子弹已上膛的枪口，他们重申“以武力解决”的明确意图。那位勇敢的少将随即取出他的手表，吩咐士兵们举枪瞄准，听到命令后开火，然后转身朝着囚犯们说，“你们必须离开餐厅，我给你们三分钟时间决定，如果三分钟后还有人坚持不走，一律就地枪决。”

19.已到千钧一发的危急关口。大厅两端，罪犯与强悍军人正僵持对峙。一大群恐怖至极的困兽犹斗等待攻击，一小群训练有素的军人，端着枪严阵以待，等待手势或行动指令迅即开始屠杀；他们高大勇猛、威风凛凛的指挥官举着表计算三分钟滴答，从而决定数百人的生杀予夺。没有笔墨可以描绘比这幕场景更为黑暗恐怖的生死凝重；没有人可以预知这种骇人听闻的惊险悬念。

20.双方互相僵持，时针滴答接近两分钟，所有的人纹丝不动，甚至身上肌肉亦不曾抖动。除却愤怒凶残的沉重喘息，甚至听不到一根针落的声音。在恐惧与复仇纠结中，两分钟时间到了，暴徒们呼吸急促起来。刚才面对死神毫不退缩的眼神出现变化。人群队伍后面，临近门口地方，三两人慢慢地退到门外，接着又走了好几个。离开的人一声不吭、格外谨慎地退出。最后30秒过后，深陷恐慌的囚犯们潮水般挤向出口，整个大厅刹那间变得空空荡荡，仿佛奇迹发生。

21.囿于道德力量的稳健，坚韧的心理强势，指挥的谨慎运作，才会使穷凶至恶者产生敬畏，从而抑制了一场血腥杀戮，因为哪怕丁点轻率鲁莽或物力冲突都会让所有努力前功尽弃。

或许聚集更为崇高坚韧勇气，  
愤懑不平的内心难以匹敌，  
弱小心灵，面对噩运奋起抗争，  
因抗争暴力温暖，因辩争胜利欢欣。

(J·T·白金汉)

LESSON 42  
FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY  
无信仰的内莉·盖

Thomas Hood (b. 1798, d. 1845) was the son of a London bookseller. After leaving school he undertook to learn the art of an engraver; but soon turned his attention to literature. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine." Hood is best known as a humorist; but some of his poems are full of the tenderest pathos; and a gentle, humane spirit pervades even his lighter productions. He was poor, and during the last years of his life suffered much from ill health. Some of his most humorous pieces were written on a sick bed.

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!
  
2. Now, as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"
  
3. The army surgeons made him limbs;  
Said he, "They're only pegs:  
But there's as wooden members quite,  
As represent my legs!"
  
4. Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid,  
Her Name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his [devoirs<sup>\[18\]</sup>](#),  
When he'd devoured his pay.
  
5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a [scoff<sup>\[19\]</sup>](#);  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!
  
6. "O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm'?'  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more [uniform<sup>\[20\]</sup>](#)!"

7. Said she, “I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe<sup>[21]</sup> and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!
8. “Before you had these timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!”
9. “O false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
I know why you refuse:  
Though I’ve no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!
10. “I wish I ne’er had seen your face;  
But, now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death;—alas!  
You will not be my NELL!”
11. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot!
12. So round his melancholy neck,  
A rope he did entwine,  
And for the second time in life.  
Enlisted in the Line!

13. One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off, of course  
He soon was off his legs.

14. And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town:  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

## 【中文阅读】

托马斯·胡德(1798~1845)，父亲为伦敦一位书商。学校毕业后，胡德学习雕刻艺术，很快将兴趣转向文学。1821年，他成为《伦敦杂志》的助理编辑。作为幽默家的托马斯·胡德广为人知，然而，他的诗作包含一种柔软的悲怆苦楚，以及温情四溢的人性升华，即使在他分量较轻的作品里亦不难发现。托马斯·胡德一生窘迫，尤其在生命最后岁月里饱经疾病折磨，他最为著名的一些幽默作品完成于病榻。

1. 本·巴特是位年轻士兵，  
冲锋在前，杀敌勇猛，  
炮火中，他失去了双腿，  
无奈中，只有退出战斗。
2. 战友们，将他撤离战场，  
他说，“好吧，让别人为我报仇，  
这块战场，我留下两条腿，  
总共四十二条腿，丢在这里了。”

3. 随军医生，为他做副假肢，  
他说，“这些可都是木头疙瘩，  
唉！看来只有这些玩意，  
才能代表，我这对假腿！”
4. 本爱上一位漂亮姑娘，  
她的名字，叫内莉·盖，  
他告诉女孩，对她的仰慕，  
没想到，却是自咽苦果。
5. 他急切前去，探望姑娘，  
她却嘲笑，他像个傻瓜，  
看见他那双木制假腿，  
一气之下，将它们扔掉！
6. “哦，内莉·盖！内莉·盖！  
这，难道就是你温暖的爱？  
你追求，那种奢华虚荣，  
面对残疾士兵，你怎会动心？”
7. 她说，“我曾爱过帅气大兵，  
他开心快乐，也很勇敢，  
但我，不喜欢那样男人，  
这辈子，再也无法站起！



8. “当时，你没有失去双腿，  
我确实，接受了你的爱情，  
如今，你也早该知道，  
你不过站在，木头上面。”
9. “哦，虚情假意的内莉·盖！  
我知道，你为何拒绝我，  
虽然我不再有腿，但别人  
恰恰站在我的靴子上。”
10. “但愿，别让我再看到你，  
从此分手，永远再见！  
你就是我的死神——天呀！  
绝不是，我钟爱的美女！”
11. 本·巴特离开内莉·盖，  
他心情沉重，郁郁寡欢，  
生活，变得不堪重负，  
他整天变得纠结不安。
12. 本·巴特日夜，悲哀难抑，  
一根绳索，竟缠过脖颈，  
短暂生命里，死亡象征，

长长的名单，报名参军。

13. 他把绳索，甩过横梁，  
然后果断地移去假肢，  
一旦失去身体支撑，  
当然，亦就离开了木头假腿。

14. 他悬挂梁上，死了，  
小镇墙上，一枚刺破的记忆，  
虽然，厄运无情将他击倒，  
可完全不曾，将他碾碎。

## LESSON 43

### THE GENEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT

### 慷慨的俄国农民

1. Let Vergil<sup>[22]</sup> sing the praises of Augustus<sup>[23]</sup>, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol<sup>[24]</sup> the talents of the great. “The short and simple annals<sup>[25]</sup> of the poor” engross<sup>[26]</sup> my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin’s virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence<sup>[27]</sup> to assist me in the task; modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

2. It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year known in Lower Volga<sup>[28]</sup> by the name of the “Famine Year.” I remember the summer, whose scorching

heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought<sup>[29]</sup> had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer.

3. I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, and the despairing rustics, crowding round their empty barns, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes to become beggars on the highway.

4. At night the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost. To describe these scenes would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore, to my tale. In those days I lived on an estate<sup>[30]</sup> not far from Simbirsk<sup>[31]</sup>; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

5. In a village adjoining lived Flor Silin, a poor, laboring peasant,—a man remarkable for his assiduity and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being larger than his wants, his granaries<sup>[32]</sup>, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on had beggared all the village except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich. Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner:

6. “My friends, you want corn for your subsistence<sup>[33]</sup>. God has blessed me with abundance. Assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family.” The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity; for sordid propensities<sup>[34]</sup> exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

7. The fame of Flor Silin’s benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think of their own wants, and hold his lavish hand before it was too late. “It is written in the Scripture,” said he, “Give, and it shall be given

unto you.”

8. The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin now gathered around him.

9. “Behold,” said they, “the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children. We should have been famished but for you; may God reward you; he only can; all we have to give is our corn and grateful thanks.” “I want no corn at present, my good neighbors,” said he; “my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank heaven: I have been but an humble instrument.”

10. They urged him in vain. “No,” said he, “I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities<sup>[35]</sup>, share them among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want; let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it.” “Yes,” replied the grateful peasants, “our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know it is to you that they owe this timely succor<sup>[36]</sup>, and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart.” Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven. An angel might have envied him his feelings.

—*Nikolai Karamzin.*

## 【中文阅读】

1. 让·维吉尔唱响献给奥古斯都的赞歌，历史上天才睿者颂扬罗马大帝的圣明与伟绩。《贫民简略编年史》一书，耗费我大量的写作时间，包括叙述具有无私美德的菲洛·斯林一生，这位慷慨好施、品质高尚的人只是俄罗斯一位穷苦农民。我无需用花哨雄辩的语言维系自己写作，唯有内心谦卑，摒弃辞藻华美，才能径入主题。

2. 即使年代沧桑久远，回想起来，我的内心恐惧依然挥之不去，总会联想那本题为《饥谨记年》一书中描述的当年纪实。我还记得灾难发生的那个夏天，炙热烧焦舔干田野里所有庄稼，干旱未见丝毫减轻，绝望无助的农民眼里只有泪水。

3. 那年秋天，天气寒冷难挨。饥饿的乡民聚集在自家空空的谷仓周围，他们束手无策，脸

上满是悲哀迷惘，村庄不再像往年那样，庆贺秋天丰收季节的来临。我还清楚记得那个接踵而至的冬天，空中弥漫一股濒死气息，无数家庭背井离乡外出乞讨。

4. 夜晚，饥民们只能在野外露天安歇栖身，尽管天寒地冻，北风刺骨，那是他们歇宿的唯一选择。就我书中记录来看，描述那些悲哀场面可能会伤害读者的情感。当年饿殍遍野，我居住的地方离辛比尔斯克不远，尽管我那时尚且年幼，那场饿殍遍野的恐怖印象仍然记忆犹新。

5. 菲洛·斯林，一个整日操劳的俄罗斯贫苦农民，住在我家附近的一个村庄。他依靠自己的勤勉辛苦，丰富准确的农作经验，精心地操持土地。幸运的是，即使那年灾年，他的地里庄稼亦收获不少，因居家耗费有限，他家的谷仓堆满了粮食。旱灾饥馑迫使全村老少不得不外出乞讨，维持生计，唯独他家例外，此时不失为暴富的最佳时机。那么，菲洛·斯林如何面对？他召集最为窘困的左邻右坊，向他们开诚布公地说出自己想法。

6. “乡亲们，你们眼下需要粮食才能活下去，上帝保佑我今年收成不错，我家谷仓里堆满了粮食。你们每人都可领取全家生活必需的口粮。”在场农民无不大为惊愕，大家从未遇到如此慷慨的急公好义之人，因为，当时利欲熏心的罪恶不仅在乡村风靡盛行，人口众多的城镇亦到处充满狡诈欺骗。

7. 菲洛·斯林仁慈好施的赈灾一事传到其他村庄，饥民们纷纷来到他家，乞求周济粮食。好心的菲洛把灾民看成自己的兄弟姐妹，将余存粮食毫不吝惜地分给饥民。后来他的妻子眼见丈夫慷慨无休无止，只得提醒他还要考虑自家口粮。妻子的提醒总算不是太迟，他却坦然说道：“这句话写在《圣经》上。”即“你们要给人，就必有给你们。”

8. 第二年，上帝听到了穷人的祷告，田里庄稼收成丰足。那些得到菲洛·斯林救助幸免于难的农民们，再次聚集到他家门口。

9. “斯林先生，你看看，”他们说，“你送给我们粮食，救了我们的妻小。若不是你的仁爱之心，我们早已成为路边饿殍；但愿上帝报答你，只有上帝才能做到，我们回报你的只是粮食和真心感谢。”“好心的乡邻们，我现在根本不需要粮食，”菲洛说，“我的收成超过了最好期待，至于我所做的，感谢天上圣父，我不过是个卑微的践行者。”

10. 他们反复劝说菲洛，终究还是徒劳。“乡亲们，别这样，”菲洛说，“我不会接受你们的粮食。如果你们手中粮食富余，不如将粮食送给更为贫苦的乡邻。去年秋天，不少人无法播种，他们眼下仍需要粮食，我们为何不向他们伸出救援之手？朋友们，天主为此佑福我

们。”“好吧。”心怀感激的村民们异口同声地说。“那些穷人需要帮助，他们肯定亦会知道，拯救之道在于众人援手，由于你们的仁爱之心，他们将教育后代学会如何感恩。”菲洛说着，仰望天空，眼眶泪水充盈，或许，快乐的天使正欣羡地注视着他。

（尼可莱·卡拉姆津）

LESSON 44  
FORTY YEARS AGO  
四十年前

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom,  
    I've sat beneath the tree,  
    Upon the schoolhouse playground,  
    That sheltered you and me;  
But none were left to greet me, Tom,  
    And few were left to know,  
Who played with me upon the green,  
    Just forty years ago.

2. The grass was just as green, Tom,  
    Barefooted boys at play  
Were sporting, just as we did then,  
    With spirits just as gay.  
But the master sleeps upon the hill,  
    Which, coated o'er with snow,



Afforded us a sliding place,  
Some forty years ago.

3. The old schoolhouse is altered some;  
The benches are replaced  
By new ones very like the same  
Our jackknives had defaced.  
But the same old bricks are in the wall,  
The bell swings to and fro;  
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,  
'T was forty years ago.

4. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,  
Close by the spreading beech,  
Is very low; 't was once so high  
That we could almost reach;  
And kneeling down to take a drink,  
Dear Tom, I started so,  
To think how very much I've changed  
Since forty years ago.

5. Near by that spring, upon an elm,  
You know, I cut your name,  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom;  
And you did mine the same.  
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;  
'T was dying sure, but slow,  
Just as that one whose name you cut  
Died forty years ago.

6. My lids have long been dry, Tom,  
But tears came in my eyes:  
I thought of her I loved so well,  
Those early broken ties.  
I visited the old churchyard,  
And took some flowers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved  
Just forty years ago.

7. Some are in the churchyard laid,  
Some sleep beneath the sea;  
And none are left of our old class  
Excepting you and me.  
And when our time shall come, Tom,  
And we are called to go,  
I hope we'll meet with those we loved  
Some forty years ago.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 汤姆，我在村里徘徊，  
在那棵树底下，  
当年你我遮阴的地方，  
紧挨着校园操场。  
汤姆，没有故人前来问候，  
几乎无人知道，  
谁和我，在草地上玩耍，  
四十年前，往事历历在目。

2. 汤姆，草地翠绿一如往昔，



孩子们赤脚地追逐游戏，  
与当年我们同样神气，  
兴高采烈，笑声清澈无比。  
老师在山上睡觉，  
坡上覆满了雪，他为学生，  
准备好滑雪玩耍之地，  
大约四十年前，久远记忆。

3. 破旧的校舍，变化不大，  
从前桌凳，都已置换，  
新的旧的，看来相差无几，  
我们口袋小刀，刻坏不少桌椅。  
陈年老砖，斑驳写在墙上，  
校园晨钟，还在风中摇晃，  
铃声叮当，仍然清脆无比，  
汤姆呵，四十年光阴摇碎。

4. 山下有处泉水，汨汨冒泡，  
紧挨泉眼，有片山毛榉林，  
现在山很矮，过去高不可攀，  
爬到顶，总是很难很难。  
我趴在泉边，啜饮山泉，  
汤姆，我在琢磨思忖，  
我的模样，究竟改变多少？  
时光穿梭，一晃四十年了。

5. 泉眼旁边，有棵棕榈树，  
你知道，我刻下你的名字，  
你心上人名字，镌刻下面，  
嘿嘿，居然与我暗恋一致。  
哪个坏家伙，剥去树皮，  
苟延残喘的树，慢慢死去，  
宛如，树干上清秀的姑娘，  
四十年前，远离你我而去。
6. 汤姆，我闯荡多年波澜不惊，  
此刻，涕泗横流难掩悲伤，  
当年，我爱得如痴如狂，  
一阵风，竟不知身在何方。  
我走进那间颓圯教堂，  
将带来的鲜花，轻轻放下，  
放在，我们爱过的坟茔前，  
往事四十载，心痛神殇。
7. 有的人，长眠教堂院内，  
有的人，永远躺在海底；  
班上同学，除却你我，  
如今相聚已是，阴阳相隔。  
汤姆，你我上路的日子快了，  
似乎有人，在远方呼唤，  
但愿，与爱恋的人重逢相依，  
共同翻动，人生如寄的篇章。

LESSON 45

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE

高德夫人的演讲

Douglas Jerrold (b. 1803, d. 1857) was born in London. A midshipman's appointment was obtained for him, but he quit the naval service in a few years. He was then apprenticed to a printer. By improving his leisure hours he made himself master of several languages, and formed the habit of expressing his thoughts in writing. An essay on the opera of *Der Freischutz* was his first published literary production. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he wrote "Black-eyed Susan," one of the most popular dramas of modern times. Several other popular plays followed this. He was a regular contributor to the London "Punch," from the second number, and edited, at different times, several papers and magazines. As a humorist, he occupies the first rank. The most noted of his works are his plays, and "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Saint Giles and Saint James," "Bubbles of a Day," and "Chronicles of Clovernook."

1. Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You did n't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It's a pity you hav'n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry "oh" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at

most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through!—what with buttons, and one thing and another,—they'd never tie themselves up,—no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating<sup>[37]</sup> enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha! you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking<sup>[38]</sup> every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

7. No, I'm not a vindictive<sup>[39]</sup> woman, Mr. Caudle: nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me because, like a poor fool, I say

nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

8. And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! and of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up! And all about a paltry<sup>[40]</sup> button off one of your wristbands! A decent man would n't have mentioned it. Why don't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I 'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh!but that's just like you men!

9. But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then! Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to his wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too, such a slave to your buttons, as I may say. Somebody else to sew 'em'! No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and, with what I have to bear, there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I 'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

10. You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to; and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Caudle, you've a heart like a hearthstone, you have!

<sup>[1]</sup>Warden, a keeper, one who guards,

<sup>[2]</sup>Encroachment, unlawful intrusion on the rights of others.

<sup>[3]</sup>Brigands, robbers, those who live by plunder.

<sup>[4]</sup>Motley, composed of various colors.

<sup>[5]</sup>Demoniac, devil-like.

<sup>[6]</sup>Subordinate, inferior in power.

<sup>[7]</sup>Marines, soldiers that serve on board of ships.

<sup>[8]</sup>Demeanor, behavior, deportment.

<sup>[9]</sup>Parley, conversation or conference with an enemy.

<sup>[10]</sup>Remission, pardon of transgression.

- [11] Imprecations, curses, prayers for evil.
- [12] Expostulated, reasoned earnestly.
- [13] Indomitable, *that can not be subdued or tamed*.
- [14] Blenched, gave way, shrunk.
- [15] Intrepid, fearless.
- [16] Reprieve, a delay of punishment.
- [17] Precipitancy, headlong hurry.
- [18] Devoirs, respects: compliments.
- [19] Scoff, an object of ridicule.
- [20] Uniform (adj.), consistent, (noun) military dress.
- [21] Blithe, merry, gay.
- [22] Vergil, was the greatest of Roman poets, born in the year 70 B.C., and died 19 B.C.
- [23] Augustus, Caesar was emperor of Rome in the latter portion of Vergil's life, and received many compliments in the verses of his friend the poet.
- [24] Extol, to elevate by praise.
- [25] Annals, history of events.
- [26] Engross, to occupy wholly.
- [27] Eloquence, the power of speaking well.
- [28] Lower Volga is a district in eastern Russia, bordering on the Caspian Sea, and takes its name from the river Volga.
- [29] Drought, want of rain or water.
- [30] Estate, property in land.
- [31] Simbirsk, is a town of eastern Russia, on the Volga.
- [32] Granary, a storehouse for grain.
- [33] Subsistence, means of support.
- [34] Propensities, bent of mind, inclination.
- [35] Superfluities, greater quantities than are wanted.
- [36] Succor, aid, help.
- [37] Aggravating, provoking, irritating.
- [38] Sinking, failing in strength.
- [39] Vindictive, revengeful.
- [40] Paltry, mean, contemptible.

## 【中文阅读】

道格拉斯·杰罗尔德(1803~1857)出生于英国伦敦,曾担任海军见习船员,数年后从海军退役,然后改行从事印刷。他利用闲暇苦读后熟练掌握了数门语言,并学会利用写作表达思想。《歌剧<魔弹射手>评论》为他首篇发表的文学作品。21岁之前,杰罗尔德已经写出《黑眼睛的苏珊》,该剧为现代最为流行的戏剧之一,此后又接连推出数部流行剧作。从第二期开始,他依据不同年代、数家报纸与杂志内容,定期为伦敦《英国木偶剧》编撰供稿。作为公认一流的幽默剧作家,他的戏剧作品堪称一流,包括《高德夫人的舞台剧演讲》、《圣徒吉尔和圣徒詹姆》、《一天的气泡》以及《克洛弗努克编年史》。

1.好了,高德先生,但愿你现在脾气比今早要好点。呃,你不必立马吹口哨,别人可不会“嘘”“嘘”地吹着上床。不过,像你这样的人,我还真不能说,是不是存心想侮辱我?我以前总是说,你是这世上最好的人,可现在的你,简直是个恶魔。让你睡觉?不!我不会让你睡的,我不得不和你打开窗户说亮话,只此一回。听我说!我为你忙乎一整天,晚上还不能和你谈上一句话,天呀!这真让人没法活了,再说,我不过偶尔才叨唠两句,老天知道!

2.你这一辈子,哪怕衬衫掉个小小组扣,你都能诅咒得沸反盈天。什么,你没有诅咒?高德先生!火冒三丈的时候,你真不知道你做过什么。什么?你没有火冒三丈,是吗?得了,我可不知道火冒三丈是什么意思;我现在当然懂了,高德先生,和你生活一起够长的,我心里再明白不过。

3.你可真够不幸的,再没有什么倒霉事能比过你那衬衫上掉个小小组扣,你埋怨不停。假如你有几个老婆,你的牢骚也不会少,这点,我当然清楚。我知道,我的手上从来不缺针少线,可以应付你还有那些孩子们。我成了你随意喝斥的奴隶,你感谢过我吗?为什么只要你衬衫纽扣掉了,你就要对我“哎”地叫上一声,高德先生,我说过一次,高德先生,两次、三次,甚至无数次。我明白,高德先生,这世上没有任何男人衬衫纽扣得到这样隆重关注。我真的巴望还留着你的第一次结婚的衬衫,我太知道了,那会你的纽扣究竟在哪?

4.没错,太该念叨念叨!不过,你怎么总是让我失望?只要我刚想开口,你就大发雷霆,你根本不会听我的。你们这些男人,就是喜欢大老爷们围在一起胡侃乱吹,倒霉的女人不许插一句话。一个老婆等于一个好点子,你也不想想,难道除去整天盯着老公纽扣,你老婆什么都不懂?一旦你结了婚,总会给你琢磨出好点子。噫!如果那些倒霉女人只知逆来顺受,只瞅那些纽扣,那些七扯八拉的家庭琐事,她们才不会把自己和世上那些并不咋样的男人栓到一根

绳上，没错，不会的。女人还能做什么？高德先生，天呀！没有你们这些男人，女人只会做得太好，这点，绝对错不了。

5.不管怎么说，这是我的心思，纽扣当时没有掉；兴许你把纽扣拽掉了，说明你或许有话要说，这还是我的心思。噢，只要你不待见，你总是怒火中烧！没一件事不这样！所有我知道的，就是纽扣竟然从衣服上掉了，这可真奇怪了。我觉得，没有哪位妇女对她丈夫卑躬屈膝能比过我，只能说，这事太离谱。

6.不过，倒还有件让你舒心的事，这种场面不会继续了，我烦透了你的坏脾气，难道不该聒噪聒噪你？噫！你可以笑！我敢说，你一定捂不拢嘴地笑！没说的！我说到你心坎里了，那正对你的心思。我知道，我每天受尽折磨，但我真的无话可说。我离开后，我们等着看你的第二任老婆怎样打理你的纽扣！这样，你才会清楚前后差异。是的，高德，那时你才会想起我，但愿那时，你身上不会有一粒幸福纽扣。

7.不！我可不是心怀怨恨的女人，高德先生，除了你，没有人这样说我。你说什么？没有人对我了解这么多？了解与评价这里没有任何关系。噫！我不会有你那暴跳如雷的脾气，高德，我脾气实在太温顺了，这点倒不错，我不会像你那样忧心忡忡，或许我们能有套好房子。我当时一心指望你有个老婆，与你耳鬓厮磨！你本该清楚我们之间差异，但你却欺骗我，将我看成可怜的傻子，因为我毫无怨言，高德，我真是羞愧死了。

8.作为父亲，你的模范示范可真不赖！你让儿子们像你一样举止恶劣。每天早餐时间，学着你喋喋不休地大谈你的纽扣！甚至周日上午也不例外。你还竟然标榜自己为基督徒！我真想知道，孩子们成人后将如何议论你！所有话题没一样离开鸡毛蒜皮，包括你哪只袖口掉只纽扣啦，举止优雅的绅士从来不屑谈这些鸡零狗碎。为什么我不住嘴？因为我不想住嘴！我就是想毁掉平和心态——我就是想哪怕为一只倒霉纽扣也恨不得愁得钻进坟墓。那么，就彻底闭嘴了！天呀！那才和你们这些男人一个鬼样！

9.可是，我知道得为自己将来打算。你身上每粒纽扣可能都会掉落，我可不会那么心甘情愿地穿针弄线随时伺候，我还很乐意知道接下来你要做什么。噢，你一定要找其他女人给你缝，是不是？那可是老公甩给老婆的杀手锏。像我这样老婆当然一样，不妨这样说，我不过是对付你纽扣的奴隶罢，会有其他女人给你缝的，不，高德，不，只要我还活着，就不会有！如果我死了呢？——还需要忍受什么？没人知道还有多久——一旦快死了，我会说——天呀！你



简直是个只会打呼噜的畜生！

10.你没有打呼噜？噫！你总这样说，但所有一切全都无所谓了。你肯定还要找其他女人过日子，是吗？噫！我不该大惊小怪。天呀！绝不！现在我对发生任何事情都不会吃惊。一点儿不会！如同别人总是告诉我那样，该来的，一定会来；纽扣才让我看清这些！其实，所有应该了解的就是你的残忍，高德先生，和你结婚后，高德，你简直就是铁石心肠。一点儿没错！

LESSON 46  
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH  
乡村铁匠

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.
4. And children coming home from school

Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

1. 树冠伸展的栗树下，  
坐落着一间铁匠铺，  
身材健壮的铁匠，  
宽厚有力的双手，  
褐色臂膀的肌肉，  
坚实得好像铁杵。
2. 他头发蜷曲又黑又长，  
长有一副棕褐色脸膛，  
眉尖上滴落辛勤的汗水，  
无需仰人鼻息锻造自强。  
他胼手胝足养家糊口，  
神情坚毅，活在这个世上。
3. 从早到晚，筋疲力尽，  
呐喊，吼叫，力抵万金，  
他身影晃动，铁锤哐当，  
那声声敲打，缓慢沉重，  
宛如教堂钟声，回响在  
夜幕将至的血色夕阳。
4. 孩子们放学回家路上，  
走过门前高大栗树，朝里张望，  
他们喜欢看烧红的锻铁，

火苗呼啸，吼声震天，  
迸发出道道星光四溅，  
像打谷上麸糠落在田边。

5. 周日，他去教堂做礼拜，  
坐在自己孩子们中央，  
聆听牧师庄严的祈祷，  
捕捉女儿的欢欣歌唱，  
在乡村合唱团弥撒声里，  
他的心无比欢畅。

6. 好像是母亲的声音，  
在伊甸园里轻轻吟唱。  
他肯定又想起了母亲，  
如何竟孤单躺进坟场，  
那双硬实粗糙的大手，  
擦拭不尽的眼泪流淌。

7. 劳累欢乐，悲哀惆怅，  
穿梭在，岁月绵延的长廊，  
晨曦中，开始新的艰苦劳作，  
夜幕里，他以锤声夯落收场。  
内心充足，打好每块锻铁，  
岁月安好，飘进每晚心灵之窗。

8. 衷心感谢, 我的朋友,  
感谢你生动的一课,  
生活, 要经历无数次淬火;  
命运, 需扭曲锻造重撞。  
那匆忙滚动的铁砧上, 才能  
升华起炽热行为, 还有思想。

(朗费罗)

## LESSON 47

### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

### 勒克瑙救援

[From a letter to the “London Times,” by a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow.]

1. On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert<sup>[1]</sup> it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer<sup>[2]</sup> had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

2. I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege<sup>[3]</sup>, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and

her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her “father should return from the plowing.”

3. She fell at length into a profound<sup>[4]</sup> slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

4. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: “Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay. I’m no dreaming: it’s the slogan<sup>[5]</sup> o’ the Highlanders! We’re saved! we’re saved!” Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor<sup>[6]</sup>. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, “Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a’! Here’s help at last!”

5. To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the battle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, “Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin’! D’ ye hear? d’ ye hear?”

6. At that moment all seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch<sup>[7]</sup> of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers<sup>[8]</sup>. No, it was indeed the blast of the

Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

7. Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency<sup>[9]</sup> of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous<sup>[10]</sup> impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

8. To our cheer of “God save the Queen,” they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, “Should auld acquaintance be forgot.” After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers’ banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of “Auld Lang Syne.”

## 【中文阅读】

（本文来自勒克瑙一位官员妻子写给《伦敦时报》的一封信）

1.死亡四处紧紧地盯着我们，再也没有任何路可以幸免逃脱。当我们看到死亡的脚步一步步走近，意识到与这个世界最后告别的时刻即将来临；伴随内心无以言表的巨大恐惧，想必坎布尔不幸的罹难者肯定也经历类似濒死体验；我们打定主意，即便受难赴死也不会屈服，甚至完全相信，不过区区24小时之内，一切终将尘埃落定，那位随军工程师也是这么说的。大家都很清楚，我们已经深陷最为难捱的黑暗。女人们彼此拼命鼓劲，完成分配给我们那些较轻的活儿，比如给那些街垒炮手送送消息，或给男人们发些生活补给；咖啡尤其必不可少，为此，我们从早到晚忙碌不停。

2.我走出家门，看自己能否帮上什么忙，还要去陪伴杰西·布朗，我丈夫那个团里一位下士的妻子。可怜的杰西从围城开始，一直焦躁不安，不过几天时间，她明显地消瘦了，还一直在发烧，时而精神恍惚；尤其那天她似乎失去自控，真的好像回到了家乡；后来因疲劳过度躺卧地上，身上裹着一条格子呢毛毯。我坐在她的身边，指望能够唤醒她，她突然开口说道：“爸爸该从地里回来了。”

3.后来，她陷入深睡，一动不动，好像没了气息，她的头还搭在我的膝盖上；我自己也感到难以克制的昏昏欲睡，尽管周围炮声隆隆。猛然，一声发狂怪异的尖叫刺入我的耳膜，杰西·布朗竟笔直地站起，立在我的身边，她的双臂高举，头部往前弯曲，好像在倾听什么。

4.她的脸上突然现出难以克制的兴奋，紧紧抓住我的手，把我往她身边拖拽，一边尖声高叫：“迪娜，听见吗？你听见吗？喂，我绝不是在做梦，这是苏格兰高地人的广播！我们得救了！我们得救了！”说时迟，那时快，她扑通跪倒在地，感谢上帝的仁慈，情绪那么亢奋激昂。此刻，我手足无措地站在旁边，我那听惯英语的耳朵，耳边只有炮声的滚滚轰鸣。我原以为可怜的杰西还在胡言乱语，她蓦然飞一般冲到街垒边，对那些荷枪实弹的男人们大声喊道：“加油！勇敢些！你们听到广播吗？那是麦格雷戈的声音，他是最棒的！我们的救兵终于来了！”

5.实在无法叙述这些雷人话语对周围士兵的影响，士兵们顷刻间停止了射击，每一个人都焦虑万分地聆听。然而，痛苦失望中，一片片窃窃私语渐次响起，夹杂女人们的恸哭哀号；她们刚才兴奋地聚拢过来，此刻却再度大放悲声。站在一边的上校军官摇了摇头，耳朵不甚敏感的我们，听见的不过是持续的枪炮声。折磨人的死样寂静不过片刻，杰西复又颓然倒地，四肢摊开，锐利的尖叫刺破天空，在整条街道回响，“你们难道没人相信？真的，广播停了，坎贝尔人打过来了，听见吗？你们真的听见了吗？”

6.刹那间，所有人仿佛真的听到了远处上帝的声音。苏格兰高地人的风笛给我们带来了拯救的信息，此刻，这点已毋庸置疑。那个战栗尖利的声音不断响着，淹没了其他所有的声音。那个声音并非来自敌人的进攻，也不是来自我方人员的工事壕沟。没错，那愈发颤栗刺耳的苏格兰风笛在风中炸响，似乎宣泄着对敌人复仇的呐喊，随后略微柔和的曲调弥漫开来，宛如表达拯救患难朋友的迫切渴望。

7.眼前未曾出现的一幕就这样发生了。一个人跪下了，然后，所有人齐刷刷地跪倒在地。勒克瑙使馆区无人不感激涕零地臣服上帝的力量，嚎啕大哭、低声呜咽或是喃喃细语的祷告裹杂成片。接着大家站了起来，上千人震耳欲隆的欢呼声在四面八方久久回荡，为快乐的风笛注入了崭新活力。

8.为回应“上帝拯救女王”的众人欢腾，士兵们奏响了那首极负盛名的名曲——《友谊地久天长》，在场的每一个苏格兰人热泪盈眶。接下来的事情似乎淡忘了，我实在记不清后面发生了什么。杰西被隆重地介绍给走进要塞的将军；在官方举办的宴会上，所有在场的人为她的健康干杯。与此同时，乐手们围绕餐桌队列行进，《友谊地久天长》再一次在风中嘹亮奏响。



LESSON 48

THE SNOWSTORM

暴风雪

James Thomson (b. 1700, d.1748) was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, Scotland. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards studied for the ministry, but in a short time changed his plans and devoted himself to literature. His early poems are quite insignificant, but “The Seasons,” from which the following selection is taken; and the “Castle of Indolence,” are masterpieces of English poetry.

1. Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'T is brightness all: save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy<sup>[11]</sup> current.

2. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar<sup>[12]</sup> head; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits<sup>[13]</sup> its evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man.

3. Drooping, the laborer ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing<sup>[14]</sup> store, and claim the little boon<sup>[15]</sup>  
Which Providence assigns them.

4. One alone,  
The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling<sup>[16]</sup> sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit.

5. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance<sup>[17]</sup>,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs  
Attract his slender feet.

6. The foodless wilds<sup>[18]</sup>  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset<sup>[19]</sup>  
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,  
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind.  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow

7. Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire<sup>[20]</sup> season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains  
In one wide waft<sup>[21]</sup>, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,  
The billowy tempest 'whelms<sup>[22]</sup>; till, upward urged,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky .

詹姆斯·汤姆森(1700~1748), 出生于苏格兰罗克斯堡郡埃德纳姆。他在爱丁堡大学学习, 后来学习神学, 但很快投身文学。他早期诗歌影响不大, 但他的《懒散的城市》, 以及下列段落节选的《季节》皆为英国诗歌名篇。

1. 万籁俱寂, 飘落迷蒙的漫天碎雪,  
霓裳起舞, 化作羽毛的柔软凋零,  
山川广袤, 刹那间天地卷入晦暗,  
扬扬纷纷, 笼罩了村庄河流两岸。  
银装素裹, 眺望一望无际的凝重,  
暮色渐褪, 悄声融化的白雪皑皑,  
龙走蜿蜒, 流水淙淙中欣然上路。

2. 谦卑树木, 风雪中低下白头,  
西陲夕阳, 惨淡望萧瑟寒冬,  
光华不再, 大地苍茫月色起,  
风寒料峭, 江河隐退寂寥收。  
缤纷凌乱, 飞雪狂舞遮不住,  
天地一色, 生机无限绰影留。

3. 低首徘徊, 砥足耕作的老牛,  
落雪满身, 巴望主人的草料,  
天寒地冻, 繁重活计下煎熬;  
群鸟麋集, 黑压压蜂拥飞来,  
粮仓屋前, 饥饿难耐地寻找,  
麋皮翻飞, 悲悯众生的回报。

4. 孤独踟蹰, 象征家神的知更鸟,

极度敏感，隆冬里恶劣天气，  
万木肃杀，田野里到处荒芜，  
北风刺骨，穿过灌丛的长啸，  
鸟儿嘶鸣，嗷嗷待哺的哀号，  
好心人呐，数九寒天来喂鸟。

5. 鸟儿轻轻，叩击灯火的窗棂，  
飞到灶台，敏捷轻盈地落地，  
跳跃桌上，啄食那面包残屑，  
风雪弥漫，难见的盛宴佳肴。  
全家目光，惊异这不速之客，  
可爱乖巧，来自何方的生灵。

6. 寒冬腊月，饥馁动物们纷纷逃窜，  
猎犬狂吠，冰雪荒原上四面陷阱，  
胆怯野兔，难逃黑暗死亡的包抄；  
处心竭虑，血腥残忍的追踪猎手，  
大开杀戒，利欲熏心地杀戮围剿。  
悲哀羊群，满山积雪明晃晃耀眼，  
神色绝望，仰望天空上乌云环绕，  
咩咩长叹，雪地下刨开枯枝败草。

7. 那牧羊人，疼爱你的牛羊吧，  
苛刻主人，无视严寒的肆虐，  
冰天雪地，围栏里草料稀少；

可怜畜群，暴雪中无以遮挡，  
狂风咆哮，遽然盘旋过田野，  
卷走多少，惊恐不已的嘶叫；  
洪水淹没，相邻山间的洞穴，  
汹涌冲进，牛羊栖息的岩角，  
沟谷崩塌，山脊处雷鸣电闪，  
高空激流，一簇花环盘山绕，  
万物刍狗，何以见悲悯之道？

## LESSON 49

### BEHIND TIME

### 迟 到

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station where two trains usually met. The conductor was late,—so late that the period during which the up train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision<sup>[23]</sup>. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated<sup>[24]</sup> for eight hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; reenforcements<sup>[25]</sup> for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps<sup>[26]</sup> had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve<sup>[27]</sup> into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy

failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; and Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy<sup>[28]</sup>. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances<sup>[29]</sup> by a certain day, and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing<sup>[30]</sup> to large amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

5. A condemned man was led, out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation<sup>[31]</sup>, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger.

6. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious<sup>[32]</sup> death because a watch had been five minutes too late, making its bearer arrive behind time.

7. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal<sup>[33]</sup> of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed, because somebody is “behind time.” There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are “behind time.” There are others who put off reformation year after year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever “behind time.”

## 【中文阅读】

1.火车近乎闪电般飞奔疾驰，前方有一处拐弯，拐弯过去通常是两列火车交汇站台。下行车晚点了，按调度常规安排，上行车等待的时间即将结束，但司机仍然希望能安全闯过那道弯口。一辆机车突然径直冲了过来，霎时间两车发生碰撞。尖叫震惊中，五十条生命瞬间消失，所有这些，不过由于一位司乘人员的迟到而酿成的人间悲剧。

2.一场伟大的战役战事正酣，一列列军队连续进攻沿山脊守护的敌军，战斗持续长达八小时之久。夏日骄阳快要落山了，顽强的防御部队后备增援队伍已进入视野，发动最后一次进攻事不宜迟，否则，整个战役只能前功尽弃。

3.全国紧急传令召集一支精锐兵团，如果部队能按时抵达，战事局面将大为改观。那位不朽的征服者，对自己麾下部队能投入战斗信心百倍，于是他将最后后备队亦悉数投入进攻，下令向敌军开火。整个世界对最终结果一目了然，格鲁希元帅未能按时抵达，帝国卫队被彻底击败，滑铁卢丢失，拿破仑死在圣·赫勒拿监狱，战争失利由于那位元帅的迟到。

4.长期以来，商业圈里某家主要公司反对美国破产法。当时，这家公司有大量资金在加利福尼亚，原本指望在某一指定日子向外汇款，若款项按时汇出，它的信用名誉以及它未来发展机遇无疑将得以保障。但是，一个又一个星期过去了，这笔款项仍未支付。最后，至为关键的日子眼看到来，这家公司数额很大的几张汇票即将到期。黎明时分，一份加急电报发给游轮，但经过咨询发现，游轮并未携带现金，所以款项未能及时支付；游轮再次抵达时将差不多五十万资金付诸资不抵债者，但，所有一切太迟了，这家证券交易所彻底破产了，因为他们的代理商未能及时汇款。

5.一位死刑犯即将被执行死刑，考虑到在被动激怒情况下，他才犯下人命，所以，公众对他给予相当同情，数千人联名签名请愿对他实施缓期死刑，上峰死缓回复有待在死刑执行前一天晚上送达。尽管批复未到，连执行司法官亦相信，缓刑已毋庸置疑。第二天早晨，批复仍未到达。

6.执行死刑的最后时刻终于来临，囚犯站到了预定位置，头上帽子被拉下遮住他的眼，门门掉落，尸体在风中不停地旋转。就在那时，人们看到一位骑马人飞奔冲下山坡，马儿越跑越

近，马嘴边吐着白沫。那骑马人右手拿着包，发狂地朝人群挥舞，他正是携带缓刑命令的快件骑手。但他来得太迟了，一位相对无辜的人被可耻地结束了生命，由于那位快件骑手的表慢了五分钟，他最终错过一条生命的宝贵。

7.生活中此类事例并不乏见。最佳设定计划，重大或关键事件，个人命运、民族繁荣、荣誉、幸福乃至生活本身，由于某些人“迟到或晚点”皆成为庸常岁月的牺牲品。这些人，无论他们从事何种工作，失败总是与之形影不离，唯一原因不过在于他们“迟到或晚点”。还有一种人的失败原因在于：他们总是年复一年地推迟改变，直到死神将他们彻底带进坟墓。这种人推崇食古不化，因此，“迟到或晚点”对他们来说，意味永远终生错过。

## LESSON 50

### THE OLD SAMPLER

### 往日绣花图案

1. Out of the way, in a corner  
Of our dear old attic room,  
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside  
Shake ever a faint perfume,  
An oaken chest is standing,  
With hasp and padlock and key,  
Strong as the hands that made it  
On the other side of the sea.
2. When the winter days are dreary,  
And we're out of heart with life,  
Of its crowding cares aweary,  
And sick of its restless strife,  
We take a lesson in patience  
From the attic corner dim,  
Where the chest still holds its treasures,  
A warder<sup>[34]</sup> faithful and grim.



3. Robes of an antique<sup>[35]</sup> fashion,  
Linen and lace and silk,  
That time has tinted with saffron<sup>[36]</sup>,  
Though once they were white as milk;  
Wonderful baby garments,  
'Boidered with loving care  
By fingers that felt the pleasure,  
As they wrought the ruffles fair;

4. A sword, with the red rust on it,  
That flashed in the battle tide,  
When from Lexington to Yorktown  
Sorely men's souls were tried;  
A plumed chapeau<sup>[37]</sup> and a buckle,  
And many a relic fine,  
And, an by itself, the sampler,  
Framed in with berry and vine.

5. Faded the square of canvas,  
And dim is the silken thread,  
But I think of white hands dimpled,  
And a childish, sunny head;  
For here in cross and in tent stitch,  
In a wreath of berry and vine,  
She worked it a hundred years ago,  
"Elizabeth, Aged Nine."

6. In and out in the sunshine,  
The little needle flashed,  
And in and out on the rainy day,  
When the merry drops down plashed,  
As close she sat by her mother,  
The little Puritan<sup>[38]</sup> maid,  
And did her piece in the sampler<sup>[39]</sup>,  
While the other children played.



7. You are safe in the beautiful heaven,  
    “Elizabeth, aged nine;”  
But before you went you had troubles  
    Sharper than any of mine.  
Oh, the gold hair turned with sorrow  
    White as the drifted snow.  
And your tears dropped here where I’m standing,  
    On this very plumed chapeau.

8. When you put it away, its wearer  
    Would need it nevermore,  
By a sword thrust learning the secrets  
    God keeps on yonder shore;  
And you wore your grief like glory,  
    You would not yield supine<sup>[40]</sup>,  
Who wrought in your patient childhood,  
    “Elizabeth, Aged Nine.”

9. Out of the way, in a corner,  
With hasp and padlock and key,  
Stands the oaken chest of my fathers  
That came from over the sea;  
And the hillside herbs above it  
Shake odors fragrant and fine,  
And here on its lid is a garland  
To “Elizabeth, aged nine.”

10. For love is of the immortal<sup>[41]</sup>,  
And patience is sublime,  
And trouble a thing of every day,  
And touching every time;  
And childhood sweet and sunny,  
And womanly truth and grace,  
Ever call light life's darkness  
And bless earth's lowliest place.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster

## 【中文阅读】

1. 走向那边角落，  
古老亲切的，阁楼台阶，  
山坡上采的药草，  
依然散发清淡芬芳，  
橡木衣柜，静静地矗立，  
搭扣挂锁钥匙，一应俱全，  
来自海那边，木匠手艺，  
饱经沧桑，还是当年模样。
2. 冬季光阴，如此抑郁漫长，  
无精打采，倦怠不断滋长，  
厌恶世俗，走马灯辛苦操劳，

无休无止， 疯狂的对决较量。  
不妨学习， 如何能获得坚韧，  
从那阁楼， 缕缕微弱的灯光，  
岁月依然， 珍藏心底美好，  
守护如一， 信仰的隽永篇章。

3. 过时服装， 早已年代久远，  
亚麻的、丝绸的， 镶着花边，  
依稀岁月， 留下泛黄斑点，  
曾经色泽， 那么光亮簇鲜，  
还有， 孩子们漂亮童装，  
精心描绘， 那多新巧图样，  
绣花的手， 欢欣地穿针走线，  
将喜悦美好， 缝进衣角褶边。

4. 一把剑， 红色的锈迹斑斑，  
回想起， 弥漫的战火硝烟，  
从克星敦， 再到约克镇上，  
伤痛灵魂， 经历生死考验；  
羽毛装饰的帽子， 还有扣带，  
珍藏以往， 点滴难忘的纪念，  
桩桩件件， 讲述血腥昨天，  
将漫长过去， 雕刻成晶莹珠串。

5. 画布上， 风景早已黯淡，  
缕缕丝线， 时光褪色成恍然，  
想起那优雅双手凸凹有致，  
稚气面容， 阳光下笑脸。

在这座十字架与帐篷缝脚里，  
系着一簇黑莓与葡萄花环，  
一百年前，她在这里缝活，  
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”

6. 昼夜在经久轮回，  
细小的银针飞闪，  
雨季在走马穿梭，  
幸福的水花四溅。  
她紧挨母亲坐着，  
虔诚的清教徒女孩。  
其他孩子攀爬玩耍，  
她忙着飞针走线。

7. 无忧无虑，在美丽天国，  
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”  
人世间，若遭遇困境，  
请记住，比我意志更坚。  
哦，金发姑娘悲伤难抑，  
面容惨白，如寒冬飞雪，  
在我站立之处，簌簌眼泪，  
止不住流淌，落在这羽毛帽檐。

8. 一旦，你抛弃这些，  
意味着，你永远不再需要，  
挥剑刺透，才能获悉秘密，  
生死情缘，在上帝彼岸那边；  
你以荣耀为上，寄托悲哀，

你生性倔强，不会颓废退让，  
苦难悲伤，锻造出童年坚强，  
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”

9. 走过去，踏上那边的阁楼，  
父亲橡木书柜，静静立着，  
搭扣挂锁钥匙，一应俱全，  
来自遥远的大海那边。  
山坡上采的药草，  
仍然散发清淡芬芳。  
木制盒上，还套着一簇花环。  
“九岁，九岁的伊丽莎白。”

10. 仁爱，意味不朽奇迹，  
坚韧，使其升华崇高，  
庸常岁月，诸多的世俗烦扰，  
生活流水，不尽的困厄磨难，  
孩提时代，孕育出甜蜜真诚，  
纤细双手谱写，真谛与优雅，  
用光，穿透人生茫茫黑暗，  
祝福卑微无助者，大爱无边。

（桑斯特夫人）

LESSON 51  
THE GOODNESS OF GOD  
上帝的仁爱

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty: who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

2. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded<sup>[42]</sup> for them. Thou hast set a bound which they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

3. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation<sup>[43]</sup>, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

4. He caused the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

5. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted, where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge<sup>[44]</sup> for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies<sup>[45]</sup>.

6. He appointed<sup>[46]</sup> the moon for seasons; the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

7. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy

riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

8. That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

9. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

10. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

11. O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous' works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face evermore.

12. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

—*Extracts from the Bible.*

## 【中文阅读】

1.我的心哪！你要称颂耶和华！耶和华我的神啊，你为至大。你以尊荣威严为衣服，

2.披上亮光，如披外袍，铺张穹苍，如铺幔子，

3.在水中立楼阁的栋梁，用云彩为车辇，借着风的翅膀而行，

4.以风为使者，以火焰为仆役，诸山升上，诸谷沉下(或作“随山上翻，随谷下流”)，归你为



它所安定之地。

5.将地立在根基上，使地永不动摇。

6.你用深水遮盖地面，犹如衣裳，诸水高过山岭。

7.你的斥责一发，水便奔逃；你的雷声一发，水便奔流，

8.随山上翻，随谷下流，归你为它所安定之地。

9.你定了界限，使水不能过去，不再转回遮盖地面。

10.耶和華使泉源涌在山谷，流在山间，

11.使野地的走兽有水喝，野驴得解其渴。

12.天上的飞鸟在水旁住宿，在树枝上啼叫。

13.他从楼阁中浇灌山岭，因他作为的功效，地就丰足。

14.他使草生长，给六畜吃，使菜蔬发长，供给人用，使人从地里能得食物，

15.又得酒能悦人心，得油能润人面，得粮能养人心。

16.佳美的树木，就是黎巴嫩的香柏树，是耶和華所栽种的，都满了汁浆。

17.雀鸟在其上搭窝。至于鸛，松树是它的房屋。

18.高山为野山羊的住所，岩石为沙番的藏处。

19.你安置月亮为定节令，日头自知沉落。

20.你造黑暗为夜，林中的百兽就都爬出来。

21.少壮狮子吼叫，要抓食，向神寻求食物。

22.日头一出，兽便躲避，卧在洞里。

23.人出去做工，劳碌直到晚上。

24.耶和华啊，你所造的何其多，都是你用智慧造成的，遍地满了你的丰富。

25.那里有海，又大又广，其中有无数的动物，大小活物都有。

26.那里有船行走，有你所造的鳄鱼游泳在其中。

27.这都仰望你按时给它食物。

28.你给它们，它们便拾起来；你张手，它们饱得美食。

29.你掩面，它们便惊惶；你收回它们的气，它们就死亡归于尘土。

30.你发出你的灵，它们便受造，你使地面更换为新。

31.愿耶和华的荣耀存到永远；愿耶和华喜悦自己所造的。

32.他看地，地便震动；他摸山，山就冒烟。

33.我要一生向耶和华唱诗，我还活的时候，要向我神歌颂。

（摘自《圣经》诗篇104 :1-33）

LESSON 52  
MY MOTHER  
妈 妈

1. Often into folly straying,  
O, my mother! how I've grieved her!  
Oft I've heard her for me praying,

Till the gushing tears relieved her;  
And she gently rose and smiled,  
Whispering, "God will keep my child."

2. She was youthful then, and sprightly,  
Fondly on my father leaning,  
Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone brightly,  
And her words were full of meaning;  
Now, an autumn leaf decayed;  
I, perhaps, have made it fade.

3. But, whatever ills betide thee,  
Mother, in them all I share;  
In thy sickness watch beside thee,  
And beside thee kneel in prayer.  
Best of mothers! on my breast  
Lean thy head, and sink to rest.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我愚蠢地，时常离家漂泊，  
哦，妈妈，让你心生哀愁，  
我能听见，你的祷告，  
直到泪如泉涌，宽慰稍许；  
你默默站起，微笑着喃喃自语：  
“上帝，请保佑我的孩子。”

2. 那时，你还年轻、漂亮，  
怜爱地，依偎在爸爸身旁，  
声音甜美，神采飞扬，

言语中，充满柔情。

如今，秋叶凋零，妈妈，

或许我，让你变了模样。

3. 无论什么疾病，落到你的身上，

妈妈，我与你离不弃，

给你信心，依偎在你的身旁，

祷告上帝，让你恢复健康。

妈妈，你是我心中难言隐痛，

请闭上眼，在我怀里进入梦乡。

## LESSON 53

### THE HOUR OF PRAYER

#### 祷告时刻

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (b. 1794, d. 1835) was born in Liverpool, England. Her maiden name was Browne. Her childhood was spent in Wales. Her first volume of poems was published in 1808; her second in 1812. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans, but he left her about six years after their marriage, and they never again lived together. She went, with her five sons, to reside with her mother, then living near St. Asaph, in North Wales. Mrs. Hemans then resumed her literary pursuits, and wrote much and well. Her poetry is smooth and graceful, and she excels in description. Many of her poems are exceedingly beautiful.

1. Child, amid the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently;  
Father, by the breeze at eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave;  
Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

2. Traveler, in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea;  
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

3. Warrior, that from battle won,  
Breathest now at set of sun;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see;  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

## 【中文阅读】

费利西亚·多罗特娅·海门斯(1794~1835)出生于英格兰利物浦,未婚前名为布诺妮,在威尔士度过童年时光。1808年,她出版了自己的首部诗集,1812年,她的第二套诗集问世。同年,她嫁给海门斯船长,然而大约结婚6年后,他离开了她,自此,夫妇再未共同生活。此后,她与她的五个儿子,以及她的母亲一起生活在北威尔士的圣·艾萨夫附近。海门斯夫人重新开始了她的文学追求,创造出大量佳作。她的诗歌流畅优雅,擅长描绘,言辞极具优美。

1. 孩子,你在花丛间玩耍,  
红色灯火,落入黯淡,  
妈妈回应,你殷切目光,  
默默守护在,你的身旁。  
圣诞夜,微风拂煦,  
爸爸离开家,他要工作,

圣父呀！穿越荒凉的别离，  
我的心在颤栗，默默祷告。

2. 孑然一身，走向陌生土地，  
远远告别，温暖温馨家庭，  
悲哀萦绕，欢歌笑语走远，  
孤单魂灵，与这个世界再见。  
船舱狭仄，无奈秋叶飘零，  
阳光似乎，难得挽住时光，  
水手，漂泊在黧黑的海面，  
我的心在颤栗，默默祷告。

3. 战士，从胜利的战场凯旋，  
正是日落夕阳，畅舒胸臆。  
女人哭泣，为卑微生命的消失，  
海上魂灵，究竟何处安依？  
你的荣归，你的深深叹息，  
家族的神圣血脉，血浓于水。  
你看见，天空升起第一颗星，  
我的心在颤栗，默默祷告。

## LESSON 54

### THE WILL

### 遗嘱

Characters.—SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON; and SQUIRE  
DRAWL.

*Swipes.* A sober occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

*Currie.* Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes; and those who live the longest outlive the most.

*Swipes.* True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

*Cur.* Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

*Swipes.* Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition<sup>[47]</sup> she made of her property?

*Cur.* Not a whisper; the Squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless<sup>[48]</sup> nephew, Frank, without a shilling.

*Swipes.* Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

*Cur.* And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate<sup>[49]</sup>. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. [Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.] Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you at last.

*Swipes.* It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

*Frank.* It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

*Cur.* It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

*Swipes.* Ay, ay, or the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

*Cur.* Ay, or a saddler's lackey<sup>[50]</sup>, if held with a tight rein.

*Frank.* Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. [Going: He meets SQUIRE DRAWL.]

*Squire.* Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

*Cur.* I hope the Squire is well to-day.

*Squire.* Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

*Swipes.* I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

*Squire.* No, I believe not. But, since the heirs at law are all convened<sup>[51]</sup>, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased<sup>[52]</sup> relative, according to law.

*Swipes.* [While the SQUIRE is breaking the seal,] It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, Squire; in this manner.

*Cur.* It really makes me feel melancholy when I look around and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the Preacher say, "All is vanity."

*Squire.* Please to be seated, gentlemen. [He puts on his spectacles and begins to read slowly.] "Imprimis<sup>[53]</sup>; whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." [The SQUIRE here takes off his spectacles, and begins to wipe them very leisurely.]

*Swipes.* Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her!

*Cur.* She was good, she was kind;—and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion house.

*Swipes.* Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.



*Cur.* There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise<sup>[54]</sup> every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

*Swipes.* Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows—

*Frank.* Gentlemen, I must leave you. [Going.]

*Squire.* [Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.] Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats, I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, “All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer,”—

*Swipes.* Yes!

*Squire.* “And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler,”

*Cur.* Yes!

*Squire.* “To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed <sup>[55]</sup>his evil habits, as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him.”

*Swipes.* What is all this? You don’t mean that we are humbugged? In trust! How does that appear? Where is it?

*Squire.* There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

*Cur.* Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughingstock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

*Swipes.* And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate<sup>[56]</sup>. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

*Cur.* That we will.

*Squire.* Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument<sup>[57]</sup> is dated three years ago; and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

*Frank.* It is, your worship.

*Squire.* Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

## 【中文阅读】

（人物：斯威伯：酿酒人；柯里：马具商；弗兰克·米林顿；德洛<sup>[58]</sup>：法官）

斯威伯：这地方忒严肃正经了，柯里兄弟，谁能想到那老太太这么快就走了呢？

柯里：哈，人人免不了一死，斯威伯兄弟，谁活得最长，谁就活得最好。

斯威伯：不错，此言不虚。不过，既然我们都会死，留下身后世俗财富，老天有眼啊，律法还能这样眷顾我们，老太太去世时，她果真这么想的？

柯里：当然，千真万确的事。德洛法官告诉我，老太太当时一字字大声读出自己遗嘱，签名时，她从未把自己名字写得那么顺溜。

斯威伯：你是否从法官那听到什么风声，她如何处置她的遗产？

柯里：一丝口风也没听到，那家伙嘴紧得像墓里的死鬼。不过，有位在场的对我透露，老太太剥夺了弗兰克的遗产继承权，即她那不争气的侄儿，愣是一个子儿也没给他留下。

斯威伯：真是这样？她太好了，真的吗？你要知道，我代表我老婆来这儿的。

柯里：我可是代表我自己，之所以来听法官大人宣读老太太的遗嘱，我俩来这里的理由完全无懈可击。德洛法官知道如何处理遗产问题，尽管他不露丝毫风声，嘴巴严实地好像你家那些密封的啤酒桶。哦，瞧，那小流氓进来了，他准得来的，不消说，你懂的。

【弗兰克·米林顿走进】

柯里：你的仆从在此，年轻人，你的监护人已经去世了。

斯威伯：米林顿先生，与挚友及心爱朋友最后离别，真够难过的。

弗兰克：先生们，事已至此，如果当时我并非一而再、再而三对她的培养忘恩负义，想起这一点比她的去世更难忍受。她是我唯一的亲人，我真是枉费了她一番好心。

柯里：现在再买后悔药，晚了，米林顿少爷。从今个起，你得自个在土里刨食了。

斯威伯：咳，咳，你是得自己找活路了，汗珠子摔八瓣，那些比你还体面的人也得做活。你不如学学怎么酿酒，但愿年龄还不太大。

柯里：哎呀呀，做个皮货商跟班学徒也不错，如果约束更严点的话。

弗兰克：先生们，你们的话说明，我婶婶那样对我，真是我咎由自取。不过，你们还不够资格来羞辱我，我唯一指望你们能像我那样谦卑顺从地接受现实，好了，我得走了。

【弗兰克正欲离开，德洛法官走进。】

法官：等等，年轻人。你肯定不能离开，早上好，先生们，你们来得可真够早。

柯里：但愿法官大人今天感觉不错。

法官：对病弱之躯来说，我感觉相当不错。

斯威伯：我相信空气闷湿不会再次影响法官大人的喘气吧。

法官：当然，我觉得挺好。好了，既然法律上所有相关继承人都已到场，接下来，依据法律，我将当众打开死者遗言与遗嘱。

斯威伯：【法官正打开密封】法官大人，以这种方式馈赠个人财产，还真是让人悲伤心痛。

柯里：当我看到周围房产业，只是看不见德高望重的主人，难免也心酸难过，还是圣父

说得好，“凡事皆虚空。”

法官：请坐，诸位先生。【他戴上眼镜，开始缓慢地读了起来。】

“首先，鉴于我的侄子、弗朗西斯·米林顿忤逆不孝以及忘恩负义的种种行为，证明他不配获取我的财产赠与，更无能力管理我的大宗资产，兹此，我愿将我的房产、农庄、股票、债券、现金以及所有财产，无论个人名下或实质意义而言，授予我亲爱的表弟们——麦芽街酿酒人塞缪尔·斯威伯以及裁缝院制皮商克里斯托弗·柯里。”【法官随后取下眼镜，悠闲自得地擦拭一番。】

斯威伯：太慷慨的馈赠！好心的人呀！我一直那么敬重她！

柯里：她真好，心地善良——，斯威伯兄弟，那么，什么时候我们开始分家产？我想，我想分到那座大套府宅。

斯威伯：柯里先生，请你先别那么急吼吼好不好？我老婆早就眼巴巴想要那套房子了，没说的，那套房子该是我们的。

柯里：斯威伯先生，这种交易我们两家都有发言权的，而我更有先挑的权利。请问，老夫人外出，哪次不是我腾出自家新马车？有谁知道——

斯威伯：我难道不是她遗嘱上的首位继承人？难道不是我给她送上我家最好的淡啤酒，并且一送就是半年多！有谁知道——

弗兰克：先生们，我该走了。【走出】

法官：【极为慎重地戴上眼镜】安静点，先生们，请坐下。我还没念完呢。让我看看，刚才我念到哪里？哦，在这。“我所有的财产，个人名下或不动产，给予我亲爱的表弟们麦芽街酿酒人塞缪尔·斯威伯——

斯威伯：“正是！”

法官：“以及裁缝院制皮商克里斯托弗·柯里，”

柯里：“不错！”

法官：“为我的侄子弗朗西斯·米林顿唯一、独自受益需要，以上两人仅拥有保留托管义务，直到他二十一岁为止。我谨希望，但愿那时，弗兰克能够脱胎换骨，接受并胜任管理吾兹此馈赠与他的大笔财富。”

斯威伯：究竟怎么回事？你不是说，我们都被蒙骗了吧？托管？“托管”这两字在哪？究竟在哪里？

法官：喏，在这，这两个漂亮的古英语单词，差不多为我迄今为止最好的拼写。

柯里：书写倒确实不错。法官大人，老夫人每次外出租借我马车费用，能够支付给我吗？这样我们就两不相欠了。这点，我可以向你保证。但我们是否令人耻笑呢？

斯威伯：老夫人还得为她喝我的每滴啤酒付账，那该多少次！我们两位严谨辛劳的好市民居然被带到这里让人说成不知羞耻或不检点，反过来，我们还要为弗兰克管理财产，柯里先生，我们要让他感到，作为他的委托人，我们可不是轻易好打发的。

柯里：一点不错。

法官：别急，先生们，因为这份契约签字时间是三年前，因此那位年轻人已到了规定年限，也就是说，他已经能独自经营资产，是吗？弗朗西斯？

弗兰克：是的，法官阁下。

法官：那么，先生们，既然你们已目睹遗嘱打开，依据法律，接下来，你们与该遗嘱将不会有任何关系或纠葛。

LESSON 55  
THE NOSE AND THE EYES  
鼻子和眼睛

William Cowper (b. 1731, d. 1800) was the son of an English clergyman, and was born in Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England. He was sent to Westminster School when he was ten years of age, and he remained there, a diligent student, eight years. He then studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced his profession. He was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords when he was about thirty years old, but he never entered upon the discharge of his duties. He became insane, and was sent to a private asylum. After his recovery, he found a home in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. On the death of this gentleman, he resided with the widow till her death—most of the time at Olney. His first writings were published in 1782. “The Task,” some hymns, a number of minor poems, and his translations of Homer, composed his published works. His insanity returned at times, and darkened a pure and gentle life at its close.

1. Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;  
The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
2. So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued<sup>[59]</sup> the cause,  
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning,  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.<sup>[60]</sup>
3. “In behalf<sup>[61]</sup> of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
And your lordship,” he said, “will undoubtedly find,  
That the Nose has the spectacles always to wear,  
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.”
4. Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,  
“Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.
5. “Again, would your lordship a moment suppose  
(’T is a case that has happened, and may happen again)  
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
Pray, who would or who could wear spectacles then?

6. “On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”
7. Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:  
But what were his arguments, few people know,  
For the court did not think them equally wise.

8. So his lordship decreed<sup>[62]</sup>, with a grave, solemn tone,  
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,  
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By daylight or candlelight,—Eyes should be shut.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·考普尔(1731~1800)出生于英国赫特福德郡大伯克汉姆斯戴德,父亲是位牧师。考普尔十岁时被送入威斯敏斯特学习,他在校8年学习刻苦,后攻读法律,并获许进入律师界,但未曾经手任何诉讼。大约30岁时,他被任命为上议院文书职员,但亦未曾履行任何工作职责。他精神错乱后,被送往一家私立救济院。后来身体复原后,他开始栖身于恩文牧师家。恩文牧师去世后,他和其遗孀大多时间住在奥尔良,直到她去世。1782年,考普尔首部作品《任务》出版,该书包括一些赞美诗、部分短小诗歌以及他的荷马诗歌译文。晚年的考普尔时常为精神失常困扰,给他单纯温柔生活蒙上了忧悒阴影。

1. 鼻子眼睛之间,引发奇怪争论;  
眼镜挤在中间,浑身都不如意,  
查究辩论焦点,看来世人皆知;  
眼镜这块地盘,隶属何方领地?

2. 舌头变成律师,辨析争论原因,  
口舌如簧技巧,满腹经纶学问,  
大亨巨头耳朵,坐镇权衡判决,  
感叹非凡天资,洞察入微能力。

3. “代表鼻子利益，我会很快出现，  
你的贵族身份，当然毋庸置疑，  
鼻子佩戴眼镜，理应你是主人，  
类似从属占有，想必追溯久远。”

4. 然后携带眼镜，直奔耳朵法庭，  
“阁下身份待查，镜腿两脚分离，  
鼻子宽如山梁，简而言之设计，  
坐落山脊两边，类似一道马鞍。”

5. “你的贵族身份，但愿再度认定，  
已发生的实例，可能还会再现，  
容貌或是面孔，若无鼻子央求，  
那么究竟有谁，能够佩戴眼镜？”

6. “总之问题出现，我的论证表明，  
如此这样推论，法庭不会判定，  
眼镜明明白白，为了鼻子而造，  
鼻子相当清楚，皆为眼镜所用。”

7. 转身调换立场，律师谙知奥秘，  
呼吁支持眼睛，陈情它的原委，  
至于有力证据，几乎无人获悉，  
法庭并不认为，陈述同等明智。



8. 庄重严肃口吻, 法官颁布结局,  
答案明确清楚, 并无条件原因,  
无论何时何地, 鼻子佩戴眼镜,  
白天抑或黑夜, 眼睛应该关闭。

LESSON 56  
AN ICEBERG  
冰山

Louis Legrand Noble (b. 1813, d. 1882) was born in Otsego County, New York. When twelve years of age, he removed with his family to the wilds of Michigan, but after the death of his father he returned to New York to study for the ministry, which he entered in 1840. About this time he published his first productions, two Indian romances in the form of poems, entitled “Pewatem” and “Nimahmin.” Mr. Noble lived for a time in North Carolina, and later at Catskill on the Hudson, where he became a warm friend of the artist Cole. After the latter’s death he wrote a memorial of him. Other works of this author are “The Hours, and other Poems,” and “After Icebergs with a Painter,” from which this selection is taken.

1. We have just passed a fragment of some one of the surrounding icebergs that had amused us. It bore the resemblance of a huge polar bear, reposing upon the base of an inverted cone<sup>[63]</sup>, with a twist of a seashell, and whirling slowly round and round. The ever-attending green water, with its aerial clearness, enabled us to see its spiral folds and horns as they hung suspended in the deep.

2. The bear, a ten-foot mass in tolerable proportion, seemed to be regularly beset by a pack of hungry little swells<sup>[64]</sup>. First, one would take him on the haunch, then whip back into the sea over his tail and between his legs. Presently a bolder swell would rise and pitch into his back with a ferocity that threatened instant destruction. It only washed his satin fleece the whiter.

3. While Bruin was turning to look the daring assailant in the face, the rogue had pitched himself

back into his cave. No sooner that, than a very bulldog of a billow would attack him in the face. The serenity<sup>[65]</sup> with which the impertinent assault was borne was complete. It was but a puff of silvery dust, powdering his mane with fresher brightness. Nothing would be left of bull but a little froth of all the foam displayed in the fierce onset. He too would turn and scud into his hiding place.

4. Persistent little waves! After a dash, singly, all around, upon the common enemy, as if by some silent agreement underwater, they would all rush on at once, with their loudest roar and shaggiest foam, and overwhelm poor bear so completely that nothing less might be expected than to behold him broken in four quarters, and floating helplessly asunder. Mistaken spectators! Although, by his momentary rolling and plunging, he was evidently aroused, yet neither Bruin nor his burrow was at all the worse for all the wear and washing.

5. The deep fluting, the wrinkled folds, and cavities, over and through which the green and silvery water rushed back into the sea, rivaled the most exquisite<sup>[66]</sup> sculpture<sup>[67]</sup>. And nature not only gives her marbles, with the finest lines, the most perfect lights and shades, she colors them also. She is no monochromist<sup>[68]</sup>, but polychroic<sup>[69]</sup>, imparting such touches of dove tints, emerald, and azure as she bestows upon her gems and skies.

6. We are bearing up under the big berg as closely as we dare. To our delight, what we have been wishing and watching for is actually taking place: loud explosions, with heavy falls of ice, followed by the cataract-like roar, and the high, thin seas, wheeling away beautifully crested with sparkling foam. If it is possible, imagine the effect upon the beholder: this precipice of ice, with tremendous cracking, is falling toward us with a majestic and awful motion.

7. Down sinks the long water line into the black deep; down go the porcelain crags and galleries of glassy sculpture—a speechless and awful baptism. Now it pauses, and returns: up rise sculptures and crags streaming with the shining white brine; up comes the great encircling line, followed by things new and strange—crags, niches, balconies, and caves; up, up, it rises, higher and higher still, crossing the very breast of the grand ice, and all bathed with rivulets of gleaming foam. Over goes the summit, ridge, pinnacles<sup>[70]</sup>, and all, standing off obliquely<sup>[71]</sup> in the opposite air. Now it pauses in its upward roll: back it comes again, cracking, cracking, cracking, “groaning out harsh thunder” as it comes, and

threatening to burst, like a mighty bomb, into millions of glittering fragments. The spectacle is terrific and magnificent. Emotion is irrepressible<sup>[72]</sup>, and peals of wild hurrah burst forth from all.

## 【中文阅读】

路易斯·罗格朗·罗伯(1813~1882)生于美国纽约州奥齐戈县,12岁时,随家迁居到密歇根州偏远地区,然而,父亲去世后,他又返回纽约学习,准备进入宗教界。1840年,罗伯先生成为神职人员,同年出版了首部诗作,描述两位印第安人的恋情,题名为《珀瓦蒂姆》和《尼玛敏》。罗伯一度在北卡罗莱纳居住,后来搬到哈德森卡兹奇,在那里,他与艺术家科尔成为挚友,好友去世后,他写了科尔回忆录。罗伯先生其他著作包括《时间及其他诗歌》、《冰山后的画家》,以下段落选自最后一篇。

1. 周围新奇无比的冰山群让人目不暇接,我们刚路过一处由冰山一角坍塌崩裂生成的冰原断层。那块冰山像只巨大的极地熊,趴在倒立的圆锥体底部,贝壳般不停地扭动躯体缓慢旋转;不断涌出的绿色海水映照空中的晶莹剔透,螺旋褶皱的冰块棱角分明,悬浮于深海当中,清晰可触。

2. 那头极地熊状的冰山,高约十英尺的庞然大物,似乎在饥不可耐的一轮轮海浪嗜咬扑打中,早已习惯安然。一个浪扑卷它的腰臀,急遽反弹回去,急扫过它的尾部与双腿。转眼间,一道更为肆虐的大浪高高扬起,凶猛地扑打冰山后背,岌岌可危的崩塌就在眼前,极地熊宛如白色缎子般皮毛愈加亮丽。

3. 正当布莱恩转身目睹这惊心动魄的一幕,一只孤兽急急地钻进它的洞穴。说时迟,那时快,一头彪悍的牛头犬翻滚着向他迎面扑来,一道声响打破了极地的宁静安谧,刹那间,只见一条白色尘埃铺散冲来,牛头犬的蓬松鬃毛银光闪亮,搅起漫天飞泻流动的呼啸雪沫,预示一场凶猛的攻击转瞬即至,布莱恩转身拔腿飞奔,躲进了藏身地。

4. 固执坚韧的碎小浪花!似乎由于海水深处秘不可宣的约定,波浪从四面八方涌来,不约而同地猛烈撞击着冰山——它们共同的敌人,然后周而复始呼啸着卷土再来;浪花宣泄,发出震耳欲聋的吼声,水沫翻腾拍击震天。可怜的极地熊备受打击,徒劳无望地看着它的肢体分解为数段,无数冰块碎片随意漂浮海面,令观望者头昏目眩!由于旋风般滚动冲撞,北极熊显然已被击醒,看着海浪冲刷凶猛反复撞击,布莱恩和他的藏身地看来还不算太糟。

5. 绿色晶亮的海水旋风般冲回大海，裹起高低起伏的瓦楞般涌浪，皱褶交叠的湍流翻飞，漩涡急遽堆成千形百状，实在可与世间最为精湛的雕刻竞相媲美。大理石缎面的海水线条奇异，光怪陆离的色泽或晦或明，变幻多端的繁杂花式恍如鬼斧神工。大自然绝不是单色调画家，不过将她手中璀璨宝石撒向天空，随意勾抹轻挑，于是，繁复缤纷的浅灰、翡翠、湛蓝随即幻化成漫天遮地的七彩霓虹。

6. 近点、再近点，我们尽可能大胆地靠近那座高耸的冰山，感到欣喜的是，终于看到一幕长久期待并可近距离观察的自然奇观：气势磅礴的爆炸，庞大冰块崩裂后从高空倾泻，类似大瀑布飞涌直落而下，激起震天回响；海水飞旋地直冲冰山冠顶，迸射出火花闪烁的水沫飘洒。不妨想想旁观者的内心震撼，那悬崖峭壁的冰山上端，忽然巨响纷纷炸裂，在我们眼前上演着气势恢弘的一幕冰川雪崩，令人惊悚不已。

7. 长长水流落进黑黝黝的海水，瓷玉般峭壁和琉璃冰雕不住地直泻而下，那是大自然恐怖无言的隆重洗礼。顷刻间崩塌停止，继而又周转复始，伴随炫目泛光的粼粼海水；庞大无比的冰川轮廓再度隆起，随即喷涌而出新一轮精灵古怪的冰雕峭壁，有佛龛，有露台，有洞穴，向上，向上，不停地向上，愈升愈高，在壮阔无比的冰川上纵横交错，通体沐浴在美仑美奂的滚动晶莹中。山峰过了，山脊过了，山巅亦过了，所有山体在扑面而来的风中歪扭着渐移渐远。此刻冰川又一次停止凌空翻卷，旋即又崩裂、乍裂、再崩裂，轰鸣的叹息裹杂刺耳雷吼，经久不停，错落不息，宛如威力无比的炮弹砰然引爆，撒下数以百万计金光摇曳的碎片。那一幕幕勾魂动魄的恐惧，演绎出辽阔壮观的自然奇迹。我们无法抑制情感，迸发出一声声呼天长啸，在极地的辽阔长空久久回旋。

## LESSON 57

### ABOUT QUAIL

### 鹌 鹑

William Post Hawes (b. 1803, d.1842) was born in New York City, and was a graduate of Columbia College. He was a lawyer by profession. His writings consist mainly of essays, contributed to various newspapers and magazines, and show great descriptive power. He was a frequent contributor to the "Spirit of the Times," under the title of "Cypress, Jr.," on various sporting topics. After his death a collection of his writings was published in two volumes, entitled, "Sporting

1. The quail is peculiarly a domestic bird, and is attached to his birthplace and the home of his forefathers. The various members of the aquatic<sup>[73]</sup> families educate their children in the cool summer of the far north, and bathe their warm bosoms in July in the iced waters of Hudson Bay; but when Boreas<sup>[74]</sup> scatters the rushes where they had builded their bedchambers, they desert their fatherland, and fly to disport in the sunny waters of the south.

2. The songsters of the woodland, when their customary crops of insects and berries are cut off in the fall, gather themselves to renew their loves and get married in more genial climes. Presently, the groves so vocal<sup>[75]</sup>, and the sky so full, shall be silent and barren. The “melancholy days” will soon be here; only thou, dear Bob White, wilt remain.

3. The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home, and is identified<sup>[76]</sup> with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives, and loves, and whistles. In budding springtime, and in scorching summer—in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter, his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity<sup>[77]</sup> and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barnyard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple tree by your gateway.

4. When warm May first wooes the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock<sup>[78]</sup>, where, safe from the eye of the hawk and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expectant brood in peace.

5. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, O kind-hearted cradler<sup>[79]</sup>, and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she, if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.



6. The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman—what a lie does that word carry—except, perhaps, in monsters, insects, and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his gray-headed father, and usurping<sup>[80]</sup> his web.

7. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting<sup>[81]</sup> piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken and wounded, and yet have just strength to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants,

8. Listen now. Do you hear those three half-plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now “Bob White!” nor “Ah! Bob White!” That is her husband's love call, or his trumpet blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost



children. Hear them “Peep! peep! peep!” at the welcome voice of their mother’s love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again.

9. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious<sup>[82]</sup> way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briers, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen quail. O mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. “Peep! peep!” They come to you, straining their little eyes, and, clustering together and answering, seem to say, “Where is she? Mother! mother! we are here!”

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·波斯特·霍伊斯(1803~1842)出生于美国纽约市,毕业于哥伦比亚大学,职业为专业律师,其主要作品包括为各类报纸杂志撰写的短文。霍伊斯极具描述才华,常以“小柏树”为笔名,给《时代精神》提供各类体育题材稿件。他的作品在他逝世后编撰为两集出版,题名为《运动现场》和《杂碎拼图》。

1. 鹤鹑为一种典型的家常鸟类,依恋滞留繁衍地或长久栖息地。这种禽类大多栖水而生,在遥远北方的凉爽夏季孵化幼仔,然后飞去哈德逊湾冰水里消退七月炎热。一旦朔风卷起枯枝败叶,当初鹤鹑以此垒巢建窝,然后,它们就会离开父辈领地,飞去温暖南方的水湄地带过冬。

2. 秋天,以昆虫和莓子为生的鹤鹑,一旦田间农作物被砍倒后,这些丛林歌手们便会麋集成群,重新开始新的爱恋,在更为温和的气候里求偶交配。很快,果园树林里鸟声鸣啾不断,天空清澈空旷。忧郁哀愁的日子不久将要降临,唯有你,亲爱的鲍勃·怀特仍会盘桓不去。

3. 鹤鹑是我的鸟。它并非流浪汉,亦不是迁徙者。它习惯待在熟悉的地方,它离不开土地。农夫们下地干活,它在田间地头栖息、爱恋、玩耍。季节流转,无论在含苞欲放的春天,骄阳似火的夏季,还是丰收喜悦的秋天,万木肃杀的寒冬;无论在浓密灌丛上空,或树篱栅栏周围,或常见的香柏树枝头,鹤鹑鸣啾声声不绝于耳,贪婪残忍的人们或许将它们驱赶到森林荒野,它们只能寻求更为僻静的地方,如果人们仁慈友好地对待它们,鹤鹑将飞抵农家谷仓,在

农家院门口的苹果树枝干上尽情鸣唱。

4. 五月明媚的阳光，鹌鹑首先祈求花蕾怒放，它们才能接受花朵的温馨抚爱，然后开始履行婚姻生活的责任。年轻鹌鹑双宿双飞到处寻找茂密的草丛，在那里它们才能逃避猛鸷的利爪袭击，才能躲过嗅觉灵敏的狐狸，安心舒适地孵化自己的宝贝。

5. 燕麦收获的季节到了，田野里落满金黄的谷粒。鹌鹑觉得还是要谨慎为妙。噢，善良的摇篮母亲，绝不会踩踏纯净洁白的蛋，那些即将叽喳欲出的生命！很快，“唧唧”声愈发清晰，瞧！肩负生命重大意义的骄傲母亲，在孩子们中间踱步，不时地为它们抓挠啄理，教它们如何吞咽。如果她能将幼雏培养长大，无需被迫重新垒窝筑巢，即可再度开始母亲的快乐，那么，她该有多么幸福自在！

6. 母亲勤勉意味对子女爱恋与神圣职责，这一信仰支撑她尊重敬畏所有动物的天性，人类或非人类皆然。或许，除了怪兽、昆虫或鱼类并不具备。我未曾听说有似水柔情的鳟鱼父母，它们能吃光自己的宝贝；亦未曾听说有孝顺感恩的蜘蛛，那些能咬死垂老的父母，从而占据它们的窝。那么，天性，这个词究竟显示什么？

7. 但是，如果你觉察到父母对子女纯粹真挚及感人至深的眷爱，势必惊讶于鹌鹑的幼小家庭，不妨看看鹌鹑母亲的所作所为吧。她不会丢下子女逃之夭夭，决不！她会假装落到人们脚边，发出母亲的唯一痛苦声音。她同时奔跑，一边拍动双翼，似乎即将被人捉住。她会欺骗你张开手掌，假装它的翅膀断了或受伤，甚至费劲地一路翻滚，直到把你折磨得筋疲力尽，将你从她受到生命威胁的孩子处成功引开，这才是她的希望所在。然后，她最终就呼啦啦快乐地飞走，飞进那些你不曾知晓的树林深处，飞去她潜藏孩子的地方，像近距离射出的子弹，倏尔不知所终。

8. 听！你听见那三声近乎悲痛哀伤、急速清晰的倾诉心声吗？她在呼唤她的儿女聚拢一起。此刻，她不是鸣啾“鲍勃·怀特”，亦不是“啊！鲍勃·怀特”，那是她配偶的爱称，或是他挑衅反抗的恶言相向。她会甜蜜轻柔地呼唤她走失的孩子们，它们则“唧唧！唧唧！唧唧！”地叫个不停，回应母亲的爱恋欢腾。全家聚在一起，终于，它们重新团圆了。

9. 倘若有人怀着狡猾奸诈之心、踏上邪恶之路去惊扰那些鹌鹑，鹌鹑母亲能听到人们走近的危险脚步，听到人们踩倒周围荆棘的声音，她只是一声不吭。在充满恐惧的逃亡者中间，不存在任何语言交流。假若有人有心，不妨蹲下，保持沉默，模仿母鹌鹑的叫声。噢，妈妈！妈妈！一旦目睹自己的无耻欺诈，你的心会死吗？那些小鹌鹑们会抬起它们惊颤的头寻求安



抚，寻求来自呼唤声中的想象安全。“唧唧！唧唧”，它们会靠近你，晃动它们尚未完全睁开的眼睛，簇拥成团地叫着，似乎在说，“你在哪里？妈妈！妈妈！我们在这里！”

LESSON 58  
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY  
蓝与灰

1. By the flow of the inland river,  
    Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,  
    Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—  
    Under the sod and the dew,  
        Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one, the Blue;  
    Under the other, the Gray.

2. These, in the robings of glory,  
    Those, in the gloom of defeat,  
All, with the battle blood gory,  
    In the dusk of eternity meet;—  
    Under the sod and the dew,  
        Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue;  
    Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence of sorrowful hours,  
    The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
    Alike for the friend and the foe;—  
    Under the sod and the dew,  
        Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses, the Blue;  
    Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So, with an equal splendor,  
The morning sun rays fall,  
With a touch, impartially tender,  
On the blossoms blooming for all;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Brodered with gold, the Blue;  
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

5. So, when the summer calleth,  
On forest and field of grain,  
With an equal murmur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Wet with the rain, the Blue;  
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done:  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue;  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead;—  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears, for the Blue;  
Tears and love, for the Gray.

1. 内河的水，不停地流淌，  
那钢铁舰队，逃往哪里？  
何处墓地，青草叶片颤动？  
死者，早已安然熟睡。  
草地下，露珠下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
一个下面，是蓝色，  
另一个下面，是灰色。

2. 有的人，穿着荣耀的长袍，  
有的人，躲进失败的晦暗，  
所有人，沾满战争的血污，  
徜徉在，永恒满足的薄暮。  
草地下，露水下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
桂冠下面，归于蓝色，  
柳树下面，归于灰色。

3. 悲恸时光，陷入无边沉默，  
哀悼者，走向落日孤愁，  
捧上一把，浓浓爱意鲜花，  
悼念朋友，亦奠祭敌人。  
草地下，露水下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
玫瑰下面，归于蓝色，

百合下面，归于灰色。

4. 清晨阳光，流泻出壮丽，  
光彩夺目般，犹如夕阳，  
温情触摸，超越狭隘目光，  
烟水繁华，千花万朵开放。  
草地下，露水下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
以金子刺绣的，归于蓝色，  
以金子成熟的，归于灰色。

5. 夏季的呼唤，滚过森林，  
还有，长满谷物的稻田，  
风中摇曳，相同的喃喃细语，  
雨水滴落，冰冷的眷爱缠绵。  
草地下，露水下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
雨水打湿的，归于蓝色，  
雨水打湿的，归于灰色。

6. 悲伤，似乎无需谴责，  
慷慨赴死，生命已经落幕；  
凋零岁月，暴风骤雨裹挟，  
战场上，绝没有最后赢家。  
草地下，露水下，

等待着，最后审判日，  
花朵盛开的，归于蓝色，  
花环簇绕的，归于灰色。

7. 举国同悲，蜿蜒河水变红，  
这有什么，能超过战争摧残？  
他们授予，死者以荣耀桂冠，  
其实泯灭，我们心中仇恨永远。  
草地下，露水下，  
等待着，最后审判日，  
爱，还有眼泪，归于蓝色，  
眼泪，还有爱，归于灰色。

(F. M. 芬奇)

## LESSON 59

### THE MACHINIST'S RETURN

### 回家之路

[Adapted from a letter written by a correspondent of the Washington “Capital.”]

1. On our way from Springfield to Boston, a stout, black-whiskered man sat immediately in front of me, in the drawing-room car, whose maneuvers<sup>[83]</sup> were a source of constant amusement. He would get up every five minutes, hurry away to the narrow passage leading to the door of the car, and commence laughing in the most violent manner, continuing that healthful exercise until he observed

that some one was watching him, when he would return to his seat.

2. As we neared Boston these demonstrations<sup>[84]</sup> increased in frequency and violence, but the stranger kept his seat and chuckled to himself. He shifted the position of his two portmanteaus<sup>[85]</sup>, or placed them on the seat as if he was getting ready to leave. As we were at least twenty-five miles from Boston, such early preparations seemed extremely ridiculous. He became so excited at last that he could not keep his secret. Some one must be made a confidant<sup>[86]</sup>; and as I happened to be the nearest to him, he selected me.

3. Turning around suddenly, and rocking himself to and fro in his chair, he said, “I have been away from home three years. Have been in Europe. My folks don’t expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station —they’ve got the dispatch<sup>[87]</sup> by this time.” As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and then the one on the right to the left.

4. “Have you a wife?” said I. “Yes, and three children,” was the answer. He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat. “You are somewhat nervous just now, are you not?” said I.

5. “Well, I should think so,” he replied. “I have n’t slept soundly for a week. Do you know,” he went on, speaking in a low tone, “I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. I have had too much good luck lately for one man. It can’t last. It rains so hard, sometimes, that you think it’s never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it’s always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it.”

6. “Well, according to your philosophy<sup>[88]</sup>,” I said, “you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm.” “Perhaps so,” he replied; “but it is curious that the only thing which makes me think I shall get through safe is, I fear that I shall not.”

7. “I am a machinist<sup>[89]</sup>,” he continued; “I made a discovery; nobody believed in it; I spent all my money in trying to bring it out; I mortgaged<sup>[90]</sup> my home—everything went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife. She said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. I went to England. At first I met with no encouragement whatever, and came very near jumping off London Bridge. I went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with: there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I’ve brought home £50,000 with me, and here I am.”

8. “Good!” I exclaimed. “Yes,” said he, “and the best of it is, she knows nothing about it. She has been disappointed so often that I concluded I would not write to her about my unexpected good luck. When I got my money, though, I started for home at once.”

9. “And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?” “Happy!” he replied; “why, you don’t know anything about it! She’s worked night and day since I have been in England, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making shirts, and that’s the way she has lived half the time. She’ll come down to the depot to meet me in a gingham<sup>[91]</sup> dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she’ll think she’s dressed up! Perhaps she won’t have any fine dresses in a week or so, eh?”

10. The stranger then strode down the passageway again, and getting in a corner where he seemed to suppose that he was out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime<sup>[92]</sup>,—laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and swinging himself back and forth in the limited space.

11. As the train was going into the depot, I placed myself on the platform of the car in front of the one in which I had been riding, and opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the ground. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried, “There they are!”

12. Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical<sup>[93]</sup> way, as he looked over the crowd in front of him. I followed his eye and saw, some distance back, as if crowded out by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its

intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches passed by.

13. She had not seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye. In another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and, pushing his way through the crowd, he rushed towards the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to meet her.

14. She was not pretty,—on the contrary, she was very plain-looking; but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position to laugh, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while her eyes blinked so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her.

15. As he drew close, and dropped the portmanteaus, she turned to one side, and covered her face with her hands; and thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she were a child, and held her sobbing to his breast.

16. There were enough staring at them, heaven knows; so I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes on their sleeves, and bursting into tears anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我们坐在一辆从斯普林菲尔德开往波士顿火车的卧铺车厢里，一位壮硕结实、长有黑色胡须的男子恰好坐在我前面，他的搞笑动作成为车厢笑料不断的来源。他总会每隔五分钟站起，匆忙离开座位，跑向通向车厢门边的过道，然后，肆无忌惮地开怀大笑，直到觉察有人关注他，才会结束这种健康练习，返回他的座位。



2. 当火车接近波士顿，男人表演的频率增加，甚至举止更为疯狂；一旦坐下，那男人兀自咯咯地笑着，不停挪动自己两只旅行箱的位置，或干脆将其放在座位上，似乎马上他就会离开。当时，我们离波士顿最少还有二十五英里，如此早就做下车准备，看来太滑稽好笑。最后他愈加激动，好像非得找人聊天一吐为快。我碰巧坐得离他最近，亦就理所当然地成为他情感宣泄的知己。

3. 他突然转过身来，在座椅里前后摇晃地开口对我说，“我离家已经三年，一直待在欧洲。我的老乡们三月内别指望见到我了，不过，我与他们已打过招呼了。我在最后离开的站台上与他们通过话，现在，他们想必接到我的快件了。”他一边说，一边搓着手，然后将左手的旅行箱放到右边，右边的换到左边。

4. “你有妻子么？”我问他。“有，还有三个孩子。”他回答，他接着站了起来，再次折叠起他的外套，将其搭在座椅背上。“你现在有点紧张，对吗？”我又问道。

5. “是的，确实紧张，”他告诉我，“你知道吗，一星期来，我没睡过一个安稳觉，”他继续小声地说，“我几乎确信，这列火车肯定会在抵达波士顿前脱轨，我也会扭断脖子。我的运气一直实在太好，好运气不会持久。雨下得太大时，有时，你甚至在想，雨恐怕再也不会停了；可一旦阳光灿烂，你也会想，天，总会这样一如既往地晴下去；正如你对二选一的某种信仰或概念安然若素，你就会被随后变化击垮，这些无非表明，你对这其中关系一无所知。”

6. “那么，根据你的推理，”我说，“因为你期待暴风雨的来临，说明你想继续拥有阳光。”“或许如此，”他说，“不过，这事看来让人好奇，唯一使我考虑的，最终我会安全无恙，当然，我也恐怕不能过关。”

7. “我是个机械师，”他继续说，“我推出一项发明，但无人相信，我花完了所有的钱，试图将这一发现公布于众。我将自己的房子做了抵押，所有财产都没了，人人都嘲笑我，当然不包括我的妻子。她说在我放弃之前，她得拼命干活。后来，我去了英国。刚开始，无论我做什么，都没有任何转机，还差点从伦敦桥上跳下去。再后来，我又去了家工厂，赚足能带回家的钱，就在那里，我遇见了希望见到的人。长话短说，我这次带回五万英镑，喏，情况就是这样。”

8. “很好，”我叫了起来。“是的，”他说，“最好的是，我老婆压根不知道这些。她一直很沮

丧，所以，我决定不写信告诉她我走了天大的好运，尽管一拿到钱，我立马准备回家。”

9. “那么，现在，你会使她幸福吗？”“当然！”他回答，“哎呀，你什么也不知道！自从我去英国后，她从早到晚干活支撑这个家，想让孩子们活得更好些。她加工每件衬衫只能拿十三美分的报酬，那就是她上半辈子的活命方式。她会穿着一身粗布衣衫，戴条怕有百年光景的破围巾来车站接我。她觉得，她穿得不错了，或许一周左右，她根本不会买好点的衣服，呃？”

10. 陌生人随后又迈步走向过道，蜷缩到一处拐角，或许他觉得这样做，别人才无法看见他，接着又开始表演哑剧——大笑，用嘴做出各种搞笑怪状，在并不宽敞的空间前后摇晃不停。

11. 当火车驶入车站后，我下了车，站在我刚坐的那列火车卧铺车厢前面月台上，与那位陌生人对面相望。他一手拎一件行李箱，站在最下一层车厢阶梯，正欲跳到地上。我的目光从他的脸庞，再移到我们之间人群的脸上，一切安然正常。他冷不丁地高喊：“他们在那！”

12. 巡睃着前方人群，他忽然大笑起来，简直有点歇斯底里地狂笑。我随着他的目光这才看见，一段距离开外，站着一位矮小女子，衣着一身破旧衣衫，头上帽子齷齪不堪，那女子被周围衣着华丽的人流推搡着，那张在紧张与渴望交集中几乎痛苦变形的脸，急速张望那一节节驶过的车厢。

13. 她没有看到那位陌生人，但很快，他终于看见她了，他顿时跳下车，一路拼命地穿过拥挤的人群跑向站台，手里还提着两个皮箱。他冲向她站立的地方。当丈夫一路跑去，妻子脸上霎时出现繁杂难言的表情，我还从未见过这种场面。

14. 她不漂亮——相反，她的姿色实在庸常，但不知怎么，看着她，我心中哽咽异常。那女人想笑，可上帝保佑，她却一点没笑出来，她的嘴准备笑的姿态，突然竟僵在那里，她的脸部嘴角肌肉亦没有颤抖，只是快速地眨动眼睛。我估计，人潮汹涌中的她需要费力才能看清那个熟悉的身影，那个有着宽阔肩膀的男人此刻正拼命地挤开人群，快步朝她跑去。

15. 当他跑到跟前，扔下行李箱，她转过身子，用手捂住脸，那壮实的男人一把将她像孩子般搂进怀里，将她哭泣的脸贴在他的胸前。

16. 两人凝视了很久很久，天知道！我转身片刻，随后注意到他们身旁环状交叉路口边，站着两个衣衫褴褛的男孩，仔细地跟着妈妈的一举一动，孩子们一边用袖口擦拭眼睛，一边嚎啕大哭。当我再度打量那位陌生人，他已将帽檐拉下遮住眼睛；而他的妻子正仰脸看着他，似乎疲惫等待岁月中压抑经久的情感爆发，滚滚热泪潸然而下。

## LESSON 60

### MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

### 请给自由让路

James Montgomery (b. 1771, d. 1854) was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland. His father, a Moravian preacher, sent him to a Moravian school at Fulneck, Yorkshire, England, to be educated. In 1794 he started "The Sheffield Iris," a weekly paper, which he edited, with marked ability, till 1825. He was fined and imprisoned twice for publishing articles decided to be seditious. His principal poetical works are "The World before the Flood," "Greenland," "The West Indies," "The Wanderer in Switzerland," "The Pelican Island," and "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." Mr. Montgomery's style is generally too diffuse; but its smoothness and the evident sincerity of his emotions have made many of his hymns and minor poems very popular. A pension of £300 a year was granted to him in 1833.

1. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried;  
Made way for Liberty, and died!
2. In arms the Austrian phalanx<sup>[94]</sup> stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!  
A wall, where every conscious<sup>[95]</sup> stone  
Seemed to its kindred<sup>[96]</sup> thousands grown;  
A rampart<sup>[97]</sup> all assaults to bear,  
Till time to dust their frames should wear  
A wood like that enchanted grove,  
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,  
Where every silent tree possessed  
A spirit prisoned in its breast,  
Which the first stroke of coming strife

Would startle into hideous life:  
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,  
A living wall, a human wood!

3. Impregnable<sup>[98]</sup> their front appears,  
All horrent<sup>[99]</sup> with projected spears,  
Whose polished points before them shine,  
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
Along the billows to the sun.
4. Opposed to these, a hovering band,  
Contending for their native laud;  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke  
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
And forged their fetters into swords,  
On equal terms to fight their lords;  
And what insurgent<sup>[100]</sup> rage had gained,  
In many a mortal fray maintained:  
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall,  
Where he who conquered, he who fell.  
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

5. And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath;  
The fire of conflict burned within;  
The battle trembled to begin;  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for attack was nowhere found;  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed;  
That line 't were suicide to meet,  
And perish at their tyrants' feet;  
How could they rest within their graves,  
And leave their homes the home of slaves?  
Would they not feel their children tread  
With clanking chains above their head?

6. It must not be: this day, this hour,  
Annihilates<sup>[101]</sup> the oppressor's power  
All Switzerland is in the field,  
She will not fly, she can not yield;  
Few were the numbers she could boast,  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

7. It did depend on one, indeed:  
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination<sup>[102]</sup> deep and long,  
Till you might see with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face;  
And by the motion of his form:  
Anticipate the bursting storm;  
And by the uplifting of his brow,  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.  
But 't was no sooner thought than done;  
The field was in a moment won.

8. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried:  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:  
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,  
Their keen points met from side to side;  
He bowed among them like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.

9. Swift to the breach<sup>[103]</sup> his comrades fly;  
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;

While instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

10. Thus Switzerland again was free,  
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆士·蒙哥马利(1771~1854)出生于苏格兰埃尔郡欧文市，他的父亲是摩拉维亚传教士，曾送他去英国约克郡福尔莱克一所摩拉维亚学校接受教育。1794年，他创办了《谢菲尔德彩虹》周报，担任编辑，展现了他惊人的文学才华。1825年，报纸停刊；他因指控发表煽动情绪的文章，两次被罚款入狱。他的主要诗歌作品有《洪水前的世界》、《格陵兰》、《西印度群岛》、《瑞士的流浪者》、《鹈鹕岛》以及《原生态赞美诗》。总体来说，蒙哥马利先生文学风格极为广泛，由于文笔流畅，情感真挚，蒙氏赞美诗以及短篇诗歌一度风靡盛行。1833年，他被授予每年300英镑年金。

1. “请给自由让路！”他高声叫道。

不自由，毋宁死！

2. 面对奥匈帝国荷枪实弹的士兵，  
一座呼吸的墙，一道生命的丛林。  
墙上，紧密挽手的每块石头，  
绵亘着，成千上万的意志凝聚，  
血肉之躯，勇猛地抵御外来进攻，  
抵命而立，直到时间将其蹂躏成灰。  
树林，仿佛施以魔鬼般梦魇，  
恶魔，肆无忌惮地施虐横行，  
每一棵树，沉默中的丰饶活力，  
精神，囚禁于肉体的牢笼藩篱。  
转瞬将至，第一次生死关头，

惊悚于，卑劣的残忍屠戮，  
奥匈队列，沉默冷酷密不透风，  
一座呼吸的墙，一道生命的丛林！

3. 奥匈军队列，坚不可摧，  
无数枝，毛骨悚然的枪矛竖起，  
刀尖锃亮，阳光下刺眼夺目，  
排列齐整，彰显出威严武力，  
犹如无数，细碎浪花的翻腾奔涌，  
扑向太阳，血色天空中一抹瑰丽。

4. 大战当前，高昂的群情激奋，  
高声讴歌，民族奋起的精神，  
农家子弟，潜在力量蓦然爆发，  
男子汉脖颈，留有奴隶的卑微印记，  
赋权平等，为心中的耶和华上帝，  
将身上锁链，锻造成刀剑锐利无比。  
愤怒之火，在起义者心中早已点燃，  
维系着，以死抗争的不灭信念。  
自在召唤，队伍再度整齐，  
征服敌人，抑或裹尸疆场，  
厮杀声中站立，呐喊声里倒毙，  
视死如归，生者死者的袒露秘密。

5. 生存抑或死亡，命悬一线，  
成功还是败馁，须臾之间，  
怒火满腔，迸发出燃烧火焰，

战栗的战斗，哗啦啦拉开序幕，  
顽强抵抗，奥匈军固守脚下阵地，  
刀剑出鞘，起义军旋即难觅锋芒，  
焦虑的反抗者，如何突出重围？  
长矛连绵，铮铮寒光凛冽，  
风卷残云，他们纷纷拔剑自刎，  
最终倒下，暴君脚下的血泊成河。  
墓穴里，死者何以超脱永久安息？  
能否忍受，子孙后代受尽奴役？  
如何忍受，孩子们脚上铁镣叮当，  
在他们头顶，整夜徘徊终日难去？

6. 这一日子，这一时刻，  
未必所有瑞士人，都能  
义无反顾地揭竿起义，  
但他们绝不逃避或臣服；  
尽管能夸耀的英雄不多，  
但所有人都是土地的主人。  
国家解放，在于个体奋起，  
民族独立，人民需拿起武器。

7. 胜利，的确依赖优异个体，  
看！阿诺德·里德激战那里！  
听起来，原非什么显赫背景，  
风中传扬，一个高山仰止的名字，  
回首往事，沉思漫长犀利，  
拥挤人群里，他默默无人注意，



或许，突然间他的魅力四射，  
电花火石，脸上闪烁睿智，  
他英勇善战，预测战局的进展，  
他双眉坚毅，运筹帷幄的指挥，  
他告诉士兵，如何放弩攻击，  
横扫入侵者，千军风卷残云。  
电闪雷鸣，不过转瞬之间，  
阵地上，胜利的旗帜随风飘扬。

8. “请给自由让路！”他高声叫道。  
奔跑中，他伸开无穷宽阔的臂膀，  
哪怕，与亲密的朋友拥抱握手，  
铁肩横扫，亦能抓过众多矛枪。  
“请给自由让路！”声音继续回响，  
枪尖锐利，严阵以待的对垒双方，  
他躬身如巨椽，伫立士兵中间，  
力拔千钧，为获取自由疾奔。

9. 进军神速，士兵们英勇异常，  
“请给自由让路！”众人异口同声，  
他们呼啸着，冲进奥匈军队，  
疾驰飞镖，刺中阿诺德的心脏，  
他猝然倒下，倒在那片深情土地。  
溃败毁灭恐慌，不断蔓延滋长，  
即使天崩地裂，亦无法  
让普罗大众，如此黯然神伤。

10. 瑞士人，终于重获民族解放，  
死亡， 毕竟为自由敞开道路！

## LESSON 61

### THE ENGLISH SKYLARK

### 英国云雀

Elihu Burritt (b. 1810, d. 1879). “the learned blacksmith,” was born in New Britain, Conn. His father was a shoemaker. Having received only a limited amount of instruction at the district school, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith about 1827. During his apprenticeship he labored hard at self-instruction. He worked at his trade many years, from ten to twelve hours each day, but managed, in the meantime to acquire a knowledge of many ancient and modern languages. He made translations from several of these, which were published in the “American Eclectic Review.” In 1844 he commenced the publication of “The Christian Citizen.” His leading literary works are “Sparks from the Anvil,” “A Voice from the Forge,” “Peace Papers,” and “Walks to John o’ Groat’s House.” From the last of these the following selection is abridged.

1. Take it in all, no bird in either hemisphere equals the English lark in heart or voice, for both unite to make it the sweetest, the happiest, the welcomest singer that was ever winged, like the high angels of God’s love. It is the living ecstasy<sup>[104]</sup> of joy when it mounts up into its “glorious privacy of light.”

2. On the earth it is timid, silent, and bashful, as if not at home, and not sure of its right to be there at all. It is rather homely withal, having nothing in feather, feature, or form to attract notice. It is seemingly made to be heard, not seen, reversing the old axiom<sup>[105]</sup> addressed to children when getting noisy.

3. Its mission is music, and it floods a thousand acres of the blue sky with it several times a day. Out of that palpitating<sup>[106]</sup> speck of living joy there wells<sup>[107]</sup> forth a sea of twittering ecstasy upon the morning and evening air. It does not ascend by gyrations<sup>[108]</sup>, like the eagle and birds of prey. It mounts

up like a human aspiration.

4. It seems to spread its wings and to be lifted straight upwards out of sight by the afflatus<sup>[109]</sup> of its own happy heart. To pour out this in undulating <sup>[110]</sup>rivulets of rhapsody<sup>[111]</sup> is apparently the only motive of its ascension. This it is that has made it so loved of all generations<sup>[112]</sup>.

5. It is the singing angel of man's nearest heaven, whose vital breath is music. Its sweet warbling is only the metrical<sup>[113]</sup> palpitation of its life of joy. It goes up over the rooftrees<sup>[114]</sup> of the rural hamlet<sup>[115]</sup> on the wings of its song, as if to train the human soul to trial flights heavenward.

6. Never did the Creator put a voice of such volume into so small a living thing. It is a marvel—almost a miracle. In a still hour you can hear it at nearly a mile's distance. When its form is lost in the hazy lace work of the sun's rays above, it pours down upon you all the thrilling semitones of its song as distinctly as if it were warbling to you in your window.

## 【中文阅读】

伊利户·巴瑞特(1810~1879), 这位“有学问的铁匠”出生于美国康涅狄格州新不列颠市, 父亲是位制鞋匠, 他在当地学校接受的教育极为有限。1827年前后, 他成为铁匠铺一名学徒, 学徒期间, 尽管每天劳作辛苦, 他仍然坚持自学。他经营打铁营生多年, 尽管每天工作时间长达10~12小时, 却想方设法努力自学多门古今语言知识。他曾从事数种语言翻译, 这些译文以《美国折中学派评论》为题续集出版。1844年, 他开始着手出版《基督徒公民》。他的文学代表作品有《来自铁砧的火花》、《铁匠铺的声音》、《和平论文》和《走向约翰·格罗特的府宅》, 以下章节节选自最后一篇。

1. 就秉性和声音而言, 从南北半球鸟类来看, 没有任何一种鸟能与英国云雀相媲美。英国云雀具有两者相得益彰的优秀禀赋, 因此成为有史以来有翼物种中最可爱、最快乐、亦是最受欢迎的歌手, 犹如上帝钟爱的空中天使。当云雀振翼飞向自己“荣耀之光的隐居”, 意味着它追求尘世生活的心醉神迷的世俗幸福。

2. 地球上的鸟类中, 英国云雀胆怯安静、腼腆害羞, 倘若不在巢穴, 人们压根不会感到它的存在。英国云雀隶属家常鸟类, 其羽毛、秉性或吸引异类的方式并无任何特异。云雀不过宣

泄歌声，并非展示其容貌，这一观点其实颠覆了不言而喻的真相，类似大人们眼中吵闹的孩子印象。

3. 吟唱乃云雀的生活使命，它每天数次飞掠上千英亩范围的蓝空。除却快乐引起心悸颤抖，从早到晚，云雀幸福的鸣啾随风传来，丝缕不绝。云雀并非像鹰类或其他猛禽盘旋地飞上高空，而是如同人类的呼吸吐纳。

4. 云雀似乎张开翅膀，凭借内心愉悦气息，便可径直飞腾向上，飞出人们的视线之外，犹如一条峰回路转的湍急溪流，显然可见，这种气息吐纳为云雀起飞中唯一运动。这也是云雀备受历代人们追捧的缘故。

5. 英国云雀是人类最接近天堂的吟唱天使，它的呼吸气息谱写出优美音符，它的柔美颤声来自欣喜中悸动的心中旋律，乘着歌声的翅膀，云雀高高地盘旋在乡村农舍的屋顶，似乎激励人类飞向天空的梦幻翱翔。

6. 造物主从未将如此天籁施加这样弱小的生灵。云雀昭示一种生物特异，近似一个完美奇迹。万籁静谧，你甚至可以听见几乎一英里之外云雀的悦耳歌声。阳光穿过云层泻下，雾霭朦胧一片，洇成天空璀璨花边，云雀身影隐去不见，然而，它的半音程颤音清新婉转，宛如立在你的窗前为你鸣啾歌唱。

## LESSON 62

### HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

### 勇士如何安睡

William Collins (b. 1721, d. 1759) was born at Chichester, England. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. About 1745, he went to London as a literary adventurer, and there won the esteem of Dr. Johnson. His "Odes" were published in 1746, but were not popular. He was subsequently relieved from pecuniary embarrassment by a legacy of £2,000 from a maternal uncle; but he soon became partially insane, and was for some time confined in an asylum for lunatics. He afterwards retired to Chichester, where he was cared for by his sister until his death.

1. How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
2. By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·柯林斯(1721~1759)出生于英国奇切斯特,他曾在温彻斯特和牛津接受教育。1745年左右,他赴伦敦试图在文学上找到发展机会,在那里赢得了约翰逊博士的关注。1746年,他的《诗歌集》出版,但该书反响不大。随后,柯林斯先生因继承舅父2000英镑的遗产馈赠而结束经济窘困,不过很快又因患间歇性癲狂症,一度曾因精神错乱在收容所滞留。他退休后返回奇切斯特出生地,起居生活由他的妹妹照料,直到他最后离世。

1. 那沉眠地下的勇士,如何安睡?  
坟茔上,撒满母亲祝福的麦穗。  
春来了,指尖上露珠冰凉彻骨,  
轻轻地,将魂灵皮囊精心描绘。  
弹指间,笑盈盈草地嫣红绽绿,  
硝烟尽,桃花落,转眼人间仙境。
2. 彩弦声声,谁愿将哀伤奏与后人?  
蓦然回首,春风破哪首挽歌翻舞?  
如今荣耀,照亮朝圣者晦暗墓穴,  
青山千古,早捻碎铮铮铁骨入土。  
春寒料峭,英雄豪情斯人已远去,

## 壮志未酬，长歌当哭漫漫自由路。

- [1] Avert, to turn aside.
- [2] Engineer, an officer in the army, who designs and constructs defensive and offensive works.
- [3] Siege, the setting of an army around a fortified place to compel its surrender.
- [4] Profound, deep.
- [5] Slogan, the war cry or gathering word of a Highland clan in Scotland.
- [6] Fervor, intensity of feeling.
- [7] Pibroch, a wild, irregular species of music belonging to the Highlands of Scotland; it is performed on a bagpipe.
- [8] Sappers, men employed in making an approach to a fortified place by digging.
- [9] Residency, the official dwelling of a government officer in India.
- [10] Simultaneous, happening at the same time.
- [11] Mazy, winding.
- [12] Hoar, white or grayish white.
- [13] Emits, sends forth, throws out,
- [14] Winnowing, separating chaff from grain by means of wind.
- [15] Boon, a gift.
- [16] Embroiling, throwing into disorder or contention.
- [17] Askance, sideways.
- [18] Wilds, woods, forests.
- [19] Beset, hemmed in on all sides so that escape is difficult.
- [20] Dire, dreadful, terrible.
- [21] Waft, a current of wind.
- [22] Whelms, covers completely.
- [23] Collision, the act of striking together violently.
- [24] Precipitated, urged on violently.
- [25] Reenforcements, additional troops.
- [26] Corps, a body of troops.
- [27] Reserve, a select body of troops held back in case of special need for their services.
- [28] Bankruptcy. inability to pay all debts, insolvency.
- [29] Remittances, money, drafts, etc., sent from a distance.
- [30] Maturing, approaching the time fixed for payment.
- [31] Provocation, that which causes anger.
- [32] Ignominious, infamous.
- [33] Weal, prosperity, happiness.
- [34] Warder, a keeper, a guard.
- [35] Antique, old, ancient.
- [36] Saffron, a deep yellow.
- [37] Chapeau, a hat.
- [38] Puritan. The Puritans were a religious sect who fled from persecution in England, and afterwards settled the most of New England.
- [39] Sampler, A sampler is a needlework pattern; a species of fancywork formerly much in vogue.

- [40] Supine, *listless*.
- [41] Immortal, *undying*.
- [42] Founded, *built, established*.
- [43] Habitation, *place of abode*.
- [44] Refuge, *shelter, protection*.
- [45] Cony, *a kind of rabbit*.
- [46] Appointed, *ordained*.
- [47] Disposition, *disposal*.
- [48] Graceless, *depraved, corrupt*.
- [49] Reprobate, *one morally lost*.
- [50] Lackey, *an attending servant, a footman*.
- [51] Convened, *met together, assembled*.
- [52] Deceased, *dead*.
- [53] Imprimis (Latin), *in the first place*.
- [54] Chaise, *a kind of two-wheeled carriage*.
- [55] Reformed, *returned to a good state*.
- [56] Profligate, *a person openly and shamelessly vicious*.
- [57] Instrument (a term in law), *a writing expressive of some act, contract, etc.*
- [58] \* 译注: Drawl 英文姓氏德洛, 双关语, 意为慢吞吞。
- [59] Argued, *discussed, treated by reasoning*.
- [60] Discerning, *marking as different, distinguishing*.
- [61] Behalf, *support, defense*.
- [62] Decreed, *determined judicially by authority, ordered*.
- [63] Cone, *a solid body having a circular base, from which it tapers gradually to a point*.
- [64] Swells, *waves*.
- [65] Serenity, *quietness, calmness*.
- [66] Exquisite, *exceedingly nice, giving rare satisfaction*.
- [67] Sculpture, *carved work*.
- [68] Monochromist, *one who paints in a single color*.
- [69] Polychroic, *given to the use of many colors*.
- [70] Pinnacles, *high, spirelike points*.
- [71] Obliquely, *slantingly*.
- [72] Irrepressible, *not to be restrained*.
- [73] Aquatic, *frequenting the water*.
- [74] Boreas is the name which the ancient Greeks gave to the north wind.
- [75] Vocal, *having a voice*.
- [76] Identified, *united*.
- [77] Cupidity, *eager desire to possess something*.
- [78] Tussock, *a tuft of grass or twigs*.
- [79] Cradler, *one who uses a cradle, which is an instrument attached to a scythe in cutting grain*.
- [80] Usurping, *seizing and holding in possession by force*.
- [81] Affect, *to pretend*.

- [82] Devious, winding.
- [83] Maneuvers, movements.
- [84] Demonstrations, expression of the feelings by outward signs.
- [85] Portmanteau, a traveling bag, usually made of leather.
- [86] Confidant, one to whom secrets are intrusted.
- [87] Dispatch, a message.
- [88] Philosophy, reasoning.
- [89] Machinist, a constructor of machines and engines.
- [90] Mortgaged, given as security for debt.
- [91] Gingham, a kind of cotton cloth which is dyed before it is woven.
- [92] Pantomime, acting without speaking, dumb show.
- [93] Hysterical, convulsive, fitful.
- [94] Phalanx, a body of troops formed in close array.
- [95] Conscious, sensible, knowing.
- [96] Kindred, those of like nature, relatives.
- [97] Rampart, that which defends from assault, a bulwark.
- [98] Impregnable, that can not be moved or shaken.
- [99] Horrent, standing out like bristles.
- [100] Insurgent, rising in opposition to authority.
- [101] Annihilates, destroys.
- [102] Rumination, the act of musing, meditation.
- [103] Breach, a gap or opening made by breaking.
- [104] Ecstasy, overmastering joy, rapture.
- [105] Axiom, a self-evident truth.
- [106] Palpitating, throbbing, fluttering.
- [107] Wells, pours, flows.
- [108] Gyration, circular or spiral motions.
- [109] Afflatus, breath, inspiration.
- [110] Undulating, rising and falling like waves.
- [111] Rhapsody, that which is uttered in a disconnected way under strong excitement.
- [112] Generation, the mass of beings at one period.
- [113] Metrical, arranged in measures, as poetry and music.
- [114] Roof-tree, the beam in the angle of a roof, hence the roof itself.
- [115] Hamlet, a little cluster of houses.



LESSON 63

THE RAINBOW

彩虹

John Keble (b. 1792. d. 1866) was born near Fairfax, Gloucestershire, England. He graduated at Oxford with remarkably high honors, and afterwards was appointed to the professorship of poetry in that university. Since his death, Keble College, at Oxford, has been erected to his memory. In 1835, he became vicar of Hursley and rector of Otterbourne, and held these livings until his death. His most famous work is “The Christian Year,” a collection of sacred poems.

1. A fragment of a rainbow bright  
Through the moist air I see,  
All dark and damp on yonder height,  
All bright and clear to me.

2. An hour ago the storm was here,  
The gleam was far behind;  
So will our joys and grief appear,  
When earth has ceased to blind.

3. Grief will be joy if on its edge  
Fall soft that holiest ray,  
Joy will be grief if no faint pledge  
Be there of heavenly day.

【中文阅读】

约翰·凯布勒(1792~1866)出生于英国格洛斯特郡费尔法克斯周边地区。他以优异成绩从牛津大学毕业,后被任命该校诗歌教授。凯布勒先生去世后,牛津凯布勒大学一直保留该职以示纪念。1835年,他成为赫斯利教区牧师以及奥特伯恩学院院长,他坚持任职直到最后离世。凯布勒先生最著名作品《基督徒的岁月》,是一部描写宗教题材的诗歌选集。

1. 天地晦暗，风急雨骤，  
望遥远边陲云霁天初，  
一道七彩虹飞跨山颠，  
澄光尽万里恍惚如梦。
2. 暴风雨刚才离开这里，  
微光如熙蹒跚已很久，  
大地撕开无助的黑暗，  
快乐与哀伤清晰再现。
3. 悲恸与欢欣转瞬之间，  
融进弥散曲静穆庄严，  
星光下没有微弱承诺，  
不会有上帝大爱无边。

## LESSON 64

### SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

### 约翰·亚当斯的假设演讲

Daniel Webster (b. 1782, d. 1852) was born in Salisbury, N.H. He spent a few months of his boyhood at Phillips Academy, Exeter, but fitted for college under Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, N.H. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801. He taught school several terms, during and after his college course. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, and practiced law in New Hampshire for the succeeding eleven years. In 1812, he was elected to the United States House of Representatives. In 1816, he removed to Boston, and in 1827 was elected to the United States Senate, which position he held for twelve years. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. He returned to the Senate in 1845. In 1850, he was reappointed Secretary of State and continued in office until his death. He died at his residence, in Marshfield, Mass. Mr. Webster's fame rests chiefly on his state papers and speeches. As a speaker he was dignified and stately, using clear, pure English. During all his life he took great interest in agriculture, and was very fond of outdoor sports.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends.”

The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation<sup>[1]</sup> with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor! Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague<sup>[2]</sup>, near you, are you not both already the proscribed<sup>[3]</sup> and predestined<sup>[4]</sup> objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency<sup>[5]</sup>, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We NEVER shall submit! Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle<sup>[6]</sup> of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

3. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy<sup>[7]</sup> to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

4. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated<sup>[8]</sup>. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress<sup>[9]</sup> of grievances, for chartered<sup>[10]</sup> immunities<sup>[11]</sup>, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

5. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

6. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see—I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so.

If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a FREE country.

7. But whatever may be our fate, be assured—be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate<sup>[12]</sup> for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

8. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall by my dying sentiment; independence now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

## 【中文阅读】

丹尼尔·韦伯斯特(1782~1852)出生于美国新罕布什尔州索尔兹伯里。少年时期,他曾在埃克塞特菲利普斯学院学习数月,然后转学到新罕布什尔州博斯考恩牧师塞缪尔·伍德门下学习。1801年,他毕业于达特茅斯学院。在校期间以及毕业后,他曾在学院任教长达数学期。1805年,韦伯斯特先生获取波士顿律师资格,接着在新罕布什尔州从事律师职业长达11年。1812年,他被选为美国众议院议员;1816年迁到波士顿;1827年,他被选为美国参议院议员,随后任职长达12年。1841年,韦伯斯特先生被任命为美国国务卿;1845年他返回参议院。1850年,他再度任职美国国务卿,继续驰骋美国政坛,直到在马萨诸塞州马什菲尔德他的住所离世。韦伯斯特先生的声誉主要为他的国情咨文与演讲。他的演讲意蕴高贵,气势宏伟,语言清晰,优雅纯正。他一生极为钟爱农业,酷爱户外运动。

1. 沉沦抑或求生,活着抑或死亡,幸免抑或毁灭?我完全支持这一投票表决。诚然,最初我们并非旨在谋取独立,然而,“神灵预设了我们的终局”。英国非道义行为驱使我们拿起武器,英国盲目失去了对自身利益的判断,然而它仍在执拗坚持,直到我们最终将独立掌控在自

己手中。我们只不过向前伸出手，独立就在那里，它属于我们。那么，我们为什么拖延自己宣言？目前，难道还有人如此软弱地希望与英国和解？难道和解可给这一国家带来安全或自由，抑或给他个人生活带来保障甚至个人荣誉？先生，不会是现在坐在椅子上的你，亦不是紧挨你而坐的他，我们受人尊敬的同僚，我们难道不都是已被剥夺公权，命中注定沦为惩罚与复仇的对象？摒弃那些高尚以及仁厚宽容的所有希望！一旦英国统治权威得以保留，法律之外，你是什么？你又可能是什么？

2. 如果我们推迟独立，那么我们打算继续还是放弃这场战争，开始和解且恢复我们与英国的友谊？我们将要服从甚至完全臣服于武力，目睹我们国家以及它的权利将被践踏成灰？我知道，我们不会屈服，我们永远不会屈服！难道我们准备亵渎人类始终遵从的庄严法则，面对上帝，亵渎我们面对华盛顿总统发出自己神圣荣誉的誓言？从而使他蒙受战争危险以及深陷当下的政治困局，我们难道不是曾经许诺，不管任何危难当头，我们将倾尽所有财富甚至身家性命去追随拥戴他？我清楚，在场任何人哪怕宁愿看到战争急遽爆发，战火迅速席卷北美大地，或突如其来的地震使美国坍塌，亦不愿意抛弃曾经的誓约，哪怕微小的背离反叛。对我来说，一年前假设同样在这样的场合，假设我力劝你们，为保护美国自由，乔治·华盛顿应该被任命为崛起的或有待崛起的美国抵抗力量的统帅；万一现在，我对是否支持他仍然踌躇不定，但愿我的右手受到诅咒，但愿我从此闭嘴不再说话！

3. 因此，战争必须继续。我们必须打下去。如果战争必须打下去，我们为什么拖延宣布《独立宣言》？昭示天下只会使我们强大，同时赋予我们面向外界的能力。如果我们本身认可屈从侵犯我们主权的武力，怎能指望其他国家与我们正常交往？不仅如此，我认为，在承认独立的前提下，与其说英国本身愿意与我们协商和平会谈，不如说它更为赞同废除其法案，承认它对我们施加的所有行为始终缺乏公平正义且残忍暴虐。倘若英国顺其自然，美国独立在所难免，大英帝国颜面多少得以保留；倘若英国在双方论战中屈从它的反叛者论点，情况将有所不同。前者，英国认为原本会有幸运的结局；后者，它将为此深感羞辱。既然如此，我们为何不将这场内战改为民族之战？既然必须打下去，如果我们获取胜利，为什么不愿享受胜利将给我们带来全身心的喜悦？

4. 如果我们遭受失败，对我们来说，境况绝不会更糟，然而我们不应该失败。我们将兴建自己的军队，建立自己的海军。假如我们真心对待民众，民众将支持我们，其实质就是支持他

们自己，并通过战斗取得荣耀。我不介意有些人总是善变无常，我了解殖民地民众；我清楚民众对英国入侵的刻骨仇恨与反抗源自他们内心，况且仇恨不可能消弭。先生们，《独立宣言》将鼓舞民众获得勇气。这场长期流血的战争并非旨在恢复某些特权，并非为社会不公抱怨或改错纠偏，并非为获取大英国王属下控制的特许豁免权，这是一项彻底独立的宏图大业，铺展在美国民众面前，并将为其生命注入崭新灵魂的明天。

5. 请在起义前朗读这篇宣言，每一把刀剑应该出鞘，发出的神圣誓言应该兑现，否则不如畏缩于恐惧角落干脆消失。在讲坛发出誓言，教会给予认可，宗教自由的爱将与其同在，决心与誓言同存亡。在公众场合发出誓言，宣布自己决心信念，让那些民众见证，他们曾经目睹自家兄弟和孩子们倒在邦克山周围田野，倒在列克星敦市和康科德大街上，倒在众多英雄为国捐躯的众多地方。

6. 先生们，我知道人类事物的不确定因素，但是通过今天事件，我看见，不！我清楚地看见，真的，你和我，或许为此后悔，我们可能活不到《独立宣言》将给民众带来福音的那一天。我们可能死去，作为殖民地平民而死，作为奴隶而亡。绞刑架上的死亡，恐怕难以抹去可耻，天命难违，听其自然。假如归于天堂极乐，我的国家将从我的卑微生命消逝中有所受益，牺牲者已做好准备随时祭祀自己宝贵生命，不妨让我坦然面对那一时刻的降临。然而，如果我能幸存于世，那么，让我拥抱一个国家，或者至少是一个国家的希望，甚至一个自由的国度。

7. 无论我们命运如何，我敢担保，请放心，这份独立宣言将会生效，或许为此耗费巨大，或许会有众多流血牺牲；但它一定会生效，并势必极大地弥补以下两点：透过眼前的血腥晦暗，我看见未来光明，如同天堂的明媚阳光；今天将留存于史，光荣不朽的一天。一旦我们走进坟墓，子孙后代将以此荣耀，他们将以感恩心情、节日欢腾、以篝火与斑斓灯饰庆贺这一伟大神圣时刻的到来。每逢周年纪念日，孩子们将泪如雨下；他们并非为专制或奴隶制伤悲，并非为极端痛苦或窘迫贫穷哭泣，而是难以抑制的狂喜，难以言谢的感恩，还有难以表述的满腔畅快淋漓。

8. 先生们，在上帝面前，我相信这一时刻即将到来。我的判断为权衡时事提供依据，与此同时，我也全身心为此奋斗，包括我的所有财富，我的所有存在，我生活中的所有希冀，我已做好准备为此赌注；一旦开始，万劫不归，或者说，生存抑或死亡？苟存抑或毁灭？皆为系此一念。我将为《独立宣言》存活于世，它构成我生命的感喟悲伤，面对上帝祝福，它亦将成为我

死亡的唏嘘，现在独立，意味独立永远。

LESSON 65  
THE RISING  
呐喊震天

Thomas Buchanan Read (b. 1822, d. 1872) was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1839 he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati, where he gained reputation as a portrait painter. He afterwards went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and, in 1850, to Italy. He divided his time between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome, in the latter years of his life. Some of his poems are marked by vigor and strength, while others are distinguished by smoothness and delicacy. The following selection is abridged from "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies."

1. Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal<sup>[13]</sup> light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.
  
2. And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet,  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington.  
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.
3. The yeoman<sup>[14]</sup> and the yeoman's son,  
With knitted brows and sturdy dint<sup>[15]</sup>,  
Renewed the polish of each gun,  
Recoiled the lock, reset the flint;  
And oft the maid and matron there,  
While kneeling in the firelight glare,



Long poured, with half-suspended breath,  
The lead into the molds of death.

4. The hands by Heaven made silken soft  
    To soothe the brow of love or pain,  
    Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft  
        By some unhallowed earthly stain;  
    But under the celestial bound  
    No nobler picture can be found  
    Than woman, brave in word and deed,  
    Thus serving in her nation's need:  
    Her love is with her country now,  
    Her hand is on its aching brow.
5. Within its shade of elm and oak  
    The church of Berkley Manor<sup>[16]</sup> stood:  
    There Sunday found the rural folk,  
        And some esteemed of gentle<sup>[17]</sup> blood,  
    In vain their feet with loitering tread  
        Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:  
        All could not read the lesson taught  
    In that republic of the dead.
6. The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;  
    The psalm was warrior David's song;  
    The text, a few short words of might,—  
    “The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!”
7. He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
    Of sacred rights to be secured;  
    Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
    The startling words for Freedom came.  
    The stirring sentences he spake  
    Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
    And, rising on his theme's<sup>[18]</sup> broad wing,  
        And grasping in his nervous hand  
        The imaginary battle brand,

In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.

8. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise<sup>[19]</sup>.

9. A moment there was awful pause,—  
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!  
God's temple is the house of peace!"  
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause:  
His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers  
That frown upon the tyrant foe:  
In this the dawn of Freedom's day  
There is a time to fight and pray!"

10. And now before the open door—  
The warrior priest had ordered so—  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar<sup>[20]</sup>  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,  
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty death must wake and hear.  
And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before:

It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was, “WAR! WAR! WAR!”

11. “Who dares”—this was the patriot’s cry,  
As striding from the desk he came—  
“Come out with me, in Freedom’s name,  
For her to live, for her to die?”  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered “I!”

## 【中文阅读】

托马斯·布坎南·瑞德(1822~1872)出生于美国宾夕法尼亚州切斯特县。1839年,他进入辛辛那提市一家雕塑工作室,随后作为肖像画家声名鹊起,然后辗转纽约、波士顿和费城。1850年,瑞德前去意大利。他将自己生活分为两段,前半段在辛辛那提与费城,后半生在罗马度过。他的诗歌有些以激情有力见长,亦有些以流畅精美闻名遐迩,下面段落节选自他的诗歌《阿勒格尼斯的瓦格纳》。

1. 疯狂消息自北方传来,  
遥远天际见火光翻飞,  
迅捷犹如扑面的灯火,  
掠过惊悚的星空夜半。
2. 风中席卷起狂热骚动,  
笛声乍裂,鼓号雷鸣,  
消息传遍每一处角落,  
人影绰绰中步履凌乱,  
自由枪声第一声誓言,  
在列克星敦康科德上空乍响,

唤醒不再驯服的奴隶，  
忘却曾经洗礼的教名，  
危机中果敢拿起武器，  
彰显爱国者反抗勇气。

3. 自由民及其子孙后代，  
眉头舒展而肩臂有力，  
将每一杆枪擦得铮亮，  
扳动枪栓再放好燧石，  
各户妇孺老人默默地，  
跪立火堆沉重地注视。  
长久赋税的艰难呼吸，  
将躯体浇铸死亡模具。

4. 耶和华柔软无形双手，  
抚慰痛苦纠结的众生，  
肮脏自私的世俗恶念，  
使人呆滞亦玷污心灵。  
然苍穹在上规则有序，  
无人能超过圣母光辉，  
坚毅勇敢且言行如一，  
甘心为臣民鞠躬尽瘁，  
她的爱眷念广袤土地，  
她的手抚摸疼痛眉宇。

5. 榆树橡树浓密荫凉下，  
伯克莱庄园教堂肃穆，  
周末欢快的乡村舞曲，  
达贵名媛们打发虚空，  
杯筹交错中骄奢纵欲。  
坟墓中等级化为乌有，  
生而平等法则无法授予，  
写在共和国血泊土地。

6. 牧师站起祷告声粗犷，  
赞美诗讴歌勇士大卫。  
简短诗文却铿锵有力，  
万民之神耶和華授权正义！

7. 谈起难以忍受多年苦楚，  
牧师主张神圣权利获取，  
从他的炽烈爱国语言里，  
自由女神飘曳迷人美丽。  
振奋人心话语燃烧心底，  
心在震颤不再蒙受冤屈。  
自由独立成为嘹亮号角，  
呼唤起义牧师扬起双臂，  
无所畏惧战争即将到来，  
面对死亡应该勇敢奋起，  
朝着暴戾君主拿起武器。

8. 他激情演讲，体态多变，  
他口若悬河，滔滔不绝，  
他愤怒而起，形象高大，  
他目光如炬，震惊全场。  
唱诗班吟唱，实难喘息。  
他突然抖开，宽大斗篷，  
他双手挥舞，激情难抑，  
看！台下目光，纷纷喷奇，  
他早已全身，战士装备。
9. 恰好那时光，空气瞬间已凝固，  
伯克莱高叫，“住口！你这个叛徒！  
上帝的殿堂，和平安宁之地！”  
另一声音叫喊，“不！绝非如此，  
耶和华将会，与公正站在一起，  
上帝的住所，乃人间美梦天堂，  
神圣的琼楼，为人类权利堡垒，  
它不会同意，被暴君抢夺盘踞。  
难忘时刻中，反抗和祷告同在。  
黎明星光里，自由与正义降临。”
10. 祷告结束后，会场的大门打开，  
那军队祭司，开始向民众游说，  
高声喇叭里，招募征兵的火爆，  
经久不停地，在会场上空起荡，  
激昂的话语，乍响在民众心头，  
震撼并催醒，尘封濒死的耳朵，

万民之惊悚，鼓乐齐鸣的浪潮，  
激励着生者，投入残酷的战争，  
看头顶上空，烈火在蔓延燃烧，  
全然不再是，古老平和的钟响，  
风声中炸开，声音已走调变样，  
听起来好像，狂飙绝不会停息，  
每一声钟声，发泄着激情热烈，  
铁质的音质，不再有满心喜悦，  
异口同声呼喊，“开战！开战！开战！”

11. “谁敢参军？”那爱国者高叫，  
他离开桌子，大踏步来到面前，  
“以自由名义，请与我奔向前线，  
为祖国生存，或者看着她灭亡？”  
森林般大手，刹那间挥舞天空，  
雷鸣海啸，吼声震天“我去！”“我去！”

## LESSON 66

### CONTROL [\[21\]](#) YOUR TEMPER

### 请君制怒

John Todd, D.D. (b. 1800, d. 1873), was born in Rutland, Vt. In 1842 he was settled as a pastor of a Congregational Church, in Pittsfield, Mass. In 1834, he published “Lectures to Children”; in 1835, “The Student’s Manual,” a valuable and popular work, which has been translated into several European languages; in 1836, “The Sabbath-School Teacher”; and in 1841, “The Lost Sister of Wyoming.” He was one of the founders of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

1. No one has a temper naturally so good, that it does not need attention and cultivation<sup>[22]</sup>, and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best disciplined<sup>[23]</sup> tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was naturally quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

2. The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who governs his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable<sup>[24]</sup> to others, as that of having a disposition which is your master, and which is continually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in impatience, if we choose.

3. Look at Roger Sherman, who rose from a humble occupation to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference by<sup>[25]</sup> that body of distinguished men. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

4. One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still reflected the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded<sup>[26]</sup>. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window blind!

5. I can not forbear adducing another instance of the power he had acquired over himself. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in their families. One morning he called them all together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the "old family Bible" was brought out, and laid on the table.



6. Mr. Sherman took his seat, and placed beside him one of his children, a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Besides these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated<sup>[27]</sup> mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished judge sat.

7. At length, he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child who was seated beside him made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. And this time he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged mother, who now, with some effort, rose from the seat, and tottered across the room. At length she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the force she could summon. “There,” said she, “you strike your child, and I will strike mine.”

8. For a moment, the blood was seen mounting to the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused; he raised his spectacles; he cast his eye upon his mother; again it fell upon the book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought in prayer an ability to set an example before his household which would be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more than the proudest one ever achieved<sup>[28]</sup> on the field of battle.

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·托德神学博士(1800~1873)出生于美国佛蒙特州拉特兰。1842年,他在美国马萨诸塞州皮茨菲尔德市一家公理教教堂做牧师。1834年,托德《对孩子们的演讲》一书出版。1835年他的《学生手册》一书问世,该书极有价值,流行甚广,曾被翻译为多种欧洲语言。1836年,他的《安息日学校教师》一书发行。1841年,他的《怀俄明丢失的妹妹》出版。约翰·托德神学博士是圣约克山女子神学院创始人之一。

1. 没有人天生就有好脾气,好脾气无需关注与培养;没有人天生就有坏脾气,但合适的教

育环境下，坏脾气可以变好。有这样一个事例，与最为训练有素的好脾气有关。一位先生生来性情急躁易怒、轻率暴虐，但是通过照看病人，特别那些患有精神病症的患者，他最终能够控制自身情绪，因此别人对他坦诚而无需设防，至于他的坏脾气，甚至不为人知。

2. 接受幸福抑或馈赠幸福的人，究竟能否掌控还是无法掌控自己的脾气，由此构成不同幸福感的巨大差异。人，不会永远面对不幸，不会总是悲观沮丧，或始终无法容忍别人，因此，拥有好性情乃做人之道，甚至不时为如何拥有好性情而忧心忡忡。我们很可能在生活转折中陷入诸多逆境，一旦受阻，倘若可以选择，我们或许急于逃避，或许失去耐心急于摆脱。

3. 以罗杰·谢尔曼为例来说，他从底层社会做起，直到在美国第一届国会拥有席位，他的大法官地位备受国会精英名流的仰慕推崇。谢尔曼先生对自己性情掌控从容，并在生活中作为至关重要的素养精心培育，以下一两个事例即可展示他光彩照人的性格魅力。

4. 有一天，当荣获最高荣誉后，他坐在客厅读书。他住处附近有一位恶作剧的淘气学生，他手拿一块镜片晃动，将光线径直反射在谢尔曼先生的脸上，他只是挪动一下自己椅子，不过还是未能逃过刺眼的光线。如此再三，光线仍然追逐他的脸。最后，他索性丢下书本，走到窗前，周围目睹此事的学生原以为他会严厉斥责那位粗鲁冒失的学生，他不过轻轻地放下窗帘，然后一声不吭地将窗户遮严！

5. 这里，不得不再提一例，看看谢尔曼先生如何控制自己的性情。他天生激情四射，凡事却冷静稳重，自我克制，最终达到心性调节的完美境界。就维系家庭的宗教形式来说，谢尔曼先生从不耻于主持。一天早晨，他像往常一样召集家人，带着他们向上帝祷告；他取出《圣经》，然后放置桌上。

6. 谢尔曼先生坐下，将他晚年所生的最小孩子放在身边座位上。全家人围圈坐好，其中有些孩子已经成人，也有孩子在学院做教师同时寄宿家中，大家都在约定时间到场。谢尔曼先生耄耋之年的母亲依偎角落，坐在这位声名显赫的法官对面。

7. 待大家安顿坐好，他打开《圣经》开始朗读。坐在他身边的孩子闹出些许响动，谢尔曼先生停下来，告诉孩子保持安静，然后继续诵读经文。那孩子仍然坐立不安，父亲只得再度停下，责备这位不懂事的小家伙，但生性爱动的孩子很难保持安静。做父亲的他，只是轻轻地拍打一下孩子的耳朵，如果不妨称为“拍打”的话。法官的老母亲看到这些，她费力地从座位上站起，蹒跚地走到桌子对面，来到谢尔曼先生身边，站立片刻；他万万没有想到的是，母亲用尽全

身力气，狠狠地给了他一记响亮的耳光。“既然，”她说，“你可以打你的孩子，我也可以打我的孩子。”

8. 片刻工夫，血从谢尔曼先生脸上渗出，他只是略作停息，再度戴好眼镜，看了看母亲，然后拿起书从先前暂停地方，一字不漏地开始重新朗读。全家人很快恢复了往常的宁静平和，谢尔曼先生再度冷静地完成了职责，在祷告中寻求一种为家庭竖立榜样的能力，一种值得孩子们模仿的能力。的确，就战场上自豪胜利者而言，这种内在美德实在超过军人的威武尊严。

## LESSON 67

### WILLIAM TELL

### 威廉·泰尔

James Sheridan Knowles (b. 1784, d. 1862), a dramatist and actor, was born in Cork, Ireland. In 1792 his father removed to London with his family. At the age of fourteen, Sheridan wrote an opera called “The Chevalier de Grillon.” In 1798 he removed to Dublin, and soon after began his career as an actor and author. In 1835 he visited America. In 1839 an annual pension of £200 was granted him by the British government. Several years before his death he left the stage and became a Baptist minister. The best known of his plays are “Caius Gracchus,” “Virginius,” “Leo, the Gypsy,” “The Hunchback,” and “William Tell,” from the last of which the following two lessons are abridged.

SCENE 1. —A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.

*Sar.* Down, slave! Behold the governor.

Down! down! and beg for mercy.

*Ges. (Seated.)* Does he hear?

*Sar.* He does, but braves thy power.

*Officer.* Why don't you smite him for that look?

*Ges.* Can I believe

My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps

His chains as he would make a weapon of them

To lay the smiter dead. (To Tell.)

Why speakest thou not?

*Tell.* For wonder.

*Ges.* Wonder?

*Tell.* Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

*Ges.* What should I seem?

*Tell.* A monster.

*Ges.* Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.

*Tell.* Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down

Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up

Erect, with nothing but the honest pride

Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,

Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?

How came they on me?

*Ges.* Darest thou question me?

*Tell.* Darest thou not answer?

*Ges.* Do I hear?

*Tell.* Thou dost.

*Ges.* Beware my vengeance!

*Tell.* Can it more than kill?

*Ges.* Enough; it can do that.

*Tell.* No; not enough:

It can not take away the grace of life;

Its comeliness<sup>[29]</sup> of look that virtue gives;

Its port<sup>[30]</sup> erect with consciousness of truth;

Its rich attire<sup>[31]</sup> of honorable deeds;

Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;

It can not lay its hands on these, no more

Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,

Or with polluted finger tarnish<sup>[32]</sup> it.

*Ges.* But it can make thee writhe.

*Tell.* It may.

*Ges.* And groan.

*Tell.* It may; and I may cry

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

*Ges.* Whence comest thou?

*Tell.* From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn

What news from thence?

*Ges.* Canst tell me any?

*Tell.* Ay: they watch no more the avalanche<sup>[33]</sup>.

*Ges.* Why so?

*Tell.* Because they look for thee. The hurricane

Comes unawares upon them; from its bed

The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

*Ges.* What do they then?

*Tell.* Thank heaven it is not thou!

Thou hast perverted nature in them.

There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes<sup>[34]</sup> them, but

The thought of thee—doth wither to a curse.

*Ges.* That's right! I'd have them like their hills,

That never smile, though wanton<sup>[35]</sup> summer tempt

Them e'er so much.

*Tell.* But they do sometimes smile.

*Ges.* Ay! when is that?

*Tell.* When they do talk of vengeance.

*Ges.* Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

*Tell.* Ay, and expect it too.

*Ges.* From whence?

*Tell.* From heaven!

*Ges.* From heaven?

*Tell.* And their true hands

Are lifted up to it on every hill

For justice on thee.

*Ges.* Where's thy abode?

*Tell.* I told thee, on the mountains.

*Ges.* Art married?

*Tell.* Yes.

*Ges.* And hast a family?

*Tell.* A son.

*Ges.* A son? Sarnem!

*Sar.* My lord, the boy—(Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.)

*Tell.* The boy? What boy?

Is 't mine? and have they netted<sup>[36]</sup> my young fledgeling<sup>[37]</sup>?

Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,

And share his father's ruin! But a look

Would put him on his guard—yet how to give it!

Now heart, thy nerve; forget thou 'rt flesh, be rock.

They come, they come!

That step—that step—that little step, so light

Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall

Upon my heart! I feel my child! (Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.)

'T is he! We can but perish.

*Alb. (Aside.)* Yes; I was right. It is my father's bow!

For there's my father! I'll not own him though!

*Sar.* See!

*Alb.* What?

*Sar.* Look there!

*Alb.* I do, what would you have me see?

*Sar.* Thy father.

*Alb.* Who? That—that my father?

*Tell.* My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!

He's safe! (Aside.)

*Sar.* (Aside to Gesler.) They're like each other.

*Ges.* Yet I see no sign

Of recognition<sup>[38]</sup> to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

*Sar.* My lord, I am sure it is his father. Look at them.

That boy did spring from him; or never cast

Came from the mold it fitted! It may be

A preconcerted<sup>[39]</sup> thing 'gainst such a chance.

That they survey each other coldly thus.

*Ges.* We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff<sup>[40]</sup>.

*Sar.* To a dungeon?

*Ges.* No; into the court.

*Sar.* The court, my lord?

*Ges.* And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

*Sar.* I did. He started; 't is his father.

*Ges.* We shall see. Away with him!

*Tell.* Stop! Stop!

*Ges.* What would you?

*Tell.* Time,—A little time to call my thoughts together!

*Ges.* Thou shalt not have a minute.

*Tell.* Some one, then, to speak with.

*Ges.* Hence with him!

*Tell.* A moment! Stop! Let me speak to the boy.

*Ges.* Is he thy son?

*Tell.* And if He were, art thou so lost to nature, as

To send me forth to die before his face?

*Ges.* Well! speak with him. Now, Sarnem, mark them well.

*Tell.* Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee

Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son

About thy age. Thou, I see, wast horn, like him, upon the hills:

If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thraldom<sup>[41]</sup>, he

May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee  
Relate to him what has been passing here,  
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,  
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,  
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my boy,  
To see thy country free, or die for her,  
As I do! (Albert weeps.)

*Sar.* Mark! he weeps.

*Tell.* Were he my son,  
He would not shed a tear! He would remember  
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan<sup>[42]</sup>  
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether<sup>[43]</sup> air;  
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,  
And meet the lightning, eye to eye; where last  
We spoke together, when I told him death  
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,  
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear!  
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek  
Should never blanch<sup>[44]</sup>, nor moisture dim his eye—  
I'd talk to him—

*Sar.* He falters!

*Tell.* 'T is too much!

And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

*Ges.* Of what?

*Tell.* The mother, tyrant, thou dost make  
A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.  
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,  
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.  
And I would charge him never to forget  
To love and cherish her, as he would have  
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!

*Sar.* You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

*Tell.* So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.

My boy! my boy! Oh, for the hills, the hills,  
To see him bound along their tops again, With liberty.

*Sar.* Was there not an the father in that look?

*Ges.* Yet 't is 'gainst nature.

*Sar.* Not if he believes

To own the son would be to make him share  
The father's death.

*Ges.* I did not think of that! 'T is well

The boy is not thy son. I've destined him

To die along with thee.

*Tell.* To die? For what?

*Ges.* For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead them forth.

*Tell.* He's but a child.

*Ges.* Away with them!

*Tell.* Perhaps an only child.

*Ges.* No matter.

*Tell.* He may have a mother.

*Ges.* So the viper hath;

And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?

*Tell.* I talk to stone! I talk to it as though

'T were flesh; and know 't is none. I'll talk to it

No more. Come, my boy;

I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to die.

*Ges.* He is thy child?

*Tell.* He is my child. (Weeps.)

*Ges.* I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?

*Tell.* My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now;

My name is Tell.

*Ges.* Tell? William Tell?

*Tell.* The same.

*Ges.* What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen,

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 't is said

His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take

Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life;

Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one

Condition.

*Tell.* Name it.

*Ges.* I would see you make

A trial of your skill with that same bow

You shoot so well with.

*Tell.* Name the trial you

Would have me make.

*Ges.* You look upon your boy

As though instinctively you guessed it.

*Tell.* Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon

My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the trial

You'd have me make? Guessed it

Instinctively? You do not mean—no—no,

You would not have me make a trial of



My skill upon my child! Impossible!

I do not guess your meaning.

*Ges.* I would see

Thou hit an apple at the distance of

A hundred paces.

*Tell.* Is my boy to hold it?

*Ges.* No.

*Tell.* No? I'll send the arrow through the core!

*Ges.* It is to rest upon his head.

*Tell.* Great heaven, you hear him!

*Ges.* Thou dost hear the choice I give:

Such trial of the skill thou art master of,

Or death to both of you, not otherwise

To be escaped.

*Tell.* O, monster!

*Ges.* Wilt thou do it?

*Alb.* He will! he will!

*Tell.* Ferocious monster! Make

A father murder his own child!

*Ges.* Take off his chains if he consent.

*Tell.* With his own hand!

*Ges.* Does he consent?

*Alb.* He does. (Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious what they do.)

*Tell.* With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand? This hand?

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?

'T is beyond horror! 'T is most horrible!

Amazement! (His chains fall off.) What's that you've done to me?

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands

Are free from blood, and have no guilt<sup>[45]</sup> for it,

That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I'll

Not murder my boy for Gesler.

*Alb.* Father! Father!

You will not hit me, father!

*Tell.* Hit thee? Send

The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,

Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips

Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair

Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart?

*Ges.* Dost thou consent?

*Tell.* Give me my bow and quiver.

*Ges.* For what?

*Tell.* To shoot my boy!

*Alb.* No, father, no!

To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

*Tell.* Lead me forth;

I'll make the trial!

*Alb.* Thank you!

*Tell.* Thank me? Do

You know for what? I will not make the trial.

To take him to his mother in my arms!

And lay him down a corse before her!

*Ges.* Then he dies this moment, and you certainly

Do murder him whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

*Tell.* Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.

*Alb.* Father!

*Tell.* Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb,

And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb;

And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop! Give me

My bow and quiver!

*Ges.* When all's ready.

*Tell.* Ready!—

I must be calm with such a mark to hit!

Don't touch me, child!—Don't speak to me!—Lead on!

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆斯·谢里登·诺尔斯(1784~1862),一位出生于爱尔兰科克的戏剧家兼演员。1792年,他的父亲携家重新搬回伦敦。14岁时,谢里登写了一部名为《蟋蟀骑士》的歌剧。1798年,他又再度迁居都柏林,并很快开始从事演员兼剧作者的职业生涯。1835年,他访问美国。1839年,英国政府授予他每年200英镑的年金。在他去世的前几年,谢里登离开舞台,成为浸礼会牧师。他最负盛名的戏剧为《凯厄斯·格拉古》、《弗吉尼厄斯》、《吉普赛人利奥》、《驼子》以及《威廉·泰尔》,以下两课节选最后一篇。

第一幕:城堡内一处房间。盖斯勒、众官吏、萨勒姆,以及带着镣铐、并由卫兵押解的泰尔走了进来。

萨勒姆:跪下,你这奴隶!看着长官。跪下!跪下!快请求饶恕。

盖斯勒:(坐好)他听见了吗?

萨勒姆:他听见了,但他无视你的威严。

某官吏:为什么不为他态度倨傲严加惩罚?

盖斯勒:我不敢相信,他居然在笑!天呀,他握着铁链想还击,好像准备置人死地。(对泰尔)为什么不说话?

泰尔:真是想不到。

盖斯勒:想不到什么?

泰尔:想不到,看起来你不像人。

盖斯勒:像什么?

泰尔:一个残忍的怪物。

盖斯勒:哈哈!当心!仔细看你身上的铁镣。

泰尔:看,这么多铁链,拖拽我快要趴在地上,我觉得,我还是能笔直站起来,不凭别的,就是坦诚地告诉你,你这个地道的篡位者,十足的怪兽!仔细看我的铁链?这铁链怎么套到我的身上?

盖斯勒:你竟敢质问我?

泰尔:你为什么不敢回答?

盖斯勒:我要听你的?

泰尔:是的。

盖斯勒：小心我报复！

泰尔：大不了一个死。

盖斯勒：那就足够了，很容易。

泰尔：不，远远不能，死亡不能翦灭生命的高贵；不能消除美德给予的俊朗，死亡不能摧毁睿智者的灵魂高蹈，不能褪去高尚情操者的华美衣裳，死亡不能剥夺正义者不乏优雅的谈吐；死亡无法触及这些崇高，就像你们这些手上肮脏的家伙，无法从太阳那里攫取一丝阳光。

盖斯勒：但是，我会让你吃苦头的。

泰尔：当然。

盖斯勒：我会让你痛苦不堪。

泰尔：没错。

盖斯勒：你可能还会痛苦呻吟。

泰尔：是的，很可能不停叫唤。

盖斯勒：你从哪里来？

泰尔：我从山里来。你听到那里传来的消息吗？

盖斯勒：你可以告诉我吗？

泰尔：天呀，我们的人再也看不到雪崩了。

盖斯勒：什么意思？

泰尔：他们在抓你，没想到暴风雪来了，山脚发生雪崩，他们陷进去了。

盖斯勒：然后呢？

泰尔：老天有眼无珠，难道不是你的缘故？你使老天加害于他们身上，不是赐予他们的祝福天堂，而恰恰是你内心想要的毒咒。

盖斯勒：不错，我就是想让他们像大山那样，再也不会开口说话，尽管夏天万物繁茂，对他们来说诱惑实在太多。

泰尔：可他们经常还会说笑。

盖斯勒：哦，什么时候？

泰尔：每次谈起复仇的时候。

盖斯勒：什么？他们敢说复仇？

泰尔：哈，不仅谈论，还在指望。

盖斯勒：他们在哪里？

泰尔：他们在天上！

盖斯勒：在天上？

泰尔：每一座山伸向真实的复仇双手，正义要求你血债血偿。

盖斯勒：你住在哪里？

泰尔：我告诉过你，在山上。

盖斯勒：你结婚了吗？

泰尔：是的。

盖斯勒：家里还有别的人吗？

泰尔：一个儿子。

盖斯勒：儿子？萨勒姆！

萨勒姆：老爷，那孩子——（盖斯勒示意萨勒姆示意别声张，对他耳语几句，将他打发出去）

泰尔：孩子？谁的孩子？我的儿子？他们设计陷害我那不懂事的孩子？他们这样做，老天会开眼的！儿子会认同我，和他父亲一起面对灾难！可无论谁看他一眼，他也会立刻惊觉，怎么告诉他呢？我的宝贝！小心点，别害怕，坚强些。他们来了，他们来抓你了！那脚步声，轻轻地一点点走近了，却是重重地踩在我的心上。孩子呀，我能感觉你过来了。

（萨勒姆带着阿尔伯特走了进来，阿尔伯特眼睛紧紧盯着萨勒姆手上拿着的弓弩。）就是他！大家都愣住了。

阿尔伯特：（闪到一边）是的，我没看错，就是我爸爸的弓箭！虽然我还没看见我爸爸，他一定在这里！

萨勒姆：看那边！

阿尔伯特：哪儿？

萨勒姆：那边！

阿尔伯特：我看了，你让我看谁呀？

萨勒姆：你爸爸呀！

阿尔伯特：谁？那——那是我爸爸？

泰尔：孩子，我的孩子，勇敢的好孩子！他很好。（闪到一边）

萨勒姆：（闪在一边对盖斯勒说）他们俩长得很像。

盖斯勒：我可看不出丝毫破绽，这父亲和孩子长得一点也不像。

萨勒姆：老爷，我相信那家伙就是那孩子父亲，你看他俩，那男孩确实与泰尔很像，否则

怎会有同样的模子刻出来？虽然他们不过彼此冷淡地打量一下，或许，那是他们事先想好的对策来应付这样场合。

盖斯勒：我们来查个究竟，带上那个混蛋。

萨勒姆：去地牢？

盖斯勒：不，去法庭。

萨勒姆：法庭吗，老爷？

盖斯勒：派人通知法官做好准备，快去！那奴隶很快将被处死，你注意到那孩子表情吗？

萨勒姆：我确实看到，他感到吃惊；那家伙就是他父亲。

盖斯勒：我们来看看，把孩子给我带走！

泰尔：慢着！慢着！

盖斯勒：你要做什么？

泰尔：给我点时间，让我想一下！

盖斯勒：你没有时间了。

泰尔：我有话要说，

盖斯勒：把他带走！

泰尔：等会，停一下！我想和那孩子说句话。

盖斯勒：他是你儿子？

泰尔：如果他是我儿子，你们难道这么丧尽天良，让我在他的面前被处死？

盖斯勒：好！和那孩子说吧。萨勒姆，你可要把他们看好咯！

泰尔：孩子，你不认识我，即使这样，没关系。我的儿子和你差不多大，我看着你，就像看他一样，你们都是大山的孩子。如果万一你能逃出这里，他或许能遇见你；如果你们能见面，我请求你告诉他这里发生的事情，告诉他，我把手就是这样放到你的头顶，对你这样说话，如果他在这里，也会和你现在一样，因此，我真心地祝福你。你必须活下去，我的孩子，看到你的国家获得自由的那一天，或者像我这样，为国家而死。（阿尔伯特哭泣）

萨勒姆：看！那孩子在哭。

泰尔：如果他是我的儿子，他不会流一滴眼泪，他会记住在山里的悬崖峭壁上，他曾经接受严格训练，学会辨别来自很远的风中声音，学会倾听雷鸣，学会与闪电面对面对话。当我最后一次与他交谈时，我对他说，死亡将珍贵的宝石馈赠有尊严的生命；由于人的高尚美德，死亡将拥抱有尊严的个体，他听后流下了眼泪。如果他现在在这里，我也会对他说，你的脸颊不会苍白，眼泪不会让眼睛黯淡，我想要对他说——

萨勒姆：那孩子在发抖。

泰尔：我说得太多了。不过，这些都是必须要说的，我还想和他谈谈——

盖斯勒：还谈什么？

泰尔：谈谈他的妈妈。暴君，你确实让一个女人成为寡妇。我想和他谈谈那女人。我让他保证转告那位母亲，在自由快要来到时，我最后说出的是她的名字。我要让他发誓别忘记他妈妈，更要疼爱她，珍惜她，这些都是他的儿子获得父亲的临终祝福！

萨勒姆：你看，他快快地说，让孩子快快地记。

泰尔：孩子，你都记下来了，太棒了，太让我感动了，孩子！我的孩子！哦，希望能再看到你自由自在地在山间奔跑玩耍。

萨勒姆：他难道一点不认父亲？

盖斯勒：不错，那有违天性。

萨勒姆：他不会认他的儿子，他才不会让孩子和自己一起去送死。



盖斯勒：我根本不这么想！好哇，哪怕这孩子不是你儿子，可我让他和你一起去死。

泰尔：和我一起死，为什么？

盖斯勒：因为你所作所为冒犯了我的威严，把他们带走！

泰尔：他不过是个孩子。

盖斯勒：把他们带走！

泰尔：这么小的孩子。

盖斯勒：不要再说了。

泰尔：他或许还有母亲。

盖斯勒：你心这么狠，还有谁为那母亲饶恕这孩子？

泰尔：你们真是铁石心肠！丧尽天良！没有用，什么也别再说了。过来，我的孩子！我教你怎样活着，也让你知道怎样去死。

盖斯勒：他真是你的孩子？

泰尔：他是我的儿子。（哭泣）

盖斯勒：我用尽手段，他才流下一滴眼泪。你的名字？

泰尔：我的名字？现在问这些有用吗？我叫泰尔。

盖斯勒：泰尔？威廉·泰尔？

泰尔：没错。

盖斯勒：什么！你……你真是那个大名鼎鼎、身经百战的威廉·泰尔？你那些同胞的头领？照这么说，你居然就是这把弩弓主人，从来都是箭无虚发！天呀！

我会来次完美的复仇！听好！我将赦免你，还有你的孩子。从现在开始，你们自由了，只是你要答应我的唯一条件。

泰尔：说吧。

盖斯勒：我要看看，让你用那把弓弩露一手，听说你射技相当不错。

泰尔：说吧，你到底要我做什么。

盖斯勒：你看了一眼你的孩子，你的本能反应似乎不错。

泰尔：看我的孩子？什么意思？难道看看孩子，就能猜对？猜测一下你究竟要我做什么？本能反应？你不是指的是——，不，不，你不能让我用自己孩子来证明我的射技！绝不可能！我没有猜到你的意思。

盖斯勒：我想看看你是否能在一百码开外射中一个苹果。

泰尔：我的儿子手拿苹果？

盖斯勒：不！

泰尔：如果他不拿，我会射穿苹果的果核。

盖斯勒：苹果必须放到你儿子的头顶。

泰尔：万能的主！听听他究竟说了什么！

盖斯勒：听好，这是我给你的选择：看看你射技究竟如何，否则你俩都得死，没人能活下来。

泰尔：天呀，你这个畜生！

盖斯勒：你不愿试一下？

阿尔伯特：愿意！他会愿意的！

泰尔:残忍的魔鬼,让父亲谋杀他自己的孩子。

盖斯勒:如果愿意,就取下你的镣铐。

泰尔:这不是亲手谋杀吗?

盖斯勒:你同意吗?

阿尔伯特:他同意。(盖斯勒对身边士兵示意,士兵上前打开他的镣铐,泰尔对他们的行为茫然不知)

泰尔:亲手谋杀,谋杀自己儿子?用这双手?我自己的双手?儿子小时候,我用手牵他走路,这实在太可怕,难以想象的罪恶。简直是残暴无耻!(镣铐已被打开)你们对我做了什么?你们这群混蛋!把我的锁链戴好!我的手没有沾上血,没有血污的腥味,但现在却要结束亲身儿子的性命,就用这双手!不!我不会为盖斯勒那恶魔杀害我的孩子。

阿尔伯特:爸爸!爸爸!你不会射中我的,爸爸!

泰尔:射中?射出的箭能穿透你的脑袋;偏一点,就会射中你的眼睛;躲过眼睛,又会射穿你的脸,我看过你妈妈亲吻多少次的那张小嘴;或者刺过你的头发,那简直就是挖你妈妈的心肝呀!

盖斯勒:你愿意吗?

泰尔:把我的箭和箭袋给我。

盖斯勒:想好了?

泰尔:我要杀死我的儿子。

阿尔伯特:不,爸爸,不要!救救我!你一定要射中那个苹果.你难道不愿意救我吗?

泰尔:我要做,我要试试。

阿尔伯特:谢谢爸爸!

泰尔：谢谢我？你知道为什么？孩子，我不会沦陷为试验品，抱着孩子走到他母亲那里，在她的眼前放下儿子的尸体！

盖斯勒：不然的话，他现在就得死，你确实在谋害你的儿子，不过，你只有一次机会，试，还是不试？

泰尔：好，我来，我要试试。

阿尔伯特：爸爸！

泰尔：不要和我说话！不要让我听见你的声音，你必须一声不吭，周围不能有哪怕丁点声音，所有的人都不能出声，还有圣灵——除非上天的雷能够目睹这一罪恶，一道电闪雷鸣就将这里彻底炸翻！把我的箭和箭袋给我！

盖斯勒：准备好了吗？

泰尔：是的！——我必须沉着冷静地射中目标！不要动，孩子！不要和我说话，坚持住！

（幕落）

## LESSON 68

### WILLIAM TELL<sub>(CONCLUDED)</sub>

#### 威廉·泰尔（结束篇）

SCENE 2.—*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers--one bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples.*

*Ges.* That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence  
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

*Tell.* Is the line a true one?

*Ges.* True or not, what is't to thee?

*Tell.* What is't to me? A little thing.

A very little thing; a yard or two

Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf  
I shot at! Never mind.

*Ges.* Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

*Tell.* I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!

You measure to the sun.

*Ges.* And what of that?

What matter whether to or from the sun?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I can not see to shoot against the sun:

I will not shoot against the sun!

*Ges.* Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

*Tell.* I shall remember it. I'd like to see

The apple I'm to shoot at.

*Ges.* Stay! show me the basket! there!

*Tell.* You've picked the smallest one.

*Ges.* I know I have.

*Tell.* Oh, do you? But you see

The color of it is dark: I'd have it light,

To see it better.

*Ges.* Take it as it is;

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

*Tell.* True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder

I did not think of that. Give me some chance

To save my boy!—

I will not murder him,

If I can help it—for the honor of

The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

*(Throws away the apple with all his force.)*

*Ges.* Well: choose thyself.

*Tell.* Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

*Verner.* *(Rushing forward.)* Here, Tell.

*Tell.* I thank thee, Verner!

He is a friend runs out into a storm

To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.

When once the bow is bent, we can not take

The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be

The issue of this hour, the common cause

Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun

Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!

The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage

To stand it?

*Ver.* Yes.

*Tell.* Does he tremble?

*Ver.* No.

*Tell.* Art sure?

*Ver.* I am.

*Tell.* How looks he?

*Ver.* Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it, look yourself.

*Tell.* No, no, my friend:

To hear it is enough.

*Ver.* He bears himself so much above his years—

*Tell.* I know! I know!

*Ver.* With constancy so modest—

*Tell.* I was sure he would—

*Ver.* And looks with such relying love

And reverence upon you—

*Tell.* Man! Man! Man!

No more! Already I'm too much the father

To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!

I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel

I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees, and place this apple

Upon his head, so that the stem may front me.

Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him

I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this

More briefly than I tell it thee.

*Ver.* Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)

*Alb.* May I not speak with him before I go?

*Ver.* No.

*Alb.* I would only kiss his hand.

*Ver.* You must not.

*Alb.* I must; I can not go from him without.

*Ver.* It is his will you should.

*Alb.* His will, is it?

I am content, then; come.

*Tell.* My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

*Alb.* My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)

*Tell.* If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,

My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;

Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!

*(The bow is handed to him.)*

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou  
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,  
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,  
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver.

*Ges.* Give him a single arrow.

*Tell.* Do you shoot?

*Soldier.* I do.

*Tell.* Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.

That's all the use't is fit for. *(Breaks it.)*

*Ges.* Let him have another.

*Tell.* Why,'t is better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft;

I'll not shoot with it! *(Throws it away.)* Let

me see my quiver.

Bring it!'T is not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less

A dove like that.

*Ges.* It matters not.

Show him the quiver.

*Tell.* See if the boy is ready.

*(Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.)*

*Ver.* He is.

*Tell.* I'm ready too! Keep silent, for

Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have

Your prayers, your prayers, and be my witnesses

That if his life's in peril from my hand,

'Tis only for the chance of saving it. *(To the people.)*

*Ges.* Go on.

*Tell.* I will.

O friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless

and silent. *(Tell shoots. A shout of exultation*

*bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his*

*bosom; he with difficulty supports him—*

*self on his bow.)*

*Ver. (Rushing in with Albert.)* The boy is safe, no  
hair of him is touched.

*Alb.* Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father.

Speak to me! Speak to me!

*Ver.* He can not, boy!

*Alb.* You grant him life?

*Ges.* I do.

*Alb.* And we are free?

*Ges.* You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

*Alb.* Open his vest,

And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest,  
and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes  
on Albert and clasps him to his breast.*)

*Tell.* My boy! My boy!

*Ges.* For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

*Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

## 【中文阅读】

第二幕：众人看来心情沮丧，慢步走了过来，包括众官吏、萨勒姆、盖斯勒，还有泰尔和阿尔伯特及士兵们，其中一位士兵拿着泰尔的箭和箭袋，另外一位士兵拿着一袋苹果。

盖斯勒：那是你站的地方。然后，士兵们从那测出一百码距离，以此距离计算。

泰尔：那条线可靠吗？

盖斯勒：是否可靠，对你来说，又怎么样呢？

泰尔：对我来说怎么样？这事很小，应该不值一提；不管怎么说，相差一两码距离实在算不上什么，假如我的射击目标为野兽，那完全不必介意。

盖斯勒：要知道感恩，你这奴隶！无论如何，我们在对你施以恩典。

泰尔：我会感激在心，盖斯勒，你这个恶棍！停下！你量到太阳上去了。

盖斯勒：你什么意思？这距离与太阳有什么关系？

泰尔：我得背着太阳，阳光应该照在目标上，不是直接照射在射箭人的脸上。迎着光线怎



么行，我绝对不能面对阳光射箭！

盖斯勒：给他调换方向！你要感激我的慈悲。

泰尔：我会记住，我还想看看马上射箭需要的苹果。

盖斯勒：等一会，把那个苹果篮拿来！这里！

泰尔：你挑选个最小的苹果。

盖斯勒：是的。

泰尔：噢，看呀。你看这苹果颜色太暗，我想要个颜色亮丽点的，才能看得更清楚。

盖斯勒：就这苹果吧，假如你能射中，岂不说明你本事更大？

泰尔：不错，太对了！我没有想到这点，很奇怪，我怎么没想到？我不会杀害我的孩子，如果我能为我佩剑身份的荣誉帮上什么忙，如果你还有一点悲悯的话，多给我些机会救救我的孩子！

（使出全力将那苹果扔掉。）

盖斯勒：好吧，让你自己挑吧。

泰尔：这里有人能帮忙吗？

弗纳：（冲上前。）我可以帮忙，泰尔。

泰尔：谢谢你，弗纳！

你是一位冲进暴风雨里帮助我们的朋友。这里，我必须简单说些需要注意的事。一旦弓被拉弯，我还不能随即放箭。弗纳，问题关键在于，无论如何必须确保孩子站在原地一动不动，绝不能让明天的太阳照耀在暴君的旗帜上！弗纳，拜托你了！孩子，我的孩子，你觉得他有勇气站在那吗？

弗纳：他有勇气。

泰尔：他会发抖吗？

弗纳：不会。

泰尔：你确信吗？

弗纳：我确信。

泰尔：他现在怎么样？

弗纳：他的头脑很清楚，露出微笑。如果不信，不妨看看你自己。

泰尔：不，不，我信。听到这些，我真的足以欣慰了。

弗纳：这些年，这孩子吃过很多苦，超过他同龄的孩子。

泰尔：是的，我清楚！

弗纳：他一直那么谦卑。

泰尔：是的，我相信。

弗纳：看起来，对你那么依恋，那么景仰崇敬你。

泰尔：你真是好心，大好人呀！什么也别再说了，作为父亲，我实在感到太多的愧意。弗纳，不多说了，我的朋友。我要准备放箭了，快了，就要开始了，别让我感到不在状态。别干扰我！看好孩子，叮嘱好他，弗纳，让他背朝着我，让他跪下。把苹果放到他头上，将苹果摆放端正。弗纳，务必让孩子心态稳定，告诉他我会击中那个苹果！弗纳，尽量做得比我告诉你的更简单。

弗纳：过来，阿尔伯特！（领他走出。）

阿尔伯特：我离开前，不能和爸爸说话吗？

弗纳：不能，孩子。

阿尔伯特：我只是想亲亲他的手。

弗纳：不能。

阿尔伯特：我实在想他，见不到爸爸，我不想走。

弗纳：这是你爸爸说的，你该听话。

阿尔伯特：我爸爸说的？是吗？那我愿意，好的，走吧。

泰尔：我的孩子！（向孩子伸出胳膊。）

弗纳：爸爸！（冲着泰尔跑过来，扑起他的怀里。）

泰尔：如果你能勇敢地承受劫难，难道我更不应该坚持吗？去吧，孩子，记着，千万别动。我会射中那苹果！快去！上帝保佑你！去吧，把我的弓给我！（弓被递到他的手中。）弓箭呀，你不会让你的主人失望，好吗？你也从未让他失望，我的老伙计。我相信你，你很忠诚，也很强壮有力，让我再看看箭袋。

盖斯勒：一支箭就够了！

泰尔：你射箭吗？

士兵：是的。

泰尔：朋友，这是你挑的箭？你看，箭头已经弯了，箭翎也有破损，我不会用这样的弓箭的。（将箭折断）

盖斯勒：再给他拿支箭。

泰尔：好，这支比第一支好。不过，如果我要射中苹果的话，还不够好。至于这支箭，箭杆过重，还是不能用！（将其扔掉）让我看看我的箭袋，把我的箭袋拿过来！10多支中找不出一支像样的箭用来射鸽子，而苹果比鸽子又要小得多。

盖斯勒:好吧,就让他从自己箭袋里找吧。

泰尔:再看看孩子准备好了没有?

(泰尔悄悄将一支箭藏进外衣。)

弗纳:孩子准备好了。

泰尔:(对周围人说道)我也安排妥当!请安静,以圣主名义,千万别弄出一点声响。让我接受主的祈祷,只有你的祈祷,才能见证我的儿子的安危在我的手里,这是唯一能够拯救他的机会。

盖斯勒:开始吧。

泰尔:好。哦,朋友们,仁慈为怀,请千万别动,务必安静。(泰尔开弓射击,人群中发出一阵欢呼声。泰尔的头耷拉胸前,他费了很大力气,才扶住弓弩站住。)

弗纳:(带着阿尔伯特冲了过来)孩子没事,毫发无伤。

阿尔伯特:爸爸,我很好,你的阿尔伯特一点事也没有,亲爱的爸爸。

你快说话,快说话呀!

弗纳:孩子,让他歇一会。

阿尔伯特:先生,你饶恕他的性命了?

盖斯勒:是的。

阿尔伯特:我和爸爸都自由了?

盖斯勒:是的。(暗中极为气愤)

阿尔伯特:快解开他的外套,让他喘喘气。(阿尔伯特解开父亲外衣,那支箭掉在地上,泰尔猛然一愣,眼睛盯着阿尔伯特,一把将他搂进怀里)

泰尔：我的儿子，我的儿子！

盖斯勒：你在胸口藏那支箭做什么？说，你这奴隶！

泰尔：如果我失手杀害了我的孩子，这支箭就留给你这个暴君！

## LESSON 69

### THE CRAZY ENGINEER

### 癡狂的火车司机

1. My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engineer, for I supposed there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed.

2. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if anyone of them felt competent<sup>[46]</sup> to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

3. The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

4. It was past nine o'clock. "Come, why don't we start?" growled an old, fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes. And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture<sup>[47]</sup> some one touched me

on the elbow. I turned, and saw a stranger by my side. I thought that he was going to remonstrate<sup>[48]</sup> with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

5. However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant,—so brilliant that I could not gaze steadily into it, though I tried; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

6. “You want an engineer, I understand,” he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

“I do,” I replied. “My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place.”

“Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you.”

“Ha!” I uttered, “are you an engineer?”

“I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running.”

7. Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man’s offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the engine in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness<sup>[49]</sup> amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety.

8. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed<sup>[50]</sup> once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff, a groaning of the heavy axletrees, a trembling of the building, and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station house was far behind us.

9. In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers, that had come on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

“But,” he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, “wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. Why, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours?”

10. I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, and was awaiting us at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.



11. “How we go,” uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

“The new engineer is trying the speed,” I replied, not yet having any fear. But ere long I began to apprehend<sup>[51]</sup> he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear

exclamations of fright from the passengers.

“Good heavens!” cried one of the guards, coming in at that moment, “what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going.”

12. I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

13. “Sir,” he gasped, “is Martin Kroller on the engine?”

“Yes,” I told him.

“What! didn’t you know him?”

“Know?” I repeated, somewhat puzzled; “what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—”

“You took him!” interrupted the man. “Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow.”

14. The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the back platform of the tender<sup>[52]</sup>, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his



teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

15. “Kroller! Kroller!” I cried, at the top of my voice. The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

“Ha! ha! ha!” he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

“They said that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they said it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I’ve got it! Ho! ho! ho! we’re on the way to the moon, I say! We’ll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I’ll shoot you.”

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

16. “Here’s Little Oscue just before us,” cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not be able to stop, in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

17. But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

“Merciful heavens!” gasped the guardsman, “there’s not a moment to lose; Schwetz is close. But hold,” he added; “let’s shoot him.”

18. At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision<sup>[53]</sup> that he knocked the pistol from the maniac’s hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood, which he caught as he came over the tender.

19. Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the free steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz.

20. Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

“He came,” said the guard, “and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled.”

“Well,” I replied, with a shudder, “I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic.”

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and

then started on.

21. The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again; his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine. But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 火车在八点左右离开丹兹克，每周仅一个班次，通常，火车要等来自斯德哥尔摩的轮船上下船乘客上车后发车。今天早上，轮船抵达后，我从宾馆走出，发现当班的火车司机伤势严重，显然已不能正常上班，我立即赶去机车库，想找位司机顶班，我原以为机车库会有三四位机动司机，但是最后只有失望而归。

2. 听见汽轮发出巨大汽笛声，一刻钟后，旅客们将抵达车站。我向警卫处跑去，咨询他们是否知道哪里能找到火车司机，他们无从应答。接着，我又跑去锅炉班，询问他们是否了解有人能充任司机，将火车一路开到布朗伯格。大家面面相觑，无人敢试。从丹兹克到布朗伯格行程几乎一百英里，接下来该怎么办？

3. 轮船已经泊靠码头，那些准备赶火车的旅客朝火车站蜂拥而来。旅客们在船上吃完早餐，正准备迎接新的一天。火车卧在长长的站房前，一切准备就绪，远处车头冒出白烟，不耐烦地噗噗吼着。

4. 九点已过。“嗨！为什么还不开车？”一位年迈肥胖的瑞典人向我吼叫，他一直仔细地打量我，差不多直直盯了一刻钟。随后，周围一片质问叹气冲着我嚷起，很快变成了成群抱怨。恰好那时，有人用肘碰了碰我，转身一看，身边站着位陌生人，我以为，他将指责为何拖延开车时间。其实当时，我真想一把扯掉身上的制服，因为，每一双焦虑眼睛无不注视我制服上佩戴的列车长佩章。

5. 那位陌生的中年人，身材高大、壮实，看起来精力充沛、富有睿智。望着他那双黝黑闪亮的眼睛，亮得似乎无法凝视片刻，直入深处。他的嘴唇很薄，看来更像抛光后的大理石。他全身上下黑色装束，服装极为考究，洁净笔挺。

6. “我知道，你需要一位火车司机。”他开口对我说，声音低沉，言语谨慎，同时冷静地环顾着周围，好像不希望有人听见我们之间的对话。

“确实需要。”我说道，“火车就要开了，这地方方圆二十英里内却找不到一位司机。”

“哦，是这样。先生，我将去布朗伯格，一定要坐这班车走，我来给你开车。”

“太好了！”我开口问，“你是司机？”

“当然，先生，我可是这个国家资格最老的司机——我正在从事自己研发的如何将蒸气应用到机车项目的重大改进，我叫马丁·克罗尔。如果你愿意，我可以将火车开到布朗伯格，我要让你看看什么叫跑起来的火车。”

7. 天呀，我难道不够走运？我决定接受那位陌生人的请求，因此便一口应允下来，他笑着点了下头，表示赞同我的认可。接着，我带他去了站台机车处，在那里见到了当班的锅炉工，他已为火车启程做好了所有准备。随后，克罗尔先生登上了机车驾驶厢，我紧紧跟随着他，迄今为止，我还从未见过其他人能像他那样具有非凡的掌控机器才能，他一边迅捷地查看蒸汽阀，一边小心翼翼地观察；然后，他来到极为整洁有序的行李车厢查看。

8. 我转了一圈，目睹了他的实际操作能力，心中顿时如释重负，感到踏实多了。我将火车运行大权交与这位新人，然后准备匆忙离开赶去处理公事。当时车上广播正播放通知，嘱咐所有旅客尽快回到座位坐好，很快，我便与那位新司机挥手作别。机车噗噗声愈发大声响起，笨重的火车轴轮发出刺耳的吱嘎吱嘎声，周围空气随之颤动起来，火车终于启动了。我跨上警卫队车厢，不过片刻，机车房便远远消失身后。

9. 不到一个钟头，我们已抵达德肖，火车停站，上来一些旅客，火车接着驶往哥尼斯堡，我前去找马丁，想询问他对驾驶这列机车的感觉，他回答中透出非常满意的神情。

“不过，”他接着说，眼里闪出奇异的光泽，“一旦我的改造完成，你才可以领略真正的旅行。哎呀，那时我才能开着自己研发的火车一天内到达月球。”

10. 我笑了起来，他可真够大胆激情，随后我返回车厢。哥尼斯堡站上旅客全部上车后，行李箱挂接完毕，火车又开动了。不一会，我走进警卫车厢坐下，一列来自哥尼斯堡的早班火车两小时前已经驶过，在小奥斯卡站等着我们，在那里，我们将发往西部的邮包装上车。

11. 火车离开德肖大约一刻钟后，“怎么回事？”一位警卫问道。

“新来的司机正在测速。”我顺口回答，没有任何异常感觉。不多久，我的内心开始隐隐不安，这位新人开得实在有点太快了。这时，车厢开始前后摇摆，我甚至听到了旅客们恐惧的尖叫。

“天啊！”一位警卫随即叫着，“那家伙在做什么？先生，看看这车怎么跑的？”

12. 我朝窗外望去，火车正以从未有过的速度箭一般向前飞驰，那些无法辨清的标杆、栅栏、山体以及树木统统呼啸而过，车厢摇摆愈发让人恐惧。我离开车厢，在过道遇到一位旅客，他是我们那条铁路投资的一家大股东，当时正准备前往柏林。此刻，他脸色煞白，情绪极为激动。

13. “先生，”他倒抽了一口凉气，“难道是马丁·克罗尔在开车？”

“不错，正是他。”我对他说。

“天呀，你难道不知道他？”

“怎么回事？”我再次询问，有点丈二和尚摸不着头脑，“你说的什么意思？他对我说，他叫马丁·克罗尔，是位火车司机。当时，我们找不到火车司机，而且——”

“你就让他来开！”他打断了我的话，“我的老天，先生，这家伙简直疯狂得不可理喻！他绞尽脑汁地策划一项蒸气动力的新计划，我在站台房见到他，由于当时匆忙，我没有看清。刚才一位乘客告诉我，今天早上，你的火车司机们全都不在，于是你找到一位陌生人，我马上意识到，我遇见的那人正是马丁·克罗尔，他是从斯德丁的医院里逃出来的，不管怎样，你要尽快让他将火车停下来。”

14. 可怕的真相就在我的面前，火车仍然还在分分秒秒加速，加速。我清楚，每小时提速不过数英里的列车亦足以带我们大家走向坟墓。我招呼一位警卫过来，然后尽快赶去机车。我走到供给车厢操作台后端，马丁站在引擎室旁边，他的帽子和外套脱掉了，长长的黑发在风中

杂乱飞舞，衬衫纽扣也解开了，袖口高高挽起，嘴里居然还衔着一把枪。他的眼珠瞪着溜圆，直勾勾地看着那位锅炉工，那位工人手脚不停，正忙着给机车添加燃料，炉膛已塞得满满当当，门闩也烧得通红，整列火车颤抖摇晃着，好像立马要散了架似的。

15. “克罗尔！克罗尔！”我声嘶力竭地叫着，那位疯狂的司机愣了一下，将手枪用手接住。天呀，那双瞪如牛铃的黑眼睛扑闪着，那脸看起来那么可怖惨白！

“哈！哈！哈！”他魔鬼般嘶叫着，像一头醒狮那样瞪视我。

“他们说无法做到！可是，看呀！看呀！看我新的机车！看我新的发动机！我创造出新的速度，他们嫉妒死我了！这是我的功劳，所有发明完成后，他们从我这偷走技术，可是我，才是这一发明的主人。多年来，我一直到处寻找我那了不起的发动机，他们一直说那是不可能造出来的，就在今天早上，就在丹兹克，我终于找到了，我决心拥有它，我总算成功了。嗨！嗨！嗨！我们已在去月球的路上。我宣布，我们将在24小时后抵达月球。蹲下，蹲下，你这个浑蛋！如果你再敢动一下，我就开枪。”

此刻，那可伶的锅炉工正想立身站起，听见克罗尔的疯狂吼叫，吓得连忙匍匐在地，不敢动弹。

16. “我们前方就是小奥斯卡。”一名警卫情急中喊道，说时迟，那时快，那些建筑群已扑面而来。我心里泛起一阵恶心，我清楚或许我们已踏上了不归路，房舍箭一般飞快掠过。我知道，此处站台的执勤官如果像往常那样转动手柄，火车势必引起可怕碰撞，我们一车人就将彻底完蛋。我看见一道闪光，那是另一列火车，——我不由得闭上了双眼，可火车仍在闪电般奔驰。站台执勤官觉察到我们这列火车速度不同寻常，知道我们无法停止，隔着老远，他们便变换了岔道，整节列车才得以继续冲向前方。

17. 如果列车不停止的话，前方仍然遭遇死亡。此时，我们距离位于维斯的希维切镇只有15英里了。以目前速度计算，几分钟内我们即可到达，因为此刻列车速度已达到每分钟一英里以上。铁轨剧烈的碰撞声激起旅客们的尖叫，远远比那位着魔般疯狂、不停嘶喊的司机更为恐怖。

“仁慈的上帝！”警卫气喘吁吁地说，“几乎没有时间了，希维切快到了，抓牢点。”他接着说，“我来枪击他！”

18. 就在那时，一位高大健壮学生模样的德国人走到我们站立的过道，看到那疯子正用沉重的手枪对准我们，那学生抓起一块大砖木，屏气凝神片刻，准确猛力地砸向那疯子手里的手枪，一道我来不及下令的闪电出手，就在那惊心动魄的刹那，手枪落地了，我猛扑向前，那位德国学生紧接身后，我抓住克罗尔的胳膊，假如我独自一人，或许根本无法制服他的疯狂举动；如果身边德国学生不用那块砖木猛击他的头部，那根他走到过道时顺手操起的木块，克罗尔很可能将我用力摔出过道。

19. 克罗尔像具尸体应声瘫倒在地，我即刻关闭了蒸汽开关，打开阀门。逸出的蒸汽尖锐地嘶叫着，火车开始慢慢地减速。几分钟后，危险排除了。我仰坐在地，内心完全陷入狂噪不安的暴怒。火车绕过那条河，我尚未完全恢复到正常状态，待回过神来，那位锅炉工已将火车停在了希维切车站的站台上。

20. 此刻马丁仍然不省人事，我们将他从火车上抬下，然后送到车站警卫室，一位警卫认出了他。他告诉我们，大约两星期前，克罗尔曾来过希维切。

“这人来后，”那位警卫说，“指天发誓说停放附近的那辆机车是他的，他还说，那是他自造的发动机，准备开往月球，后来却被人偷走了。我们动用了相当警力展开抓捕，但他还是逃脱了。”

“原来如此，”我感慨万分，心中仍然不寒而栗，“他当时也以类似的方式接近我，那该多好！不过，在丹兹克他更加小心谨慎了。”

在希维切，我们得以找到一位火车司机，负责去布朗伯格的剩下路程。列车卸下那些西去邮件，等待下趟北去的邮车，我们也知道马丁·克罗尔将会受到精心关照，就这样，火车再度鸣笛上路了。

在希维切，我们找到了火车司机，负责驾驶去布朗伯格的剩余路程，列车卸下那些西去邮件，等待下趟去北路的邮件可以顺便捎带，我们也看到马丁·克罗尔接受到良好治疗，我们又重新上路了。

21. 接下来的路程相当平稳顺畅，尽管我看见旅客们未必彻底放心，哪怕对铁轨的恐惧彻底消除后，他们亦未必心安。马丁·克罗克由于外物重击失去知觉大约两周之久，身体逐步恢复后，他已经安然无恙，所幸的是，他的精神不再错乱，意识也恢复正常了。三周后，我再次见

到了马丁·克罗克,但他根本记不起我了,也记不起过去的事情,甚至包括那列火车上发生的所有荒诞行为。然而,我还记得,直到今天也一直铭记在心。民众需要的并非恐惧,而我,却凭借一位癫狂司机的手,将其强加到他们身上。

## LESSON 70

# THE HERITAGE

### 遗产

James Russell Lowell (b. 1819, d.1891) was born in Cambridge, Mass., and was graduated from Harvard College. He entered the profession of law; but, in 1843, turned aside to publish "The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine." In 1855 he was appointed professor of Belles-lettres in Harvard College. From 1877 to 1885 he was U.S. Minister, first to Spain, afterwards to Great Britain. Lowell's powers as a writer were very versatile, and his poems range from the most dreamy and imaginative to the most trenchant and witty. Among his most noted poetical works are "The Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," and "The Legend of Brittany;" while "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows," place him in the front rank as an essayist.

1. The rich man's son inherits<sup>[54]</sup> lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,



His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated<sup>[55]</sup> heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds<sup>[56]</sup> with brown arms bare!  
And wearies in his easy-chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged<sup>[57]</sup> by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil

That with all others level stands:  
Large charity doth never soil,

But only whiten soft, white hands,—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine  
In merely being rich and great:  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign<sup>[58]</sup>;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆士·拉塞尔·洛威尔(1819~1891)出生于美国马萨诸塞州剑桥,毕业于哈佛大学,后正式进入律师界,然后于1843年转行,致力出版《先锋者,文学与批评杂志》。1855年,他被任命为哈佛学院纯文学教授。1877年至1885年,他出任美国驻西班牙大使,随后派驻英国。作为作家的洛威尔先生多才多艺,他的诗歌风格多样,囊括最为梦幻的丰富想象,不乏锐利尖刻的诙谐幽默,其中最负盛名的诗歌作品当属《比格罗诗稿》、《评论家的寓言》、《郎佛尔先生的视觉》、《大教堂》以及《布列塔尼的传说》;他的作品《与古老诗人的对话》、《我与我的书》和《我书房的窗口》使他跻身世界一流的散文家。

1. 富家子弟,继承了土地,  
成片房舍,还有大把金钱,  
以及,那双苍白无力的手,  
弱不禁风,耐抵严寒,

生性娇嫩，不愿穿粗布旧衫，  
遗产，对我来说，  
弱者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

2. 富家子弟，继承了忧虑，  
或许，银行破产工厂倒闭，  
泡沫股票，转瞬消失，  
双手无力，很难养活自己，  
任何生者，难逃自己的责任义务，  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
弱者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

3. 富家子弟，继承奢侈欲望，  
山珍海味，贪图生活靡丽，  
酒醉饭饱后，或许瞥见，  
黝黑的农民，汗珠摔成八瓣，  
裸露在烈日下，拼死劳累，  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
弱者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

4. 穷人子弟，继承什么？  
强健的肌肉，意志坚定，  
结实的骨骼，神情如一，  
依靠双手，开创自己天地，  
有所担当，留下坚实脚印；

遗产，似乎对我来说，  
强者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

5. 穷人子弟，继承什么？

怀感恩之情，面对卑微万物，  
不懈奋斗，决心改变厄运，  
知足常乐，自身不断完善，  
在劳动中，寻求幸福旋律，  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
强者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

6. 穷人子弟，继承什么？

安于贫困忧患，面容坚毅，  
应对各种变故，宠辱不惊，  
身处逆境，心系他人冷暖，  
心地善良，援手弱势群体；  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
强者，希望永远拥有他的所有。

7. 哦，富家子弟的抉择，

岂非金钱，便能全部应对？  
诸恶莫做，悲悯众生，  
扎实低调地行事做人，  
最好收获，来自庇阴的土地。  
遗产，似乎对我来说，

富人，值得永远拥有他的所有。

8. 哦，穷家子弟，莫轻视自己，  
那些，有钱人或大人物，  
与你相比，更为纠结焦虑，  
磨难，让心灵熠熠生辉，  
苦酒，最终酿成芬芳四溢，  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
穷人，值得永远拥有他的所有。

9. 富人穷人，最终皈依一抔黄土，  
地狱门口，等级不再具有意义，  
芸芸众生，沐浴在圣父光辉下，  
见证自己，天赋的神圣权利，  
充实的人生，记录真实，  
遗产，似乎对我来说，  
永远值得，拥有生命本质的所有。

## LESSON 71

### NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR

### 不经风雨，怎见彩虹

William Wirt (b. 1772, d. 1834) was born in Bladensburg, Md. He was admitted to the bar in 1799, and afterwards practiced law, with eminent success, at Richmond and Norfolk, Va. He was one of the counsel for the prosecution in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. From 1817 to 1829 he was attorney-general for the United States. In 1803 he published the "Letters of a British Spy," a work which attracted much attention, and in 1817 "A Life of Patrick Henry."

1. The education, moral<sup>[59]</sup> and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects<sup>[60]</sup> of our own fortune. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies<sup>[61]</sup>?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate<sup>[62]</sup>. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius<sup>[63]</sup> of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity<sup>[64]</sup>; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre<sup>[65]</sup> plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective<sup>[66]</sup> fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat<sup>[67]</sup> of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve<sup>[68]</sup> you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor<sup>[69]</sup> of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal<sup>[70]</sup> region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering<sup>[71]</sup> and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought, that

“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;”

this is the prowess<sup>[72]</sup>, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·沃特(1772~1834)出生于美国马里兰州布莱登斯堡。1799年,沃特获取律师执业资格,随后从事诉讼,在弗吉尼亚州里士满和诺福克颇负盛名,在审判亚隆·伯尔叛国案中担任辩护律师。从1817年到1829年,他担任美国首席检察官。1803年,他发表《一名英国间谍的来信》,引起广泛关注。1817年,他的《帕特里克·亨利一生》出版。

1. 每个人的教育程度、道德感以及学识主要来自他的工作实践,这点毋庸置疑,古人亦不例外。通过道德与才智,我们为自己品性赋以最后定型,亦更为强调,我们才是自己命运的建筑师。对那些年轻人而言,严格说来,面临同样机遇的他们,还有决定前途的其他途径?他们仍能继续展示类似我们的不同生活道路,抑或仓促陷入截然不同的愿望悖反?

2. 天资差异无法解决这一问题,因为这种差异通常对失望的落选者更为有利。从学院墙报栏公示结果来看,有时,反对票甚至来自师出同门的同窗。两位年轻人,其中一人被公认具有天才禀赋,另外一人几乎难称平庸之才,然而,最终结局是,天才逐渐沉沦湮没一生默默无闻,贫穷困窘,处境悲惨;反之不难看到,那些平庸之辈正缓慢沉重地跋涉,最终抵达生活高处。他们每一步步履坚实,稳健有力才能够出类拔萃,成为家族的骄傲,以及国家的自豪。

3. 那么,原因究竟何在?显而易见,成功在于自己,年轻人堪为自己不同命运的设计师。一流的学业教育为你开启通往世界的大门,除却花费你能付出的金钱,为你提供铸型机会,仅此而已,绝不更多,因此,最终还是依靠你自己,无论你能否获得他人指导,或推动自己达到何等高度。

4. 我说的这一点可以确定，那是我来自观察的事实真相：不经风雨，怎见彩虹？命运法则旨在于此，没有任何天才可以逃逸或逃离其外。

5. 自发萌生的天才，有点像追逐火光的可怜飞蛾，它们不停地拍动双翼，直到完全被生生烤焦。天才是否让所有人称心如意？恐怕唯有那些高尚宽宏的慈悲之心才能做到。天才好比高踞云端的南非秃鹫，它们久久盘旋在钦博拉索山巅峰，在我们高山仰止的天国，恣意快乐地飞翔，它们与生俱来的激情四溢，并非因努力而气竭力衰。

6. 渴望升华，不懈努力，通过对充满活力的个体深入周密地调查后，我们感叹成功之道在于：快捷的行为，宽泛的理解，思想经年不变的执著，方能

“飞天月球摘取荣誉之光；  
潜龙深海攫获珍贵声望”。

唯有那些具有超凡勇气和惊人胆略的人，那些玉汝以成成就大业的人，方能与英雄伟人同样彪炳史册。

## LESSON 72

### THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK

### 老 钟

1. Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock,  
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chimes rang still the sweetest;  
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,



When the voice of friendship faltered:  
“Tick! tick!” it said, “quick, quick, to bed:  
For ten I’ve given warning;  
Up! up! and go, or else you know,  
You’ll never rise soon in the morning!”

2. A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly;  
When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty way,  
And the early air looked coldly:  
“Tick! tick!” it said, “quick out of bed:  
For five I’ve given warning;  
You’ll never have health, you’ll never have wealth,  
Unless you’re up soon in the morning!”

3. Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never:  
While tears are shed for bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever!  
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone  
That beat like ours, though stronger;  
Its hands still move, though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
“Tick! tick!” it said, “to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warning;  
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning!”

## 【中文阅读】

1. 哦，那座世代家传的，  
漂亮精致的，老钟，

镀过金的，老迈指针，  
钟声，言语不多，  
岁月监工下，耄耋老人  
目睹，历史烽烟沧桑几度。  
钟声，依然响亮悦耳，  
似乎，不停地告诫众人，  
“叮当！叮当！赶快起床，”  
悠悠十载，我熟悉的声音，  
“快点！起床！我知道，  
你总是懒惰，早起人太多。”

2. 角落里老钟，默默微笑伫立，  
不停地叮当，像位熟识老友，  
快乐地报时，祈祷庸常时光，  
阴郁的日子，仍然开心走过。  
可那件古董，多少有点讨厌，  
每逢黎明破晓，它总刺耳鸣叫，  
灰蒙蒙窗外，路上阴霾浓重，  
冰寒地冻，狂风刺骨呼啸，  
“叮当！叮当！赶快起床，”  
清晨刚过五点，催促声声不断，  
“如果赖床不起，结局当然不妙，  
你的健康财富，将从手中溜掉。”

3. 每一时辰报时，走马穿梭进行，

与生俱来音调，不曾歇息片刻，  
安宁岁月流逝，泪水静静流淌，  
那些熟悉身影，已经离开很久！  
虽然身随风去，音容笑貌如旧，  
今生不再握手，气息依然徘徊；  
依恋那些双手，尚在风中挥舞；  
此生此世泯笑，断然终究难逢。  
“叮当！叮当！赶快起床，”  
时钟不断警告，催促濒死之人，  
“看看外面天空，快点走向墓地，  
伸手拥抱迎接，天堂新的日出！”

## LESSON 73

### THE EXAMINATION

### 考 试

Daniel Pierce Thompson (b. 1793, d. 1868) was born at Charlestown, Mass., but soon removed with his father to Vermont, where he lived until twenty years of age, on a farm. His means of schooling were most limited, but he was very ambitious and seized every opportunity. By his own efforts he earned enough money to carry him through Middlebury College, where he graduated in 1820. He then went to Virginia as private tutor, and while there was entered at the bar. He shortly returned to Vermont, and opened a law office in Montpelier. In time he was elected a judge, and later secretary of state. From his college days Mr. Thompson was a writer for the various magazines. Among his novels may be mentioned “Locke Amsden, the Schoolmaster,” “May Martin, or the Money Diggers,” “The Green Mountain Boys,” and “The Rangers, or the Tory’s Daughter.”

1. “Have you any questions to ask me in the other branches, sir?” asked Locke.

“Not many,” replied Bunker. “There is reading, writing, grammar, etc., which I know nothing about; and as to them, I must, of course, take you by guess, which will not be much of a guess, after

all, if I find you have thought well on all other matters. Do you understand philosophy?”

2. “To what branch of philosophy do you allude, sir?”

“To the only branch there is.”

“But you are aware that philosophy is divided into different kinds; as, natural, moral, and intellectual<sup>[73]</sup>.”

“Nonsense! philosophy is philosophy, and means the study of the reasons and causes of the things which we see, whether it be applied to a crazy man’s dreams, or the roasting of potatoes. Have you attended to it?”

“Yes, to a considerable extent, sir.”

3. “I will put a question or two, then, if you please. What is the reason of the fact, for it is a fact, that the damp breath of a person blown on a good knife and on a bad one, will soonest disappear from the well-tempered<sup>[74]</sup> blade?”

“It may be owing to the difference in the polish of the two blades, perhaps.” replied Locke.

4. “Ah! that is an answer that don’t go deeper than the surface,” rejoined Bunker, humorously. “As good a thinker as you evidently are, you have not thought on this subject, I suspect. It took me a week, in all, I presume, of hard thinking, and making experiments at a blacksmith’s shop, to discover the reason of this. It is not the polish; for take two blades of equal polish, and the breath will disappear from one as much quicker than it does from the other, as the blade is better. It is because the material of the blade is more compact<sup>[75]</sup> or less porous<sup>[76]</sup> in one case than in the other.

5. “In the first place, I ascertained that the steel was, made more compact by being hammered and tempered, and that the better it was tempered the more compact it would become; the size of the pores being made, of course, less in the same proportion. Well, then, I saw the reason I was in search of, at once. For we know a wet sponge is longer in drying than a wet piece of green wood, because the

pores of the first are bigger. A seasoned or shrunk piece of wood dries quicker than a green one, for the same reason.

6. “Or you might bore a piece of wood with large gimlet holes, and another with small ones, fill them both with water, and let them stand till the water evaporated<sup>[77]</sup>, and the difference of time it would take to do this would make the case still more plain. So with the blades: the vapor lingers longest on the worst wrought and tempered one, because the pores, being larger, take in more of the wet particles, and require more time in drying.”

7. “Your theory is at least a very ingenious<sup>[78]</sup> one,” observed Locke, “and I am reminded by it of another of the natural phenomena<sup>[79]</sup>, of the true explanation of which I have not been able to satisfy myself. It is this: what makes the earth freeze harder and deeper under a trodden path than the untrodden earth around it? All that I have asked, say it is because the trodden earth is more compact. But is that reason a sufficient one?”

8. “No,” said Bunker, “but I will tell you what the reason is, for I thought that out long ago. You know that, in the freezing months, much of the warmth we get is given out by the earth, from which, at intervals<sup>[80]</sup>, if not constantly, to some extent, ascend the warm vapors to mingle with and moderate the cold atmosphere above.

9. “Now these ascending streams of warm air would be almost wholly obstructed by the compactness of a trodden path, and they would naturally divide at some distance below it, and pass up through the loose earth on each side, leaving the ground along the line of the path, to a great depth beneath it, a cold, dead mass, through which the frost would continue to penetrate, unchecked by the internal heat, which, in its unobstructed ascent on each side, would be continually checking or overcoming the frost in its action on the earth around.

10. “That, sir, is the true philosophy of the case, you may depend upon it. But we will now drop the discussion of these matters; for I am abundantly satisfied that you have not only knowledge enough, but that you can think for yourself. And now, sir, all I wish to know further about you is,

whether you can teach others to think, which is half the battle with a teacher. But as I have had an eye on this point, while attending to the others, probably one experiment, which I will ask you to make on one of the boys here, will be all I shall want.”

“Proceed, sir,” said the other.

11. “Ay, sir,” rejoined Bunker, turning to the open fireplace, in which the burning wood was sending up a column of smoke, “there, you see that smoke rising, don’t you? Well, you and I know the reason why smoke goes upward, but my youngest boy does not, I think. Now take your own way, and see if you can make him understand it.”

12. Locke, after a moment’s reflection, and a glance round the room for something to serve for apparatus<sup>[81]</sup>, took from a shelf, where he had espied a number of articles, the smallest of a set of cast-iron cart boxes, as are usually termed the round hollow tubes in which the axletree of a carriage turns. Then selecting a tin cup that would just take in the box, and turning into the cup as much water as he judged, with the box, would fill it, he presented them separately to the boy, and said,

“There, my lad, tell me which of these is the heavier.”

13. “Why, the cart box, to be sure,” replied the boy, taking the cup, half-filled with water, in one hand, and the hollow iron in the other.

“Then you think this iron is heavier than as much water as would fill the place of it, do you?” resumed Locke.

“Why, yes, as heavy again, and more too—I know it is,” promptly said the boy.

14. “Well, sir, now mark what I do,” proceeded the former, dropping into the cup the iron box, through the hollow of which the water instantly rose to the brim of the vessel.

“There, you saw that water rise to the top of the cup, did you?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Very well, what caused it to do so?”

15. “Why, I know well enough, if I could only think: why, it is because the iron is the heavier, and as it comes all around the water so it can’t get away sideways, it is forced up.”

“That is right; and now I want you to tell what makes that smoke rise up the chimney.”

16. “Why,—I guess,” replied the boy, hesitating, “I guess,—I guess I don’t know.”

“Did you ever get up in a chair to look on some high shelf, so that your head was brought near the ceiling of a heated room, in winter? and did you notice any difference between the air up there and the air near the floor?”

17. “Yes, I remember I have, and found the air up there as warm as mustard; and when I got down, and bent my head near the floor to pick up something, I found it as cold as could be.”

“That is ever the case; but I wish you to tell me how the cold air always happens to settle down to the lower part of the room, while the warm air, somehow, at the same time, gets above.”

18. “Why, why, heavy things settle down, and the cold air—yes, yes, that’s it, I am sure—the cold air is heavier, and so settles down, and crowds up the warm air.”

“Very good. You then understand that cold air is heavier than the heated air, as that iron is heavier than the water; so now we will go back to the main question—what makes the smoke go upwards?”

19. “Oh! I see now as plain as day; the cold air settles down all round, like the iron box, and drives up the hot air as fast as the fire heats it, in the middle, like the water; and so the hot air carries the smoke along up with it, just as feathers and things in a whirlwind. Well! I have found out what makes smoke go up—is n’t it curious?”

20. “Done like a philosopher!” cried Bunker. “The thing is settled. I will grant that you are a

teacher among a thousand. You can not only think yourself, but can teach others to think; so you may call the position yours as quick as you please.”

- [\[1\]](#)Reconciliation, *renewal of friendship.*
- [\[2\]](#)Colleague, *an associate in some civil office.*
- [\[3\]](#)Proscribed, *doomed to destruction, put out of the protection of the law.*
- [\[4\]](#)Predestined, *decreed beforehand.*
- [\[5\]](#)Clemency, *mercy, indulgence.*
- [\[6\]](#)Tittle, *a small particle, a jot.*
- [\[7\]](#)Controversy, *dispute, debate.*
- [\[8\]](#)Eradicated, *rooted out.*
- [\[9\]](#)Redress, *deliverance from wrong, injury, or oppression.*
- [\[10\]](#)Chartered, *secured by an instrument in writing from a king or other authority.*
- [\[11\]](#)Immunity, *freedom from any duty, tax, imposition, etc.*
- [\[12\]](#)Compensate, *make amends for.*
- [\[13\]](#)Boreal, *northern.*
- [\[14\]](#)Yeoman, *a freeholder, a man freeborn.*
- [\[15\]](#)Dint, *stroke.*
- [\[16\]](#)Manor, *a tract of land occupied by tenants.*
- [\[17\]](#)Gentle, *well born, of good family.*
- [\[18\]](#)Theme, *a subject on which a person speaks or writes.*
- [\[19\]](#)Guise, *external appearance in manner or dress.*
- [\[20\]](#)Soar, *a towering flight.*
- [\[21\]](#)Control, *subdue, restrain, govern.*
- [\[22\]](#)Culture, *cultivation, improvement by effort.*
- [\[23\]](#)Disciplined, *brought under control, trained.*
- [\[24\]](#)Intolerable, *not capable of being borne.*
- [\[25\]](#)Deference, *regard, respect.*
- [\[26\]](#)Reprimanded, *reproved for a fault.*
- [\[27\]](#)Superannuated, *impaired by old age and infirmity.*
- [\[28\]](#)Achieved, *gained.*
- [\[29\]](#)Comeliness, *that which is becoming or graceful.*
- [\[30\]](#)Port, *manner of movement or walk.*
- [\[31\]](#)Attire, *dress, clothes.*
- [\[32\]](#)Tarnish, *to soil, to sully.*
- [\[33\]](#)Avalanche, *a vast body of snow, earth, and ice, sliding down from a mountain.*
- [\[34\]](#)Vouchsafes, *yields, condescends, gives.*
- [\[35\]](#)Wanton, *luxuriant.*
- [\[36\]](#)Netted, *caught in a net.*
- [\[37\]](#)Fledgeling, *a young bird.*
- [\[38\]](#)Recognition, *acknowledgment of acquaintance.*



- [39] Preconcerted, *planned beforehand*.
- [40] Caitiff, *a mean villain*.
- [41] Thraldom, *bondage, slavery*.
- [42] Scan, *to examine closely*.
- [43] Nether, *lower, lying beneath*.
- [44] Blanch, *to turn white*.
- [45] Gust, *taste, relish*.
- [46] Competent, *fit, qualified*.
- [47] Juncture, *point of time, crisis*.
- [48] Remonstrate, *to present strong reasons against any course of proceedings*.
- [49] Aptness, *fitness, suitableness*.
- [50] Composed, *calm*.
- [51] Apprehend, *to entertain suspicion or fear of*.
- [52] Tender, *a car attached to a locomotive to supply it with fuel and water*.
- [53] Precision, *accuracy, exactness*.
- [54] Heritage, *that which is inherited, or taken by descent, from an ancestor*.
- [55] Sated, *surfeited, gluttoned*.
- [56] Hinds, *peasants, countrymen*.
- [57] Adjudged, *decided, determined*.
- [58] Benign, *having healthful qualities, wholesome*.
- [59] Moral, *relating to duty or obligation*.
- [60] Architects, *builders, makers*.
- [61] Destiny, *ultimate fate, appointed condition*.
- [62] Candidate, *one who seeks after some honor or office*.
- [63] Genius, *a man of superior intellectual powers*.
- [64] Mediocrity, *a middle state or degree of talents*.
- [65] Mediocre (*pro mediokr*), *a man of moderate talents*.
- [66] Respective, *particular, own*.
- [67] Fiat, *a decree*.
- [68] Absolve, *set free, release from*.
- [69] Condor, *a large bird of the vulture family*.
- [70] Empyrean, *relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens*.
- [71] Careering, *moving rapidly*.
- [72] Prowess, *bravery, boldness*.
- [73] Intellectual, *treating of the mind*.
- [74] Tempered, *brought to a proper degree of hardness*.
- [75] Compact, *closely and firmly united, solid, dense*.
- [76] Porous, *full of pores or minute openings*.
- [77] Evaporated, *passed off in vapor*.
- [78] Ingenious, *well formed, skillful*.
- [79] Phenomenon, *whatever is presented to the eye*.
- [80] Intervals, *spaces of time*.

[\[81\]](#) Apparatus, *utensils for performing experiments*.

## 【中文阅读】

丹尼尔·皮尔斯·汤普森(1793~1868), 出生于美国马萨诸塞州查尔斯城, 不过很快随父亲迁到佛蒙特州, 直到20岁才离开, 他一直住在农场。汤普森所获学业极为有限, 但他志向远大, 善于抓住任何机会。通过自身努力赚取足够费用后, 他进入米德伯里学院学习, 1820年完成学业后, 他前去弗吉尼亚州任私人教师, 同时获取资格进入律师界, 因此他很快返回佛蒙特州, 并在蒙彼利埃开办了一家律师事务所。汤普森后来被选为法官, 最终成为美国国务卿。从大学开始, 汤普森就开始为各类杂志写稿。他值得提及的小说包括《洛克·阿姆斯登校长》、《祝愿马丁或挖钱者》、《大山里的孩子》以及《游骑兵, 或保守党的女儿》。

1. “朋友, 你还有其他课程的问题想问我?”洛克问道。

“不多了,”邦克回答。“至于阅读、写作或语法等等, 我是压根不懂的, 当然, 如果谈论这些, 我只有帮你猜猜, 或许根本沾不上什么边, 但毕竟我可以了解到, 你对其他所有问题思考是否成熟, 你懂哲学吗?”

2. “先生, 你所指哪种哲学流派?”

“哲学仅有唯一流派。”

“但你很清楚哲学分为不同的学术分支, 包括自然哲学、精神哲学以及心智哲学。”

“扯谈! 哲学就是哲学, 无论是否用以痴人说梦, 或者烘焙马铃薯, 哲学涉猎我们所见事物推理与缘由的研究, 你上过课吗?”

“是的, 学过很多, 先生。”

3. “如果乐意的话, 我想请教你一或两个问题, 可否谈谈, 什么为事实推理, 由于它基于某一事实吗? 比如, 一个人往优质刀片上或劣质刀片上吹气, 由于优化热处理缘故, 优质刀片上气息是否散发更快?”

“造成差异的原因或许由于两片刀片抛光度的不同。”洛克回答。

4. “哈! 这答案不过涉及皮毛,”邦克幽默地接着补充。“依我看, 你这位显而易见的思想

敏锐者，并未考虑这一论题。我整整花费一周时间进行仔细研究，甚至在一家铁匠铺实地实验，以待查明事件的原因。问题答案与抛光没有关联，即使将两把刀片进行相同的抛光处理，两把刀片上的气息散发快慢存在明显差异；优质刀片当然要快得多，原因在于，优质刀片材料比劣质刀片材料更为密实，材质间隙更为细小。”

5. “首先，我可以确定，通过锻打淬火，钢材才能变得密实，所以，淬火处理愈好，材料就会愈发紧固；当然，相同面积比例的材料间隙亦愈为密实，这样，我便立即弄清了研究课题的缘由。众所周知，潮湿海绵比同等面积的湿木自然干燥时间要长，因为前者空隙更大；同理，一块或小块木片要比湿木自然干燥得快。

6. 或许，你也可以拿大小不同缝隙的两块木块进行比较，将两块木头浸入水，然后取出使其直立到水蒸发干净；两块木头所需时间不同，这一点将会更清楚地阐述其中道理；刀片亦然，锻造淬火差的那把刀片，蒸汽盘桓时间更长，由于材料缝隙过大，潮湿微粒吸收更多，所需干燥的时间自然更长。”

7. “你的理论至少是极为巧妙的，”洛克沉吟道，“由此，我联想到另外一个自然现象，对此我尚且无法得到满意的真实解释，即：踩踏道路与未经踩踏道路相比，什么原因造成前者地面比后者地面结冰坚硬厚实？我想问的是，原因在于踩踏后的地面更为密实，不过，这一理由足够充分吗？”

8. “不，” 邦克说，“不过，我会告诉你其中原因，因为很久前我已弄清这一问题。你要知道，在结冰季节里，即使并非持续进行，我们获得的大多暖气由地面不时地往外发散，在一定程度上，暖空气上升与其上方的冷空气混合，然后减弱。”

9. “上升的暖气流几乎被践踏后坚实路面完全阻隔，从而在地面下以某种距离自然间隔，再通过周边松软土层向上发散，使得成段路面到地表下相当深度冰冷僵硬，严霜持续从地层渗透往下，但地表下端热量无法遏制，周围上升热量无法拦阻，运动中地表周围的暖气流将与冷气流持续抗衡甚至最终成功遏制对方。

10. “先生，这就是此事的真正原因，你当然可以相信。不过，此刻我们还是别再继续讨论这一话题，因为我对你的解释已经相当满意。你不仅具有丰富的知识，更拥有独立思考的能

力。好了，先生，我希望进一步了解的是，你是否有能力教会他人思考，那是教师职业的另一半基本功。至于如何关注受教育者，我一直对此进行研究，因此，是否我可以要求你能与孩子互动，不妨做次实验证明。”

“好吧，朋友。”洛克回答。

11. “很好，先生，”邦克接着说，转身走向房间内打开的壁炉，火炉里的燃烧木块冒出一柱浓烟，“你看见升起的浓烟吗？你我两人都清楚烟为什么上升，但我觉得，我的最小的孩子不会明白，不妨采用你自己的方式，看看能否让他弄清来龙去脉。”

12. 沉思片刻，环顾房间四周想找点东西帮助解释，洛克突然瞥见架子上有套工具，那是一套小型铸铁手推车工具套，通常称作的圆形空心管，车轮轮轴可置入进行转动。洛克将其取下，再挑选一个锌制杯，锌杯大小恰好可将那件工具套放入，然后小心地将铸铁工具套能装的相同容积的水注入锌制杯内，再拿过铸铁工具套，分别递给孩子后询问，“好了，孩子，请告诉我，哪一个杯子更重？”

13. “当然那只铸铁工具套重。”一只手拿着盛了一半水的锌制杯，另一只手拿着铸铁套的孩子回答。

“你是觉得这只铸铁套比占有相同体积水的锌制杯要重，是吗？”洛克接着问。

“是呀，再掂一下，还是觉得这只铸铁套重些。”那孩子迅速答道。

14. “很好，孩子，现在记住我所做的，”洛克走上前，将铸铁套放入锌制杯，水立即从孔洞升到杯子边沿。

“瞧！你看见水升到杯沿，是吗？”

“是的。”“很好，水怎么会涨起来？”

15. “好的，如果我仅仅这么想，我就会相当清楚明白，这是因为铁更重，当铸铁套放进锌制杯里，水无法从铸铁套周围侧面流出，只有从顶部溢出。”

“不错，好了，我现在想让你说说，烟囱里的烟如何冒出来的？”

16. “哎呀，让我猜猜，”孩子犹豫了片刻，接着说，“我猜——我猜猜，我不知道。”

“你曾经站立椅子上，想要查看高处架子什么的，这样的话，你的头就得昂起靠近冬天暖气房间的天花板，你曾经关注到天花板上端气流与地面气流有什么区别吗？”

17. “是的，我记得曾经遇见这样的事，我发现天花板上端空气非常热，但当我从椅子上下来时，我俯身将头贴近地面去捡地上掉落的东西时，我发现空气实在太凉。”

“情况正是如此，不过，我希望你能告诉我，为什么冷空气总是在房间下端，而暖空气总在房间上端？”

18. “哎呀，对，重的东西下沉，比如冷空气，不错，不错，就是这样，我相信，冷空气更重，所以它就往下运动，但暖空气相反往上升。”

“太对了，这样，你就明白了冷空气比暖空气重，正如铸铁套比水要重是一个道理。现在，我们再回到主要问题，烟怎么会上升呢？”

19. “天呀！我现在太清楚不过了，冷空气聚集下端，一旦用火加热，热空气很快上升，就像铸铁套中间的水，将水顶上去；暖空气裹住烟上升，好像旋风中盘旋而上的羽毛和尘埃。天呀！我终于知道了烟是如何上升的，这该多么奇怪呀！”

20. “实在不愧是哲学家！”邦克高声叫道，“好了，事情已经完美解决，我真是服了你，你可真是千里挑一的好老师，自己思考不说，还教会他人思考；只要你乐意，你随时可以给自己封上这一光荣称号。”

## LESSON 74

### THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

### 很久以前的小岛

Benjamin Franklin Taylor (b. 1819, d. 1887) was born at Lowville, N.Y. He graduated at Madison University, of which his father was president. In 1845 he published “Attractions of Language.” For many years he was literary editor of the

**“Chicago Journal.” Mr. Taylor wrote considerably for the magazines, was the author of many well-known favorite pieces both in prose and verse, and achieved success as a lecturer.**

1. Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,  
    As it runs through the realm<sup>[1]</sup> of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm<sup>[2]</sup> and a musical rhyme<sup>[3]</sup>,  
And a boundless sweep and a surge<sup>[4]</sup> sublime,  
    As it blends with the ocean of Years.
  
2. How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
    And the summers, like buds between;  
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,  
On the river’s breast, with its ebb and flow,  
    As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
  
3. There’s a magical isle up the river of Time,  
    Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There’s a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper<sup>[5]</sup> chime,  
    And the Junes with the roses are staying.
  
4. And the name of that isle is the Long Ago,  
    And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
There are heaps of dust—but we love them so!—  
    There are trinkets and tresses of hair;
  
5. There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
    And a part of an infant’s prayer,  
There’s a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
    And the garments that she used to wear.

6. There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore  
By the mirage<sup>[6]</sup> is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.
7. Oh, remembered for aye<sup>[7]</sup> be the blessed Isle,  
All the day of our life till night—  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that “Greenwood.” of Soul be in sight

## 【中文阅读】

本杰明·富兰克林·泰勒(1819~1887)出生于美国纽约州洛维尔,泰勒毕业于麦迪逊大学,他父亲曾担任该校校长。1845年,他出版《语言的吸引》。多年来,本杰明一直在《芝加哥期刊》担任文学编辑,并在众多杂志发表大量文章,包括散文或韵文的诸多著名短篇杂谈。作为演讲者的泰勒亦颇负盛名。

1. 噢,一条神奇的时光之河,  
苦难深重,在泪水的眼眸流过,  
潺潺有声,拍响訇然震天旋律,  
奔流穿行,万里江天山川寥廓,  
涤荡汹涌,融入大海安宁怀抱。

2. 雪花片片,雍积在晦暗的冬日,  
蓓蕾新绽,见证夏天炙热如火,  
成束难忘,悲哀或欢乐的日子,  
它悄悄地来,如同它悄悄地走,  
冬去春来,潮涨潮落不变的歌。

3. 时光河流,有一座神奇小岛,  
风和日丽,幻想在梦境萦绕,



天空湛蓝，苍山远近碧如洗，  
六月玫瑰，微风送暗香缕缕，  
暮钟敲起，夕阳落尽入晚祷。

4. 小岛还在，尘封已久的记忆，  
不期撒落，时光的珠玑珍宝，  
韶华易逝，良辰美景奈何天？  
往事如烟，生死无常春不在，  
鬓发如霜，转眼青丝人已老。

5. 芬芳犹在，寂寞红尘无人吟唱，  
生命轮回，悄然为新生命祈祷，  
竖琴无弦，渺渺知音何处再觅？  
花飞花落，海誓山盟牵手走过。  
无言结局，真情几许为谁泪抛？

6. 寂寞海滩，白皙的手依然挥舞，  
仿佛听见，那声甜美穿越风暴，  
海市蜃楼，恍惚如梦风云际会，  
蓦然回头，幽魂倩影回眸难觅，  
沧桑阅尽，云淡风轻细水长绕。

7. 哦，难以忘怀，庄严神圣的小岛，  
春走到冬，生走到死，直到

死神来临，带着那迷人微笑，  
歇息片刻，合上疲倦的双眼，  
青山绿水，揽你入永久怀抱。

## LESSON 75

### THE BOSTON MASSACRE

### 波士顿惨案

George Bancroft (b. 1800, d. 1891) was born at Worcester, Mass. He was an ambitious student, and graduated at Harvard College before he was eighteen years of age. He then traveled in Europe, spending some time at the German universities. On his return, in 1822, he was appointed tutor in Greek at Harvard. His writings at this time were a small volume of original poems, some translations from Schiller and Goethe, and a few striking essays. Mr. Bancroft has held numerous high political offices. In 1838 he was appointed collector of the port at Boston; in 1845 he was made secretary of the Navy; in 1849 he was sent as United States Minister to Great Britain; and in 1867 he was sent in the same capacity to Prussia. The work which has given Mr. Bancroft his great literary reputation is his “History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.” The first volume appeared in 1834. Philosophical in reasoning, interesting, terse in style, and founded on careful research, under the most favorable advantages, the work stands alone in its sphere.

1. The evening of the fifth came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately<sup>[8]</sup> with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

2. A band, which poured out from Murray's barracks, in Brattle Street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets, provoked resistance, and a fray ensued<sup>[9]</sup>. Ensign<sup>[10]</sup> Maul, at the gate of the barrack yard, cried to the soldiers: “Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them.” One soldier after another leveled a firelock<sup>[11]</sup>, and threatened to “make a lane” through the crowd.

3. Just before nine, as an officer crossed King Street, now State Street, a barber's lad cried after him: "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my father for dressing his hair;" on which, the sentinel stationed at the westerly end of the customhouse, on the corner of King Street and Exchange Lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, that made him stagger and cry for pain.

4. The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on, hallooing: "Where are they? where are they? Let them come."

5. Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King Street, and so by the way of Cornhill towards Murray's barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and knocked him down with his cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors and others in the street; "running about like madmen in a fury," crying, "Fire!" which seemed their watchword, and, "Where are they? Knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King Street.

6. The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and, partly by the interference of well-disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted, "Home! home!" others, it is said, cried out, "Huzza for the main guard! there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

7. A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange Lane, crying, "Where are the cowards?" and, brandishing<sup>[12]</sup> their arms, passed through King Street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking, "Where are they? where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy; and they began pushing one another towards the sentinel. He loaded and primed his musket. "The lobster is going to fire," cried a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger.

8. "If you fire you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry, "if they touch me, I'll fire." "Fire!" shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping," while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed. "Stand off!" said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard!" "They are killing the sentinel," reported a servant from the customhouse, running to the main guard. "Turn out! why don't you turn cut?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard.

9. A party of six, two of whom, Kilroi and Montgomery, had been worsted at the ropewalk, formed, with a corporal in front and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they "rushed through the people" upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons round the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox! holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences." "I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated.

10. None pressed on them or provoked them till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," they said, "for bringing arms against naked men." "Lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired Palmes of Preston. "Yes," he answered, "with powder and ball." "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They can not, without my orders," replied Preston; while "the town-born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire, if you dare. We know you dare not."

11. Just then, Montgomery received a blow from a stick which had hit his Musket; and the word "fire!" being given by Preston, he stepped a little to one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. "Don't fire!" said Langford, the watchman, to Kilroi, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next Langford, fell lifeless. The rest

fired slowly and in succession on the people, who were dispersing. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks, the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had any share in the disturbance.

12. So infuriated were the soldiers that, when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the Twenty-ninth Regiment appeared under arms in King Street. “This is our time,” cried the soldiers of the Fourteenth; and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

13. The bells rung in all the churches; the town drums beat. “To arms! to arms!” was the cry. “Our hearts,” said Warren, “beat to arms, almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren;” but they stood self-possessed<sup>[13]</sup>, demanding justice according to the law. “Did you not know that you should not have fired without the order of a civil magistrate?” asked Hutchinson, on meeting Preston. “I did it,” answered Preston, “to save my men.”

14. The people would not be pacified<sup>[14]</sup> or retire till the regiment was confined to the guardroom and the barracks; and Hutchinson himself gave assurances that instant inquiries should be made by the county magistrates. One hundred persons remained to keep watch on the examination, which lasted till three hours after midnight. A warrant<sup>[15]</sup> was issued against Preston, who surrendered himself to the sheriff; and the soldiers of his party were delivered up and committed to prison.

## 【中文阅读】

乔治·班克罗夫特(1800~1891)出生于美国马萨诸塞州伍斯特,班克罗夫特学生时代时便具有远大志向,当年哈佛大学毕业时他尚不满18岁。毕业后,他随即赴欧洲旅行,并在德国高等院校考察一段时间。1822年回国后,他被哈佛大学任命为希腊语导师。该段时间他推出一部篇幅不长的早年诗歌集以及席勒、歌德的一些翻译作品,还有数篇引起关注的散文。班克罗夫特先生身踞政治高位,任职颇多。1838年,他被任命为波士顿港口税收官;1845年,他被任命为海军部长;1849年,他作为美国外交大使被派往大不列颠;1867年,他以相同职位赴普鲁士上任。他的《美国历史——来自美洲大陆的发现》一书为他赢得极大文学声誉。1834年,该书第一卷出版。该书纵横捭阖,研究资料翔实可信,富有哲学推理,饶有趣味,风格洗练,历史视角极为优越,在世界同类作品中堪当独树一帜。

1. 第五个晚上降临了。冬夜，天上无云，月牙的明亮清辉撒落大地。天，刚下过雪，月光更为清冷亮丽。街上成群的英军士兵耀武扬威，波士顿居民怒火中烧集聚起来，抗议抵制英军，不少当地居民不由分说地拿起刀棍参与聚会。

2. 从布拉特大街穆雷兵营里跑出一群暴徒，他们全副武装地配备刺刀、棍棒还有弯刀，激怒了那些参与集聚的抵制者，双方随即发生了殴斗。此刻，在穆雷兵营门口，莫尔少尉正对那些士兵高声叫喊：“冲出去！我将和你们一起战斗；杀死这些暴徒，将他们打翻在地，用刺刀挑翻。”士兵们逐一校准毛瑟枪，群情激奋地疯狂叫嚣，将在人群中“杀出一条血路”。

3. 眼看快到九点，一位军官穿过国王大街，走到州立大街，一位理发店少年在他身后大声叫喊，“那个卑鄙的家伙走过来了，他理发没给我爸付钱。”听到少年的话，守卫在国王大街与皇家兑换巷拐角的海关处西端哨兵离开哨岗，用毛瑟枪猛击少年头部，少年踉跄几步，痛苦地叫唤起来。

4. 街道上很快变得空荡无人，没有人去骚扰那位哨兵。突然，一群士兵突然从驻防军总部方向冲过来，手中枪支在月光下发出凛冽寒光，他们一边跑，一边不停高叫，“那些暴徒在哪里？究竟在哪里？让他们站出来。”

5. 恰巧此时，十二或十五六个甚而更多的居民，从南边沿途哭喊着跑进国王大街，那是一条由康希尔路通往穆雷兵营的必经之路。士兵们迎头撞见一位十多岁孩子，“行行好，饶我一命，”那孩子苦苦哀求。“废话，把你们杀个片甲不留！”一位士兵恶狠狠地说，说罢，挥动短刀将那孩子刺翻在地。同时，他们肆意辱骂站在门口观望的几位居民，还有路边不多的行人，士兵们不停地高喊“开火！”看来这是当晚的行动暗号。他们“像一群狂怒的疯子，到处奔跑，”他们狂妄地叫嚣，“暴徒在哪里？将他们打翻在地。”士兵们所到之处的暴虐行为，打破了波士顿冬夜的宁静，国王大街上的钟声遽然响起。

6. 由于素日处事温和的当地市政官员介入，加上克里斯普斯·阿塔克斯与一些人士的鼓动，极为警觉的市民们纷纷拿着棍棒聚集街上，那位克里斯普斯为当地一位黑白混血居民。那时，发生在兵营里的骚乱很快结束，有些胆小的市民叫道，“回家吧！大家回家吧！”据说，现场也有些人高叫，“我们要去英军驻防军总部！那才是他们的老窝。”然而，整整一晚，驻防军总部相安无事。

7. 一群士兵抵达皇家兑换巷，他们不停叫着，“那些胆小鬼暴徒呢？”士兵们挥舞着手中武器，耀武扬威地走过国王大街。大约十到二十来位少年随后跑来。“那些士兵呢？他们去哪里了？”“就是这个哨兵把我打倒在地。”那位理发师的孩子说，一群少年蜂拥冲向站岗的哨兵，那家伙忙着装弹应付局面，“英国红虾兵要开枪了。”一个孩子尖叫，那位哨兵端枪晃动几下，打开了扳机。

8. “只要开枪，你就必死无疑。”地方官亨利·诺克斯说，他当时恰巧路过。“我不在乎，”那哨兵回答，“如果他们胆敢碰我，我就开枪。”“开枪！开枪！”那群少年连声高叫，事先有人向他们透风，假若市政官员在场的话，英国哨兵就不敢开枪。突然，一位年轻人叫道，“把他揍倒，折断他的枪，”四下响起一片呼哨和连声哄叫。“往后退！”那英国兵高声叫唤。“快走，士兵们！”“暴徒们在袭击哨兵。”有人从海关处赶到驻防军总部禀告，“快走！火速赶去那里。”当天执勤的上尉普雷斯頓冲着士兵们吼叫。

9. 六人一行迅速赶到海关处，士兵基诺、蒙哥马利两人也其中，这些士兵与当地制绳厂工人一直交恶，冲突不断。一位下士疾走在前面，普雷斯頓上尉紧随其后。他们手端刺刀“冲进人群”，边跑边咒骂推搡聚集的人群。那时，他们看见大约十来人围着那位英国哨兵，还有五六十人随其身后围拢过来。“看在上帝的份上，”地方官诺克斯抓住普雷斯頓的衣领警告，“把你的人赶快再带回去，如果开火，你要用性命承担后果。”“我知道怎么做。”普雷斯頓忙不迭地辩白，显得极为焦躁不安。

10. 没有市民推搡或激怒这些士兵，直到他们开始装填子弹，人群中才爆发叫骂骚动。这时，一群十来人手里拿着木棍，突然从刚才站立的街中央冲将过来，他们高叫数声，从荷枪实弹的士兵面前跑过，有的人身体甚至抵到刺刀尖。“你们这些胆小鬼、恶棍！”他们纷纷对士兵指责叫骂，“你们竟敢用武器对付手无寸铁的市民。”“扔掉你们枪支，我们与你们拼一场。”“士兵们枪上好子弹吗？”地方官帕尔默斯问普雷斯頓。“上好了，”普雷斯頓回答，“火药铁砂已装好。”“士兵们会向市民开枪吗？”地方官西奥多·布利斯询问，“没有我的命令，不准开枪。”普雷斯頓上尉接着回答。在场的土著市民争相高叫，“来吧，开枪吧！你们这些卑鄙流氓，血腥屠杀者，英国红虾兵的无赖们，如果你们敢，就尽管开枪，我们知道你们不敢开枪！”

11. 恰好那时，有人用棍棒敲击蒙哥马利的毛瑟枪，然而却打到他的身上，普雷斯頓见势不好，稍微向旁边侧移让开，一声令下“开火”，一枪便击中了阿塔克斯，当时，阿塔克斯一声不

吭地斜靠在一根长棍上。“不要开枪！”一位叫朗格·弗德的守夜人迎面冲着士兵基诺叫道，可基诺还是扣动了扳机，站在朗格·弗德身边的塞缪尔·格雷应声倒地，死了。随后，连续缓慢的枪声在人群中炸开，人们纷纷四下逃散，最终结果造成三人死亡，包括黑白混血儿的阿塔克斯；八人受伤，其中两人不治身亡。整个暴乱过程中，现场受伤或死亡的十一人中，仅有一人曾参与现场施暴。

12. 士兵们还是愤怒难抑，市民们返回欲想搬走尸体时候，他们再次准备开枪，但普雷斯顿此刻加以阻拦。这时，第二十九军团士兵全部武装地赶到国王大街。“这是我们的胜利时刻！”第十四军团士兵们高喊着，不曾见过，世上还有这类狗群如此贪婪地追逐猎物。

13. 所有教堂的钟声忽然响成一片，波士顿全镇鼓声齐鸣，到处响起“武装起来，武装起来”的呼喊。“第一道战鼓几乎刚刚响起，我们就决心拿起武器为被杀戮的兄弟报仇。”地方官员沃伦对公众说，市民们激愤情绪没有恶化，他们仍然保留理性克制，但强烈要求诉诸法律，给予刽子手以正义审判。“你们难道不知道，没有波士顿行政长官的命名，你们不能开火？”见到普雷斯顿，英军长官哈金森严厉质问自己部下。“责任全在我，”普雷斯顿回答，“请饶恕我的士兵吧。”

14. 英国军团将被限制于驻防地或军营不得外出，哈金森本人也做出承诺，波士顿地方官员即刻就该案件着手进行调查；涉案的一百来人将接受盘查，夜半后开始，三小时后结束。此刻，波士顿市民方才最后冷静下来，并表示退让。一份起诉普雷斯顿的允诺书亦已提交，普雷斯顿本人已向当地司法官认罪，同时交出他属下涉案的英国士兵，这些士兵随后被投入监狱。

## LESSON 76

### DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL

### 美丽的死亡

Eliza Lee Follen (b. 1787, d. 1859) was born in Boston, Mass. Her maiden name was Cabott. In 1828, she married Charles Follen, Professor of the German language and its literature in Harvard University. Her principal works are “Sketches of Married Life,” “The Skeptic,” “Twilight Stories,” and “Little Songs.” For several years Mrs. Follen was editor of the “Children’s Friend.”



1. The young, the lovely, pass away,  
    Ne'er to be seen again;  
Earth's fairest flowers too soon decay,  
    Its blasted trees remain.
2. Full oft, we see the brightest thing  
    That lifts its head on high,  
Smile in the light, then droop its wing,  
    And fade away and die.
3. And kindly is the lesson given;  
    Then dry the falling tear:  
They came to raise our hearts to Heaven;  
    They go to call us there.

## 【中文阅读】

伊莉莎·李·范伦(1787~1859)出生于美国马萨诸塞州波士顿, 范伦夫人婚前名字为盖博特, 1828年与查尔斯·范伦结婚, 范伦先生为哈佛大学德语及德语文学教授。范伦夫人主要作品为《婚姻生活写生》、《无神论者》、《黄昏的故事》和《短歌》, 并曾担任杂志《儿童之友》编辑数年之久。

1. 美丽倏然凋零,  
    不曾再度相遇,  
    花落人亡永相隔,  
    徒留空枝牵挂。
2. 年轻奔放生命,  
    妖娆春的靓丽,  
    回眸笑音容犹在,  
    风起繁华落尽。

3. 不堪斯人远离，  
蓄泪空垂为谁？  
扶摇直上天国里，  
唤我御风同去。

[1] Realm, region, country.

[2] Rhythm, the harmonious flow of vocal sounds.

[3] Rhyme, a word answering in sound to another word.

[4] Surge, a great, rolling swell of water.

[5] Vesper, pertaining to the evening service in the Roman Catholic Church.

[6] Mirage, an optical illusion causing objects at a distance to seem as though suspended in the air.

[7] Aye, always, ever.

[8] Indiscriminately, without distinction.

[9] Ensued, followed, resulted from.

[10] Ensign. an officer of low rank.

[11] Firelock, an old-style musket, with flintlock.

[12] Brandishing, waving, flourishing.

[13] Self-possessed, undisturbed, calm in mind, manner, etc.

[14] Pacified, calmed, quieted.

[15] Warrant, a writ authorizing an officer to seize an offender.

LESSON 77

SNOW FALLING

雪 落

John James Piatt (b. 1835, d.1917) was born in Dearborn County, Ind., and is of French descent. He began to write verses at the age of fourteen, and has been connected editorially with several papers. Several editions of his poems have been issued from time to time, each edition usually containing some additional poems. Of these volumes we may mention: "Poems in Sunshine and Firelight," "Western Windows," "The Lost Farm," and "Poems of House and Home."

1. The wonderful snow is falling  
Over river and woodland and wold<sup>[1]</sup>;  
The trees bear spectral<sup>[2]</sup> blossom  
In the moonshine blurr'd and cold.

2. There's a beautiful garden in Heaven;  
And these are the banished<sup>[3]</sup> flowers,  
Falling and driven and drifted  
Into this dark world of ours.

【中文阅读】

约翰·詹姆斯·皮埃特(1835~1917),出生于美国印第安纳州德保县,具有法国血统。皮埃特14岁时开始写诗,并一直为数家报纸编辑文章。迄今为止,他的诗歌以不同版本出版数次,每逢新版均增补新的诗作,其流行诗集有《阳光与火光下的诗歌》、《西边的窗口》、《失去的农庄》以及《房子和家的诗歌》。

1. 纷纷扬扬,鹅毛大雪难以想象,  
染白河流,覆盖成片森林原野,  
枝杈魅影,开出精灵诡异骨朵,

月光凄冷，透出雪夜朦胧肃杀。

2. 遥远天国，有个鲜花盛开村庄，  
芬芳四溢，人间放逐花朵怒放，  
朔风扑来，白色魂灵从天而降，  
轻舞飞扬，融入大地凝重灰暗。

<sup>[1]</sup>Wold, a plain or open country, a country without wood whether hilly or not.

<sup>[2]</sup>Spectral, ghostly.

<sup>[3]</sup>Banished, condemned to exile, driven away.

## LESSON 78

### SQUEERS'S METHOD

### 斯格威尔的手段

**Charles Dickens (b. 1812, d. 1870). This celebrated novelist was born in Portsmouth, England. He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice, in London; but soon became a reporter, and followed this occupation from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." In 1837 he published the "Pickwick Papers," a work which established his reputation as a writer. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last, "Edwin Drood," was unfinished when he died. He visited America in 1842 and in 1867. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens excelled in humor and pathos, and was particularly successful in delineating the joys and griefs of childhood. His writings have a tendency to prompt to deeds of kindness and benevolence. The following extract is taken from "Nicholas Nickleby," one of the best of his novels.**

1. "Come," said Squeers, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian<sup>[1]</sup> shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby."

2. It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved<sup>[2]</sup> itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy books and paper.

3. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant.

The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by crossbeams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched by paint or whitewash.

4. Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities<sup>[3]</sup> with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted<sup>[4]</sup> growth, and others whose long, meager<sup>[5]</sup> legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining.

5. And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque<sup>[6]</sup> features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered<sup>[7]</sup> a large installment<sup>[8]</sup> to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporeal<sup>[9]</sup> penalties, to take in the whole bowl at a gasp.

6. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking<sup>[10]</sup> over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike: take away now. Look sharp!"

7. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire, and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted<sup>[11]</sup> pincushions without the covers,

and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast, whereupon Mr. Squeers went away to his own.

8. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity<sup>[12]</sup> the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound<sup>[13]</sup>, as if he had a perfect apprehension<sup>[14]</sup> of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

9. Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

“This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby,” said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. “We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?”

10. “Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window,” said the temporary<sup>[15]</sup> head of the philosophical class.

“So he is, to be sure,” rejoined Squeers. “We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?”



11. “Please, sir, he is weeding the garden,” replied a small voice.

“To be sure,” said Squeers, by no means disconcerted<sup>[16]</sup>, “so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows ’em. That’s our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?”

“It’s a very useful one, at any rate,” answered Nicholas, significantly<sup>[17]</sup>.

12. “I believe you,” rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. “Third boy, what’s a horse?”

“A beast, sir,” replied the boy.

“So it is,” said Squeers. “Ain’t it, Nickleby?”

“I believe there is no doubt of that, sir,” answered Nicholas.

“Of course there is n’t,” said Squeers. “A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped’s Latin for beast, as everybody that’s gone through the grammar knows, or else where’s the use of having grammars at all?”

“Where, indeed!” said Nicholas, abstractedly<sup>[18]</sup>.



13. “As you’re perfect in that,” resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, “go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I’ll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it’s washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled.”

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·狄更斯(1812~1870), 英国著名小说家, 出生于英国普茨茅斯。狄更斯早年进入伦敦律师界做学徒, 时间不长, 1831~1836年期间, 他转行任职记者。狄更斯首部作品为《博兹札记》; 1837年, 他出版《匹克威克外传》, 奠定了作家的文坛地位。狄更斯创造颇丰, 他的其他重要著作随后相继出版。《艾德威·德鲁德之谜》为作家死前未及封笔作品。1847年、1862年, 狄更斯两次访问美国; 去世后, 他被安葬在英国威斯敏斯特教堂。

1. “过来,”斯格威尔说, “我们去教室, 帮我拿下我的校服。”

尼古拉斯帮老爷穿上衣服, 那件他刚从过道衣架上取下的老式绒衣飞行夹克。斯格威尔拿起手杖, 带路穿过院子, 来到屋后一座门前。

“到地方了,”当他们一起走进屋内, 这位校长开口说, “就在这里, 尼克贝。”

2. 眼前景象相当凌乱, 房间里到处堆满杂物, 尼古拉斯眼神一时顾暇不及, 起初, 他紧紧地盯看周围, 可压根没看清什么, 渐渐地, 眼前才变得清晰真切起来。房间里仅有两扇破窗, 遍地肮脏, 齷齪不堪, 光线阴暗稀少, 堆满破旧的抄写本和纸张。

3. 两张狭长颓旧的桌子摆在那里, 看起来摇摇晃晃, 桌上布满凹槽刻痕, 桌面墨迹斑斑, 难以想象的破损模样。单独摆放的那张是斯格威尔的桌子, 另一张是他的助手的。教室房间的天花板由横椽和桁条支撑搭起, 看起来与谷仓差不多; 墙面满是污迹脏渍, 颜色乌糟糟的色泽褪尽, 实在看不出是否漆过或刷白。

4. 孩子们脸色苍白憔悴, 带着老人般苍老神情, 纤细羸弱的身材, 脚上带着镣铐, 瘦骨嶙峋甚而畸形变态; 有些孩子矮小侏儒, 有些孩子胫骨极细, 几乎无法撑住佝偻摇晃的躯体。一眼望去, 孩子们拥挤成团, 无法看到本该健康正常的面孔。那满脸愁容的晦暗脸色, 顽强挣命的生存痛苦, 属于孩童眼眸里的光亮早已淬息, 没有天真纯净开朗美丽, 只有无以言说的悲哀无助。

5. 眼前痛苦扭曲的景象，却不乏荒诞无稽的悲戚，孩子们神情看起来比尼克贝还要漠然，但时而还能浮现不经意的惨笑。此刻，斯格威尔夫人站在桌边，正在掌管分发硫黄粉与糖浆，配好的甜味混合物装在一个硕大面盆里，孩子们排列成行，每人嘴里被强行灌进一大勺。斯格威尔夫人手上拿着一柄家常硕大木勺，或许当初特别出于剂量考虑，那把硕大木勺迫使男孩们竭力张大嘴巴，由于并非情愿，他们便逃不过残忍的肉体惩罚，喘息间，“啪”得入嘴一大坨。

6. “喂，”斯格威尔用拐杖重重地敲击一下桌子，多半孩子刹那间三魂吓掉个两魂半，“治疗结束了吗？”

“刚完。”斯格威尔夫人答道，她手脚慌忙地塞药，竟然让最后一个男孩噎住半晌，随后她猛地用木勺敲打孩子顶部，让他得以缓过气来，一边说，“好了，史迈克，赶快走，长点眼！”

7. 史迈克笨拙地端着盆走开了，斯格威尔夫人匆忙跟在他的身后，两人走进一间好像洗衣房的地方，房间炉灶上火苗很小，垛着个大水壶，旁边木板上摆放几只小木碗。在一位饥肠咕噜的佣人帮忙张罗下，斯格威尔夫人将一盆无盖、类似粥的褐色混合黏状物分别倒进木碗内，然后逐一添加小撮面包。孩子们就这样吃完面包，喝光粥，早餐转眼草草结束；之后，斯格威尔先生走开，独自享用他的早餐去了。

8. 约莫半个时辰，斯格威尔先生回来了，男孩们走到各自座位，拿出书本，大约八个孩子才能有一本书。不过几分钟光景，斯格威尔先生端出一副神色安详、知识渊博的模样。他似乎对书中所有内容领悟深透，对每一词语解释了然于胸，如果稍稍不厌其烦的话，这位先生恐怕会适时想起他的第一节课。

9. 孩子们乖顺听话地在这位校长桌前列成一排，六七个瘦骨嶙峋的稻草人孩子，膝盖手肘并用地挪将过来，其中一个孩子将一本毁损的、污秽不堪的书放在校长充满睿智的眼皮下。

“尼克贝，这是我们第一节英语拼写和语法课。”斯格威尔先生开口说，示意尼古拉斯·尼克贝过来站在他的身边。“今天，我们将学习一个拉丁词，我会把这个拉丁词语教给你们。好了，班长今天在哪？”

10. “先生，他正在擦洗后面客厅的窗户。”语法课临时班长报告说。

“哦，这么回事，”斯格威尔先生继续说，“尼克贝，今天我们将采用实用的教学模式，即常规的教育体系。C-l-e-a-n, clean, 一个主动动词，意思是变得明亮，清洗东西。W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, 卷绕，卷起一扇铰链窗。你们在书本外学习这个单词，然后走过去卷起窗子，这种学习方法正是世界普遍采用的法则。副班长在哪？”

11. “先生，他在花园里拔草。”一个声音低声回答。

“怎么回事。”斯格威尔说道，声音坦然，没有丝毫困窘不安。“哦，他在拔草， B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, 名词性质，植物学知识。学生们学习植物学，这词表示植物类知识，学生学习后了解植物，这就是我们的学习体系，尼克贝，你觉得呢？”

“无论如何，这门功课非常有用。”尼古拉斯意味深长地回答。

12. “我相信你。”斯格威尔接着说，并未觉察到尼克贝的弦外之音。“第三个回答的孩子，马是什么？”

“一种动物，先生。”那男孩答道。

“正是。”斯格威尔说。“莫非马不是动物？尼克贝？”

“毫无疑问，马是动物，先生。”尼克贝答道。“当然，这里没有马，”斯格威尔说，“马是一种四脚兽，四脚兽的拉丁语就是兽类，这一点，每个学过语法的学生都知道，不然的话，学些语法还有什么用呢？”

“这究竟哪对哪，真是！”尼古拉斯心不在焉地小声嘀咕。

13. “既然你们表现都还不错，”斯格威尔接着转向对那个男生说，“现在就去照看我的马匹，好好将它全身擦洗干净，否则，仔细我修理你。其他的学生去提水，没有吩咐不得停下休息，明天是清洗日，所有大缸小盆都要统统装满。”

# THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS

## 两手空空的礼物

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt (b, 1835,—) was born near Lexington, Ky. While still a young girl she began to write poetry, which was well received. In 1861 she was married to the poet John James Piatt. Mrs. Piatt's poetry is marked by tender pathos, thoughtfulness, and musical flow of rhythm. The following selection is from "That New World."

1. They were two princes doomed<sup>[19]</sup> to death;  
Each loved his beauty and his breath:  
"Leave us our life and we will bring  
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

2. They went together. In the dew  
A charmed<sup>[20]</sup> bird before them flew.  
Through sun and thorn one followed it;  
Upon the other's arm it lit.

3. A rose, whose faintest flush was worth  
All buds that ever blew<sup>[21]</sup> on earth,  
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,  
Into the other's breast it fell.

4. Weird<sup>[22]</sup> jewels, such as fairies wear,  
When moons go out, to light their hair,  
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;  
Gems of quick<sup>[23]</sup> fire the other found.

5. One with the dragon fought to gain  
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;  
The other breathed the garden's air

And gathered precious apples there.

6. Backward to the imperial<sup>[24]</sup> gate  
One took his fortune, one his fate:  
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,  
The other, torn and empty hands.

7. At bird, and rose, and gem, and fruit,  
The king was sad, the king was mute<sup>[25]</sup>;  
At last he slowly said: “My son,  
True treasure is not lightly won.

8. Your brother’s hands, wherein you see  
Only these scars, show more to me  
Than if a kingdom’s price I found  
In place of each forgotten wound.”

## 【中文阅读】

S. M. B.皮埃特夫人，1835年出生于美国肯塔基州莱克星屯附近，幼年时即开始诗歌创作，创作声誉良好。1861年，她与诗人约翰·詹姆斯·皮埃特结婚。皮埃特夫人诗歌具有人文关怀的温婉悲伤，她的诗歌思想深刻，韵律流畅。以下章节来自她的《新大陆》。

1. 命中注定，两位王子在劫难逃，  
让人钦羡，青春鲜活风华正茂，  
“尊敬的父王，能否免我们一死，  
从主那里，给您带来珍贵礼物。”

2. 露水清寒， 两人同时走向死亡，

小鸟振翼， 施以魔法悄然而至，  
又飞来一只， 穿过阳光下荆棘，  
落在臂膀， 王子霎时全身通明。

3. 嫣红玫瑰，绽放乃是最美宿命，  
娇嫩蓓蕾，怎能错过世上花期，  
枝蔓攀缘，拼命挣扎欲爬崖顶，  
没承想到，竟然跌进他人心尖。
4. 犹如仙女魔饰佩环叮当，  
粉墨登场，月光流世，映亮凌乱毛发，  
一位王子，触摸阴森地面，  
另位发现，生者宝石耀眼。
5. 佩戴龙饰王子，拼命挣抱，  
施加魔法宝贝，转眼不见。  
另位王子嗅到，芳香满园，  
得来不费功夫，奇珍异果。
6. 两人潜回，皇家宫殿门口，  
各自带回，财富或是噩运，  
收获丰盈者，上天馈赠礼物，  
双手空空者，魂灵撕裂痛苦。
7. 小鸟、玫瑰，宝石或异果，

国王悲恸不止，缄默无言，  
最后缓缓开口，“儿子们，  
真正宝物，并非轻易得到。

8. “你哥哥的手， 当然你也看见，  
唯独那疤痕， 意义不同寻常，  
良心才发现， 难道王位价值，  
就能忘记或替代， 所有心灵伤口？”

## LESSON 80

### CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE

### 捕捉野马

1. We left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and harassing march of two hours, over ridges of hills covered with a ragged forest of scrub oaks, and broken by deep gullies<sup>[26]</sup>.
2. About ten o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of Red River. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enameled with yellow, autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cottonwood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of monotonous wastes of brown forest.
3. The meadow was finely diversified<sup>[27]</sup> by groves and clumps of trees, so happily dispersed that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant, to our right,

while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes; some feeding, others reposing, and ruminating<sup>[28]</sup> among the high, rich herbage<sup>[29]</sup>, under the shade of a clump of cottonwood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture land, on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

4. A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting maneuver which is called “ringing the wild horse.” This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, at a certain distance apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This must be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie<sup>[30]</sup>, and can scent a hunter a great distance, if to windward<sup>[31]</sup>.

5. The ring being formed, two or three ride toward the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself, and turns them from their course. In this way they are checked, and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until, being completely tired down, it is easy for hunters to ride up beside them and throw the lariat<sup>[32]</sup> over their heads. The prime horses of the most speed, courage, and bottom<sup>[33]</sup>, however, are apt to break through and escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

6. Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack horses were now taken into the woods and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of the wild horses they should break away. Twenty-five men were then sent under the command of a lieutenant to steal along the edge of the valley within the strip of wood that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty-five men were sent across the valley to steal in like manner along the river bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees.

7. A third party of about the same number was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beatte and our other half-breed, Antoine, together with the ever-officious Tonish, were to make a circuit through the woods so as to get to the upper part of the



valley, in the rear of the horses, and drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them and make a complete circle.

8. The flanking<sup>[34]</sup> parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy; snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length they pranced off slowly toward the river, and disappeared behind a green bank.

9. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from among the trees. Unluckily, however, we had our wildfire, Jack-o'-lantern <sup>[35]</sup>little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move toward the river he broke out of the covert<sup>[36]</sup> of woods and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds, and half a score of rangers, joined in the chase.

10. A way they all went over the green bank. In a moment or two the wild horses reappeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers galloping and bellowing behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check and turn back the fugitives; they were too hotly pressed by their pursuers: in their panic<sup>[37]</sup> they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain.

11. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, and others with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy, rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the promiscuous<sup>[38]</sup> throng were pressed together by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went, pellmell, hurry-scurry, wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and halloo, that made the forests ring.

12. At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake, on the river bank, while the horses dashed up

a narrow defile of the hills, with their pursuers close to their heels. Beatte passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit and saddle marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

13. Among the wild horses was a fine black mare, which in scrambling up the defile tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking and biting, and striking with her fore feet, but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain.

14. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley, by two strong lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

15. As to Tonish, who had marred<sup>[39]</sup> the whole scene by his precipitancy, he had been more successful than he deserved, having managed to catch a beautiful cream-colored colt about seven months old, that had not strength to keep up with its companions. The mercurial<sup>[40]</sup> little Frenchman was beside himself with exultation. It was amusing to see him with his prize. The colt would rear and kick, and struggle to get free, when Tonish would take him about the neck, wrestle with him, jump on his back, and cut as many antics as a monkey with a kitten.

16. Nothing surprised me more, however, than to witness how soon these poor animals, thus taken from the unbounded freedom of the prairie, yielded to the dominion of man. In the course of two or three days the mare and colt went with the led horses and became quite docile.

—Washington Irving

## 【中文阅读】

1. 我们八点钟左右离开布法罗营地，艰难辛苦地跋涉两个小时，穿越道道山脊，路上到处是参差不齐的矮橡树林，不时可见幽深僻静的溪谷沟壑。

2. 早上大约十点的时候，我们来到高矮不一的一处丛林路口，俯瞰脚下林木直抵山下沟谷，那条红河北段从脚下沟底流过。一处大约半英里宽、美丽的草原甸子缀满秋天金黄灿烂的花朵，那片草原甸子沿山脚一直伸展两三英里，抵达河对岸一侧。河两岸长着三角叶杨树，脚底踩着深浅不一的沉积物，在满眼褐色森林里穿梭良久，眼睛趋于长时间麻木倦怠，倏然看到这片浓艳树叶，眼前顿时一亮。

3. 草原甸子恰好层次分明，一边是灌木林，一边是排列整齐的树木，似乎由一双艺术大手精巧分开。当我们将目光转向这片清新宜人的山谷，只看见一群野马在黧绿的草地上安静地吃草。野马群位于我们右侧大约一英里开外，而我们左侧，几乎差不多远的地方，一片三角叶杨树丛林的浓荫下，草地上牧草很高，长势茂盛，几只野牛正在草甸盘桓，有的在啃噬青草，有的在歇息反刍。牧场景色美丽寥廓，和谐安谧，宛如不失绅士优雅风度的农夫，从容悠闲地放牧他的牛群，好一派浓郁迷人的田园风光。

4. 就如何捕捉这群野马，我们召开了战前会，抓住目前有利机遇乃是上策，采取最为有效的捕猎计谋，即通常所说的“打围野马”。这一计划不仅需要相当多的骑手，且需骑手技艺超群，还须拥有不同角度条件下驾驭控制马的过人能力，甚至离马相当距离也能游刃有余地掌控身体的超凡骑术。这样，才能从两三英里外形成包围圈围住马群。这种打围需要极度谨慎小心，因为野马对草原原住民最为警觉，如果顺风，很远都能嗅到猎人的气味。

5. 包围圈一旦形成，两三个骑手就冲向马群，最初冲击方向往往与最后打围方向相反，直到骑手抵达包围圈边界，猎人才最终出现。这种方式逼迫马群偏转原来路线，马群在每一设伏点皆受到拦阻驱逐，因此它们就会围绕骑手布下的神奇围圈不停地飞奔疾驰，直到彻底精疲力竭。这时，猎人们才飞奔上马，疾驰飞奔中扔出套索，紧紧地套牢马匹。那些一流的马极擅奔跑，具有超凡勇气耐力，亦最有可能冲出包围圈逃之夭夭，因此，一般来说，人们捕获的多为品质稍劣的马匹。

6. 现在开始为围猎做前期准备。一群马被牵进树林，紧紧地系在树上，以免等会野马冲过来，它们可能挣脱逃走。在中尉率领下，一支二十五人的队伍悄悄沿着山谷边缘进发，山谷毗邻山脚下环山的条形状树林。那二十五人大约以五十码间隔距离布好位置，藏身在树林边缘，等到野马群朝他们这边飞奔过来，他们才冒头拦阻。另有二十五人穿越山谷，在其相应地段对面，沿河岸布阵，亦藏身树林中间。

7. 另外再派出大体数目相当的人排成一列，沿山谷低段延伸站开，以此连接两翼包围

圈。比特还有另外一个混血儿骑手安东尼，再加上总爱管闲事的托尼斯，他们三人将穿越树林，到达山谷稍高地带，出现在野马群后面，驱赶马群向前进入我们已设伏好的布袋，而其他两翼亦应与其呼应连接，形成一个完整的包围圈。

8. 同时，侧翼人马也在悄无声息地散开，消失在远方，他们将在山谷四边设好埋伏圈。最后剩下的人，将补充填实整条包围圈可能出现的缺口。就在这时，野马群发出信号，它们发现了危险临近，马群不停地嗅嗅四周，打出喷嚏，然后环顾左右，最后三三两两地缓慢地朝那条河走去，消失在那条河绿色堤岸后。

9. 哎呀，假如严格遵守围猎规则，野马群很可能被树林里冒出的猎手拦阻，然后安静地后撤，然而，不幸的是，鬼使神差中，那位身材矮小的法国佬让整个打围过程变得诡异无常。他们一行设伏在山谷右面，未能保持按兵不动，从而掌控野马群走向；那家伙一看见马群朝河流那边移动，竟然从树林里冲出来，发狂地穿过草原追撵马群，从而使整个计划彻底乱套。这时，一些混血儿骑手，加上其他十多位游牧骑手，亦争先恐后地参与疯狂追赶。

10. 那些骑手们飞驰越过绿色堤岸，不一会儿，野马群再度进入视线，山谷下一片喊声震天。那位矮小的法国人，那些混血儿打围者，还有那些游牧骑手们策马飞奔，吼叫声、呐喊声在马群身后响成一片。此刻，那道穿越山谷准备围堵拦截野马群的防线完全失去作用。马群遭遇追赶者的猛烈追逐，它们在恐慌中狂奔，冲破了那道防线，草原上嘈杂喊叫震地连天。

11. 所有的人无不裹进这种轻率冒失的追逐，有的骑手没戴帽子，长风肆意凌乱着他们头发，还有些猎手用布条将脑后头发扎紧。一直安静吃草的野牛群觉察到不安，收拢起庞大队形，屏神凝气地聆听草地那边传来的骚动，片刻工夫掉头，炮起蹄子成群跑开。杂乱蜂拥的野牛群一泄如注，山谷那边围猎嘈杂更加剧了牛群恐惧，它们拥挤不堪，忙不择路地夺命狂奔。那些野牛野马，加上游牧骑手搅成乱团，牛群马群的骚乱炸锅，骑手鞍具的哗啦作响，各路人马声嘶力竭的呼喊嘶叫，使整个打围场面愈发喧嚣壮观。

12. 野牛群一直跑到河岸绿草地，总算收住了蹄子，而此刻野马群正从山谷一处狭窄隘口发狂地夺路奔下，后面骑手们紧追不舍，他们离马群愈来愈近。比特疾驰越过好几匹野马，眼睛死死盯着一匹漂亮的北美印第安族波尼马，那马明显特征的狭长鞍形耳朵贴在脖颈后面。比特勇敢地揪着马，然而，在穿越丛林的迅速奔跑中，那马转瞬间便不知去向。

13. 野马群中还有匹漂亮的黑色母马，那马趑趄着爬上隘道，却不幸绊倒在地，一位年轻

骑手从马上猛地飞扑上去，抓住了它的鬃毛和牙口。另一位骑手也旋即下马，助他一臂之力。那母马狂暴地挣脱，前后炮蹄，连踢带咬，可一条套索套上它的头颈，顷刻之间，它的拼命挣扎完全失去意义。

14. 然而，好大一会儿工夫，那母马狂乱地炮蹄乱跳，前蹄后蹄死命猛踢，两位骑手用两条结实的绳索死死拽住马，沿着河谷兜转，绳索很长，骑手与马匹才能保持相当距离，确保不会被马踢到。无论马朝哪边拼命挣脱，另一边绳索亦会紧紧拴着它动弹不得。最后，那马终于被驯服地安静下来。

15. 那位由于鲁莽草率而打乱整个围猎计划的托尼斯，此行收获不小，他捕获了一匹大约七个月大小的奶油色马驹，那弱小马驹实在无力跟上马群。那位活泼机智、矮小的法国佬大喜过望地站在托尼斯身边，看着托尼斯收获，开怀放肆地大笑起来。小马驹后炮前踢，挣扎着想逃走，突然，托尼斯一把抓住它的脖子，朝它打个响亮呼哨，一个鹞子翻身跃到它的背上，像猴子耍逗小猫般尽情作乐，扮出一连串滑稽不堪的怪脸。

16. 没有任何事情能比这更让人激动不已，看着这些可怜的野马，如此迅捷地被人们从它们无拘无束、自由生活的大草原上掳走，从此，它们不得不屈从人的意志。两三天内，那匹母马和小马驹将被牵到备用马群中，很快将接受人为残酷的驯服。

（华盛顿·欧文）

## LESSON 81

### SOWING AND REAPING

### 播种与收获

Adelaide Anne Procter (b. 1825, d. 1864) was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (better known as “Barry Cornwall”), a celebrated English poet, living in London. Miss Procter’s first volume, “Legends and Lyrics,” appeared in 1858, and met with great success; it was republished in this country. A second series, under the same name, was published in 1860; and in 1862 both series were republished with additional poems, and an introduction by Charles Dickens. In 1861 Miss Procter edited “Victoria Regia,” a collection of poetical pieces, to which she contributed; and in 1862 “A Chaplet of Verses,” composed of her own poems, was published. Besides these volumes, she contributed largely to various magazines and periodicals.

1. Sow with a generous hand;  
Pause not for toil and pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain;  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

2. Scatter the seed, and fear not,  
A table will be spread;  
What matter if you are too weary  
To eat your hard-earned bread;  
Sow, while the earth is broken,  
For the hungry must be fed.

3. Sow;—while the seeds are lying  
In the warm earth's bosom deep,  
And your warm tears fall upon it—  
They will stir in their quiet sleep,  
And the green blades rise the quicker,  
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

4. Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall to-day;  
And care not what hand shall reap it,  
Or if you shall have passed away  
Before the waving cornfields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

5. Sow;—and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears,—  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown to-day in tears.

阿德莱德·安妮·普罗克特(1825~1864)为布赖恩·沃勒·普罗克特(更为人们熟知名字为巴里·康沃尔)的女儿,她是一位居住伦敦的著名英国诗人。1858年,普罗克特小姐的首部诗集《传奇与抒情诗》问世,获得了极大成功,随后再度出版。1860年,以同一书名的续集再次问世;1862年,两部诗集均增补新诗重新推出,并配有查尔斯·狄更斯的前言。1861年,普罗克特小姐编辑出版题为《维多利亚·雷吉亚》的个人诗歌选集;1862年,她编辑出版题名《花冠诗行》的自创诗歌集。除上列诗集外,普罗克特小姐还为不少杂志期刊撰写大量诗歌。

1. 慷慨的手,辛勤播种,  
胼手胝足,难得歇息,  
毫不计较,夏天炙热,  
早春淫雨,侵人肌骨。  
金秋时刻,终于来临,  
丰收庄稼,漫山遍谷。

2. 播撒种子,恐惧不再,  
一畦春苗,即将发芽,  
汗滴禾下,盘中之餐,  
悲喜欣集,拜赐双手,  
精耕细作,播种希望,  
凡尘百姓,食大为天。

3. 金色种子,播进泥土,  
静静躺在,母亲怀里,  
滚烫泪水,扑簌落下,  
惊蛰声中,睡眠结束,  
绿色芽苗,破土而出,  
争相报答,农夫辛苦。

4. 春光易逝, 不误农时,  
披星戴月, 犁田耙土。  
前人栽树, 后人乘凉,  
赠人玫瑰 手有余香。  
麦浪翻滚, 收获稻谷,  
耕者慷慨, 造福桑梓。

5. 不停播种, 仰望前行,  
繁星万点, 摇曳出现,  
凄风冷雨, 难以畏惧,  
丰满自足, 持奉信念。  
收获幸福, 在丰收里,  
播撒种子, 在眼泪里。

## LESSON 82

### TAKING COMFORT

### 自我解脱

1. For the last few days, the fine weather has led me away from books and papers, and the close air of dwellings, into the open fields, and under the soft, warm sunshine, and the softer light of a full moon. The loveliest season of the whole year—that transient<sup>[41]</sup> but delightful interval between the storms of the “wild equinox<sup>[42]</sup>, with all their wet,” and the dark, short, dismal days which precede the rigor<sup>[43]</sup> of winter—is now with us. The sun rises through a soft and hazy atmosphere; the light mist clouds melt gradually before him; and his noontide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters, and grasses green with the late autumnal rains.



2. One fine morning, not long ago, I strolled down the Merrimac, on the Tewksbury shore. I know of no walk in the vicinity of Lowell so inviting as that along the margin of the river, for nearly a mile from the village of Belvidere. The path winds, green and flower-skirted, among beeches and oaks, through whose boughs you catch glimpses of waters sparkling and dashing below. Rocks, huge and picturesque<sup>[44]</sup>, jut out into the stream, affording beautiful views of the river and the distant city.

3. Half fatigued with my walk, I threw myself down upon a rocky slope of the bank, where the panorama<sup>[45]</sup> of earth, sky, and water lay clear and distinct about me. Far above, silent and dim as a picture, was the city, with its huge mill masonry, confused chimney tops, and church spires; near it rose the height of Belvidere, with its deserted burial place and neglected gravestones sharply defined on its bleak, bare summit against the sky; before me the river went dashing down its rugged channel, sending up its everlasting murmur; above me the birch tree hung its tassels; and the last wild flowers of autumn profusely fringed the rocky rim of the water.

4. Right opposite, the Dracut woods stretched upwards from the shore, beautiful with the hues of frost, glowing with tints richer and deeper than those which Claude or Poussin mingled, as if the rainbows of a summer shower had fallen among them. At a little distance to the right, a group of cattle stood mid-leg deep in the river; and a troop of children, bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at them from a projecting shelf of rock. Over all a warm but softened sunshine melted down from a slumberous autumnal sky.

5. My reverie<sup>[46]</sup> was disagreeably broken. A low, grunting sound, half bestial<sup>[47]</sup>, half human, attracted my attention. I was not alone. Close beside me, half hidden by a tuft of bushes, lay a human being, stretched out at full length, with his face literally<sup>[48]</sup> rooted into the gravel. A little boy, five or six years of age, clean and healthful, with his fair brown locks and blue eyes, stood on the bank above, gazing down upon him with an expression of childhood's simple and unaffected pity.

6. "What ails you?" asked the boy at length. "What makes you lie there?"

The prostrate<sup>[49]</sup> groveler<sup>[50]</sup> struggled halfway up, exhibiting the bloated<sup>[51]</sup> and filthy countenance

of a drunkard. He made two or three efforts to get upon his feet, lost his balance, and tumbled forward upon his face.

“What are you doing there?” inquired the boy.

“I’m taking comfort,” he muttered, with his mouth in the dirt.

7. Taking his comfort! There he lay,—squalid and loathsome under the bright heaven,—an imbruted<sup>[52]</sup> man. The holy harmonies<sup>[53]</sup> of Nature, the sounds of gushing waters, the rustle of the leaves above him, the wild flowers, the frost bloom of the woods,—what were they to him? Insensible, deaf, and blind, in the stupor of a living death, he lay there, literally realizing<sup>[54]</sup> that most bitterly significant eastern malediction<sup>[55]</sup>, “May you eat dirt.”

(Whittier)

## 【中文阅读】

1. 最近这两天，天气真好，我放下书本，离开沉闷压抑的家，走到户外，走进温暖柔和的阳光下，走到清新满月的月光里，正值一年中最佳季节。阴雨连绵，狂暴的秋分刚刚过去，寒冷凄凉的冬天即将到来，很快阳光稀少，晦暗难捱；此刻，我们却拥有一个短暂快乐的艳阳天。秋阳在薄霭笼罩的大地升起，光线朦胧柔和，袅袅云烟渐次散去。正午明晃晃太阳落在寂静的树林，恬美静默的水面，还有暖暖的绿色草地，清澈阳光下居然夹杂些许晚秋落雨。

2. 不久以前，一个美妙的清晨，我来到图克斯伯里河岸，沿梅里马克河顺流而下悠闲散步。我不曾知道洛维尔周边风景如此美丽，沿河两岸景色娴静迷人，梅里马克河离贝尔维迪尔村庄差不多有一英里，小路蜿蜒延伸，两边缀有草地鲜花。我信步穿过山毛榉树林以及橡树林，一路临岸依立的枝干粗硕，水面波光粼粼，水流湍急。嶙峋怪石立在水中，眼前河流与远处城镇融为一体，风景如画。

3. 半路走倦了，我索性在河岸一处巉岩的陡坡上坐下，周边景色开阔寥落，风光浩荡一揽尽收，只见天高地阔，河水清澈，极目望去，远处城镇安静得有点朦胧，宛如一幅画，影影绰绰，分不清究竟是庞大的磨坊砖墙还是烟囱顶端；高高的教堂尖塔，紧挨旁边是贝尔维迪尔高

地，在天空衬托下，裸露阴晦的山顶上，那片荒凉墓地夹杂棱角分明的散落碑石格外触目；眼前河道崎岖，河水湍急，仿佛吟唱一曲经久不息的歌谣；我头顶上方的桦木枝繁叶茂，河边崖壁上嵌满了秋季最后盛开的荼靡。

4. 恰好河岸对面，德雷卡特森林从岸边一直往上游延伸，阳光辉映下，露珠闪耀晶莹，招摇炫目极了，变幻出魔幻繁杂的色彩，比克劳德森林或普辛森林漂亮多了，简直就像夏季暴雨后一道漫天瑰丽的彩虹。右边不远的地方，一群牛站在没膝的河水中，岸边，一块片状巨石兀立而起；一群开心的孩子们，正朝那群牛儿甩石子，他们眼里洋溢着无拘无束的快乐欢情。温暖秋阳柔软地抚摩万物，天空下满是浓郁的慵懒。

5. 一阵低沉的咕哝声打断了我的沉思冥想，让我略感不快，我居然看到一位半兽半人的家伙，心里并不觉得害怕。就在我身边，一簇灌丛边躺着一个人，他的四肢摊开，脸部简直就是埋在砾石里，似乎那是个孩子，不过五六岁大小，看起来还很健康，衣着干净，褐色的美丽头发，蓝色的眼睛。我站在上端堤岸上，向下打量着他，眼里满是孩子般的真诚怜悯。

6. “你哪里不舒服？”我开口问道，“你怎么躺着那里？”那匍匐在地的家伙挣扎爬起，一付醉醺醺酒鬼的污秽嘴脸，他拼命地两三次欲想站起，没想到却失去重心，脸部朝下再次摔倒。

“你到这里做什么？”我问他。

“我在自我解脱。”他咕哝着说，嘴角紧贴泥土。

7. 自我解脱！他躺在那里，浑身污秽不堪。令人憎恶，一如行尸走肉，趴在一望如洗的蓝天下？自然神性和谐，河水滚滚不息，枝头树叶婆娑，漫地灿烂野花，树林里闪动晶莹的晨霜，所有这些美好对他意味着什么？毫无知觉，失去听觉，没有视觉，纯粹一个活死人的恍惚虚无世界。他僵卧在那里，恐怕最能验证那句颇为苦涩的东方咒语：“啃你的土去吧。”

（惠蒂尔）

LESSON 83

CALLING THE ROLL

点名

1. “CORPORAL GREEN!” the orderly cried;  
“Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,  
From the lips of a soldier standing near;  
And “here!” was the word the next replied.  
“Cyrus Drew!” and a silence fell;  
This time no answer followed the call;  
Only his rear man saw him fall,  
Killed or wounded he could not tell.
  
2. There they stood in the fading light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.  
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the river’s flood.
  
3. For the foe had crossed from the other side  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;  
And their lifeblood went to color the tide.  
“Herbert Cline!” At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.
  
4. “Ezra Kerr!” and a voice said “here!”  
“Hiram Kerr!” but no man replied:

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,  
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.  
“Ephraim Deane!”—then a soldier spoke:  
“Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said,  
“When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

5. “Close to the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;  
He murmured his mother’s name, I think;  
And death came with it and closed his eyes.”  
’T was a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;  
For that company’s roll, when called at night,  
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered “here!”

(*Shepherd*)

## 【中文阅读】

1. “格林下士！”执勤官点名叫着。

“到！”声音清晰响亮，

一位士兵，旁边大声回答。

“赛勒斯·德鲁！”一片沉默，

人群中，无人应答。

他身后士兵，见他最后倒下，

但无法知道，他死去或受伤。

2. 士兵们站在，昏黄灯火下，

一群赴死的人，面容阴沉晦暗，

生死不足惜，犹如必须打开的书，

鲜活生命，集聚死亡魅影对岸。

山坡上青草，溅满斑斑血迹，

山下玉米地，罌粟抽出枝节，  
殷红的血，让毒蛇之吻失去颜色，  
满河腥烈，满眼心颤。

3. 那天，敌人从对岸猛扑过来，  
大火凶残，烧了个天昏地暗，  
杀声震天，士兵们纷纷倒下，  
鲜血汩红河水，硝烟弥漫河畔。  
“赫伯特·克莱恩！”执勤官还在点名，  
两位伤者，坚定地走进队列，  
赫伯特·克莱恩后面，轮到他们，  
他们蹒跚前来，接受挑战。

4. “以斯拉·克尔！”“到！”  
“海勒姆·克尔！”半天没有回应，  
不寒而栗，风声滚过谷地，  
长久叹息，殉难的同胞兄弟。  
“以法莲·迪恩！”有位士兵报告，  
“迪恩，不愧我们军团骄傲！”  
那时，敌人已经后退溃败，  
他扛着军旗冲锋，中弹倒下。

5. “他躺在路边，快要死了，  
我停下脚步，喂他点水，  
他嘴唇啜嚅，或许唤着妈妈，

最后，才慢慢闭上双眼。”  
胜利到来，我们失去多少兄弟，  
点名队列中，永远不会出现。  
生死离别，勇士出征几人回？  
天亦无情，残阳西下慈母泪。

（牧羊人）

## LESSON 84

### TURTLE SOUP

### 龟煲汤

Charles Frederick Briggs (b. 1804, d. 1877) was born on the island of Nantucket. When quite young, however, he became a resident of New York City. In 1845, in conjunction with Edgar A. Poe, he began the publication of the “Broadway Journal;” he was also connected with the “New York Times,” and the “Evening Mirror;” also as editor from 1853 to 1856 with “Putnam’s Magazine.” Mr. Briggs wrote a few novels, some poetry, and numerous little humorous tales and sketches. The following selection is from “Working a Passage; or, Life on a Liner,” one of his best stories.

1. Among the luxuries which the captain had provided for himself and passengers was a fine green turtle, which was not likely to suffer from exposure to salt water, so it was reserved<sup>[56]</sup> until all the pigs, and sheep, and poultry had been eaten. A few days before we arrived, it was determined to kill the turtle and have a feast the next day.

2. Our cabin gentlemen had been long enough deprived of fresh meats to make them cast lickerish<sup>[57]</sup> glances towards their hard-skinned friend, and there was a great smacking of lips the day before he was killed. As I walked aft<sup>[58]</sup> occasionally, I heard them congratulating themselves on their prospective<sup>[59]</sup> turtle soup and forcemeat<sup>[60]</sup> balls; and one of them, to heighten the luxury of the feast,

ate nothing but a dry biscuit for the twenty-four hours preceding, that he might be prepared to devour his full share of the unctuous<sup>[61]</sup> compound.

3. It was to be a gala day with them; and though it was not champagne day, that falling on Saturday and this on Friday, they agreed to have champagne a day in advance, that nothing should be wanting to give a finish to their turtle. It happened to be a rougher day than usual when the turtle was cooked, but they had become too well used to the motion of the ship to mind that.

4. It happened to be my turn at the wheel the hour before dinner, and I had the tantalizing misery of hearing them laughing and talking about their turtle, while I was hungry from want of dry bread and salt meat. I had resolutely kept my thoughts from the cabin during all the passage but once, and now I found my ideas clustering round a tureen of turtle in spite of all my philosophy.

5. Confound them, if they had gone out of my hearing with their exulting smacks, I should not have envied their soup, but their hungry glee so excited my imagination that I could see nothing through the glazing<sup>[62]</sup> of the binnacle<sup>[63]</sup> but a white plate with a slice of lemon on the rim, a loaf of delicate bread, a silver spoon, a napkin, two or three wine glasses of different hues and shapes, and a water goblet clustering round it, and a stream of black, thick, and fragrant turtle pouring into the plate.

6. By and by it was four bells: they dined at three. And all the gentlemen, with the captain at their head, darted below into the cabin, where their mirth increased when they caught sight of the soup plates. "Hurry with the soup, steward," roared the captain. "Coming, sir," replied the steward. In a few moments the cook opened the door of his galley<sup>[64]</sup>, and out came the delicious steam of the turtle.

7. Then came the steward with a large covered tureen<sup>[65]</sup> in his hand, towards the cabin gangway<sup>[66]</sup>. I forgot the ship for a moment in looking at this precious cargo, the wheel slipped from my hands, the ship broached to with a sudden jerk; the steward had got only one foot upon the stairs, when this unexpected motion threw him off his balance, and down he went by the run, the tureen slipped from his hands, and part of its contents flew into the lee<sup>[67]</sup> scuppers<sup>[68]</sup>, and the balance



followed him in his fall.

8. I laughed outright. I enjoyed the turtle a thousand times more than I should have done if I had eaten the whole of it. But I was forced to restrain my mirth, for the next moment the steward ran upon deck, followed by the captain, in a furious rage, threatening if he caught him to throw him overboard. Not a spoonful of the soup had been left in the coppers<sup>[69]</sup>, for the steward had taken it all away at once to keep it warm. In about an hour afterwards the passengers came upon deck, looking more sober than I had seen them since we left Liverpool. They had dined upon cold ham.



## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·弗雷德里克·布里格斯(1804~1877)出生于美国马萨诸塞州楠塔基特岛,然而年少时便迁居到纽约市。1845年,他与埃德加·爱伦·坡开始来往,筹办出版《百老汇期刊》。布里格斯与《纽约时报》和《晚镜报》交往密切,1853~1856年期间,他曾担任《普特南杂志》编辑。布里格斯出版过数部小说,若干诗歌以及大量短篇幽默故事和作品。下列章节选自《工作片段》,又称《画线员的生活》,该篇为他最好的小说之一。

1. 船上那只漂亮的绿毛龟有幸列入美味佳肴的名单,那是船长为旅客及他本人准备的。那种龟不可能在海水里喂养,因此待到鸭鸡一千家常肉类悉数消耗殆尽,绿毛龟这才引起饕

餐们热情关注。轮船眼看几天后就要抵达目的地了，事情即刻敲定下来，明天船长好好地犒劳大家，这回，绿毛龟也该寿终正寝了。

2. 客舱里的绅士们很久未能品尝鲜肉，随着有肉可啖的消息传开，盯着那位长有坚硬绿壳的朋友，人们眼里无不冒出饥渴绿光。那头龟却是如此不谙人事，嘴里不时发出的吧咂声响亮依然。我偶尔走到船尾，听到那些先生们兴高采烈地谈论期待中的龟汤，甚至还有喷香的五香龟肉丸。有位绅士更为大肆渲染餐宴的规格排场，尽管接下来整整一天，除了啃点发硬的饼干，船上什么吃的也没有，可他，简直为自己那份鲜美醇厚的龟煲汤急不可耐了。

3. 绅士们的欢乐日子到来了，尽管周六才能喝上香槟，今天周五，大家还是一致赞同将香槟日提前，这样看来，龟汤带来的憧憬亦就不会留有任何遗憾了。更何况还有，今天海上风浪很不凑巧地比平常要大，但人们对船上颠簸早已习以为常，更何况还有厨房里喷香的美食诱惑，这些风浪亦就实在不值得计较了。

4. 聚餐前一小时，刚好轮到我在驾驶室里值班，听到那些谈论龟汤的诙谐逗趣不时传来，饥肠辘辘的我，只想弄点面包干夹点咸肉打发肚子。那种痛苦难捱实在饱含诱惑，我身在驾驶舱，尽量努力地克制自己，可一晃眼，发觉眼前飘动的全是那碗美味的龟煲汤。

5. 倘若能逃离这种过大节的嘈杂热闹，恐怕我不会过多计较这些家伙开心的手足舞蹈，不过，他们坐立不安的等待的确勾起我太多联想。当我仔细看着那块镀釉罗盘箱，突然发现里面另有一番天地，白色餐盘上切有一片柠檬摆盘，数片切法精致面包，一枚银汤匙，一方餐巾，三两只不同色彩、形状各异的酒杯，一只高脚杯，统统逐位摆好，最后，那道黑色浓稠、香味扑鼻的龟煲汤优雅地倒入素白瓷盘。

6. 进餐原定三点开始，时间一分一秒地过去，现在已经四点，在船长带领下，一群人一窝蜂冲到舷下餐厅。一看见汤盘，他们戏谑调侃，热闹成团。“大厨，赶紧上菜！”船长朗声叫道。“来了，先生们！”大厨连忙高声答道。须臾间，大厨推开厨房的门，美味浓黏的龟煲汤终于端上来了。

7. 大厨手里捧着一个大号炖煲，朝着旋梯甬道走来，我直盯盯地看着那锅馋人的宝贝，没想到轮盘突然从我手中滑落，船猛地一阵颠簸急扭；大厨刚将一只脚迈上台阶，始料不及的

晃荡，使他脚下顿时失去平衡，他啪地摔倒在地，炖锅也脱了手，锅里汤汤水水径直倾入避风道里的排水孔。转眼间，船又恢复了常态行驶。

8. 我畅快地大笑起来，在我看来，那种无数次观赏那只可爱绿毛龟的美妙感觉，应该超过独自喝完那锅炖汤。不过，此刻我更需不露声色，因为那边大厨很快噌噌地跑上了甲板，暴怒万分的船长紧随其后，他边跑边叫，一旦抓住那可恶家伙，就要把他扔进海里。可惜煲里汤水一点亦没剩下，可大厨还是边跑边抱着煲钵不松手，好像唯恐那汤凉了。大约一个时辰后，游客们才纷纷来到甲板，看来，他们比游船起航离开利物浦港口时清醒多了，离岸以来，他们一直以凉咸肉佐餐。

## LESSON 85

### THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE

### 最好的复仇

1. Some years ago a warehouseman<sup>[70]</sup> in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous<sup>[71]</sup> pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some talebearer to the libeler<sup>[72]</sup>, who said, “Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that.” It happens, however, that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

2. The wantonly libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity<sup>[73]</sup>. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature<sup>[74]</sup>, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of “the brothers” would supply the deficiency<sup>[75]</sup>. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughingstock of

the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrongdoer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the countinghouse of the wronged.

3. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent<sup>[76]</sup> were, “Shut the door, sir!” sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. “You wrote a pamphlet against us once!” exclaimed Mr. Grant. The suppliant expected to see his parchment<sup>[77]</sup> thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see “rogue, scoundrel, libeler,” inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

4. “We make it a rule,” said Mr. Grant, “never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else.” The tears started into the poor man’s eyes. “Ah,” said Mr. Grant, “my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.” “I do, I do!” said the grateful man; “I bitterly repent it.” “Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?” The poor man stated he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. “But how are you off in the meantime?”

5. And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint<sup>[78]</sup> his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. “My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet.” The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face and went out of the door, crying like a child.

1. 前些年，英国曼彻斯特一位羊毛制品批发商印刷了一本充满粗鄙辱骂的宣传册，文章里不遗余力地公开嘲笑格兰特兄弟机构。一位叫威廉·格兰特的人对此进行评价，这家伙将会为他所做的事后悔一生。这句评价被某位搬弄是非的人转告那位肆意诽谤者，后者说：“哦，我猜想，威廉·格兰特或许认为，或迟或早我将会欠格兰特兄弟的钱，这一点，我会格外倍加小心。”然而生意场上波谲诡异，谁也无法总能称心如愿地选择自己的债权人。那位批发商，即宣传册的始作俑者不巧破产了，于是他将债权转给一位商人，但那位商人随后同样破产，他无奈之下只好将债权以背书形式转与格兰特兄弟，于是格兰特兄弟最终成为那位羊毛制品批发商的债权人。

2. 由此看来，被侮辱中伤者居然成了恶毒毁谤者的债权人！如今，格兰特兄弟有能力让那家伙为自己的厚颜无耻埋单。接下来的情况是，如果无法获得债权人的签字认可，那位羊毛制品批发商老板将无法领取他的商业执照；如果没有商业执照，他根本无法再度经商。当时，他获得了破产法要求债权人的签名认可数，最后唯独缺少格兰特公司的签名。如果他指望格兰特兄弟公司能提供法律要求的不足名额签认，看来确实愚蠢至极。天呀！被公众无情耻笑、留作笑柄的格兰特兄弟岂能忘记过错方的肆意诽谤与行为卑劣？那位羊毛批发商老板陷入绝望之中，然而迫于对其妻儿的追索赔偿压力，最终他万般无奈提出申请，怀着痛苦的谦卑心情，来到格兰特兄弟的公司。

3. 威廉·格兰特先生独自在办公室里，“关上门，先生。”他对品行低劣者开口说出第一句话，话语相当严厉。门关上了，那位诽谤者颤抖地站在受害人面前，他说出了此行目的，拿出了他的商业执照，遭受肆意诬陷的威廉·格兰特先生很快抓住了这份执照，“你写过宣传册恶意诬陷我们！”格兰特先生尖声高叫起来。那位哀求者原以为那份羊皮文稿的执照文本会被扔进火里，但事情结局大出所料，格兰特先生取出一支笔，在文件上写下几个字，然后将其递交与那位破产者。那位可怜的穷光蛋仍然认为会看见“流氓、无赖或诽谤者”诸如此类字样出现在文件上，万万没想到，他竟然看到了字体圆润的格兰特公司签名。

4. “我们立下规则，”格兰特先生说，“绝不会拒绝为诚信的商人签署证书，我们从未听说你有什么不可以。”眼泪涌入那位可怜人眼眶。“哦，我所说的是真心话，我说过你会活到你后

悔写宣传册的那一天，我并不认为这是威胁，只是觉得，总有一天你会更加了解我们，并对无耻伤害我们感到抱歉。我现在看到你的真诚悔过。”“我悔过，我确实错了！”那批发商人感激涕零地说：“我实在后悔我所做的事。”“好了，好了，亲爱的朋友，你现在对我们有了初步了解，你如何经营下去？准备做什么？”那可怜的家伙告诉格兰特先生，一旦他的执照证书拿到后，他的朋友们会给予帮助。“但是，你如何从目前困境中摆脱出来？”

5. 那位批发商告诉格兰特先生，哪怕对自己债权人放弃了点利益，他也要被迫节省或压缩家庭生活最基本开销，这样才有能力支付执照费用。“亲爱的朋友，这没有用，你的全家不能受罪。从我这拿上十英镑支票给你夫人吧。请收下，收下吧，亲爱的朋友！好了，不要哭了，一切都会好起来的。振作精神，像男人那样承担责任，你一定会在我们中间重新昂起头。”这位内心纠结的汉子竭力想表达他的谢意，然而一切徒然无助。他哽咽地说不出话来，拿出手帕捂住脸，走出门后，顿时像孩子那样嚎啕大哭起来。

## LESSON 86

### THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE

### 莱茵河畔的士兵

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (b. 1808, d. 1877) was the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She wrote verses and plays at a very early age. “The Sorrows of Rosalie,” published in 1829, was written before she was seventeen years old. In 1827 she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton. The marriage was an unhappy one, and they were divorced in 1836. Her principal works are “The Undying One,” “The Dream, and Other Poems,” “The Child of the Islands,” “Stuart of Dunleith, a Romance,” and “English Laws for English Women of the 19th Century.” She contributed extensively to the magazines and other periodicals.

1. A soldier of the Legion<sup>[79]</sup> lay dying in Algiers, There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth<sup>[80]</sup> of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed<sup>[81]</sup> away, And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand, And he said: "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done, Full many a corse<sup>[82]</sup> lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;

And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

3. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age, For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.

For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child, My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard, I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine, On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head, When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread, But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast<sup>[83]</sup> eye, For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame, And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine), For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5. "There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by, You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry<sup>[84]</sup>,—too fond for idle scorning,—O friend! I fear the lightest heart



makes sometimes heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the moon be risen, My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6. “I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear, The German songs we used to sing, in chorus<sup>[85]</sup> sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill, The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk, Down many a path beloved of yore<sup>[86]</sup>, and well-remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—But we’ll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen all the Rhine.”

7. His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak, His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak.

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine, As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

## 【中文阅读】

卡罗琳·伊丽莎白·莎拉·诺顿(1808~1877)为理查·布林斯利·谢里登的孙女,卡罗琳年少时就开始写诗歌和戏剧。1829年,她的《罗莎莉的悲伤》出版,当年她开始写作这部作品时尚不满17岁。1827年,卡罗琳与汉·乔治·查普尔·诺顿结婚,她的婚姻生活并不幸福,1836年,她最终与丈夫离婚。卡罗琳主要作品有《永恒的人》、《梦,及其他诗歌》、《爱尔兰的孩子》、《邓莱斯的斯图尔特罗曼史》和《19世纪英国妇女的英国法律》。同时她还为杂志和部分期刊撰写大量文章。

1. 一位德国军团士兵,在阿尔及尔战场上濒临死亡,那里缺医少药,缺少医护照料,他的血快要流尽了。站在他身边的同伴,眼里满是悲哀,弯下身想听听他的最后遗言。这时,那位垂死的士兵抓住同伴的手,颤抖地对他说:“我再也见不到我家乡的土地了,请捎个消息回去,再带个物件,转交我远方的朋友,我出生在宾根,——莱茵河畔的宾根。



2. “当我的父老乡亲聚集到家乡那个美丽的葡萄园时，他们将听到我的噩耗，请告诉家乡的朋友们，我和我的战友们作战勇猛。今天就要消失了，夕阳下，地上到处堆满面容惨白的尸体，那些死者和濒死者中间，多少人因战争变得苍老，死亡将在他们勇敢的心里留下深深伤口，那是残酷记忆中难以愈合的伤疤。还有些战士那么年轻，他们亲眼目睹生命的遽然衰亡。一个来自宾根的战士，——莱茵河畔美丽的宾根。

3. “请告诉我的妈妈，她的其他儿子们将会陪她度过余生。我是一只逃学的小鸟，尽管家不过是只狭窄的鸟笼。我的父亲也是士兵，当我还是孩子时，总是急切地盼望他讲述过去惨烈悲壮的战斗。父亲死后，当全家处理父亲那点微薄的遗产时，我让兄弟们随意拿取他们想要的东西，只给自己留下父亲的一把剑。怀着一个孩子真挚的爱，我将那把剑挂好，挂在阳光可以照到的宾根普通农家的墙上，——莱茵河畔安宁的宾根。

4. “请告诉我的姐妹，不要为我哭泣，不要低下悲伤的头。当我们的部队重新胜利凯旋，请为他们感到骄傲。以冷静坚定的骄傲目光欢迎他们，因为她们的兄弟也是一位士兵。无需畏惧死亡。假如有位战士追求我的姐妹，我请求她们以我的名义认真倾听他的叙说，不要后悔或感到羞耻，将那把古老的剑，那把父亲和我共同拥有的战剑在原先位置挂好，为了古老宾根的荣耀，——莱茵河畔可爱的宾根。

5. “还有一位姑娘并非我的姐妹，在过去幸福时光里，从她眼里的欣喜闪光，我读懂了她。她那天真无邪的撒娇，若无其事的嘲弄。哦，亲爱的朋友！我唯恐你最为细微的心里承受太多悲哀！请告诉她我生命中最后一夜——（因为，月亮升起之前，我的身体将脱离痛苦，我的灵魂将离开囚禁之地），我梦想与她牵手伫立，一起漫步在满山葡萄藤缠绕的山巅，眺望宾根的金色日出，——莱茵河畔宏伟的宾根。

6. “我看见蓝色的宾根在飞奔勇进，我听见，哦，似乎听见，那些我们曾经反复吟唱的德国战歌，那甜蜜清澈的和声，随着欢快河流奔腾流泻。那美妙旋律回荡在风光巍峨的群山，穿透夜晚的安宁静谧。当我们手牵手依偎徜徉，她那双幸福的蓝眼睛看着我。那条镌刻下古老爱恋的幽静小路，难以忘怀的小路，她柔软小手轻轻地放到我的手上，与我互吐衷肠。然而，我们此生再亦不会在宾根重逢相遇，莱茵河畔的所有，——迷人的宾根。”

7. 他颤抖的声音愈来愈虚弱嘶哑；他的手亦轻飘无力，他的眼神现出濒死之光，他怅叹一

声。不再说话。他的战友急忙蹲下扶起他，但他的生命火花急遽黯淡，那位德国军团士兵最终客死在他乡！温柔的月亮缓慢升起，它冷冰冰地望着那片浸满殷红鲜血的战场，月光下，尸体纷乱杂陈，呈现出一幕可怖景象。那缕惨白月光撒在异乡的土地，如同它照耀在遥远的宾根，——莱茵河畔妖娆美丽的宾根。

LESSON 87

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS

天使

Charles Sprague (b. 1791, d. 1875) was born in Boston, Mass. He engaged in mercantile business when quite young, leaving school for that purpose. In 1825, he was elected cashier of the Globe Bank of Boston, which position he held until 1864. Mr. Sprague has not been a prolific writer; but his poems, though few in number, are deservedly classed among the best productions of American poets. His chief poem is entitled “Curiosity.”

1.    Gay, guiltless pair,  
      What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
      Ye have no need of prayer,  
      Ye have no sins to be forgiven.
  
2.    Why perch<sup>[87]</sup> ye here,  
      Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
      Can your pure spirits fear  
      The God ye never could offend?
  
3.    Ye never knew  
      The crimes for which we come to weep;  
      Penance<sup>[88]</sup> is not for you,  
      Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

4. To you 't is given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays<sup>[89]</sup>;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

5. Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs<sup>[90]</sup> that sing  
In yon blue dome<sup>[91]</sup> not reared with hands.

6. Or, if ye stay  
To note the consecrated<sup>[92]</sup> hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

7. Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

8. 'T were Heaven indeed,  
Through fields of trackless<sup>[93]</sup> light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·斯普拉格(1791~1875)出生于美国马萨诸塞州波士顿,少年时代即离开学校从事商业贸易。1825年,查尔斯被选为波士顿环球银行财务高级职员,他位居高位直到1864年。斯普拉格先生并非多产作家,可他的诗歌,尽管数量极少,确实可当之无愧地选入美国最佳诗歌作品集,《好奇》为他的主要诗作。

1. 同性恋男人，好一对清纯妙人，  
天国辽阔，你们在寻找什么？  
当然，你们无需祷告，  
原本清白，更无宽恕可言。
2. 为什么，你们栖息这里，  
凡胎肉躯，为何要向上帝赎罪？  
难道说，纯粹爱恋让天主恐惧，  
那位，你们未曾冒犯的天神？
3. 你们不知，我们前来哭泣的罪恶，  
你们并非，我们百般纠结的缘由，  
祝福的人儿，御风而去，  
那些身影，早已绝尘高远。
4. 永恒之光，唤醒你的内心  
深如天然歌声，率真本性，  
云天浩渺，圣殿拱门下，  
鸟声啁啾飞走，赞美生命。
5. 接着，展开每一道翅膀，  
振翼高飞，越过海洋大地，  
应合着，那些天籁之韵，  
飞进穹庐，见证恢宏的奇迹。

6. 或者你们，盘桓于天空，  
目睹，那一神性时刻的到来，  
教会我，恣意快乐地飞翔，  
让我尝试令人钦羡的力量。

7. 人群之上，凡尘之上，  
我无以所能，唯有乘风直上，  
我向往，远方亮丽云朵下沐浴，  
细数无尽，天空的繁星神秘。

8. 诚然，穿越那些人迹罕至  
光的原野，穿越神奇未知，  
生命本能的充满魔咒勃发，  
连上帝也膜拜，人性高贵的灵动。

## LESSON 88

### THE PEEVISH WIFE

### 暴躁易怒的妻子

Maria Edgeworth (b. 1767, d. 1849) was born near Reading, Berkshire, England. In 1782 her father removed with his family to Edgeworthstown, Ireland, to reside on his estate. She lived here during the remainder of her life, with the exception of occasional short visits to England, Scotland, and France. She was educated principally by her father; and they were collaborators in literary productions, among which were “Essays on Practical Education,” and the “Parent’s Assistant.” Her novels and tales were written without assistance, and her fame as a writer rests on them. The best known of these are “Castle Rackrent,” “Moral Tales,” “Tales of Fashionable Life,” “Frank,” “The Modern Griselda,” and “Helen.” Miss Edgeworth excels in the truthful delineation of character; and her works are full of practical good sense and genuine humor.

*Mrs. Bollingbroke.* I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the

newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

*Mr. Bolingbroke.* Here it is for you, my dear; I have finished it.

*Mrs. B.* I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate stale news. Is there anything in the paper? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

*Mr. B.* Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

*Mrs. B.* Who? Who?

*Mr. B.* Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

*Mrs. B.* Mrs. Nettleby? Dear! But why did you tell me?

*Mr. B.* Because you asked me, my dear.

*Mrs. B.* Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

*Mr. B.* Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

*Mrs. B.* But you see I can not find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

*Mr. B.* Our friend Mr. Granby.

*Mrs. B.* Mr. Granby? Dear! Why did you not make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him our friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

*Mr. B.* I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

*Mrs. B.* Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

*Mr. B.* Miss Cooke.

*Mrs. B.* Cooke? But, there are so many Cookes. Can't you distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

*Mr. B.* Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

*Mrs. B.* Emma Cooke? No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

*Mr. B.* This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

*Mrs. B.* Maybe so. I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

*Mr. B.* I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

*Mrs. B.* Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

*Mr. B.* Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

*Mrs. B.* I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear anything better than irony<sup>[94]</sup>.

*Mr. B.* Irony? my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

*Mrs. B.* Yes, yes; in earnest; so I perceive; I may naturally be dull of apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend too well. Yes, it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

*Mr. B.* My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

*Mrs. B.* No, you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

*Mr. B.* But I said that only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

*Mrs. B.* But I would rather that you thought ill of me than that you should not think of me at all.

*Mr. B.* Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you if that will please you.

*Mrs. B.* Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me you could not make me an object of derision<sup>[95]</sup>; ridicule and love are incompatible<sup>[96]</sup>, absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not cut out to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby!

*Mr. B.* Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend; but my happiness must depend on you, my love; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

*Mrs. B.* I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly; see her I must.

*Mr. B.* I am heartily glad of it, my dear; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

*Mrs. B.* I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure, or you either, but to satisfy my own curiosity.

<sup>[1]</sup>Fustian, a kind of cotton stuff, including corduroy, velveteen, etc.

<sup>[2]</sup>Resolved, made clear, disentangled.

<sup>[3]</sup>Deformities, misshapen persons.

<sup>[4]</sup>Stunted, checked in growth.

<sup>[5]</sup>Meager, thin, lean.

<sup>[6]</sup>Grotesque, fanciful, absurd.

<sup>[7]</sup>Administered, gave, dispensed.

<sup>[8]</sup>Installment, part, portion.

<sup>[9]</sup>Corporeal, bodily.



- [10] Physicking, *doctoring, treating with medicine.*
- [11] Diluted, *weakened by the addition of water.*
- [12] Commodity, *article, wares.*
- [13] Profound, *intellectually deep, wise.*
- [14] Apprehension, *comprehension, knowledge.*
- [15] Temporary, *for the time being.*
- [16] Disconcerted, *confused, abashed.*
- [17] Significantly, *with meaning.*
- [18] Abstractedly, *in an absent-minded way.*
- [19] Doomed, *destined, condemned.*
- [20] Charmed, *bewitched, enchanted.*
- [21] Blew, *blossomed, bloomed.*
- [22] Weird, *tainted with witchcraft, supernatural.*
- [23] Quick, *alive, living.*
- [24] Imperial, *royal.*
- [25] Mute, *silent.*
- [26] Gullies, *hollows in the earth worn by water.*
- [27] Diversified, *distinguished by numerous aspects, varied.*
- [28] Ruminating, *chewing over what has been slightly chewed before.*
- [29] Herbage, *pasture, grass.*
- [30] Prairie, *an extensive, level tract without trees, but covered with tall grass.*
- [31] Windward, *the point from which the wind blows.*
- [32] Lariat, *a long cord or thong of leather, with a noose, for catching wild horses.*
- [33] Bottom, *power of endurance.*
- [34] Flanking, *overlooking or commanding on the side.*
- [35] Jackolantern, *a light seen in low, moist grounds, which disappears when approached.*
- [36] Covert, *a covering place, a shelter.*
- [37] Panic, *sudden fright (usually, causeless fright).*
- [38] Promiscuous, *mingled, confused.*
- [39] Marred, *interrupted, spoiled.*
- [40] Mercurial, *sprightly, full of fire.*
- [41] Transient, *of short duration.*
- [42] Equinox, *the time of year when the days and nights are of equal length, i.e., about September 23d or March 21st.*
- [43] Rigor, *severity.*
- [44] Picturesque, *fitted to form a pleasing picture.*
- [45] Panorama, *a complete or entire view in every direction.*
- [46] Reverie, *an irregular train of thoughts occurring in meditation.*
- [47] Bestial, *brutish.*
- [48] Literally, *according to the first and natural meaning of words.*
- [49] Prostrate, *lying at length.*
- [50] Groveler, *a base wretch.*
- [51] Bloated, *puffed out.*

- [52] Imbruted, *reduced to brutality.*
- [53] Harmony, *the fitness of parts to each other in any combination of things.*
- [54] Realizing, *making one's own in experience.*
- [55] Malediction, *a curse.*
- [56] Reserved, *kept back, retained.*
- [57] Licker. *ish, eager or greedy to swallow.*
- [58] Aft, *toward the stern of a vessel.*
- [59] Prospective, *relating to the future.*
- [60] Forcemeat, *meat chopped fine and highly seasoned.*
- [61] Unctuous, *fat.*
- [62] Glazing, *glass or glasslike substance.*
- [63] Binnacle, *a box containing the compass of a ship.*
- [64] Galley, *the kitchen of a ship.*
- [65] Tureen, *a large deep vessel for holding soup.*
- [66] Gangway, *a passageway.*
- [67] Lee, *pertaining to the side opposite that against which the wind blows.*
- [68] Scuppers, *channels cut through the side of a ship for carrying off water from the deck.*
- [69] Coppers, *large copper boilers.*
- [70] Warehouseman, *one who keeps a wholesale store for woolen goods.*
- [71] Scurrilous, *low, mean.*
- [72] Libeler, *one who defames another maliciously by a writing, etc*
- [73] Audacity, *bold impudence.*
- [74] Signature, *the name of a person written with his own hand, the name of a firm signed officially.*
- [75] Deficiency, *want.*
- [76] Delinquent, *an offender.*
- [77] Parchment, *sheep or goat skin prepared for writing upon.*
- [78] Stint, *to limit.*
- [79] Legion, *division of an army.*
- [80] Dearth, *scarcity.*
- [81] Ebbcd, *flowed out.*
- [82] Corse, *a dead body.*
- [83] Steadfast, *firm, resolute.*
- [84] Coquetry, *trifling in love.*
- [85] Chorus, *music in which all join.*
- [86] Yore, *old times.*
- [87] Perch, *to light or settle on anything.*
- [88] Penance, *suffering for sin.*
- [89] Lays, *songs.*
- [90] Choir, *a collection of singers.*
- [91] Dome, *an arched structure above a roof; hence, figuratively, the heavens.*
- [92] Consecrated, *set apart for the service of God.*
- [93] Trackless, *having no path.*

[\[94\]](#) Irony, *language intended to convey a meaning contrary to its literal signification*.

[\[95\]](#) Derision, *the act of laughing at in contempt*.

[\[96\]](#) Incompatible, *that can not exist together*.

## 【中文阅读】

玛丽亚·埃奇沃斯(1767~1849)出生于英国伯克希尔瑞丁附近,她父亲于1782年率全家迁到爱尔兰埃奇沃斯镇,镇上有家族地产。玛丽亚余生在埃奇沃斯镇度过,只是偶尔去英格兰、苏格兰以及法国短期旅游。玛丽亚主要从父亲那里接受教育,父女两人还是文学作品的合作者,作品包括《实践教育随笔》,以及《单亲父母的帮助》。她的小说与故事均独立完成,并以此奠定她的作家声望。埃奇沃斯最为著名的小说为《拉克伦特城堡》、《道德寓言》、《时尚生活故事》、《弗兰克》、《时髦的格瑞塞丹》和《海伦》。她在人物真实性描绘方面卓越超群,其作品极富现实意义,不乏妙趣横生。

博林布鲁克夫人:我今天早晨真是活见鬼了,亲爱的,怎么你一直抱着报纸不放?

博林布鲁克先生:亲爱的,给你,我才看完。

夫人:读完就递给我,真要感谢劳您大驾了。我讨厌过时的新闻,报纸上有什么消息不?我可不愿费神找。

先生:亲爱的,报上报道了我们两对朋友的婚礼。

夫人:那谁和谁?

先生:你的朋友,寡妇奈特比和她的表兄约翰·奈特比。

夫人:奈特比夫人?你为什么告诉我这些?

先生:你问我的,亲爱的。

夫人:嗨,不管怎么说,还是自己读到这类消息感觉要有趣得多!你这么一开口,我所有的快乐惊奇一点儿也没啦,好了,还有一对呢?

先生:哦,亲爱的,我不会再说了,就把那快乐惊奇留给你自己吧。

夫人:你看不出来,我找不到吗,你怎么这样烦人?做做好事,夫君,快点告诉我。

先生：还有一对是我们的朋友格兰比。

夫人：格兰比先生？我的妈呀！你怎么不让我再猜猜呢？我原本一下子就能猜到的，可你为什么说他是我们的朋友？他肯定不是我的朋友，从来都不是，我那么讨厌他，你该记得，从我遇见他第一天起，我就说过，我可绝没这么个朋友。

先生：对不起，亲爱的，不过我还是希望你去看看格兰比夫人。

夫人：我也不会去，真的，亲爱的，那她是谁呀？

先生：库克小姐。

夫人：库克？但是，叫库克的太多了，你难道记不住什么特别的？她没有教名吗？

先生：爱玛，我想想，噢，对了，她叫爱玛。

夫人：爱玛·库克？不会的，不可能是我的朋友爱玛·库克，我知道，她可是个天生的老处女。

先生：依我看，那位女士倒是天生的好妻子。

夫人：或许吧。我知道了，我绝对不会去看她，请问一下，亲爱的，你恐怕见过她很多次吧？

先生：我很少见到她，亲爱的，她结婚前，我见到她两三次。

夫人：既然这样，亲爱的，你怎么就能断定，她天生就是个好妻子呢？我觉得，她结婚前，即便你见上三两次，恐怕也不能做出如此判断吧。

先生：不错，宝贝儿，恰恰就是那少见的印象。

夫人：我太清楚你的恭维了，谢谢你，亲爱的。我必须承认，我什么都吃得住，就是吃不了你的冷嘲热讽。

先生：冷嘲热讽？亲爱的，我可是相当认真的。

夫人：是的，是的，相当认真，这样，我才能觉察到。我生来理性愚钝，可就是感性太快，领悟力极强。这么说吧，婚姻前不可能对一个女人做出正确判断，或者猜测你的妻子属于什么类型，我推测你这样说由于你的经验之谈，你一直对自己感到沮丧，那么后悔当初的选择。

先生：亲爱的，我说了什么？难道有这些意思？回想我说的话，完全不是这么回事，我压根没想到你会这么想。

夫人：压根没想到，你现在怎能想到我，显而易见，你根本不会想到我。

先生：可是，我刚才说的只不过向你表明，我不可能把你歪了，亲爱的。

夫人：可是，我宁愿你把我歪了，也比你一点不想我要强。

先生：好了，亲爱的，如果能让你高兴，那我就把你歪喽。

夫人：你嘲笑我？要真是这样，我可就太悲催了。一个男人从不讥笑他所喜爱的女人，哪怕你对我还有一丁点爱，你也不会让我成为你嘲弄的对象，愚弄与爱不可调和，绝对不可以。好了，我一直尽最大努力，使出浑身解数想使你开心快乐，结果到头，整个一场空欢喜。我知道，我天生就不是个好妻子。格兰比夫人，开心快乐！见你个大头鬼吧！

先生：开心快乐点，这是我的真心话，她只是和我的朋友一起生活，但我的幸福当然取决于你，我的宝贝，为我想想，哪怕不是为你自己，心静点，别让这些念头折磨你自己。

夫人：我就是想弄清楚，这个格兰比夫人究竟是不是爱玛·库克小姐？我现在就去，我必须亲自查看明白。

先生：亲爱的，听你这么说，我真高兴。我相信，你去拜访格兰比夫人，我的朋友格兰比简直会开心坏了。

夫人：亲爱的，我可告诉你，我去他家，可不是让你的朋友开心，亦不在乎你是否高兴，我就是要亲眼看看那个格兰比夫人究竟长得什么样。

LESSON 89

THE RAINY DAY

雨天

1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall.  
And the day is dark and dreary.
  
2. My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.
  
3. Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*(Longfellow)*

【中文阅读】

1. 天气骤寒， 满眼沉闷晦暗，  
雨意阑珊， 风，从未如此凄冷，  
细长枝蔓， 恣意爬满颓圯的墙，  
狂风乍起， 落叶舞起凋零，  
无端愁思， 难遣心中惆怅。

2. 我的日子， 犹如郁郁寡欢落雨，  
淅沥雨丝， 涂抹冬天忧郁，  
思绪亦长， 恣意爬满颓圯的墙，  
曾经豪情， 铺砌一地枯黄，  
悲欢几许， 难遣心中惆怅。

3. 伤痛的心， 暗自不再抱怨，  
云层后面， 穿越阳光万里，  
天行健， 君子自强不息，  
走过坎坷， 走过栉风沐雨，  
痛苦凝结， 最后珍藏的记忆。

(朗费罗)

## LESSON 90

### BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

### 万马千钧

Alfred Tennyson (b. 1809, d. 1892) was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published in 1830, but it made little impression and was severely criticised. On the publication of his third series in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. Mr. Tennyson was made poet laureate in 1850, and was regarded as the foremost living poet of England. For several years his residence was on the Isle of Wight. In 1884, he was raised to the peerage.

1. Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!



And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

2. Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

## 【中文阅读】

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生(1809~1892)出生于英国林肯郡萨摩斯比,毕业于英国剑桥三一学院。1830年,丁尼生首部诗集出版,但几乎无人关注,反而遭到严厉批评。1842年,他的第三部系列诗集问世,诗人的诗歌天赋才开始赢得公众认可。1850年,丁尼生先生被授予桂冠诗人称号,被公认为当时英国在世的领军诗人,丁尼生先生在英国怀特岛上居住数年,1884年,他被授予贵族爵位。

1. 冲击,炸开,溅起飞天浪花,  
噢,大海,不停撞击冰冷峭岩,  
惊悚中,我唯有喃喃细语,  
海浪中,思绪悄然蔓延。

2. 哦，渔家男孩快乐时光，  
兄妹两人，尽情追逐玩耍，  
遥远海上，升起憧憬梦幻，  
歌声嘹亮，荡开海湾小船。
  
3. 巍峨巨轮，乘风破浪向前，  
从山脚下，飞跃浪涌峰巅，  
无形大手，只需轻轻触摸，  
风暴静止，霎时万顷镜面！
  
4. 冲击，炸开，溅起飞天浪花，  
噢，大海，匍匐在山脚峭崖，  
曾经的，优雅温柔不再，  
不会回到，我渴望宁静的身边。

# LESSON 91

## TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS

### 种子的传播与种植

Henry David Thoreau (b. 1817, d. 1862). This eccentric American author and naturalist was born at Concord, Mass. He graduated at Harvard University in 1837. He was a good English and classical scholar, and was well acquainted with the literature of the East. His father was a maker of lead pencils, and he followed the business for a time, but afterwards supported himself mainly by teaching, lecturing, land surveying, and carpentering. In 1845 he built himself a small wooden house near Concord, on the shore of Walden Pond, where he lived about two years. He was intimate with Hawthorne, Emerson, and other literary celebrities. His principal works are “Walden, or Life in the Woods,” “A Week on Concord and Merrimac Rivers,” “Excursions,” “Maine Woods,” “Cape Cod,” “A Yankee in Canada,” and “Letters to Various Persons.” In descriptive power Mr. Thoreau has few, if any, superiors.

1. In all the pines a very thin membrane<sup>[1]</sup>, in appearance much like an insect's wing, grows over and around the seed, and independent of it, while the latter is being developed within its base. In other words, a beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail, in a different kind of sack, from the patent office.

2. There is, then, no necessity for supposing that the pines have sprung up from nothing, and I am aware that I am not at all peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation<sup>[2]</sup> by Nature has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

3. When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not at once spring up there unless there are, or have been quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an

extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

4. As I walk amid hickories, even in August, I hear the sound of green pignuts falling from time to time, cut off by the chickaree over my head. In the fall I notice on the ground, either within or in the neighborhood of oak woods, on all sides of the town, stout oak twigs three or four inches long, bearing half a dozen empty acorn cups, which twigs have been gnawed off by squirrels, on both sides of the nuts, in order to make them more portable<sup>[3]</sup>. The jays scream and the red squirrels scold while you are clubbing and shaking the chestnut trees, for they are there on the same errand, and two of a trade never agree.

5. I frequently see a red or a gray squirrel cast down a green chestnut burr, as I am going through the woods, and I used to think, sometimes, that they were cast at me. In fact, they are so busy about it, in the midst of the chestnut season, that you can not stand long in the woods without hearing one fall.

6. A sportsman told me that he had, the day before—that was in the middle of October—seen a green chestnut burr dropped on our great river meadow, fifty rods from the nearest wood, and much farther from the nearest chestnut tree, and he could not tell how it came there. Occasionally, when chestnutting in midwinter, I find thirty or forty nuts in a pile, left in its gallery just under the leaves, by the common wood mouse.

7. But especially, in the winter, the extent to which this transportation<sup>[4]</sup> and planting of nuts is carried on, is made apparent by the snow. In almost every wood you will see where the red or gray squirrels have pawed down through the snow in a hundred places, sometimes two feet deep, and almost always directly to a nut or a pine cone, as directly as if they had started from it and bored upward,—which you and I could not have done. It would be difficult for us to find one before the snow falls. Commonly, no doubt, they had deposited them there in the fall. You wonder if they remember the localities or discover them by the scent.

8. The red squirrel commonly has its winter abode in the earth under a thicket of evergreens, frequently under a small clump of evergreens in the midst of a deciduous<sup>[5]</sup> wood. If there are any nut trees, which still retain their nuts, standing at a distance without the wood, their paths often lead

directly to and from them. We, therefore, need not suppose an oak standing here and there in the wood in order to seed it, but if a few stand within twenty or thirty rods of it, it is sufficient.

9. I think that I may venture to say that every white-pine cone that falls to the earth naturally in this town, before opening and losing its seeds, and almost every pitch-pine one that falls at all, is cut off by a squirrel; and they begin to pluck them long before they are ripe, so that when the crop of white-pine cones is a small one, as it commonly is, they cut off thus almost everyone of these before it fairly ripens.

10. I think, moreover, that their design, if I may so speak, in cutting them off green, is partly to prevent their opening and losing their seeds, for these are the ones for which they dig through the snow, and the only white-pine cones which contain anything then. I have counted in one heap the cores of two hundred and thirty-nine pitch-pine cones which had been cut off and stripped by the red squirrel the previous winter.

11. The nuts thus left on the surface, or buried just beneath it, are placed in the most favorable circumstances for germinating<sup>[6]</sup>. I have sometimes wondered how those which merely fell on the surface of the earth got planted; but, by the end of December, I find the chestnut of the same year partially mixed with the mold, as it were, under the decaying and moldy leaves, where there is all the moisture and manure they want, for the nuts fall fast. In a plentiful year a large proportion of the nuts are thus covered loosely an inch deep, and are, of course, somewhat concealed from squirrels.

12. One winter, when the crop had been abundant, I got, with the aid of a rake, many quarts of these nuts as late as the tenth of January; and though some bought at the store the same day were more than half of them moldy, I did not find a single moldy one among those which I picked from under the wet and moldy leaves, where they had been snowed on once or twice. Nature knew how to pack them best. They were still plump and tender. Apparently they do not heat there, though wet. In the spring they are all sprouting.

13. Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and, looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break it off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing

the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless, it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it.

14. I can confirm what William Barton wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist<sup>[7]</sup>, that “The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy<sup>[8]</sup> of nature for disseminating<sup>[9]</sup> forest trees and other nuciferous<sup>[10]</sup> and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands.”

15. I have noticed that squirrels also frequently drop nuts in open land, which will still further account for the oaks and walnuts which spring up in pastures; for, depend on it, every new tree comes from a seed. When I examine the little oaks, one or two years old, in such places, I invariably find the empty acorn from which they sprung.

## 【中文阅读】

亨利·大卫·梭罗(1817~1862),这位乖僻的美国作家与自然博物学家出生于美国马萨诸塞州康科德镇。1837年,梭罗毕业于哈佛大学,他精通英语与古典文化,对东方文学极为熟悉。梭罗父亲是一位铅笔制作商,他曾一度子承父业,后来主要以教学、演讲、土地勘察及木匠手艺为生。1845年,梭罗在瓦尔登湖边康科德附近独自搭建一座小木屋,并在木屋居住了两年。他与霍桑、爱默生以及其他文化名流交往甚密,其主要作品包括《瓦尔登湖或林间生活》、《康科德与梅里马克河上一周》、《远足》、《缅因森林》、《科德角》、《加拿大的一位美国佬》和《给不同人的信》。梭罗先生不擅描述,即便如此,亦足以在世界文坛鹤立鸡群。

1. 松树种子通常长有一层薄膜,形状酷似昆虫翅膀,独立的薄膜裹住并庇护种子生长,使种子得以在根基部孕育;换句话说,就像把种子裹护在漂亮细薄的网袋里,让风擎住从网袋里长出的一个小小把手,把种子命运交与风来主宰。未来的风儿就可裹带种子翱翔,为植物种群繁衍开拓疆土。与专利局袋装邮寄包裹相比,种子职能卓有成效,毫不逊色。

2. 由此看来,人们完全毫无必要认定,松树凭空便可萌发成林;我相信,树木乃种子孕育

而生，这一观点，绝非只是为我个人的玄思冥想，当然，大自然传播繁衍种子的方式向来鲜人关注。北美大多树种来自欧洲，并逐渐开始在此繁衍生息。

3. 当你砍斫一片橡树林，北美油松林几乎不可能很快继之而起，除非原先就已成林，或已具相当规模，并且砍伐地带不远处还应长有结籽的松树，种子才有可能吹来萌发。不过，就松林周边而言，万一土壤适宜，同时确保其他作物无法生长，你也势必将会拥有一片扩展的松林。

4. 甚至8月期间，当我走在山核桃林里，头顶上端不时传来山核桃被山雀啄落的声音，果子还绿茵茵的。秋天，在小镇周围橡树林里或树林附近，我留意到三四英寸长的粗短橡树枝，挂着七八个空空的橡实壳，松鼠咬断坚果两侧硬枝，完全出于搬运简单方便。每当人们敲打或摇晃栗树，便招来松鸦、红松鼠叽喳不停，它们，抑或我们，光顾森林的目的没什么不同，所谓同行冤家，一点不假。

5. 行在树林中，我经常看见红松鼠或灰松鼠扔下带芒刺的绿色栗果，我总觉得，它们想必是冲我砸来的。栗子成熟季节，松鼠忙碌地奔跑，只需在树林中稍站片刻，便能清晰地听见栗子的落地声。

6. 一位喜欢捕猎的朋友对我说，就在前一天，该是10月中旬吧，他还看见一颗绿色带芒刺的栗果，丢在小镇大河边的湿地草原上。那颗栗果离最近的林子有五十杆距离，距最近的栗树林就更远了，他实在想不出那粒栗子究竟从哪冒出来的。深冬季节，我有时去森林里采摘栗子，有时会发现三四十颗栗子聚拢成堆，裹藏在腐叶下森林里常见的林鼠洞边。

7. 白雪皑皑的冬天，松鼠们忙碌搬运、种植松果的活动更为清晰可见。几乎每一片森林里，不难看见数以百计处红松鼠、灰松鼠扒拉雪地的痕迹。有时地面积雪甚至深达两英尺，沿雪洞径直伸手掏下去，坚果或松果每每手到擒来。这些洞穴布局精巧，洞口好像从地底向上挖掘，松鼠们那么得心应手，或许我们只有望洋兴叹。即便雪没下，我们要想找到一粒坚果也极为不易，更别提大雪封山了。当然，松鼠们秋天贮藏下果实，但它们怎样才能记牢那些储藏地，或仅凭气味找到果子，其中奥秘令人费解。

8. 冬天，松鼠通常在常青林灌丛下安家筑穴，洞穴周围最好有落叶乔木小簇灌丛环绕左

右，如果洞穴附近有橡树，甚至树上还挂着果，中途没有其他林木遮蔽，那么，松鼠只是在洞穴与挂果树间穿梭奔波，我们亦无须认为，森林里到处应长有橡树，二十到三十杆间隔有那么三两株，播种也就绰绰有余了。

9. 我不妨大胆设想一下，果实尚未裂开或飞落前，就自然落地的小镇上几乎每一颗白松松果来说，全部拜赐松鼠的采摘；那时松果成熟还早，果实还小，松鼠们便早早开始动手了。一般来说，它们几乎不会错过秋天里每一粒珍贵收获。

10. 此外，依据松鼠设想，我是否可以这么猜测，松树果实尚青嫩生涩，松鼠们便迫不及待地开始采摘，一方面在于它们唯恐裂落地，失却到嘴的美食；至于那些落地的白松松籽，或许直到冬天来临，松鼠才能从积雪里挖出，那可是漫长冬季里唯一贮有种子的活命粮。我曾发现一堆松果，那是上一个冬季红松鼠啮咬撕扯后藏匿下的，我数了数，竟有二百三十九颗松果。

11. 坚果被丢弃地面或浅埋土壤，给种子提供了极易萌发的环境，但我有时还是无法明白，那些落到地表的种子如何就能发芽？12月末，我通过观察后发现，当年生栗子落地后，部分外壳已霉变，残枝颓叶混杂覆盖地层，落地栗子从而获得必需的湿濡与营养。挂果多的年头，大多落地坚果上覆盖着腐泥颓叶，深达一英寸，藏匿在稀疏软泥下的果实，起码可躲过松鼠一劫。

12. 有年冬天，适逢栗树丰年，待到翌年1月10日，我用钉耙还从林子里挖出好几夸脱栗子，而恰好那天我从店里也买回一些栗子，可多半已霉坏变质。那年冬天，落过一两场雪了，从积雪覆盖的颓败叶泥下挖出的栗子，依然新鲜如初。栗子极易变质，大自然擅长保鲜之术，只要落叶濡湿，温度适宜，冬去春来，栗子便争先恐后露出胚芽。

13. 秋季穿过树林，或许听见类似有人折断树枝的窸窣，抬头望去，原来是只正在啄食橡果的松鸦，可能亦有成群松鸦在树梢上下翻飞啄食，窸窣声声不断。倏尔，它们又飞到其他树梢，一只爪子踩着橡实不停敲打，发出类似啄木鸟的笃笃声，时而左顾右盼，留意是否有敌人悄悄逼近。鸟儿很快啄到了果肉，先是小口啄食，继而仰头吞咽，爪子还紧紧抓着残剩果肉，尚有些橡实鸟喙未动，就已掉落地上。



14. 依我来看, 威廉·巴特拉姆写给鸟类学家威尔森信中这段话颇有道理:

在大自然经济活动中, 松鸦是极有用的捐客。它以坚果为食, 同时将结有坚果或硬籽的森林种子到处传播。为履行这一必要职责, 松鸦在飞越田野, 或驻脚树篱栅栏, 或欲将粮食坚藏入洞而往返奔波时, 遗落大量种子。历经连绵淫雨的冬春两季, 田野或平原到处窜出无数树苗。单单这种能干的松鸦, 无需几年, 就能将所有垦荒地再度植被造林。

15. 松鼠时常在空旷地丢弃坚果, 这点, 我一直注意观察, 这种现象可进一步解释, 橡树和核桃树为何在牧场上萌生而出, 因此, 每一棵新生树木的萌发皆来自种子。当我察看一两年生的小橡树时, 总会在树木发芽的地方看到种子空壳, 无一例外。

## LESSON 92

### SPRING AGAIN

### 又见春天

Celia Thaxter (b. 1836, d. 1894), whose maiden name was Lighton, was born in Portsmouth, N.H. Much of her early life was passed on White Island, one of a group of small islands, called the Isles of Shoals, about ten miles from the shore, where she lived in the lighthouse cottage. In 1867-68, she published, in the "Atlantic Monthly," a number of papers on these islands, which were afterwards bound in a separate volume. Mrs. Thaxter was a contributor to several periodicals, and in strength and beauty of style has few equals among American writers. The following selection is from a volume of her poems entitled "Drift Weed."

1. I stood on the height in the stillness  
And the planet's outline scanned,  
And half was drawn with the line of sea  
And half with the far blue land.

2. With wings that caught the sunshine  
In the crystal deeps of the sky,  
Like shapes of dreams, the gleaming gulls

Went slowly floating by.

3. Below me the boats in the harbor  
Lay still, with their white sails furled;  
Sighing away into silence,  
The breeze died off the world.
4. On the weather-worn, ancient ledges  
Peaceful the calm light slept;  
And the chilly shadows, lengthening,  
Slow to the eastward crept.
5. The snow still lay in the hollows,  
And where the salt waves met  
The iron rock, all ghastly white  
The thick ice glimmered yet.
6. But the smile of the sun was kinder,  
The touch of the air was sweet;  
The pulse of the cruel ocean seemed  
Like a human heart to beat.
7. Frost-locked, storm-beaten, and lonely,  
In the midst of the wintry main,  
Our bleak rock yet the tidings heard:  
“There shall be spring again!”
8. Worth all the waiting and watching,  
The woe that the winter wrought,  
Was the passion of gratitude that shook  
My soul at the blissful thought!

9. Soft rain and flowers and sunshine,  
Sweet winds and brooding skies,  
Quick-flitting birds to fill the air  
With clear delicious cries;

10. And the warm sea's mellow murmur  
Resounding day and night;  
A thousand shapes and tints and tones  
Of manifold delight,

11. Nearer and ever nearer  
Drawing with every day!  
But a little longer to wait and watch  
'Neath skies so cold and gray;

12. And hushed is the roar of the bitter north  
Before the might of the spring,  
And up the frozen slope of the world  
Climbs summer, triumphing.

## 【中文阅读】

西莉亚·撒克斯特 (1836~1894), 结婚前名为莱顿, 出生于美国新罕布什尔州普茨茅斯, 早期大多时光在怀特岛度过, 该岛隶属肖尔斯群岛, 离陆地海岸约10英里, 西莉亚住在一处灯塔小屋。1867~1868年间, 西莉亚在《大洋月刊》出版了有关肖尔斯群岛的若干文章, 这些文章后来被辑为单集出版。撒克斯特夫人还曾为数家期刊写过专稿, 她的文体风格颇具冲击力与精美特质, 在美国作家群中鲜人能及, 下列段落选自她《漂浮的海草》诗歌集中一章。

1. 静寂无声, 我站在高处云巅,  
放眼望去, 脚下星球飞转,  
一半海岸, 深邃蕴含着神秘,  
一半陆地, 径直向远方伸展。
2. 我以双翼, 扑向金色阳光,  
急旋腾空, 融进绚丽苍穹,

梦幻缥缈， 星光云海里海鸥，  
恍若仙境， 从我的衣袂飞过。

3. 回眸脚下，海港里的小船，  
静静停泊，卷起白色风帆，  
缄默无声，长舒一声怅叹，  
微风若许，不知所踪飘远。
4. 古老暗礁，滚过多少风暴，  
一道永恒，光明枕入睡眠，  
愈见拉长阴影，寒寂苍凉，  
缓慢滞重，潜行东方归去。
5. 白雪皑皑，雍积在礁石凹穴，  
海浪扑来，一次次冲刷炸裂，  
巉岩耸立，惨白恐怖的嶙峋，  
影影绰绰，厚实的冰凌覆现。
6. 太阳笑脸，更为温柔温馨，  
微风和煦，相逢甜蜜难言，  
残暴大海，那摧毁一切的  
跳动脉搏，心在滴血震颤。

7. 风霜侵蚀，惯于孤独面对，  
雨雪交加，矗立沧海横流，  
擎天一柱，海潮已经听见，  
又见春天，春天又绿人间。
8. 所有一切，值得耐心等待，  
所有悲哀，冬天早已走远，  
感恩的心，高亢跳跃激情，  
我的灵魂，在春天韵律里放歌。
9. 春雨潇潇，阳光下的花丛，  
风和日丽，天空云层低垂，  
铺天盖地，那飞掠的候鸟，  
传来久违，声声清脆鸣啾。
10. 低声细语，海洋中锦葵植物，  
日夜不停，叙说着海底神奇，  
姹紫嫣红，万般旖旎的美景，  
水天一色，汇聚成欢乐颂歌。
11. 脚步更近，春天渐渐走进，

一天天呵，希望即将来临，  
姑且等待，不过坚忍片刻，  
长空万里，阴霾终将远离。

12. 终于抵达，三月风明媚春天，  
北风停止，往昔肆虐的呼啸，  
夏日冉冉，爬上那冰雪覆盖  
高山之巅，抖落长久的欢欣。

## LESSON 93

### RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY

### 宗教——社会的唯一基石

William Ellery Channing (b. 1780, d. 1842), an eminent divine and orator, was born at Newport, R.I. He graduated from Harvard with the highest honors in 1798, and, in 1803, he was made pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston, with which he maintained his connection until his death. Towards the close of his life, being much enfeebled, he withdrew almost entirely from his pastoral duties, and devoted himself to literature. Dr. Channing's writings are published in six volumes, and are mainly devoted to theology.

1. Religion is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing in various ways to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community<sup>[11]</sup> is deeply interested in its diffusion<sup>[12]</sup>; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened<sup>[13]</sup> piety must give its whole strength to public order.

2. Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric<sup>[14]</sup> would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness and of a future life to be utterly erased<sup>[15]</sup> from every mind.

3. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator<sup>[16]</sup>; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction<sup>[17]</sup>; once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

4. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize<sup>[18]</sup> the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism<sup>[19]</sup> be true?

5. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality<sup>[20]</sup> would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory in atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·艾勒瑞·查宁(1780~1842)，美国神学家兼演说家，出生于美国罗得岛纽波特。1798年，他以极为优异成绩从哈佛大学毕业，1803年被选为波士顿联邦街教堂牧师，随后一直担任该职务，直到离世。查宁博士生命晚期，身体极度衰弱，他几乎从宗教传道中全身而退，专心致力文学写作，他出版的文集达六卷之多，大多文章涉及神学。

1. 宗教为一种社会关照，就维系社会稳定繁荣来说，宗教通过不同方式对社会影响甚大。宗教不仅为个体信仰，宗教传播更为引起社会公众的高度关注，因为，仁慈与信念才能维持社会秩序的正常运行，而宗教则为其提供最有力的支持。纯真虔诚的宗教旨在行善，显而易见，它所遵循的信条是，假如上帝缔造了社会，上帝是人类朋友，那么，对上帝认知势必强化社会的所有职能，知礼明义的诚信势必为社会公众秩序的坚韧基石。

2. 鲜少有人质疑，或许无人意识到，就维系并推动人类每一善行来说，宗教究竟能走多远；人们可能无从获悉，人类道德与社会感知究竟从宗教精神源头撷取多少营养？假如，不再信奉上帝，人类良心将会变得极度脆弱；如果内心缺乏更为高尚的激励机制甚至维系向善，人类仁爱悲悯将会苟延残喘；社会构建系统无一避免随即产生动荡，从而引发整个系统的可怕崩溃毁灭：即至高无上的存在、责任担当意识，以及对未来生活的祈求展望将从每一个心灵完全抹去。

3. 因此，不妨让人们由衷相信，他们才是向善机缘的实施与推动者，不会有先哲神明关注人类生活，他们所有努力身后已化为灰烬。弱者没有监护人，伤者无法讨还公道，为正义与公众事业奉献牺牲的人无法获取补偿。天空不再听到铿锵誓言，作恶多端者无人为其犯罪指证，人类生存没有目标，人类美德没有始终如一的支持，有信仰的生活对我们来说意味一切，然而死亡最终来临，象征永恒的万劫不归，一旦彻底放弃宗教，谁能想象抑或描述接踵而来孤独寂灭的人类精神荒原？

4. 我们寄望，或许，人类法则和本性悲悯可以促进整个社会凝聚抱团。不妨合乎情理地设想一下，如果天空中太阳最终熄灭，人类火炬能否持久发光？人类光明能否孕育世间万物生长？如果，无神论确实可信，或者人类沦为不受保护的一介虫豸，那么，究竟什么可以唤醒人类本性或心底蛰伏的生命尊重与脉脉温情？



5. 泯灭所有思想，消除社会群体对上帝的敬畏，沉溺于声色犬马的物质享受，整个人类离彻底堕落亦就为期不远。不知自我约束的贪婪欲望，毫无安慰祈盼的逆来顺受，势必轻蔑地践踏人类法律的底线。良好美德、责任担当以及普世原则将任由嘲弄蔑视并随意抛弃，肮脏卑劣地追求自身利益更是肆意剔除每一个体的真实情感，事实上，正如无神论理论公开宣称的，人类无疑终将沦与禽兽为伍。

LESSON 94  
ROCK ME TO SLEEP  
在摇篮中安睡

Elizabeth Akers Allen (b. 1832,—d.1911) was born at Strong, Maine, and passed her childhood amidst the picturesque scenery of that neighborhood. She lost her mother when very young, but inherited her grace and delicacy of thought. Shortly after her mother's death, her father removed to Farmington, Maine, a town noted for its literary people. Mrs. Allen's early pieces appeared over the pseudonym of "Florence Percy." Her first verses appeared when she was twelve years old; and her first volume, entitled "Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine," was Published in 1856. For some years she was assistant editor of the "Portland Transcript." The following selection was claimed by five different persons, who attempted to steal the honor of its composition.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears;  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;  
Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay,—  
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4. Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listened your lullaby song;

Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream!  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

## 【中文阅读】

伊丽莎白·阿克斯·艾伦(1832~1911), 出生于美国缅因州斯特朗, 在风景如画的家乡度过她的孩提时代。伊丽莎白年幼时, 母亲便去世了, 但她继承了母亲的优雅举止和缜密思想。母亲逝世不久, 伊丽莎白父亲便举家搬迁到缅因州法明顿, 那是一处因文学人士聚居而颇负名望的小镇。伊丽莎白早期作品以弗罗伦斯·珀西为笔名发表, 12岁便出版了数篇诗歌。1856年, 她的第一部题为《缅因森林里萌芽》诗集出版。伊丽莎白曾担任杂志《波特兰文字录》副总编辑, 长达数年。下列章节曾有五人声称为个人独创, 其实, 皆为沽名钓誉之徒的妄言。

1. 时光穿梭, 飞快地回到从前,  
今晚星光, 我变成可爱孩子,  
妈妈, 从无法应答的彼岸归来,  
一如往昔, 将我搂抱入怀。  
轻轻地, 她吻着我的前额皱纹,  
随后抚平, 我鬓角上初现白发,  
满心怜爱, 默默地看我安睡——  
妈妈呵, 慢慢荡起摇篮, 让我入眠!

2. 时光穿梭, 追溯往昔岁月,  
难以应对, 生活困厄操劳,  
呕心沥血, 汗水无法兑现,  
不再忧伤, 今晚我又回到童年!  
滚滚红尘, 行尸走肉的皮囊,  
迷惘不安, 如何失去信念?  
世事喧嚣, 充满尔虞我诈,

妈妈呵，慢慢荡起摇篮，让我入眠！

3. 我早已，厌倦世俗的虚伪卑鄙，  
哦，妈妈，我从心底呼唤你！  
夏夜星落，那片滴翠的草地，  
母女笑容，跌落在花开花落之间，  
难以抑制，我多年的思念苦楚，  
哦，妈妈，渴望你今晚出现。  
回来吧，你在寂寞黑暗消失很久，  
妈妈呵，慢慢荡起摇篮，让我入眠！

4. 我的心里，沉淀往日尘封，  
世界上，没有比母爱更为温柔，  
你毅力坚忍，承受着难言痛苦，  
你耐心开导，教育我豁达快乐，  
你慈祥宽容，容忍我执拗任性，  
你坦荡无私，融尽我冥顽冰山。  
你美丽笑容，成就母亲伟大的包容，  
妈妈呵，慢慢荡起摇篮，让我入眠！

5. 妈妈，垂落你褐色头发，  
阳光下，金光飘逸地微笑走来，  
你的长发，今晚能否拂过我的前额，  
为我再次，遮挡那炫目的光线？  
你的鬓发，或许随艳阳周边阴影，

如梦幻觉，再度裹杂甜蜜而来，  
潋滟的光， 那么温馨， 扑面清新，  
妈妈呵， 慢慢荡起摇篮， 让我入眠！

6. 亲爱的妈妈， 多少风雨沧桑走过，  
最后聆听， 你唱起醉人的摇篮曲，  
那缕歌声， 心底萦绕已久，  
尽管我， 早已不再年轻！  
光影迷乱， 你以如此方式与我相逢，  
搂紧我， 用一腔浓浓挚爱，  
今生今世， 我不愿醒来， 不再哭泣，  
妈妈呵， 慢慢荡起摇篮， 让我入眠！

## LESSON 95

### MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS

### 人类与动物

1. The chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things in which the difference very distinctly<sup>[21]</sup> appears.

2. Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between them is the use of implements<sup>[22]</sup>. When the savage provides

himself with a hut or a wigwam<sup>[23]</sup> for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

3. But the man can not make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an ax even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows<sup>[24]</sup>, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plow; nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped an implement with which to cut clown his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

4. Now for the second distinction. Man, in all his operations, makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig lamenting over her half-finished nest and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a beehive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe anything like a discussion<sup>[25]</sup> in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

5. The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not, use as food, and which possesses a medicinal<sup>[26]</sup> quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug.

6. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to anything like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes and begins to profit by his lessons.

7. The third distinction is that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

8. But man, having been endowed<sup>[27]</sup> with the faculty<sup>[28]</sup> of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified<sup>[29]</sup> and improved upon, conduct him.

9. "When the vast sun shall veil his golden light

Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;  
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,  
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;  
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;  
'Mid falling spheres, immortal man shall live."

—Jane Taylor.

## 【中文阅读】

1. 人类与动物区别在于：前者具有理性，而后者唯有本能，不过为了弄清我们所说的理性与本能的定义，在此，有必要阐述三点人与动物之间的显见差异。

2. 首先，让我们将人类与动物尽可能置于同一范畴比较，与兽类雷同，完全处于野蛮状态下的人类，就动物生存性需要而言，人类与动物无异；这里，人类与动物关键差异在于工具的使用。当原始人出于自身考虑，搭建茅舍或者棚屋以遮风避雨，甚至存贮食物，其实，人类行为绝非具有超越野兔、海狸、蜜蜂或任何鸟类的本能意义。

3. 如果没有工具，在原始生存环境下，人类不会获取任何进步；当原始人为获取木头而砍伐树木前，他必须准备刀斧之类工具；而动物打算挖建洞穴、筑造蜂巢、或垒搭鸟窝，无法利用自然界物件造出可供自己使用的工具。如果没有木锹或铧犁，人类无法耕作或翻整土地；甚而无法收获播种的庄稼，除非他事先做出某种可以收割庄稼的工具。然而，低级动物无法为自己

或后代制造任何劳动工具。

4. 现在，我们来谈谈第二个差异。就人类行为举止而言，凡夫俗子错误在所难免；而动物不会犯错误。你是否听说栖息树枝上的小鸟哀叹自己尚未完工的巢穴，或是不知所措怎样将巢穴建好？你是否观察过那些拙笨、不规则的蜂房巢室，是否留意在筑造蜂巢时，蜜蜂群体成员存在不同意见从而进行讨论？

5. 与人类相比，低级动物不愧是更好的医生。动物生病时，它们大多寻找某些特殊药草，这类药草并非食用，而是专门用作治病养伤，并且确实具有某种药物疗效；相反，就医用疗效来说，哪怕一种药物，整个医学院专家医生们完全可以喋喋不休地辩论上百年。

6. 人类做事总喜欢瞻前顾后，他必须无数次躬身亲为，试图将事情做到近乎完善，然而，哪怕最简单的家庭生活缺乏实践，他亦无法做到称心如意。人类初涉某一事物，错误过失在所难免，每每开始从自身经验教训里终有所得，他的人生时光早已挥霍过半。

7. 人类与动物的第三点差异在于：动物本身绝不存在任何改进或进步；而人类知识、技能以及成功终将不断地推进自己完善。大凡动物的行为举止，不过遵循生物的最初欲望或上帝嵌入生物的不同本能需求。因此，不管它们从事任何事情，其结果总会比人类所做的更为有序完美。

8. 然而，由于其行为举止被赋予思考与推理的能力，人类通过耐心勤奋可以纠正最初错误，并且不断地加以调整。的确，一只鸟窝构造完美，但十九世纪燕子的巢穴完全不会比用橡木建造的诺亚方舟更为舒适漂亮。不过，当我们将原始人窝棚与古希腊或古罗马的庙宇宫殿进行比较，我们不难看出，一个持续绵延的纠偏改进过程，引导人类走向完美。

9. “当庞大太阳收敛金色阳光，

世界进入永恒无边的黑夜，

毁灭火焰呼啸着卷过天空，

到处在坍塌，自然走向濒亡，



目睹无数星体纷纷坠落消逝，

人类在宇宙残骸中孤独伫立。”

(简·泰勒)

## LESSON 96

### THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

#### 盲人摸象

John Godfrey Saxe (b. 1816, d.1887), an American humorist, lawyer, and journalist, was born at Highgate, Vt. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839; was admitted to the bar in 1843; and practiced law until 1850, when he became editor of the “Burlington Sentinel.” In 1851, he was elected State’s attorney. “Progress, a Satire, and Other Poems,” his first volume, was published in 1849, and several other volumes of great merit attest his originality. For genial humor and good-natured satire, Saxe’s writings rank among the best of their kind, and are very popular.

1. It was six men of Indostan,  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant,  
(Though all of them were blind,)  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

2. The first approached the elephant,  
And, happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
“God bless me! but the elephant  
Is very like a wall!”

3. The second, feeling of the tusk,  
    Cried: "Ha! what have we here,  
    So very round, and smooth, and sharp?  
    To me 't is very clear,  
    This wonder of an elephant  
    Is very like a spear!"
4. The third approached the animal,  
    And, happening to take  
    The squirming trunk within his hands,  
    Thus boldly up he spake:  
    "I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
    Is very like a snake!"
5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,  
    And fell about the knee:  
    "What most this wondrous beast is like,  
    Is very plain," quoth he;  
    "'T is clear enough the elephant  
    Is very like a tree!"
6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
    Said: "E'en the blindest man  
    Can tell what this resembles most:  
    Deny the fact who can,  
    This marvel of an elephant  
    Is very like a fan!"
7. The sixth no sooner had begun  
    About the beast to grope,  
    Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
    That fell within his scope,  
    "I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
    Is very like a rope!"

8. And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong!

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·戈德弗瑞·萨克斯(1816~1887)，美国幽默作家、律师兼记者，出生于美国佛蒙特州海格特。1839年，萨克斯毕业于米德伯里学院；1843年，他获取资格进入律师界，直到1850年，萨克斯成为《伯林顿的铁卫军》杂志编辑后，他才不再任职律师。1851年，他被选为州检察官。1849年，他的首部作品集《进步，一个嘲讽，及其他诗歌》出版，加上另外数部作品集表现了他原创的惊人才华。萨克斯先生文章温和幽默，不乏本性向善的讥讽，在世界幽默文学中极具声誉，广受欢迎。

1. 从前，有六个印度人，  
他们想了解外面世界，  
于是，相约一起去看大象，  
(虽然，他们都是盲人，)  
每人都想通过自己的触觉，  
满足抑制不住的好奇心。
2. 第一个盲人，走上前，  
碰巧摸到，大象宽厚的腹部，  
他立刻，朗声叫道：  
“我的天呀！这大象，  
它，确实像是一堵墙！”
3. 第二个盲人，抱住象牙，  
他也随即高喊：“哈！  
原来这又圆、又滑、尖尖的，  
今天，我终于明白，  
这只大象，不过是支长矛。”

4. 第三个盲人走上前，没想到，  
竟然抓到，大象扭动的长鼻，  
于是，兴奋异常地叫唤，  
“我看呀，这，这大象  
好像，一条粗长的蟒蛇！”

5. 第四位盲人，性子忒急，  
急不可耐中，他伸出双手，  
猛然间，摸到大象的粗腿，  
忙不迭地高声反驳，“所有这些，  
再清楚不过，这只大象，  
想必，你们应该明白，  
与大树，肯定分毫不差。”

6. 接下来，第五人凑巧拽住  
大象的耳朵，“哪怕最瞎的人，  
也能知道，大象的明显特征，  
你们怎能，罔顾事实说话，  
至于，这头大象的样子，  
它压根嘛，就像一把蒲扇。

7. 第六个盲人，迈步过来，  
伸手一把，突然抓到  
空中晃悠的，大象尾巴，  
他仔细摸索一番，开口叫喊，  
“我清楚了，大象呀，

太像是，一条细长的绳子。”

8. 可怜，那六位印度盲人，  
针尖麦芒，长时间争吵不停，  
他们愚蠢固执，坚信不疑，  
谁都认为，自己完全正确，  
尽管，每人描述的细节不错，  
但那狭隘眼光，徒留世人笑话！

## LESSON 97

### A HOME SCENE

### 家庭场景

Donald Grant Mitchell (b. 1822,—d.1908). This popular American writer was born in Norwich, Conn. He graduated at Yale in 1841. In 1844 he went to England, and, after traveling through that country on foot, spent some time on the continent. His first volume, “Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe, by Ik Marvel,” was published in 1847, soon after his return home. He revisited Europe in 1848. On his return, he published “The Battle Summer.” Mr. Mitchell has contributed to the “Knickerbocker Magazine,” the “Atlantic Monthly,” and several agricultural journals. His most popular works are “The Reveries of a Bachelor,” 1850, and “Dream Life,” 1851. Besides these, he has written “My Farm of Edgewood,” “Wet Days at Edgewood,” “Doctor Johns,” a novel “Rural Studies,” and other works. He is a charming writer. In 1853 he was appointed United States consul at Venice. In 1855 he settled on a farm near New Haven, Conn., where he now resides. The following selection is from “Dream Life.”

1. Little does the boy know, as the tide of years drifts by, floating him out insensibly from the harbor of his home, upon the great sea of life,—what joys, what opportunities, what affections, are slipping from him into the shades of that inexorable<sup>[30]</sup> Past, where no man can go, save on the wings of his dreams.

2. Little does he think, as he leans upon the lap of his mother, with his eye turned to her, in some

earnest pleading for a fancied pleasure of the hour, or in some important story of his griefs, that such sharing of his sorrows, and such sympathy with his wishes, he will find nowhere again.

3. Little does he imagine that the fond sister Nelly, ever thoughtful of his pleasures, ever smiling away his griefs, will soon be beyond the reach of either; and that the waves of the years which come rocking so gently under him will soon toss her far away, upon the great swell of life.

4. But now, you are there. The fire light glimmers upon the walls of your cherished home. The big chair of your father is drawn to its wonted<sup>[31]</sup> corner by the chimney side; his head, just touched with gray, lies back upon its oaken top. Opposite sits your mother: her figure is thin, her look cheerful, yet subdued;—her arm perhaps resting on your shoulder, as she talks to you in tones of tender admonition<sup>[32]</sup>, of the days that are to come.

5. The cat is purring on the hearth; the clock that ticked so plainly when Charlie died is ticking on the mantel still. The great table in the middle of the room, with its books and work, waits only for the lighting of the evening lamp, to see a return to its stores of embroidery and of story.

6. Upon a little stand under the mirror, which catches now and then a flicker of the fire light, and makes it play, as if in wanton, upon the ceiling, lies that big book, revered of your New England parents—the Family Bible. It is a ponderous<sup>[33]</sup>, square volume, with heavy silver clasps, that you have often pressed open for a look at its quaint<sup>[34]</sup>, old pictures, for a study of those prettily bordered pages, which lie between the Testaments, and which hold the Family Record.

7. There are the Births;—your father's and your mother's; it seems as if they were born a long time ago; and even your own date of birth appears an almost incredible<sup>[35]</sup> distance back. Then there are the Marriages;—only one as yet; and your mother's name looks oddly to you: it is hard to think of her as anyone else than your doting <sup>[36]</sup>parent.

8. Last of all come the Deaths;—only one. Poor Charlie! How it looks!—"Died, 12 September, 18—, Charles Henry, aged four years." You know just how it looks. You have turned to it often; there you seem to be joined to him, though only by the turning of a leaf.

9. And over your thoughts, as you look at that page of the Record, there sometimes wanders a vague<sup>[37]</sup>, shadowy fear, which will come,—that your own name may soon be there. You try to drop the notion, as if it were not fairly your own; you affect to slight it, as you would slight a boy who presumed<sup>[38]</sup> on your acquaintance, but whom you have no desire to know.

10. Yet your mother—how strange it is!—has no fears of such dark fancies. Even now, as you stand beside her, and as the twilight deepens in the room, her low, silvery voice is stealing upon your ear, telling you that she can not be long with you;—that the time is coming, when you must be guided by your own judgment, and struggle with the world unaided by the friends of your boyhood.

11. There is a little pride, and a great deal more of anxiety, in your thoughts now, as you look steadfastly into the home blaze, while those delicate fingers, so tender of your happiness, play with the locks upon your brow. To struggle with the world,—that is a proud thing; to struggle alone,—there lies the doubt! Then crowds in swift upon the calm of boyhood the first anxious thought of youth.

12. The hands of the old clock upon the mantel that ticked off the hours when Charlie sighed and when Charlie died, draw on toward midnight. The shadows that the fireflame makes grow dimmer and dimmer. And thus it is, that Home,—boy home, passes away forever,—like the swaying of a pendulum,—like the fading of a shadow on the floor.

## 【中文阅读】

唐纳德·格兰特·米切尔(1822~1908), 这位美国流行作家出生于美国康涅狄格州诺维奇, 1841年毕业于耶鲁大学。1844年, 米切尔先生前去英国, 在徒步旅行穿越英国本土后, 他一度在欧洲滞留。1847年, 米切尔返回美国不久, 他的第一部作品集《新鲜拾遗, 或伊克·马维尔来自欧洲大陆古老大地的新札》得以出版。1848年, 他再度访问欧洲, 他的《夏天的战役》一书亦在返美后问世。米切尔为《尼克博克杂志》、《大西洋月刊》以及数本农业期刊写过大量文章, 1850年, 他发表《一位单身汉的遐想》, 1851年, 他推出《梦幻生活》, 两部作品皆备受公众推崇。除此之外, 这位极富魅力的作家还写了《我的埃奇伍德农场》、《埃奇伍德阴雨的日子》、《琼斯医生》、小说《乡村研究》及其他作品。1853年, 米切尔先生被任命为美国驻威尼斯领事。1855年, 他在康涅狄格州纽黑文附近建造一家农场, 随后定居。以下段落来自他的《梦幻生活》。

1. 男孩很少知道, 随着岁月潮水的流逝, 不知不觉间, 他已从家乡的港口离开, 驶入生活

的浩瀚海洋。所有快乐、机遇和钟情正在悄然溜走，宛如进入无法改变的过去，除非展开梦幻的双翼，没有任何人能够抵达那一深邃时光。

2. 男孩很少想到，当他倚靠在母亲身边，眼巴巴地望着母亲，急切地恳求母亲为他讲述精彩虚幻的岁月，或者哀怨难过的故事，那些故事里流泻出他的忧愁感伤，寄寓了他的美好愿景，在母亲娓娓动听的故事里，他再次发现无路可逃。

3. 男孩很少考虑，那位可爱的耐莉妹妹对他那么体贴备至，总是笑语盈盈地化解他的哀愁。然而，不久两人便渐离渐远。曾经在他心底激起的温柔涟漪，时光旋即那个美丽身影远远抛开，他不得不面对现实的无端残酷。

4. 现在，你又回到家乡。心里珍藏的家舍墙壁上火光闪烁，父亲那把宽大椅子依旧摆放在烟囱边往日角落，他的头倚靠在座椅的橡木椅顶，已是发须皆白。母亲坐在对面，她身材瘦削，神色开心，笑得有点儿勉强，或许她的胳膊搭在你的肩上，一边轻声叮咛，嘱你不要荒废时日的家常道理。

5. 猫咪在灶台上打着呼噜，沉寂的壁炉架上那台挂钟滴答走着，一如既往地走着，与查理死时毫无两样。房间中央的那张大桌上摆摆着书籍及物件，默默等待夜晚降临的灯光。唯有置身在这熟悉的光影流泻里，才能恍然依稀回到昔日尘嚣。

6. 一个矮小身影站着镜子下，眼光不时荒唐地追逐镜面里亮光闪烁，那团映射到天花板上的摇曳火苗，曾是你自寻其乐的玩耍；翻动家庭《圣经》，那本迁居新大陆后父母敬畏的经书。那本圣经笨重，方形版面装帧，配有厚实的银色搭扣，你经常将大书轻轻摊开，饶有兴致地翻阅书中趣闻，浏览那些古老泛黄的画面，好奇地琢磨镶有彩框的书页，镶嵌在整套《新约全书》中的彩色插图，以及家族传承的相关记载。

7. 上面记录着家族成员的出生日期——包括你父母诞日，他们来到这个世界的日子仿佛那么久远，接着你又找到自己生辰，几乎难以相信的遥远昨天。书中还记有家庭婚姻——不过仅仅一次，母亲名字在你眼里显得颇为古怪，除去那副极为慈爱的面孔，很难想象母亲的其他模样。

8. 所有人最终都离开了这个世界，唯独一人属于非正常死亡，可怜的查理！这究竟怎么



回事？家庭圣经里记载：“查理·亨利卒于18××年，9月12日，时年4岁。”你只知道世事无常，当年还时常翻动那本《圣经》，不过轻轻将书翻动一页，似乎也随早殇的查理而去。

9. 翻阅浏览着家庭记载，你的思绪翻腾不安，模糊可怖的阴影不时无端闯入——很快，你的名字将会赫然出现在那本书上。你试图挥去那团荒谬念头，好像那完全不是你的真实想法，你假装不去想那满心惊悚，好像路上走来个孩子，与你套近乎说是你的熟人，而你压根不动声色。

10. 可是，你的妈妈，看来不可思议！你好像丝毫没有黑暗虚妄的恐惧。即便现在，暮色使房间更为昏暗，你伫立她的身边，她那银铃般声音轻轻在你耳边响起，她告诉你，不能长久与你生活一起，离别的时刻已经来临，今后闯荡社会只能依靠你自己判断，独自一人在这个世界打拼，别再指望孩提时代所有的外来肩膀。

11. 你目光坚毅地看着家里壁炉里恍惚光焰，思绪万千的心里或许存有些许骄傲，更多的则是忧虑。那些精致手指打开了你眉间心结，你的幸福刹那间变得旖旎温柔。在世打拼，毕竟引以为豪；独自一人打拼，困惑不安郁闷！青春时代第一次忧心忡忡，就这样急遽闯入童年的静穆安宁。

12. 查理在叹息，查理已死去，壁炉架上古老壁钟仍然滴答不停，时针现在指向午夜。炉火阴影变得愈加黯淡，模糊不清。这就是家，男孩的家，永远消逝不再的家，好像钟摆不停摇动中，地面阴影随之一点点烟消云散。

## LESSON 98

### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

### 昔日的光辉

Thomas Moore (b. 1779. d. 1852) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College in that city. In 1799, he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student of law. Soon after the publication of his first poetical productions, he was sent to Bermuda in an official capacity. He subsequently visited the United States. Moore's most famous works are: "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance, 1817; "The Loves of the Angels," 1823; and "Irish Melodies,"

1834; a “Life of Lord Byron,” and “The Epicurean, an Eastern Tale.” “Moore’s excellencies,” says Dr. Angus, “consist in the gracefulness of his thoughts, the wit and fancy of his allusions and imagery, and the music and refinement of his versification.”

1. Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me:  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood’s years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

2. When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I’ve seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## 【中文阅读】

托马斯·摩尔(1779~1852), 出生于爱尔兰都柏林, 毕业于都柏林三一学院。1799年进入伦敦中殿律师学院专攻法律。摩

尔先生在首批诗歌作品出版不久，便以官方身份被派往百慕大，随后游览美国。他的著名作品包括1817年出版的《拉拉罗克》，讲述一个东方的浪漫故事，1823年问世的《天使的爱情》，1834年推出的《爱尔兰曲调》，以及《贵族拜伦的生活》、《享乐主义，东方的传说》和《摩尔的美德》。安格斯博士如此评价摩尔：“摩尔作品在于思想的优雅，典故赋有智慧，意象充满幻觉，他的诗律富有音乐性，蕴藉优美。”

1. 大地融入万籁寂静，  
夜半灯火辗转难眠，  
美好眷念泛起温馨，  
孩提往事幕幕浮现。  
追溯以往悲情难抑，  
天真笑语眼泪在飞，  
难以启口温情脉脉，  
海誓山盟爱意缠绵，  
光影黯淡青涩走远，  
肝胆欲裂知音何处？  
大地融入万籁寂静，  
夜半灯火辗转难眠，  
欢乐悲哀镌刻心间，  
历历在目难以复现。

2. 昔日如梦呼啸闪回，  
把盏唤友激情岁月，  
知心伙伴渐次离去，  
萧瑟寒风起落叶，  
如今唯有孑身一人，  
形单影只凄凉难奈，  
盛装舞会兀自嗟叹，  
谁的青春年华流逝？

谁的花朵芬芳凋谢？  
唯我依然苟存于世，  
孤独徜徉红尘世间，  
夜半灯火辗转难眠，  
往事如歌沧桑难诉，  
天高地阔回眸走远。

## LESSON 99

### A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

### 英吉利海峡追逐战

**James Fenimore Cooper (b. 1789, d. 1851). This celebrated American novelist was born in Burlington, N.J. His father removed to the state of New York about 1790, and founded Cooperstown, on Otsego Lake. He studied three years at Yale, and then entered the navy as a common sailor. He became a midshipman in 1806, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant; but he left the service in 1811. His first novel, "Precaution," was published in 1819; his best work, "The Spy," a tale of the Revolutionary War, in 1821. The success of "The Spy" was almost unprecedented, and its author at once took rank among the most popular writers of the day. "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" are considered his best sea novels. "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer" are among the best of his tales of frontier life. The best of his novels have been translated into nearly all of the European languages, and into some of those of Asia. "The creations of his genius," says Bryant, "shall survive through centuries to come, and only perish with our language." The following selection is from "The Pilot."**

1. The ship which the American frigate<sup>[39]</sup> had now to oppose, was a vessel of near her own size and equipage<sup>[40]</sup>; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

2. Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the Pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen the distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

3. Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, “Let fall—out with your booms—sheet home—hoist away of everything!”

4. The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice<sup>[41]</sup> by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside<sup>[42]</sup> with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes, only, that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

5. A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant, the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, “Give it to them; drive them from their yards, boys; scatter them with your grape; unreeve their rigging!”

6. The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The Pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

7. The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest<sup>[43]</sup> advantage in favor of either. Both Griffith and the Pilot witnessed, with deep concern, this unexpected defeat of their hopes; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

8. “We find our equal here,” said Griffith to the stranger. “The ninety is heaving up again like a mountain; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us!”

“You say true, sir,” returned the Pilot, musing, “the man shows judgment as well as spirit; but—”

9. He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.—

“The breakers!” he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din; “we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead.”

10. The Pilot jumped on a gun, and, bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those clear, piercing tones, that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon,—

“Port, port your helm! we are on the Devil’s Grip! Pass up the trumpet, sir; port your helm, fellow; give it to them, boys—give it to the proud English dogs!”

11. Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the Pilot, and gathering assurance<sup>[44]</sup> from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and the rigging to regard the new danger; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle.

12. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew by them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the center of the narrow passages.

13. For ten breathless minutes longer the Pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway<sup>[45]</sup>, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep

water, when he threw down his trumpet and exclaimed—

“What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation.—Keep yonder hill crowned with wood one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east and by north; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail.”

14. Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two thirds, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress.

15. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages to the frigate, and securing her masts.

16. The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase and battle, and ready to meet another foe.

## 【中文阅读】

詹姆士·费尼莫尔·库珀(1789~1851), 这位著名的美国小说家出生于美国新泽西州伯林顿。大约在18世纪90年代, 他的父亲举家搬迁到纽约州, 在奥特希哥湖畔创办了库珀斯敦镇。库珀在耶鲁大学学习3年后, 作为一位普通水手进入海军服役。1806年, 他成为一名见习船员, 后提升为中尉, 然而他于1811年退役。1819年, 他的首部小说《百般提防》出版; 1821年, 他的最好作品《间谍》问世, 那是, 一篇描述独立战争的小说; 《间谍》续集极为精彩, 几乎无与伦比, 库珀很快便被推崇为当时最负声

望的作家。他的《领航员》与《红罗孚》被公认为他最优异的海洋题材小说；《先驱者》、《最后的莫西干人》、《大草原》、《开拓者》与《猎鹿人》则为他边陲题材的优秀作品。他的优秀小说几乎翻译成欧洲所有语言推出，其中一些被译成亚洲语言出版。布莱恩特做出如此评价：“库珀的天才创造，将会穿越数百年时光，陪伴我们的语言留世珍藏。”以下段落来自他的《领航员》。

1. 这艘美国防卫舰此刻的对手，为一艘与其体积配置所差无几的英国战舰，格里菲斯船长再度打量了自己舰艇，意识到准备工作已经就绪，完全可以投入即将到来的激烈战斗。

2. 护卫舰航行速度缓慢地减到正常时速后，随同一直左右的领航员，上尉船长登上甲板观察后发现，只要将两舰距离减少数百码，便可即刻发动攻击。

“进入战斗状态，”那位新来的领航员低声说道。

3. 格里菲斯船长扬起喇叭，他的声音洪亮，在空中炸响，甚至敌舰亦能听见，“士兵们，各就各位投入战斗，做好炮击准备，立即升起风帆！”

4. 船舰上顿时一团喧嚣忙乱。五十位军人如离弦的箭般飞奔跑向高低不同的大小桅杆，数张宽阔的船帆顷刻间沿着桅杆嗖嗖地升起展开，宛如巨鸟霎时打开宽阔双翼。英国人旋即意识到自己的失策，很快用一通轰鸣火炮回应美舰的袭击。当炮弹呼啸着从格里菲斯头顶掠过，船长急切地察看隆隆炮声后的船舷，防卫舰上所有桅杆毫发无伤，不过只是炸断几根不甚紧要的绳索，他的心头不禁泛起一阵狂喜。

5. 然而，就在那时，桅杆上端有几位水兵拼命想抓住绳索，却接二连三地急遽掉落，“嘭”“嘭”地重重地摔进大海，犹如受伤鸟儿胡乱拍打颤抖的双翼，从树丛高处跌落下来，尽管满腔掠过不悦的神情，但官兵们只能束手无策。紧接着，敌舰甲板的桅杆上亦有士兵陆续掉进海里，重复再现美舰甲板上的场景。这时，格里菲斯船长再次拿起喇叭高声叫喊，“士兵们！开始炮击！将敌人从桅杆上轰下来！连续炮击，炸掉他们的桅杆！咬死他们！”

6. 微不足道的战场煽情，一丁点由衷的热切鼓励，美军防卫舰上士兵们顿时群情激奋，勇气倍增，船长激昂的话音未落，全船随即淹没在舰船发出一连串震耳欲聋的炮声轰鸣。然而，敌舰迅速敏捷的应变能力，还是超出了领航员的估计与判断，尽管面对英国人加大航速的不利局面，美军防卫舰并未乱了阵脚，船舰仍然正常有序行进。

7. 两艘战舰互为平行地快速行驶，双方猛烈地互相开炮攻击，短兵相接，炸弹纷飞，交火双方损失惨重，但尚未有任何一方明显占有上风。格里菲斯与领航员忧心忡忡地望着两舰惨



烈厮杀，这场未曾料想的海上激战使他们原以为胜券在握的希望落空，因为敌方炮火猛烈，疯狂肆虐的轮番进攻，倾泻不断的炮火，接二连三地炸断防卫舰甲板桅杆，造成多处桅杆毁损严重，船长和领航员清醒地意识到，乘风破浪中的防卫舰速度愈来愈慢。

8. “我们遇到对手了，”格里菲斯船长对新来的领航员说，“九十根桅杆重新拉好了，风帆立起像座山；如果我们仍以目前速率持续减速，英国战舰会嘲笑我们的！”

“说得不错，先生，”领航员回答，内心暗自思忖，“船长眼光敏锐，犹如神助，但是——”

9. 领航员思绪突然被打断，原来，水手梅里从船的前舷飞跑过来，满脸焦急万分，像有重大事情要报。

“船，就要搁浅了！”他高声喊叫着，即使在两舰对决的炮火纷飞中，梅里的话依然清晰真切地在空中炸响，“我们身陷绝境，前方不到两百码已见大片滩涂。”

10. 领航员迅速爬上炮管，透过浓密的炮火硝烟，躬身往前仔细察看，不过迅速瞥看一眼，他随即高喊起来，如此尖利刺耳的声音，在炮声轰鸣中愈发疹人。

“快，左满舵！左满舵！我们马上就要玩完了。船长先生，请把喇叭递给我，伙计，劳驾，左满舵！快点！让英国佬撞上去，让那些英国猪去死吧！”

11. 格里菲斯船长毫不犹豫地将他权力象征的喇叭递给领航员，一个目光坚毅，一个冷静急切，双方刹那间眼神在对视交流，格里菲斯觉得内心力量的聚集，从那个陌生的面容上，他清楚地看到力挽狂澜以拯救全船危难的坚定信心。此刻甲板上忙乱成团，有的水兵在发射炮弹，有的在桅杆上扯拉风帆索具，在战事最为白热化阶段，水兵们全然不知美军防卫舰已驶入最危险的滩涂地带，一场灭顶之灾咫尺之遥。

12. 炮声间隙中，突然船底水流清晰不安的冲刷声，让几位老水手好生疑惑，他们匆忙中发现，军舰疾驶过的水域几乎无法激起涌浪，不由心中疑惑，是否敌舰炮弹造成海浪的消失？此刻，炮声歇息了但海浪的冲刷声令人令严躁不安。不一会，军舰悄悄地驶出那片烟雾缭绕、充满裹尸布气息的恐怖海域，终于，在那条极为狭窄的通道中勇敢地转舵成功。

13. 十分钟窒息时光，似乎如此漫长，领航员冷静沉着地指挥，军舰迅速地转向，一路上浪花不惊，危机四伏，渐渐地浪花变大，最后驶入海水颜色渐深的海域，领航员突然扔下喇叭，发出大声尖叫，说，“拯救顺利啦！我们终于将要摆脱死亡的魔爪！注意那边林木茂密的

山顶，就是那处冒出教堂塔尖的地方，注意转舵，保持朝东偏北的航线方向，一小时后，我们就能穿过这片危险的滩涂地带。这样看来，我舰就会比敌舰快五海里，他们路程肯定会增倍。”

14.船上官兵人人无不屏住呼吸，等到熬过这段艰险万分的航程后，大家纷纷冲到最佳位置，寻找可以清楚看清敌舰方位的地方。此时，载有九十人的军舰勇猛地转舵向前，劈风斩浪，安全驶过差不多三分之二的航程，包括那片可怕的搁浅滩。浪花汹涌翻腾扑来，防卫舰剧烈地颠簸不停，舰艇最终抵达深海边缘。放眼望去，猎猎飞舞的船帆支离破碎，多处断裂的桅杆在微风中摇摆晃动，甲板上一片悲惨狼藉。所有这些，无不显示一场突如其来、无法预料的战事如此惨烈不堪。

15.望着远方的英国舰队，防卫舰官兵们的欢声笑语夹杂诙谐逗乐在整个甲板响起，但好景不长，战鼓已擂起撤退令，枪炮很快悉数收起，伤痛将再度消除；每位官兵将迅速投身到战事给舰艇造成损伤的紧张修复中，以确保船上桅杆等相关设施安全无虞。

16.满怀希望之光，伴随战舰驶过危难重重的征途，美军防卫舰终于迎来了温馨黎明，明媚阳光荡除了死亡阴霾，整整一天中，格里菲斯船长没有从甲板上退下。此刻的他，看着他可爱战舰从恐怖危险中冲出到得以弥合战斗创伤；从激烈追逐的战场到安全返航；英勇的战舰将再度焕发新生，准备迎接下一场激烈战斗。

## LESSON 100

### BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

#### 约翰·摩尔先生的葬礼

Charles Wolfe (b. 1791, d. 1823), an Irish poet and clergyman, was born in Dublin. He was educated in several schools, and graduated at the university of his native city. He was ordained in 1817, and soon became noted for his zeal and energy as a clergyman. His literary productions were collected and published in 1825. “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” one of the finest poems of its kind in the English language, was written in 1817, and first appeared in the “Newry Telegraph,” a newspaper, with the author’s initials, but without his knowledge. Byron said of this ballad that he would rather be the author of it than of any one ever written.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial<sup>[46]</sup> cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid<sup>[47]</sup> him;  
But little he'll reck<sup>[48]</sup>, if they'll let him sleep on  
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done,

When the clock struck the hour for retiring  
And we heard the distant random<sup>[49]</sup> gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory!

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·沃尔夫(1791~1823年), 爱尔兰诗人和牧师, 出生于都柏林。在数处学校接受教育, 毕业于都柏林当地大学。1817年, 沃尔夫被任命为牧师, 不久便以热情与能力声名鹊起, 1825年, 他的文学作品集辑出版。1817年, 他开始用英语写作《约翰·摩尔先生的葬礼》, 该篇为英文同类诗歌题材中上乘之作, 最早登载于《钮里电讯》报上; 尽管报纸刊有作者姓名的首字母, 却并未关于作者的只言片语介绍。拜伦在谈到这首诗作时说, 他但愿自己能写出如此不朽之作, 与其相比, 其他诗歌只会黯然失色。

1. 没有鼓鸣, 没有葬礼哀乐,  
我们匆忙地, 将战友掩埋,  
没有枪声, 送行英雄,  
我们悲哀地, 告别兄弟。

2. 夜幕嗅出, 死亡阴森气息,  
草地上, 刺刀寒光凛凛,  
惨白月光下, 身影憧憧,  
送葬马灯, 鬼火忽暗忽明。

3. 长眠兹此, 甚至没有棺冢,  
亦没有, 最后送终敛衣;  
那勇猛武士, 似乎战时休憩,  
依然披戴, 出征的盔甲战衣。

4.几乎没有，祈祷或是祝愿，  
亦没有，半句悲伤话语；  
默默凝视，死者惨白面孔，  
不由嗟叹，是否明天的自己？

5.匆忙平整，那块狭窄墓穴，  
从今往后，对手抑或过客，  
再亦不会，惊扰他的睡眠，  
我们又将迎接，新的血雨腥风。

6.鬼神们，轻声谈论摩尔先生，  
尸骨未寒，却遭讥笑奚落；  
他全然不理，是否自己获许，  
竟径直躺在，英国佬棺槨上面。

7.撤离钟声，已经敲响，  
事业未竟，道路崎岖漫长，  
远处，敌人的稀疏枪声，  
黎明将来临，夜色未央。

8.哀伤欲绝，我们掩埋英雄，  
他戎马一生，鲜血浸透大地，  
不见碑石，甚至没有碑文，  
唯有英名，在战士心底追忆。

# 微小的胜利

1. “O Mother, now that I have lost my limb, I can never be a soldier or a sailor; I can never go round the world!” And Hugh burst into tears, now more really afflicted<sup>[50]</sup> than he had ever been yet. His mother sat on the bed beside him, and wiped away his tears as they flowed, while he told her, as well as his sobs would let him, how long and how much he had reckoned<sup>[51]</sup> on going round the world, and how little he cared for anything else in future; and now this was the very thing he should never be able to do!

2. He had practiced climbing ever since he could remember, and now this was of no use; he had practiced marching, and now he should never march again. When he had finished his complaint, there was a pause, and his mother said,

“Hugh, you have heard of Huber?”

“The man who found out so much about bees?” said Hugh.

“Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known about these, and when he was sure that he could learn still more, and was more and more anxious to peep into their tiny homes and curious ways, he became blind.”

3. Hugh sighed, and his mother went on.

“Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers<sup>[52]</sup> that ever lived. His great, his sole delight was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he suddenly became deaf, perfectly deaf; so that he never more heard one single note from the loudest orchestra<sup>[53]</sup>. While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silence to him.” Hugh said nothing.

4. “Now do you think,” asked his mother—and Hugh saw that a mild and gentle smile beamed from

her countenance—“do you think that these people were without a Heavenly Parent?”

“O no! but were they patient?” asked Hugh.

“Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you suppose that they were hardly treated? Or would you not rather suppose that their Father gave them something better to do than they had planned for themselves?”

5. “He must know best, of course; but it does seem very hard that that very thing should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man, being blind.

“No doubt their hearts often swelled within them at their disappointments; but I fully believe that they very soon found God’s will to be wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do far nobler than any the head could do through the eye or the ear. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel.”

“What is that?”

6. “The pleasure of rousing the soul to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in the breast. There is no pleasure like that of exercising one’s soul in bearing pain, and of finding one’s heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God.”

“Shall I feel that pleasure? ”

“Often and often, I have no doubt; every time you can willingly give up your wish to be a soldier or a sailor, or anything else you have set your mind upon, you will feel that pleasure. But I do not expect it of you yet. I dare say it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it.”

7. “But did he ever smile again?” asked Hugh.

“If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him,” replied his mother.

“I wonder, oh, I wonder, if I shall ever feel so!”

“We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask him now?” Hugh clasped his hands. His mother kneeled beside the bed, and, in a very few words, prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his misfortune well, and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve<sup>[54]</sup>.

8. Hugh found himself subject to very painful feelings sometimes, such as no one quite understood, and such as he feared no one was able to pity as they deserved. On one occasion, when he had been quite merry for a while, and his mother and his sister Agnes were chatting, they thought they heard a sob from the sofa. They spoke to Hugh, and found that he was indeed crying bitterly.

“What is it, my dear?” said his mother. “Agnes, have we said anything that could hurt his feelings?”

“No, no,” sobbed Hugh. “I will tell you, presently.”

9. And, presently, he told them that he was so busy listening to what they said that he forgot everything else, when he felt as if something had gotten between two of his toes; unconsciously he put down his hand as if his foot were there! Nothing could be plainer than the feeling in his toes; and then, when he put out his hand, and found nothing, it was so terrible, it startled him so! It was a comfort to find that his mother knew about this. She came, and kneeled by his sofa, and told him that many persons who had lost a limb considered this the most painful thing they had to bear for some time; but that, though the feeling would return occasionally through life, it would cease to be painful.

10. Hugh was very much dejected<sup>[55]</sup>, and when he thought of the months and years to the end of his life, and that he should never run and play, and never be like other people, he almost wished that he were dead.



Agnes thought that he must be miserable indeed if he could venture to say this to his mother. She glanced at her mother's face, but there was no displeasure there. On the contrary, she said this feeling was very natural. She had felt it herself under smaller misfortunes than Hugh's; but she had found, though the prospect appeared all strewn with troubles, that they came singly, and were not so hard to bear, after all.

11. She told Hugh that when she was a little girl she was very lazy, fond of her bed, and not at all fond of dressing or washing.

“Why, mother! you?” exclaimed Hugh.

“Yes; that was the sort of little girl I was. Well, I was in despair, one day, at the thought that I should have to wash, and clean my teeth, and brush my hair, and put on every article of dress, every morning, as long as I lived.”

“Did you tell anybody?” asked Hugh.

12. “No, I was ashamed to do that; but I remember I cried. You see how it turns out. When we have become accustomed to anything, we do it without ever thinking of the trouble, and, as the old fable tells us, the clock that has to tick so many millions of times, has exactly the same number of seconds to do it in. So will you find that you can move about on each separate occasion, as you wish, and practice will enable you to do it without any trouble or thought.”

“But this is not all, nor half what I mean,” said Hugh.

13. “No, my dear, nor half what you will have to bear. You resolved to bear it all patiently, I remember. But what is it you dread the most?”

“Oh! all manner of things. I can never do like other people.”

“Some things,” replied his mother. “You can never play cricket, as every Crofton boy would like to do. You can never dance at your sister's Christmas parties.”

14. “O mamma!” cried Agnes, with tears in her eyes, and with the thought in her mind that it was cruel to talk so.

“Go on! Go on!” cried Hugh, brightening. “You know what I feel, mother; and you don’t keep telling me, as others do, and even sister Agnes, sometimes, that it will not signify much, and that I shall not care, and all that; making out that it is no misfortune, hardly, when I know what it is, and they don’t. Now, then, go on, mother! What else?”

15. “There will be little checks and mortifications continually, when you see little boys leaping over this, and climbing that, and playing at the other, while you must stand out, and can only look on. And some people will pity you in a way you will not like: and some may even laugh at you.”

“O mamma!” exclaimed Agnes.

“Well, and what else?” said Hugh.

16. “Sooner or later you will have to follow some way of life determined by this accident instead of one that you would have liked better.”

“Well, what else?”

“I must ask you, now. I can think of nothing more; and I hope there is not much else; for, indeed, I think here is quite enough for a boy, or anyone else, to bear.”

“I will bear it though; you will see.”

17. “You will find great helps. These misfortunes of themselves strengthen one’s mind. They have some advantages too. You will be a better scholar for your lameness, I have no doubt. You will read more books, and have a mind richer in thoughts. You will be more beloved by us all, and you yourself will love God more for having given you something to bear for his sake. God himself will help you to bear your trials. You will conquer your troubles one by one, and by a succession of LITTLE VICTORIES will at last completely triumph over all.”

## 【中文阅读】

1. “哦，妈妈，我现在已经失去了一条腿，我不能成为战士或者水手，再也不能周游世界了！”休嚎啕大哭，从未像今天这样饱经痛苦折磨。休的妈妈坐在他的床边，擦去休的满脸泪水。休抽泣着，向妈妈尽情倾诉他的心中委屈。多年来，他憧憬有一天能周游世界，甚而很少为世俗喧嚣杂事烦扰，但由于残疾，他将永远无法实现自己的梦想了。

2. 从记事起，休就开始练习爬行，现在爬行用不上了；他还练习过走路，如今再也断然不能走路了。休不再抱怨后，母子俩静静沉默了一会，妈妈开口说，“休，你听说过胡伯尔这个人吗？”“就是那个发现蜜蜂食物许多奥秘的人？”休问道。

“是的，还有蚂蚁。当胡伯尔发现更多他以往不知道的东西，他就相信，他肯定会了解更多；他愈想了解更多，他就愈发急切地窥探蜜蜂以及蚂蚁的微小巢穴，甚至它们奇妙的生活方式，最后，他竟然成了瞎子。”

3. 休叹了口气，妈妈接着说，“你听说过贝多芬吗？他是迄今为止最伟大的一位作曲家，他的伟大、他的唯一快乐在于音乐，音乐是他生活的所有激情。当他的时光心血全部奉献给音乐的时候，他突然失去了听力，彻底变聋了。他再也听不见任何音符，即使交响乐团恢弘的现场演奏，当人群为他的作曲欢呼雀跃，他却沉浸在一片无声世界。”休听后缄默无言。

4. “你现在想到了吗？”他的妈妈问道，此刻的休看见妈妈脸上露出温柔灿烂的微笑，“是否想过，假若没有天上圣父，这些人该怎么办？”“哦，不会！如果他们坚韧、具有耐心呢？”休问道。

“不错，每人认知方式或程度不尽相同，你认为他们理应命运坎坷？或者，你难道宁愿认为圣父不会为他们安排更好，甚至不会超过他们自身的选择？”

5. “当然，人，应该明理通透，不过，不可理喻的事恰恰发生在自己身上，怎么来看，这道关隘始终难以超越。胡伯尔不可能想到他会变瞎；对贝多芬来说，或许压根没想到他会失去听力。”

“毫无疑问，这些人时常为失望困扰不堪，但我完全相信，他们很快就会明白，上帝旨意比个人祈求或愿望更为睿智。如果他们坦然地承受厄运的降临，就会明白他们用心去做的事情，比其他任何头脑仅仅通过眼或耳机械去做的事情远远高尚很多。无需多久，他们就会身心感受其他任何人无从领略的、一种新奇美好的欢欣，唯独那些最为痛苦失望的人才能悟出其中玄妙。”

“那是什么呢？”

6. “当无人知道什么才是心中的信念，这种快乐在于唤醒浑噩灵魂去承受痛苦，安静地顺从上帝安排。世上没有任何快乐能够与之媲美，它旨在培养个体灵魂去承担痛苦，或发掘因希望而熠熠生辉的个体心灵，正是这种星光使上帝感动宽慰。”

“那么，我能感到那种快乐吗？”

“你会经常不断地感受到，这一点，我毫不怀疑。每当你愿意放弃成为士兵或水手的希望，其实，其他志存高远的目标已在你的心底孕成，你会感到那种欢欣。当然，我并不指望这种内心升华很快出现。对贝多芬来说，他听不见一个音符，最终却看到一百个观众为他的音乐欣喜若狂；我敢说，那条路实在痛苦漫长。”

7. “那么，他重新感到幸福吗？”休问道。

“如果他感到幸福，那肯定超过世界上所有美好音乐带给他的无穷快乐。”他的妈妈回答。

“我想知道，哦，想知道，如果我也能感到这些幸福，该有多好！”

“我们会向上帝祷告，你可以做到，现在开始祷告，好吗？”

听了妈妈的话，休合拢手掌，妈妈跪在床边，两人默默地低声呢喃，保佑休能够坦然面对他的不幸，保佑休的朋友将给予他帮助安慰，而这些都是上帝极为赞赏的。

8. 休有时觉得自己极易为痛苦现实感伤，这点，任何其他人或许无法完全明白，他害怕没有任何人怜悯那些值得同情的残疾人。有一次，休的妈妈和姐姐艾格尼丝在聊天，休显得非常开心，可不一会，她们听到沙发后面的哭泣声，两人这才发现休哭得十分伤心。

“怎么回事？亲爱的？”妈妈问道，“艾格尼丝，我们说过什么话伤害休的感情吗？”

“没有，没有，”休哭着说，“我等会告诉你们。”

9. 过了一会，休告诉妈妈和姐姐，刚才他专心致志地听他们两人说话，突然感到脚趾间好像有什么东西，他毫无意识地探了下手，似乎觉得他的脚还在！全身脚趾间的感觉那么清楚真切，可当他伸手摸去，让他错愕不已的是，只有空空的裤脚！幸运的是，妈妈谙知他的心事，她走了过来，跪在休的沙发边，对儿子说，失去腿脚的许多人，不得不承受人生最为黑暗痛苦、身有残疾的事实，但这只是一段时间，这种感觉以后时而还会有，甚至持续终生，但痛苦的感觉最终将会消失。

10. 想到失去条腿，往后年复一年甚至直到生命的终点，休灰心沮丧简直到了极点，想到他永远不会跑步玩耍，永远不会像别人一样，他巴望自己不如马上死去的好。姐姐艾格尼丝以为休肯定心里太难过，才对母亲说出心里话。她瞥了母亲一眼，母亲脸上却没有一丝不开心的神情，反而说休的感情很自然，她曾经也遭遇过，尽管面对的挫折比儿子要小。前方的路充满苦难纠结，不过她最后发现，她毕竟一步步坚持挺过来了，当然，天底下没有过不去的坎。

11. 妈妈告诉休，当她还是个小姑娘的时候，她实在很懒，喜欢赖床不起，讨厌穿衣洗漱。

“为什么呢？妈妈，天呀！”休尖声叫道。

“没错，我就是那样的孩子，是的，有一天，一想到每天早上我该去洗脸，该去刷牙，该去梳头，该穿戴整齐，只要活着，千篇一律地该做这做那，我就变得沮丧绝望。”

“你和别人谈过这些吗？”休问妈妈。

12. “没有，我那时羞于告诉别人，可我记得，我哭了。你看这事原本就是这样。如果凡事安然若素，我们就不会忧心自扰。有句俗话说得好，时钟需要滴答百万上亿次，确切地说，走过无外乎相同数字的分秒。所以，你应该不难发现，如同你所希望的，你可依据不同的场合处人行事，一旦形成习惯，也就觉察不到任何烦扰或者纠结。”

“这不是最糟糕的，离我要面对的实在差得还远。”休说。

13. “是的，亲爱的，谈论这些，即使远不及你需要承受的，你也要学会耐心地面对，我记得。你最害怕的是什么？”

“哎呀！再不能像别人那样，我所有的行为方式全部改变了。”

“并非所有事情，”妈妈说道，“当然，你再不能像每个克罗夫顿男孩那样去打板球，你也不能在你姐姐的圣诞聚会上跳舞。”

14. “哦，妈妈！”艾格尼丝叫了起来，眼里满是泪水，心里想这样谈话对弟弟来说，实在太残忍。

“接着说！说呀！”休叫着，眼里闪着焦灼的光，“妈妈，你知道我的感受；你不要不停地告诉我，像别人那样做，甚至像姐姐艾格尼丝那样做，有时，这些并不意味多么重要，我也不会在意，所有这些说明，我绝不是那么不幸，或者几乎不幸，当我明白这些，什么痛苦看来都是浮云。好了，接着说，妈妈！还有什么教诲？”

15. “当你看见那些男孩子们蹦蹦跳跳，攀上爬下，与其他孩子一起玩耍，你总想站出来，最后却只能袖手旁观，你总会感到内心些许压抑，或者某种耻辱。有人怜悯你，你却不乐意那种直白的表达方式，更有人索性嘲笑你。”

“噢，妈妈，别说了！”艾格尼丝叫喊。

“好了，还有什么？”休说。

16. “或迟或早，你都得遵循某种生活方式，这种方式当然由本身局限决定，而不是你内心指望的更好方式。”

“好的，还有吗？”

“现在，我来问你，我想不出还有什么；我但愿没有更多的需要提醒；因为，的确，我这里所说的，对一个男孩或其他任何孩子，需要承受的已经足够多了。”

“虽然我得承受，不过，你会看到。”

17. “你会得到无私的帮助。不幸本身将使个体灵魂日趋强大，这也是不幸的悖论。由于残疾缘故，你会成为一位优秀学者，这点，我毫不怀疑。你会博览群书，头脑睿智敏锐，思想深邃丰富，你也将赢得我们大家更多眷爱。你本人将对上帝更加虔诚，因为他已让你承受更多的生活磨难，而你所作所为不过在为上帝受难；上帝将帮助你忍受无穷苦难；你会接连不断地征服你的困难，正是通过系列微小的胜利，你才能最终完全战胜人生的所有艰难。”

(哈瑞特·马蒂诺)

## LESSON 102

### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

### 幸福生活的特点

Sir Henry Wotton (b. 1568, d. 1639) was born at Bocton Hall, Kent, England. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. About 1598 he was taken into the service of the Earl of Essex, as one of his secretaries. On the Earl's committal to the Tower for treason, Wotton fled to France; but he returned to England immediately after the death of Elizabeth, and received the honor of knighthood. He was King James's favorite diplomatist, and, in 1623, was appointed provost of Eton College. Wotton wrote a number of prose works; but his literary reputation rests mainly on some short poems, which are distinguished by a dignity of thought and expression rarely excelled.

1. How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!
2. Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame, or private breath;
3. Who envies none that chance doth raise,

Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

4. Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;  
5. Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

6. This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

## 【中文阅读】

亨利·沃顿爵士(1568~1639年)，出生于英国肯特郡博克顿豪尔，曾进入温彻斯特大学与牛津大学接受教育。大约1598年，他被埃塞克斯伯爵雇用为私人秘书。当伯爵以叛国罪押送伦敦古堡监狱时，沃顿逃往法国。伊丽莎白去世后，他即刻返回英国，并接受了骑士授勋。国王詹姆斯看好他的应变能力，1623年，他被任命为伊顿学院院长。沃顿发表过一些散文作品，不过他的文学声誉主要限于诗歌短章，这些诗歌因思想高贵及超凡脱俗的表现力而著称于世。

1. 幸福，后天的良好教育，  
侍从，原非他人本意，  
坦诚真挚，方坚韧强势，  
常人难及，行知合一的技能！

2. 冷静睿智，并非凭借激情，  
义无反顾，为死亡做好准备，  
远离世俗，蝇营狗苟之利，



声名地位，一笑过眼烟云。

3. 无需嫉妒，那些人脱颖而出，  
抑或指责，无法洞悉的堕落，  
盛誉，使他深受伤害，以及  
社会秩序，与良知背驰而行。
4. 生活当中，远离诋毁小人，  
道德良知，首推要则公义，  
对阿谀谄媚者，惯以冷眼应对，  
没有任何毁灭，能让强权矗立。
5. 无论何时，上帝为其祝福，  
恩泽无边，超越世俗范畴，  
翻读圣经，与友倾心交谈，  
从容享受，岁月姝好安宁。
6. 傲世独立，远离乌合之众，  
不求发迹，亦不恐惧坠落，  
精神丰盈，尽管鲜有财产，  
月白风清，内心富足一生。

## LESSON 103

## THE ART OF DISCOURAGEMENT

## 泼冷水的艺术

Arthur Helps (b. 1813, d. 1875) graduated at Cambridge, England, in 1835. His best known works are: “Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses,” “Companions of my Solitude,” and “Realmah,” a tale of the “lake dwellers” in southern Europe. He has also written a “History of the Spanish Conquests in America,” two historical dramas, and several other works. Mr. Helps was a true thinker; and his writings are deservedly popular with thoughtful readers. In 1859 he was appointed secretary of the privy council.

1. Regarding, one day, in company with a humorous friend, a noble vessel of a somewhat novel construction sailing slowly out of port, he observed, “What a quantity of cold water somebody must have had down his back.” In my innocence, I supposed that he alluded to the wet work of the artisans who had been building the vessel; but when I came to know him better, I found that this was the form of comment he always indulged in when contemplating any new and great work, and that his “somebody” was the designer of the vessel.

2. My friend had carefully studied the art of discouragement, and there was a class of men whom he designated<sup>[56]</sup> simply as “cold-water pourers.” It was most amusing to hear him describe the lengthened sufferings of the man who first designed a wheel; of him who first built a boat; of the adventurous personage who first proposed the daring enterprise of using buttons, instead of fish bones, to fasten the scanty raiment of some savage tribe.

3. Warming with his theme, he would become quite eloquent in describing the long career of discouragement which these rash men had brought upon themselves, and which he said, to his knowledge, must have shortened their lives. He invented imaginary dialogues between the unfortunate inventor, say of the wheel, and his particular friend, some eminent cold-water pourer. For, as he said, every man has some such friend, who fascinates him by fear, and to whom he confides his enterprises in order to hear the worst that can be said of them.

4. The sayings of the chilling friend, probably, as he observed, ran thus:—“We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be borne on men’s shoulders. The high priest is not too proud to do the same. Indeed, I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men’s shoulders their natural burdens.

5. “Then, as to its succeeding,—for my part, I see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams<sup>[57]</sup> about your hut are only half planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty, as a friend, to tell you so plainly.

6. “There was Nang-chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once, with iron and flint; and did he die in his bed? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled<sup>[58]</sup> the man who imitated heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the state would be ruined. What would become of those who carry burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams.”

7. It is really very curious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men whose sole pretense to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that may be proposed; and when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it.

8. I once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate<sup>[59]</sup> whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw,—that little flaw,—was all in all to him.

9. The cold-water pourers are not all of one form of mind. Some are led to indulge in this recreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. Moreover, it is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly anything at first succeeds exactly in the way that it was intended to succeed.

10. Again, there is the lack of imagination which gives rise<sup>[60]</sup> to the utterance of so much discouragement. For an ordinary man, it must have been a great mental strain to grasp the ideas of the first projectors<sup>[61]</sup> of steam and gas, electric telegraphs, and pain-deadening chloroform. The inventor is always, in the eyes of his fellow-men, somewhat of a madman; and often they do their best to make him so.

11. Again, there is the want of sympathy; and that is, perhaps, the ruling cause in most men's minds who have given themselves up to discourage. They are not tender enough, or sympathetic enough, to appreciate all the pain they are giving, when, in a dull plodding way, they lay out argument after argument to show that the project which the poor inventor has set his heart upon, and upon which, perhaps, he has staked his fortune, will not succeed.

12. But what inventors suffer, is only a small part of what mankind in general endure from thoughtless and unkind discouragement. Those high-souled men belong to the suffering class, and must suffer; but it is in daily life that the wear and tear of discouragement tells so much. Propose a small party of pleasure to an apt discourager, and see what he will make of it. It soon becomes sicklied over with doubt and despondency; and, at last, the only hope of the proposer is, that his proposal, when realized, will not be an ignominious failure. All hope of pleasure, at least for the proposer, has long been out of the question.

## 【中文阅读】

阿瑟·海伯斯(1813~1875), 1835年毕业于英国剑桥大学, 他最为著名的作品包括《枢密院之友, 系列读物与论述》、《我的孤独伴侣》及《真诚的人》讲述的是欧洲南部湖畔居者的故事。阿瑟·海伯斯写有题为《西班牙美洲征服史》的两部历史剧及其他作品, 他推崇深度思考, 在关切思考的作者群中享有很高声誉。1859年, 他被任命为枢密院院长。

1. 有一天, 我与一位风趣幽默的朋友正在聊天, 一艘造型颇为新奇的宏伟轮船缓缓地驶离港口, 他注视那船说道:“有的人脊梁骨上该是泼过多少凉水。”以我天真揣度, 我猜想, 朋友不过暗指那些顶风冒雨建造那艘轮船的工匠们, 但随着话语展开, 我才得以了解个中玄机。这位朋友长期沉湎于研究整套创新思维的话语体系, 他说的“有的人”, 指的是该艘轮船的设计

者。

2. 我的那位朋友曾深入研究过气馁艺术，他将创新者定义为“被泼凉水的人”。听他叙述那位轮船设计师经久多年的痛苦煎熬，倒是挺有意思。那家伙第一次设计出车轮，第一次建造出小船；极爱冒险的他，也是第一次提出大胆创意，用按钮取代鱼骨来固定原始部落野人身上那些衣不蔽体的衣服。

3. 一旦深入这类话题，朋友随即口若悬河，滔滔不绝地谈起那些鲁莽草率人士无端为自己带来气馁沮丧的漫长生涯。据他所说，他清楚这些气馁沮丧无疑将缩短人的寿命，他还撰写与那位背运的轮船设计师之间虚拟对话。他谈到车轮，谈到他那位超凡脱俗的设计师朋友，谈到某位著名的泼冷水者。诚如斯言，确实，我们每人周围都有类似朋友，他们因恐惧而对这些发明达人萌生迷恋，而这些达人之所以乐意倾露心事，叙说自己花样翻新的冒险，不过只是关注可能反馈回来的批评或指责。

4. 如他的观察所见，朋友间心寒齿冷的话语或许如此，“没有那个滚动的家伙，几千年呼啦啦过去了，我们不也过得很好嘛！一路神气十足地走来？你老爸肩驮背扛，国王坐在轿夫肩膀上自得其乐，那些大神甫祭司们也并非过于自傲，不能手提肩扛。”确实如此，而我想质疑的是，从人类肩膀上试图移走他们的物质重负，难道居然违反宗教教义不成？

5. “那么，对于这种承继，就我来说，我看不到任何改变机会。那车轮莫非能爬山？面对类似稀奇古怪想法，你屡屡受挫究竟多少回！况且，还要浪费大量时间，茅屋边番薯地还有很多农活没做，没准厮混下去，你或许还会沦为乞丐。作为朋友，我当然有责任直截了当地提醒你。”

6. “历史上有过纳春野人，他们的后裔进化如何？很久以前，人类以某种合适方式、在某种特定场合下发现了火。那时，野人迫切需要生火，他们将两根枝干相互摩挲，倘若机缘巧合，仓促中用铁与燧石试着摩擦，火，就这样被发现了，有野人因失火死在自己床上吗？相反，那些原始部落领主们看到那些不虔诚行为，干脆将那位试图模仿圣父魔力的人处以钉刑，这事看起来还挺正义。这样说来，是否你仍然琢磨那个新奇荒谬的滚动东西，你的族群甚至亦会面临灭顶之灾。至于那些辛苦重负的人还能怎样？不妨将那些幼稚虚妄抛到一边，回家接着种完你的番薯罢。”

7. 即便现在，关注这门泼冷水艺术到处狼奔豕突，也不能不令人啧啧称奇。有这样一种人，其唯一睿智夸口在于如何实施泼凉水，他们不曾手足无措。一方面，针对可能提出的冒险

创意，他们从惊天骇俗的独创适时预言，任何冒险可能导致不幸结局的种种可能；另一方面，一旦冒险创意进入实际运作，并取得一定成功，他们不会错失良机，开始百般挑剔。

8. 类似的事我曾经历过，有一回，某位名声显赫的泼冷水者观看创意冒险的实际操作。他不否认那创意挺好，但只死死盯住那东西内部的某道细缝，而其他人均未留意那道裂缝。后来，只要出席讨论那桩创新，他总会不厌其烦地尽力夸张那点瑕疵，当然，除却那道裂缝，他并不关注事情本身，那个缺陷——毕竟微不足道，可对他来说，瑕疵意味一切。

9. 泼冷水人心态各异。有的人由于真正胆怯，不由自主地陷入或沉湎这类娱乐消遣，他们确实内心恐惧所有创新尝试势必遭遇失败，而其他人则仅仅出于嫉妒或心存不良。那么，世上是否存在一种预言邪恶的力量与智慧？此外，看来预言最为安全妥当，因为几乎没有任何创意伊始就能获得大获成功，究其成功方式，初衷甚或结局，大多大相径庭。

10. 再来看看，由于想象力匮乏引起气馁情绪的普遍存在。对一位普通人来说，冒险行为无疑将承受巨大的精神负担，那种来自攫取最初创意灵感的压力。诸如蒸汽与燃气、电报或用作麻醉剂的氯仿，在旁观者看来，创新者多少难免走火入魔，他们往往更是不遗余力地促使冒险家抓狂。

11. 或许在大多数放弃自己、甘愿沉沦人的心里，关键原因在于缺乏同情心。他们不够温情脉脉，缺乏足够悲悯，无法感悟挫折失败给予人类的所有痛苦。他们以某种单调乏味方式，安排策划一场又一场创新会论辩，展示某位蹩脚发明者全身心投入的创意，或许，那家伙在给他的运气押宝撞大运，恐怕注定不会成功。

12. 然而，由于轻率或可恶的气馁，在人类经历的整体苦难中，创新者乖舛命运所占比例甚小。那些灵魂高尚的人隶属受难阶层，且必须历经劫难；不过庸常生活中，能够果敢地承受气馁失意最为难能可贵。不妨提议对易于失落之人举办小型欢乐聚会，观察他如何策划安排。由于疑虑失望诸多因素，破绽势必很快显露；而提议一旦付诸实施，提议者唯一指望不要遭遇可耻失败；但最终看来，至少对提议者来说，所有快乐希望已经毫无可能。

## LESSON 104

### THE MARINER'S DREAM

# 水手的梦

William Dimond (b. 1780, d. 1837) was a dramatist and poet, living at Bath, England, where he was born and received his education. He afterwards studied for the bar in London. His literary productions are for the most part dramas, but he has also written a number of poems, among them the following:

1. In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;  
His hammock<sup>[62]</sup> swung loose at the sport of the wind;  
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
  
2. He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;  
While Memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,  
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.
  
3. Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;  
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
  
4. The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;  
All trembling with transport<sup>[63]</sup>, he raises the latch,  
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
  
5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;  
His cheek is impearled<sup>[64]</sup> with a mother's warm tear;  
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite  
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

6. The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;  
Joy quickens his pulses,—all his hardships seem o'er;  
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest,—  
“O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more.”
7. Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?  
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums<sup>[65]</sup> his ear?  
'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!  
'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
8. He springs from his hammock,—he flies to the deck;  
Amazement confronts him with images dire;  
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;  
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.
9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;  
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
And the death angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!
10. O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!  
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss!  
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,—  
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?
11. O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again  
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;  
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.



12. No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;  
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,  
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge<sup>[66]</sup>.
13. On a bed of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid,—  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;  
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
And every part suit to thy mansion below.
14. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;  
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye;  
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

- <sup>[1]</sup>Membrane, *a thin, soft tissue of interwoven fibers.*
- <sup>[2]</sup>Propagation, *the continuance of a kind by successive production.*
- <sup>[3]</sup>Portable, *capable of being carried.*
- <sup>[4]</sup>Transportation, *the act of conveying from one place to another.*
- <sup>[5]</sup>Deciduous, *said of trees whose leaves fall in autumn.*
- <sup>[6]</sup>Germinating, *sprouting, beginning to grow.*
- <sup>[7]</sup>Ornithologist, *one skilled in the science which treats of birds.*
- <sup>[8]</sup>Economy, *orderly system,*
- <sup>[9]</sup>Disseminating, *scattering for growth and propagation.*
- <sup>[10]</sup>Nuciferous, *bearing nuts.*
- <sup>[11]</sup>Community, *society at large, the public.*
- <sup>[12]</sup>Diffusion, *extension, spread.*
- <sup>[13]</sup>Enlightened, *elevated by knowledge and religion.*
- <sup>[14]</sup>Fabric, *any system composed of connected parts.*
- <sup>[15]</sup>Erased, *blotted out.*
- <sup>[16]</sup>Perpetrator, *one who commits a crime.*
- <sup>[17]</sup>Extinction, *a putting an end to.*
- <sup>[18]</sup>Fertilize, *to make fruitful.*
- <sup>[19]</sup>Atheism, *disbelief in God.*
- <sup>[20]</sup>Sensuality, *indulgence in animal pleasure.*
- <sup>[21]</sup>Distinction, *a point of difference.*
- <sup>[22]</sup>Implements, *utensils, tools.*
- <sup>[23]</sup>Wigwam, *an Indian hut.*
- <sup>[24]</sup>Burrows, *holes in the earth where animals lodge.*
- <sup>[25]</sup>Discussion, *the act of arguing a point, debate.*
- <sup>[26]</sup>Medicinal, *healing.*
- <sup>[27]</sup>Endowed, *furnished with any gift, quality, etc.*
- <sup>[28]</sup>Faculty, *ability to act or perform.*

- [29] Rectified, *corrected*.
- [30] Inexorable, *not to be changed*.
- [31] Wonted, *accustomed*.
- [32] Admonition (*pro. admonishun*), *counseling against fault or error*.
- [33] Ponderous, *very heavy*.
- [34] Quaint (*pro. kwant*), *odd and antique*.
- [35] Incredible, *impossible to be believed*.
- [36] Doting, *loving to excess*.
- [37] Vague (*pro. vag*), *indefinite*.
- [38] Presumed, *pushed upon or intruded in an impudent manner*.
- [39] Frigate, *a war vessel, usually carrying from twenty-eight to forty-four guns, arranged in two tiers on each side*.
- [40] Equipage, *furniture, fitting out*.
- [41] Artifice. *skillful contrivance, trick*.
- [42] Broadside, *a discharge of all the guns on one side of a ship, above and below, at the same time*.
- [43] Manifest, *visible to the eye, apparent*.
- [44] Assurance, *full confidence, courage*.
- [45] Sway, *control, rule*.
- [46] Martial, *military*.
- [47] Upbraid, *to charge with something wrong or disgraceful, to reproach*.
- [48] Reck, *to take heed, to care*.
- [49] Random, *without fixed aim or purpose, left to chance*.
- [50] Afflicted, *overwhelmed, dejected*.
- [51] Reckoned, *calculated, counted*.
- [52] Composer, *an author of a piece of music*.
- [53] Orchestra, *a body of instrumental musicians*.
- [54] Approve, *sanction, allow*.
- [55] Dejected, *discouraged, low-spirited*.
- [56] Designated, *called by a distinctive title, named*.
- [57] Yam, *the root of a climbing plant, found in the tropics, which is used for food*.
- [58] Impaled, *put to death by being fixed on an upright, sharp stake*.
- [59] Dilate, *to speak largely, to dwell in narration*.
- [60] Rise, *source, origin*.
- [61] Projector, *one who forms a scheme or design*.
- [62] Hammock, *a hanging or swinging bed, usually made of netting or hempen cloth*.
- [63] Transport, *ecstasy, rapture*.
- [64] Impearled, *decorated with pearls, or with things resembling pearls*.
- [65] Larums (*an abbreviation of alarums, for alarms*), *affrights, terrifies*.
- [66] Dirge, *funeral music*.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·戴蒙德(1780~1837)，一位剧作家与诗人，出生于英国巴思，并在当地定居及接受教育，后来赴伦敦学习法律。戴蒙德文学作品多为他的诸多剧作，他也写过部分诗歌，下列段落来自他的诗歌。

1. 午夜，少年水手进入睡眠，  
轻松随意的风，荡起吊床，  
褪下，白昼紧张的躯壳，  
心中，美梦盘旋流连。
2. 浓密树荫下，家的幻觉，  
稚气地企盼，晨曦苏醒，  
欣然回想，每簇花丛的记忆，  
品尝美好，将痛苦深深藏匿。
3. 幻想鸟儿，离家愈飞愈近，  
痴迷眺望，颤栗不住的心悸，  
海水哗哗，恍惚消退走远，  
叠涌闪现，家乡亲人的眼睛。
4. 茉莉花树，越过颓圯屋顶，  
燕子唧啾，筑巢不再飘零，  
惊喜若狂中，他推开门门，  
游子归来，父母的熟悉身影。

5. 年长水手，俯身疼爱的慈祥，  
梦中盘桓，晶莹泪花渗出，  
热烈的唇，散发轻吻清香，  
袅娜走来，久远的情影佳人。
6. 少年的心，怦怦地猛跳胸膛，  
脉搏加快，痛苦消散不再，  
思恋话语，溪水般潺潺流淌，  
哦，上帝保佑！微薄美梦成真。
7. 啊！你眼里火光，来自哪里？  
啊！你耳边声音，来自何方？  
那是炸雷滚动，大地呻吟，  
闪电，将地狱腥红写在天上。
8. 少年从吊床跃起，飞身甲板，  
眼前，惊愕不已的景象，  
狂风巨浪，将船体撕裂，  
桅杆断成碎片，遍地火光。
9. 涌浪拍天，排山倒海扑来，  
落水的手，徒唤苍天在上，  
鬼神，敲响瘆人的丧钟，

死亡天使，振翼掠过海浪。

10. 哦，水手少年，梦魇伴随灾难，  
黑暗融化，神佑的浪漫秋霜，  
父母钟爱，还有恋人温香，  
梦幻小船，究竟哪里迷航？

11. 哦，水手少年，你再亦无法  
回到家乡，一偿亲情夙愿，  
你不幸地，默默葬身海底，  
冰冷海浪，将蚀尽你的躯体。

12. 没有荒冢，为你掬起回忆，  
没有救赎，来自涛声奏响，  
浪花奔涌，裹起青春殒衣，  
寒冬夜半，铺开生命悲怆。

13. 你安卧海底，绿色花朵簇拥，  
白骨悄然，红色珊瑚生长，  
你堇色头发，绾成琥珀丝线，  
时光凝固，铺满平静安详。

14. 年复一年，岁月穿梭流转，

你的身上，海浪忽然如常，  
你的身影，永远不会再现，  
哦，灵魂安息，帅美的水手少年！

LESSON 105  
THE PASSENGER PIGEON  
野鸽过客

John James Audubon (b. 1780, d. 1851). This celebrated American ornithologist was born in Louisiana. When quite young he was passionately fond of birds, and took delight in studying their habits. In 1797 his father, an admiral in the French navy, sent him to Paris to be educated. On his return to America, he settled on a farm in eastern Pennsylvania, but afterward removed to Henderson, Ky., where he resided several years, supporting his family by trade, but devoting most of his time to the pursuit of his favorite study. In 1826 he went to England, and commenced the publication of the “Birds of America,” which consists of ten volumes—five of engravings of birds, natural size, and five of letterpress. Cuvier declares this work to be “the most magnificent monument that art has ever erected to ornithology.” In 1830 Audubon returned to America, and soon afterwards made excursions into nearly every section of the United States and Canada. A popular edition of his great work was published, in seven volumes, in 1844, and “The Quadrupeds of America,” in six volumes,—three of plates and three of letterpress, in 1846-50. He removed to the vicinity of New York about 1840, and resided there until his death.

1. The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause and assure myself that what I am going to relate is a fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that, too, in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement.

2. In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardinsburgh, I observed the pigeons flying, from northeast to southwest, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every

flock that passed.

3. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and, counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes I traveled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

4. Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least.

5. I can not describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial<sup>[1]</sup> evolutions when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the center. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

6. As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon<sup>[2]</sup> suddenly presenting a mass of rich, deep purple.

7. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight; but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they

take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground.

8. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast<sup>[3]</sup>. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost.

9. On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees to enjoy rest and digest their food. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon; they depart en masse for the roosting place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

10. Let us now inspect their place of nightly rendezvous<sup>[4]</sup>. One of these curious roosting places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent<sup>[5]</sup> to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

11. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception.

12. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was



ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth the general cry of, “Here they come!”

13. The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself.

14. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

15. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate<sup>[6]</sup> the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided; long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.

## 【中文阅读】

约翰·詹姆斯·奥杜邦(1780~1851), 这位著名的美国鸟类学家出生于路易斯安那州。年幼时, 约翰特别喜爱鸟类, 以研究鸟类习性为乐。1797年, 他的法国海军上将的父亲, 将他送去巴黎接受教育。返回美国后, 约翰在宾夕法尼亚州东部建造一处农场, 后来搬迁到肯塔基州汉德森居住数年, 并以经营贸易维持生计, 同时耗费大量时间追求他所痴迷的鸟类研究。1826年, 他前去英国, 开始为其《美国鸟类》一书筹办出版事宜。《美国鸟类》一书共计十卷, 其中五卷为配有鸟类真实尺寸的版画, 另五卷为配有插图的内容正文。居维叶宣称, 奥杜邦该部皇皇巨著为“鸟类史上最为恢弘的艺术纪念碑”。1830年, 奥杜邦返回美国, 很快开始周游美国与加拿大, 他的足迹几乎遍及美加所有地区。1844年, 奥杜邦巨著流行版得以问世, 该书共计七卷。1846~1850年, 他的《美国四足动物》一书出版, 该书共有六卷, 其中三卷为整页插图, 另三卷为配有插图的内容正文。大约19世纪40年代, 奥杜邦迁到纽约附近定居, 直到最后去世。

1. 北美森林里野生鸽子数量极为惊人，我的确经常在不少地方见过大批野鸽，即便现在，也坚持认为不要轻率做出结论，以确保自己陈述皆为事实。我和同伴都见过大批野鸽，彼此感受心同，那种形容毋庸说是身心震撼，难以言说的刻骨铭心。

2. 1813年秋天，离开坐落于俄亥俄河岸汉德森的家，我前去路易斯维尔。途中，当马车穿越一片荒原，驶过哈丁斯博格数英里后，我看到天空中由东北往西南方向飞来的黑压压的鸽群，眼见鸽群数量愈来愈多，甚至超过我有生以来所见总和，我心血来潮，突然想做次统计，计算一小时内目力所及范围内飞过的鸽群数，于是我便走下车，找处高坡坐下，开始用铅笔做记号，每见一个鸽群飞过就用圆点做个标注。

3. 不一会儿，我便发现我的记录完全无济于事，鸽群铺天盖地不断涌来，成片成队委实难计其数。我站立起来，数了数刚记下的标记，短短21分钟里，竟有163个鸽群在我眼前呼啸而过。我接着往前走，愈发见到更多，整座天空完全成为鸽子的飞翔世界。鸽群掠飞，宛如日食遮天蔽日，正午阳光亦随即黯淡起来。鸽群翼翅发出的嗡嗡翁动声，竟然让我产生昏昏欲睡的时空错觉。

4. 在当地青年旅馆就餐前的闲暇期间，在盐湖与俄亥俄州一处接壤地带，我看到黑云压顶的庞大鸽群军团大军压境般飞扑涌来。野鸽队伍前列早已长驱直入俄亥俄州西部，恰好抵达我所在位置东面的桦木森林。今年，就在周边地区，我观察到没有一只鸟儿落地不是为了觅食坚果或是橡果，但这些野鸽通常飞得很高，哪怕想方设法，甚至用最好的步枪猎杀也是徒劳无益，至于枪声干扰更是毫不奏效。

5. 实在无法描述野鸽群空中队列变化的奇异壮观。我碰巧看见一只老鹰逼近鸽群尾部，旋即，鸽群翻卷起一道狂涌气流，嘶鸣如雷，巨型队列迅速麋集成团，一只只叠起翅翼向中心靠拢，整个鸽群急遽地掠过空中；那排列齐整、棱角分明的队形波浪起伏，以迅雷不及掩耳之势，时而俯冲直下，时而横扫而过，时而扶摇直上，犹如庞大柱体径直腾空而起。它们不停地翻扭旋转，连绵不断地幻变组合队形，偌大天空中整齐划一的凌空翱翔，犹如一条巨龙倒海翻江。

6. 每当鸽群发现可引诱其降落的充足食物,它们便在天空盘旋不停,观察地面动静。在变幻多端的队形中,麋集鸽群的靓丽色彩令人击节赞叹。倏尔,羽翼头部一片亮晶晶的蔚蓝扑面而来;旋即,羽翼背部一团浓郁艳丽的深紫夺路而去。

7. 低低掠过灌丛的鸽群,不时徜徉流连于树杈丛林间,一转眼,又重新聚集飞往高处。此刻,鸽群落到地面,哪怕丁点响动,便会急速拍打双翼腾空而起。偌大鸽群拍打翼翅,听起来像远方滚过的一阵阵轰鸣雷声。鸽群不时穿越树林,它们仔细察觉周围是否存在危险,不过,饥肠骨碌的它们很快再度落地觅食。

8. 一旦降临地面,野鸽们便开始翻找地上的枯枝残叶,尽可能寻觅地上的橡树果实,而鸟群后翼队伍继续保持低飞,直到飞过整个鸽群,飞到前方落地,这种连续快捷的队列,使整个鸽群处于随时起飞状态。当然,大面积地面果实将被劫掠一空,犹如刚刚结束彻底清扫,倘若有拾穗人跟在鸽群后捡拾,终将一无所获。

9. 这种情况下,野鸽遭遇捕杀的数量相当惊人,尽管尚未有明显的大批锐减,因为森林原野里的野鸽持续不断涌来。大约中午,野鸽结束觅食后,它们往往栖息枝杈歇息或消化食物。每当夕阳快要落山,鸽群便成群结队地分开,寻找各自过夜的栖息地,不同鸽群宿眠地相隔数百英里未必鲜见,有人通过记录鸽群每天栖宿细节已予以证实。

10. 我们不妨来看看鸽群的夜间麋集地。令人关注的其中一处栖息地位于肯特基州格林河畔,我先后前去查勘过好几次,类似情况极为常见,那条河岸毗邻森林,四周林木葱郁,林下灌丛稀少。我曾驾车穿林而过,溯流直上达四十英里开外。我还在不同地带越过这片广袤森林,最终查明这处林地平均宽度已超过3英里,鸽群选择来此处栖息过夜。大约半月后,那天太阳下山两个时辰前,我第一次步行踏进这片密林。

11. 森林里巨树参天,我观察到,不少树的直径已达两英尺,这些树地面间距委实不大,不少高大树木的低矮枝杈更是早已砍伐殆尽,好似无情的龙卷风肆虐地掠过林中。对我来说,所有情况皆已表明,此地森林夜间栖息的野鸽数目惊人,不可思议或者简直难以想象。

12. 当鸽群快要飞临森林上空时,鸟类天敌正焦急地等待捕获它们。有的人拿着装有硫黄的铁罐,还有人擎着松节火把,更多的人拿着棍棒树干,还有的人扛着枪支。太阳落入西边边

睡，人们见不到丁点鸽子的踪影，万事俱备。那株株参天大树蓊郁浓荫遮天蔽日，唯有树顶流泻出窄细光亮，透过少许光亮，人们在仰望中焦急等待。突然，人群中爆发一阵叫喊，“野鸽来了！”

13. 人们分散距离颇远，森林里一片嘈杂鼎沸。此情此景，令我突然想起海面狂风乍起，猛地扑向紧紧收起船帆的小船。当鸽群逐渐飞近掠过我的头顶，一阵惊悚让我的心痉挛收紧。成千上万只鸟儿即将倒毙于这帮明火执仗的屠夫脚下。野鸽黑压成片、汹涌不断地飞来，涌来，扑来，无数只火把已经点燃，一袭壮观恢弘的杀戮大幕正在拉开。

14. 遮天蔽日的野鸽落下来了，雨点般叠落下来，举目满眼的鸽子到处翻飞，粗硕酒桶般、成群成团地急遽降落，迅速挤满周围所有高矮不等的大小枝桠。接连不断的坠落冲力，使得方才落脚来及站稳的鸟们纷纷坠下，压翻甚至撞死下端的同类；每一根坠弯的树枝上，到处站满了密密麻麻的鸽子，骚动混乱的恐怖气息，在偌大森林里铺开弥漫。我感到自己的孤零无助，无法与哪怕离我最近的人说上几句话，甚至叫上几嗓子；我几乎听不见任何枪声，直到看到持枪的人们不停地装卸子弹，才惊悚意识到一场疯狂嗜血的屠杀正在紧锣密鼓进行。

15. 血腥喧嚣持续了整整一夜。我当时急切想知道这场残忍的杀戮究竟传及多远，于是便派出一位熟悉当地森林地形的人前去了解情况。两小时后，他回来告诉我，哪怕距此三英里开外的地方，激烈的枪声亦能清晰听见。天将破晓时，嘈杂声逐渐平息下来。其实，天亮前很久，鸽群已开始飞离，与当晚它们飞来降落的方向截然不同。太阳冉冉升起，所有再度起飞的野鸽早已消逝得无影无踪。

## LESSON 106

### THE COUNTRY LIFE

### 乡村生活

Richard Henry Stoddard (b. 1825, d.1903) was born at Hingham, Mass., but removed to New York City while quite young. His first volume of poems, "Foot-prints," appeared in 1849, and has been followed by many others. Of these may be mentioned "Songs of Summer," "Town and Country," "The King's Bell," "Abraham Lincoln" (an ode), and the "Book of the East," from the last of which the following selection is abridged. Mr. Stoddard's verses are full of genuine feeling, and

some of them show great poetic power:

1. Not what we would, but what we must,  
    Makes up the sum of living:  
Heaven is both more and less than just,  
    In taking and in giving.  
Swords cleave to hands that sought the plow,  
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

2. Me, whom the city holds, whose feet  
    Have worn its stony highways,  
Familiar with its loneliest street,—  
    Its ways were never my ways.  
My cradle was beside the sea,  
And there, I hope, my grave will be.

3. Old homestead! in that old gray town  
    Thy vane is seaward blowing;  
Thy slip of garden stretches down  
    To where the tide is flowing;  
Below they lie, their sails all furled,  
The ships that go about the world.

4. Dearer that little country house,  
    Inland with pines beside it;  
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,  
    A well, with weeds to hide it:  
No flowers, or only such as rise  
Self-sown—poor things!—which all despise.

5. Dear country home! can I forget  
    The least of thy sweet trifles?  
The window vines that clamber yet,

Whose blooms the bee still rifles?  
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,  
And in the woods the Indian pipe?

6. Happy the man who tills his field,  
Content with rustic labor;  
Earth does to him her fullness yield,  
Hap what may to his neighbor.  
Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be  
A life more rational and free?

## 【中文阅读】

理查德·亨利·斯托达德 (1825~1903), 出生于美国马萨诸塞州欣厄姆, 年幼时移居纽约。他的第一部诗集《脚印》出版于1849年, 随后大量作品相继问世。他的作品值得一提的有《夏季的歌谣》、《乡镇与农村》、《国王的钟声》、《亚伯拉罕·林肯颂诗》以及《东方之书》, 下列段落节自他的《东方之书》。斯托达德先生诗歌颇具真情实感, 不乏诗意美学的崇高力量。

1. 随波逐流, 我们习惯坦然,  
无外乎, 生活归纳的深刻,  
苍天在上, 接受抑或付出,  
区别在于, 每人或多或少。  
刀剑在手, 扶动犁铧的大手,  
功成名就, 乃万骨筑垒铺就。

2. 城市呵, 羁绊我的双脚,  
奔波跋涉, 砾石将心磨破,  
空荡无人的街道, 熟悉清晰,  
没有尽头, 孤独中云山雾罩。  
海滩微风, 荡起我的摇篮,  
千年沉睡的故乡, 魂归何处?

3. 古老家园，快乐安详小镇，  
面朝大海，风向旗猎猎地吹，  
乡村沃土，枝桠尽兴舒展，  
惊涛拍岸，唤醒心底悸颤。  
风帆卷起，远行人入土为安，  
船只远航，迎风扬起长帆。

4. 狭仄亲切，那处农家小院，  
松树环绕，枝干点缀苍翠，  
桃花开落，未见果实的硕枝，  
井沿旁边，青草茂密森然，  
花香难觅，野性蔓延恣意，  
浑然天成，乡土写满粗粝。

5. 难忘家乡，至今无法忘怀，  
往事追忆，点滴郁积胸间。  
藤蔓青青，悄然爬满窗前，  
花香深处，引来蝶舞蜂旋。  
路边黑莓，芬芳令人心醉，  
林中夕阳，谁家横笛缠绵？

6. 日作夜息，辛勤耕耘土地，

春华秋实，丰足纯朴野趣，  
脚踏实地，采撷劳动收获，  
不会指望，天上掉落馅饼。  
落日长圆，岁月安宁静好，  
畅快人生，岂不称心如意？

## LESSON 107

### THE VIRGINIANS

### 弗吉尼亚人

William Makepeace Thackeray (b. 1811, d. 1863). This popular English humorist, essayist, and novelist was born in Calcutta. He was educated at the Charterhouse school in London, and at Cambridge, but he did not complete a collegiate course of study. He began his literary career as a contributor to “Fraser’s Magazine,” under the assumed name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and afterwards contributed to the column of “Punch.” The first novel published under Thackeray’s own name was “Vanity Fair,” which is regarded by many as his greatest work. He afterwards wrote a large number of novels, tales, and poems, most of which were illustrated by sketches drawn by himself. His course of “Lectures on the English Humorists” was delivered in London in 1851, and the following year in several cities in the United States. He revisited the United States in 1856, and delivered a course of lectures on “The Four Georges,” which he repeated in Great Britain soon after his return home. In 1860 he became the editor of “The Cornhill Magazine,” the most successful serial ever published in England.

1. Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial<sup>[7]</sup> home in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there.

2. The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.



3. The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants—who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game.

4. The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol,—bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

5. Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginia gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty: the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of the stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn bag were good for both.

6. Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected<sup>[8]</sup> than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

7. He was not unhappy,—to those about him most kind,—most affectionate, obsequious<sup>[9]</sup> even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

8. When the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George

her successor and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the lady of Castlewood.

9. In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins.

10. In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast, ribboned nightcaps, which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

11. Howbeit, alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted;—whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him.

12. As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him: and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a blackamoor<sup>[10]</sup> asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it, and brushed the flies off the child with a feather fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated— burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went

off beseeching his young master not to cry.

13. On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say.

14. George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age.

15. At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of James Town found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the oration, which was printed, by the desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor, at Mr. Franklin's press in Philadelphia.

16. No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief.

17. The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hatbands, headed the procession and were followed by my Lord Fairfax, from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others; for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity<sup>[11]</sup>, had earned for him the just respect of his neighbors.

18. When informed of the event, the family of Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of

Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little, chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph<sup>[12]</sup> which for once did not tell any falsehoods.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·梅克皮斯·萨克雷( 1811~1863), 这位英国极受欢迎的幽默作家、散文家及小说家出生于印度加尔各答市, 他曾在伦敦查特豪斯学校和剑桥大学接受教育, 然而并未完成他的大学学业。作为《弗雷泽》杂志的写稿人, 萨克雷以米歇尔·安吉洛·泰特马斯为笔名开始了他的文学生涯, 后来为《重击》 杂志撰写专栏。他第一部以萨克雷本名发表的小说《名利场》, 被公认为他最为优秀的小说。后来, 他又撰写了大量小说、故事和诗歌, 书中大多插图皆为他亲手绘制。1851年, 萨克雷《关于英国幽默家讲座》一书在伦敦出版; 翌年, 在美国数座城市发行。1856年, 萨克雷再度访问美国, 与此同时, 他的《四个乔治》讲座教程问世; 返回英国后, 他随即出版该书。1860年, 他成为《康希尔》杂志编辑, 这部杂志为当时英国最为成功的期刊出版物。

1.埃斯蒙德先生将他的美国房产称为卡斯尔伍德庄园, 那是坐落于乡间的一处世袭家产。作为殖民地的弗吉尼亚州无不热衷效仿大英帝国诸多习俗, 对英国皇室极尽效忠。弗吉尼亚人甚至不惜吹嘘, 在英国登基前, 国王查理二世已在弗吉尼亚州被拥戴为王, 英国国王及英国教会在本州受到的敬畏丝毫不亚于英国本土民众的虔诚信奉。

2.弗吉尼亚州贵族家族大可追溯到英国上流社会的背景渊源, 这些贵族家庭纷纷将家族显赫的祖先头像悬挂起来, 炫耀地挂在那些纽约市荷兰商人的头顶上端, 挂在那些宾夕法尼亚州及新英格兰地区捞钱的圆颅党人的头顶上端。与那些大省相比, 该州拥戴共和政体的民众绝不会少, 在反抗英国宗主国统治的难忘战争中, 这点随后显示弗吉尼亚州的至关重要。

3.弗吉尼亚州贵族世家承袭的地产通常颇为可观, 他们遵循近乎家族式的管理模式, 这种模式简单粗放, 每户庄园人手丰裕, 包括那些买来的黑奴还有指派做活的固定奴仆。那些仆从服从主人的调遣掌控, 而土地则为其提供食物、牲畜以及享乐性庞杂需求。

4.弗吉尼亚州内河鱼类资源极为丰富, 水路畅达通衢方便, 往来穿梭的船只从波多马克河或詹姆士河的私家码头运走烟叶, 直抵伦敦或布里斯托尔, 然后回程运回英国各类居家用度, 那些该州名望家族视其为可熏陶其家族子女贵族气质的众多商品。

5.弗吉尼亚州贵族世家的豪爽待客令人称奇，他们不会打发上门的陌生人，在几乎完全封建制的全州境内，上流家庭彼此经常设宴款待，达官名媛争相登门互访。当时奴隶制问题尚未见争端，该州贵族世家拥有众多黑奴，使得贵族名流圈外的下层阶层颇为震惊，事实上，那类专制管理未必将黑人种族作为野蛮人肆意欺凌。当地黑人食物充足，他们贫困懒惰，也并非不快乐。你或许向卡斯尔伍德庄园埃斯蒙德夫人兜售过黑奴解放之类新潮思想，如同你曾经对她游说，不妨解开拴马桩上的马群缰绳，两者间该有异曲同工之妙。倘若鞭子或玉米对主人及黑奴并非缺一不可，埃斯蒙德夫人没准对你的观点深信不疑。

6.由于对诸多观点持怀疑态度，埃斯蒙德夫人的父亲想法或见解有所不同，但他的怀疑不会在主动否认中爆发，与其说他的行为颇为格格不入，倒不如说是更为愤懑不平的表露。有一段时期，这位绅士在家里极为活跃，很可能他急于分享家庭管理之类悬赏，但后来似乎对此又失去兴趣。假如他生活中发生什么事，他的全身都会留下阴郁味道。

7.老绅士倒不是不开心，对周围所有人，他都极为仁慈钟爱，甚至到了顺从附和的地步，哪怕对家里女流之辈亦不例外。他极少与她们发生牴牾或产生矛盾，然而始终内心沉沦、难以自拔，精神上从未彻底放松。老人逆来顺受地屈从生活，而非自在地享受生活；即便死亡将至，不得不撒手尘寰面对死神，他的心境绝不见得比平时更糟。

8.男孩们的祖父最终去世后，他们的母亲威风凛凛地在全庄园郑重宣布，她的大儿子乔治为她的继任者以及财产继承人；半小时后，乔治的弟弟哈里接到需要认可乔治地位的授意，全家上下无一例外必须尊重乔治的权威，包括那些人口众多、幸福和睦的黑人家庭，还有那些来自欧洲指派的固定奴仆，一千人命运当然以对卡斯尔伍德庄园女主人绝对服从为基本前提。

9.全家几乎所有人都对埃斯蒙德夫人唯唯诺诺，鲜少的反驳之声来自夫人的忠实朋友兼伴友蒙顿夫人，还有哈里的继母，那位忠心耿耿的黑女人。她从未弄清楚，为什么她的哈里在家里不该排第一？哈里相貌英俊，身体健壮结实，比他的哥哥聪明活络，这一点，那位黑人奶母甚至赌咒发誓，事实上，尽管就相貌、体格或身材而言，这双胞胎兄弟几乎无法分辨。

10.至于性情方面，两兄弟行为举止显然大相径庭。单从外貌特征来看，兄弟俩实在过于相像，如果不是头发颜色的差异，外人的确很难分清兄弟俩；如果晚上兄弟俩上床，戴上家族先人们曾佩戴的那种硕大无朋的缎带睡帽，那么，除保姆或妈妈，几乎没人能够辨认出这对宝

贝。

11.正如方才提到的，两人长相雷同，脾气秉性则迥异不同。老大平和好学且沉默寡言，老二则挑衅好战，沉湎嬉闹。每每开始学习，他反应很快；一旦进入课程便显得格外鲁钝。来自戒尺的惩戒对游手好闲的哈里无济于事；同时，亦无法阻止乔治协助弟弟躲避用功。哈里的军事悟性极高，他习惯模仿军官，居然有模有样地训练庄园一批黑人少年，经常习惯模仿军士用藤杖鞭打那些少年，或与他们进行激烈的拳击竞赛，即使被打趴在地，哈里断然亦不会心怀恶意或萌生怨恨；相反，乔治从不与人殴斗，对人总是温和友善。

12.像当地所有贵族家庭一样，每个贵族男孩都有专门伺童跟从伺候，乔治有件轶事在当地无人不晓。一天，乔治发现自己伺童居然在他这个主人的床上睡着了，他一声不吭地在床边坐下，拿起一把羽毛扇给那个小坏蛋撵蚊虫；让孩子爸爸、老黑奴甘博万分恐惧的是，眼前儿子的年轻主子手脚一直忙活不停。埃斯蒙德夫人知道此事后恼怒万分，她即刻吩咐撵走那小坏蛋去接受鞭刑。乔治的祈求全然无用，竟然在旁边嚎啕大哭起来，他苦苦哀求母亲赦免他的仆从，当然，埃斯蒙德夫人压根不会放过对这个黑色小反骨的惩罚，那位小伺童却走上前恳求他的小主人不要哭泣。

13.抖落乔治身上的诙谐笑料，令人忍俊不禁。这个半大小子喜爱似乎与祖父嗜好有些不谋而合，乔治还喜欢和老人袒露孩子的小秘密。童言无忌的纯真，使他成为老人的心头肉和忘年交，而乔治喜欢和老人尽情袒露孩童的小秘密。弟弟哈里则与祖父几乎无话可说。

14.乔治学习严肃认真，一进入知识海洋，便显现出惊人天赋；捧起书本的哈里，总是蔫头耷脑，满脸愁容。乔治小时候，甚至在无法明白文章内容的时候，他便喜欢上了书，早早开始阅读；此刻的哈里成天活蹦乱跑，不是在马厩或树林里搅得鸡飞狗跳，就是屁颠颠地钓鱼打猎聚众喧闹，从小便信誓旦旦地声称自己将会成为优秀的体育健将。

15.死神降临，埃斯蒙德先生即将告别人世，庄园一千世俗杂务业已与他无关，对他来说，如释重负的解脱似乎意味着内心欣慰无比。凡是读过或听过埃斯蒙德先生祭文的人，对詹姆斯镇德本特牧师究竟从哪找到这么一篇流利完美、不时缀有庄重典雅拉丁文的祭文心存疑惑。登普斯特先生或许深谙其中奥秘，这位乔治与哈里的苏格兰家庭老师想必对那篇祭文最后润笔。这篇祭文依照国王阁下的本人意愿，另外鉴于诸多贤士名流的荣誉考虑，最终在费城富兰克林先生出版社得以印出。

16.有史以来，弗吉尼亚全州从未经历过如此奢华盛大的送葬，沃林顿·埃斯蒙德夫人授权为她的父亲操办的这场葬礼，冲着这场炫耀于世的风光，那位离去的逝者恐怕最先笑出声来。

17.卡斯尔伍德家族两位少年身穿黑色曳尾礼服，戴着缀有黑色缎带的礼帽，走在送葬队伍前列，心情压抑得几乎喘不过气来。少年身后跟随有格林威法院的费尔法克斯勋爵、尊贵的弗吉尼亚州州长阁下（乘坐他的四轮马车赶来）、伦道夫夫妇、卡雷斯夫妇、哈里森斯夫妇、华盛顿夫妇以及众多宾客。全州对这位逝去的名流之士致以敬意，埃斯蒙德先生的良好美德、出众才华、仁慈宽厚以及不事张扬的温文尔雅赢得了周边居民的恰当尊重。

18.埃斯蒙德先生的上校继子，英国汉普郡卡斯尔伍德勋爵一家接到这一不幸的消息，并被要求承担继父大理石墓碑的所有费用，碑上镌刻母亲的勋爵身份与她丈夫的贵族头衔，还有夫妇俩的一生善行。经过一段时间准备，那块纪念碑已矗立起来，碑面刻有埃斯蒙德夫妇戎装照与爵位冕冠，下面衬有一排胖乎乎的哭泣小天使，小家伙们正在朗诵这篇未见任何漏洞谎言的墓志铭。

## LESSON 108

### MINOT'S LEDGE

### 迈诺特的利奇

Fitz-James O'Brien (b. 1828, d. 1862) was of Irish birth, and came to America in 1852. He has contributed a number of tales and poems to various periodicals, but his writings have never been collected in book form. Mr. O'Brien belonged to the New York Seventh Regiment, and died at Baltimore of a wound received in a cavalry skirmish.

1. Like spectral hounds across the sky,  
The white clouds scud before the storm;  
And naked in the howling night  
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.  
The waves with slippery fingers clutch  
The massive tower, and climb and fall,  
And, muttering, growl with baffled rage

Their curses on the sturdy wall.

2. Up in the lonely tower he sits,  
The keeper of the crimson light:  
Silent and awe-struck does he hear  
The imprecations of the night.  
The white spray beats against the panes  
Like some wet ghost that down the air  
Is hunted by a troop of fiends,  
And seeks a shelter anywhere.
  
3. He prays aloud, the lonely man,  
For every soul that night at sea,  
But more than all for that brave boy  
Who used to gayly climb his knee,—  
Young Charlie, with his chestnut hair,  
And hazel eyes, and laughing lip.  
“May Heaven look down,” the old man cries.  
“Upon my son, and on his ship!”
  
4. While thus with pious heart he prays,  
Far in the distance sounds a boom:  
He pauses; and again there rings  
That sullen thunder through the room.  
A ship upon the shoals to-night!  
She cannot hold for one half hour;  
But clear the ropes and grappling hooks,  
And trust in the Almighty Power!
  
5. On the drenched gallery he stands,  
Striving to pierce the solid night:  
Across the sea the red eye throws  
A steady crimson wake of light;  
And, where it falls upon the waves,



He sees a human head float by,  
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,  
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

6. Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!  
Adown the wind the long rope curls.  
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!  
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.  
A steady pull; it tightens now:  
Oh! his old heart will burst with joy,  
As on the slippery rocks he pulls  
The breathing body of his boy.

7. Still sweep the specters through the sky;  
Still scud the clouds before the storm;  
Still naked in the howling night  
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.  
Without, the world is wild with rage;  
Unkenneled demons are abroad;  
But with the father and the son  
Within, there is the peace of God.

## 【中文阅读】

菲茨詹姆斯·欧·布莱恩 (1828~1862), 出生于爱尔兰, 1852年来到美国。他为各类期刊撰写故事与诗歌, 但其作品未曾集册出版。布莱恩先生在纽约第七军团服役, 在巴尔的摩一次骑兵武装冲突中因伤离世。

1. 白云苍狗, 幽灵潜行掠过空中,  
金蛇乱舞, 暴雨黯淡天陲之路,  
时光裸露, 倏然跌进嚎叫的夜晚,  
渐次灯火, 映亮大地黑色眼瞳。  
涩滑的手, 死死抓住生的隙缝,  
高耸桅楼, 沉浮惊涛骇浪之中,  
抵命挣扎, 啜语或咆哮似乎徒劳,

尖刻诅咒，无法撞开死亡坚固。

2. 孤独地，少年坐在高高的桅楼，  
灯火，洇出无边黑暗深红，  
耳边响起，死神的瘆人话语，  
诡异嶙峋的脚步，惊悚万分。  
海浪拍天撞击窗棂，宛如  
白色鬼魂，湿漉漉从天而降，  
急切躲避，寻找藏身之地，  
身后扑来，一群恶煞凶神。

3. 孤独的老人，高声祈祷，  
为海上，血浓于水的生命，  
生死一线，勇敢少年可否承受？  
想起当年，孩子与他嬉戏盘桓，  
转眼间，年轻帅气的查理，  
淡褐色眼睛，笑容满面地走来，  
“万能的主，但愿你能保佑！”

4. 黑暗中，老人虔诚祷告，  
天边惊雷，乍炸成片轰鸣，  
焦急万分的老人，侧耳聆听，  
雷声滚过低空，愠怒阴沉，  
无助小船，今晚撞沉海滩，  
落叶飘零，很快将葬身海底，

老人扬起风帆，冒死飞去营救，  
至高无上力量，荣归上帝。

5. 海水猛烈，扑打无助的船舷，  
小船刺破，风高浪涌的夜深，  
黢黑海面，升起一掬希望灯火，  
美好静谧，荡开温馨的祝福。  
突然间， 波涛滚动的浪尖，  
灯光朦胧，水面泊来人影，  
那栗色长发，熟悉身影，  
褐色眼睛， 依然透出畏惧。

6. 老人取出铁钩，猛力掷出，  
顺着风向，飞出长长索绳，  
噢！他能抓住吗？一阵揪心悬念！  
海浪扑天，卷起漩涡飞旋，  
握住扯紧，一步步拽拉，  
天呀！他简直心花怒放，  
落水少年，被拖上滑腻的礁石，  
他在喘息，查理还活着。

7. 幽灵鬼怪，天马行空御风疾驰，  
白云苍狗，穿过世间喧嚣纷争，  
时光裸露，倏然跌进风暴的夜晚，  
渐次灯火，映亮大地黑色眼瞳。  
没有光， 世界将充满疯狂愤怒，  
群魔乱舞，血腥淋漓内心恐惧，

父亲在，爱亦在，孩子亦在，  
悲悯众生，祈祷上帝福祉降临。

## LESSON 109

### HAMLET

### 哈姆雷特

William Shakespeare (b. 1564, d. 1616), by many regarded as the greatest poet the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England. He was married, when very young, to a woman eight years his senior; went to London, was joint proprietor of Blackfriar's Theater in 1589, wrote poems and plays, was an actor; accumulated some property, and retired to Stratford three or four years before his death. He was buried in Stratford church, where a monument has been erected to his memory. This is all that is known of him with any degree of certainty. Shakespeare's works consist chiefly of plays and sonnets. They show a wonderful knowledge of human nature, expressed in language remarkable for its point and beauty.

(ACT I, SCENE II. HAMLET alone in a room, of the castle. Enter  
HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.)

*Hor.* Hail, to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forgot myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—Macellus?

*Mar.* My good lord—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. [To Ber.] Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant<sup>[13]</sup> disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster<sup>[14]</sup> of your own report

Against yourself: I knew you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, follow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
My father!—methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* Where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw? who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent<sup>[15]</sup> ear, till I may deliver<sup>[16]</sup>,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.



*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie<sup>[17]</sup>.  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his trucheon's<sup>[18]</sup> length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them the third night kept the watch:  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes: I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought  
It lifted up its head and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;  
But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'T is very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 't is true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar.*

We do, my lord.

*Ber.*

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar.*

Arm'd, my lord.

*Ber.*

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar.*

My lord, from head to foot.

*Ber.*

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*Ham.* Then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver<sup>[19]</sup> up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?  
*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.  
*Ham.* Pale or red?  
*Hor.* Nay, very pale.  
*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?  
*Hor.* Most constantly.  
*Ham.* I would I had been there.  
*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.  
*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?  
*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.  
*Mar.*  
Longer, longer.

*Ber.*

*Hor.* Not when I saw't.  
*Ham.* His beard was grizzled,—no?  
*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.  
*Ham.* I will watch to-night;  
Perchance 't will walk again.  
*Hor.* I warrant it will.  
*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable<sup>[20]</sup> in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·莎士比亚(1564~1616)迄今为止世界公认的最伟大诗人,出生于英国埃文河畔斯特拉特福,结婚很早,妻子比他年长八岁,莎士比亚婚后去了伦敦,1589年成为布莱克弗里尔剧院合伙股东。他写过诗歌、戏剧,做过演员,积累了若干资产,离世三到四年前,他退休返回故乡,死后葬于斯特拉特福教堂;为纪念莎士比亚,教堂内设有纪念碑。有关他的生平,上述资料应确凿可信。莎士比亚作品主要包括戏剧和十四行诗,显示他把握人性的深彻透悟,其中语言意向与美学境界无人堪比。

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（第一幕，第二场。哈姆雷特单独在城堡一间屋内。霍瑞修、马塞勒斯与勃那多同上）

霍瑞修：向您致敬，陛下！

哈姆雷特：你身体很好，见到你很高兴。你是霍瑞修？或许我记忆有误。

霍瑞修：没错，陛下，正是您谦卑的仆人。

哈姆雷特：不，我的好朋友，我倒希望与你不受地位名分之拘。霍瑞修，你怎么从威登堡回来了？马塞勒斯呢？

马塞勒斯：在，陛下——

哈姆雷特：（对勃那多）见到你真高兴，晚上好，朋友，不过，坦诚地说来，你为何要离开威登堡？

霍瑞修：不过开开小差而已，尊贵的陛下。

哈姆雷特：但愿你的仇家不要用这样借口来搪塞，你也别用这样话来刺我，你的言不由衷只会使你愈发尴尬，我知道，你本不是闲散懒惰之徒，可你来埃尔西诺有何公干？这么说来，在你动身之前，我们真该和你好好地喝上几杯。

霍瑞修：陛下，我来参加您父王的葬礼。

哈姆雷特：拜托，请别取笑，小伙子，恐怕你是来参加我母后的婚礼吧？

霍瑞修：当然，陛下，这两桩事确实前后相近。

哈姆雷特：霍瑞修！从葬礼上撤下的杯羹残酒，再度款待参加婚宴的八方宾客，这可真够节俭便捷。我宁可与此生血海深仇的仇家相遇天堂，亦不愿亲眼看着那个日子来临，霍瑞修！我的父王，我似乎看见他了。

霍瑞修：在哪里？陛下。



哈姆雷特:在我的心灵之眼, 霍瑞修。

霍瑞修:我见过他一次, 一位慈爱君王。

哈姆雷特:父王是位真正的男子汉;总而言之, 恐怕以后再亦难以遇见这样伟岸尊贵的君王。

霍瑞修:陛下, 我想说, 我昨天晚上见到他了。

哈姆雷特:你见到谁?

霍瑞修:陛下, 我见到您的父王。

哈姆雷特:我的父王?

霍瑞修:陛下无需惊讶, 在场两位可以见证, 且等我将这件奇异的事细说与您听。

哈姆雷特:圣父在上, 快说。

霍瑞修:连续两个夜晚, 马塞勒斯与勃那多一起在皇宫守夜, 夜半三更, 周围一片寂静, 一个好像你父王的高大身影, 出现在他们面前。那魂灵全身披着胄甲, 从头至脚, 它的步伐威严缓慢, 从他们身边走过三次。当时的马塞勒斯与勃那多错愕不已, 那魂灵手中的廷杖甚至差点触到他们身上;他俩魂魄飞散, 呆若木鸡, 吓得一句话也说不出。万分恐惧中, 他们向我透露了实情, 于是, 第三天晚上, 我就过来与他们一起守夜。果然不出所料, 那魂灵又来了, 它出现的时间还有身影与马塞勒斯与勃那多描述得竟然不差分毫。我见过您的父王, 那魂灵模样与您的父王委实无异。

哈姆雷特:在什么地方?

马塞勒斯:陛下, 就在我们守夜的平台。

哈姆雷特:你们与它说话吗?

霍瑞修:陛下, 我问话了, 可它没有回应;可我觉得, 那魂灵当时好像抬起头, 刚想开口说

话，可偏巧那时，晨鸡鸣叫起来，那魂灵听见鸡鸣声，转眼间便隐遁不见了。

哈姆雷特：这事可真够鬼怪灵异。

霍瑞修：尊贵的陛下，此事千真万确，我敢以性命担保；我们有责任让您知晓实情。

哈姆雷特：很好，真的，朋友们，不过我对这事依然心存疑惑，今晚你们还去守夜？

马塞勒斯：

勃那多： 是的，陛下。

哈姆雷特：你们说那魂灵穿着胄甲？

马塞勒斯：

勃那多： 是的，陛下。

哈姆雷特：全身披挂？

马塞勒斯：

勃那多： 从头至脚，陛下。

哈姆雷特：那你们没看清那魂灵的脸吗？

霍瑞修：哦，我看见了，陛下；它揭起了脸上盔甲。

哈姆雷特：它愁眉紧锁吗？

霍瑞修：它的脸上悲伤胜过愤怒。

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哈姆雷特：脸色惨白或是红润？

霍瑞修：满脸惨白。

哈姆雷特：它盯着你看吗？

霍瑞修：几乎一直盯着。

哈姆雷特：如果我当时在场，那该多好。

霍瑞修：您会惊悚万分的。

哈姆雷特：确实，差不多如此。那魂灵盘桓多久？

霍瑞修：估计从一数到一百，大体的平均速度吧。

马塞勒斯：

勃那多：       还要再长点，再长点。

霍瑞修：我看见的时候，应该这样。

哈姆雷特：那魂灵胡须花白还是黑色？

霍瑞修：我当时所见，与国王生前一样，黑色胡须中夹杂少许白色。

哈姆雷特：我今晚也去守夜，或许那魂灵还会再来。

霍瑞修：我相信，它会出来的。

哈姆雷特：倘若那魂灵以我尊贵的父王形象出现，我要与它说话，哪怕地狱裂开，撒旦令我噤言。如果你们尚未将你们所见告知他人，不妨依然保持缄默，我会感念你们。无论今晚情况如何，谨记在心，万不可逞口舌之强，你们的忠诚会有回报。好了，再见。今晚十一点到十二点之间，我会登临平台一查究竟。

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LESSON 110

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG

论烤猪

Charles Lamb (b. 1775, d. 1834) was born in London. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was a schoolfellow and intimate friend of Coleridge. In 1792 he became a clerk in the India House, London, and in 1825 he retired from his clerkship on a pension of £441. Lamb never married, but devoted his life to the care of his sister Mary, who was at times insane. He wrote "Tales founded on the Plays of Shakespeare," and several other works of rare merit; but his literary fame rests principally on the inimitable "Essays of Elia" (published originally in the "London Magazine"), from one of which the following selection is adapted.

1. Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

2. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

3. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers<sup>[21]</sup> of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes.

4. Together with the cottage,—a sorry, antediluvian<sup>[22]</sup> makeshift<sup>[23]</sup> of a building, you may think it,—what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods we read of.

5. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an

odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

6. What, could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage,— he had smelt that smell before,— indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory<sup>[24]</sup> moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

7. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

8. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory<sup>[25]</sup> cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

9. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!”

10. The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that he should ever have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste! Oh!” with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

11. Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

12. Bo-bo was strictly enjoined<sup>[26]</sup> not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

13. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious<sup>[27]</sup> food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

14. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which the judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of “Not Guilty.”

15. The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's townhouse was observed to be on fire.

16. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

17. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

18. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty<sup>[28]</sup>. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

19. Without placing too implicit<sup>[29]</sup> faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary<sup>[30]</sup> object that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

【中文阅读】

查尔斯·兰姆(1775~1834)出生于英国伦敦。兰姆在基督医学院接受教育,与诗人柯尔律治同校,且一生与其交往甚密。1792年,兰姆成为伦敦东印度公司职员;1825年退休,享有441英镑年金。兰姆终生未曾婚娶,但倾其一生照料他的姐姐玛丽,玛丽罹患精神错乱,时常发作不堪折磨。兰姆《莎士比亚戏剧故事集》引起广泛关注,不过,他的其他一些作品较为平庸;兰姆文学声誉主要为其别具一格的《伊利亚随笔》(该文最早发表在《伦敦杂志》),以下段落来自他其中一篇删节。

1.我的朋友老麦,曾经好心地为我朗读一本中国古代手抄书,并辅以解释,那本书上说,最早七万年前的人类尚为生番族,他们大啖生肉,从活物身上撕扯或啮咬血淋淋的肉来充饥,与当今蒙昧落后的埃塞俄比亚人堪有一比。

2.在中国伟大的孔夫子《春秋》一书第二章节中,孔夫子清晰地用“庖房”词语将那一远古时期定为黄金时代,“庖房”文字上意指厨师的庆典。书中认为烘烤,或者毋庸说烧烤手艺(我觉得后者应率先采用),不过是人类不经意的发现,或许经过应该这样:

3.有一天,霍逊猪倌清晨离家走进森林,如同往常那样,给家里猪猡采摘橡树果实,留下他的儿子波波看家。愚笨冥顽的儿子波波喜欢玩火,远古荒蛮年代的孩子大多有此嗜好,于是,火星点点遽然从草堆里冒出,很快燃成一片熊熊烈火。大火迅速地舔舐那间狭小茅舍,直到将其彻底化为灰烬。

4.不妨设想一下,当时原始人的眼里迫切需要,究竟一间远古大洪水前破陋窝棚,抑或一窝生下不久、数量不少于九只的活泼猪崽孰重孰轻?什么窝棚,猪崽呀,统统在冲天大火中化为乌有。追溯到我们尚且可查的悠久记载中,中国猪一向堪为整个东方世界奢侈生活的象征。

5.不难想象,波波当时的错愕不已,当然他并不担心那间糟糕茅屋;随便拈来三两根枯枝干柴,他与父亲只消花上一两个时辰就可重新铺盖完毕。让波波百般纠结的是,他如何向父亲大人交差,因此不停地摩挲双手,不知所措。眼前一具烧焦的猪崽冒出缕缕青烟,一股平生未曾闻到的香味扑鼻而来。

6.天呀,究竟哪里飘来的香味?这味道不是来自灰烬尚存的茅屋,那位倒霉孩子的疏忽过失引起火灾频发,当然祝融绝非第一次光顾这间茅庵破窝;至于波波熟悉的那些花草植物,更是八竿子沾不上边;波波居然有了某种预感,他的涎水嗒嗒滴地流了下来,尽管眼前一切看来似乎懵懂未知。

7.波波俯身弯腰摸了摸火中小猪，想看看是否猪崽还存有一丝气息，没想到蓦然缩回烫疼的手，于是愠恼地凑在嘴边猛吹；烤焦乳猪的零星碎屑碰巧沾到他的手指，于是，他平生第一次品咂到烤乳猪的焦脆美味（这也是人类有史以来第一次体验未曾品尝的口腹之妙）。波波再次探手摸了摸小猪，炙热的烤猪不再那么灼烫，他习惯地又吮吸了一下手指。

8.此刻，一向迟钝的他突然醍醐灌顶，那种奇妙无比的醇香居然来自那只火中乳猪，焦脆的猪肉尝起来美味绵长，波波全身心沉湎于这一前所未有的快感中，索性尽兴地大块撕扯着那团乳猪，忙不迭地拼命往嘴里海吃乱塞。恰好这时，他老爸迈步走过尚且冒着余烟的椽木，手里提着一根杀威棒，看到惨不忍睹的家，雨点般的手起棒落，全部落到了倒霉蛋的波波身上。此时的波波吃得正欢，何曾理会老爸飞来的棍棒，美食当前的他，不过像被蚊蝇叮咬几口罢了。

9.怒火中烧的老爸棍棒不断，波波狼吞虎咽地咀嚼不停，直到将那只乳猪彻底消灭干净，这时波波似乎才略微明白眼前处境，接下来父子间没准有如下对话：

“你这不知羞耻的狗崽子，你蹲在哪里吞吃什么？咱家房子给你烧光了三次，你这惹是生非的家伙，难道还没烧够？你这天杀的贱货！你在火里刨吃什么呀？我的天呀，你在吃什么东西？”

“哎呀，老爸，是小猪，小猪呀！快来尝尝这好吃的小猪。”

10.霍逊耳朵嗡嗡刺响，心中恐惧顿生，他骂骂咧咧地诅咒儿子，也责骂自己生了这么不争气的儿子，竟然敢吃烤焦的小猪。

从早上开始，此时波波的嗅觉已是灵异过人，哗啦一声，居然又从火堆中摸扒出一只小猪，他猛地撕扯开，将小半份烤猪硬是塞到老爸的手中，还一边大声叫唤，“快吃，快吃，看看这烤焦的小猪，老爸，你先尝尝！我的妈呀！太好吃了。”波波粗鄙地兴奋喊叫，乐不可支地大嚼大咽，一时竟噎得说不出话来。

11.霍逊怒气中烧，全身关节咯蹦作响，手里还端着一大坨烤猪，看着这个伤天害理的怪物，他犹豫是否将儿子弄死；炙热的烤猪突然烫到了他的手，如同当时儿子的手被灼疼一模一样，他也照旧用嘴吹了吹，因此顺理成章地品咂到焦脆美味的乳猪；他装模作样地撇撇嘴，看



起来不以为然，其实内心完全不是那回事，末了(手抄本此处描述真有点冗长乏味)，老爸和儿子在废墟前安然坐好，拉开架势饕餮一餐，直到将那窝猪崽风卷残云扫荡精光。

12.波波得到父亲授意，万万不可对他人吐露半点风声，否则，父子两人将会视为卑鄙的邪恶之徒，死在左邻右舍的乱石棍棒之下；因为，在邻居们眼中，他们竟然随意改变上帝赏赐人类的血腥食物。然而，流言蜚语却在不胫而走。有人留意到，霍邈家窝棚隔三岔五便有祝融光顾，火灾似乎频繁起来；从那以后，火灾似乎压根就没消停过，而且一烧就烧个精光。有时青天白日莫名失火，有时夜半三更火灾光临，霍邈本人举止愈发让人狐疑，不仅不惩罚他的儿子，似乎愈发放任孩子屡屡纵火的恶行。

13.最终，霍邈与波波受到严密监控，可怕的秘密终于真相大白，父子二人被传讯到北京严加审问，那时北京城规模要小得多，不过是个民间巡回审判的村落小镇。戴罪之人被带上庭堂，弥天大罪的证据亦被提交法庭，判决即将宣判之际，突然，审判团长老要求指控罪犯犯罪证据的烤猪当庭呈上，以验明核实。

14.审判团长老伸手摸了摸烤乳猪，在座其他要员随之仿效，与波波与他老爸感受心同，大家都烫得缩回了手，下意识用嘴吹了吹灼痛之处。接下来，无视所有的事实证据，甚至法官提交法庭的犯罪清晰指控，包括聚众旁观的市井小民，过往路人，嚼舌之徒，以及所有在场者瞠目结舌的是，审判团成员没有离开法庭商讨，也未经任何磋商讨论，异口同声一致作出“无罪判决”。

15.那位法庭长老级人物，显然精明过人，对法庭明显违规操作的判决深谙于心；待到散庭后，他悄悄买光所有的烤猪，这场交易称得上连买带送。不几天，法官大人官邸火光眼见红了半边天。

16.这样稀罕之事简直像长了翅膀。这下好了，城里不时有此起彼伏的火光冒出，劈柴与猪崽价格眼见突突地涨个不停，保险当铺一家家倒闭关门；日复一日，居民窝棚越发粗制潦草，甚至有人开始担忧，这门盖房技艺无需良久就会失传，无人承继。

17.于是，焚烧房屋的习俗延续下来，直到后来的文明进步才得以废除。一位类似西方洛克的圣人横空出世，我的那本手抄本如此描述，那位睿者发现，不管猪肉，还是其他动物的

肉，无须点燃整座房屋，同样可通过烹制为食(或如中国人所说的炙烤)。

18.由此，粗陋的食物烤架最先问世，一两百年后，成行成串的炙烤烹制方法开始流行，我可真忘了这些事发生在哪朝哪代。不过，那部手抄本给出以下结论，伴随缓慢的文明进步，那些人类生活中最为实用、似乎最为显见的生存技艺，就是这样逐渐地完善起来。

19.无须对上述历史尘封过分当真，然而，对于那种放火燃尽茅舍窝棚的危险实验(尤其在原始蛮荒时期)，我们还是深以为然；因为，如果说这类冒险价有所值，那么，烹饪史上的烤乳猪显然值得一书。

## LESSON 111

### A PEN PICTURE

### 北极光

William Black (b. 1841,—d.1898) is one of the leading modern novelist of England. The scenes of his stories are for the most part laid in Scotland, and he excels in the delineation of Scotch character. But his most remarkable power is seen in those vivid, poetical descriptions of scenery, of which the following selection, adapted from “The Princess of Thule,” is a good example. Mr. Black’s most noted works, in addition to the one named, are: “A Daughter of Heth,” “The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,” “Kilmeny,” and “McLeod of Dare.”

1. Lavender had already transformed Sheila into a heroine during the half hour of their stroll from the beach and around the house; and as they sat at dinner on this still, brilliant evening in summer, he clothed her in the garments of romance.

2. Her father, with his great, gray beard and heavy brow, became the King of Thule, living in this solitary house overlooking the sea, and having memories of a dear sweetheart. His daughter, the Princess, had the glamour<sup>[31]</sup> of a thousand legends dwelling in her beautiful eyes; and when she walked by the shores of the Atlantic, that were now getting yellow under the sunset, what strange and

unutterable thoughts must appear in the wonder of her face!

3. After dinner they went outside and sat down on a bench in the garden. It was a cool and pleasant evening. The sun had gone down in red fire behind the Atlantic, and there was still left a rich glow of crimson in the west, while overhead, in the pale yellow of the sky, some filmy clouds of rose color lay motionless. How calm was the sea out there, and the whiter stretch of water coming into Loch [\[32\]](#) Roag! The cool air of the twilight was scented with sweetbrier. The wash of the ripples along the coast could be heard in the stillness.

4. The girl put her hand on her father's head, and reminded him that she had had her big greyhound, Bras, imprisoned all the afternoon, and that she had to go down to Borvabost with a message for some people who were leaving by the boat in the morning.

“But you can not go away down to Borvabost by yourself, Sheila,” said Ingram. “It will be dark before you return.”

“It will not be darker than this all the night through,” said the girl.

5. “But I hope you will let us go with you,” said Lavender, rather anxiously; and she assented with a gracious smile, and went to fetch the great deerhound that was her constant companion. And lo! he found himself walking with a Princess in this wonderland, through the magic twilight that prevails in northern latitudes. Mackenzie and Ingram had gone to the front. The large deerhound, after regarding him attentively, had gone to its mistress's side, and remained closely there.

6. Even Sheila, when they had reached the loftiest part of their route, and could see beneath them the island and the water surrounding it, was struck by the exceeding beauty of the twilight; and as for her companion, he remembered it many a time thereafter, as if it were a dream of the sea.

7. Before them lay the Atlantic—a pale line of blue, still, silent, and remote. Overhead the sky was of a clear, thin gold, with heavy masses of violet cloud stretched across from north to south, and thickening as they got near the horizon. Down at their feet, near the shore, a dusky line of huts and

houses was scarcely visible; and over these lay a pale blue film of peat<sup>[33]</sup> smoke that did not move in the still air.

8. Then they saw the bay into which the White Water runs, and they could trace the yellow glimmer of the river stretching into the island through a level valley of bog and morass. Far away towards the east lay the bulk of the island,—dark green undulations of moorland and pasture; and there, in the darkness, the gable of one white house had caught the clear light of the sky, and was gleaming westward like a star.

9. But all this was as nothing to the glory that began to shine in the southeast, where the sky was of a pale violet over the peaks of Mealasabhal and Suainabhal. There, into the beautiful dome, rose the golden crescent of the moon, warm in color, as though it still retained the last rays of the sunset. A line of quivering gold fell across Loch Roag, and touched the black hull and spars of the boat in which Sheila had been sailing in the morning.

10. That bay down there, with its white sands and massive rocks, its still expanse of water, and its background of mountain peaks palely covered by the yellow moonlight, seemed really a home for a magic princess who was shut off from all the world. But here, in front of them, was another sort of sea, and another sort of life,—a small fishing village hidden under a cloud of pale peat smoke, and fronting the great waters of the Atlantic itself, which lay under a gloom of violet clouds.

11. On the way home it was again Lavender's good fortune to walk with Sheila across the moorland path they had traversed some little time before. And now the moon was still higher in the heavens, and the yellow lane of light that crossed the violet waters of Loch Roag quivered in a deeper gold. The night air was scented with the Dutch clover growing down by the shore. They could hear the curlew<sup>[34]</sup> whistling and the plover<sup>[35]</sup> calling amid that monotonous plash of the waves that murmured all around the coast.

12. When they returned to the house, the darker waters of the Atlantic and the purple clouds of the west were shut out from sight; and before them there was only the liquid plain of Loch Roag, with its

pathway of yellow fire, and far away on the other side the shoulders and peaks of the southern mountains, that had grown gray and clear and sharp in the beautiful twilight. And this was Sheila's home.

## 【中文阅读】

威廉·布莱克 (1841~1898), 为英国现代领军小说家。他的故事大多以苏格兰为背景。威廉极为擅长描述苏格兰人物, 然而, 他诗性化风景的描绘能力, 以及生动细致的艺术勾勒最为世人推崇, 下列段落节选自他的名作《极北之地的公主》便是极好佐证。除该篇作品外, 布莱克先生著名作品还有《赫的女儿》、《四轮敞篷马车的奇异冒险》、《基尔门尼》, 以及《好斗的麦克劳德》。

1.在海滩以及住处周边半小时的散步途中, 莱维德紧随希拉左右, 对她百般依顺。夏季的黄昏, 周围静寂极了, 天空明亮依然, 当两人准备坐在餐桌前吃饭时, 莱维德为希拉披上浪漫色调的外套。

2.希拉父亲长有一副漂亮的灰色胡须, 眉毛粗黑浓重。在这处可以俯瞰大海的孤零零房舍, 他心里珍藏心上人的美好记忆, 俨然一位威严的极地之王。夕阳西下, 天空金光夺目四溢, 希拉信步走向大西洋海边沙滩。极地公主那么漂亮迷人, 那双美丽的眼睛扑闪着无数极地传奇, 漂亮的脸庞里隐藏多少无以言说的深邃神秘!

3.晚餐后, 希拉和父亲走到屋外, 在花园里长凳坐下。凉风送爽, 夏季的傍晚心旷神怡。太阳裹着一团红色烈焰落入寥廓的大西洋, 西边天陲现出深浅不一的火红斑斓, 浅黄色头顶上空, 玫瑰色的薄云空渺朦胧, 纹丝不动。身边大海安然若素, 粼粼银光的海面逶迤绵延到远处的洛赫罗格海湾。暮色里凉风袭人, 暗香浮动。不远的岸边周遭静谧, 甚至可以听见浪花拍打沙滩传来的窃窃私语。

4.姑娘将手搭放在父亲额头, 父亲想起女儿养的那条格雷伊猎犬布莱丝, 那天布莱丝被关了整整一个下午, 当时希拉要去波沃博斯特给人送信, 那些人第二天一早就要乘船离开。“希拉, 你不能独自去波沃博斯特,” 英格拉姆说, “回来的路上, 恐怕你没到家, 天就会黑了。”“没事, 不会比这里整晚通宵更黑。”希拉回答。

5.“最好还是让我们和你一起去吧。”莱维德对希拉说，神情很是焦虑，姑娘豪爽地笑了笑表示赞同，接着，她转身去牵那条猎鹿犬，那狗与希拉总是形影不离。瞧！莱维德觉得自己在这块梦幻土地上与极地公主一起，在北纬充满神奇的极光中穿越莽莽冰原。那时，麦肯齐和英格拉姆已先行离开了，那条体积庞大的猎鹿犬警觉地打量莱维德一番，走过来紧紧依偎在女主人身旁。

6.当希拉和莱维德到达路途中海拔最高处，两人鸟瞰整个岛屿和周边海面，希拉亦为美轮美奂的极光感到惊悚震撼，而莱维德眼中的北极光，宛如大海的无边梦幻，多年以后，他依然记起北极天空的寥廓壮观，久久难以忘怀。

7.大西洋卧在眼前——那是遥远的寂静安宁中一抹灰蓝。头顶天空清澈无比，夹杂稀疏细薄的金黄，紫罗兰色的厚实云团从北往南横铺天穹，愈接近地平面，云团愈发厚重。在他们站立的脚下，那块毗邻岸边的地方，成排的房屋村舍隐约憧憧，一柱蓝色泥炭炊烟隐绰升起，在静谧的空中悄然凝固。

8.他们然后看见那条大河急速奔腾流入海湾，目光追随黄色的微光溯河而上，那道星云流过等高的沼泽与山谷，最后流入那座小岛，岛屿大半向东延伸很远，很远；黑暗中，远处荒原牧野现出墨绿色的波浪起伏，天空清澈的极光射在一处白色房舍的山墙，墙体向西缓慢漂移，宛如飘曳浮动的半空星辰。

9.不过，上述风景委实算不上精彩。此刻的东南方天空朦胧发光，美那沙巴和苏恩那巴高耸顶峰上，天空洇出一条浅淡紫色，一轮金色新月从那里升起，然后跃入苍莽天穹，艳黄月牙，似乎挽住夕阳最后一缕辉煌；一道金光泻落，颤抖地粼粼扫过洛赫罗格海湾，扫过黑黢黢的船身还有桅杆，那条当天清早希拉扬帆出海的小船。

10.脚下那片海湾沙滩洁白，岸边巨石嶙峋，水面更见宽阔无边，海湾上空，金黄色月光将山峰背景映成苍白，好一处与世隔绝中极地公主的神奇家园。眼前大海自有别样迷人风情，别样不同生活，藏匿在隐绰泥炭炊烟下的小渔村里，独自面对浩瀚大西洋的惊涛骇浪，在紫色晦暗云团下慵懒演绎一轮轮庸常岁月。

11.对莱维德来说，回家路上的他，真是再度幸运光临，能与希拉携手走出先前颇费艰难

才跋涉穿过的一处沼泽地。此时月亮在空中升得更高，一条黄色的光柱通衢横跨洛赫罗格紫色的海面，在愈加深黄的夜幕深处战栗摇曳。夜风习习，弥漫出岸边荷兰三叶草的清馨芬芳；沙滩四周，海浪单调如一的拍打声碎细呢喃，莱维德和希拉甚至还能听到麻鹬的鸣啾，偶尔夹杂凤头麦鸡的求偶声。

12.希拉和莱维德回到家，西部边陲大西洋更为黝黑的海面从他们眼中消失，同时消逝的还有天空众多的紫色云团，偌大平静的洛赫罗格海湾铺在面前；海水上空，一条亮丽的焰火之路延伸向远。越过南方绵亘山脉的山脊或巅峰。那片遥远地方呵，美丽极光不断演绎着大自然神奇，时而晦暗幽深，时而热烈清朗，时而惊诧莫名，那，就是希拉可爱的家园。

## LESSON 112

### THE GREAT VOICES

### 伟大的声音

Charles T. Brooks (b. 1813, d. 1833) was born at Salem, Mass., and was the valedictorian of his class at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1832. He shortly afterwards entered the ministry, and had charge of a congregation at Newport, R.I. He was a great student of German literature, and began his own literary career by a translations of Schiller's "William Tell." This was followed by numerous translations from the German, mainly poetry, which have been published from time to time, in several volumes. Of these translations, Goethe's "Faust," Richter's "Titan" and "Hesperus," and a humorous poem by Dr. Karl Arnold Kortum, "The Life, Opinions, Actions, and Fate of Hieronimus Jobs, the Candidate," deserve especial mention. Mr. Brooks also published a number of original poems, addresses, etc.

1. A voice from the sea to the mountains,  
From the mountains again to the sea;  
A call from the deep to the fountains,—  
“O spirit! be glad and be free.”
2. A cry from the floods to the fountains;  
And the torrents repeat the glad song  
As they leap from the breast of the mountains,—  
“O spirit! be free and be strong.”

3. The pine forests thrill with emotion  
Of praise, as the spirit sweeps by:  
With a voice like the murmur of ocean  
To the soul of the listener they cry.
4. Oh! sing, human heart, like the fountains,  
With joy reverential and free,  
Contented and calm as the mountains,  
And deep as the woods and the sea.

## 【中文阅读】

查尔斯·提·布鲁克斯(1813~1833)出生于美国马萨诸塞州塞勒姆, 1832年从哈佛学院毕业, 为当年毕业班告别演说者。他毕业后随即进入政府部门, 后负责筹办在罗德岛州新港举办的一次教友集会。查尔斯德国文学造诣深厚, 他通过翻译席勒作品《威廉·泰尔》踏入文坛, 此后开始陆续推出席勒的大量诗作译品, 并以数本专集形式持续出版, 这些翻译作品包括歌德《浮士德》, 里克特《泰坦》与《金星》, 以及卡尔阿诺德·考特姆博士《生活见解行动及乔氏候选人命运》的幽默诗歌, 该诗尤为值得关注。除此之外, 布鲁克斯还发表一些原创诗歌与演讲等等。

1. 一个声音, 从海洋滚过山脉,  
接着, 又从山脉荡回海洋,  
一声呼唤, 发自喷泉深处——  
“哦, 精神! 愿你快乐自由。”

2. 一声高喊, 从洪水传到喷泉,  
激流奔涌, 重复欢欣的歌,  
从大山妈妈怀里, 腾飞冲天,  
“哦, 精神! 愿你自在健壮。”

3. 精神, 以横扫姿态飞旋,  
松林, 因赞赏深情震颤,  
犹如大海, 低语喃喃,



抵达倾听的魂灵，深处。

4. 噢！唱吧，喷泉般纯真的心，  
欢歌拥抱，尊卑的快乐自由，  
如群山峻岭，现世安稳，  
如森林大海，深邃富足。

- [1] Aerial, *belonging or pertaining to the air.*
- [2] Anon, *in a short time, soon.*
- [3] Mast, *the fruit of oak and beech or other forest trees.*
- [4] Rendezvous, *an appointed or customary place of meeting.*
- [5] Subsequent, *following in time.*
- [6] Perambulate, *to walk through.*
- [7] Patrimonial, *inherited from ancestors.*
- [8] Disaffected, *discouraged.*
- [9] Obsequious, *compliant to excess.*
- [10] Blackamoor, *a negro.*
- [11] Urbanity, *civility or courtesy of manners, refinement.*
- [12] Epitaph, *an inscription on a monument, in honor or in memory of the dead.*
- [13] Truant, *wandering from business, loitering.*
- [14] Truster, *a believer.*
- [15] Attent, *attentive, heedful.*
- [16] Deliver, *to communicate, to utter.*
- [17] Capapie, *from head to foot.*
- [18] Truncheon, *a short staff, a baton.*
- [19] Beaver, *a part of the helmet covering the face, so constructed that the wearer could raise or lower it.*
- [20] Tenable, *capable of being held.*
- [21] Youngers, *young persons.*
- [22] Antediluvian (*literally, existing before the flood*), *very ancient.*
- [23] Makeshift, *that which answers a need with the best means at hand.*
- [24] Premonitory, *giving previous warning.*
- [25] Retributory, *rewarding, retaliating.*
- [26] Enjoined, *ordered, commanded.*
- [27] Obnoxious, *liable to censure, offensive.*
- [28] Dynasty, *sovereignty, reign.*
- [29] Implicit, *trusting without doubt.*
- [30] Culinary, *relating to the kitchen.*
- [31] Glamour, *witchery, or a charm on the eyes, making them see things differently from what they really are.*
- [32] Loch, *a lake, a bay or arm of the sea.*

[\[33\]](#) Peat, *a kind of turf used for fuel.*

[\[34\]](#) Curlew (*pro. kurlu*), *an aquatic bird which takes its name from its cry.*

[\[35\]](#) Plover, *a game bird frequenting river banks and the seashore.*

LESSON 113

A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE

人生如画

Samuel Johnson (b. 1709, d. 1784). This remarkable man was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, England. He was the son of a bookseller and stationer. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728; but his poverty compelled him to leave at the end of three years. Soon after his marriage, in 1736, he opened a private school, but obtained only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick, afterwards a celebrated actor. In 1737, he removed to London, where he resided most of the rest of his life. The most noted of his numerous literary works are his “Dictionary,” the first one of the English language worthy of mention, “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” a poem, “The Rambler,” “Rasselas,” “The Lives of the English Poets,” and his edition of Shakespeare. An annual pension of 300 pounds was granted him in 1762. In person, Johnson was heavy and awkward; in manner, boorish and overbearing; but his learning and his great powers caused his company to be sought by many eminent men.

1. Obidah, the son of Abnesina, left the caravansary<sup>[1]</sup> early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road,

and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

4. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with picking the flowers that covered the banks on each side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

5. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it was longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders<sup>[2]</sup>, in compliance with the garieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

6. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions<sup>[3]</sup>.

7. In these amusements, the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations<sup>[4]</sup> had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

8. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him

to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

9. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration<sup>[5]</sup>; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

10. Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labor began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

11. When the repast was over, “Tell me,” said the hermit, “by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.” Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation<sup>[6]</sup>.

12. “Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into your heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation<sup>[7]</sup> of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

13. “We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance can not be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

14. “But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate<sup>[8]</sup> object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths<sup>[9]</sup> of inconstancy till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, and with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the paths of virtue.

15. “Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose: commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.”

## 【中文阅读】

塞缪尔·约翰逊(1709~1784), 这位非凡卓越的伟人出生于英国斯塔福德利奇菲尔德, 父亲是位书商兼文具商。1728年, 塞缪尔进入牛津彭布罗克学院, 但三年后因贫困被迫离开学校。1736年, 他婚后不久便开办了一所私人学校, 可仅招收三名学生, 其中就有后来的著名演员大卫·加里克。1737年, 塞缪尔·约翰逊迁至伦敦, 在那里度过他人生的大半时光。在约翰逊先生大量的文学作品中, 他的《字典》为他的首部英文作品, 尤为值得一提, 还值得推荐的有诗歌《人类欲望的虚荣》以及作品《漫步者》、《拉塞拉斯》、《英国诗人的生活》与他的莎士比亚版本。1762年, 他被授予每年300英镑年金。就外貌而言, 约翰逊先

生臃肿不堪，为人处世粗鄙傲慢，但他的学识及超凡能力仍吸引不少粉丝拥趸，其中不乏诸多贤达名流。

1. 艾比内斯纳的儿子奥巴代亚清早离开了商队旅馆，继续他横贯印度斯坦大平原的漫长旅程。一宿安睡后，他显得神清气爽，满怀征服欲望，他全身充满活力地穿山越谷，一片山峦渐渐地耸立眼前。

2. 奥巴代亚一路向前走，清晨，耳边传来偌大一片鸟儿天堂的快乐鸣啾。微风和煦阵阵拂面，灌木丛林露水芬芳，周围景色令他心旷神怡。他时而望着树冠蔽日的高大橡树，厚重沧桑彰显森林君王的大家风范；时而瞥见风光旖旎里蓬勃怒放的迎春花，春风中率先绽放第一缕芳香娇艳；他的脚步愈发轻松矫健，所有烦恼一股脑儿烟飞云散。

3. 他不停地走着，太阳慢慢升到头顶，酷日灼热不断地消耗他的力气。他四处打量一番，看能否找到些许凉荫躲避，就在那时，他突然看见右手前方一处树丛似乎向他招手呼唤，正中下怀的他随即走进那片浓密的翠绿凉荫，当然，他并未忘记前方行程，眼前一条缀满鲜花的狭窄小路，方向途径大致不差，显得那么顺理成章。欣喜的是，这种快乐让他感到，枯燥的长途跋涉中，伴随轻松愉悦的音符响起，既能在辛勤劳动有所收获，又无需经历痛苦磨难。

4. 他兴致盎然地迈步前行，有时停下脚步，聆听鸟儿声声鸣啾，丛林中扑来沁透心脾的凉爽，似乎收尽了漫天暑气；有时颇为自得地采撷路边野花，或捋下路边枝干上荡悠的三两野果。末了，满眼绿色的小路从此处径直往下延伸，周围山泉叮咚相间，瀑布浪花飞溅越起，空中泛起阵阵清新凉意，眼前小路一路蜿蜒，仄入连绵无尽的山岭密林。

5. 走到一处地方，奥巴代亚停住了脚步，他思忖着，离开那条老路是否会发生什么意外，转而一想，此刻阳光炙热灼人，老路上灰尘满天，坑洼不平，他当即决定还是循着新路往前走。他觉得，只消顺着这条路拐上几个弯，最终总会拐回老路上。

6. 想到这里，他不再焦虑，继续前行，尽管心中隐隐有些狐疑，或许真会迷路吗？随着心中愈来愈多的忐忑不安，他开始仔细打量周边的景色，不放过视线里不断出现的陌生物体，甚至不时暗自宽慰自己。

他细心聆听树林里的微小回声，他攀爬途经的每处高地，查看延伸向远的风景，揣测推断

地形地貌的特征端倪，不幸的是，他所走过的关键路口，毫无例外地偏离了原先的正常路径。直到最后，他才欣喜地发现，一条河流从森林中静静流过，河面流域极为宽广，九曲十八弯中有数不清的回转盘旋。

7. 七兜八转的东奔西突，时间过得飞快，难以确定的方向干扰了他的记忆，后来，他简直不知道究竟朝哪里走才好。他木木地站立那里，陷入迷惘，脑子里一片混乱，他不敢迈步向前，唯恐再走错了路，尽管这样，他毕竟觉察到，时间在他的反复折腾中飞快流逝。正当他百般纠结时，刹那间，天空乌云密布，刚才明晃晃的天空旋即变得晦暗混沌，突如其来的暴雨云团在他头顶上空急遽聚集。

8. 突然间清楚眼前的困厄险境，他为起初的愚蠢后悔万分，此刻他才意识到，拐入岔路前尚有路人可以询问，而他却是糟蹋了良好机遇！想起当时不假思索，一门心思要在丛林里寻觅荫凉，加上微不足道的好奇心，却让此时的他手足无措，难以脱身，想到这里，他不禁长吁短叹起来。正当他兀自后悔不迭时，天刹时愈来愈黑，一道霹雳电闪，打断了他的思路。

9. 他决心利用仅存体力沿原路返回，首先必须先找到森林通向平原的出口。他随后匍匐在地，让身心感应自然之神，片刻功夫，他充满自信地站立起来，内心格外宁静。由于唯恐森林里野兽四处出没，他拔出军刀以作防身。此刻，四面八方的野兽嚎叫接连涌来，愤怒、恐惧、践踏乃至死亡的气息紧紧地攫住了他，他身处黑暗，孤子一人，惶恐不安在他周边不断萦绕增大，风声尖利地在森林里呼啸而过，激流翻滚端急从山顶訇然而下。

10. 他如此孤独地在森林里跌跌撞撞，伴随撕心裂肺的担忧和痛苦，他不清楚自己究竟走向何方，亦不知晓每时每刻离安全抑或死亡距离更近。最后，他心中不再恐惧，只有双脚铅一般沉重，他的呼吸变得特别急促，膝盖甚而亦无法站直，人似乎接近瘫倒。万般无奈之时，透过一处荆棘，他突然看见一丝锥形光亮；他朝着那丝光亮走去，发现一个身影从隐蔽的茅屋里闪出，他怯意地叫唤起来，得到许可，他才走进屋里。一位老人慷慨地拿出食物，摆在他的面前，奥巴代亚忙不迭地吃了起来，满心感激难以表述。

11. 吃过饭后，那位森林隐士问他，“告诉我，你怎么来到这里？在这块渺无人烟的荒野森林里，我已经生活了二十年了，这么多年来，我在这片林子里从未遇见任何人。”奥巴代亚告诉老人自己路途中的经历，以及迷路的来龙去脉，他未加丝毫隐瞒地坦诚相告。



12. “我的孩子，”那位老人说，“不妨让今天这些错误与愚蠢，危险与临阵逃脱深深藏于你的心底。请你记住，我的孩子，人的生活就像一天的旅程。我们在青春的早晨起床，到处生机勃勃充满期待；我们怀揣希望，春风得意且勤勉发奋，精神饱满地踏上旅途；我们心怀无比虔诚，走向那条径直通往心灵之乡的大路，没想到刚走不远，转眼间，我们的炽烈热情开始退却，开始努力寻找可以减轻我们职责的东西，寻求更为简单可抵达终结的途径。

13. “然后，我们斗志开始松懈，告诫自己不再对远方的罪孽感到恐惧，我们仅仅依赖个体的坚持，甚至冒险走近危险地带，那块我们曾经发誓永远不会涉及的地方；就这样，我们走进安逸凉亭，在自以为安全的荫凉地带休憩，我们的心在闲逸松弛中得以柔软，警觉随之减退，于是，我们便开始询问是否存在另一种进展可能？我们是否至少不能仅仅沉湎于花前月下的享受？我们踌躇犹豫地走近，怀着颇为羞怯颤抖的内心；我们总是希望自己能够闯关成功，而又不会迷失美德，这条美德道路，我们曾一度举目可及，后来却盘算原路返回。

14. “毕竟，诱惑成功诱惑了诱惑，屈从后面仍是屈从，最终，我们完全失去清纯无辜的快乐，以感官刺激抚慰自己焦虑的身心。渐渐地，我们抛却自己最初目标的承诺，放弃唯一充足信念的理性欲求。我们在金钱中百般纠结，沉湎于奢侈享受，徘徊在反复无常的迷宫，直到风烛残年，黑暗开始吞噬我们；直到忧心忡忡，我们疾病缠身，步履蹒跚。在恐惧悲哀、悔恨夹杂希望欲求的百感交集中，我们回想自己一生，那些太过频繁、徒劳枉然的欲望，迫使我们不得不一次次背离美德的康庄正途。

15. “我的孩子，那些将从你的教训中获得启示的人，将会多么幸福。他们不会绝望，且铭记在心。虽然今天已经过去，辛苦已经付出，然而依然有待继续前行。改变绝非等同失望，真诚拼搏并不意味孤独无助；漂泊者最终将反思自己所有的谬误，祈求从过去失误中获得力量与勇气，那么，他会发现危险或苦难会在他的面前退却。现在动身吧，我的孩子，奔赴你精神的长眠之乡，将自己交与上帝眷顾，当晨钟再次呼唤接受苦难，不妨开始你全新生活的崭新旅程吧！”

# 夏天的渴望

George Arnold (b. 1834, d. 1865) was born in New York, but removed with his parents to Illinois while yet an infant. There he passed his boyhood, being educated at home by his parents. In 1849 the family again removed to Strawberry Farms, Monmouth County, N.J. When eighteen years old he began to study painting, but soon gave up the art and devoted himself to literature. He became a journalist of New York City, and his productions include almost every variety of writings found in the literary magazines. After his death, two volumes of his poems, “Drift: a Seashore Idyl,” and “Poems, Grave and Gay,” were edited by Mr. William Winter:

1. I must away to the wooded hills and vales,  
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently  
And idle barges flap their listless sails.  
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,  
And green fields wait for me.

2. I long for shadowy founts, where the birds  
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;  
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;  
And Nature's voices say in mystic words,  
“The green fields wait for thee.”

3. I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines  
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;  
Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines;  
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,  
Where green fields wait for me.

4. I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I  
May lie and listen to the distant sea,  
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,  
Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,  
In fields that wait for me.

5. These dreams of summer come to bid me find  
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,  
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,  
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,  
And green fields wait for me.

## 【中文阅读】

乔治·阿诺德(1834~1865), 出生于美国纽约, 出生不久即随父母搬迁到伊利诺伊州, 在伊州度过了他的童年时代, 由父母授予家庭教育。1849年, 全家重新搬回新泽西州蒙茅斯县的草莓农场。乔治18岁开始学习绘画, 但很快放弃艺术致力投身文学事业, 成为《新纽约城》杂志记者, 他的作品体裁几乎涵盖文学杂志所有文体。乔治·阿诺德去世后, 他的两册诗歌《漂泊, 海边叙事诗》以及《诗歌, 坟墓与同性恋》由威廉·温特先生编辑出版。

1. 我要离开, 去幽深的沟壑溪谷,  
河水宽阔, 静穆流淌着沁凉,  
停泊的船, 风儿扑打倦怠长帆,  
夕阳的光, 炙热刺目,  
绿色田野, 等待着我。

2. 我向往那, 蓊郁树林边清泉,  
鸟声鼎沸, 躲避正午的炎炎,  
繁花落尽, 果树下哞哞牛群,  
静谧柔和, 自然纯净的天籁,  
绿色田野, 等待着我。

3. 我梦想, 樱草花盛开的高处,  
草地上, 黄色灯笼随风滚翻,  
灌木丛, 藤茎蔓延摇曳多姿,  
松林高耸, 点缀满目寥廓苍翠,  
绿色田野, 等待着我。

4. 我期待， 漫长舒适的夏季午后，  
躺卧在地， 聆听远处海浪呼吸，  
微风拂过， 传来芦苇深深叹息，  
虫鸣四起， 声声锐利饥渴难耐，  
绿色田野， 等待着我。

5. 夏季梦幻， 热烈期待纷沓至来，  
丛林荫蔽， 孕育鸟儿婉转歌喉，  
玫瑰花环， 编织夏天繁复美丽，  
芳香浓郁， 风中徘徊难以忘记，  
绿色田野， 等待着我。

## LESSON 115

### FATE

### 命 运

Francis Bret Harte (b. 1839, d.1902) was born in Albany, N.Y. When seventeen years old he went to California, where he engaged in various employments. He was a teacher, was employed in government offices, worked in the gold mines, and learned to be a compositor in a printing office. In 1868 he started the "Overland Monthly," and his original and characteristic poems and sketches soon made it a popular magazine. Mr. Harte has been a contributor to some of the leading periodicals of the country, but principally to the "Atlantic Monthly."

1. "The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;  
The spray of the tempest is white in air;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

2. “The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb;  
And the lion’s whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.”

3. But the ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

## 【中文阅读】

弗朗西斯·布雷特·哈特(1839~1902), 出生于美国纽约州奥尔巴尼, 17岁时, 他前去加利福尼亚, 曾从事多种职业, 做过教师, 在政府部门任职, 在金矿做过工, 在印刷公司学习排版。1868年, 哈特先生开始创办杂志《奥弗兰月刊》, 很快, 这些极具特色的原创诗歌及插图使得杂志名声大噪。哈特一直为美国数家重要期刊写稿, 《大西洋月刊》为他的主要文学阵地。

1. 浓云密布, 岩石嶙峋赤裸,  
暴雨骤雨, 搅起周天浪花,  
风卷浪涌, 尽情飞溅追逐,  
今天, 我不想冒险出海。

2. 狭窄的小路, 丛林晦暗,  
蜷伏的美洲豹, 无声等待,  
熊狮幼崽, 四下追逐玩耍,  
今天, 我不想外出打猎。

3. 渔船从海上安全返航,  
猎手欣喜地满载归来,  
荒芜处城镇高耸拔起,  
地球将毁于自身劫难。

<sup>[1]</sup> Caravansary, a kind of inn in the East, where caravans (or large companies of traders) rest at night.

<sup>[2]</sup> Meanders, windings, turnings.

[\[3\]](#) Circumvolutions, *windings or flowings around*.

[\[4\]](#) Deviations, *wanderins from one's course*.

[\[5\]](#) Expiration, *death*.

[\[6\]](#) Palliation, *concealment of the most blamable circumstances of an offence*.

[\[7\]](#) Mitigation, *abatement, the act of rendering less severe*.

[\[8\]](#) Adequate, *fully sufficient*.

[\[9\]](#) Labyrinth, *a place full of winding passages*.

LESSON 116

THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS

《圣经》——最好的经典

**Thomas S. Grimke (b. 1786, d. 1834). This eminent lawyer and scholar was born in Charleston, S.C. He graduated at Yale College in 1807. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life.**

1. There is a classic<sup>[1]</sup> the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of “God, manifest in the flesh,” of “God blessed forever.”

2. If we consider its authenticity<sup>[2]</sup>, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover that it came from heaven in vision and prophecy under the sanction<sup>[3]</sup> of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile<sup>[4]</sup> as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated<sup>[5]</sup> its rights, and

illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: “The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist<sup>[6]</sup> and the martyr.”

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs<sup>[7]</sup>; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

7. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

## 【中文阅读】

托马斯·艾斯·格里姆克(1786~1834), 为著名律师兼学者, 出生于美国南卡罗来纳州查尔斯顿。1807年, 格里姆克先生毕业于耶鲁大学, 作为声名显赫的政治家, 他更为积极地倡导和平运动、周日学校以及弘扬《圣经》, 在美国民众中极富声望。格里姆克先生情感深厚, 意愿真切, 生活纯粹美好。

1.这是世界文明迄今为止的古典精粹, 这是有史以来人类语言的庄严高贵。如果走入沧桑阅尽的尘封过往, 我们将在文学史上发现那种无愧人类无与伦比的崇敬描述。倘若, 我们见证其存在而心生景仰, 它们在神迹与预言中得以验证:造福人类, 关爱自然, 敬畏天神, 的确, “神, 以肉身显现, ”“上帝, 赐福永远。”

2.如果我们怀疑《圣经》的真实性, 那么, 任何留存于漫长时光流逝里文献典籍无法与其



媲美；倘若我们质疑《圣经》的权威性，因为它从未发出类似人类声音，我们最终发现《圣经》原本来自上天的视角，来自创造万物造物主掌控中预言，来自世间所有仁爱善行与无私馈赠的授予。

3.如果我们探求《圣经》真相，它如此崇高神圣，甚至委实无可挑剔，因为它与上帝本身无异，与圣父本质同样不可改变，与上天公正掌控同样连绵经久，与人类道德标准同样万能通用。倘若我们关注《圣经》的珍贵价值，我们必须对它做出评价，就价值而言，历代珍宝遗迹荣耀精美但易于衰败，美德快乐稍纵即逝；而《圣经》凭借永恒王国日久弥新的完美，以及至高无上的幸福永存于世。

4.如果我们探询究竟何人记载下《圣经》真迹，印证《圣经》的权利，阐明《圣经》的卓越建构，从岁月幽深的尘封，到凡世红尘的喧嚣，从芸芸众生的洲陆，到天涯的寥落之角，所及之处的回音异口同声：“上帝是世界创始人与预言者，人类福音的传道者及殉道人。”

5.如果我们纵览整个人类世界，目睹那些愚蠢或恶习的受害者，残虐暴行或非正义的牺牲者，我们将会质问，究竟有谁才是世间罪孽的受益者？甚至在当下世俗层面，伟大抑或卑微，富人抑或穷人，权高望重抑或渺小卑微，饱学之士抑或无知之徒，亦会发出同一声音，即谦卑、顺从、纯粹、守序、平和、信仰、希望以及善行皆为上帝带给世界的美好福音。

6.因此，如果我们仰望上天，想象时间进入永恒，想象滚滚红尘进入人类梦寐以求的世界大同，想象那些恰如上帝本体、触手可及的创造与神奇、美丽与荣光，乃至众多天使亦无法察觉的恢弘创造；从上帝脚趾直抵上帝皇冠，我们一直在探求，从这人类唯一卷帙浩繁的《圣经》中流泻的福祉究竟是什么？不妨追溯传道士手中的蘸笔，先知吟唱的竖琴，以及生命大书的誊撰记录，答案自会知晓。

7.这是世界文明迄今为止高山仰止的古典精粹，这是有史以来人类升华自身的庄严高贵。

# 妈妈的《圣经》

George P. Morris (b. 1802, d. 1864) was born in Philadelphia. In 1823 he became one of the editors of the “New York Mirror,” a weekly literary paper; In 1846 Mr. Morris and N. P. Willis founded “The Home Journal.” He was associate editor of this popular journal until a short time before his death.

1. This book is all that's left me now,—  
Tears will unbidden start,—  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,  
She, dying, gave it me.
2. Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearthstone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!
3. My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters, dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear!  
Her angel face,—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home!
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
When all were false, I found thee true,

My counselor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

## 【中文阅读】

乔治·皮·莫里斯(1802~1864)出生于美国费城, 1823年, 他成为文学周报《纽约镜报》编辑。1846年, 莫里斯先生和恩·皮·威利斯先生共同创建了《家庭期刊》, 直到去世前不久, 他还担任该流行杂志副总编。

### 1. 这本《圣经》, 妈妈留下的唯一纪念。

每当看见, 禁不住泪水扑簌,  
双唇嗫嚅, 痛苦的心在悸动,  
珍惜万分, 我将它捧在心窝。  
追溯沧桑岁月, 不堪回首,  
庞大家庭树, 清晰的家族脉络,  
相片上, 妈妈将《圣经》紧握,  
她永远离开了, 将书留给我。

### 2. 啊! 我清晰记得,

《圣经》上, 那多鲜活过去,  
壁炉边, 家庭聚集的气息,  
晚间祷告后, 每天热烈话题,  
报纸上, 时事奇闻轶事,  
历历如目, 触手可及的震撼。  
尽管, 亲人们早已谢世,  
宛如昨天, 热闹非凡的场景。

3. 爸爸大声朗读，这本《圣经》，  
兄弟姐妹，依偎他的身旁，  
窘困中的妈妈，神采飞扬，  
急切期盼，聆听上帝声音，  
流水的日子，蜂拥而至，  
万家灯火，难以磨灭的记忆，  
生死重逢，我们再度相遇。

4. 《圣经》，我最信任的朋友，  
那恒久的忠贞不渝。  
即便世界，充满谎言欺诈，  
唯一真诚的你，引我前行。  
即便世界，所有金矿，  
亦无法，替代你的珍贵。  
上帝，它教我如何处世豁达，  
《圣经》，它教我怎样直面生死。

<sup>[1]</sup>Classic, a work of acknowledged excellence and authority.

<sup>[2]</sup>Authenticity, of established authority for truth and correctness.

<sup>[3]</sup>Sanction, authority, support.

<sup>[4]</sup>Versatile, readily applied to various subjects.

<sup>[5]</sup>Vindicated, defended, justified.

<sup>[6]</sup>Evangelist, a writer of the history of Jesus Christ.

<sup>[7]</sup>Seraph, an angel of the highest order.

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## LESSON 1

# ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

## 纽卡斯尔公爵趣事

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments; and it was this proneness to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the following anecdote:

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object the Duke, by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained; and the gentleman he recommended, gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested, that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him; and that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any reward, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and, if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his grace every assistance in their power, on any future occasion.

“My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?” exclaimed his grace; “your relative shall have it the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it.”

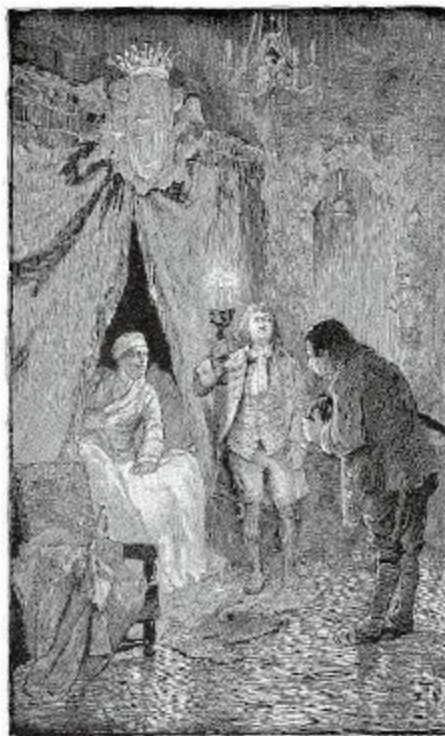
“But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord? For in London, I understand, it is a very difficult

business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country.”

“The instant the man dies,” replied the Duke, “set out posthaste for London; drive directly to my house, and, be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you upstairs directly; and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes.”

The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend’s house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of the Cornish elector, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke’s humble friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London posthaste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman’s palace.

The reader should be informed, that just at this time, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart this life, —an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired that he might be shown upstairs, the moment of his arrival.



His grace was sound asleep; and the porter, settled for the night in his armchair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers. To his first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders that, come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"Bless him, for a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation at the prime minister's kindness, "how punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I verily believe they are as honest, and mean as well as any other folks." Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory.

"When did he die?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of doctor's stuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time; and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your dispatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; where, instead of a royal courier, he recognized at the bedside, the fat, good-humored countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make, in favor of his son-in-law, at the last election."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, the Duke frowned for a moment; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of circumstances, and, yielding to the impulse, he sunk upon the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little narrative, concludes, with observing, “Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of His Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post not less honorable—he made him an exciseman.”

*(Blackwood's Magazine)*

## 【中文阅读】

在纽卡斯尔老公爵<sup>[1]</sup>主政期间，流传一个有关他的令人忍俊不禁的故事，几经转述公众听到的竟有几个版本。这位绅士可笑之处颇多，以好在各种场合滥施承诺而引人侧目，尤好在等待谒见他的各色人等还未开口讲话前就过早道出他们想说的话，满足他们的需要，以此抬高自己。此举有时会令其陷于可笑的尴尬窘境。正是这种慷慨承诺的癖好，才引出下面这则趣事：

在康沃尔某一自治镇的选举中，反对的票数几乎与拥护的票数持平，一票之差就能决定命运。公爵的可笑之处体现在企图通过辩论和个人申请，最终达到目的。结果，他推荐的绅士赢得了选举。一番致谢后，他开始答谢，不停地对幸运地赢得选票的人做出承诺，称他为自己最好和最亲近的朋友。他坚称始终认为自己欠这人的人情，就应该旦夕之间都要为他略尽绵薄之力。

康沃尔这位选举人是一位诚实的人，断不敢认为自己配得上此等殊荣，闻听公爵如滚滚洪流一般的答谢谦辞后，马上对公爵的仁慈善意表示感谢，并告诉他总督年高体弱，万一这位老者撒手而去，倘若公爵能推荐他的女婿出任专员的话，他本人和全家将来必定效犬马之劳。

“我亲爱的朋友，你为什么要自寻烦恼谋这个微不足道的差事呢？”公爵说，“如果你仅仅让我留意的话，你的亲戚很快就会有隙可乘。”

“可是，我怎样才能获得您的认可呢，大人？至于在伦敦，我明白要想在您众多的追随者中幸蒙您垂青比登天还难，尽管您在这个国家一向以仁慈和善、容易亲近而享有盛名。”

“这人一死，”公爵答道，“你就火速赶往伦敦，马车直接赶到我的府上，不管白天还是黑天，直接敲门就是。我会给门童交代这事，门童直接带你上楼。这个差事会如愿给你留着的。”

晚宴散后，公爵乘马车来到相邻的朋友家下榻，一直到七年后的那天都没有任何想去看望自己这位刚结识的朋友的意思和愿望。不过，这件事在康沃尔这位选举人的记忆里可扎下根了。几个月后总督死了，公爵这位卑微的朋友怀揣着对同僚这句话的期冀，十万火急地赶往伦敦，抢先一步踏上那位大人物宅邸的台阶。

列为看官想必清楚，在当时有一位身份不亚于西班牙国王的人无时无刻不想远离这种生活，问题是大不列颠的内阁大臣则尤其热衷于这种生活。在那个特别的夜晚手中握有关键选票的人在纽卡斯尔公爵门前叩门，而纽卡斯尔公爵原本焦急地盼望来自马德里的信件。由于连日公事繁忙，他心神疲惫不堪，已经回到内室休息。他早就叮嘱过门童务必打起精神，他每分钟都在焦急中度过，盼望有信使捎来最重要的讯息，盼着门童能将信使引上楼来。就在这个时候，这位关键人物来了。

公爵鼾声大作，坐在扶手椅里守夜的门童，已经开始发出响亮的鼾声，这时康沃尔这位选举人用有力的胳膊捅了一下门童，他这才从梦乡惊醒。对来客的第一个问题，“公爵在家吗？”门童答道，“在家，在床上睡觉呢；不过留下话了，你来时，他会直接来迎接你的。”

“上帝保佑这位尊敬和诚实的绅士，”我们这位选举人冲着旁边空着的座位说道，脸上挂着微笑，对首相的善意赞许点头示意。“公爵大人太准时了；我晓得他不会骗我的，我听说大人和公爵们都信守诺言，我真的认为他们都很诚实，不像其他人那样卑鄙。”他边说，便登上楼梯，被领进公爵的卧室。

“他死了？”公爵大人突然从梦到西班牙国王的睡梦中惊醒，揉着眼睛高声问道。

“是的，大人。”这位急切的觐见者答道，高兴地发现从情形看选举承诺没有落空，一直留驻在公爵的记忆里呢。

“他什么时候死的啊？”

“前天，准确说是一点半，在被关起来三个星期后死在床上了，临死前服了一剂医生开的药，我希望大人能兑现承诺，让我女婿接替他。”

公爵这时已经完全醒了，担心不可能这么短时间内便得到来自马德里的情报，对国王的信使请求让他的女婿来继任西班牙国王这种荒谬之举甚为困惑。“这家伙醉了，还是疯了？你们派的人在哪儿呢？”公爵边大声说，边拉开床帘；只见站在床前的不是皇家信使，他认出站在旁边的是那位胖胖的脸上一副愉快神情的来自康沃尔的老朋友，见他弯腰鞠躬，手上捧着帽子，说“希望大人不要忘了仁慈的承诺，在最后的选举中照顾他女婿”。

公爵对如此不合时宜的打扰非常恼怒，对来自西班牙的消息很失望，他眉头紧蹙，但很快就对如此滑稽和可笑的混乱转怒为笑，不再冲动，他哈哈大笑着躺在床上，示意侍者。

这则轶闻的叙述者评述道，“尽管纽卡斯尔公爵没有将他老相识的亲戚送上西班牙国王的宝座，他还是把他安排到一个不那么显要的位置上——他让他担任收税官。”

<sup>[1]</sup> 纽卡基卡尔公爵，英国贵族称号，本文指英国第四位首相托马斯·佩勒姆·霍利斯。

## LESSON 2

# THE NEEDLE

### 银 针

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling  
In waltz or cotillon, at whist or quadrille;  
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling  
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill:  
But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
While plying the needle with exquisite art:  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,  
A talisman, ever resistless and true,  
A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
A witchery certain the heart to subdue,  
'T is this; and his armory never has furnished  
So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;  
Let beauty direct it, so polished and burnished,  
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart:  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,  
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;  
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
As gayly convened at the work-covered table,  
Each cheerfully active, playing her part,  
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,

And plying the needle with exquisite art:  
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,  
The needle directed by beauty and art.

*(Samuel Woodworth)*

## 【中文阅读】

时尚的欢快铃声也许在吹嘘  
和着华尔兹或花布舞的，在惠斯特或四十张牌游戏中；  
自吹自擂炫耀绘画和音乐才能，博取赞美：  
在乡村或城市，请赐给我晴朗的天气，  
谁的家能让她放在心上，  
在优雅地刺绣时  
谁在快乐地哼唱乡村小调  
晶亮的小银针，飞舞穿梭的银针，  
美和艺术是它的主宰。

如果爱有一个威力无比和迷人的象征，  
护身符，曾经不可抗拒和那么真切，  
绝对无法回避或破碎的魔力  
巫术不会制服那颗滚烫的心，  
他那绝不会陈设的纹章，  
那样逼真，毫无偏差，就像擦亮的飞镖  
让美来指引，装饰和擦亮它。  
啊！触及心底：  
光闪闪的小银针，穿梭飞舞，  
美和艺术是它的主宰。

学会聪明，姑娘们，不要贪慕虚荣，  
通过穿着来征服，钓得众人心；  
不论你的财富和地位如何  
你绝不会显得如此动人和愉快，  
在覆着刺绣图案的桌上欢快地聚在一起，



每个人都兴高采烈地忙着自己手中的活儿，  
哼着歌儿讲着传说，陶醉于手下的巧夺天工，  
精巧的手舞弄银针：  
光闪闪的小银针，穿梭飞舞，  
美和艺术是它的主宰。

(萨缪尔·伍德沃兹)

## LESSON 3

### DAWN

### 黎明

**Edward Everett, 1794-1865. He was born at Dorchester, Mass., now a part of Boston, and graduated from Harvard College with the highest honors of his class, at the age of seventeen. While yet in college, he had quite a reputation as a brilliant writer. Before he was twenty years of age, he was settled as pastor over the Brattle Street Church, in Boston, and at once became famous as an eloquent preacher. In 1814, he was elected Professor of Greek Literature in his Alma Mater; and, in order to prepare himself for the duties of his office, he entered on an extended course of travel in Europe. He edited the “North American Review,” in addition to the labors of his professorship, after he returned to America.**

**In 1825, Mr. Everett was elected to Congress, and held his seat in the House for ten years. He was Governor of his native state from 1835 to 1839. In 1841, he was appointed Minister to England. On his return, in 1846, he was chosen President of Harvard University, and held the office for three years. In 1852, he was appointed Secretary of State. February 22, 1856, he delivered, in Boston, his celebrated lecture on Washington. This lecture was afterwards delivered in most of the principal cities and towns in the United States. The proceeds were devoted to the purchase of Mt. Vernon. In 1860, he was a candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States. He is celebrated as an elegant and forcible writer, and a chaste orator.**

**This extract, a wonderful piece of word painting, is a portion of an address on the “Uses of Astronomy,” delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, N. Y. Note the careful use of words, and the strong figures in the third and fourth paragraphs.**

I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence.

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of

twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn.

The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hilltops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, “There is no God.”

## 【中文阅读】

几个星期前，我有幸乘坐早班火车从普罗维登斯来到波士顿，为此我特地凌晨两点就起床已毕。万物陷于黑暗之中悄无声息，只是在列车发出隆隆轰鸣突然启动的那一刻，这种平静才骤然打破。这是一个温暖宁静的仲夏之夜——天空没有一丝云彩，微风和煦。在最后四分之一路程，月亮才爬上天际。星星散发出幽灵一般的光栅，丝毫无法影响月亮的光辉。

木星悬于天际已经两个钟头了，预示着拂晓将至。在地平线上，昴宿星已经露出脸来，东方泛出鱼肚白。天琴星座在天顶附近闪闪发光，仙女星座遮盖住从南方裸露的眼睛绽放出的刚发现的光芒。在地极之下，一成不变的指针温顺地从北极深处向上窥探着它们的王国。

我登上列车时，眼前出现的就是这幅壮丽景象。随着列车行进，黎明前的曙光羞怯地展露出来，越发容易察觉。天际一线的蓝色开始变得轻柔可亲。那些很小的星星就像嗷嗷待哺的孩子似的，首先停止了啼哭。昴宿星系星团的光栅很快便一同隐去，不过西方和北方那些明亮的恒星透过云层依旧散出光芒。星团继续变换着奇异的形状和姿态。众天使们的手臂，躲藏在上帝摄人心魄的目光下，变幻着天堂的景色。夜晚的余晖消隐在黎明的薄雾微明之中了。

这时，蓝天变得更加沁人心脾。巨大的守夜星合上了它们神圣的眼睛。东方开始发出亮光。微现的紫色条纹很快就染红了天际。整个云空凹陷处都被晨光流入的波浪状云彩填满了，从上到下喷涌出如海洋一般的巨大光辉。最后，在我们抵达特克斯和凯科斯群岛时，从地平线之上闪出一缕紫色火焰，将繁花和树叶的露珠凝结成红宝石和砖石。不一会儿，清晨永无休止的大门便赫然洞开，沐浴着光芒的主宰白天的万物之主，神情威严地注视着大地，一天开始了。

对于古代拜火教徒的迷信，我一点也不奇怪，他们在万物复苏的清晨就登上中亚的山峦，无视真正的上帝，却对手中的火把顶礼膜拜。可是令我充满惊奇的是，当我被告知在这个文明开化的时代以及身处基督教世界的核心，那些有幸亲眼目睹造物主强大力量和智慧这种日常表现的人，发自内心地说：“根本就没有什么上帝。”

## LESSON 4

# DESCRIPTION OF A STORM

### 风 暴

Benjamin Disraeli. 1805-1881, was of Jewish descent. His ancestors were driven out of Spain by the Inquisition, and went to Venice. In 1748, his grandfather came to England. His father was Isaac Disraeli, well known as a literary man. Benjamin was born in London, and received his early education under his father. He afterwards studied for a lawyer, but soon gave up his profession for literature. His first novel, "Vivian Grey," appeared when the author was twenty-one years of age; it received much attention. After several defeats he succeeded in an election to Parliament, and took his seat in that body, in the first year of Victoria's reign. On his first attempt to speak in Parliament, the House refused to hear him. It is said that, as he sat down, he remarked that the time would come when they would hear him. In 1849, he became the leader of the Conservative party in the House. During the administration of W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli was leader of the opposition. In 1868, he became prime minister, holding the office for a short time. In 1874, he was again appointed to the same office, where he remained until 1880. His wife was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield in 1868. After her death, the title of Earl of Beaconsfield was conferred on Disraeli. He ranked among the most eminent statesmen of the age, but always devoted a portion of his time to literature. "Lothair," a novel, was published in 1870.

They looked round on every side, and hope gave way before the scene of desolation. Immense branches were shivered from the largest trees; small ones were entirely stripped of their leaves; the long grass was bowed to the earth; the waters were whirled in eddies out of the little rivulets; birds, leaving their nests to seek shelter in the crevices of the rocks, unable to stem the driving air, flapped their wings and fell upon the earth; the frightened animals of the plain, almost suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind, sought safety and found destruction; some of the largest trees were torn up by the roots; the sluices of the mountains were filled, and innumerable torrents rushed down the before empty gullies. The heavens now open, and the lightning and thunder contend with the horrors of the wind.

In a moment, all was again hushed. Dead silence succeeded the bellow of the thunder, the roar of the wind, the rush of the waters, the moaning of the beasts, the screaming of the birds. Nothing was heard save the splash of the agitated lake, as it beat up against the black rocks which girt it in.

Again, greater darkness enveloped the trembling earth. Anon, the heavens were rent with

lightning, which nothing could have quenched but the descending deluge. Cataracts poured down from the lowering firmament. For an instant, the horses dashed madly forward; beast and rider blinded and stifled by the gushing rain, and gasping for breath. Shelter was nowhere. The quivering beasts reared, and snorted, and sank upon their knees, dismounting their riders.

He had scarcely spoken, when there burst forth a terrific noise, they knew not what; a rush, they could not understand; a vibration which shook them on their horses. Every terror sank before the roar of the cataract. It seemed that the mighty mountain, unable to support its weight of waters, shook to the foundation. A lake had burst upon its summit, and the cataract became a falling ocean. The source of the great deep appeared to be discharging itself over the range of mountains; the great gray peak tottered on its foundation!—It shook!—it fell! and buried in its ruins the castle, the village, and the bridge!

## 【中文阅读】

他们环顾四周，盼望眼前不再是荒凉的景象。那些长得最高大的树浓密的树叶摇曳颤抖着，而小树的枝叶则完全脱落了。长得很高的青草匍匐在地面上，清水从小溪里打着漩涡流淌出来；飞离鸟巢在岩石的裂缝中寻觅着栖身之地的鸟儿，无法在涌来的气流中稳住身躯，结果扑打着翅膀落在地上。原野上受惊的动物被铺天盖地的大风刮得窒息了，到处寻找能避风的安全所在，最后倒地不起。那些大树有的被风连根拔起，山上洪流卷起数不清的狂潮，朝溪谷奔泻而下。这时，天空敞开裂口，电闪雷鸣与骇人的狂风展开一场竞赛。

一时间，所有的一切——电闪雷鸣和山洪，又归于寂静。雷鸣怒吼、狂风咆哮、山洪大作、兽啸山林和鸟儿尖叫过后，接下来是死一般的沉寂。除了湍急的湖水绕着黑黢黢的岩石拍打的声音，什么也听不到了。

颤抖的大地又一次披上了更幽深的黑暗的外衣。不久之后，天空划过一道道闪电，暴雨倾盆而下。从乌云压得很低的苍穹，大瀑布一般的雨向大地倾泻。顷刻间，马儿发疯似的向前猛冲，不论马儿还是骑马的行路人都会被瓢泼大雨遮挡住了视线，气都喘不上来了。瑟瑟发抖的马儿向后倒退着，发出很响的鼻息，双膝颤抖着向下堆着，将骑手掀下马来。

当爆出骇人的声响时，他一言不发，人们不晓得怎么会这样。他们不清楚是怎么回事，只是匆忙赶路。一阵地动山摇，他们在马上直摇晃。在听到大瀑布的轰鸣声之前，所有的恐惧都沉在每个人的心底。仿佛巍峨的高山也无法负担山洪的重压似的，连它的根部也在摇晃。湖水倾泛，大瀑布汇成了海洋。最深处的水源似乎流向各山脉，远处隐约可见的峰顶好像也晃了起来！它在摇晃！摇摇欲坠！城堡、村庄和桥梁夷为平地了！

# LESSON 5

## AFTER THE THUNDERSTORM

### 暴雨过后

James Thomson, 1700-1748, the son of a clergyman, was born in Scotland. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and intended to follow the profession of his father, but never entered upon the duties of the sacred office. In 1724 he went to London, where he spent most of his subsequent life. He had shown some poetical talent when a boy; and, in 1826, he published "Winter," a part of a longer poem, entitled "The Seasons," the best known of all his works. He also wrote several plays for the stage; none of them, however, achieved any great success. In the last year of his life, he published his "Castle of Indolence," the most famous of his works excepting "The Seasons." Thomson was heavy and dull in his personal appearance, and was indolent in his habits. The moral tone of his writings is always good. This extract is from "The Seasons."

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure.

Through the lightened air  
A higher luster and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
Invests the fields; and nature smiles revived.

'T is beauty all, and grateful song around,  
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale:  
And shall the hymn be marred by thankless man,  
Most favored; who, with voice articulate,  
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?

Shall man, so soon forgetful of the Hand  
That hushed the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
Extinguished feed that spark the tempest waked,  
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?



## 【中文阅读】

上天那张乌云斑驳的脸  
狂风漫卷，呼号弥长  
更崇高的东西在膨大，覆盖世界的是  
更纯净的蔚蓝。

透过轻薄的空气  
更高处熠熠生辉，更清澈的宁静  
扩散，颤抖，仿佛危险的过去  
一丝迹象，光辉灿烂的欢快的长袍  
黄色光束变幻出色彩阑珊，  
倾洒在田野上，大自然在微笑中复苏重生。  
这就是美的全部，感激的歌儿在回荡，  
整个三叶草覆盖的山谷，  
低头吃草的黄牛群，数不尽的小羊咩咩叫，  
圣歌被那些徒劳无功的人所玷污，  
绝大多数受到眷顾；那些声音洪亮的人  
能带领这个堕落的世界齐声合唱吗？

很快忘了上帝之手的人  
能让雷声寂灭，让天空湛蓝，  
熄灭那能唤起暴风雨的火花，  
力量的感觉遍布他身上，  
他那脆弱的心已经不再恐惧？

## LESSON 6

# HOUSE CLEANING

## 大扫除

**Francis Hopkinson, 1737-1791. He was the son of an Englishman; was born in Philadelphia, and was educated at the college of that city, now the University of Pennsylvania. He represented New Jersey in the Congress of 1776, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the most sensible and elegant writers of his time, and distinguished himself both in prose and verse. His lighter writings abound in humor and keen satire; his more solid writings are marked by clearness and good sense. His pen did much to forward the cause of American independence. His "Essay on Whitewashing," from which the following extract is taken, was mistaken for the composition of Dr. Franklin, and published among his writings. It was originally in the form of "A Letter from a Gentleman in America to his Friend in Europe, on Whitewashing."**

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of everything about her, these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect.

But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and, putting the key into his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings,

prints, and looking-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard, and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wineglasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag hole in the garret, to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom had come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment.

In this tempest, the words of King Lear unavoidably present themselves, and might, with little alteration, be made strictly applicable.

“Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o’er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipp’d of justice.  
Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.”

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes dipped into a solution of lime, called whitewash; to pour buckets of water over every floor; and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stonecutters’ sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the

penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but after long argument, it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house raising, or a ship launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention.

For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the superincumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter. If the glass is clean and the frame shines, it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community

should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for everything in a philosophical way. He considers this, what I call a *custom*, as a real periodical *disease* peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was, that when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at headquarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's; which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies; and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation to the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the whitewashing season, and stands like the land of Goshen amidst the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for, should he inadvertently go abroad and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes—

takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers “to rights,” to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment.

## 【中文阅读】

在一年中没有哪个季节女士不主张自己的特权，当然，如果她想这么做的话。不过一般来说，五月份最后那一天是她固定行使这一特权的日子。对此特别留意的丈夫出于某种预感，会做出暴风雨即将来临的判断。倘若这位夫人烦躁愈甚，对仆人横加挑剔，就会对孩子们表现出不满，抱怨家里到处都污秽不堪。这都是一些不容忽视的征兆，当然有时也不会造成过分的影晌。

不过当丈夫一大早起来时发现自家院子里的手推车装了不少石灰，或者水桶里盛满溶解了石灰的水时，就不该有片刻犹豫了。他应该马上锁上储藏自己文件和私人物品的储藏室或壁橱，将钥匙放进衣袋里后，快步赶往别处。尽管备受钟爱，然而在这个女性肝火旺盛的季节，丈夫非常招老婆厌烦。他的大丈夫气概受到践踏，他的权责暂无法行使，而在厨房里刷洗餐具的下人变得比他还要重要呢。除了暂时放弃一家之主的权力，什么也做不了，为了既不妨碍别人也不表现得心安理得，只有退避三舍了。

丈夫前脚一走，大扫除这个盛大仪式便开始了。墙壁四周的家具给挪开了——地板上堆满了装饰画，印刷品和镜子；窗帘盒扣住的窗帘给扯了下来，床都推到了窗跟前，院子里到处都是椅子、桌子、床架和摇篮。花园的栅栏被上面搭着的地毯、毛毯，大衣、旧衣服、衬裙和马裤压得都弯了。在这里也许能见到厨房里的杂物，共同组成了一幅图画黑魑魑和乱成一团的前景。烤架和煎锅，生锈的铲子和折了的火钳、折凳，还有残破不堪的灯心草椅垫。碗橱里的碗碟——用铆钉固定住的盘子和碟子，碎成两半的瓷碗，裂了缝的玻璃酒杯，碎了的葡萄酒杯，被遗忘的药用小玻璃瓶，用纸包着的不晓得名称的粉状物质，种子和干草，茶壶盖和老式玻璃水瓶瓶塞——从阁楼里的破布头，到地窖里的老鼠洞，没有一个地方能逃过这场大搜寻。仿佛白天的劫数注定会到来，这幢房子里的物什都会被拖出来接受审判。

在这场暴风雨中，李尔王的独白不可避免地表现出他们的心迹，也许有稍许改变，但再适当不过。

“让伟大的神灵，  
在我们头顶掀起这场可怕的骚动。  
现在，让他们找到他们的敌人吧。战栗吧，你这无耻之徒，  
尽管你的罪恶尚未被人察觉  
没有受到正义的惩罚。  
停止那些被压抑的罪行，  
撕下你们包藏祸心的伪装，  
揭露你们可怕的面目。”

这个仪式终于告一段落了，整幢屋子被彻底清空，接下里的行动就是用毛刷往墙和天花板上刷石灰水，就是所谓的白涂料。朝每块地板上泼几桶水，涂上肥皂和石匠用的沙子，用硬刷子刷掉所有隔墙和墙裙上的污物。

窗户绝不会逃过大扫除的。仆人冒着扭脖子的危险，从阁楼爬了出来，手里拿着一只带把儿的大杯，伸手可及之处有一只水桶，朝玻璃窗棂泼了很多水，这引起街上过路的行人很大的不满。

我听说，曾经有一人他的新西装被泼上了水，这属于违法行为。但是经过长时间争论后，认定没有造成损失就无需赔偿。由于被告可以行使法律规定的权利，对后果不负有责任。于是，一位贫穷的绅士会由于双重原因而不满意，因为，他的衣服既被泼上了水，又输了官司。

这些诅咒和刮擦声，这些洗涤和冲洗，都按部就班地上演着，接下来的仪式是清洗和把分散注意力的家具放回原处。想必你看到过一幢房子拔地而起，或者一条船起航——如果可能的话，不妨回忆一下这个匆忙、忙乱、乱作一团和吵吵闹闹的场景吧，你就会对这一清洗比赛有几分印象了。糟糕的是，唯一的目的是令所有一切变得洁净。要紧的不是在这次行动中有多少有用、装饰性或者贵重物品损毁或者消失。一把红木椅子和雕刻镂空的架子也受到同样的对待。在任何情况下，它们都要保持清洁，不过它们的保持不值得予以注意。

譬如，一件很大的非常精美的雕刻画镶嵌在镜框里，平放在地板上，上面擦了一沓较小的印刷品，过重的重量压碎了下面的玻璃——不过这不打紧。一幅名贵的画倚着尖利的桌脚，其他物品则靠在画上，结果桌脚整个压力先传导到画布上。画框和玻璃肯定要清洗擦拭干净的，在这一场合所用的酒精和擦拭油必定渗进去，污损雕刻品的表面。如果玻璃表面很洁净，画框也光亮鉴人，这就足够了——其他的不值一虑。一位有本事的算术家根据长期的经验，解对了一道算术题，证明两次粉刷所造成的损失和偶然的损坏抵得上一次搬家，而三次搬家则无异于一次火灾。

这场清洁去污的嬉戏终告一段落，诸物开始重新恢复原初的面貌：暴风雨过后，万物又会再度繁茂；但是，在这样小的一个世界里如此之大的震荡，要想在没有任何后果的情况下安然度过是不可能的。在这次行动过后的两三个星期里，这个家庭的所有成员通常都会眼干舌燥，或是患上严重的感冒，系由于潮湿地板和刚粉刷的墙导致患上呼吸疾病所致。

我晓得这里有一位绅士，喜欢凡事按哲学方式揣度，他把我称为习惯的东西看作是一种真正的周期性疾病，与气候关系密切。他一系列相关的推理堪称异想天开和匠心独运，不过我无暇详述。结果，他发现病异状无法治愈，经过下工夫研究后，他以为自己发现了一种能让他无法制服的魔鬼分心的方法。为此，他建了一幢很小的建筑物，有十二平方英尺，就伫立在他家花园里，里面安置了几把正常尺寸的椅子和桌子，还有几幅很廉价的画。他希望当粉刷房子这个极度冲动的念头攫住了他家女主人时，她们能拿这个小建筑物作为发泄的出口，用力擦洗，擦亮和弄脏了她们的心爱的物，就这样病害导致的暴力在这个远离主宅的小屋里消耗殆尽了，而他则在主宅里悠然自得。然而，这个实验并不能满足他的期望。由于这种满足的主要部分体现在女性握有无法遏制的每年至少一次折磨自己丈夫的权利，不可能将他关在门外，而将家中的大权统揽于自己手上。

还有比这种哲学上的思辨更好的变通之法；那就是用纸来糊墙。很多家庭都这么做。尽管不会废除，但至少缩短了女性居于主导地位的阶段。这张纸绘以色彩斑斓的幻想，使其如此富有装饰性，以至于妇女不必理解图样，就能欣然接受时尚。

对于丈夫的痛苦处境而言，还有另一种缓解痛苦的方法。一般来说，他仅会占用一个小房间或者壁橱来放书籍和文件，钥匙则由他掌管。这个小房间或者壁橱被认为是享有特权的专



有之地，甚至在粉刷季节，也像埃及瘟疫肆虐时的歌珊地<sup>[1]</sup>一样。不过在那之后，他必须极为小心谨慎，以胜利者的姿态马上拎起水桶、拿着扫帚和刷子——仿佛这间房子的主人似的，毫不拖延地交出他对自己的书和文件的“权利”，陷入完全混乱的状态，有时则造成严重的损害。

<sup>[1]</sup> 语出《圣经》，出埃及前以色列人住的埃及北部肥沃的牧羊地——译注。

## LESSON 7

# SCHEMES OF LIFE OFTEN ILLUSORY

## 生活中通常貌似真实的计划

Samuel Johnson, 1700-1784. This truly remarkable man was the son of a bookseller and stationer; he was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, England. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728; but, at the end of three years, his poverty compelled him to leave without taking his degree. In 1736, he married Mrs. Porter, a widow of little culture, much older than himself, but possessed of some property. The marriage seems to have been a happy one, nevertheless; and, on the death of his wife, in 1752, Johnson mourned for her, most sincerely. Soon after his marriage, he opened a private school, but obtained only three pupils, one of whom was David Garrick, afterward the celebrated actor. In 1737, he removed to London, where he lived for most of the remainder of his life. Here he entered upon literary work, in which he continued, and from which he derived his chief support, although at times it was but a meager one. His "Vanity of Human Wishes" was sold for ten guineas. His great Dictionary, the first one of the English language worthy of mention, brought him 1575 Pounds, and occupied his time for seven years. Most of the money he received for the work went to pay his six amanuenses. The other most famous of his numerous literary works are "The Rambler," "Rasselas," "The Lives of the English Poets," and his edition of Shakespeare. In person, Johnson was heavy and awkward; he was the victim of scrofula in his youth, and of dropsy in his old age. In manner, he was boorish and overbearing; but his great powers and his wisdom caused his company to be sought by many eminent men of his time.

Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honor and prosperity. The favor of three successive caliphs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odors. The vigor of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the caliph the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of life than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caleb, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility.

“Tell me,” said Caleb, “thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me, how I may resemble Omar the prudent? The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune.”

“Young man,” said Omar, “it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: ‘Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

“‘Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore I shall be honored; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

“‘I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the houries, and wise as Zobeide; and with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

“‘I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend on the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honors, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.’ Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

“The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passion

within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honor, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

“I now postponed my purpose of traveling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and I was commanded to stand at the footstool of the caliph. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

“I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travelers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes, I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

“In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of my traveling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But, at fifty, no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

“Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with an unalterable resolution of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad.”

【中文阅读】

哈桑的儿子奥马尔在尊享荣誉和富有中，已经过了七十五岁。接连三任哈里发的眷顾，使他的宅邸里堆满了金银财宝，不论何时只要他一现身，人们都会夹道欢呼，向他祝福。

世俗的幸福都是短暂的，火苗的亮度需要燃料来维持，再芬芳的鲜花也有暗香凋零的时候。奥马尔的精力开始衰弱了。一绺鬓发从他头上倏然落下。他的双手没了往昔过人的力量，双腿也不再那么敏捷了。于是，他向哈里发交还了信任的钥匙，还有严守秘密的印信，在余生不再追求其他快乐，但求明智和乐善。

他的思维还未受损害。他家的客厅里宾客如云。这些人热衷于聆听奥马尔讲述过往的经历，过分殷勤地奉上赞美阿谀之辞。埃及总督的儿子卡勒卜每天早早到场，很晚才离去。他仪容风雅，谈吐不俗。奥马尔欣赏他的才智，喜欢他温驯的样子。

“告诉我，”卡勒卜说，“在这个国家你想听谁的声音，在亚洲谁的智慧闻名遐迩，告诉我，我如何才能效仿奥马尔的明智？您赢得影响力并能保持下来的秘籍，对您来说不再是必要和有用的了。将您的处事秘诀传授给我吧，把您用智慧赢得巨额财富的一番规划教给我吧。”

“年轻人，”奥马尔说，“生活规划无甚用处。二十几岁时，我最初审视这个世界时，用孤独的目光看待人类变化多端的处境，倚着一株枝叶繁茂的柏树我自语道：‘人生七十即是高寿，我还有五十年的时间。’

于是，我抽出十年时间用来掌握知识，另外用十年时间游历各国。通过这段经历，我明白了一个道理，我将酬之以荣。沿途每个城市在我莅临时都夹道欢呼，每位学生都请求与我结交。二十年的光阴在我心里留驻这样的印象，就是我将在余生忙于联合和比较。我将陶醉于永不枯竭的智慧财富的积累。每一时刻我都会找到新的快乐，永远乐此不疲。

然而，我不会脱离生活常规太远的，当然会尝试在女性的微妙精致中所蕴含的真谛。我要娶一位美若天仙、聪明似佐贝德的姑娘。在她的陪伴下，我在巴格达城郊一住就是二十年，凡是财富能买到的快乐都享受了，凡是能想出的奇思妙想都尝试了。

从那以后我退隐山林，在默默无闻和沉思冥想中打发日子，直到静静的寿终正寝。这将是最后的归宿，我不再仰赖王子的微笑过日子了，我也不会再在庙堂的虚伪中战战兢兢了；我

不再渴望那个大众的欢呼，也不会为国务打扰内心的平静。这就是我的生活计划，在我的记忆中刻下了难以磨灭的印象。

最先要做的就是获取知识，我不晓得自己是如何偏离最初的设计的。我没有能看得见的阻碍，也没有难于驾驭的激情。我将知识看做是最高荣誉和最愉悦的快乐。然而日复一日，月复一月，我发现最初十年有七年都荒废虚度了。

我不得不推迟旅行打算，在家里有这么多东西要学，为什么还要出去呢？我自我幽闭了四年，专心学习帝国的法律。我掌握的法律知识已经够得上法官了，发现自己也能对一些怀疑的问题做出解答了，于是我被派到哈里发的王座旁站立。我用心倾听，满怀信心地说出自己的意见，得到赞扬那种欣喜很快流满了心田。

我仍旧希望亲眼见识一下遥远的他国，极度欢喜地聆听旅行归来的人讲述他们的见闻，下决心找时间请求免职，这样我的灵魂就能享受新奇事物的饕餮了。可是，我的存在始终不可或缺，繁忙的公事让我喘不过气来。有时，我真的担心自己被指责忘恩负义，不过我仍然打算出去见世面，因此不会受婚姻的束缚。

在我五十岁时，我开始怀疑自己旅行的愿望恐要化为泡影，尽管我一生中的华年都用来追求影响力所带来的幸福，而未能享受家庭之快乐。但是，人生五十有谁还能轻易找到貌美如花，像佐贝德那样聪明的女人。我到处打听，屡屡碰壁，直到六十二岁那年我方为自己想结婚的愿望而羞愧。现在，我除了归隐林下还有什么呢。可是，我一直没有时间真正停下来过隐居生活，直到疾病迫使我辞去公职。

这就是我的计划，这就是我的计划所导致的后果。对知识怀有难以满足的饥渴，可我却浪费了个人际遇能获得改善的那段岁月；对一览各个不同国家抱有难以遏制的愿望，可是我却始终住在同一座城市；对婚姻幸福抱有最高程度的渴望，可是我却终生未娶；下定决心要过归隐林下的宁静生活，可是看来我终将在巴格达城里了此一生了。

## LESSON 8

# THE BRAVE OLD OAK

## 勇敢的老橡树

**Henry Fothergill Chorley, 1808-1872. He is known chiefly as a musical critic and author; for thirty-eight years he was connected with the “London Athenaeum.” His books are mostly novels.**

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out;  
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,  
When the storms through his branches shout.

In the days of old, when the spring with cold  
Had brightened his branches gray,  
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dews of May.  
And on that day, to the rebec gay  
They frolicked with lovesome swains;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree—it still remains.

He saw rare times when the Christmas chimes  
Were a merry sound to hear,  
When the Squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he;

But he never shall send our ancient friend  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone;  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

## 【中文阅读】

歌颂橡树，勇敢的老橡树  
森林之主的老橡树；  
他那宽阔的绿王冠象征健康和名望，  
五十条胳膊那么粗壮。  
太阳从地平线升起时，蹙紧的眉头透着恐惧，  
当火一样的太阳在西方沉下，  
他的威严笼罩着狂暴的午夜  
这时暴风雨在他的树枝间怒吼。

老之将至，春风乍起  
他的枯枝焕发了生机，  
脚下长出青草，就像甜美的少女伸手  
采集五月的露珠。  
五月节那天，三弦琴奏出欢快的乐声  
她们同可爱的情郎嬉戏玩耍；  
她们离开了，他们也魂归他乡，就埋在教堂墓地。  
只有那株橡树——依旧巍然挺立。

他很少见到圣坛钟声敲响，  
当乡绅宽敞的厅堂和狭小的村舍  
欢呼鼎沸时，  
但愿听到的是快乐的乐声。



现在，我们都遵循黄金易逝  
他是一位冷酷无情的国王；  
但是他从未将我们古代的朋友  
派到下着暴风雨的大海上遭受颠簸。

这株橡树，勇敢的老橡树，  
傲然而立；  
百年过后  
他依旧枝繁叶茂，老当益壮的绿精灵。

## LESSON 9

# THE ARTIST SURPRISED

## 受惊的艺术家

It may not be known to all the admirers of the genius of Albert Dürer, that that famous engraver was endowed with a “better half,” so peevish in temper, that she was the torment not only of his own life, but also of his pupils and domestics. Some of the former were cunning enough to purchase peace for themselves by conciliating the common tyrant, but woe to those unwilling or unable to offer aught in propitiation. Even the wiser ones were spared only by having their offenses visited upon a scapegoat.

This unfortunate individual was Samuel Duhobret, a disciple whom Dürer had admitted into his school out of charity. He was employed in painting signs and the coarser tapestry then used in Germany. He was about forty years of age, little, ugly, and humpbacked; he was the butt of every ill joke among his fellow disciples, and was picked out as an object of especial dislike by Madame Dürer. But he bore all with patience, and ate, without complaint, the scanty crusts given him every day for dinner, while his companions often fared sumptuously.

Poor Samuel had not a spice of envy or malice in his heart. He would, at any time, have toiled half the night to assist or serve those who were wont oftenest to laugh at him, or abuse him loudest for his stupidity. True, he had not the qualities of social humor or wit, but he was an example of indefatigable industry. He came to his studies every morning at daybreak, and remained at work until sunset. Then he retired into his lonely chamber, and wrought for his own amusement.

Duhobret labored three years in this way, giving himself no time for exercise or recreation. He

said nothing to a single human being of the paintings he had produced in the solitude of his cell, by the light of his lamp. But his bodily energies wasted and declined under incessant toil. There was none sufficiently interested in the poor artist, to mark the feverish hue of his wrinkled cheek, or the increasing attenuation of his misshapen frame.

None observed that the uninviting pittance set aside for his midday repast, remained for several days untouched. Samuel made his appearance regularly as ever, and bore with the same meekness the gibes of his fellow-pupils, or the taunts of Madame Durer, and worked with the same untiring assiduity, though his hands would sometimes tremble, and his eyes become suffused, a weakness probably owing to the excessive use he had made of them.

One morning, Duhobret was missing at the scene of his daily labors. His absence created much remark, and many were the jokes passed upon the occasion. One surmised this, and another that, as the cause of the phenomenon; and it was finally agreed that the poor fellow must have worked himself into an absolute skeleton, and taken his final stand in the glass frame of some apothecary, or been blown away by a puff of wind, while his door happened to stand open. No one thought of going to his lodgings to look after him or his remains.

Meanwhile, the object of their mirth was tossing on a bed of sickness. Disease, which had been slowly sapping the foundations of his strength, burned in every vein; his eyes rolled and flashed in delirium; his lips, usually so silent, muttered wild and incoherent words. In his days of health, poor Duhobret had his dreams, as all artists, rich or poor, will sometimes have. He had thought that the fruit of many years' labor, disposed of to advantage, might procure him enough to live, in an economical way, for the rest of his life. He never anticipated fame or fortune; the height of his ambition or hope was, to possess a tenement large enough to shelter him from the inclemencies of the weather, with means enough to purchase one comfortable meal per day.

Now, alas! however, even that one hope had deserted him. He thought himself dying, and thought it hard to die without one to look kindly upon him, without the words of comfort that might soothe his passage to another world. He fancied his bed surrounded by fiendish faces, grinning at his sufferings,

and taunting his inability to summon power to disperse them. At length the apparition faded away, and the patient sunk into an exhausted slumber.

He awoke unrefreshed; it was the fifth day he had lain there neglected. His mouth was parched; he turned over, and feebly stretched out his hand toward the earthen pitcher, from which, since the first day of his illness, he had quenched his thirst. Alas! it was empty! Samuel lay for a few moments thinking what he should do. He knew he must die of want if he remained there alone; but to whom could he apply for aid?

An idea seemed, at last, to strike him. He arose slowly, and with difficulty, from the bed, went to the other side of the room, and took up the picture he had painted last. He resolved to carry it to the shop of a salesman, and hoped to obtain for it sufficient to furnish him with the necessities of life for a week longer. Despair lent him strength to walk, and to carry his burden. On his way, he passed a house, about which there was a crowd. He drew nigh, asked what was going on, and received for an answer, that there was to be a sale of many specimens of art, collected by an amateur in the course of thirty years. It has often happened that collections made with infinite pains by the proprietor, have been sold without mercy or discrimination after his death.

Something whispered to the weary Duhobret, that here would be the market for his picture. It was a long way yet to the house of the picture dealer, and he made up his mind at once. He worked his way through the crowd, dragged himself up the steps, and, after many inquiries, found the auctioneer. That personage was a busy man, with a handful of papers; he was inclined to notice somewhat roughly the interruption of the lean, sallow hunchback, imploring as were his gesture and language.

“What do you call your picture?” at length, said he, carefully looking at it.

“It is a view of the Abbey of Newburg, with its village and the surrounding landscape,” replied the eager and trembling artist.

The auctioneer again scanned it contemptuously, and asked what it was worth. “Oh, that is what you please; whatever it will bring,” answered Duhobret.

“Hem! it is too odd to please, I should think; I can promise you no more than three thalers.”

Poor Samuel sighed deeply. He had spent on that piece the nights of many months. But he was starving now; and the pitiful sum offered would give bread for a few days. He nodded his head to the auctioneer, and retiring took his seat in a corner.

The sale began. After some paintings and engravings had been disposed of, Samuel's was exhibited. “Who bids at three thalers? Who bids?” was the cry. Duhobret listened eagerly, but none answered. “Will it find a purchaser?” said he despondingly, to himself. Still there was a dead silence. He dared not look up; for it seemed to him that all the people were laughing at the folly of the artist, who could be insane enough to offer so worthless a piece at a public sale.

“What will become of me?” was his mental inquiry. “That work is certainly my best,” and he ventured to steal another glance. “Does it not seem that the wind actually stirs those boughs and moves those leaves! How transparent is the water! What life breathes in the animals that quench their thirst at that spring! How that steeple shines! How beautiful are those clustering trees!” This was the last expiring throb of an artist's vanity. The ominous silence continued, and Samuel, sick at heart, buried his face in his hands.

“Twenty-one thalers!” murmured a faint voice, just as the auctioneer was about to knock down the picture. The stupefied painter gave a start of joy. He raised his head and looked to see from whose lips those blessed words had come. It was the picture dealer, to whom he had first thought of applying.

“Fifty thalers,” cried a sonorous voice. This time a tall man in black was the speaker. There was a silence of hushed expectation. “One hundred thalers,” at length thundered the picture dealer.

“Three hundred!” “Five hundred!” “One thousand!”

Another profound silence, and the crowd pressed around the two opponents, who stood opposite each other with eager and angry looks.

“Two thousand thalers!” cried the picture dealer, and glanced around him triumphantly, when he saw his adversary hesitate. “Ten thousand!” vociferated the tall man, his face crimson with rage, and his hands clinched convulsively. The dealer grew paler; his frame shook with agitation; he made two or three efforts, and at last cried out “Twenty thousand!”

His tall opponent was not to be vanquished. He bid forty thousand. The dealer stopped; the other laughed a low laugh of insolent triumph, and a murmur of admiration was heard in the crowd. It was too much for the dealer; he felt his peace was at stake. “Fifty thousand!” exclaimed he in desperation. It was the tall man’s turn to hesitate. Again the whole crowd were breathless. At length, tossing his arms in defiance, he shouted “One hundred thousand!” The crestfallen picture dealer withdrew; the tall man victoriously bore away the prize.

How was it, meanwhile, with Duhobret, while this exciting scene was going on? He was hardly master of his senses. He rubbed his eyes repeatedly, and murmured to himself, “After such a dream, my misery will seem more cruel!” When the contest ceased, he rose up bewildered, and went about asking first one, then another, the price of the picture just sold. It seemed that his apprehension could not at once be enlarged to so vast a conception.

The possessor was proceeding homeward, when a decrepit, lame, and humpbacked invalid, tottering along by the aid of a stick, presented himself before him. He threw him a piece of money, and waved his hand as dispensing with his thanks. “May it please your honor,” said the supposed beggar, “I am the painter of that picture!” and again he rubbed his eyes.

The tall man was Count Dunkelsback, one of the richest noblemen in Germany. He stopped, took out his pocketbook, took out a leaf, and wrote on it a few lines. “Take it, friend,” said he; “it is a check for your money. Adieu.”

Duhobret finally persuaded himself that it was not a dream. He became the master of a castle, sold it, and resolved to live luxuriously for the rest of his life, and to cultivate painting as a pastime. But, alas, for the vanity of human expectation! He had borne privation and toil; prosperity was too much

for him, as was proved soon after, when an indigestion carried him off. His picture remained long in the cabinet of Count Dunkelsback, and afterward passed into the possession of the King of Bavaria.

## 【中文阅读】

对所有崇拜阿尔伯特·丢勒艺术天才的人来说他们也许不晓得的是，那位著名雕刻家有“贤内助”，由于他脾气乖戾，因此她不但在他自己的生活中饱受折磨，而且累及他的学生和家庭。他从前的学生都非常狡猾，通过取悦这位共同的暴君来达到相安无事的目的，可是对那些倒霉蛋来说，他们不愿意或者说无法提供任何让他满意的东西。甚至更明智的人也只有通过惩罚替罪羊，来发泄心中的不快。

这位不幸的家伙叫萨缪尔·杜霍布赖特，丢勒出于慈悲心肠才允许忝列门下。他受雇于在标牌上在粗制挂毯上涂色，然后将这些产品运往德国。他大约四十岁上下的样子，身材矮小，相貌丑陋，而且背驼得厉害。在丢勒的这些学徒中间，杜霍布赖特是大家恶作剧的对象，每个恶毒的笑话都离不开他，尤其不受丢勒夫人喜欢，是她的眼中钉。杜霍布赖特耐心地忍受着这一切，毫无怨言地承受下来，每天晚餐只给他很少的圆面包，而他的同伴则吃得很丰盛。

可怜的萨缪尔在心里竟然没有一丝妒忌和怨恨。在任何时候，他都埋头干到半夜三更，来协助或为那些经常嘲笑他、高声骂他笨蛋的人打下手。实际上，他天生没有幽默感，也不会说俏皮话，可他是这一行业不辞辛苦劳作的典范。每天天刚亮，他就来到画室，一直干到日落西山。然后，他孤独地回到自己的小屋休息，苦中作乐。

杜霍布赖特以这种方式受了三年的苦，既没有机会练习，也没有时间使自己绷紧的神经得到放松。他没有对任何人讲过他在孤独中借助幽幽的灯光揣摩绘画这件事情，不过这种经年不息的劳作浪费了他的精力，身体也垮了。没有人对这位可怜的画家给予过足够的关注，也没有谁留意到他皱纹堆垒的脸颊上泛起的病态的红晕，以及那佝偻的身体愈发瘦削。

甚至没有谁注意到他那微薄的薪水连吃午餐都不够，一连好几天他都不吃午餐。萨缪尔习惯了，同过去一样温顺地忍受着同伴的讥讽，或丢勒夫人的奚落，同样不知疲倦地干活，尽管他的手有时会颤抖，他的眼睛布满血丝，他身体的孱弱也许是由于替他们付出了太多的辛

劳所致。

一天早晨，杜霍布赖特没有来画室上工。他的旷工掀起轩然大波，大家议论纷纷，拿他取笑。有的乱加猜测，有的则深究起导致这一现象的原因，最后大家一致认为这个可怜的家伙准是变成骷髅了，正在某药店的玻璃橱窗里展示呢，或者他住处的门刚一开，他就被一阵风给吹走了。没有谁想到应该去他的住处看看他到底怎么了。

就在他们七嘴八舌地议论时，他们取笑的对象正因为生病在床上挣扎呢。疾病已经慢慢地蛀蚀了他身体这幢大厦的地基，每一根血管都淤塞了，在神智昏迷中他的眼珠转动着，一闪一闪的。他那平常很少翕张的嘴唇，此时胡乱迸出不连贯的谵语来。在他身体健康那段日子，可怜的杜霍布赖特做过各种各样的梦，都是梦想做大艺术家，有时梦到自己是腰缠万贯的人，有时又梦到自己穷困潦倒。他本想凭借自己多年的辛劳，只要精打细算应该足以解决生计，他的余生不会在为生计发愁的。他从来不敢奢望名满天下或者腰缠万贯。他最大的抱负或者希望就是，能有一幢足以遮风避雨的房子，每天能够买到可口的饭菜，仅此而已。

现在，一切皆成泡影！这是他孤苦伶仃地躺在病榻上第五天了。他的嘴干得难受，翻了一下身，无力地伸手去够盛水的瓦罐，从生病第一天起他就用水罐里的水来止渴。天啊，瓦罐里已经没有水了！萨缪尔躺在那儿愣怔了好一会儿，琢磨怎样才能止渴。他清楚自己要是再一个人躺下去的话，必然死于饥渴。但是，谁会来搭救他呢？

最后，他想到一个主意。他费了好大力气，慢慢爬起身，挪到房间的另一侧，举起他最后画完的那幅画。他下定决心要把这幅画拿到画商的店里，盼望能换回足以维持他一周生计的生活必需品。幸好他还有蹒跚着走路的力气。在路上，他路过一幢房子，只见一群人在那儿围观。他气喘吁吁地问出了什么事情，有人告诉他说，里面售卖许多艺术品，是一位藏家历经三十年收集之大成。经常有这种事情，藏家付出很大心血收集的藏品，在他身故后被无情地拍卖，其中的精品也被不加区分地贱卖了。

有人对虚弱不堪的杜霍布赖特小声说，他的这幅画会碰到识货的买家的。这儿离那位画商的店还有长长的一段路，听别人这么讲他马上鼓足勇气。他穿过人群，拖着沉重的双腿上了台阶，多方打听后才找到那位拍卖商。那人很忙，手里拿着好几张画，他高兴地注意到这位消瘦、略微有些驼背说话吞吞吐吐，于是用手势和言语来试探他。



“你怎么看你的画？”他终于开口道，仔细打量这幅画。

“画的是纽伯格修道院，背景是所在的村庄和周围的景色。”这位急切的艺术家连忙说，声音有些颤抖。

这位拍卖商又轻蔑地瞥了一眼画作，试探着问他打算卖多少钱。“哦，您看着给个价吧。”杜霍布赖特答道。

“哼！太差劲了，真不好给价呢；我向你保证，绝对不会超过3个泰勒<sup>[1]</sup>。”

可怜的杜霍布赖特深深叹了口气。要知道，为了画这幅画，他度过了许多不眠之夜，长达数月之久。可是，他现在饥肠辘辘。对方出的这笔少的可怜的钱只够他吃几天面包。于是，他冲拍卖商点点头，一屁股坐到角落里的椅子上。

拍卖开始了。在展示了几幅画和雕刻作品后，萨缪尔的这幅画挂了出来。“谁出3泰勒？谁出？”杜霍布赖特急切地听着，可是没有人应答。“会有买家吗？”他沮丧地自语道。仍然没有人出价。见此情景，他都不敢抬头看了。在她看来，仿佛所有人都在嘲弄他的愚蠢。毕竟，在公开拍卖会上谁会发疯到出钱买一文不值的东西呢。

“我会落到什么结果呢？”他在心里诘问道。“那幅画作肯定是最优秀的作品，”想到这儿，他壮起胆子瞥了一眼。“大风当然先折断大树枝，才刮走树叶的！瞧，画上那水多清澈啊！在清泉旁饮水的动物生活得多惬意啊！教堂的尖塔熠熠生辉！那些树丛画得多漂亮啊！”这就是一位艺术家虚荣心最后濒临消亡前的悸动。漫长的沉默还在继续，而萨缪尔一阵心悸，连忙用手捂住脸颊。

“21泰勒！”就在拍卖员正要落槌表示流拍之际，一个软弱无力的声音轻声开价道，这位惊呆了的画家转忧为喜。他抬起头，想看看到底是从谁的嘴里说出这么神圣的字眼。是一位画商，他本来就认为这个人会率先开价的。

“50泰勒！”一个洪亮的声音喊道。这次是一位身着黑衣服的高个子男人，他用喇叭喊价。在一阵平静的期待中，拍卖会场陷于平静。“100泰勒，”终于，那位画商高声喊道。

“300泰勒！”

“500泰勒！”

“1000泰勒！”

又陷入意味深长的沉默。人们簇拥在两位竞争对手周围，这两人面对面站着，都是一副热切又志在必得的神情，满脸怒气。

“2000泰勒！”这位画商喊道，他见对手略一踌躇，便盛气凌人地打量着对方。“10000泰勒！”这位高个子男人高声喝道，因为愤怒脸上泛出紫红色，双手痉挛般地紧攥着。那位画商脸色更显苍白了，身体激动地战栗着。他试着张着嘴，最后喊出“20000泰勒！”

他的对手没有被吓倒。他出价40000泰勒。画商没有接着出价，对方的笑声中夹杂着低沉的胜利者的傲慢，人群发出较低的赞叹声。对画商来说，这种声音太刺耳了，他觉得自己再也无法保持平和了。“50000泰勒！”他孤注一掷地喊道。这次轮到高个子男人犹豫了。人们再次屏住呼吸。最后，他用力挥动手臂，做出决战的架势，他用尽力气高喊“100000泰勒！”画商在这幅画面前退却了，高个子男人以胜利者的姿态将奖品揽入怀中。

这番情景对杜霍布赖特来说恍若隔梦，这个激动人心的场面是怎么进行的？他几乎无法自制了。他一个劲地揉眼睛小声自语道，“这场梦过后，我的悲惨生活似乎更甚了！”当竞争终于停下来后，他困惑地站起来，先向第一个人打听，接下来又问另一个人这幅画最后卖了多少钱。仿佛他的理解力无法马上领会100000是个什么概念似的。

当身体衰朽、一瘸一拐并且弯腰驼背的杜霍布赖特拄着一根棍子，踟蹰地朝前走时，拍下这幅画的高个子男人正往家走呢。杜霍布赖特走到他面前，刚要做自我介绍。那人递给他一块钱，未及他说些感谢的话，连忙摆了摆手。“感谢您的慷慨，”被当做乞丐的杜霍布赖特说，“我就是画那幅画的画家啊！”说着，他又揉揉眼睛。

这位高个子男人就是敦克尔巴克伯爵，德国最富有的人之一。他停下脚步，伸手从衣袋里掏出支票簿，然后在上面写了几行字。“给你，朋友，”他说，“这是你的支票。再见。”

到现在杜霍布赖特才说服自己，这一切不是梦。他成了城堡的主人，卖了城堡后，他决定

在自己的余生要过奢侈的生活，把绘画作为消遣。真令人唏嘘，人类的希望竟是这样虚妄！他生来贫困和辛勤劳作，对他来说富足竟然是不可承受之重，正如不久后所验证变得那样，奢侈的生活要了他的命。他的那幅画一直以来躺在敦克尔巴克勋爵的壁橱里，后来辗转为巴伐利亚国王所有。

<sup>[1]</sup> 德国15至19世纪的银币——译注。

LESSON 10

PICTURES OF MEMORY

记忆中的画

Alice Cary, 1820-1871, was born near Cincinnati. One of her ancestors was among the “Pilgrim Fathers,” and the first instructor of Latin at Plymouth, Mass. Miss Cary commenced her literary career at her western home, and, in 1849, published a volume of poems, the joint work of her younger sister, Phoebe, and herself. In 1850, she moved to New York. Two of her sisters joined her there, and they supported themselves by their literary labor. Their home became a noted resort for their literary and artistic friends. Miss Cary was the author of eleven volumes, besides many articles contributed to periodicals. Her poetry is marked with great sweetness and pathos. Some of her prose works are much admired, especially her “Clovernook Children.”

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
That seemeth best of all;  
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
Dark with the mistletoe;  
Not for the violets golden,  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for the milk-white lilies,  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
And stealing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines on the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,  
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
With eyes that were dark and deep;  
In the lap of that dim old forest,  
He lieth in peace asleep:  
Light as the down of the thistle,  
Free as the winds that blow,  
We roved there the beautiful summers,  
The summers of long ago;  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And, one of the autumn eves,

I made for my little brother,  
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded  
My neck in a meek embrace,  
As the light of immortal beauty  
Silently covered his face;  
And when the arrows of sunset  
Lodged in the tree tops bright,  
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
The one of the dim old forest  
Seemeth the best of all.

## 【中文阅读】

在那些美轮美奂的画中间  
挂在记忆墙上的，  
是古老的森林一抹幽暗，  
似乎在其中画工最善；  
不是因为那株长了瘤节的老橡树，  
和着槲寄生的暗淡；  
不是因为金色紫罗兰，  
在下面的山谷闪闪发光；  
不是因为奶白色的百合，  
倚着芬芳的树篱，  
在阳光下整天卖弄风情，  
偷了它们金色边缘；  
不是因为高地上的葡萄树，  
那里还有鲜红的浆果，  
并非粉色，亦非苍白，芳香的黄花九轮草，  
在我看来是最好。

曾有一个小兄弟，

一双黑幽幽的眼睛呦；  
在幽暗的古老森林洼地，  
静静躺着睡着了；  
光明如树下的蓓，  
自由似吹拂而过的风，  
我们在美丽的夏日漂泊，  
很久以前的夏日；  
可是他踏上山丘的腿却越来越衰弱，  
一个秋天的夜晚，  
我为小兄弟的床上，  
洒下枯叶。

他那苍白的双臂惬意地  
将我的脖颈揽进温顺的怀抱，  
这时不朽的美的光芒  
静谧地洒在他的脸上；  
当落日的箭矢  
嵌进光闪闪的树顶，  
他倒下了，在他圣人一般的美中  
倚着光芒之门睡去了。  
就这样，挂在记忆墙上的所有图画，  
那张的森林一抹幽暗，  
似乎画工最善。

LESSON 11

THE MORNING ORATORIO

早晨的清唱剧

**Wilson Flagg, 1806-1884, was born in Beverly, Mass. He pursued his academical course in Andover, at Phillips Academy, and entered Harvard College, but did not graduate. His chief Works are: “Studies in the Field and Forest,” “The Woods and Byways of New England,” and “The Birds and Seasons of New England.”**

Nature, for the delight of waking eyes, has arrayed the morning heavens in the loveliest hues of beauty. Fearing to dazzle by an excess of delight, she first announces day by a faint and glimmering twilight, then sheds a purple tint over the brows of the rising morn, and infuses a transparent ruddiness throughout the atmosphere. As daylight widens, successive groups of mottled and rosy-bosomed clouds assemble on the gilded sphere, and, crowned with wreaths of fickle rainbows, spread a mirrored flush over hill, grove, and lake, and every village spire is burnished with their splendor.

At length, through crimsoned vapors, we behold the sun’s broad disk, rising with a countenance so serene that every eye may view him ere he arrays himself in his meridian brightness. Not many people who live in towns are aware of the pleasure attending a ramble near the woods and orchards at daybreak in the early part of summer. The drowsiness we feel on rising from our beds is gradually dispelled by the clear and healthful breezes of early day, and we soon experience an unusual amount of vigor and elasticity.

During the night, the stillness of all things is the circumstance that most powerfully attracts our notice, rendering us peculiarly sensitive to every accidental sound that meets the ear. In the morning, at this time of year, on the contrary, we are overpowered by the vocal and multitudinous chorus of the feathered tribe. If you would hear the commencement of this grand anthem of nature, you must rise at

the very first appearance of dawn, before the twilight has formed a complete semicircle above the eastern porch of heaven.

The first note that proceeds from the little warbling host, is the shrill chirp of the hairbird,—occasionally vocal at an hours on a warm summer night. This strain, which is a continued trilling sound, is repeated with diminishing intervals, until it becomes almost incessant. But ere the hairbird has uttered many notes, a single robin begins to warble from a neighboring orchard, soon followed by others, increasing in numbers until, by the time the eastern sky is flushed with crimson, every male, robin in the country round is singing with fervor.

It would be difficult to note the exact order in which the different birds successively begin their parts in this performance; but the bluebird, whose song is only a short, mellow warble, is heard nearly at the same time with the robin, and the song sparrow joins them soon after with his brief but finely modulated strain. The different species follow rapidly, one after another, in the chorus, until the whole welkin rings with their matin hymn of gladness.

I have often wondered that the almost simultaneous utterance of so many different notes should produce no discords, and that they should result in such complete harmony. In this multitudinous confusion of voices, no two notes are confounded, and none has sufficient duration to grate harshly with a dissimilar sound. Though each performer sings only a few strains and then makes a pause, the whole multitude succeed one another with such rapidity that we hear an uninterrupted flow of music until the broad light of day invites them to other employments.

When there is just light enough to distinguish the birds, we may observe, here and there, a single swallow perched on the roof of a barn or shed, repeating two twittering notes incessantly, with a quick turn and a hop at every note he utters. It would seem to be the design of the bird to attract the attention of his mate, and this motion seems to be made to assist her in discovering his position. As soon as the light has tempted him to fly abroad, this twittering strain is uttered more like a continued song, as he flits rapidly through the air.



But at this later moment the purple martins have commenced their more melodious chattering, so loud as to attract for a while the most of our attention. There is not a sound in nature so cheering and animating as the song of the purple martin, and none so well calculated to drive away melancholy. Though not one of the earliest voices to be heard, the chorus is perceptibly more loud and effective when this bird has united with the choir.

When the flush of the morning has brightened into vermilion, and the place from which the sun is soon to emerge has attained a dazzling brilliancy, the robins are already less tuneful. They are now becoming busy in collecting food for their morning repast, and one by one they leave the trees, and may be seen hopping upon the tilled ground, in quest of the worms and insects that have crept out during the night from their subterranean retreats.

But as the robins grow silent, the bobolinks begin their vocal revelries; and to a fanciful mind it might seem that the robins had gradually resigned their part in the performance to the bobolinks, not one of which is heard until some of the former have concluded their songs. The little hairbird still continues his almost incessant chirping, the first to begin and the last to quit the performance. Though the voice of this bird is not very sweetly modulated, it blends harmoniously with the notes of other birds, and greatly increases the charming effect of the combination.

It would be tedious to name all the birds that take part in this chorus; but we must not omit the pewee, with his melancholy ditty, occasionally heard like a short minor strain in an oratorio; nor the oriole, who is really one of the chief performers, and who, as his bright plumage flashes upon the sight, warbles forth a few notes so clear and mellow as to be heard above every other sound. Adding a pleasing variety to all this harmony, the lisping notes of the meadowlark, uttered in a shrill tone, and with a peculiar pensive modulation, are plainly audible, with short rests between each repetition.

There is a little brown sparrow, resembling the hairbird, save a general tint of russet in his plumage, that may be heard distinctly among the warbling host. He is rarely seen in cultivated grounds, but frequents the wild pastures, and is the bird that warbles so sweetly at midsummer, when the whortleberries are ripe, and the fields are beautifully spangled with red lilies.

There is no confusion in the notes of his song, which consists of one syllable rapidly repeated, but increasing in rapidity and rising to a higher key towards the conclusion. He sometimes prolongs his strain, when his notes are observed to rise and fall in succession. These plaintive and expressive notes are very loud and constantly uttered, during the hour that precedes the rising of the sun. A dozen warblers of this species, singing in concert, and distributed in different parts of the field, form, perhaps, the most delightful part of the woodland oratorio to which we have listened.

At sunrise hardly a robin can be beard in the whole neighborhood, and the character of the performance has completely changed during the last half hour. The first part was more melodious and tranquilizing, the last is more brilliant and animating. The grass finches, the vireos, the wrens, and the linnets have joined their voices to the chorus, and the bobolinks are loudest in their song. But the notes of the birds in general are not so incessant as before sunrise. One by one they discontinue their lays, until at high noon the bobolink and the warbling flycatcher are almost the only vocalists to be heard in the fields.

## 【中文阅读】

因为大自然高兴地睁着眼睛，所以在清晨的天空排列出最沁人心脾的光轮。担心人们被过强的光线晃得头晕目眩，她首先宣布白天时光线弱一些，在早晨太阳渐渐升起，先照射紫色光，然后让红色光透过大气层。随着白天展开，继之以斑斓和玫瑰色的云层齐聚在恍若镀了一层金色的大气层上，然后在顶部形成圆圈状的变化无常彩虹，将光线齐平反射到下面的山丘、树林和湖泊上，每个村庄教堂的尖顶上都反射出彩虹的光辉。

最后，透过深红色的水蒸气，我们看到太阳那宽阔的光盘，那样宁静安详，以至于在她按照子午圈排列光芒之前，我们每只眼睛都能看到她的样子。夏日破晓时分徜徉在林间和果园，住在城镇里的不是每个人都能意识到这种流淌在心底的快乐。我们起床时感觉到的慵懒，渐渐被早晨清新和煦的微风给驱散了，很快就会体验到一种不同寻常的活力和身体的灵活性。

夜晚时分，周围所有一切依旧强烈吸引着我们的注意力，对飘进耳鼓的每一种偶然出现的声音特别敏感。与之形成鲜明对比的是，每年这个季节的清晨，我们都会被长着羽毛的族类那动听和多声部大合唱。倘若你乍一听大自然这种气势恢宏的圣歌，在东方天际上空形成一

道完整的半圆形光环之前，你必定会拂晓刚一崭露头角之际就闻歌起床。

这个啼鸣的族类第一个音符就是梳妆鸟那尖锐刺耳的叫声，在温馨的夏日夜晚偶尔也会一连几个小时叫个不停。持续啼鸣所带来的音调张力，每隔一段时间就会渐渐减弱，几乎从不间断。但是，在梳妆鸟发出许多音符之前，一只知更鸟开始从相邻的果园吱吱叫，其他鸟儿很快就加入这场大合唱，数量不断增加，直到东方的天际映出深红色，这个国家每只雄性知更鸟都在热情地歌唱。

要想在不同种类的鸟儿相继在这场演出中开始加入自己的声部时分辨出确切的顺序，是一件相当困难的事情。可是蓝知更鸟则不尽然，它的歌声只是一种短促而柔和的啼鸣，在别的知更鸟亮出歌喉的同时几乎听不到它的叫声，而麻雀加入它们阵营后很快就形成简短但调整得非常完美的乐段。不同种类的鸟儿快速聚集过来，一只接一只，汇成多声部大合唱，直到整个苍穹羽翼飞舞，合奏出欢快的清晨圣歌。

我经常感到好奇的是，几乎同时唱出如此之多的音符，竟然没有任何不和谐，发出的是如此完美的天籁之音。在这种声音的多重复合里，没有两个音符混在一起的现象，没有一个声音足以持续到非常刺耳的程度。尽管每位表演者只唱几个乐段，然后就会停下来，可是整个演出以一种急速的方式进行下去，以至于我们听到的是不间断的乐流，直到白天宽广的天空向它们发出其他邀请。

当有一道光线明亮到足以区分鸟儿的类属时，我们会不时观察到一只麻雀在谷仓或木棚的屋顶上栖息，不间断地唧唧喳喳地叫着，重复两个音符，在发出的每个音符上都带出一个急速转声和大幅跳跃的音调。仿佛是鸟儿为了吸引同伴的注意故意设计的似的，这个动作好像能协助它发现自己所处的位置。光线一诱惑它展翅高飞，它便快速转入云空，这种啾鸣乐段听上去更像持续吟唱的歌声。

但是过了一会儿，紫色雨燕便开始更悦耳动听地歌唱，声音高亢到足以引起我们最大程度的关注。自然界里没有哪种雨燕的歌声如此欢快和容易模仿，没有谁听到这种美妙的歌声还能将忧愁挂在心上。尽管这不是我们听到的最早的声音，可是当这种鸟儿齐聚到一起放声合唱时，这一圣歌便更嘹亮和动人了。

然而，知更鸟刚一平静下来，食米鸟就开始狂欢了；对充满幻想的人而言，仿佛知更鸟渐渐放弃它们在合唱团里担任的角色，让给了食米鸟。不是一只而是很多知更鸟都停止了歌唱。小小的梳妆鸟依旧在无休止地啾鸣，先是第一只开始，直到最后一只停止表演。尽管这种鸟的叫声不那么甜美悦耳，其中还很协调地混有其他鸟儿的叫声，很大程度上增加了令人陶醉的共鸣效果。

要想叫出参加大合唱的每只鸟儿的名字，可不是件容易的事情。不过，我们千万不要遗漏小燕，它唱的那令人伤感的歌谣，偶尔听上去就像一部清唱剧里的小乐段。白头翁则不然，它实际上是乐队的主角之一，同它那明亮耀眼的羽毛发出光芒的一样，它那婉转的歌喉吟唱出的音符是那样清亮和柔美，盖过了其他鸟儿的声音。再加上这种和弦令人愉快的变化多端，草地鹨那清脆的乐音以一种独具的发人深思的转调，发出尖利的音调。在每次重复短暂的间歇，这种天籁般的音乐都清晰可闻。

与梳妆鸟在一起的还有一种小小的棕色麻雀，除了羽毛上普遍的赤褐色外，它的叫声在一群鸟中间很容易区分开来。在已经开垦的土地上，很少见到这种鸟儿，不过在荒野则经常能发现它的踪迹。在仲夏季节，它是叫声最甜美的鸟儿，这时越橘浆果已经成熟，田野到处可见红色的百合花。

从它的歌声听不到音调混乱，一个单音快速重复，但是不断增加速度和音高。有时候棕色麻雀拉长乐段，这样一来它的音调听上去就显得升高和降低错落有致。在太阳出来的一个小时时间里，这些忧郁和感染力强的音调非常高亢，连续不断。十多只各种鸟儿一起鸣叫，就像一场音乐会，各自贡献不同的声部，也许是我们听到的森林清唱剧里最华彩的乐章。

太阳升起时分，知更鸟面临所有邻居的公然对抗，在最后半个小时表演的特点完全改变了。第一声部更悠扬舒缓，而最后一个声部则更高亢和生气勃勃。草地雀、捕虫鸣鸟、鹪鹩和红雀也加入到大合唱中，在这些歌声中属食米鸟的嗓门最嘹亮。不过总的来说，在太阳升起之前这些鸟儿的歌唱是不会停下来的。它们一个接一个地平静下来，到中午艳阳高照时，整个树林里只剩下食米鸟和京燕这两个歌唱家了。

SHORT SELECTIONS IN POETRY

诗歌采英

1. THE CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on,  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,  
E'en in its very motion there was rest,  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,  
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gate of heaven,  
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

*(John Wilson)*

II. MY MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God or nature hath assigned;  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

III. A GOOD NAME.

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare.*—Othello, Act III, Scene III.

IV. SUNRISE.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with liquid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,  
And sheds the shining day that, burnished, plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High gleaming from afar.

*(Thomson)*

V. OLD AGE AND DEATH.

**Edmund Waller, 1605-1687, an English poet, was a cousin of John Hampden, and related to Oliver Cromwell. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Waller was for many years a member of Parliament. He took part in the civil war, and was detected in a treasonable plot. Several years of his life were spent in exile in France. After the Restoration he came into favor at court. His poetry is celebrated for smoothness and sweetness, but is disfigured by affected conceits.**

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no more.  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

VI. MILTON.

**John Dryden, 1631-1703, was a noted English writer, who was made poet laureate by James II. On the expulsion of**

James, and the accession of William and Mary, Dryden lost his offices and pension, and was compelled to earn his bread by literary work. It was during these last years of his life that his best work was done. His “Ode for St. Cecilia’s Day” is one of his most celebrated poems. His prose writings are specimens of good, strong English.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
The next in majesty, in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third she joined the other two.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 云彩

一抹云彩像摇篮一样挂在落日近处，  
深红色的光束染红了辫子状的雪地；  
我长久地凝视这飘浮着的壮丽，  
连下面的湖水也闪烁着光芒；  
它的神采那样静谧，慢慢地浮动，  
甚至在它倏忽一闪中也有静止不动，  
夜晚碰巧刮来的一阵狂风，  
将旅行者吹到美丽的西方。  
我想，这象征已逝的灵魂，  
他的白色长袍披上祝福的闪光，  
在仁慈的微风下摆动  
向上直抵天国金光闪闪的大门，  
信念的眼神平静祥和，  
向我诉说他辉煌的宿命。

(约翰·威尔逊)

### 2. 我的内心

对我来说我的内心就是一个王国；  
我在里面觅到如此完美的快乐，  
超越所有世俗的  
上帝或者大自然赐予的极乐；  
尽管我需要的很多，可是得到的更多，  
我的内心仍旧不准寄予渴望。

### 3.好名声

我亲爱的大人，无论男人女人，名誉  
是他们灵魂里面最贴近的珍宝。  
偷窃我的钱囊的人，偷窃的仅是一些废物，可有可无之物，  
从我之手如他人之手，千万人的奴隶；  
可是，谁偷去了我的名誉，  
他并不会因此而富足，  
我却因为失去它而一无所有。

（莎士比亚：《奥瑟罗》，第三幕第三场）

### 4.日出

远处来的是主宰青天白日的王，  
欣喜而陶然。渐渐稀薄的云，  
火烧般的蔚蓝色，还有高山幽壑，  
映出流彩的金色，他翩然而至  
预示着愉快。瞧！现在一切清晰可见  
露珠欲滴的大地倾斜着，还有五彩缤纷的空气  
他的威严无限，  
播下阳光明媚的天空，倾洒在  
岩石上，山谷间，塔楼和蜿蜒的小溪也享受到阳光的温存，  
从远处熠熠生辉。



## 5.老年和死亡

风过后海面波澜不兴，  
当我们激情不再时，内心竟如此平静。  
因为我们清楚以过眼烟云为荣有多么虚妄，逝去便不再。  
我们年轻时爱情的云朵从眼前飘过  
揭示了岁月的空洞。

心灵的黑暗囚所，飘摇而凋敝，  
让新的光辉穿透时光造成的缝隙，  
在他们挨近永恒的家园时，  
睿智的人由弱小而变得强大。  
告别老年，他们马上看到两个世界，  
就站在新世界的门槛上。

## 6.弥尔顿

三位诗人，出生于相距遥远的时代，  
希腊、意大利和英格兰都倍极尊奉；  
第一位思想超卓，  
第二位雄伟壮丽，第三位两者兼具。  
大自然的鬼斧神工不过这样，  
前两者的结合造就了最后一位。

# LESSON 13

## DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

### 耐儿之死

Charles Dickens. 1812-1870, one of the greatest novelists of modern times, was born in Portsmouth, but spent nearly all his life in London. His father was a conscientious man, but lacked capacity for getting a livelihood. In consequence, the boy's youth was much darkened by poverty. It has been supposed that he pictured his father in the character of "Micawber." He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice; but soon left this employment to become a reporter. This occupation he followed from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." This was followed, in 1837, by the "Pickwick Papers," a work which suddenly brought much fame to the author. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last was unfinished at the time of his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens visited America in 1842, and again in 1867. During his last visit, he read his works in public, in the principal cities of the United States.

The resources of Dickens's genius seemed exhaustless. He copied no author; imitated none, but relied entirely on his own powers. He excelled especially in humor and pathos. He gathered materials for his works by the most careful and faithful observation. And he painted his characters with a fidelity so true to their different individualities that, although they sometimes have a quaint grotesqueness bordering on caricature, they stand before the memory as living realities. He was particularly successful in the delineation of the joys and griefs of childhood. "Little Nell" and little "Paul Dombey" are known, and have been loved and wept over, in almost every household where the English language is read. His writings present very vividly the wants and sufferings of the poor, and have a tendency to prompt to kindness and benevolence. His works have not escaped criticism. It has been said that "his good characters act from impulse, not from principle," and that he shows "a tricky spirit of fantastic exaggeration." It has also been said that his novels sometimes lack skillful plot, and that he seems to speak approvingly of conviviality and dissipation. "The Old Curiosity Shop," from which the following extract is taken, was published in 1840.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness

were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, “it is not in this world that heaven’s justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?”

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped them, and used them kindly; for she often said “God bless you!” with great fervor.

Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell, the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy,—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, gathered round her. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes

and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

## 【中文阅读】

她死了。没有哪种睡眠能够如此美丽和平静，如此没有丝毫痛苦的迹象，看上去又那般端庄。她仿佛上帝之手造出来的精灵，等待注入生命的呼吸，而不是一个曾经鲜活但被苦难夺走生命的人。她的床上到处洒满了冬青果和绿树叶，都是从她先前喜欢玩耍的地方摘来的。“在我死了以后，就把那些爱好光明、永远被云空遮蔽的东西放在我旁边，与我相伴。”这些都是她在世时说过的话。

她死了。可爱、温柔、耐心、高贵的耐儿死了。她那只小鸟，那只可怜、脆弱、一个手指头也可以把它捏碎的小东西，仍然在它的笼子里轻快地上下跳跃着，而它那小女主人本来强壮的心却沉默下去，永远静止不动了！她那早忧、她的痛苦还有疲劳的痕迹都到哪里去了？一切都不复存在了。她的悲哀真的死了，但安宁和真正的幸福却诞生了——反映在她那平静的美丽和沉酣的睡眠上了。

但是从前的她依旧存在，没有因为这个变故而有所改变。一切故我！旧日的炉火在那个同样甜蜜的面容上映出微笑。萦绕于灾难和忧虑，它就像一个幻梦倏然而逝。夏日的黄昏立在那可怜的教师门口，寒冷潮湿的夜晚睡在那座熔炉的前面，当那个男孩子垂死的时候静静地站在病榻旁边，就是这同一个温柔、可爱的容颜。于是，我们晓得了人死之后天使们的威仪。

老人把一只柔弱的胳膊握在手里，把那只小手贴在他的胸前暖着。就是这只手，她带着最后的笑容伸给他；同样是这只手，引领他四处漂泊。他不时地把这只手递到唇边，然后又把它紧紧地握在自己胸前，嘟嘟囔囔地说比先前温暖多了。说这番话时，他悲戚地望着四周站着的人，仿佛哀求他们帮她活过来。

她死了，一切都已经无济干事了。尽管在她自己的生命凋残得这般迅速的时期，似乎只有

她才能赋予生气的那些破旧的房间，她照看过的花园，她赋予欢乐的目光，在许多陷于沉思的时刻常常流连的地方，连她昨天还走过的小径，都不会再见到她的踪影了。

“不会的，”教师说着，弯下腰吻她的面颊，泪水涟涟，“天国的判决绝对不是要在这个尘世了结的。倘若拿尘世和她那年轻的灵魂振翅飞上去的那个世界比较的话，尘世又算得了什么呢。不妨说，倘若在这张床榻上而用严肃的语气表达一种愿望，真诚期盼唤回她的生命，我们当中有谁能讲出这番话呢？”

她已经死了两天了。当时，他们全都围在她身旁，知道她就要断气了。天刚放亮她就咽气了。前半夜时，他们给她念书听，和她说着什么，可是随着时间流逝，她又沉睡过去了。从她在梦中隐约的梦呓，他们分辨出她说的是和那位老者旅行的事情；其中没有令人痛苦心酸的场面，涉及帮助过他们和对他们很和善的一些人，因为她总是非常真诚热切地说：“上帝保佑你们！”

醒着的时候，她神志一直很清醒，只有一次她说空中飘过动听的音乐。只有上帝知道是不是这样。也许是真的。最后，她从非常安详的睡眠中睁开眼睛，请求他们再吻她一遍。吻过之后，她转过头对着老者，脸上浮出惹人怜爱的笑容——这笑容是那般妩媚动人，他们说，他们从未见过，永远无法忘怀。她伸手紧紧拦住他的脖子。她从来没有发过牢骚，也没有抱怨过，最后她带着平静的心情和丝毫没有改变的态度，只不过她每天对它们更加虔敬和感恩了，最后她像一道光线在一个夏日的黄昏中慢慢隐去了。

就在天刚一亮，那个和她一直很合得来的朋友——那个男孩子赶来了，手上捧着一束干枯了的花，他请求把花放在她的胸前。他把自己做的梦又讲给大家听，这个梦本来她准备讲给大家的，她一向这样。他请求大家让他看看她的样子：说些知心话，他说他会非常安静的，他们不必担心他被吓着，因为一整天里他都和弟弟在一起。当他死的时候，会觉得快乐就在自己身旁相伴。他们让他得偿所愿，他也确实照自己说的那样，以孩子的方式给所有人上了一课。

直到那时为止，老人不曾说过一句话，除了对她之外，也没有离开床边半步。但是，当他看到她那很合得来的朋友时，他们从未见过他如此动容，甚至流露出想要那孩子更靠近一些的意思。然后，他指着床，第一次落泪，站在旁边的大伙儿晓得这孩子的到来能慰藉他那颗破碎的心，于是便把他们单独留下来。

那孩子用他未加修饰的方式谈着她，借此安慰老者，劝他去休息一会儿，出去散散步，或者做一些他所希望做的事情。待天色大亮，他们必须把她那尘世的形体在众人尘世的目光目送下永远地移走了。他只能把他支开，免得使他知道她不会再回到他身边后承受不住。他们马上就要为她的灵床洒下新鲜树叶和浆果。

现在那个钟声，她过去常常听到的钟声，不论晚上白天总是用一种肃穆的愉快心情静静地听着的钟声，几乎把它当做一种被赋予生命的声音，就要无情地为她徐徐敲响了。她那样年轻，那般美丽，又是何等善良。上了年纪的老人、健康的成年人、朝气蓬勃的年轻人、需要父母帮助的小孩子——一齐涌了出来，这些人或以健康和体力为傲，或前途一片光明，或正值人生之黎明——都一起聚在她的墓前。老年人在那里，他们老眼昏花，知觉也衰退了；祖母们也在那里，本来十年前她们就到寿了，不过仍然活着——聋子、瞎子、瘸子、半身不遂的人、各式各样的活死人，在坟墓即将封闭时都赶来看最后一眼。

他们从挤满各色人等的道路中抬着她走，她全身洁白得像是刚刚落到地面的雪花儿，而她在尘世上的日子竟转瞬即逝。人们抬着她从门廊底下穿过，那是她从前经常坐着玩耍的地方，当上天仁慈地把她带到那个安静的地方时，她又一次从这里经过，那古老的教堂把她接到它那静谧的荫蔽处安葬。

LESSON 14  
VANITY OF LIFE

生命之虚妄

Johann Gottfried von Herder, 1744-1803, an eminent German poet, preacher, and philosopher, was born in Mohrungen, and died in Weimar. His published works comprise sixty volumes. This selection is from his “Hebrew Poetry.”

Man, born of woman,  
Is of a few days,  
And full of trouble;  
He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down;  
He fleeth also as a shadow,  
And continueth not.  
Upon such dost thou open thine eye,  
And bring me unto judgment with thee?  
Among the impure is there none pure?  
Not one.

Are his days so determined?  
Hast thou numbered his months,  
And set fast his bounds for him  
Which he can never pass?  
Turn then from him that he may rest,  
And enjoy, as an hireling, his day.

The tree hath hope, if it be cut down,  
It becometh green again,  
And new shoots are put forth.  
If even the root is old in the earth,  
And its stock die in the ground,  
From vapor of water it will bud,  
And bring forth boughs as a young plant.

But man dieth, and his power is gone;  
He is taken away, and where is he?



Till the waters waste from the sea,  
Till the river faileth and is dry land,  
Man lieth low, and riseth not again.  
Till the heavens are old, he shall not awake,  
Nor be aroused from his sleep.

Oh, that thou wouldest conceal me  
In the realm of departed souls!  
Hide me in secret, till thy wrath be past;  
Appoint me then a new term,  
And remember me again.  
But alas! if a man die  
Shall he live again?

So long, then, as my toil endureth,  
Will I wait till a change come to me.  
Thou wilt call me, and I shall answer;  
Thou wilt pity the work of thy hands.  
Though now thou numberest my steps,  
Thou shalt then not watch for my sin.  
My transgression will be sealed in a bag,  
Thou wilt bind up and remove my iniquity.

Yet alas! the mountain falleth and is swallowed up,  
The rock is removed out of its place,  
The waters hollow out the stones,  
The floods overflow the dust of the earth,  
And thus, thou destroyest the hope of man.

Thou contendest with him, till he faileth,  
Thou changest his countenance, and sendeth him away.  
Though his sons become great and happy,  
Yet he knoweth it not;  
If they come to shame and dishonor,  
He perceiveth it not.

## 【中文阅读】

人从呱呱落地，  
只是短暂的几天

麻烦不断；  
他初如鲜花哪堪折；  
像影子一样循去，  
不再继续。  
你睁眼凝望，  
寄望我对你的命运做出判断？  
在不洁之间还有纯洁无瑕吗？  
没有。

他的命运就这么决定了？  
你数过他存世的时日，  
为他划定的界限，  
他绝对不会逾越吗？  
在他要休息时将他唤起，  
像雇员那样享受他的时光。

树也有希望，要是被砍倒的话  
他还会长出绿芽，  
生出新的枝叶。  
即使根陷在冰冷的泥土里，  
它的血脉已经在泥土中僵死，  
吸了水气才能吐蕾，  
长出像小植物一样的大树枝。

人死了，他的威风便一去不复返；  
他随风而逝，他的灵魂在哪里？

直到海水干枯，  
直到河流干涸，  
人甘居于下，不再昂首，  
直到天荒地老，他也不会醒来，  
他的睡梦亦不会惊扰。

啊，你会把我藏在  
天各一方的灵魂的国度！  
我籍籍无名，知道你的狂怒成为过去；  
然后为我安排一个新的期限，  
又将我忘怀。  
哎！人死后  
还能复生吗？

如此漫长，我忍受艰难困苦，  
我在等待改变悄悄降临，  
你呼唤我，我作答；  
你对双手的劳作自爱自怜。  
尽管现在你在数我的脚步，  
可你不会看到我的过错。  
我的罪过会藏匿在袋子里，  
你会卷起来，移开我的邪恶。

哎，高山陷落，夷为平地，  
岩石离开原来的位置，  
水在石间流淌回荡，  
洪流漫过大地的尘土，  
就这样，你摧毁了人们的希望。

你与他争斗，直到他败退，  
你改变了他的容颜，将他赶到远方。  
尽管他的后代显赫而快乐，  
但你晓得往事不再；  
要是他们知耻而觉丢脸，  
他也察觉不到了。

# LESSON 15

## A POLITICAL PAUSE

### 一场政治暂停

Charles James Fox, 1749-1806, a famous English orator and statesman, was the son of Hon. Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland; he was also a lineal descendant of Charles II. of England and of Henry IV, of France. He received his education at Westminster, Eton, and Oxford, but left the University without graduating. He was first elected to Parliament before he was twenty years old. During the American Revolution, he favored the colonies; later, he was a friend and fellow-partisan both with Burke and Wilberforce. Burke said of him, "He is the most brilliant and successful debater the world ever saw." In his later years, Mr. Fox was as remarkable for carelessness in dress and personal appearance, as he had been for the opposite in his youth. He possessed many pleasing traits of character; but his morals were not commendable; he was a gambler and a spendthrift. Yet he exercised a powerful influence on the politics of his times. This extract is from a speech delivered during a truce in the long war between England and France.

"But we must pause," says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out, her best blood spilt, her treasures wasted, that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves—Oh! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors you excite. In former wars, a man might at least have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"Fighting!", would be the answer; "they are not fighting; they are pausing." "Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself,—they are not fighting,—do not disturb them,—they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony,—that man is not dead,—he is only pausing! Bless you, sir, they are not angry with one another; they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see is nothing like fighting,—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it; it is nothing more than a political pause. It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and, in the meantime, we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!"

And is this the way that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world, to destroy order, to trample on religion, to stifle in the heart not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of

this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

## 【中文阅读】

“我们必须暂停，”那位尊敬的绅士说。何其乃尔！难道大不列颠的国体必定是，鲜血淋漓，宝藏殆尽，这就是你们的一场实验吗？还是让你们自己亲身进行实验吧！你们都亲身上战场，学会对激起你们荣誉感的事情做出判断。在之前的战争中，一个人至少还有某种情感，还有某种利益纠葛，在他心里抵消了这种印象，就是必须承受大屠杀和死亡场面带来的痛苦。

可是如果一个人现在置身于大屠杀的战场，被问到为什么而战的话——“就是战斗而已！”会得到这样的回答。“他们不是在战斗；他们只是在暂停。”“为什么那人要断气了？为什么其他人因极度痛苦满地翻滚？这种无法平息的狂怒意味着什么？”答案必定是，“你大错特错了，先生，你在欺骗自己。——他们没在战斗——不要打扰他们——他们只是暂停！这个人并没有因为嫉妒痛苦而奄奄一息——那个人也没有死——他只是暂停而已！愿上帝赐福与你，先生，他们不会生别人气的，现在他们不会因为什么事情而争吵了；可是，他们的国家认为这就是暂停。你看到的一切一点也不像在战斗——没有伤害，没有残酷，也没有流血；毋宁说这是政治上的暂停。这只是尝试做一场试验——看看波拿巴是否会比以前表现得更好，与此同时，我们是否会同意暂停，纯粹出于友谊！”

这是你们向现有秩序的拥护者指明的道路吗？你们提出了一种旨在使这个世界退回到野蛮状态的制度，来摧毁现有的秩序，践踏宗教，不只是扼杀慷慨这种高贵的情感，而且还有对社会本质的爱。在对这个制度进行控诉的过程中，你在自己周围传播的都是恐怖和破坏。

## LESSON 16

# MY EXPERIENCE IN ELOCUTION

## 我的演说经历

John Neal, 1793-1876, a brilliant but eccentric American writer, was born in Portland, Maine. He went into business, when quite young, in company with John Pierpont, the well-known poet. They soon failed, and Mr. Neal then turned his attention to the study of law. He practiced his profession somewhat, but devoted most of his time to literature. For a time he resided in England, where he wrote for “Blackwood’s Magazine” and other periodicals. His writings were produced with great rapidity, and with a purposed disregard of what is known as “classical English.”

In the academy I attended, elocution was taught in a way I shall never forget—never! We had a yearly exhibition, and the favorites of the preceptor were allowed to speak a piece; and a pretty time they had of it. Somehow I was never a favorite with any of my teachers after the first two or three days; and, as I went barefooted, I dare say it was thought unseemly, or perhaps cruel, to expose me upon the platform. And then, as I had no particular aptitude for public speaking, and no relish for what was called oratory, it was never my luck to be called up.

Among my schoolmates, however, was one—a very amiable, shy boy—to whom was assigned, at the first exhibition I attended, that passage in Pope’s Homer beginning with,

“Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn!”

This the poor boy gave with so much emphasis and discretion, that, to me, it sounded like “O roarer!” and I was wicked enough, out of sheer envy, I dare say, to call him “O roarer!”—a nickname which clung to him for a long while, though no human being ever deserved it less; for in speech and action both, he was quiet, reserved, and sensitive.

My next experience in elocution was still more disheartening, so that I never had a chance of

showing what I was capable of in that way till I set up for myself. Master Moody, my next instructor, was thought to have uncommon qualifications for teaching oratory. He was a large, handsome, heavy man, over six feet high; and having understood that the first, second, and third prerequisite in oratory was action, the boys he put in training were encouraged to most vehement and obstreperous manifestations. Let me give an example, and one that weighed heavily on my conscience for many years after the poor man passed away.

Among his pupils were two boys, brothers, who were thought highly gifted in elocution. The master, who was evidently of that opinion, had a habit of parading them on all occasions before visitors and strangers; though one had lost his upper front teeth and lisped badly, and the other had the voice of a penny trumpet. Week after week these boys went through the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, for the benefit of myself and others, to see if their example would not provoke us to a generous competition for all the honors.

How it operated on the other boys in after life I can not say; but the effect on me was decidedly unwholesome—discouraging, indeed,—until I was old enough to judge for myself, and to carry into operation a system of my own.

On coming to the passage,—

“Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!”—

the elder of the boys gave it after the following fashion: “Be ready, godths, with all your thunderbolths,—dath him in pietheth!”—bringing his right fist down into his left palm with all his strength, and his lifted foot upon the platform, which was built like a sounding-board, so that the master himself, who had suggested the action and obliged the poor boy to rehearse it over and over again, appeared to be utterly carried away by the magnificent demonstration; while to me—so deficient was I in rhetorical taste—it sounded like a crash of broken crockery, intermingled with chicken peeps.

I never got over it; and to this day can not endure stamping, nor even tapping of the foot, nor clapping the hands together, nor thumping the table for illustration; having an idea that such noises are not oratory, and that untranslatable sounds are not language.

My next essay was of a somewhat different kind. I took the field in person, being in my nineteenth year, well proportioned, and already beginning to have a sincere relish for poetry, if not for declamation. I had always been a great reader; and in the course of my foraging depredations I had met with “The Mariner’s Dream” and “The Lake of the Dismal Swamp,” both of which I had committed to memory before I knew it.

And one day, happening to be alone with my sister, and newly rigged out in a student’s gown, such as the lads at Brunswick sported when they came to show off among their old companions, I proposed to astonish her by rehearsing these two poems in appropriate costume. Being very proud of her brother, and very obliging, she consented at once,—upon condition that our dear mother, who had never seen anything of the sort, should be invited to make one of the audience.

On the whole, I rather think that I succeeded in astonishing both. I well remember their looks of amazement—for they had never seen anything better or worse in all their lives, and were no judges of acting—as I swept to and fro in that magnificent robe, with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes, when I came to passages like the following, where an apostrophe was called for:

“And near him the she wolf stirred the brake,  
And the copper snake breathed in his ear,  
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,  
‘Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,  
And the white canoe of my dear!’”

Or like this:

“On beds of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid;  
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,  
Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,



And every part suit to thy mansion below;”—

throwing up my arms, and throwing them out in every possible direction as the spirit moved me, or the sentiment prompted; for I always encouraged my limbs and features to think for themselves, and to act for themselves, and never predetermined, never forethought, a gesture nor an intonation in my life; and should as soon think of counterfeiting another's look or step or voice, or of modulating my own by a pitch pipe (as the ancient orators did, with whom oratory was acting elocution, a branch of the dramatic art), as of adopting or imitating the gestures and tones of the most celebrated rhetorician I ever saw.

The result was rather encouraging. My mother and sister were both satisfied. At any rate, they said nothing to the contrary. Being only in my nineteenth year, what might I not be able to accomplish after a little more experience!

How little did I think, while rehearsing before my mother and sister, that anything serious would ever come of it, or that I was laying the foundations of character for life, or that I was beginning what I should not be able to finish within the next forty or fifty years following. Yet so it was. I had broken the ice without knowing it. These things were but the foreshadowing of what happened long afterward.

## 【中文阅读】

在我读书的学院，演说术的传授方式我一辈子也忘不了——永生难忘！我们每年都要公开示范，老师让自己喜爱的学生读一段文字，经过一段时间他们就能掌握演讲的要领。不知怎么地，从上两三天课后我就不再为任何老师所喜欢；当我赤足走上讲台时，我敢说没有谁认为这很得体，让我出现在讲台上本身就有点残酷。因此，我在当众演讲方面没有什么天资，对于所谓的演说术也不抱什么乐趣。对我而言，被叫起来演讲从来就不是什么幸运的事情。

然而在我的同学中，有一位非常和蔼、害羞的男生，在我第一次参加公开示范时，指定他来示范演讲，那篇选段是蒲伯的《荷马》，该文开头是这样的：

“现在，曙光女神奥罗拉，黎明女神那位漂亮的女儿！”

这可怜的孩子太过强调和谨慎，以至于在我听起来，就像是“啊，奥罗雷！”出于纯粹的嫉妒，我感到颇不耐烦，直接想叫他“啊，奥罗雷！”——这个绰号伴他很长时间，尽管没有别人配得上这个绰号。就说话和举止两者来说，他过于内敛、含蓄和敏感了。

我接下来的演说经历依旧非常令人气馁，以至于我从来没有机会表现出我能按照那种方式驾驭演讲，直到我亲自践行。我的下一任老师穆迪被认为在教授演说术上具有非凡的能力。他块头很大，相貌英俊，身高超过六英尺，深谙演说术三昧，他鼓励接受训练的孩子要尽最大程度的热情去展现，打破种种束缚。我不妨举一个例子，在这个可怜的人过世多年后，他的大块头还驻留在我的意识中，挥之不去。

在他的学生中有两个孩子，一对兄弟，在演说方面被认为天赋极高。这位老师显然也抱有这个看法，他有一个习惯，在所有场合，只要有访客和陌生人在场，都会拿他们炫耀。然而这兄弟二人，一个上门牙掉了，严重口齿不清；另一个嗓音就像小号。过了好几个星期，他们俩当着我和其他人的面，像布鲁图和凯西厄那样争吵，看看他们的争吵是否会激起我们为了所有人的荣誉而进行慷慨的竞争。

我不好说这对其他孩子以后的生活起了怎样的作用，不过，对我的作用却非常糟糕——实际上是沮丧——直到我年龄大到足以对自己做出判断，将这一活动融入到我自己的体系里。

接下来是这段：

“做好准备，诸神，用你们所有的雷电，  
将他碎尸万段！”

年长的哥哥按照下面的风格朗诵：“做好准备，诸神，用你们所有的雷电，将他碎尸万片！”他朗诵的时候身体所有的力量都集中到右拳上了，挥舞右拳猛地砸进左掌，他抬起的脚重重落在讲台上，就像一个隔音板，以至于老师本人，本来他暗示要用动作来配合，要这可怜

的孩子一遍一遍地排练，结果他完全被这华丽的表现给迷住了。在我看来——按照我的修辞品味来判断，这种表现方式存在严重缺陷——听上去就像陶器打碎了的声音，间杂着小鸡的吱吱叫声。

我从未真正掌握所谓的要领；时至今日，也不堪忍受踏足，哪怕是轻拍，也不会双手相抵，为了发挥感染力而拍桌子。我一直抱有这种看法，即这种噪音与演说术相去甚远，那种不可翻译的声音不是语言。

我下一篇散文则有点不同。我当时年仅十九岁，好在野外玩耍，倒也与年龄颇为相称，已经开始对诗歌怀有真诚的喜好，如果不是对慷慨激昂的演说真心喜欢的话。我始终是一位贪婪的读者，在寻找破坏的对象期间，我与《水手的梦》和《凄凉的沼泽湖》不期而遇，这两首诗在我拜读之前就已经在我的记忆里留下了烙印。

有一天，碰巧就我和姐姐两个人在家，我穿了一件簇新的学生礼服，就像布伦兹维克特意向别人炫耀的男孩子，他们在向自己的伙伴显摆时就是这个样子。我本来打算穿适合的衣服朗诵这两首诗，让她大吃一惊。她会为她的弟弟感到非常骄傲，非常满足，她马上表示同意——我亲爱的妈妈从来没有见过这个，也会邀请她来做观众的。

总的来说，我宁愿相信自己让她们两人都大吃了一惊。我记得她们惊愕的样子——因为在她们的生活中从未见过这个，对于我到底表现得如何无从判断——我拖着那件华丽的袍子在地上扫来扫去，夸张地伸着胳膊，眼睛上挑，当时我朗诵的好像是下面这段，有的地方要求省略：

“在他旁边，这条母狼扳着闸，  
紫色蝮蛇在他耳畔滋滋作响，  
直到他从梦里惊醒开始大喊，  
‘啊，当我看到那条黑魑魑的湖，  
我朝思暮想的白舟！’”

或像这首：

“你爬到绿绿的海中花圃上，  
在你白白的骨头周围，长出的是红珊瑚  
你那一缕金黄的头发，就像琥珀的丝线一样，  
与下面的宅邸那样相符；”

我的胳膊向前伸展，随着情绪或情感提示而伸向各个方向；因为我始终调动四肢和面部表情来所思和所动，在我的演说生涯里我从不会预先决定，从不会事先考虑一个姿势或一个语调。一提到演说，就会想到伪造其他人的表情，步伐或声音，抑或通过为笛子定调的方法来调整我自己的音调（就像古代演说家那样，在他们看来演说术就是表演朗诵，属于戏剧的一个分支），采用或模仿我曾见过的最著名的演说家的姿势和声音。

结果相当令人鼓舞。我妈妈和姐姐都很满意。不管怎样，她们没有说让我气馁的话。鉴于当时只有十九岁，我不可能做得更好了。

在我妈妈和姐姐面前朗诵时，我的顾虑很少，任何一点点麻烦都会克服，或者说我以生活中的人物性格为基础，抑或我开始做的事情在接下来四十年或五十年之内都无法完成。然而，事实就是如此。我不用先了解就打破了这层坚冰。这些事情只不过预言了长久以后将要发生的一切而已。

## LESSON 17

# ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

## 墓地挽歌

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771, is often spoken of as “the author of the Elegy,”—this simple yet highly finished and beautiful poem being by far the best known of all his writings. It was finished in 1749,—seven years from the time it was commenced. Probably no short poem in the language ever deserved or received more praise. Gray was born in London; his father possessed property, but was indolent and selfish; his mother was a successful woman of business, and supported her son in college from her own earnings. The poet was educated at Eton and Cambridge; at the latter place, he resided for several years after his return from a continental tour, begun in 1739. He was small and delicate in person, refined and precise in dress and manners, and shy and retiring in disposition. He was an accomplished scholar in many fields of learning, but left comparatively little finished work in any department. He declined the honor of poet laureate; but, in 1769, was appointed Professor of History at Cambridge.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree’s shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike, the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbade: nor, circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne.  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
Now, drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'”

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.



Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;  
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father, and his God.



## 【中文阅读】

晚钟为即将分手的白昼报丧，  
牛群在草原上缓缓游荡，  
农夫累了，步履蹒跚往家转，  
把整个世界留给了黄昏与我。

此时，苍茫的景色渐渐退去，  
天地一片肃穆的寂静，  
但闻嗡嗡的甲虫飞旋，  
沉闷的铃声令远处的羊群昏昏欲睡。

裹着常春藤的尖塔下，  
一只阴郁的猫头鹰在向月亮诉苦，  
嫌异类在它秘密的避凉处闲逛

骚扰它悠久而僻静的王国。  
在嶙峋的榆树下，紫杉荫重蔽日，  
起伏的草地上荒堆稀落，  
每个都在狭窄的洞里永远地栖身，  
小村庄里粗鄙的先人就在那里安眠。

香气弥漫的晨风轻轻地召唤，  
燕子从茅草棚子里叽喳鸣叫，  
公鸡的尖号，或者空谷回音的号角  
再不能唤醒长眠于地下的他们。  
对他们而言，熊炽的炉火不再会燃烧，  
忙碌的主妇不再会夜里还忙碌，  
没有孩子再对父亲回转呀呀呓语，  
为分享一个亲吻再爬到他膝上。

往昔他们挥舞镰刀，  
板结的土地就犁出了垄沟，  
他们赶牲口下地，那么欢欣！  
猛挥镰刀，树一棵棵低下头！

不要让抱负嘲讽他们的劳作，  
普通人的欢乐、籍籍无名的命运，  
奢华也不必抱以轻蔑的冷笑  
倾听穷苦人短暂平朴的记录。

门第的炫耀，权势的煊赫，  
所有美，所有财富能给予的好处，  
都同样等待着不可避免的时刻到来  
光荣的道路最后归于坟墓。

骄傲的人啊，你不要怪这些人，  
铭记并没有给这些坟墓留下纪念，  
在那里，长长的通道和雕饰的拱顶

洪亮的赞美歌在传扬。

栩栩如生的半身座像和刻下事迹的瓮，  
难道能让断气复吸，魂归华夏？  
荣誉的声音能激扬沉寂的尘灰？  
谄谀能叫死神僵硬的耳根软化？

也许在这块荒芜之地，  
埋着曾经天火腾焰的心，  
那双手，想必能执掌风雨飘摇的帝国权杖，  
抑或入迷地拨出七弦琴的天籁之音。

可是，知识从没有在他们眼前他们展开  
满是岁月尘埃亦从不曾合上的书卷，  
贫寒压制了他们高贵的胸怀，  
他们从灵魂深处涌出的温暖的甘泉也冻住了。

世上那么多稀世珠宝  
埋在幽暗而深不可测的海底：  
世界上多少含苞待放的花无人见识，  
芳香就白白散向旷野的空气。

有像汉普敦那样的村庄，无畏的胸襟，  
反抗过当地的小暴君，  
有缄默的弥尔顿，籍籍无名，  
有一位克伦威尔，没有罪过地致自己国家流血。

欲赢得伸耳谛听的元老们的掌声，  
痛苦和存亡的威胁全然不顾，  
把富庶洒向风景明媚的大地，  
从全国上下的眼里读自己的历史，  
他们的命运可不允许：不会划定  
他们德行增益的界限，但限制了罪恶昭彰

亦不许踩着杀戮晋登宝座，  
对人类关上仁慈的大门，

掩盖良知在内心的发作，  
扑灭天真的羞愧，亦不红脸，  
用诗神缪斯的灵焰点燃香火  
填满奢华和虚荣的神龛。

远离了疯狂的俗世钩心斗角，  
他们有清醒的愿望绝不学误入歧途，  
沿着生活的清凉僻静的山谷，  
他们坚持走无喧嚣的正路。

然则让这些尸骨免受到糟蹋，  
竟有脆弱的碑牌在近旁树立，  
上面缀有粗鄙的诗韵、刻得杂乱无章，  
希求过路人鞠一声叹息。

无识的假缪斯胡乱拼写姓名和年代，  
还有名声的出处和一篇挽歌，  
她在周围撒满经文，  
教乡野道德家如何赴死。

有谁冒死让遗忘的一切失声  
撇弃亦忧亦喜的此生，  
离开令人愉悦的温暖的地方，  
甚至都不回头张望？

就要离世的灵魂尚不舍钟情的怀抱，  
就要合上的双眼需要的是衷心的泪珠，  
甚至从坟墓里也传出自然的呼号  
他们过往的烈火点燃了我们浴火重生的生命。

至于你，在意芸芸逝者的你，  
用这些诗句娓娓道他们无华的旧事，  
若是在冥思的引领下真有前缘，  
一位同灵叩问你的身世——

也许有皓首乡野之人对他说，  
“借着薄雾微明，我们常常看见他，  
步履匆匆，露珠随落，  
到那边高处的草地去迎接朝阳，

“那边，一株摇曳的山毛榉下，  
蜿蜒的老树根盘得老高，  
他常常正午时分在那里躺着，尽情徜徉，  
凝神细览身旁那条涓涓小溪。

“他悠游林间，微微含笑不失嘲意，  
喃喃自语，说的都是他的游思奇谭，  
不时垂头丧气，就像失怙的孤儿，  
忧心忡忡，抑或凭吊无望之爱。

“一天早上，在他常去的小山丘，  
石楠地还有那棵心仪的树下，我未觅到他的身影；  
第二天早上，不论溪旁  
还是草地上和林间，他的身影还是难觅。

“第三天早上，我们见到送葬的行列，  
挽歌阵阵，抬着他走向坟场：  
荆棘重生的下面躺着的那块石碑，  
(你识得的)请上前来念念哀婉的诗句。”

墓志铭

这里头枕大地长眠的是一位青年，

富贵和名声无人知晓：  
良知没有鄙夷他微贱的出身，  
忧愁为他打上了她的烙印。

他慷慨好施，内心真诚，  
上天同样给了他慷慨的报偿：  
他给了悲惨（倾其所有），一滴泪，  
从上天那里得到了（这正是他的期望），一位朋友。

不必勉力颂扬他的功绩，  
莫再从他们可怕的藏身地翻检出他的弱点，  
（他们同样在颤抖的希望中休憩），  
那里就是他的天父和上帝的怀抱。

# LESSON 18

## TACT AND TALENT

### 机智和才能

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of

hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

## 【中文阅读】

才能固然重要，机智更是不可或缺。天赋是庄重、严肃和受人尊敬的禀赋；机智则是兼而有之，有过之而无不及。它不是第六感觉，而是所有那五种感觉的生命。它是开阔的视觉，敏感的听觉，分辨力强的味觉，敏锐的嗅觉和充满活力的触觉；它能破解所有难解之谜，克服所有艰难困苦，移开眼前的所有障碍。不论何时何地，它都应付裕如；孤独时它像良师益友那样，因为它能引导一个人入世；置身于社会之中也是如此，因为它能教会一个人处世之道。

才能是一种力量，机智是一种技能。才能赋予一个人以影响力，而机智则令他充满动力；才能能让一个人知其然，而机智则让他知其所以然。才能赋予一个人以尊严，而机智则令其备受尊敬。才能是财富，而机智是到手的钱财。基于所有实用的目的，机智与才能相比犹如大海之于小溪。

以剧场为例，让两者在舞台上一较高下，才能产生不会长久让你陷于悲惨境地的悲剧感，而机智则凭借精湛的笑剧本领会让整幢房子陷入狂欢，一夜复一夜。我们不必非得有戏剧才



能，也不必非得具备戏剧性的机智本领。可是两者很少能结合到一起。因此，我们能成功但不一定受到尊敬，受到尊敬的不一定能取得成功。

不妨将两者置于酒吧环境下来考察。才能明确地发现自己的所长，但机智则会第一个到达目的地。才能会博得众人许多恭维，而机智则会得到免费的礼遇。才能会使这个世界迷茫而裹足不前，机智则会令世界取得惊人的进步。个中的秘密在于，在这个环境下才能的影响力无从传达出来，而机智则不会犯半点错误；它切中要害，不会浪费任何时间；再者，那些密切关注风向标的人，随时会利用吹来的每股风，自己无往而不利。

还有，我们再将两者置于教堂里进行比较。才能始终有值得倾听的东西，而机智肯定拥有大量听众；才能也许可以用来谋生，但机智可以创造一个新生活。才能会使人博得好名声，而机智可以使其成为伟人。才能有说服力，而机智则可以改变一个人；才能对于职业而言是一种荣誉，而机智却可以从职业获得荣誉。

另外，我们考察一下在法院里的情形。才能可以让别人感受到一个人的影响力，而机智则可以让其尽情发挥影响力。才能居于指挥地位，而机智则会令别人服从；才能荣享赞扬，而机智则优先得到上天的恩赐；那么在参议院情形怎样呢？才能使议会能听到它希望了解的东西，而机智却能赢得它的芳心，获得大家的投票；才智适合就业，而机智则使就业的人游刃有余。机智具有一种悄无声息地占据有利位置，口齿伶俐地表达自己的想法的技巧，就像弹子球巧妙迂回落入袋中一样。

机智不需要掌握什么就能洞察一切。它需要一个练习不用事先准备，张嘴就说的见习期。它不需要刻苦钻研，在那些愚笨的人从来就不具备这种本领；它是信手拈来的，对周围的一切洞若观火。它没有令人惊叹的智慧那不屑一顾的傲慢，也没有深奥的外表，但是却敏捷地注意到所处环境的细微末梢之处，就像一只训练有素的手在钢琴键盘上跳舞一样。机智披着寻常的外衣，却胜过天才所有的力量和影响力。

## LESSON 19

# SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

## 在弗吉尼亚制宪大会上的演讲

Patrick Henry, 1736-1799, was born in Hanover County, Virginia. He received instruction in Latin and mathematics from his father; but seemed to develop a greater fondness for hunting, fishing, and playing the fiddle than for study. Twice he was set up in business, and twice failed before he was twenty-four. He was then admitted to the bar after six weeks' study of the law. He got no business at first in his profession, but lived with his father-in-law. His wonderful powers of oratory first showed themselves in a celebrated case which he argued in Hanover Courthouse, his own father being the presiding magistrate. He began very awkwardly, but soon rose to a surprising height of eloquence, won his case against great odds, and was carried off in triumph by the delighted spectators. His fame was now established; business flowed in, and he was soon elected to the Virginia Legislature. He was a delegate to the Congress of 1774, and in 1775 made the prophetic speech of which the following selection is a portion. It was on his own motion that the "colony be immediately put in a state of defense." During the Revolution he was, for several years, Governor of Virginia. In 1788 he earnestly opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution. When he died, he left a large family and an ample fortune. In person, Mr. Henry was tall and rather awkward, with a face stern and grave. When he spoke on great occasions, his awkwardness forsook him, his face lighted up, and his eyes flashed with a wonderful fire. In his life, he was good-humored, honest, and temperate. His patriotism was of the noblest type; and few men in those stormy times did better service for their country than he.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition

comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation,— the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we

be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and, let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

## 【中文阅读】

一个人沉浸于希望的错觉中是再自然不过的事情了。对痛苦的真理，我们倾向于闭上眼睛，聆听塞壬企图将我们变为畜类的魅惑之歌。难道这是为了自由而不惜进行艰苦卓绝斗争的智者所为吗？难道我们心甘情愿成为有眼无珠，充耳不闻，只关心自己的灵魂暂时得到拯救的那种人吗？就我而言，不论付出多少血的代价，我都想知道整个实情。哪怕是最坏的情况，也要为之做好准备。

能指引我前进的只有一盏灯，那就是经验之灯。我清楚仅凭过去的经验根本无法对未来做出判断，我渴望知道在过去十年里英国内阁的做法，是否可以作为判断绅士们心底所存的聊以自慰的希望的依据？他们收到我们最近发出的请愿书后，他们在暗自窃笑，这就是我们希望得到的结果吗？但愿不是。这证实我们束缚住了自己的手脚。被背叛后不是一个吻就能了事的。我们不妨扪心自问，对我们的请愿书这种得体的接受是如何使切断我们的水源，以及令我们的土地陷入暗无天日的战争准备显得冠冕堂皇的。对需要爱和和解的事业，难道战舰和军队是必要的吗？难道我们的做法显得对和解如此不情愿，以至于必须动用军事力量来赢得我们的爱吗？我们不要自欺了。这些都是战争和镇压的工具而已，争论最后的焦点是必须诉诸于王权。

尊敬的先生们，我倒要问一下，如果英国人的目的不是强迫我们服从的话，那么这种战争安排意味着什么？有谁能说出还有其他可能的动机？在这个世界上除了大不列颠还有哪个敌人会集结这么多的军舰和军队？没有，能这么做的只有它。他们是在向我们示意：他们除了动武以外，没有别的选择。他们被派到这儿来捆绑然后给我们套上枷锁，要知道英国政府长久以来一直在为我们锻造这些枷锁。我们除了反抗，还能做什么？难道我们极力抗辩吗？在这十年里我们一直在争辩，可是有用吗？对于这个主题我们还能提出什么新的解决办法吗？不能。每个可能的解决办法我们都尝试过了，但是所有的一切都证明徒劳无益。

难道我们要祈求和卑下地哀求吗？我们还有什么没有穷尽的办法吗？没有了。我恳求诸位，不要在欺骗自己了。为防止暴风雨的到来，我们所能做的一切都做了。我们已经请愿了；我们已经抗议过了；我们已经在王权的脚下拜倒过了，乞求它的干预能够制止政府和国会伸出残暴的手。我们的请愿受到轻蔑；我们的抗议则导致变本加厉的暴力和伤害；我们的乞求没人理会；我们拜倒在王权脚下得到的结果就是遭到唾弃。

在所有这一切都徒劳无益后，我们仍然抱有和平与和解的希望。现在看来，希望已化为泡影。唯愿我们渴望自由；唯愿我们本意是维持那些长久以来我们一直为之争取的无法衡量的权利；唯愿我们的本意不是下贱地放弃我们长久以来一直致力，以及一直告诫自己绝对不能放弃，直到我们争取的光荣目标获得实现的高尚的斗争——我们必须战斗！我再重复一遍，我们必须战斗！对战争和战神的呼吁，是我们所能做的一切。

他们告诉我们说，我们是弱小的。无法与如此可怕的对手一较高下。可是，我们什么时候才能变得强大起来呢？是接下来的几个星期还是明年？难道是当我们完全解除武装的时候，以及每家每户的门前都站着一个英国士兵的时候吗？难道我们犹豫不决和无所事事就会强大起来吗？难道我们凭天由命和抱定虚妄的希望，直到我们的敌人束缚住我们的手脚，就会获得有效的抵抗手段吗？我们并不弱小，唯愿我们能适当运用造物主赋予我们旨在加强我们力量的那些手段。

三百万人民，为了获得自由的神圣事业而武装起来，我们只要拥有这样一个国家，不管敌人派来什么样的武装力量都无法战胜我们。况且，我们不是一个人在战斗。还有主宰着国家命运的上帝，以及那些为了我们奋勇投入战斗的朋友们。这场战争比的不单是谁的力量强大，而是取决于谁能保持清醒，谁更主动以及谁更勇敢无畏。除此之外，我们没有别的选择。倘若我们过于怯懦，那么要想现在退出的话已经太迟了。除了屈服和奴役，没有别的退路！我们的枷锁已经锻造好了。在波士顿的旷野上，他们手中武器的叮当声已经可以听到！战争是无法避免了，那么干脆让它来好了！我再重复一遍，让它来好了！

低估或者藐视事态的严重性徒劳无益。那些绅士们也许会呼吁和平，但是和平是不存在的。战争实际上已经开始。席卷北方的下一场圈地之战已经让我们的耳畔响起武器的铮铮回响声！我们的同胞已经奔赴战场！我们为什么还傻傻地站在这儿发呆？那些绅士们想要得到什么结果？他们会得到什么结果呢？是高贵的生活还是可爱的和平，这些难道能在铁链和奴役下买得到吗？让他们抛弃这个幻想吧，万能的上帝！我不晓得别人会怎么做，至于我而言，不自由，毋宁死。

LESSON 20  
THE AMERICAN FLAG

国旗颂

Joseph Rodman Drake. 1795-1820, was born in New York City. His father died when he was very young, and his early life was a struggle with poverty. He studied medicine, and took his degree when he was about twenty years old. From a child, he showed remarkable poetical powers, having made rhymes at the early age of five. Most of his published writings were produced during a period of less than two years. "The Culprit Fay" and the "American Flag" are best known. In disposition, Mr. Drake was gentle and kindly; and, on the occasion of his death, his intimate friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, expressed his character in the well-known couplet:

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there:  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;—  
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,

And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high!  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabers rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm, that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?



## 【中文阅读】

“无人识君却爱君，  
无人识名美名扬。”

当自由女神离开高山之巅，  
迎风展开她的旗帜，  
她穿上天蓝色晚礼服，  
连耀眼的群星也黯然失色；  
她那柔软的肩带  
染上了天空华美的颜色，  
用缕缕晨光剥去了，  
它纯粹圣洁的白色；  
从他阳光明媚的华夏，  
叫她的鹰飞得低一些，  
将她选定的土地  
交到他硕大的手上。

这块云朵威严的主宰啊！  
谁将你堂皇的琼宇举到天上，  
来倾听暴风雨呼号，  
当暴风雨将勇士驱赶  
电光划过云端时，  
天际传来滚滚雷鸣；  
这些太阳之子！它让你们  
守卫自由的旗帜，  
在硫黄的烟雾中盘旋，  
守护战场上的硝烟，  
向远处它反射的光辉致意，  
就像战场密布的乌云上的彩虹，  
胜利的信使！

勇敢的旗帜！折叠起来，终将迎风飘扬，

希望和胜利的信号！  
当说到发信号的喇叭声，  
一长排一齐吹响，  
生命的鲜血，温热而湿漉漉，  
闪亮的刺刀已经模糊，  
每位士兵的眼睛麻利地一起转向  
你天生的荣耀迸发的地方，  
随着他轻快地脚步向前，  
从他的眼神中捕捉到战争和复仇的光芒。  
当大炮突出火舌发出隆隆巨响  
在战场的裹尸布中更显眼的是野花做成的花圈，  
沾满血污的军刀高举又落下，  
就像午夜棺罩上的火苗，  
你那流星般的一瞥烁烁放光，  
抖缩的敌人纷纷倒下  
每个勇士的胳膊，击中下面  
死神可爱的信使。

大海的旗帜，在波浪上  
你的群星闪烁着勇敢；  
当死神御风而至，  
船帆撑满，  
在船舷卷回之前  
骇浪狂野地回滚，  
大海上每位奄奄一息的游魂  
马上仰望天际和你，  
微笑地看着你绚丽的光芒  
为他即将合上的双眸带来胜利的喜悦。

无拘无束的心里那象征希望和家的旗帜啊，  
通过天使的手将英勇传给你们，  
你的群星点亮了苍穹，  
天上出现你所有的华彩。

永远飘扬的是战舰的旗帜！

在与敌人浴血，却在我们面前倒下的地方

自由的土地就在我们脚下，

自由的旗帜能在我们面前飘扬吗？

LESSON 21

IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT

欠债讽诵

Debt is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

Society is composed of two classes, debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!"—and "the unfortunate debtor!" On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, unless he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts, that he begins to be compassionated.

A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being; his movements are of concern; he can not disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of promissory note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him,—wonder and conjecture whether he will pay. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him. His door is thronged with duns. He is inquired after every hour of the day. Judges hear of him and know him. Every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare his notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor,—of the man who has nothing but claims on the world; a landlord, or fundholder, or some such disagreeable, hard character.

The man who pays his way is unknown in his neighborhood. You ask the milkman at his door, and he can not tell his name. You ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you he knows no such name, for it is not in his books. You shall ask the baker, and he will tell you there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets, have no thought of his person or appellation. His house only is known. No. 31 is good pay. No. 31 is ready money. Not a scrap of paper is ever made out for No. 31. It is an anonymous house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows anything about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away. If a package be removed from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour, single man, with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment, with musty deeds about him, and an iron safe, as impenetrable as his heart, grabbing together what he does not enjoy, and what there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility, and suffering without a fault. The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that he should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive, in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to conceive that his creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied, and that he must do to others as others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

People idly fancy that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale. Save a shilling and you lay it by for a thief. The prudent men are the men that live beyond their means. Happen what may, they are safe. They have taken time by the forelock. They have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool, with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment, which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a panic. See who are the fools then. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, "There is a stupid fellow who fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand dollars in bank." The history of

the last ten years has taught the moral, “spend and regale.” Whatever is laid up beyond the present hour, is put in jeopardy. There is no certainty but in instant enjoyment. Look at schoolboys sharing a plum cake. The knowing ones eat, as for a race; but a stupid fellow saves his portion; just nibbles a bit, and “keeps the rest for another time.” Most provident blockhead! The others, when they have gobbled up their shares, set upon him, plunder him, and thrash him for crying out.

Before the terms “depreciation,” “suspension,” and “going into liquidation,” were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of “laying up;” but now it denotes the darkest blindness. The prudent men of the present time, are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debtor party acquiring daily new strength, everyone is in haste to get into the favored class. In any case, the debtor is safe. He has put his enjoyments behind him; they are safe; no turns of fortune can disturb them. The substance he has eaten up, is irrecoverable. The future can not trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend. He has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him. He has tricked fortune; and his creditors—bah! who feels for creditors? What are creditors? Landlords; a pitiless and unpitiable tribe; all griping extortioners! What would become of the world of debtors, if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class?

## 【中文阅读】

在古代的风俗习惯中，债是非常高级的东西。人类在历史上第一笔欠债，就是对大自然欠下的，人类的第一天性就是拖到最后一刻才还债。不妨观察一下，许多人都遵循这一自然程序，还没有还债就撒手人寰了。

社会是由两个阶层构成的，借主和债主。债主阶层被错误地认为更令人称羨。再也没有比这更大的误解了。人们保有这种观念是对错误固执己见的生动例子，尽管经验是最朴素的教训。人们对借主抱有悲悯之心，谈到他时都是一副亲切和同情的神情——“可怜的借主！”，还有“不幸的借主！”另一方面，“冷酷”和“铁石心肠”这些词语则一股脑安到债主头上。谁听到有人说过“可怜的债主”和“不幸的债主”？没有，债主从来不会成为悲悯的目标，除非他沦落到借主阶层。一位债主也许会被可怜的借主给毁掉，除非他连自己的债务也无力偿还了，他开始受

人同情了，否则是不会的。

借主是带某种标志的一类人。许多双眼睛都盯着他呢，许多人都对他的安康感兴趣，他的日常活动受到人们关注；他不会销声匿迹，他的名字在很长时间里都挂在人们嘴边上。他的名字出现在许多账本上，他成了引人注目的人——对约定的关注；在许多人心里，他成了猜测的对象。人们对他妄加揣测，对他颇为好奇——好奇和揣测他是否会还债。他是事关重大的一类人，许多人在追逐他。他家被踏破门槛，每天无时无刻不受到询问。法官听说过他的大名，也了解他的情况。他吃的每餐，穿的每件衣服，他借的每块钱，在这个国家每个地方现身，都有正式的档案记录。不妨拿他的声名狼藉与债主的籍籍无名进行对比——债主在这个世界上除了讨债以外别无他事，一个地主或者放贷者，尽管很令人讨厌，尽管是个铁石心肠的角色。

这种按自己的方式挣钱的人，连邻居都不熟悉他。你问站在他家门口送奶的人，恐怕都说不出他的名字。你要是问屠户债主先生住在哪儿，他会告诉你说他认识的人里没有人叫这个名字，因为他的账本上没这个名字。你要是问面包师的话，他会告诉你说他的邻居里根本就没有这样的人。向他借钱的人很快就把钱揣进口袋里，不会对他这个人或正式名号多想。唯一知道的就是他家住在哪里，31号门牌是借钱的去处，31号门牌是能借到钱的地方。没有一片纸上面记着31号。这是一幢大隐于市的房舍。它的主人谋世之道在于默默无闻。没有人了解他的情况，或者注意他的行踪。如果他家门口停着一辆马车，除非他驱车飞一样地跑掉，否则邻居是不会很在意的。倘若从他家里搬出行李，不会有人雇用几个小伙子盯着这些家什是否搬到当铺老板那儿。债主先生在大众心里没有什么位置，没有人对他抱以希望或者害怕他。

债主在人们的想象中始终扮演一个坏脾气的角色，孤家寡人，一头灰白的头发，总是闷闷不乐和专横霸道的样子，住在一间光线幽暗的房子里，生活乏味，守着一个铁柜，就像他的心一样无法一窥究竟，将他未必喜欢以及和他有关联的人也不高兴的东西放在一起。另一方面，借主在人们心中始终是一副一位妻子领着六个头发稀疏的女儿的形象，维系着她们的是爱和悲惨的生活，非常敏感，不容自己犯错。毋庸置疑，债主就像没有德性的窃贼。他无妻无子，没有人认为他应该有别的谋生手段。人们认为他坚持说自己必须得利，这样才能支付各种生活费用，这种做法是残忍的。无法想象人们竟然认为他的债主已经要求他务必让他获得满足，他对别人的做法必须像其他人对待他那样。债主是敲诈勒索的化身，他始终在索取，而不是给

予。

人们愚蠢地猜想拥有财富是可取的。多么盲目啊！这不过是花钱和逗人取乐的游戏罢了。节约每一个先令，结果是为窃贼准备的礼物。审慎的人都是生活依据自己的需要。不管发生什么事情，他们都能渡过难关。他们会提前做好准备。他们已经预感到财富会降临到他们头上。“富裕的傻瓜，库里藏金。”这句老话只不过是用来告诫自己不要高兴过头而已，以备别人夺走了自己的钱财。瞧啊，这些人生活在恐惧之中，不难发现谁才是真正的傻瓜。你或许会说，你是根据他们拉长的脸而加以揣测的，当一个人脸上挂着因忧虑过度而陷于极度痛苦中的神情时，“有一个愚蠢的家伙幻想自己变得富有了，因为他在银行里存了50000美元。”最近十年来这种故事已经让我们明白了“花钱和逗人取乐”的寓意。一个人在活着时不论怎么储蓄，都是危险的。除了能给自己带来愉悦以外，没有多少确定性。观察一下眼睛盯着葡萄干糕饼的学童，就会明白其中的道理。聪明的孩子会像比赛一样快速吃掉糕饼，而愚蠢的孩子则节省着吃，只是咬一小口，“留起来下次再吃。”多么节俭的笨蛋啊！当其他孩子已经狼吞虎咽地吃下自己那份后，就会想办法吃他那份，抢他的，把他打得直哭。

在听到“贬值”、“中止借贷”和“进行清偿”这些术语之前，储蓄的话或许还有一些理由，但是现在储蓄意味着最盲目。在现阶段，借债的人倒成了审慎和富有远见的人了。这个趋势就是债主向借主割肉，而借主一方需要的是注入新的活力，每个人都急于迈入受到眷顾的阶层。无论如何，借主是安全的。他暗自窃喜，他们是安全的。没有任何财富轮转能扰乱他们。他搞垮的东西已经无可挽救了，未来不会困扰他的过去，他没有什么好担心的。财富已经比预期的让他受益更多了，他已经欺骗了财富，当然还有他的债主——呸！有谁会为债主鸣冤叫屈呢？债主都是些什么人？地主啊，冷酷和不值得怜悯的一类人；所有应该抓起来的勒索者！如果不对这个贪婪的阶层悄悄地进军的话，那么借主的世界会变成什么样子呢？



# LESSON 22

## THE THREE WARNINGS

### 三个警告

Hester Lynch Thrale. 1739—1821, owes her celebrity almost wholly to her long intimacy with Dr. Samuel Johnson. This continued for twenty years, during which Johnson spent much time in her family. She was born in Caernarvonshire, Wales; her first husband was a wealthy brewer, by whom she had several children. In 1784, she married an Italian teacher of music named Piozzi. Her writings are quite numerous; the best known of her books is the “Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson;” but nothing she ever wrote is so well known as the “Three Warnings.”

The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;  
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dodson's wedding day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room;  
And looking grave, “You must,” says he,  
“Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”  
“With you! and quit my Susan's side?  
With you!” the hapless bridegroom cried:  
“Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared.”

What more he urged, I have not heard;  
His reasons could not well be stronger:  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,

And left to live a little longer.  
Yet, calling up a serious look,  
His hourglass trembled while he spoke:  
“Neighbor,” he said, “farewell! no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have  
Before you’re summoned to the grave;  
Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve;  
In hopes you’ll have no more to say,  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well pleased the world will leave.”  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,  
It boots not that the Muse should tell;  
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of Death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He passed his hours in peace.  
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,  
While thus along life’s dusty road,  
The beaten track, content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half-killed with wonder and surprise,  
“So soon returned!” old Dodson cries.  
“So *soon* d’ ye call it?” Death replies:

“Surely! my friend, you’re but in jest;  
Since I was here before,  
’T is six and thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore.”  
“So much the worse!” the clown rejoined;  
“To spare the aged would be kind:  
Besides, you promised me three warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings!”  
“I know,” cries Death, “that at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But do n’t be captious, friend; at least,  
I little thought that you’d be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length,  
Yet still you seem to have your strength.”

“Hold!” says the farmer, “not so fast!  
I have been lame, these four years past.”  
“And no great wonder,” Death replies,  
“However, you still keep your eyes;  
And surely, sir, to see one’s friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends.”  
“Perhaps,” says Dodson, “so it might,  
But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”  
“This is a shocking story, faith;  
But there’s some comfort still,” says Death;  
“Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news.”  
“There’s none,” cries he, “and if there were,  
I’ve grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

“Nay, then,” the specter stern rejoined,  
“These are unpardonable yearnings;  
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You’ve had your three sufficient warnings,  
So, come along; no more we’ll part.”  
He said, and touched him with his dart:  
And now old Dodson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

人们发现根最深的那棵树  
最不情愿的就是离开那块土地；  
这是古代智者说的话，  
对生活的爱与日俱增  
以至于在我们今后的人生舞台上，  
当痛苦加深，疾病肆虐时，  
愈发显出对生活的挚爱。  
我们相信存在这种大爱，  
所有人都承认，但很少有人认识到，  
如果旧有的断言无法将人说服，  
那就欣然聆听一个同时代的故事吧。

体育场坐满了人，所有人都那么快乐，  
在邻居多德森大婚那天，  
死神悄然闯入欢乐的新房  
将他叫到另一个房间；  
“你必须，”他目光悲戚地说，  
“离开你可爱的新娘，随我而去。”  
“跟你走！撇下我的苏珊？”  
“跟你走！”无助的新郎喊道：  
“同我一样年轻，这是魔鬼的铁石心肠！  
而且，说实话，我没有任何准备。”

他又说了些什么，我没听到；  
他的理由不那么有说服力；  
于是死神饶恕了这个可怜的有过失的人，  
让他再苟延残喘几时。  
然而，他回忆起那严肃的目光，  
在说话时他的沙漏颤抖个不停：  
“邻居，”他说，“再见，死神  
不会再来打扰你愉快的时光了；  
再者，为了避免对我名声  
所有残忍的指责，

给你时间做准备，  
好在将来收你上天堂，  
在召你进坟墓前，  
有三个警告要告诉你；  
之所以答应暂缓  
是希望你毫无怨言，  
但是当我再来唤你时，  
希望你高高兴兴于这个世界别过。”  
待你对这些都满意，  
就会心满意足地永诀。

接下来，我们故事中的英雄，  
活了很久，非常明智又快活，  
连诗神缪斯也无法形容；  
他耕种，他买卖，  
没有察觉到自己渐渐老去，  
也没想到死神就在近旁；  
他的朋友没有过错，他的妻子也体贴温柔，  
他挣得很多，可孩子花得很少，  
他在平静祥和中度日。  
但是，当他发现自己的财富累增，  
就这样沿着生活那条坎坷路，  
精疲力竭地前行，他对自己的跋涉心满又意足，  
不再匆忙的时间老人，  
没有召唤，没有留意，也没有意识到，  
他一晃就到了八十岁。

此时，一天晚上，他陷入沉思，  
对眼下的一切没有不满足，  
命运女神的使者不期而至  
就在他面前站立。  
他奇怪和惊讶得要死，  
“这么快就回来了！”老道德森喊道。

“这么快你就忘了？”死神答道：

“当然没有！我的朋友，你语带讥讽；  
自从我以前来这儿，  
已经至少三十六年了，  
你现在正好八十岁。”

“过得越久越糟糕！”这个小丑反驳说；

“上了年纪人会达观：

另外，你向我承诺过三个警告！

我旦夕间都希望得到答案！”

“我知道，”死神咆哮道，“能那样当然最好，  
很少有人把我当成受欢迎的客人；  
但别强词夺理，朋友；至少，  
我根本没想过你能  
逃出你的农场和马厩；  
你的寿命已经很长，  
看来你似乎还有体力。”

“住嘴！”农夫说，“不会那么快！

过去四年，我已经跛脚。”

“这没什么好奇怪的，”死神反唇相讥，

“可是，你的眼神还不赖，  
一眼就能把别人的朋友认出，  
胳膊腿的毛病还能养好嘛。”

“也许吧，”道德森说，“也许会的，  
可是后来我看不见东西了。”

“这是个令人震惊的故事，信哉；  
可是还有令人安慰的事情呢，”死神说；

“你的悲哀听上去都像笑谈；  
我保证你听到所有的消息了。”

“不是全部，”他喊道，“如果还有的话，  
我宁愿自己是聋子，我不想听。”

“不，那么”鬼魂强硬地反驳，

“这是无法原谅的渴望；  
如果你瘸了，聋了，盲了，  
你就明白这三个警告了，  
跟我走吧，我们不再分开了。”  
他说，用飞镖碰碰他；  
老道德森脸色惨白，  
向命运屈服了——我的故事也完了。

## LESSON 23

# THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS

## 怀念先辈

Lyman Beecher, 1775-1863, a famous congregational minister of New England, was born in New Haven, graduated from Yale College in 1797, and studied theology with Dr. Timothy Dwight. His first settlement was at East Hampton, L. I., at a salary of three hundred dollars per year. He was pastor of the church in Litchfield, Ct., from 1810 till 1826, when he removed to Boston, and took charge of the Hanover Street Church. In the religious controversies of the time, Dr. Beecher was one of the most prominent characters. From 1832 to 1842, he was President of Lane Theological Seminary, in the suburbs of Cincinnati. He then returned to Boston, where he spent most of the closing years of his long and active life. His death occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y. As a theologian, preacher, and advocate of education, temperance, and missions, Dr. Beecher occupied a very prominent place for nearly half a century. He left a large family of sons and two daughters, who are well known as among the most eminent preachers and authors in America.

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections, the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of policy demand this. And surely no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for gratulation in that respect; for while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men, by Christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning and of preeminent wisdom, of decision of character, and of most inflexible integrity. And yet not unfrequently they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates and lets loose upon their institutions, the vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our father shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? "The memory of our fathers" should be the watchword of liberty throughout the land; for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national suicide.

The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriotism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed



where their doctrines have been most prevalent, it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection.

The persecutions instituted by our fathers have been the occasion of ceaseless obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly, it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude, that sometimes they did persecute. But let him whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty, cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Theirs was the fault of the age, and it will be easy to show that no class of men had, at that time, approximated so nearly to just apprehensions of religious liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted for the more just and definite views which now prevail.

The superstition and bigotry of our fathers are themes on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition, if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell. But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world, compared with the condition of New England, we may justly exclaim, “Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations had been not only almost, but altogether such bigots as our fathers were.”

## 【中文阅读】

我们响应上帝的召唤，向我们的先辈致以崇高的敬意和深切的缅怀。不论是亲情的纽带还是上天的神旨，都要求我们这样做。可以确信的是，没有哪个国家曾经为它的祖先感到羞耻，更多的是表示敬意中获得满足。由于绝大多数国家的历史都可以追溯到野蛮人，我们国家是由文明人，是由基督徒建立起来的。其中许多人都出身于受人尊敬的家庭，都是有影响力的天才人士，都是伟大的学者，拥有卓越的智慧和决断力，而且拥有不可动摇的正直品质。不同寻常的是，人们认为他们拥有完美无缺的美德；与此同时，在颇具讽刺意味的趣闻轶事里，他们的过错和愚蠢行为被刻意看做是不朽的。

这样对待我们的先辈所产生的影响显而易见。创建制度然后放任其发展，创新和推翻都带有野蛮人的印记，在对先辈的怀念已经证明是可鄙的之后，谁还会珍视和维护他们的制度呢？“对我们先辈的怀念”应该是整个这块土地上打出的自由的口号，尽管他们并不完美，而之前的世界并没有见到与他们相类的人，我们担心今后也不会见到这样的人。道德上这样完美的模范，这样孜孜追求国家和宗教自由的传道先驱，那些以赞许和鄙夷的神情看待他们先辈的杰出人士的内心留下这样的阴影，不论他们遵守还是抛弃美德，建立属下审查制度只是为了做给上帝看。嘲笑先辈就意味着这个国家在自杀。

我们先辈的信条以蒙昧、迷信、纯朴和非理性为特征，具有一种淫乱倾向。但是，当其他制度导致能够为之献身的虔敬，纯粹的道德伦理，公正的爱国主义，快乐的社会形态时——这是他们的制度所能取得的最普遍的结果，也许就反对的理由寻求答案就有其合理性了。

从我们先辈开始的迫害使他们的名誉蒙受无休止的诽谤。真实的情形是，这是一个重大错误，他们有时确实在迫害。但是，让那个祖先的罪恶并不比他多十倍的人向他的祖先投掷第一块石头，我们先辈的灵魂就不再感到不安了。他们的过错是所处的时代造成的，很容易举出实例说明当时没有这类人，只是近乎对宗教自由的担心；对他们而言，这个世界现在享受先辈的恩惠越多，这种普遍的观点就越确定。

我们先辈的迷信和偏执是他们某些后辈讨论的主题，这些后辈本身就足够迷信，如果不是偏执的话，他们对此心安理得。但是，当我们把眼界放宽，审视当时世界的情形，并与新英格兰的处境进行比较，我们也许会公平地高声喊出，“既然上帝保佑所有民族的祖先，那么对我们的先辈抱如此偏见的人也会得到原谅的。”

# LESSON 24

## SHORT SELECTIONS IN PROSE

### 散文选篇

#### I. DRYDEN AND POPE.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, more certainty in that of Pope. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is the velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller. If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If, of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

*(Samuel Johnson)*

#### II. LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! against whom? Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate; but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people, who received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes; you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor.

Pizarro, hear me! Hear me, chieftains! And thou, All-powerful! whose thunder can shiver into

sand the adamantine rock, whose lightnings can pierce the core of the riven and quaking earth, oh let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy Spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains,—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race. But hush, my sighs! fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow! heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance.

*(E. B. Sheridan)*

### III. ACTION AND REPOSE.

John Ruskin, 1819—, is a distinguished English art critic and author. From 1869 to 1884, he was Professor of the Fine Arts at Oxford University. His writings are very numerous, and are noted for their eloquent and brilliant style.

About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are tempest-tossed and thunderstricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and are plowed into the dust.

### IV. TIME AND CHANGE.

**Sir Humphry Davy, 1778-1829, was an eminent chemist of England. He made many important chemical discoveries, and was the inventor of the miner's safety lamp.**

Time is almost a human word, and Change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature, we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures: even when they are destroyed so as to produce only dust, Nature asserts her empire over them; and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, in a period of annual successions, by the labors of man—providing food, vitality, and beauty—upon the wrecks of monuments which were raised for the purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

### V. THE POET.

**William Ellery Channing, 1780-1842, was a distinguished clergyman and orator. He took a leading part in the public affairs of his day, and wrote and lectured eloquently on several topics.**

It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well, for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

## VI. MOUNTAINS.

**William Howitt, 1795-1879, was an English author. He published many books, and was associated with his wife, Mary Howitt, in the publication of many others.**

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiriting are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 德莱登和蒲伯

德莱登对人的了解更多地着眼于普遍性，而蒲伯则基于地域特征。德莱登的观念源于综合推断，而蒲伯的观念成因于细微的观察。德莱登的认识体系更严谨，要比蒲伯的认识带有更多的确定性。德莱登的风格变幻莫测，富于变化，而蒲伯的则小心谨慎，趋于单一。德莱登恪守自己内心的活动，而蒲伯则将内心活动置于自己的创作原则之下。德莱登的文章就像一块未经开垦过的土地，不注重着墨均匀，多姿多彩，变幻万千。蒲伯的文章就像天鹅绒般平整的草地，用镰刀都修整过了，滚压机在上面碾压得非常平坦。如果说德莱登能飞得更高的话，那么蒲伯更注重的是翅膀能扑扇得更久。如果说德莱登的文章绽放出的火焰更明亮的话，那么蒲伯的文章所散发出的炽热更有规律、更持久。德莱登经常能超出人们的预期，而蒲伯从未让读者失望过。读德莱登的文章，人们经常脸上现出惊愕，读蒲伯的文章人们永远如沐春风。

(塞缪尔·约翰逊)

## 2.拉斯·卡萨斯劝人们免战

对你的残忍程度那可怕的衡量还没有完吗？去战斗吧！跟谁作战呢？跟国王啊，你那残忍的刑讯还没有激起仇恨，可是那些受到伤害或者侥幸逃脱的人们，还在祈求安宁。跟自从造物主给予生命，从未犯过过错的人吗？还是跟非常热情地把你当成贵客招待，让你马上就有久逢知己之感的人呢？他们慷慨和随便与你分享令他们倍感安慰的事情、他们的财富和他们的家庭，而你则拿欺诈、压制和侮辱来回报他们。

皮萨罗，你听我说！听我说，酋长！你无所不能！谁的雷声能令沙子躲进金刚石里，谁的闪电能钻进裂开和摇晃的大地，直抵地心？在你的精神赋予他的意志以勇气时，让你无所不在的力量来影响你奴仆们的话语吧！我求你了，不要啊，酋长——千万不要，我求你，改掉你令人不快的野蛮习气，你永不知足的贪婪强加给这个讨厌但无害的种族的坏习气。且慢，我的天！不要流露出无益的悲哀！令人心碎的极度痛苦不会令我的言语窒息。

(E·B·谢里丹)

## 3.活动和休憩

在人类的生命长河里，始终存在一股凛冽的风，尽管苍穹阳光明媚。彩虹在摇动中变换着色彩，冰霜凝住了它的安宁。我们要明白，我们的休憩不会像石头那样一动不动，只要它们能够忍受暴风雨的肆虐和雷电的鞭打，仍然不失其庄严。但是，当小溪静谧，风暴过后，草就会蔓延而至，覆盖在它们身上，耕犁所至皆为尘土。

## 4.时间和改变

有一个人类差不多天天挂在嘴边上的字眼，改变完全是人类的主观想法。在自然界，我们说得更多的是进步，而不是改变。太阳似乎湮没于大海黑暗的尽端，但却升起于另一个半球。一座城市尽成废墟，但是通常会形成更为壮观的建筑景象。甚至当这些建筑被摧毁时，只不过化为尘土而已。大自然声称它的帝国必须覆盖在这些建筑之上，而年景交替之间，在人们辛勤劳作之下，绿色植物世界永远焕发生机——提供食物、生机和美景——在这些纪念物的残垣断壁上，为了荣耀的目的而茁壮成长，但是现在这些建筑物则被用于公益事业。

## 5. 诗人

诗人渲染并不存在的生活，这个说法并不确切。在某种程度上，诗人只是提炼并专注于生活的虚幻缥缈的精神本质，阻止并凝聚其容易挥发的芳香，将分散的美结合成一个整体，延长其带给人们的转瞬即逝的快乐，使其焕发出更精美的一面。在这方面，诗人做得恰到好处。因为切实感受生活并非全都被对生计的担心和生理上的满足霸占了，这是很好的体验。但是必须承认，相对来说对生计的担心和生理上的满足的蔑视也许被无限放大了，情感和愉悦仍然是较高层次的精神实在。

## 6.崇山峻岭

有一种魅力与山联在一起，崇山峻岭如此摄人心魄，以至于哪怕是略一提及，哪怕对其巍峨的面貌最细小的描述，都会激发人们的想象，并马上将这种情绪传导到他们内心被迷惑住的心房。人们的内心何以被孤独塞满的啊！内心的目光又是怎样被山之静谧、崇高和永恒的峰顶震慑住了！我们的心灵如何与它们孤独的呐喊那雄浑的乐声，与小溪潺潺的悦耳声音，

与山间大瀑布的隆隆声连在一起！从高地草场，从岩石上长的鲜花，从生长多年庄严肃穆的松柏传来的味道真沁人心脾啊！这些向外投射的那些光影多美啊，散到山谷和斜坡上的透明的雾霭，这一切就像一幅巨大的无法仿效的画儿一样！



## THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

## 快活的老先生

George Arnold, 1834—1865, was born in New York City. He never attended school, but was educated at home, by his parents. His literary career occupied a period of about twelve years. In this time he wrote stories, essays, criticisms in art and literature, poems, sketches, etc., for several periodicals. Two volumes of his poems have been published since his death.

'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
“Let us be happy down here below;  
The living should live, though the dead be dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,  
Reading, and writing, and history too;  
He took the little ones on his knee,  
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,  
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.  
“Learn while you’re young,” he often said,  
“There is much to enjoy down here below;  
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,  
Speaking only in gentlest tones;  
The rod was scarcely known in his school—  
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,  
And too hard work for his poor old bones;  
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:  
“We should make life pleasant down here below—

The living need charity more than the dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,  
With roses and woodbine over the door;  
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,  
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,  
And made him forget he was old and poor.  
“I need so little,” he often said;  
“And my friends and relatives here below  
Won’t litigate over me when I am dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times he had of all,  
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,  
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor’s wall,  
Making an unceremonious call,  
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:  
This was the finest pleasure, he said,  
Of the many he tasted here below:  
“Who has no cronies had better be dead,”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue’s wrinkled face  
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;  
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,  
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,  
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.  
“I’m a pretty old man,” he gently said,  
“I’ve lingered a long time here below;  
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!”  
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air  
Every night, when the sun went down;  
And the soft wind played in his silvery hair,  
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,  
On the jolly old pedagogue’s jolly old crown;  
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:  
“ ’T is a glorious world down here below;  
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?”  
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,  
After the sun had sunk in the west,  
And the lingering beams of golden light  
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,  
While the odorous night winds whispered, "Rest!"  
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;  
There were angels waiting for him, I know;  
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,  
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

## 【中文阅读】

很久以前，他是一位快活的老先生，  
个子高高又纤瘦，脸色蜡黄又干枯；  
弯腰弓背，步履蹒跚，  
稀疏的长发白如雪，  
可他眼睛闪耀奇异的光芒：  
唱歌到很晚才上床，  
“我们就在高高兴兴安眠吧；  
活着的终究要活着，该死的终究要死，”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

他教给学生三条法则，  
读书，写东西和历史；  
他把最小的孩子抱在膝上，  
他的胸膛里有一颗善良的心，  
他知道最小的孩子需要什么。  
“少壮要读书，”他常说，  
“死了倒是能享受更多的快乐；  
生活是给活着人的，其余的才留给死人！”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

对最懒惰的孩子，他既和善又严肃，  
连说话都那么温柔；

在他的学堂没人晓得棍棒——  
对他来说鞭答是野蛮人的规则，  
他那把老骨头也打不了人；  
况且这是痛苦的，他有时说：  
“我们应该让那里的生活充满欢乐——  
活人对仁慈的需要更甚于死人，”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

他住在山楂树巷的一幢房子里，  
门口掩映玫瑰和忍冬；  
他的房间静谧，整洁又简朴，  
但充满温馨和惬意，  
他简直忘了自己年事已高又贫穷。  
“我无所求，”他常说。  
“我死时，我的朋友和亲戚在阴间  
不会起诉我的。”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

他的全部快活的时光  
就是那几小时与人交流的时间，  
他的椅子向后抵着邻家的墙，  
随意叫人给他拿来  
烟斗和花镜  
这是最纯粹的快乐，他说，  
他在那里已经尝试很多回了：  
“没有朋友的人生不如死，”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

这个欢快的老先生那张闪闪发光的脸  
绽出愉快的微笑；  
他扶了一下花镜，姿势那般优雅，  
咯咯一笑，呷了一口茶，像孩子般天真无邪地说着什么，  
直到整幢房子从地窖到瓦片都透着欢乐。

“我真的老了，”他轻声说，  
“我在阴间门口已经徘徊很久了；  
可我的心是年轻的，要是我的青春能再来的话！”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

在温暖的氛围里，他吸着烟斗  
每个晚上，当太阳落下  
微风轻抚他那满头银发，  
留下最温柔的吻，  
在这个欢快的老先生那欢快的头上；  
觉察到那轻吻，他微笑道：  
“下界是令人快乐的世界；  
为什么到死都等待幸福？”  
很久以前，这个欢快的老先生说。

一个仲夏夜，斜阳西下后，  
他坐在门口，  
金色余晖徜徉，  
他那张和蔼的老脸愈发温和明亮，  
香风低语，“休息吧！”  
轻轻的，他低下头；  
我知道天使来接他；  
他肯定沐浴在幸福中，不管活着还是撒手人寰，  
很久以前，有位欢快的老先生。

## THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR

## 教师 and 生病的学者

Shortly after the schoolmaster had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and, stopping there to make a rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly dog's-eared, upon his knees, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable capacity of totally abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then one with a flaxen poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but gray, and ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the schoolmaster.

At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs, on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the schoolmaster, and whispered to his idle neighbor, behind his hand.

Then began the hum of conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din, sat the poor schoolmaster, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with impunity, waxed louder and more daring; playing “odd or even” under the master’s eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other in sport or malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson “off the book,” looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master’s elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master did chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but the instant he relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one’s back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its brightness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more quiet time; for the master would come and

look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no grimaces for full two minutes afterward.

"I think, boys," said the schoolmaster, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half holiday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the schoolmaster, "that you'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you'll go away first, out of the village, I mean. I'm sure you wouldn't disturb your old playmate and companion."

There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys) in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray do n't forget, there's my dear scholars," said the schoolmaster, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and do n't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all."

"Thank 'ee, sir," and "Good-by, sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining and there were birds singing, as the sun only shines and the birds only sing on holidays and half holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb, and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop,



the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. “ ’T is natural, thank Heaven!” said the poor schoolmaster, looking after them, “I am very glad they did n’t mind me.”

Toward night, the schoolmaster walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. “O dame!” said the schoolmaster, drawing near her chair, “is it so bad as this?” Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the schoolmaster immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and, stooping over the pillow whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. “I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows,” said the poor schoolmaster. “You remember my garden, Henry?” whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for dullness seemed gathering upon the child, “and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won’t you?”

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend’s gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them,—no, not a sound. In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices, borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. “What’s that?” said the sick child, opening his eyes. “The boys at play, upon the green.” He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. “Shall I do it?” said the schoolmaster. “Please wave it at the window,” was the faint reply. “Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they’ll think of me, and look this way.”

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and

book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poor schoolmaster sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

*From "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Dickens.*

## 【中文阅读】

老师安排好各年级的座位，在讲台后面的椅子上刚一落座，只见一位脸上晒得黝黑，长着一头淡黄色头发的小男孩闪身出现在门口。他停下脚步，土里土气地鞠了一躬后走进来，找到自己年级的座位坐了下来。他拿出一本没有封皮的书放在膝盖上，令人惊讶的是书的页脚折了起来，之后他两手插进衣袋，开始数里面装的弹子；他把玩着，脸上现出与他的眼神迥然不同的神情。

不一会儿，另一位长着一头淡黄头发的小孩也晃晃悠悠地走进教室，跟在他后面的是一位留着一头红发的小女孩，之后进来的孩子手里提着一只淡黄色投票箱。大约十二个男孩子按照所属年级陆续坐好，这些孩子头发的颜色除了灰色以外，什么颜色都有，按顺序排列年龄从四岁到十四岁，最小的孩子坐下时双腿与地板隔了很大一块距离；年龄最大的是个块头很大，性情颇为温和的孩子，要比老师足足高出半头。

在一年级座位的把头——学校的荣誉座位——是专为生病的小学者留的空座位；在高年级那一排座位的把头，坐的是那些戴帽子或习惯戴软帽的孩子，其中有一个没戴帽子。没有哪个孩子企图冒犯座位或顺序的神圣，不过其中有个孩子偷偷瞧着老师，跟身后相邻闲得无聊的孩子耳语着什么。

接下来，学生们开始上课，嗡嗡地背诵课文，有的在小声开玩笑和偷偷玩游戏，嘈杂声和拖长语调读课文的声音交织在一起。这位可怜的老师置身于嘈杂的声音中间，徒劳地竭力聚精会神，尽自己的本分，强迫自己忘掉那位生病的小朋友。但是，教室里单调乏味的气氛令他禁不住更加想念那位专注的小学者，他的思绪早已离开眼前这些学生——脑海里一片空白。

这些最懒惰的孩子当然会钻空子，他们晓得老师不惩罚他们而愈发胆大妄为，大声说话，在老师眼皮底下玩“猜单双游戏”；旁若无人地吃苹果，而不会受到申斥；互相之间推推搡搡，恶意嬉闹，连最起码的防护措施也没有；在老师书桌的桌腿上刻上每个学生名字的第一个字母。那个令老师伤透脑筋的笨家伙站在书桌旁说，上他的课根本不用“看书”，他不再因为忘了词儿盯着天花板，而是凑到老师眼皮底下，胆大包天地盯着那一页。这个小调皮鬼斜着眼睛做出种种怪相（当然冲着年龄最小的男孩子），他的面前没有书本遮着，观众大表赞成，乐不可支。要是老师猛然醒悟过来，觉察到他们在做什么的话，嘈杂声便立刻沉下去，他所碰到的目光全都流露出一种很用功和十分谦逊的神情。但是，待他一恢复原状，嘈杂声又重新爆起，比以前高了十倍。

啊，这些懒家伙多想溜到外面去啊！他们心急如焚地注视着敞开着的门窗，仿佛他们在盘算猛然冲出去，跑到树林子里，从此就会变成野孩子和野蛮人似的。一想到那清凉的河水，还有垂到水面上的细柳底荫能洗澡的大池子，他们便心猿意马了。那个强壮的男孩子更是心急难耐，他的衬衫领扣敞开着，好像马上就要脱掉的样子，坐在那里不停地用一本拼音读本扇着涨红的脸，心想自己要是能变成一条鲸鱼多好啊，哪怕是一条小鱼也好啊，一只苍蝇也行，不论什么都好，只要不是待在学校里动也动不了，忍受酷暑的煎熬。

天儿太热了！这可以问问那个坐在门口的学生，他的座位离门口最近，使他有溜到花园去，待他把脸浸到盛满井水的桶里，然后在草地上舒舒服服打个滚儿回来，简直快把他的伙伴们气得发疯了。这么热的天，甚至连蜜蜂都要飞到花蕊里藏起来，好像它们决定退休，都不再做酿蜜的工作了。这样的天气人注定要懒惰倦怠，躺在草地上，仰望天空，直到五彩斑斓刺目的光线强迫他闭上眼睛，昏昏欲睡。蛮不成这是憋闷在太阳不愿意光顾的黑屋子里，苦读乏味的书本的时候吗？简直荒唐透顶！

上完正课，写字时间开始了。这是更加寂静难耐的时刻。教师走来走去，他常常来到写字

者的背后端详着，然后温和地告诉他，要看看那张字母表笔画是如何下笔的，这张字母表是那个生病的学生临摹的，作为范本挂在墙上。然后他停下脚步告诉他们，昨天晚上那个生病的孩子说了些什么，他是多么渴望重新和他们一起；可怜的教师那种又温柔又可亲的态度令他们颇为感动，这些孩子似乎懊悔不该让他那么不省心，就这样大家全都安静下来。谁也不吃苹果了，没人再用小刀刻名字了，也不再挤眉弄眼扮鬼脸了，足足持续了两分钟之久。

“我想，孩子们，”教师说，这时钟敲了十二下，“今天下午我要额外放半天假。”听了这个消息，以高个子学生为首的男孩子们，大声喊叫起来，教师似乎在说些什么，可是听不清。然而，在他举起手示意大家保持安静的时候，他们都很配合，待那些气最长的没声音了，教室里便安静下来。“你们首先得答应我”教师说道，“不要再吵闹，就是要吵闹的话，至少得到远远的地方去玩耍，我的意思是你们要到村子外面去。我相信你们不会去惊扰那个和你们在一起玩的伙伴吧。”

大家小声说着（也许是很诚恳的，因为他们毕竟还是孩子）；那个高个子学生，大概也和别的学生一样诚恳，叫那些环绕在他身边的孩子们替他作证，他只不过小声喊来着。“那么就请不要忘记，那才是我喜欢的好学生呢，”他们的先生教师说道，“我对你们说的话，希望你们能做到。你们尽情地玩去吧，但是不要忘记，只有身体健康才最重要，上帝保佑你们平安。同学们，再见！”

“谢谢您，先生”和“再会，先生”，这两句话用不同的声音说了许多遍，然后孩子们轻手轻脚地慢慢走出教室。这时，阳光还是那样明媚，小鸟还在唧唧喳喳地歌唱，仿佛阳光只是在假日才明媚，小鸟只是在假日才放开歌喉似的；树木也向无忧无虑的孩子们招手，要他们爬上去，依偎它们浓密繁茂的枝头；干草堆恳求他们走到近前，在清新纯净的空气将其摊开；绿油油的稻谷温柔地向树林和小溪示意；笼罩着光与影的大地显得更加光滑平整，邀请他们到上面跑、跳或漫步呢，没有人晓得自己要去哪里。既然如此，还有哪个男孩子能够保持矜持，随着一声高喊，这一群人撒腿便跑，向四面八方散开，一边跑还一边叫着，快活地大笑着。“这是再自然不过的事情，感谢上帝！”可怜的教师说，目送着他们走远。“我很高兴他们没把我的话放在心上。”

傍晚时分，教师来到一个农舍前，屋子里面他的那位小朋友卧病在床。教师轻轻地敲了敲

门，门马上就开了。他走进一间屋子，里面一小堆妇女围绕着一个比他们年龄稍长的人，她哭得很惨，坐在椅子上吻她的手，前仰后合地摇动着。“啊，婆婆！”教师说着，走近她的座椅，“怎么糟到这种程度了？”老妇人没有回答，指了指另一个房间，他连忙走了进去。他的那位小朋友半披着衣服，平躺在一张床上。

他是一位十分幼小的男孩——简直就是一个婴儿。头发卷曲地垂在他的脸上，眼睛很明亮，但是那是来自天国的光辉，不是人间所有。教师傍着他的身子坐下，把头低到枕头边上低声唤着他的小名。男孩子一跃而起，用手摸着他的脸，又伸出瘦弱的胳膊抱住他的脖子，喊叫着说，他是他亲爱的、慈祥的朋友。“我希望我永远是。我是要做你的好朋友的，上帝知道”可怜的教师说道，“你记得那花园吧，亨利？”教师低声说，急于要把他唤醒，因为一种沉闷似乎在向他进行包围，“黄昏的时候是多么令人愉快呀！你一定要赶快再去那里看看，我觉得鲜花都因为见不到你而难过，也不及先前那么美丽了。你不久就会来的，亲爱的，不久就会来的，是不是啊”

男孩子有气无力地微笑了——简直柔弱极了——并且把手放在他朋友斑白的头发上面。他的嘴唇也在张动，但是没有说话——不，连声音也没有了。一切随即趋于沉寂，远处的人声随着晚风飘进了敞开着的窗户。“那是什么？”病孩子问道，张开他的眼睛。“孩子们在草地上打球。”他从枕头底下取出一块手巾，想在头上挥舞一下。但是软弱的胳膊没力气地放了下来。“让我来好不好？”教师说。“请你在窗口一挥，”他有气无力地答道，“把它系在窗格子上。他们会有人看见的。也许他们想到我，就会向这面望望。”

他抬起头来，从那飘展的信号望到他那根和石板、书本以及其他玩具一起放在桌子上空闲着的球棒。然后他又轻轻地倒了来问那小女孩子是否还在那里，因为他看不到她。她走向前来，紧握住那只伸在被单外面没有抗拒力量的手。两位老朋友和老伙伴——尽管是一位成人一位小孩，他们确是老朋友呢——拥抱了很长时间，然后那位小学生转过脸对着墙壁，睡着了。

可怜的教师还坐在原来的地方，握着那只又小又冷的手，摩擦着。那只是一只死去的孩子

的手。他感觉到了。但是他还在不停地摩掌，不肯把它放下来。

（选自狄更斯《老古玩店》）

# LESSON 27

## THE SNOW SHOWER

### 洁白的雪

William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1878, was the son of Peter Bryant, a physician of Cummington, Massachusetts. Amid the beautiful scenery of this remote country town, the poet was born; and here he passed his early youth. At the age of sixteen, Bryant entered Williams College, but was honorably dismissed at the end of two years. He then entered on the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He practiced his profession, with much success, for about nine years. In 1826, he removed to New York, and became connected with the "Evening Post," a connection which continued to the time of his death. For more than thirty of the last years of his life, Mr. Bryant made his home near Roslyn, Long Island, where he occupied an "old-time mansion," which he bought, fitted up, and surrounded in accordance with his excellent rural taste. A poem of his, written at the age of ten years, was published in the "County Gazette," and two poems of considerable length were published in book form, when the author was only fourteen. "Thanatopsis," perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but nineteen. But, notwithstanding his precocity, his powers continued to a remarkable age. His excellent translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," together with some of his best poems, were accomplished after the poet had passed the age of seventy. Mr. Bryant visited Europe several times; and, in 1849, he continued his travels into Egypt and Syria. Abroad, he was received with many marks of distinction; and he added much to his extensive knowledge by studying the literature of the countries he visited.

All his poems exhibit a peculiar love, and a careful study, of nature; and his language, both in prose and poetry, is always chaste, elegant, and correct. His mind was well-balanced; and his personal character was one to be admired, loved, and imitated.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,  
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;  
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
And dark and silent the water lies;  
And out of that frozen mist the snow  
In wavering flakes begins to flow;  
Flake after flake  
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come  
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;  
Some hover in air awhile, and some  
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.  
All, dropping swiftly, or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depths below;  
Flake after flake  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow stars, out of the cloud,  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd  
That whiten by night the Milky Way;  
There broader and burlier masses fall;  
The sullen water buries them all,—  
Flake after flake,—  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide  
From their chilly birth cloud, dim and gray.  
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,  
Come clinging along their unsteady way;  
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,  
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;  
Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,  
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,  
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.  
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,  
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;  
Flake after flake  
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;  
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;  
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
Who were for a time, and now are not;  
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
That glisten a moment and then are lost,  
Flake after flake,—  
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;  
A gleam of blue on the water lies;  
And far away, on the mountain side,  
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
But the hurrying host that flew between



The cloud and the water no more is seen;  
Flake after flake  
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

## 【中文阅读】

我请你站在我身旁，转过身来，  
就在温柔的目光下的湖上；  
朵朵云彩高悬，灰暗沉重，  
水面黝黑又平静；  
结成了霜雾的雪  
开始飘落几多；  
一片又一片  
融进黝黑平静的湖里。

多大一群啊，它们从  
雾霭迷蒙遮掩下的云室走出；  
有的在空中盘旋，有的  
像夏日的冰雹从空中坠落。  
全都迅速下落，或者慢慢扶摇，  
相遇，仍旧在下面的深渊里；  
一片又一片  
在黝黑平静的湖上消解。

云朵闪出纤弱的雪白的星星，  
漂浮而来，像精灵一样下落，  
就像从反光的群星坠落的精灵  
夜晚的银河亮如白昼；  
更宽阔和厚重的雪团在坠落；  
阴沉的水面将它们全都埋葬  
一片又一片——  
所有都沉入黝黑平静的湖里。

它们用柔软的翅膀滑翔  
从它们寒冷的云朵，昏暗又朦胧。  
在坠落中抱成一团，一个挨着一个，  
紧紧依附着摇晃的路；  
就像朋友和朋友，丈夫和妻子相扶助，  
在生活的路上手拉着手，  
每一个都结成配偶一样的薄片  
很快坠进黝黑平静的湖上。

看！我们凝视着，就这样倏忽即逝  
雪花片片，直到天空一片白色，  
无数雪花疯狂地追逐着，  
它们冲向自己高高的影霭。  
天空中央这些脆弱的生灵，  
下落的速度何其快，它们的坟墓又挨得那般近；  
一片又一片，  
就飘落在黝黑平静的湖上。

我见你温柔的眼中一滴泪花；  
让我陷入忧伤的沉思；  
你想到朋友，不论好友还是爱人，  
都已成过往，现在已空；  
就像这些云朵和冰霜的孩子，  
光耀一时终化云烟，  
一片又一片——  
所有都消失在黝黑平静的湖里。

再望去，云团已然分开；  
一缕蓝光映在水面上；  
在远处，高山上，  
云开后划过一道光束。  
在云朵和水面之间  
什么都不见了；

一片又一片

归于黝黑平静的湖面。

## CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

## 拿破仑·波拿巴的性格

Charles Phillips, 1787-1859, an eminent barrister and orator, was born in Sligo, Ireland, and died in London. He gained much of his reputation as an advocate in criminal cases. In his youth he published some verses; later in life he became the author of several works, chiefly of biography.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose power terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins

both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Caesars.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chessboard! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or in the drawing-room; with the mob, or the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic he was still the same military despot.

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

【中文阅读】

他倒下了！现在，我们在这位举世罕见的奇才面前驻足，他就像某些古代遗迹那样伫立在我们中间，他的威力令投向他那富丽堂皇外表的目光慑服。高傲、沮丧和异乎寻常，他坐在一位被授予以权杖的隐士坐过的宝座上，周身笼罩着他独有的孤独。他的想法大胆，有主见，坚决果断；他的意志体现出独裁者的专横；他有进行长距离远征的旺盛精力；他的良心易受每一切身利益的影响。这种奇特的性格以上述特征为标志——也许，最不同寻常的就体现在这个世界总是兴起、占主导地位 and 覆灭的编年史之中。

扑进一场大革命，这场革命很快将认为不存在优越感的人们调集起来，他开始了自己的伟大航程，一个天生的陌生人、一个悲天悯人的学者。没有朋友，只有手中的利刃；没有财产，但有的是才具，他匆忙进入按等级、财富和天才排列的名单，但他逃离了竞争，也逃离了命运的眷顾。

他的眼中只有利益，没有动机；他只认可成功，而不论标准；他奉为神明的不是上帝，而是野心。凭借一种东方式的虔诚，他拜倒在自己偶像崇拜的神龛前。需要补充的是，他不会公开宣称任何一种信条，他也不会公开发表任何一种意见：怀着对建立王朝的希望，他支持奥斯曼帝国；为了离婚，他在十字架前鞠躬；圣路易的孤儿，他成为共和国的养子；还有，在王座和讲坛的废墟上，他凭借杀长上者的忘恩负义，树立起进行专制统治的宝座。作为一名立誓信教的天主教徒，他将教皇囚禁起来；作为一名假装爱国的人，他使这个国家愈发贫困；他以暗杀恺撒的布鲁图的名义，在攫取皇帝的王权时没有丝毫自责，在发誓时没有任何羞愧。

整个大陆在目睹他退位的大胆举动和属下被处决这一奇迹后瑟瑟发抖。持怀疑态度的人屈服于他的表演天才；浪漫史披上了历史的外衣；当这个世界见证了来自科西嘉的一名中尉将帝国的大旗覆在她最古老的首都上时，对信仰而言，任何事物都不足为信，对期望而言，再多的幻想也是虚妄。所有对古代幻想在他沉思中成了最寻常不过的事情：国王是他的臣民，国家是他的前哨；他随意处置法律、王权、军营、教堂和内阁事务，仿佛他们只不过是随意摆布的棋子！

在所有这些变化中间，他坚如磐石地岿然不动。这与是否在野外写生或者在画室里没什么关系；不论那些暴民还是早上等着觐见他的人，不论戴着雅各宾式的帽子，还是戴着王冠的人。驱逐一个布拉甘扎（自1822年至1889年间同时控制巴西的一个葡萄牙统治者王朝——译

注)，又支持哈布斯堡王朝（欧洲最古老的王室家族——译注）；在去接俄国沙皇的木筏上信誓旦旦地要和平，结果脑子里却考虑着打破套在他同样实行军事专制的莱比锡头上的枷锁。

要深入讨论这个奇妙的复合体，他对文学的热爱不能略而不述。作为新闻出版业的监狱看守，他假装热心支持文学创作；作为书籍的排斥者，他却鼓励哲学研究。作为扼杀作家的刽子手和出版商的谋杀凶手，他却摆出一副保护知识的面孔。作为杀害帕尔姆的罪魁祸首，德•斯塔尔恶性的抹杀者和科茨布的公开指责者，他却成了大卫的朋友，德•里尔的恩人，将他的学术奖颁给了英格兰的哲学家。

像这样一位矛盾的混合体，与此同时又保持独特的连贯性的人，绝对不会融合同样的性格。一位保皇主义者，一位共和主义者，同时又是一位皇帝；一位伊斯兰教徒，一位天主教徒，同时又是犹太教堂的赞助者；一位中尉，同时又是一位君主；一个叛徒，又是一位暴君；一位基督教徒，同时又是一位异教徒；透过他的所有兴衰荣辱来看，他原本是个严厉、急躁和坚定不移的人。一个同样神秘和难以理解的自我。这是一个无法效仿的人，一个没有影子的人。

# LESSON 29

## NAPOLEON AT REST

### 躺下的拿破仑

John Pierpont, 1785-1866, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, and graduated from Yale College in 1804. The next four years he spent as a private tutor in the family of Col. William Allston, of South Carolina. On his return, he studied law in the law school of his native town. He entered upon practice, but soon left the law for mercantile pursuits, in which he was unsuccessful. Having studied theology at Cambridge, in 1819 he was ordained pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, in Boston, where he continued nearly twenty years. He afterwards preached four years for a church in Troy, New York, and then removed to Medford, Massachusetts. At the age of seventy-six, he became chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment; but, on account of infirmity, was soon obliged to give up the position. Mr. Pierpont published a series of school readers, which enjoyed a well-deserved popularity for many years.

His poetry is smooth, musical, and vigorous. Most of his pieces were written for special occasions.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;  
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;  
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,  
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.  
Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one  
Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,  
Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son  
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this seagirt rock, the star,  
That led him on from crown to crown,  
Has sunk; and nations from afar  
Gazed as it faded and went down.  
High is his couch;—the ocean flood,  
Far, far below, by storms is curled;  
As round him heaved, while high he stood,  
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps! The mountain cloud,  
That night hangs round him, and the breath  
Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.  
Pause here! The far-off world, at last,



Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,  
And to the earth its miters cast,  
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! comes there from the pyramids,  
And from Siberian wastes of snow,  
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids  
The world he awed to mourn him? No:  
The only, the perpetual dirge  
That's heard there is the sea bird's cry,—  
The mournful murmur of the surge,—  
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

## 【中文阅读】

他沿尼罗河挥舞着大刀；  
他带领军队踏过阿尔卑斯山上的雪地；  
火焰在莫斯科高塔上燃起，  
他的雄鹰旗帜迎风飘扬——然而冻住了。  
现在，他孤独地长眠于此！不是一个  
万王之王，他赐予王冠的那个人，  
拜倒在他威仪之下；妻儿  
不曾看到或觅到他的坟墓。

就在这块四面环海的岩石后面！这颗星星，  
指引他从一顶王冠到加冕另一个王冠，  
已经陨落；远方的国家  
凝视着它隐去和陨落。  
他的长榻那么高——海洋咆哮翻滚，  
在大下方，暴风雨翻卷；  
他站在高处之际，他的周围起伏着，  
一个暴躁和反复无常的世界。

他独自入眠！高山云颠，  
那晚萦绕于他，

清晨的微风尽吹散，成了  
包裹征服者尸体的尸布。  
就在这里停下！遥远的世界最后  
自由呼吸；动摇了它宝座的手，  
将主教法冠掸落尘埃，  
如今在石下威风不再。

听啊！从金字塔来到那里，  
从西伯利亚雪原，  
还有欧洲的山丘，传出向这个  
对他满怀敬畏和哀痛的世界致意的声音了吗？没有；  
唯一而永恒的挽歌  
在那里听到的是海鸥的哀鸣，  
海浪悲伤地低声倾诉——  
乌云发出深沉的声音，还有风低沉的哀叹。

## LESSON 30

### WAR

### 战争

Charles Sumner, 1811-1874, was born in Boston. He studied at the Latin school in his native city, graduated from Harvard University at the age of nineteen, studied law at the same institution, and was admitted to practice in 1834. He at once took a prominent position in his profession, lectured to the law classes at Cambridge for several successive years, wrote and edited several standard law books, and might have had a professorship in the law school, had he desired it. In his famous address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered July 4, 1845, before the municipal authorities of Boston, he took strong grounds against war among nations. In 1851 he was elected to the United States Senate and continued in that position till his death. As a jurist, as a statesman, as an orator, and as a profound and scholarly writer, Mr. Sumner stands high in the estimation of his countrymen. In physical appearance, Mr. Sumner was grand and imposing; men often turned to gaze after him, as he passed along the streets of his native city.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of these fair fields, where Nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the

mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in their dimensions like floating happy islands on the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, hives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travelers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the masthead shall give the signal of friendship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yardarms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies.

The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped “the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks”—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their immitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murderers of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length, these vessels—such pageants of the sea—once so stately—so proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the

melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the established method of determining justice between nations.

## 【中文阅读】

现在，我无需详述战争的损耗和残忍。当我们在历史长河中驻足时，这些景象就像流星耀眼的光芒一样，粗暴地映在我们脸上。我们曾目睹为了留下恶魔般的足迹而带来的破坏和死亡。我们凝望被洗劫一空的城镇，被蹂躏劫掠的疆土，还有被侵犯的家园。我们见证了生活中所有温馨的善举变成苦恼和怨恨；我们的灵魂被那些母亲们、姐妹们和女儿们凄厉的哀鸣深深刺痛了——这是因为父亲们，兄弟们和儿子们的惨死，处于丧亲之痛的他们和她们拒绝别人的安慰。我们的目光最终停留在那些相当不错的土地中一块，在那里大自然物产十分丰裕，摊开她那宽敞的金色外衣，恰好为神气活现的芸芸众生带来欢娱——也许从她所处位置的奇妙的差别来看，就像阿拉伯传说中的地毯，似乎可以缩小到只能允许几个人站在上边，或者膨胀到可以接待难以计数的宾客。这里，在明亮的太阳下面，就像奥斯特里茨或者布埃纳维斯塔的骄阳一样——在大自然安宁的和谐氛围中——在宁静的安息日——我们注视将属于一个父亲的兄弟们、孩子们连在一起的纽带，他们继承了共同的幸福，一起进行殊死的抗争，凭借对堕落精神的疯狂，他们用杀人武器要了兄弟们的性命，而这些人从来没有伤害他们或者他们的亲属。这场惨绝人寰的大破坏还将猛烈地肆虐下去。血流漂杵。空气中弥漫着他们撕心裂肺的哀鸣。到处都是战马和骑手。比面目全非的死者，伤痕累累的残肢，没有生命迹象的躯体和到处飞溅的脑浆更令人厌恶的是，像暴风雨一样在极度混乱中蔓延的无法无天的狂热。

我们被大屠杀场面震撼了，不禁要问这场令人憎恨的纷争为什么会发生呢？悲哀但确实的答案就是，这竟然是国家之间做出公平裁决的约定俗成的方式！

场景改变了。在遥远的大洋航线上，两艘船彼此靠近，都迎风将白色的船帆展开。这两艘造得都富丽堂皇。船身优雅的比例和结实的船体无不体现了人类的巧夺天工，看上去就像在海上漂浮着的纵浪欢腾的小岛。船上有很多船员，配有价值不菲的舒适装置，在安全的遮蔽处藏身。可以肯定的是，这两艘船上的旅行者相遇时应该非常高兴，共话友情。桅顶上的旗子会发出友好的信号。兴高采烈的水手会在索具旁，甚至在桁端上簇拥到一起，彼此打量着，双方

全体船员的欢呼声与难以抑制的喜悦汇成一片。可是，事实不是这样。他们不像兄弟，不像朋友，也不像在共同的海域航行的旅人，他们只是作为相互的敌人走到一起的。

这两艘本来彬彬有礼的船，现在开始用致人死命的工具发出凶猛的攻击。在宽敞的甲板上，在船桅的高处，致命的火器闪烁着火光。在大炮的雷鸣声中从船的两侧喷出火舌。本来已经逃过“岩礁致命接触”一劫的他们，本来已经在风浪伴随下安然度过漫长而孤寂的航程的他们，飓风也没能奈何了的他们，最终却在彼此手中魂归天外。两条船迎接我们的是同样骇人的景象。甲板被鲜血染红了，圣巴尔托洛繆和西西里晚祷大屠杀的刽子手手上拎着史密斯菲尔德火枪，似乎要重新上演一场人间血案，将他们的狂怒集中到一起。现在，每条船都成了在水上漂着的墓地。最终，这些船——海上奇观——曾经那样庄严肃穆，如此巧夺天工的杰作，现在被炮弹炸得粉碎，卷起的船桅和破布一般的船帆，仅剩难以控制的破坏，在吉凶难测的波浪上颠簸摇晃。暂时的这段平静现在成了他们唯一的凭靠。这场奇异和不自然的搏斗带给人们莫大的惊异——远离故土和家园——在这里没有国家和家园需要守卫。我们不禁再一次发问，为什么会有这场凄凉的决斗令人伤感但切中事实的答案马上就能得出，那就是这是确定国家之间司法权约定俗成的方式。

## SPEECH OF WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. PITT

## 沃尔浦尔反驳皮特先生的演讲

Sir Robert Walpole, 1676-1745, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He entered Parliament in 1700, and soon became a good debater and skillful tactician. He was prime minister of Great Britain from 1721 to 1742, in the reigns of George I. and George II. He was an able statesman; but has been accused of employing corruption or bribery on a large scale, to control Parliament and accomplish his purposes.

I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit.

I have hitherto deferred answering the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interests but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and ignorance. Nor, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamor of rage and petulancy of invective contribute to the end for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason, rather than declaim; and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them.

Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal,

## 【中文阅读】

我不愿意中断这场辩论的进程，这场辩论以温和而高雅的方式进行，参加辩论的人们不堪忍受对方的狂热致使其失去理性，或将他们导向这样庄严的集会所不允许的表述。

到目前为止，我推迟回答这位绅士提出的问题，他以强烈的姿态宣称反对如此流畅和讲究言辞的议案。指责那些拥护该权宜之计的人，没有考虑各方的利益，只看了自己的利益，制订的法律毫无用处徒费纸张而已，现在提出自己的看法，用拥护者的背叛来威胁他们，针对他们的愚蠢和无知这一新的发现，他们显得语无伦次。我现在不管出于任何其他原因，当然不会对他的任何指责做出回答，我只想提醒他，大吵大闹地发泄愤怒和气急败坏的猛烈抨击，对于结束这场将众人召集起来的大会毫无助益，对于发现真理和确立国家安全来说，通过夸张的言辞和威胁的神情也毫无意义。

可怕的喧嚣和用慷慨激昂的演说来宣泄狂怒，有自信心的主张和表现出高高在上的傲慢，也许会影响年轻人和无甚经验的人；绅士们也许通过与其说讲些符合自己年龄的话，不如说有更多的机会获得知识，互相交流情感这种更卓有成效的方式来约束自己的擅用长词和华丽辞藻的习惯。如果脾气的激动程度允许他听取那些他们的年龄和长期往来的旧交能赋予他们一种不容置疑的遵从权利和优越感的意见，他将适时学会理性，而不是猛烈抨击；他会更喜欢论点的正当性和对事实的精确了解，试探着使用词语和极好的最高级表达方式，虽然一时间会在听者的想象中掀起波澜，但不会在心里留下持久的印象。他会弄清楚谴责和证实是完全不同的，没有证据支持的谴责只会影响说这些话的人的品质。

想象的远足和华丽辞藻的异想天开，诚然能为年轻人所谅解，除此之外别无其他。可以肯定的是，这种做法会促进，甚至促使显然也有此意图的绅士一吐为快（贬低政府的职能），来证明这项议案的不便之处和不正当性，而不是只不过用语言的所谓华丽，或真诚的外表或同情而对这些话表示支持。



## PITT'S REPLY TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

## 皮特对罗伯特·沃尔波尔爵士的答复

William Pitt, 1708—1778, one of the ablest statesmen and orators of his time, was born in Cornwall, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1735, and became a formidable opponent of the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole. He gained great reputation by his wise and vigorous management of military affairs in the last years of the reign of George II. He opposed the “Stamp Act” with great earnestness, as well as the course of the ministry in the early years of the American Revolution. In 1778, he rose from a sick bed to make his celebrated speech, in the House of Lords, in opposition to a motion to acknowledge the independence of America. At its close, he fell in an apoplectic fit, and was borne home to die in a few weeks afterward. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Pitt possessed a fine personal presence and a powerful voice; he was very popular with the people, and is often called the “Great Commoner.” He was created “Earl of Chatham” in 1766.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked—with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted,

and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age,—which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious, without punishment.

But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

## 【中文阅读】

这位深孚众望的绅士用这样的心情和礼仪指责我说，这是一个年轻人令人震惊的犯罪。对此，我既不算辩解也不想否认。不过，我很高兴自己或许可以成为一位在年轻时不再做愚蠢的事情的人，不是那种碍于经验而表现得很无知的人。不论对一个人而言是否可以把错误归咎于年轻，我都不愿意假装自己有支配别人的权责；但可以肯定的是，如果年龄赋予的机会在没有任何改善的情况下悄悄溜走的话，年龄或许成为遭到轻蔑的正当理由，当激情冷静下来时堕落开始崭露头角。在目睹一千个过错产生的恶果后，这个可怜的人会继续错上加错，他的年龄只不过会令他的愚蠢更加顽固，他当然成了厌恶或轻蔑的对象，他的灰头发不应该确保他免受攻讦。更有甚者，尽管他在年龄上逐渐增长，可是在德性上却愈发退步，变得更加邪恶——更加经不起诱惑。这个为了金钱而甘愿出卖自己的人，尽管没有带来欢乐，却用自己的

余生毀掉了自己的国家。

但是，年轻不是我唯一的罪过；我被指责为扮演有威胁的角色。所谓有威胁的角色要么暗示姿态具有某种特征，要么暗示我在掩饰自己的真正情感。这一指责太过轻佻，不值一驳，只配受到鄙视时才会提及。同其他人一样，随意使用自己习惯的语言。尽管我或许在某种程度上有取悦这位绅士的渴望，但我不会将自己置于任何束缚之下，更不会热衷于模仿他的举止言行，不论年龄上的成熟，还是经验。

但是，倘若有人想通过指责我有威胁性行为来暗示我只不过在宣泄自己的愤怒的话，我会视其为诽谤者和无赖。对这样的人，不配有任何避风港。在这种情况下，我不会顾及良心不安，决然践踏财富和尊严固守的所有那些形式，年龄不会约束我泄愤；年龄——始终赋予一种傲慢和高傲的特权，而不受任何惩罚！

但是，对于被我冒犯的那些人，我的想法是，如果我扮演的是虚伪的角色，想必我会回避他们的苛责：冒犯他们所带来的激动实际上是对信仰抱有的热情，服务于自己国家的热忱既不是我所希望的，也不是我所担心的，影响到我刻意压抑自己的情感。我不会对我的自由被侵犯无动于衷，也不会对公开抢劫保持缄默。不管是否冒险，我都会竭尽全力赶走入侵者，让首犯交给大众，究竟谁将自己的恶行掩藏起来，究竟谁参与了抢劫。

## LESSON 33

# CHARACTER OF MR. PITT

### 皮特先生的品格

Henry Grattan, 1750-1820, an Irish orator and statesman, was born at Dublin, and graduated from Trinity College, in his native city. By his admiration of Mr. Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, he was led to turn his attention to oratory. In personal appearance, he was unprepossessing; but his private character was without a blemish.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to effect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestion of an understanding animated by ardor and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty

of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

## 【中文阅读】

这位大臣一个人站了起来。近代堕落的风气没有在他身上觅到。他的性格之独具和不肯通融的方方面面，颇具古人的刚毅风范。他那如疾风暴雨般的思想连陛下都不胜敬畏。没有对国事的枉顾，没有对残酷的政治设立狭隘的制度，没有与大臣们的成功进行愚蠢的竞争，却将他贬至平庸的水平上；但是，他的目标是整个英格兰，他的抱负就是荣誉，这个断言有些傲慢但有说服力，尽管断不可行。

没有分化，他毁灭了整个党派；没有贪赃舞弊，他开创的是贪污盛行的时代。法兰西倒在他脚下。他一只手就推到了波旁王朝，对另一个英格兰民主政体施加决定性影响。他的思想疆域是无限的；他的图谋并不只是影响英格兰和当前的时代，而是欧洲和后世。奇妙之处在于，这些图谋赖以实现的手段。始终有合理性，始终恰当，对这些图谋的理解暗示系由热情驱动的，由预言而受到启发的。

赋予生命以和蔼和懒惰这些特质的正常情感，他无从知晓。国家处于困境和积弱并不会影响他。但是，脱离生活的卑鄙肮脏，不会为人际交往所玷污，他偶尔会闯进我们的圈子，提出劝告和做出决定。一种如此高不可攀，如此令人茫然无措，如此易变，如此彰显权威的性格，令一个贪腐横行的时代惊愕莫名，通过腐败的各个阶层，国库的情况动摇了皮特的声誉。的确，贪污腐败者以为，在这个政治家身上必定存在缺点，谈论更多的是他的荣誉有矛盾之处，他的胜利必定瓦解；但是，他的国家的历史和这个敌人的灾难，回答和驳斥了贪污腐败者的断言。

从事政治并非他唯一的才能。他的雄辩在议院堪称一个纪元，独有的风格和机智；熟悉的

表达方式孕育着巨大的情感力量和有益的智慧;既不像德摩斯梯尼式的湍急洪流,也不似西塞罗式的熊熊烈火;有时像隆隆雷声,有时又像舒缓的音乐。他不会通过论证那种令人伤脑筋的狡猾来让听众理解,也不会始终费力地绞尽脑汁,而是直入主题,通过思想的闪光来切入重点。恰似眼睛观察到的那一切,只能感知但无法效法。

总的来说,在这个男人身上存在能够创造,颠覆和或者改头换面的东西;一种知性,一种精神和一种雄辩,召唤人类去交流思想或者打破奴隶制枷锁,通过没有束缚的权威来释放内心的狂野;那种能建立或推翻帝国,朝这个能听到宇宙回音的世界给予有力一击的气质。

# LESSON 34

## THE SOLDIER'S REST

### 士兵的休息

Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832, the great Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh. Being a feeble child, he was sent to reside on his grandfather's estate in the south of Scotland. Here he spent several years, and gained much knowledge of the traditions of border warfare, as well as of the tales and ballads pertaining to it. He was also a great reader of romances in his youth. In 1779 he returned to Edinburgh, and became a pupil in the high school. Four years later, he entered the university; but, in neither school nor college, was he distinguished for scholarship. In 1797 he was admitted to the practice of law,—a profession which he soon forsook for literature. His first poems appeared in 1802. The “Lay of the Last Minstrel” was published in 1805, “Marmion” in 1808, and “The Lady of the Lake” in 1810. Several poems of less power followed. In 1814 “Waverley,” his first novel, made its appearance, but the author was unknown for some time. Numerous other novels followed with great rapidity, the author reaping a rich harvest both in fame and money. In 1811 he purchased an estate near the Tweed, to which he gave the name of Abbotsford. In enlarging his estate and building a costly house, he spent vast sums of money. This, together with the failure of his publishers in 1826, involved him very heavily in debt. But he set to work with almost superhuman effort to pay his debts by the labors of his pen. In about four years, he had paid more than \$300,000; but the effort was too much for his strength, and hastened his death.

In person, Scott was tall, and apparently robust, except a slight lameness with which he was affected from childhood. He was kindly in disposition, hospitable in manner, fond of outdoor pursuits and of animals, especially dogs. He wrote with astonishing rapidity, and always in the early morning. At his death, he left two sons and two daughters. A magnificent monument to his memory has been erected in the city of his birth. The following selection is from “The Lady of the Lake.”

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battlefields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of battlefields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
At the daybreak from the fallow,

And the bitter sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;  
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveille.  
Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugle sounds reveille.

## 【中文阅读】

士兵，躺下休息吧！战争已经结束，  
没有打扰地美美睡上一觉；  
战场上的噩梦不再，  
危险的白天，行军的夜晚，  
在我们岛上那被施了魔法的大厅里，  
你用看不见的手，  
将华美的乐段，  
洒向梦乡的露珠中每一种感觉。  
士兵，躺下休息吧！战争已经结束，  
战场上的噩梦不再，  
没有打扰地美美睡上一觉，  
劳作的清晨，行军的夜晚都不再，

没有狂暴的声音传到你耳畔，  
连同铠甲铮铮，战马咀嚼声，



号角和风笛声也绝响了  
亦不复检阅或者军队沉重的脚步声。  
然而，百灵鸟尖厉的鸣声会不期而至，  
就在休耕地的拂晓。  
麻鸦的叫声刺透了他的耳鼓，  
隆隆声就来自莎草茂密的地洼。  
更狂暴的声音就在附近，  
卫兵还有守卫也奈何不得，  
这里没有战马的嘶鸣和咀嚼声，  
也没有众人高呼或者军队沉重的脚步声。

猎人，躺下休息吧！打猎已经结束；  
当我们催人欲眠的咒语困扰你时，  
不要在太阳升起时就进入梦乡，  
这里吹响起床的号角。  
睡吧！鹿还在窝里呢；  
睡吧！你的猎犬就躺在你身旁；  
睡吧！不要在那边的幽谷里入梦，  
你那匹雄壮的马惬意地在地上躺着。  
猎人，躺下休息吧；打猎已经结束，  
不要老想着升起的太阳，  
拂晓时会令你困扰，  
这里没有起床的号角。

# LESSON 35

## HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS

### 亨利五世致部队士兵

William Shakespeare. 1564-1616, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon. By many (perhaps most) critics, Shakespeare is regarded as the greatest poet the world has ever produced; one calls him, “The most illustrious of the sons of men.” And yet it is a curious fact that less is really known of his life and personal characteristics than is known of almost any other famous name in history. Over one hundred years ago, a writer said, “All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.” All the research of the last one hundred years has added but very little to this meager record. He was married, very young, to Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his senior; was joint proprietor of Blackfriar’s Theater in 1589, and seems to have accumulated property, and retired three or four years before his death. He was buried in Stratford Church, where a monument has been erected to his memory; he also has a monument in “Poet’s Corner” of Westminster Abbey. His family soon became extinct. From all we can learn, he seems to have been highly respected and esteemed by his contemporaries.

His works consist chiefly of plays and sonnets. His writings show an astonishing knowledge of human nature, expressed in language wonderful for its point and beauty. His style is chaste and pure, judged by the standard of his times, although expressions may sometimes be found that would not be considered proper in a modern writer. It has been argued by some that Shakespeare did not write the works imputed to him; but this theory seems to have little to support it. This extract is from King Henry V., Act III, Scene I.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there ’s nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o’erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O’er hang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof!  
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have, in these parts, from morn till even, fought,  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war.

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—"God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

## 【中文阅读】

亲爱的朋友们，加把劲向缺口冲啊；  
要么拿咱们英国人的尸体去封堵住这道墙。  
在安定时期，就要做个大丈夫，  
斯文平和，还有谦逊都不可少；  
但是当耳畔响起战鼓的喧嚣，  
就要效仿猛虎饿狼；  
让筋脉喷张，让血气上扬，  
把善良的天性化成面目狰狞的愤怒。  
一双眼睛放出可怕的火光，  
从眼窝突出来，  
就像铜炮管；还要把那双眉拧紧，把眼睛罩住，  
恰似受到侮辱的岩石  
俯视着防波堤那令人惊愕的底座，  
汹涌的大海把它冲刷。  
牙关紧咬，鼻孔张大，  
屏住呼吸，像弓弦一样把每根神经绷紧！

冲啊，冲啊，你们这些最高贵的英国人，  
血管里流着的祖先的热血就是明证！  
你们的祖先个个像亚历山大，  
就在这些地方，从早杀到晚，  
直到没有敌手，才把那宝剑藏起。  
现在，效仿那些勇敢的人，  
教给他们该怎样打仗吧！

还有你们，好农民们，  
你们的根生长在英格兰土地上，就在这儿我们看看  
你们的精神和勇气。让我们发誓吧，  
你们配得上你们的血统，我毫不怀疑；  
因为你们都不是那种平庸卑微的人，  
眼睛里闪烁出高贵的神采。  
我看到，你们站在这里，和上了皮带的猎狗一样，  
全身绷紧准备开始。狩猎开始啦；  
打起精神：勇往直前，  
边冲边喊：“上帝保佑亨利、英格兰和圣乔治！”

LESSON 36  
SPEECH OF PAUL ON MARS HILL

保罗在玛斯山上的演讲

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens! I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein (seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth) dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from everyone of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

*(From Bible )*

## 【中文阅读】

保罗站在战神玛斯山上中央的，说道，你们雅典人听着！我觉得你们对任何事情都尊奉神明。我经过的时候，观看你们所敬拜的。我遇到一座祭坛，上面写着——“敬未识之神”。你们虽不识但刻意敬拜的，我现在就告诉你们是哪路神明。创造世界及万物的上帝（他是天地的主宰），当然不会住在人手修建的庙堂。也不用人手来敬奉，好像他需要一切，其实将生命气息和万物赐给众生。他从一支血脉造出万族的人，住在整个世间，并且预先确定了他们的寿限，以及居住区域的疆界。众生寻求神的帮助，或许揣摩可期，或然可遇，实则他离我们每个人不远。我们生活，活动，存留皆赖于他；犹如你们的诗篇中所讲的，我们也是他的后代。鉴于我们是神的后代，就不该认为神的神性如同人用手艺和心思所雕刻的金、银和石头。众生蒙昧无知之时，神并不能全都查知；如今，他却吩咐所有的人都要悔改。因为他已经指定了日子，要通过他所钦定的人，按公义来裁决世间。为此命他从死里复活，借此让众生相信。当众生听见从死里复活的话，有的讥诮，其他人则说，我们再听你讲讲这个事情。于是，保罗从他们中出去了。但是，有几个人跟随他，就信了上帝的存在，其中有雅典最高法院的法官迪奥尼索斯，还有一个叫达玛丽斯的妇人，以及追随他们的人。

(选自《圣经》)

LESSON 37  
GOD IS EVERYWHERE

上帝无处不在

Oh! show me where is He,  
The high and holy One,  
To whom thou bend'st the knee,  
And prayest, "Thy will be done!"  
I hear thy song of praise,  
And lo! no form is near:  
Thine eyes I see thee raise,  
But where doth God appear?  
Oh! teach me who is God, and where his glories shine,  
That I may kneel and pray, and call thy Father mine.

"Gaze on that arch above:  
The glittering vault admire.  
Who taught those orbs to move?  
Who lit their ceaseless fire?  
Who guides the moon to run  
In silence through the skies?  
Who bids that dawning sun  
In strength and beauty rise?  
There view immensity! behold! my God is there:  
The sun, the moon, the stars, his majesty declare.

"See where the mountains rise:  
Where thundering torrents foam;  
Where, veiled in towering skies,  
The eagle makes his home:  
Where savage nature dwells,  
My God is present, too:  
Through all her wildest dells  
His footsteps I pursue:  
He reared those giant cliffs, supplies that dashing stream,  
Provides the daily food which stills the wild bird's scream.

“Look on that world of waves,  
Where finny nations glide;  
Within whose deep, dark caves  
The ocean monsters hide:  
His power is sovereign there,  
To raise, to quell the storm;  
The depths his bounty share,  
Where sport the scaly swarm:  
Tempests and calms obey the same almighty voice,  
Which rules the earth and skies, and bids far worlds rejoice.”

*(Joseph Hutton)*

## 【中文阅读】

啊，指给我他在哪里，  
崇高和神圣的唯一，  
在他面前你必须屈膝，  
祷告，“你的使命已经完成！”  
我听到对你赞美的歌声，  
瞧！附近没有人的样子；  
我从你的上升看到你的目光，  
可是，上帝在那里现身？  
啊，告诉我上帝是谁，他的荣耀在那里闪光，  
我也许会跪下祈祷，呼唤我的圣父。

凝望拱门上方：  
光彩夺目的穹顶怎不叫人夸奖。  
谁叫那些圆形物体移动？  
谁点燃了它们永不熄灭的火光？  
谁指引月亮绕着天际  
默默转动？  
谁下令黎明前的太阳  
在力与美中冉冉升起？



那是视野的无限！看啊！我的上帝就在那里：  
太阳，月亮，群星，他的庄严宣示道。

看看群山在哪里拔地而起：  
不息的雷声卷起泡沫；  
在那掩在高耸入云的天际之中的地方，  
雄鹰奔向它的家乡：  
在野蛮人聚居的地方，  
我的上帝也在那里：  
穿过她最荒凉的幽谷，  
我把他的脚步声找寻：  
他躲在那些巨大的峭壁后面，让那条奔流直泻的小溪  
为还在鸣叫的野鸟提供食物。

“看那波浪翻滚的世界，  
长着鳍的族类在那里滑行，  
在深深地黑魑魑的洞穴里，  
大洋鬼怪藏身之地：  
他是那里的主宰，  
暴风雨任由他掌控；  
他慷慨地和大家分享深渊，  
那里多鳞的族类玩得欢：  
暴风雨和雨过天晴遵守同一个万能的声音，  
统治地上和天空，下令远方的世界与他们一同欢庆。”

（约瑟夫·赫顿）

# LESSON 38

## LAFAYETTE AND ROBERT RAIKES

### 拉法耶特和罗伯特·莱克斯

Thomas S. Grimke, 1786-1834, an eminent lawyer and scholar, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, graduated at Yale in 1807, and died of cholera near Columbus, Ohio. He descended from a Huguenot family that was exiled from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday Schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life. Some of his views were very radical and very peculiar. He proposed sweeping reforms in English orthography, and disapproved of the classics and of pure mathematics in any scheme of general education. The following is an extract from an address delivered at a Sunday-school celebration.

It is but a few years since we beheld the most singular and memorable pageant in the annals of time. It was a pageant more sublime and affecting than the progress of Elizabeth through England after the defeat of the Armada; than the return of Francis I. from a Spanish prison to his own beautiful France; than the daring and rapid march of the conqueror at Austerlitz from Frejus to Paris. It was a pageant, indeed, rivaled only in the elements of the grand and the pathetic, by the journey of our own Washington through the different states. Need I say that I allude to the visit of Lafayette to America?

But Lafayette returned to the land of the dead, rather than of the living. How many who had fought with him in the war of '76, had died in arms, and lay buried in the grave of the soldier or the sailor! How many who had survived the perils of battle, on the land and the ocean, had expired on the deathbed of peace, in the arms of mother, sister, daughter, wife! Those who survived to celebrate with him the jubilee of 1825, were stricken in years, and hoary-headed; many of them infirm in health; many the victims of poverty, or misfortune, or affliction. And, how venerable that patriotic company; how sublime their gathering through all the land; how joyful their welcome, how affecting their farewell to that beloved stranger!

But the pageant has fled, and the very materials that gave it such depths of interest are rapidly perishing: and a humble, perhaps a nameless grave, shall hold the last soldier of the Revolution. And shall they ever meet again? Shall the patriots and soldiers of '76, the "Immortal Band," as history styles them, meet again in the amaranthine bowers of spotless purity, of perfect bliss, of eternal glory? Shall theirs be the Christian's heaven, the kingdom of the Redeemer? The heathen points to his fabulous Elysium as the paradise of the soldier and the sage. But the Christian bows down with tears and sighs, for he knows that not many of the patriots, and statesmen, and warriors of Christian lands are the disciples of Jesus.

But we turn from Lafayette, the favorite of the old and the new world, to the peaceful benevolence, the unambitious achievements of Robert Raikes. Let us imagine him to have been still alive, and to have visited our land, to celebrate this day with us. No national ships would have been offered to bear him, a nation's guest, in the pride of the star-spangled banner, from the bright shores of the rising, to the brighter shores of the setting sun. No cannon would have hailed him in the stern language of the battlefield, the fortunate champion of Freedom, in Europe and America. No martial music would have welcomed him in notes of rapture, as they rolled along the Atlantic, and echoed through the valley of the Mississippi. No military procession would have heralded his way through crowded streets, thickset with the banner and the plume, the glittering saber and the polished bayonet. No cities would have called forth beauty and fashion, wealth and rank, to honor him in the ballroom and theater. No states would have escorted him from boundary to boundary, nor have sent their chief magistrate to do him homage. No national liberality would have allotted to him a nobleman's domain and princely treasure. No national gratitude would have hailed him in the capitol itself, the nation's guest, because the nation's benefactor; and have consecrated a battle ship, in memory of his wounds and his gallantry.

Not such would have been the reception of Robert Raikes, in the land of the Pilgrims and of Penn, of the Catholic, the Cavalier, and the Huguenot. And who does not rejoice that it would be impossible thus to welcome this primitive Christian, the founder of Sunday schools? His heralds would be the preachers of the Gospel, and the eminent in piety, benevolence, and zeal. His procession would

number in its ranks the messengers of the Cross and the disciples of the Savior, Sunday-school teachers and white-robed scholars. The temples of the Most High would be the scenes of his triumph. Homage and gratitude to him, would be anthems of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Parents would honor him as more than a brother; children would reverence him as more than a father. The faltering words of age, the firm and sober voice of manhood, the silvery notes of youth, would bless him as a Christian patron. The wise and the good would acknowledge him everywhere as a national benefactor, as a patriot even to a land of strangers. He would have come a messenger of peace to a land of peace. No images of camps, and sieges, and battles; no agonies of the dying and the wounded; no shouts of victory, or processions of triumph, would mingle with the recollections of the multitude who welcomed him. They would mourn over no common dangers, trials, and calamities; for the road of duty has been to them the path of pleasantness, the way of peace. Their memory of the past would be rich in gratitude to God, and love to man; their enjoyment of the present would be a prelude to heavenly bliss; their prospects of the future, bright and glorious as faith and hope.

Such was the reception of Lafayette, the warrior; such would be that of Robert Raikes, the Howard of the Christian church. And which is the nobler benefactor, patriot, and philanthropist? Mankind may admire and extol Lafayette more than the founder of the Sunday schools; but religion, philanthropy, and enlightened common sense must ever esteem Robert Raikes the superior of Lafayette. His are the virtues, the services, the sacrifices of a more enduring and exalted order of being. His counsels and triumphs belong less to time than to eternity.

The fame of Lafayette is of this world; the glory of Robert Raikes is of the Redeemer's everlasting kingdom. Lafayette lived chiefly for his own age, and chiefly for his and our country; but Robert Raikes has lived for all ages and all countries. Perhaps the historian and biographer may never interweave his name in the tapestry of national or individual renown. But the records of every single church honor him as a patron; the records of the universal Church, on earth as in heaven, bless him as a benefactor.

The time may come when the name of Lafayette will be forgotten; or when the star of his fame, no

longer glittering in the zenith, shall be seen, pale and glimmering, on the verge of the horizon. But the name of Robert Raikes shall never be forgotten; and the lambent flame of his glory is that eternal fire which rushed down from heaven to devour the sacrifice of Elijah. Let mortals then admire and imitate Lafayette more than Robert Raikes. But the just made perfect, and the ministering spirits around the throne of God, have welcomed him as a fellow-servant of the same Lord; as a fellow-laborer in the same glorious cause of man's redemption; as a coheir of the same precious promises and eternal rewards.

## 【中文阅读】

自从我们在时间的记录上看到最非凡和值得纪念的盛装游行场面以来，仅仅过去几个年头。这次盛装游行要比击败西班牙无敌舰队后横贯英格兰全境的拥护伊丽莎白女王的大游行，要比弗朗西斯一世从西班牙的监狱回到他的家园——美丽的法兰西，要比奥斯特里茨战役后拿破仑率军迅速从弗雷瑞斯回到巴黎更令人赞叹和激动人心。的确，这是一次仅有我们自己的华盛顿率军经过许多州，宏伟和凄惨交织在一起的大行军堪与之相比的盛装游行。我有必要说出我指的是拉法耶特造访美国吗？

与其说拉法耶特回到的是坟场，不如说是一片重新焕发盎然生机的土地。有多少与他在1776年那场战争中并肩作战的将士死于战火中，就埋在士兵或者水手的墓地里！有多少从战场上侥幸得以生还的人，不论在陆地还是在大海上，和平到来之际却成了临终之时，倒在了妈妈、姐妹、女儿和妻子的怀里！那些幸存下来与他一起庆祝1825年的周年纪念的人，都经历了岁月的折磨，一头青丝也早已斑白。其中许多人的健康受到损害，又有许多人死于贫病交加和不幸。那些拳拳爱国的人多么值得敬仰；他们在所有土地上赢得了无尚崇敬；他们的到来受到热烈欢迎，对那个他们深爱的陌生人来说，与他们告别的场景令其何等动容啊！

但是，壮观的场面已经远去，赋予这种场面浓厚兴趣的特别因素也急速消失了。一座不起眼，也许连名字都没有留下的坟墓，里面躺着的是为大革命而牺牲的最后一位士兵。他们会再相逢吗？爱国者和在1776年那场战争中浴血的士兵，作为历史为他们打上烙印的“不朽的一群人”，会在没有丝毫瑕疵的纯粹、极乐和永恒的荣耀的地方，在紫红的庇荫处再度相逢吗？他

们会进入基督天国，救世主的王国里吗？那位异教徒表明他那寓言般的极乐世界为士兵和圣人的天国。但是基督徒弯腰屈服，泪流满面，哀叹不止，因为他清楚没有多少爱国者、政治家和基督教勇士是耶稣的门徒。

不过，我们还是要从拉法耶特这位旧世界和新世界的幸运儿，转向仁慈和没有野心的罗伯特·莱克斯。我们不妨设想他还活着，造访我们现在生活的这片土地，与我们共庆今天胜利的情形。没有哪个国家的船只只会向他招手愿意载他，从太阳升起的地方明亮的海滨，到太阳下山的地方明亮的海滨，他都作为国宾和星条旗的骄傲。不论在欧洲还是美国，没有哪门大炮会以战场上的严肃语言向他这位自由的幸运捍卫者欢呼致敬。在他们向大西洋推进，号角声回荡在密西西比山谷之时，没有哪首军乐会以暗示俘虏的方式迎接他。没有哪支军旗招展、队伍会在穿过挤满人的街道时为他让道，他们手上军刀耀眼，刺刀疹人。没有哪座以美和风尚著称的城市，会在舞厅和剧场授予他荣誉。没有哪个州会护送他从一处分界线到另一处分界线，他们的地方长官更不会向他表示敬意。没有哪个国家会慷慨到拨给他领地和王侯般的财富。没有哪个国家出于感激会在国会大厦欢迎他这位国宾，因为这个国家的恩人已经把自己奉献给战舰，以纪念他的伤和勇敢。

在朝圣者和宾西法比亚，在天主教徒、骑士和胡格诺教徒的土地上，是不会这样招待罗伯特·莱克斯的。谁会对这样就无法迎接这位早期基督徒——主日学校的建立者不高兴呢？他的信使都是福音布道者，和虔诚、仁慈而又热心的名人。他的队伍按阶层依次有十字军的信使和救世军的门徒，还有主日学校的教师和穿长袍的学者。最高的圣殿是见证他的胜利的场所。对他的敬意和感激，将是对上帝的赞美诗和感恩。

为人父母们对他不只是像兄弟那样酬之以荣。孩子们对他的尊敬也不只是像对父亲那样。老年人那些支支吾吾的话语，成年人坚定而冷静的声音，年轻人的银铃般的声音，都祝福他为基督教守护神。明智和善良的人在任何地方都会认为他是国家的恩人、爱国者，甚至在陌生人的土地上亦是如此。对和平的土地而言，他就是和平的使者。没有露营，围困和战争场面；没有奄奄一息和受伤的痛苦；没有什么胜利后的欢呼或胜利后的游行，能够混合欢迎他的许多人的回忆。他们会为没有共同的危险、考验和灾难而悲哀，因为对他们来说责任这条道路就是获得愉悦与达成和平的必经之路。他们对过去的回忆在很大程度上就是对上帝的感恩，对人

类的大爱；他们现实的欢乐预示着天国的极乐。他们对未来、光明和荣耀的憧憬作为信仰和希望。

这就是拉法耶特这位勇士的欢迎会，也是基督教堂的守护神霍华德——罗伯特·莱克斯的欢迎会。哪一位才是更高尚的捐助者、爱国者和慈善家呢？人们也许会钦佩和赞美拉法耶特，他是主日学校的创始人，但是宗教、博爱和抱有开明常识的人必定认为罗伯特·莱克斯比拉法耶特更高尚。他的美德、献身和牺牲精神是人类坚忍和崇高的化身。他的忠告和巨大成就与日月同辉。

拉法耶特的声望是这个世界给予的，罗伯特·莱克斯的荣誉是救世主的永恒王国授予的。拉法耶特主要是为他那个时代而活的，主要为他自己和我们的国家；但是，罗伯特·莱克斯为了所有时代和国家而活。也许历史学家和传记作家从不会将他的名字织进国家这块挂毯里，或者归于个人名望。但是，在每个教堂的记录里，都给予他守护神的荣誉；世界上普世教会的记录也将他奉为恩人。

当拉法耶特这个名字终究会被人遗忘，这一天也许会到来；抑或象征他声望的那颗星星不再在顶点闪耀，在地平线的边缘变得暗淡和微明。但是，罗伯特·莱克斯这个名字永远不会被淡忘；象征他荣誉的那闪烁的火焰，是从天堂冲下来吞噬以利亚祭品的永恒天火。一般人赞美拉法耶特并以他为榜样，要胜过对罗伯特·莱克斯。然而，公正才会有完美，上帝宝座周围救死扶伤的圣灵，都把他作为同一上帝的奴仆，作为人类救赎这同样壮丽事业的苦工，作为同样珍贵的承诺和永恒报偿的共同继承人来欢迎。

LESSON 39  
FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY

伍尔西大主教的垮台

*Wolsey.* Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder,



A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I fed within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy,—too much honor:  
Oh, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was viewed in open as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost forever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor, fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him—  
I know his noble nature—not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish, too: good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
Forever and forever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st, a blessed martyr! Serve the king;  
And,—prithee, lead me in:  
There, take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

*Shakespeare.—Henry VIII, Act iii, Scene ii.*

### 【中文阅读】

伍尔西 再见！永别了，我全部的宏伟事业。  
世间之事就是这样：一个人今天生出了  
希望的嫩叶；第二天开了花，  
开满了鲜艳的荣誉的花朵；

第三天霜冻出现了，那是致命的霜冻；  
而这位容易轻信的好人还蛮有把握，  
以为他的宏伟事业正在成熟；不料霜冻正在咬噬他的根，  
接着和我一样，他就倒下了。我也冒过险，  
仿佛绑着猪尿泡游泳的顽皮孩子，  
多少年的夏天在光荣的大海上，  
游到了我力所不及的深处 我那鼓胀的虚荣  
终于爆破了，现在留给我的，  
是一个疲惫衰老的身躯，  
任凭狂涛摆布，把我永远埋葬那里。  
这个世界的浮名虚荣，我恨你；  
我觉得我的心好像刚被人割了一刀。啊，多么可怜啊！  
依靠帝王的庇荫而生存的人！  
在我们所企望看到的帝王的笑脸  
和帝王可能加在我们身上的毁灭之间，  
存在着多少苦痛和恐惧啊，远远超过战争和妇人所导致的后果。  
他一旦失败，就像撒旦一样，  
万劫不复。

克伦威尔，惊愕地站在那里。

伍尔西 怎么了，克伦威尔？

克伦威尔 先生，我简直没有说话的力气了。

伍尔西 怎么，被我的不幸吓呆了吗？你这样才智出众的人，  
见到伟大人物衰落至此也竟感到吃惊吗？不，你要是哭的话，  
那我可就完了。

克伦威尔 大人觉得如何？

伍尔西 很好，从来没有像现在这样好过，我的好克伦威尔。

我现在真正了解自己了，  
内心的宁静超越了人间所有的尊荣，

一种宁静安详的感觉。国王把我医治好了，  
我衷心地感谢他；他出于怜悯之心，从我这两个肩头，  
这两根坍塌了的柱石上，把一副重担卸下，  
我承受的荣誉太重了，会压沉一支舰队。  
那真是负担哪，克伦威尔，真是负担啊，  
对于一个向往天堂的人来说，是太沉重了。

克伦威尔 我很高兴大人你能如此正确地对待这种负担。

伍尔西 我希望我能做到；

我觉得，由于灵魂坚强了，  
我现在似乎也能够忍受比我那些怯懦的敌人，  
敢于加在我身上的苦难更多更大的苦难。  
外边有什么消息吗？

克伦威尔 最痛心的、最坏的消息

就是您失去国王恩宠的事情。

伍尔西 愿上帝保佑他吧！

克伦威尔 其次，托马斯·摩尔爵士已被遴选为首相，  
取代您的位置。

伍尔西 这倒有些突然啊，

不过他是个有学问的人，但愿他能  
长久蒙陛下的恩宠，  
秉持真理和他的良心主持正义；  
唯愿他在走完自己的途程、在祝福中长眠之后，  
他的尸骨能够埋到坟墓里，孤儿在上面涕泪长流。  
还有什么？

克伦威尔 克兰默回国了，受到盛大欢迎，  
受封为坎特伯雷大主教。

伍尔西 这倒真是怪事啊。

克伦威尔 最后，早已和国王秘密结了婚的安妮夫人，  
今天在教堂做礼拜的时候，以王后的身份公开出面了，  
现在大家谈论的是她何时加冕这件事。

伍尔西 那就是把我拖倒尘埃的麻烦啊。噢，克伦威尔，  
国王跑在我的前边了。我所有的荣誉  
就因为这个女人都搭进去了，永远拿不回来了。

太阳永远也迎接不到我的荣誉了，  
再也不会给那一大群等待我向他们微笑的贵族们镀上一层金了。  
去吧，克伦威尔，你也离开我吧；  
我现在是个可怜的、失败的人，再也不配  
做你的主人了，去找国王吧；  
他是太阳，我祝太阳永不落；我已经跟他说过，  
你的为人，你如何忠实，他会提拔你的。  
只要他能够想起我一点影子来——  
我清楚他天性高贵，不会让——  
你的希望和效忠的愿望也落空的；好克伦威尔，  
切不可忽略他；要把握现在的时机，  
为你自己未来的安全做好准备。

克伦威尔 我的大人，我必须走吗？难道我非得  
弃您这么一位善良、高贵和真实的主人而去吗？  
一切不是铁石心肠的人，请你们作证，  
我克伦威尔离开我的主人，心里有多难过。  
我一定去效忠国王；但是我会永远为您祈祷。

伍尔西 克伦威尔，但我本没打算流一滴眼泪，  
尽管我苦难深重，但是你这番言辞切切的表白  
却迫使我扮演起女人的角色了。  
我们擦干眼泪吧，再听我说几句，克伦威尔；  
等我被人遗忘时，  
等我安眠在没有感觉、冷冰冰的大理石棺材里，  
再也听不见人们提到我的时候，你可以对人说我曾开导你，  
就说伍尔西经踩在光荣之路上，  
探查过荣誉的全部深渊和浅滩，  
从他的残骸里为你找到了一条通往上层的道路，  
一条稳妥安全的道路，尽管你的主人错过了这条道路。  
你只管留意我是如何垮台的，是什么导致我毁灭的。  
克伦威尔，你一定要听我的，抛开野心；  
天使们就是野心太大而堕落的，而人  
不过是他的创造主的影像，怎能寄望通过野心而获得胜利？  
爱自己到最后才最善，珍爱那些憎恨你的人吧，

比起腐败来诚实会为你赢得更多。

在你的右手里永远举着温顺的和平枝，  
杜绝嫉妒之舌。做人要公正，不要畏惧；

你所要达到的一切目的都是为你的国家、

这也是上帝和真理所要达到的目的，此后倘若你还是失败了的话，克伦威尔，你  
也将是受到祝福的殉难者。去为国王效劳吧。

还有，请你领我进去

把我所有的一切直到最后一个便士都列一份清单，  
这些都是国王的。

我敢说我自己的财产只剩下这件袍子和我对上帝的一片诚心了。

啊，克伦威尔，克伦威尔！

如果我把为国王效劳的热诚，用一半来侍奉我的上帝，

他也不会在我垂暮之年把我赤条条地留给我的敌人了。

克伦威尔 好大人，忍耐些吧。

伍尔西 我除了忍耐还能怎样。别了

在宫廷中晋身的希望，我的希望在天国里。

（莎士比亚《亨利八世》第三幕第二场）

## LESSON 40

# THE PHILOSOPHER

## 哲学家

**John P. Kennedy, 1795-1870. This gentleman, eminent in American politics and literature, was born in Baltimore, graduated at the College of Baltimore, and died in the same city. He served several years in the Legislature of his native state, and three terms in the United States House of Representatives. He was Secretary of the Navy during a part of President Fillmore's administration, and was active in sending out the famous Japan expedition, and Dr. Kane's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Mr. Kennedy wrote several novels, as well as political and other papers. His writings are marked by ease and freshness. The following extract is from "Swallow Barn," a series of sketches of early Virginia.**

From the house at Swallow Barn there is to be seen, at no great distance, a clump of trees, and in the midst of these a humble building is discernible, that seems to court the shade in which it is modestly embowered. It is an old structure built of logs. Its figure is a cube, with a roof rising from all sides to a point, and surmounted by a wooden weathercock, which somewhat resembles a fish and somewhat a fowl.

This little edifice is a rustic shrine devoted to Cadmus, and is under the dominion of parson Chub. He is a plump, rosy old gentleman, rather short and thickset, with the blood vessels meandering over his face like rivulets, —a pair of prominent blue eyes, and a head of silky hair not unlike the covering of a white spaniel. He may be said to be a man of jolly dimensions, with an evident taste for good living, sometimes sloven in his attire, for his coat—which is not of the newest—is decorated with sundry spots that are scattered over it in constellations. Besides this, he wears an immense cravat, which, as it is wreathed around his short neck, forms a bowl beneath his chin, and—as Ned says—gives the parson's head the appearance of that of John the Baptist upon a charger, as it is sometimes represented in the children's picture books. His beard is grizzled with silver stubble, which the parson reaps about twice a week—if the weather be fair.



Mr. Chub is a philosopher after the order of Socrates. He was an emigrant from the Emerald Isle, where he suffered much tribulation in the disturbances, as they are mildly called, of his much-enduring country. But the old gentleman has weathered the storm without losing a jot of that broad, healthy benevolence with which Nature has enveloped his heart, and whose ensign she has hoisted in his face. The early part of his life had been easy and prosperous, until the rebellion of 1798 stimulated his republicanism into a fever, and drove the full-blooded hero headlong into a quarrel, and put him, in spite of his peaceful profession, to standing by his pike in behalf of his principles. By this unhappy boiling over of the caldron of his valor, he fell under the ban of the ministers, and tested his share of government mercy. His house was burnt over his head, his horses and hounds (for, by all accounts, he was a perfect Actaeon) were “confiscate to the state,” and he was forced to fly. This brought him to America in no very compromising mood with royalty.

Here his fortunes appear to have been various, and he was tossed to and fro by the battledoor of fate, until he found a snug harbor at Swallow Barn; where, some years ago, he sat down in that quiet repose which a worried and badgered patriot is best fitted to enjoy.

He is a good scholar, and, having confined his readings entirely to the learning of the ancients, his republicanism is somewhat after the Grecian mold. He has never read any politics of later date than the time of the Emperor Constantine, not even a newspaper,—so that he may be said to have been contemporary with AEschines rather than Lord Castlereagh—until that eventful epoch of his life when his blazing rooftop awakened him from his anachronistical dream. This notable interruption, however, gave him but a feeble insight into the moderns, and he soon relapsed to Thucydides and Livy, with some such glimmerings of the American Revolution upon his remembrance as most readers have of the exploits of the first Brutus.

The old gentleman had a learned passion for folios. He had been a long time urging Meriwether to make some additions to his collections of literature, and descanted upon the value of some of the ancient authors as foundations, both moral and physical, to the library. Frank gave way to the argument, partly to gratify the parson, and partly from the proposition itself having a smack that

touched his fancy. The matter was therefore committed entirely to Mr. Chub, who forthwith set out on a voyage of exploration to the north. I believe he got as far as Boston. He certainly contrived to execute his commission with a curious felicity. Some famous Elzevirs were picked up, and many other antiques that nobody but Mr. Chub would ever think of opening.

The cargo arrived at Swallow Burn in the dead of winter. During the interval between the parson's return from his expedition and the coming of the books, the reverend little schoolmaster was in a remarkably unquiet state of body, which almost prevented him from sleeping: and it is said that the sight of the long-expected treasures had the happiest effect upon him. There was ample accommodation for this new acquisition of ancient wisdom provided before its arrival, and Mr. Chub now spent a whole week in arranging the volumes on their proper shelves, having, as report affirms, altered the arrangement at least seven times during that period. Everybody wondered what the old gentleman was at, all this time; but it was discovered afterwards, that he was endeavoring to effect a distribution of the works according to a minute division of human science, which entirely failed, owing to the unlucky accident of several of his departments being without any volumes.

After this matter was settled, he regularly spent his evenings in the library. Frank Meriwether was hardly behind the parson in this fancy, and took, for a short time, to abstruse reading. They both consequently deserted the little family circle every evening after tea, and might have continued to do so all the winter but for a discovery made by Hazard.

Ned had seldom joined the two votaries of science in their philosophical retirement, and it was whispered in the family that the parson was giving Frank a quiet course of lectures in the ancient philosophy, for Meriwether was known to talk a great deal, about that time, of the old and new Academicians. But it happened upon one dreary winter night, during a tremendous snowstorm, which was banging the shutters and doors of the house so as to keep up a continual uproar, that Ned, having waited in the parlor for the philosophers until midnight, set out to invade their retreat—not doubting that he should find them deep in study. When he entered the library, both candles were burning in their sockets, with long, untrimmed wicks; the fire was reduced to its last embers, and, in an armchair on

one side of the table, the parson was discovered in a sound sleep over Jeremy Taylor's "Ductor Dubitantium," whilst Frank, in another chair on the opposite side, was snoring over a folio edition of Montaigne. And upon the table stood a small stone pitcher, containing a residuum of whisky punch, now grown cold. Frank started up in great consternation upon hearing Ned's footstep beside him, and, from that time, almost entirely deserted the library. Mr. Chub, however, was not so easily drawn away from the career of his humor, and still shows his hankering after his leather-coated friends.

## 【中文阅读】

从坐落在雨燕谷仓的那幢房子看，相距不远处，有一个树丛，在这些茂密的大树中间那座简陋的建筑清晰可辨，似乎在向小心地隐藏在树林中的树荫大献殷勤。这是一幢用木头建成的老式建筑，看上去就像个立方体，屋顶突起成尖顶状，周围是木制的风标，乍看有点像一条鱼，又有点像一只鸟。

这幢不小的建筑其实是向希腊神话中的卡德摩斯献祭的做工粗糙的神龛，归教区长查伯管辖。这位教区长是一位大块头，肤色红润的老绅士，身材矮小四肢粗短，脸上的毛细血管像小溪一样蜿蜒交错——一双突出的蓝眼睛，一头光滑的头发，恰似一条头发斑白的老獾狗。可以说他是一个非常快活的人，对有品位的生活有明显的兴趣，尽管有时穿着邋遢，那件不算太新的大衣上面密布着各种各样的斑点。除此之外，他还围了一条很大的围巾，缠在那短脖子上，在他颌下堆成一个碗状——就像奈德说的那样——使得这位教区执事的头呈现圣徒约翰所诟病的那个模样，有时能在儿童图画书中一睹其神采。他胡须灰白，像银色茬子似的，教区长每周都要修剪两次——如果天气允许的话。

查伯先生是一位奉苏格拉底为圭臬的哲学家。他是一位来自信使岛的移民，在那儿他曾遇到许多麻烦事，人们委婉地称那里是他长期不堪忍受的故乡。不过，这位老绅士已经平安度过那段困难时期，没有丧失一点宽阔的胸襟，自然女神已经赋予他的心灵健康的仁善，在他脸上烙下了印记。他早年生活相当惬意和富足，在1798年爆发的武装叛乱的刺激下，他的思想由共和主义转向狂热，使得这位热血沸腾的英雄成为一位好争吵的人，尽管他从事的是平和的职业，但他却拿起能代表他的信条的武器随时准备战斗。由于象征他好战和英勇的大锅被烧

沸了，遂被驱逐出教会，多亏了政府的宽容才没有出现更坏的结果。他脑袋一热点燃了自家的房子，马匹和猎狗<sup>[4]</sup>“也被罚没充公了”。他被迫远走他乡。于是，在没有遭到特别的损失情况下他来到美国。

在这里，他的财产显然呈多样化，他在命运之门来回颠簸，直到在“雨燕谷仓”找到一个温暖舒适的避风港。几年前，他安静地坐在这儿，这是最适合一位曾经备受煎熬和整天吵吵嚷嚷的爱国者的生活了。

他是一位知识渊博的学者，他读的书完全局限于了解古代哲人的思想，他的共和主义观念在某种程度上也仿照希腊人的样子。他从来不读年代晚于康斯坦丁皇帝的任何政治学著作。甚至连报纸也不看——与其说他是当代的爱斯基人，不如说是卡斯特尔里格大公——直到他的生命中那个多灾多难的时期降临，当时他那炽热的屋顶将他从不合时代的梦想中唤醒。然而，这次意义重大的变故只不过促使他将狭隘的视野稍微扩展了一些而已，很快又故态复萌，回到修西底得和李维的世界当中，通过在追忆中对美国大革命隐约的一瞥，绝大多数读者都会最先想到暗杀恺撒的布鲁图。

这位老绅士对对开的纸怀有一种源于学术的酷爱。长久以来，他一直敦请梅瑞维特为他的文学藏书增添一些类别，使他以古代作者为主的有关道德和探讨自然规律的藏书能扩展成一个图书馆。弗兰克在辩论中退让，部分原因在于想让教区长高兴，部分原因源于论题本身恰好妨碍他的想象力。因此，这件事情完全委托给查伯先生，他即刻启程赴北方进行考察旅行。我相信他最远也就是到波士顿而已。他肯定怀有一种奇妙的幸福感，极力完成他的使命。他挑选了一些著名的埃尔塞维尔版的古籍，许多其他古籍除了查伯先生外根本没有别人有翻阅的念头。

在隆冬季节，这批古籍运至“雨燕谷仓”。在教区长考察归来和这批古书运抵此地的间隔期，那位备受尊敬身材矮小的校长明显感到不安，几乎令他睡不着觉：据说那些渴望已久的宝物，对他产生了最愉快的影响。在这些古籍运抵前，为这次新获得的古代智慧结晶腾出了宽敞的存放空间，查伯先生用整整一星期时间整理书架，据目击者说在那段时间里至少七次改变了原先的安排。大家对这位老绅士一直以来究竟是个怎样的人颇为纳闷。不过后来发现，他尝试按照人文科学的详细分类，来对这些著作进行分配。

在这件事情尘埃落定后，他经常晚上在图书馆里流连忘返。弗兰克·梅瑞维特很少落在教区长的后面，有一段时间甚至痴迷于阅读深奥难懂的东西。每天晚上用罢茶后，他们两人经常从这小小的家庭圈子开小差，想必整个冬天都泡在图书馆，不过只是尝试探索。

奈德很少在他们哲学家式的循世时，打扰这两个献身科学的人，家里风传教区长给弗兰克悄悄上了一堂古代哲学课，据知梅瑞维特当时谈了许多老的和新的学者的事情。可是，碰巧在一个阴沉的冬天晚上，在暴风雪漫天飞卷期间，当时百叶窗和门被风雪刮得啪啪作响。奈德在客厅等着哲学家一直到午夜时分，打算打扰他们的静修——毫无疑问他本来注意到了他们在入迷地读书。当他闯进图书馆时，只见他们旁边的烛台插着的两根蜡烛已经燃了很久了，蜡花没有修剪；火苗已经奄奄一息，在书桌一侧的扶手椅上，教区长头埋在杰里米·泰勒的那本《半信半疑的医生》上呼呼大睡，而弗兰克坐在对面的另一把椅子上，正冲着一本对开的蒙田选集打呼噜呢。在桌上摆着一个很小的石头制成的水罐，里面盛着的威士忌已经冰凉了。弗兰克开始聚精会神地谛听身旁奈德脚步声，从那一时刻起，几乎完全忘记了自己是在图书馆里。然而，查伯先生并不会如此轻易地从他一贯的幽默摆脱出来，渴望马上找到他坐在皮椅子上的朋友。

<sup>[1]</sup> 据大家说，他是一位完美的亚克托安，希腊神话中的神——译注。

## LESSON 41

### MARMION AND DOUGLAS

#### 马米恩和道格拉斯

Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
    To Surrey's camp to ride;  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
    And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:  
"Though something I might plain," he said,  
    "Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
    Sent hither by your king's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,  
    Part we in friendship from your land,  
    And, noble Earl, receive my hand."  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:  
    "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
    Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
    To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
    Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation stone;  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
    And never shall, in friendly grasp,  
    The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire;  
    And—"This to me!" he said,—  
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!  
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.  
Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?  
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?  
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!  
Let the portcullis fall.”  
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—  
And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
Like arrow through the archway sprung;  
The ponderous gate behind him rung:  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise;  
Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim:  
And when Lord Marmion reached his band  
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“Horse! horse!” the Douglas cried, “and chase!”  
But soon he reined his fury's pace:  
“A royal messenger he came,

Though most unworthy of the name.  
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;  
I thought to slay him where he stood.  
'T is pity of him, too," he cried;  
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride;  
I warrant him a warrior tried."  
With this his mandate he recalls,  
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

*(Walter Scott)*



## 【中文阅读】

拂晓将至

马米恩将他的队伍部署在  
萨里的营地待命；  
皇家印信在手上  
他要自己的人马安全为上，  
还有道格拉斯做向导。

从城堡出来一长队人马，  
马米恩驻足与他们告别；  
“显然出于某种原因，”他说，  
我一本正经地待在坦特伦城堡时，  
奉你们国王之命派来的  
陌生客人有些冷淡，



我们友谊的纽带在你们的土地上断裂了，  
另外，尊贵的伯爵，请接受我递过来的手。  
可是道格拉斯拉了一下披风，  
抱拢双臂，他这样说道：  
“遵照国王的旨意，我的庄园、厅堂和别馆  
还为他名单上的每位客人敞开着，  
然而，恕不接待主人的同侪。  
我的城堡只为我的王所有，  
从角楼到每一块基石；  
道格拉斯唯他命是从；  
从不会友好地理解，  
马米恩递过来的手。”

马米恩的黝黑的双颊涨得通红，  
因为愤怒硕大的身躯直晃；  
“这是对我的蔑视！”他说，  
“要不是因为你花白的胡须，  
马米恩的手不会吝惜  
劈开道格拉斯的脑袋！  
首先，我要告诉你，高贵的同侪，  
在这里捎来英王旨意的他，  
虽然代表的是国家，  
但愿骄傲的安格斯是你的伙伴；  
还有，道格拉斯，我还要告诉你，  
甚至在你傲慢的音调里，  
在这里，在你的地盘，当着你旁边的下属，  
我告诉你，我蔑视你！  
如果你说我与苏格兰的任何王公都不配同侪，  
不论低地还是高地，远还是近的，  
安格斯大人，你在胡说八道！”

伯爵的脸颊上飞起愤怒的红晕，  
掩住了岁月的苍白。

他凶狠地说——“你竟敢  
掙在窝里安眠的猛狮的胡须，  
道格拉斯还在他的地盘上吧？  
你还寄望毫发无损地离开吗？  
不，我以博斯维尔的圣徒新娘的名义u，绝对不能！  
上吊桥吧，马夫——看守，小心伺候！  
放下吊闸。”

马米恩大人转过脸来——还是那样从容，  
从他的坐骑猛的掷出小齿轮，  
就像箭一般穿过拱门；  
在他身后硕大的门开了，  
闪出勉强的空间，  
门闩掉下来，将他头上的羽毛碰落在地。

他的战马飞过吊桥，  
仿佛它在斜坡上振翅高飞；  
没有比它更轻盈的雨燕飞掠，  
沿着平滑的湖面边缘；  
马米恩和他的人马会合后，  
他勒住战马攥紧拳头，  
用蔑视的口气高喊，  
冲塔楼挥着长手套。

“马！马！”道格拉斯叫道，“快追！”  
但是很快他收拢狂怒的脚步：  
“皇家信使到近前来，  
尽管这个名字最不值得提及，  
圣玛丽会安抚我暴躁的情绪，  
上了年纪绝不会让道格拉斯的血液冷却；  
我想杀死和他作对的那个人，  
这样太便宜他了，”他喊道；  
他竟敢口出狂言，大摇大摆地扬长而去；

“我不会为难疲惫的勇士。”

他收回他的命令，  
慢慢寻找落脚的城堡。

（沃尔特•司各特）

<sup>[1]</sup> 指的是苏格兰女王玛丽——译注。

LESSON 42  
THE PRESENT

今 朝

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825-1864, was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, known in literature as “Barry Cornwall.” She is the author of several volumes of poetry, and was a contributor to “Good Words,” “All the Year Round,” and other London periodicals. Her works have been republished in America.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship  
The dead Past, whose life is fled  
Hush your voice in tender reverence;  
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:  
For the Present reigns, our monarch,  
With an added weight of hours;  
Honor her, for she is mighty!  
Honor her, for she is ours!

See the shadows of his heroes  
Girt around her cloudy throne;  
Every day the ranks are strengthened  
By great hearts to him unknown;  
Noble things the great Past promised,  
Holy dreams, both strange and new;  
But the Present shall fulfill them;  
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,  
She is heir to all his fame,  
And the light that lightens round her  
Is the luster of his name;  
She is wise with all his wisdom,  
Living on his grave she stands,  
On her brow she bears his laurels,  
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer

If we thus her glory dim?  
Let us fight for her as nobly  
As our fathers fought for him.  
God, who crowns the dying ages,  
Bids her rule, and us obey,—  
Bids us cast our lives before her,  
Bids us serve the great To-day.

## 【中文阅读】

不要今朝屈膝，祭拜  
逝去的先王，他的生命  
在你表示敬意的温柔声音中遁去了；  
对于今朝的统治者，我们的君主，  
岁月的脚步更加沉重；  
向她致敬，她是万能的！  
向她致敬，因为他是我们的君主！

瞧，那些英雄们的身影  
环绕着她有些模糊的宝座；  
每天行列都为  
他不晓得的那些忠心的人加强了；  
这位伟大的先王许诺过的高尚的事情，  
神圣的梦，奇怪又新鲜；  
但是，今朝的事情有待他们完成；  
他许诺的，她来做。

她继承了他的所有财富，  
她也是他威望的继承人，  
围在她周围的光环，  
就是他名字的光辉；  
拥有他所有的智慧，她因而明智，  
他以他的遗产为生，  
她的眉宇间有他的殊荣，

他耕种来，她收成。

胆小鬼，如果我们因此认为他的光辉已经暗淡  
她怎么可能统治和征服？

让我们为她勇敢地战斗，  
就像我们的父辈为他战死沙场那样。

上帝啊，谁能在有生之年登上王位，  
只要她来统治，我们就遵从，  
为了她能献出生命的我们，  
一切要为伟大的今朝服务。

## LESSON 43

# THE BAPTISM

## 洗礼

John Wilson, 1785-1854, a distinguished Scottish author, was born at Paisley. When fifteen years of age, he entered the University of Glasgow; but, three years later, he became a member of Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he attained eminence both as a student, and as a proficient in gymnastic games and exercises. Soon after graduating, he purchased an estate near Lake Windermere, and became a companion of Wordsworth and Southey; but he soon left his estate to reside in Edinburgh. In 1817, when “Blackwood’s Magazine” was established in opposition to the “Edinburgh Review,” he became chief contributor to that famous periodical. In its pages, he won his chief fame as a writer. In 1820, he succeeded Dr. Thomas Brown as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; this position he held for thirty years. His “Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life” was published in 1822. This is a collection of pathetic and beautiful tales of domestic life in Scotland. His contributions to Blackwood appeared over the pseudonym of “Christopher North,” or more familiarly, “Kit North.” Professor Wilson was a man of great physical power and of striking appearance. In character, he was vehement and impulsive; but his writings show that he possessed feelings of deep tenderness.

The rite of baptism had not been performed for several months in the kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution; and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God, and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was now the Sabbath day, and a small congregation of about a hundred souls had met for divine service, in a place more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, but each heart knew the hour and observed it; for there are a hundred sundials among the hills, woods, moors, and fields; and the shepherd and the peasant see the hours passing by them in sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled, was hewn by God’s hand out of the eternal rock. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with prodigious fragments of rocks or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and

fissures, and here and there crowned with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long-stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low—which was now the case, in the common drought—it was easy to walk up this scene with the calm, blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude.

On looking up, the soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable, and often overhanging, cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices, were perpetually flying rooks and wood pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur, or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still, on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black walls of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wild cat chose more accessible haunts. Yet, here came the persecuted Christians and worshiped God, whose hand hung over their head those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock, and laid at their feet the calm water, in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting, in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semicircular ledge of rocks, over a narrow chasm, of which the tiny stream played in a murmuring waterfall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, sat about a hundred persons, all devoutly listening to their minister, who stood before them on what might be called a small, natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch tree. The pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing the congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling pool, into which the scarce-heard water poured over the blackened rock. The water, as it left the pool, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large, mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

At the close of divine service, a row of maidens, all clothed in purest white, came gliding off from the congregation, and, crossing the murmuring stream on stepping stones, arranged themselves at



the foot of the pulpit with those who were about to be baptized. Their devout fathers, just as though they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship, and now stood up before the minister. The baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was lying, consecrated, in an appropriate receptacle, formed by the upright stones that composed one side of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded.

Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected; and now and then, in spite of the grave looks and admonishing whispers of their elders, letting fall a pebble into the water, that they might judge of its depth, from the length of time that elapsed before the clear air bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over, and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks hemmed in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compact volume, clear, sweet, and strong, up to heaven. When the psalm ceased, an echo, like a spirit's voice, was heard dying away, high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs; and once more might be noticed in the silence, the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then, a large stone fell from the top of the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a plaid was hung over on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their wakeful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith, the congregation rose. There were paths, dangerous to unpracticed feet, along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder, more especially the old pastor, and the women with the infants; and many minutes had not elapsed, till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them were hidden, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm, had lain down again instantly in his plaid on the greensward, upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers was immediately upon him, and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom; when one of them, looking over the edge of the cliff, exclaimed, "See, see! Humphrey, We have caught the whole tabernacle of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Mouse. These are the Cartland Craigs. A noble cathedral!" "Fling the lying sentinel over the cliffs. Here is a canting Covenanter for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him; out of the gallery into the pit." But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow, and, mixing with the tall, green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way toward a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come, my lads, follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's Cave. They

are called, ‘kittle nine stanes;’ The hunt’s up. We’ll all be in at the death. Halloo! my boys, halloo!”

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the “craigs,” and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old, gray-haired minister had been seen standing, and the rocks that had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary; not a creature to be seen. “Here is a Bible, dropped by some of them,” cried a soldier, and, with his foot, he spun it away into the pool. “A bonnet, a bonnet,” cried another; “now for the pretty, sanctified face, that rolled its demure eyes below it.” But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eying with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of the rocks that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profounder stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude. “What if these cowardly Covenanters should tumble down upon our heads pieces of rock, from their hiding places! Advance, or retreat?”

There was no reply; for a slight fear was upon every man. Musket or bayonet could be of little use to men obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they know not where. And they were aware that armed men nowadays worshiped God; men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of the soldier’s arms, neither barrel nor bayonet; men of long stride, firm step, and broad breast, who, on the open field, would have overthrown the marshaled line, and gone first and foremost, if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as if propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweetbriers, and the broom, and the tresses of the birch trees. It came deepening, and rolling, and roaring on; and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundation, as if in an earthquake. “The Lord have mercy upon us! What is this?” And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some on their faces, upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axles down the strong channel of the torrent. The old, gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace’s Cave, and said, in a loud voice, “The Lord God terrible reigneth!”

A waterspout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came, tumbling along into that long reach of cliffs, and, in a moment, filled it with one mass of waves. Huge, agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of a blood-red torrent. An army must have been

swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment; but high up in the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the Covenanters, men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in the raging thunder.

## 【中文阅读】

在拉纳克教会，已经有好几个月没有举行洗礼仪式了。现在是宗教迫害最疯狂的时候，那个教区的居民发现其他地方在做礼拜，举行宗教法令的颁布仪式。今天是安息日，大约一百位信众聚在一起礼拜，举行仪式的地方要比人类凭双手建造的任何神庙都要宏伟壮丽。教堂会众并没有在钟声缓缓敲响时集合，但是每个人心里都清楚集合的时间，都很守时。由于在群山、丛林、荒野和田地之间有一百个日晷仪，牧羊人和农夫得以在骄阳和树荫下通过日晷仪观测到时间的流逝。

他们集会的教堂是上帝之手劈开巨石修建成的。一条小河流过悬崖峭壁的巨大裂缝，悬崖峭壁高达数百英尺，其中一侧有隆起的石碓，另一侧相应地凹了进去，仿佛这块巨石的裂口是一场地震形成的。通道是由数量惊人的碎石块或者大块裸石铺成的，其中有一些很光滑、平整，其他的则在裂缝里和纹理间有土质和青绿色的草。这里的石头上随处可见冠状树丛和树木。放眼望去，人们的视野马上就变得长而狭窄，看上去好像被合拢的悬崖给挡住了似的。这条河雄伟的流域包括池塘、小溪和数不清的瀑布。当水面较低时——现在就是这种情形，正值干旱季节——这种景象触手可及，头顶高悬无风碧蓝的天空，遗世而立，令人流连忘返。

向上仰望，人们被高达万仞的悬崖的威严给震慑住了。在通道和向远处延伸的峭壁的顶端之间，是永远展翅腾飞的乌鸦和啄木鸟，不时会有一只鹰出现，它们狂野的呱呱声、低沉的鸣叫或尖厉的长啸空谷回音。有时，一只鹭会笔直地站在小石岛上，像一朵白云一样沿着巨石裂缝的黑壁巡飞，转瞬就不见了踪影。只有长翅膀的生灵才能在这个地方栖息。狐狸和野猫会选择更易于藏身的地方出没。不过，被迫害的基督徒到这里来做礼拜，上帝把手放在那些壮观的石柱和拱门顶上，将走廊与结实的巨石分开，走廊下面是一泓潭水。透过透明的潭水他们能看到自己的坐姿，手上捧着《圣经》。

在这儿，在半圆形的突出的石壁上，在巨石狭窄的裂口上，那条小溪流水潺潺，将教堂会

众分成人数均等的两部分，坐着的一百名会众全都虔诚地聆听牧师布道，牧师站在他们前面那块他称作讲坛的石头上，那块不大的石头似乎也有了生气。在石头上面有一段短短的台阶，华盖上一株挺拔优雅的桦树迎风摇曳。讲坛位于通道的中央，直接面向教堂会众，将会众分开的是清澈见底、水波涟漪的水潭，人们很少听到水漫过黑魑魑的石头声音。在尽头处，潭分成两条小溪，水绕着祭坛流淌。就这样，祭坛成了一个小岛，长满苔藓的大石头被下面的金盏花和绿树丛环绕着。

在礼拜快要结束时，从会众中闪出一队身着洁白服装的少女，穿过汨汨流淌的溪水，踏上石头，与那些好像要接受洗礼的人一起在讲坛下面排成队列。她们虔诚的父亲们就像在自己的苏格兰教会那样，在做礼拜期间一直坐在那儿，现在他们全都站在牧师面前。从那个清澈的水潭里取来的洗礼用的水，被奉为神圣的赐物，盛在相应的容器里。这个容器是由讲坛一侧的立石天然形成的，就这样，神圣的仪式开始了。

这些年轻人中有的围成半圆形，不错眼珠地盯着水潭，整个情景都被反射到潭水里了；尽管年长一些的人神情肃穆，告诫他们不要低声耳语，可是这些年轻人不时地向水潭里扔小石子，他们从石子飞行的时间和在水面激起的水花来判断水潭有多深。仪式结束了，在唱赞美诗后，一天的宗教活动告一段落。巨大的石头聚拢着这神圣的声音，整个空谷都在回荡着，清晰、悠扬而又高亢，直冲云霄。在赞美诗结束时，一声回音就像神灵的叹息一样慢慢地隐去，在巍峨耸立的悬崖间盘旋着；在静谧中更加撞击人们耳鼓的是，瀑布那复苏的流淌声。

就在这时候，一块大石头从悬崖顶端掉进水潭里，传来巨大的声音，在牧羊人群的头顶上，悬起一块毛呢长披肩。他们那警觉的岗哨发现有危险情况，发出警报。会众见状马上都站了起来。在小道上沿着岩石的突出部分攀爬是危险的，他们迅速爬到洞穴和躲藏的地方。年轻人主动帮助年长者，特别是年长的牧师和带着孩子的妇女，时间在一分一秒地流逝，直到众人都消失在小溪的水渠里，所有人差不多都躲进巨石的裂口和大山洞里了。

发出警报的牧羊人立刻在峭壁顶端的草皮上摊开毛呢长披。一群士兵马上发现了他，问他发的是什么信号，向谁发的；其中一人向悬崖上眺望，大喊道：“看，看啊，汉弗莱，我们最终会将这些上帝的信徒一网打尽的。他们在环绕那条小河的石头中间赞美上帝呢。这些是峭壁岩石，一座雄伟的大教堂！”“把那个撒谎的岗哨扔到悬崖上去。这家伙是你们伪善的盟约者，

在这个特别的安息日欺骗最诚实的士兵。处死他，处死他，把他抬出走廊，扔到深坑里去。”但是，牧羊人已经像影子似的跑了，闪身躲进高高的绿色金盏花和树丛中，顺着一条他从前没走过的路朝一片树林跑去。“撒旦已经饶恕了他的奴仆，孩子们，你们随我来，我晓得下到小溪河床底部的路，从那里就可以攀上华莱士的洞穴。他们要是爬上来的话，我们都得死，快点！孩子们，快啊！”

士兵们冲下木头堤岸不那么陡峭的部分，在峭壁岩石下一小队人向通道赶去。但是，当他们到达祭坛时，只有年事已高、一头灰白头发的牧师站在那儿，岩石已经把教堂会众遮挡起来，他们全都默不作声，出奇地寂静。一个人影也不见了。“瞧，这儿有本圣经，准是他们中有人掉落的。”一个士兵喊道，然后用脚踢到水潭里。“呢帽，呢帽，”另一个士兵喊了一声，“用来遮住姣好神圣的脸，盖住眉毛的。”不过，在一阵肆无忌惮的玩笑和诅咒过后，士兵们仍站在原地未动，脸上流露出一一种神秘的敬畏，盯着四周黑魑魑、静默得吓人的石壁，只听见小溪流水的声音，这是水从潭底发出的回声。“要是这些愚蠢的盟约者在他们的藏身之处朝我们的脑袋扔石头该怎么办！我们向前还是后退？”

没人回答。因为哪怕是最轻微的恐吓也会吓坏每个人。火枪或刺刀根本不能帮助这些人沿着狭窄的小道攀上岩石，他们无所适从。他们意识到今天来做礼拜的人都全副武装，这些有着坚强意志的人是不会害怕士兵手里的火器的，更不用说枪筒和刺刀了。在开阔地带，迈着大步和挺着宽阔胸膛的会众会冲垮士兵列好的阵形，如果必须攻城拔寨的话，那么一鼓作气是最要紧的。

就在这些士兵站在那儿犹豫不定时，传来一阵雷鸣般的声音，好像是从远处发出的，可是更令人失魂落魄。一股气流仿佛是被驱赶过来的，轻轻地漫过多花蔷薇、金盏花和桦树的枝叶。这股气流越来越大，向前翻滚着，发出咆哮声，连峭壁岩石的底部都在摇晃，好像是地震。“上帝已经饶恕我们了！这是怎么回事？”许多可怜的家伙都跪卧在地上，尖利的石块砸在一些人的脸上。现在，这个场面就像有无数战车的铁车轴碾过洪流似的。那位年事已高、一头灰白头发的牧师从华莱士的洞穴口闪身出来，嗓音洪亮地说：“万能的上帝发威了！”

在沼泽地和河流之间，水直往上喷涌，眼看着就成了一片汪洋。洪水翻滚着涌进悬崖的狭长地带。不一会儿，悬崖间就波浪腾涌了。在洪水的表面涌起巨大的泡沫。在洪水面前，一支军队不堪一击。顷刻间，士兵们就命丧黄泉了。在悬崖的顶端，在被摧毁的连绵巨石上站着的盟约者、男人、妇女和孩子们，齐声祷告上帝，在电闪雷鸣中，他们的祈祷声连他们自己也听

不见。

# LESSON 44

## SPARROWS

### 麻雀

Adeline D. Train Whitney, 1824—, was born in Boston, and was educated in the school of Dr. George B. Emerson. Her father was Enoch Train, a well-known merchant of that city. At the age of nineteen, she became the wife of Mr. Seth D. Whitney. Her literary career began about 1856, since which time she has written several novels and poems; a number of them first appeared in the “Atlantic Monthly.” Her writings are marked by grace and sprightliness.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,  
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;  
Maybe they think that, for them and their sires,  
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings:  
And, perhaps, the Thought that the world inspires,  
Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,  
And the news of the world runs under their feet,—  
How value rises, and how declines,  
How kings with their armies in battle meet,—  
And, all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,  
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,—  
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day,—  
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,  
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.  
Yet, from end to end, His meaning arrives,  
And His word runs underneath, all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,  
Apart from that which about it clings?  
Are the thoughts, and the works, and the prayers of men  
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,  
Holding a moment, and gone again?  
Nay; He planned for the birds, with the larger things.

## 【中文阅读】

鸟儿端坐在电线上，  
啾啾而鸣，飞来飞去，又合上翅膀；  
或许它们在想，为它们和它们的王子，  
始终特地拉紧那些美丽的线：  
也许，能启发整个世界的这个念头，  
就是这些鸟儿的打算。

鸟儿端坐在纤细的绳上，  
这个世界的新鲜事就在它们脚下——  
绳子的价值有多么大，又有多么小，  
领导它们的鸟王如何在战场上相遇——  
一直在无声的信号中间，  
它们啾啾地低语，愚蠢的甜言蜜语。

小东西偶然发现了维系我们生活的线——  
希望，欢乐今朝——  
我们觉得这是上帝特意为它们设计的，  
不会被隐蔽的电击中。  
然而从一端到另一端，上帝的意思都传达到了，  
他的话能直达下界。

那么，生活中仅仅有电线和电，  
才能依附吗？  
还有思想、劳动和人们的祈祷，  
只有偶然发现了上帝的电缆的麻雀，  
把握住了这一刻，会再去吗？  
不会的，上帝为鸟儿们有更大的着想。



# LESSON 45

## OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH

### 守安息日

**Gardiner Spring, 1785-1873, was the son of Samuel Spring, D.D., who was pastor of a Congregational church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, for more than forty years. The son entered Yale College, and was valedictorian of his class in 1805. He studied law for a time; then went to Bermuda, where he taught nearly two years. On his return he completed his law studies, and practiced his profession for more than a year. In 1810, having studied theology at Andover, he was ordained as pastor of the “Brick Church” in New York City. Here he remained till his death. He was elected president of Dartmouth College, and also of Hamilton, but declined both positions. His works, embracing about twenty octavo volumes, have passed through several editions; some have been translated into foreign languages, and reprinted in Europe. As a preacher, Dr. Spring was eloquent and energetic.**

The Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral obligation become relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals, no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

If you can induce a community to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures; to question the reality and obligations of religion; to hesitate, undeciding, whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave; or whether there exists any such being as God, you have broken down the barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the flood gates of immorality and crime. I need not say that when a people have once done this, they can no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; avarice, perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts than the tranquil abode of civilized and Christianized men.

If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosoms of men, and in the seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained. One of the principal occupations of this day is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved inviolate, you behold a nation convened one day in seven for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts; and it can not be otherwise than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regards the Sabbath. The holy rest of this ever-memorable day is a barrier which is always broken down before men become giants in sin. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, remarks that “a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath.” It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice Hale, that “of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was on the bench, he found a few only who would not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath and vicious conduct on that day.”

The prisons in our own land could probably tell us that they have scarcely a solitary tenant who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath before he was abandoned to crime. You may enact laws for the suppression of immorality, but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interest of the community than any code of penal statutes that ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the keystone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however defaced, will survive many a rude shock so long as the foundation remains firm.

The observance of the Sabbath is also most influential in securing national prosperity. The God of Heaven has said, "Them that honor me I will honor," You will not often find a notorious Sabbath breaker a permanently prosperous man; and a Sabbath-breaking community is never a happy or prosperous community. There is a multitude of unobserved influences which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony; it elevates the poor from want; it transforms squalid wretchedness; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character; it promotes softness and civility of manners; it brings together the rich and the poor upon one common level in the house of prayer; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the center of allurements and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, "it has the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come," for men can not put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven so long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

## 【中文阅读】

安息日是所有真正的道德规范的基石。道德源于准则。让阐释道德义务的准则自由自在，那么道德规范的践行将不会长久。没有宗教义务的影响，没有谁能保持自己的道德准则，也没有哪位父母能让自己的孩子保持道德准则。

如果你能引诱一个团体对圣经的真实性和权威性产生怀疑，对宗教义务和现实产生疑问，对是否存在美德或恶行，对是否有超越死亡的永恒的惩罚，或者是否存在诸如上帝这样的实在踌躇不决的话，那么你就打破了道德上的界限，吊起了拦住不道德和罪恶洪水的闸门。不用我说，当人们一旦这样的话，他们就不再作为内心安宁和快乐人而存在了。将社会连在一起的每一纽带都会断裂，人与人之间建立起来的信任关系中充斥了欺骗和背叛，法院成了见证贿赂和不公正的场所，贪婪、偏见、野心和报复堂而皇之地肆虐，使得这块土地更像是野兽的居所，而不是文明开化和皈依了基督教的人平静安详的聚居之地。

如果存在一种本身能够抵制人类堕落这一进程的宗教习俗，在我们这个没有思想和任性的世界的伦理德性利益面前能够被竖起一道盾牌的话，那就是安息日。再美的和恶性之间展

开的这场骇人的斗争中，虽然存在强大的辅助工具，能在人的内心深处，在流行的时尚的诱惑和影响中发现邪恶，但是无论在哪里坚守安息日都是一个艰难的宗教习俗，伦理德性那震颤人心灵的吸引力始终受到人们的崇敬并得以维系下来。在当今时代最重要的一项使命就是阐述和践行正确的道德原则。这种神圣的信任对社会和任何人都没有伤害，你会发现人们基于通过最好的道德原则和观念来彼此增进了解的目的，一个国家在一周里要有一天守安息日。除此之外，没有其他宗教习俗能让人们在教会的帮助和支持下，认识和感受到伦理德性的权威。

我们不会马上就能洞察到这种每周一次守安息日的习俗所产生的效果。同绝大多数道德事业一样，守安息日也要慢慢进行；不过，守安息日肯定会慢慢削弱那种力量，打破导致放荡和罪恶的枷锁。没有哪个恶棍会看重安息日，没有哪个邪恶的家庭会把安息日当回事，没有哪个不道德的社会会尊重安息日。这个永远值得纪念的神圣日子，始终都是在人们称为罪恶的巨人之前被打破的一道藩篱。布莱克斯顿在他对英格兰法律进行评价时指出，“道德败坏通常都伴随着对安息日的亵渎。”这是英国高等法院的王座庭庭长颇具洞察力言论，即“他在审判席上时，所有犯有重大罪行的人，就他观察只有少数不会坦白他们开始邪恶生涯时，忽视了守安息日的义务，并在那天做出邪恶勾当。”

我们自己国家监狱的情形，或许也能告诉我们他们之所以很少设单独的囚室的原因，在犯人全然陷入犯罪前，他不会违反守安息日的诸多限制和禁忌。为了阻止不道德行为，你可以制定相应的法律，但是守安息日的秘密和沉默的力量为社会的重大利益形成了比任何成文的惩罚法典更强大的盾牌。安息日是支撑道德殿堂拱门的那块柱石，尽管受到了侵蚀，只要基础保持牢固仍旧经得起猛烈的打击。

在确保国家兴旺繁荣上，守安息日也具有很大的影响力。上帝说过，“给我荣誉的人，我会酬之以荣。”你不会经常发现一个臭名昭著的不守安息日的人，竟然是一位成功人士。一个践踏安息日守则的社会绝对不是一个幸福和繁荣的社会。安息日对人的现世福祉产生的影响，在很大程度上是无法估量的。它能提升良好的秩序与和谐的精神实质；它能鼓舞穷人摆脱物质匮乏；它能改变污秽的悲惨；它能给予自尊和个性的提升；它能促进举止仪态的柔和与礼貌；它能让富人和穷人为了祈祷而共处一室；它能净化和加强社会大爱，使得家庭紧紧围绕有吸引力

的事物和教化之源。沐浴在幸福和温馨之中，就像它神圣的教义那样，“它对现在和即将到来的生活做出承诺。”因为人们不会将自己置于希望和上帝之外，只要重视安息日，“牢记安息日吧，切实恪守。”

## LESSON 46

# GOD'S GOODNESS TO SUCH AS FEAR HIM

## 上帝的善就是心怀敬畏

Fret not thyself because of evil doers,  
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity;  
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,  
And wither as the green herb.  
Trust in the Lord, and do good;  
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.  
Delight thyself also in the Lord,  
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.  
Commit thy way unto the Lord;  
Trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.  
And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,  
And thy judgment as the noonday.  
Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,  
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.  
Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:  
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil,  
For evil doers shall be cut off:  
But those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.  
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be;  
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.  
But the meek shall inherit the earth,  
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

A little that a righteous man hath  
Is better than the riches of many wicked;  
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken,  
But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.  
The Lord knoweth the days of the upright,  
And their inheritance shall be forever;  
They shall not be ashamed in the evil time,

And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish,  
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs;  
They shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.  
The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again;  
But the righteous sheweth mercy and giveth.  
For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth.  
The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,  
And he delighteth in his way;  
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;  
For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old,  
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,  
Nor his seed begging bread.  
He is ever merciful, and lendeth,  
And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good,  
And dwell for evermore;  
For the Lord loveth judgment,  
And forsaketh not his saints:  
They are preserved forever:  
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.  
The righteous shall inherit the land,  
And dwell therein forever.  
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,  
And his tongue talketh of judgment;  
The law of his God is in his heart;  
None of his steps shall slide.  
The wicked watcheth the righteous,  
And seeketh to slay him.  
The Lord will not leave him in his hand,  
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,  
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land;  
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.  
I have seen the wicked in great power,  
And spreading himself like a green bay tree;  
Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not;

Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

*(From the Thirty-seventh Psalm)*

## 【中文阅读】

不要为作恶者心怀不平，  
也不要对邪恶始作俑者心生嫉妒；  
因为他们恰似草芥就要被割下，  
又如青苔就要枯干。  
虔信上帝而行善；  
就能住在地上，真正得到滋养。  
也以上帝为乐，  
他将你心里的希求赐予你。  
你对上帝坦诚；  
也对他完全信任，他就会还你诚心。  
他将你的正义如光般呈示，  
你的判断将明如正午的阳光。  
依靠上帝，就要耐心等候。

不要因那人一时兴旺发达而心怀不平，  
因为他是因邪恶才有所成就。  
止住怒火，戒绝愤怒：  
不要心怀不平，以致丧失明智乃至作恶，  
因为邪恶终将被铲除：  
那些等待上帝的人，必将继承土地的饶富。  
尚有片刻，邪恶之人将化为乌有；  
纵使你详查他的住处，亦将化为乌有。  
但是，温顺之人将继承土地的饶富，  
以生活在安宁的丰饶中为乐。

尽管正直的人所有甚少  
要好过许多邪恶的富人；  
邪恶之人的武器必将折断，



但是上帝维护正义。  
上帝晓得正直人过的日子，  
他们继承来的产业永远牢固；  
他们不必为危难时蒙羞，  
就是在饥馑的日子，他们也能得到满足。

邪恶之人终将灭亡，  
上帝的敌人不过是羔羊的油脂；  
他们会被吃掉，或者化为灰烟。  
邪恶之人借贷，从不偿还；  
正直的人以德报怨，还复给予。  
得到上帝赐福的，必将继承土地的饶富。  
好人的脚步又上帝来定，  
他高高兴兴走自己的路；  
虽然他跌倒了，但不会完全倒下；  
因为上帝用手将他托住。

我也曾年轻，现在老去了，  
从未见过正直的人被弃之不顾，  
他的后人也不会乞食。  
他始终仁慈，乐于借人，  
他的后人也会蒙赐福。

远离恶人，多行善，  
会永远安享太平；  
因为上帝喜爱公正，  
不嫌恶他的圣徒；  
他们永受护佑，  
但是恶人的后代将被铲除。  
正直的人继承土地的饶富，  
永居于此。  
从正直的人嘴里说出的是智慧的话语，  
他的舌头来评定是否公平；

上帝的法律他铭记在心；  
他的脚步永远不会趑趄。  
邪恶之人偷窥正直之人，  
伺机要他性命。  
上帝不会任他下手  
在他受到审判时，也不会判罪。

等待上帝的指示，按照他的吩咐走，  
他将提拔你，让你继承土地的饶富；  
邪恶之人将被铲除，你会看到。  
我目睹邪恶之人势力很大，  
像一棵枝繁叶茂的月桂树四处延伸；  
人们从那里经过，定睛看去他已不见；  
我也把他寻找，可是无法找到。

（摘自《赞美诗：37》）

# LESSON 47

## CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS

### 哥伦布的性格

Washington Irving, 1783-1859. Among those whose works have enriched American literature, and have given it a place in the estimation of foreigners, no name stands higher than that of Washington Irving. He was born in the city of New York; his father was a native of Scotland, and his mother was English. He had an ordinary school education, and at the age of sixteen began the study of law. Two of his older brothers were interested in literary pursuits; and in his youth he studied the old English authors. He was also passionately fond of books of travel. At the age of nineteen, he began his literary career by writing for a paper published by his brother. In 1804 he made a voyage to the south of Europe. On his return he completed his studies in law, but never practiced his profession. "Salmagundi," his first book (partly written by others), was published in 1807. This was followed, two years later, by "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Soon after, he entered into mercantile pursuits in company with two brothers. At the close of the war with England he sailed again for Europe, and remained abroad seventeen years. During his absence he formed the acquaintance of the most eminent literary men of his time, and wrote several of his works; among them were: "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and the "Conquest of Granada." On his return he made a journey west of the Mississippi, and gathered materials for several other books. From 1842 to 1846 he was Minister to Spain. On his return to America he established his residence at "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where he passed the last years of his life. A young lady to whom he was attached having died in early life, Mr. Irving never married.

His works are marked by humor, just sentiment, and elegance and correctness of expression. They were popular both at home and abroad from the first, and their sale brought him a handsome fortune. The "Life of Washington," his last work, was completed in the same year in which he died.

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth, at times, with that irresistible force which characterizes intellect of such an order. His ambition was lofty and noble, inspiring him with high thoughts and an anxiety to distinguish himself by great achievements. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same elevated spirit with which he sought renown; they were to rise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance.

His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of ravaging the newly-found countries, like many of his cotemporary discoverers, who were intent only on immediate gain, he regarded them with the eyes of a legislator; he sought to colonize and cultivate them, to civilize the natives, to build cities, introduce the useful arts, subject everything to the control of law, order, and religion, and thus to found regular and prosperous empires. That he failed in this was the fault of the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command, with whom all law was tyranny and all order oppression.

He was naturally irascible and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the generosity and benevolence of his heart. The

magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, braved in his authority, foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anguish of body and anxiety of mind enough to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor can the reader of the story of his eventful life fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been exalted for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His piety was genuine and fervent. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery he devoutly returned thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise rose from his ships on discovering the new world, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and offer up thanksgiving. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was to him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole deportment; his very language was pure and guarded, and free from all gross or irreverent expressions.

A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed; namely, that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild land he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extolled the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, “full of dew and sweetness,” the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a glorious and golden world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors.

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amid the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its land with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

## 【中文阅读】

哥伦布是一位伟人、一位富有创造性的天才。他的思维非常活跃，别出心裁，爆发出不可遏制的力量，这种力量以睿智为标志。他抱负极高，以崇高的思想和对自己完成重大使命的焦虑来激励自己。他在提升追求名望所必需的精神同时，他的人生目标体现在尊贵和财富上。这些东西就在他发现的领土上，其重要性堪比领土本身。

他的行为以视野的宏伟和精神的雅量高致为特征。与在新发现的国家进行破坏和蹂躏不同的是，同许多与他同时代的发现者——只是一心想马上索取——一样，他用立法者的眼光看待这些领土；他致力于殖民和拓荒，对土著进行教化，修建城市，引进实用技艺，将所有的一切都纳入法律、秩序和宗教的控制之下，只有这样才能建立合乎原则和兴旺繁荣的帝国。导致他失败的错误在于无节制的暴民，不幸的是他未能控制住他们。对这些人而言，所有的法律都是残暴的，所有的秩序都是压迫。

他自然而然地失去理性并好冲动了，对损害和不公平尤其敏感。然而，他性情的急躁受被他内心的慷慨和仁爱所抵消。他天性中的宽宏大量能够化解他那急风暴雨般职业生涯中出现的所有麻烦。尽管那些好挑动是非和毫无价值的人的叛乱一再冒犯他的尊严，践踏他的权威，打乱他的计划，危及他的人身安全，与此同时身体上的痛苦和内心的焦虑都达到了能承受的极限，但他还是约束自己好勇和易怒的情绪，极力克制自己，诉诸理性，甚至恳求那些暴民。读了这个描述他多灾多难人生经历故事的人，当然会注意到他是如何抛开所有复仇想法的，他是怎样准备宽恕和忘却哪怕一点点忏悔和赎罪的迹象。他以指挥和控制别人所显示出来的技巧而受到推崇，但是更多的赞誉源于他在自我控制中体现出来的坚毅。

他的虔敬是发自肺腑和热诚的。在他思想和行为的整个发展过程中始终都离不开宗教，在他最私密和未经认真研究的日记里毕现无遗。每当有重大发现，他都会虔诚地感谢上帝的恩赐。在发现新世界的过程中，从他带领的船队上始终都能听到祈祷者的心声和对上帝赞美的声音。他踏上陆地最先做的就是匍匐在地，献上对上帝的感恩。他的全部伟大事业都是以圣三一（指圣父、圣子、圣灵三位一体）的名义达成的，他是按先前的圣礼礼拜上帝。在最荒凉的环境下，他仍然遵循宗教习俗。对他来说，安息日就是神圣的休息日，除非非常必要，否则在这一天他绝不会驾船远航。因此，宗教已经扎根于他的灵魂深处，他的整个举止仪态流露出

严肃的高贵和仁慈宽厚的镇静。最能体现出他性格的语言就是纯粹和谨慎，而不是粗俗或不相干的表达方式。

他那丰富和易变的性格突出的特征显而易见。也就是说，赋予他整个思维活动以华丽特征的热情和满腔热忱的想象。贯穿他全部著作和行为的是诗人般的气质。在他对发现的蛮荒之地流露出来的美全部描述中能窥到这种气质，在这种热情的赞美中他极力赞颂气候之温润，环境之清纯，空气之芬芳，到处“充满珍露和芳香”。森林翠绿怡人，群山巍峨耸立，小溪流水潺潺，如水晶般纯净。在他眼前展开的是一个充满荣耀和黄金的世界，用其令人垂涎的色彩给万物镀上了象征荣耀的金色。

他的想象力和极富有远见的热情，最心仪的梦想离现实太远。他死于对自己发现真正的宏伟意义茫然无知上。直到生命最后一刻，他都抱有这一想法，即他的所作所为仅仅为旧世界繁荣的商业开辟了一条新道路，仅仅在东方发现一些蛮荒地区而已。这种虚幻的荣耀在他心里破灭了，殊不知他发现新大陆的重要意义在于其价值与旧大陆一般无二，将新旧大陆分开的两条世界上最大的大洋由此为世界所熟知！尽管饱受岁月的折磨、对生计的牵挂、易变的公众的忽视和薄情寡义的国王的不公正对待，但是那颗宽宏大量的心最终得到了慰藉。他期待的那些光辉的帝国已经从他发现的这个美丽的世界诞生，各个国家，各个民族和各种语言注定会将他的名声铭刻在这些土地上，永远尊敬他，求神赐福于他！

## “HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP”

## 他让自己的最爱安眠

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809-1861, was born in London, married the poet Robert Browning in 1846, and afterwards resided in Italy most of the time till her death, which occurred at Florence. She was thoroughly educated in severe and masculine studies, and began to write at a very early age. Her “Essay on Mind,” a metaphysical and reflective poem, was written at the age of sixteen. She wrote very rapidly, and her friend, Miss Mitford, tells us that “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship,” containing ninety-three stanzas, was composed in twelve hours! She published several other long poems, “Aurora Leigh” being one of the most highly finished. Mrs. Browning is regarded as one of the most able female poets of modern times; but her writings are often obscure, and some have doubted whether she always clearly conceived what she meant to express. She had a warm sympathy with all forms of suffering and distress. “He Giveth his Beloved Sleep” is one of the most beautiful of her minor poems. The thought is an amplification of verse 2d of Psalm cxxvii.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
     Along the Psalmist’s music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is,  
 For gift or grace, surpassing this,—  
     “He giveth his beloved, sleep!”

What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero’s heart to be unmoved,  
     The poet’s star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
 The patriot’s voice, to teach and rouse,  
 The monarch’s crown, to light the brows?—  
     “He giveth his beloved, sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith all undisproved,  
     A little dust to overweep,  
 And bitter memories to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake,—  
     “He giveth his beloved, sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,  
 But have no tune to charm away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break his happy slumber when  
“He giveth his beloved, sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o’er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And “giveth his beloved, sleep.”

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“He giveth his beloved, sleep.”

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I think their happy smile is heard—  
“He giveth his beloved, sleep.”

For me my heart, that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on his love repose  
Who “giveth his beloved, sleep.”

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one most loving of you all  
Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall;  
‘He giveth his beloved, sleep.’ ”



上帝的所有想法  
内达心底，上抵无远弗届的灵魂，  
赞美诗歌者在深沉的乐声伴下，  
向我述说它的真谛，  
为了天才和魅力，超越这个藩篱——  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠！”

我们会给我们的最爱什么？  
英雄的心儿那么镇定，  
诗人慨叹机遇转变的竖琴，奏出  
爱国者的声音，劝诫和唤醒，  
君王的宝座，照亮额头？  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

我们能给我们的最爱什么？  
一点信念，全都不容置疑，  
一点尘土，为你哭泣，  
伤心的回忆使得  
整个大地为我们爆开——  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

“安眠吧，我的最爱！”我们有时说，  
可是没有哪支曲子能治愈心中的忧伤  
眼帘上漫过的是令人悲伤的幽梦。  
但悲哀的梦已不再  
打断他幸福的梦乡。  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

啊，大地，到处令人积郁的噪音！  
啊，那些人儿，用你的声音呼号！  
啊，追思黄金岁月，恸哭者麋集！  
啊，搏斗，诅咒，响彻云霄！  
上帝让你们全都平静下来，

“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

上帝的露珠无声地滴在山崖；  
他的祥云还在船帆上空浮动，  
人们在山坡上耕种收获，  
比露珠洒下得更温柔，  
或者云朵在头上漂浮，  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

哎，人们看到这一幕时会好奇，  
鲜活，有思想，有感觉的人，  
断然以这样的方式休息，  
可是鹰会说——通过话语  
我以为它们快乐的微笑会传递——  
“他让自己的最爱，安眠。”

对我，我的心以前会悸动，  
最像看戏的疲惫的孩子，  
看到伶人跳跃泪眼蒙眬，  
但愿令人厌倦的情景能结束，  
但愿他孩子般的爱能宁静  
谁“让自己的最爱，安眠。”

朋友们，亲爱的朋友们——  
当这低声呼吸从我身边渐离。  
你扶着我的棺材开始哭泣，  
让你以所有的挚爱  
说，“为她的离去不必掬泪；  
‘他让自己的最爱，安眠。’”

## LESSON 49

### DESCRIPTION OF A SIEGE

#### 对被围困的描写

“The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.” “Under what banner?” asked Ivanhoe. “Under no ensign which I can observe,” answered Rebecca. “A singular novelty,” muttered the knight, “to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?” “A knight clad in sable armor is the most conspicuous,” said the Jewess: “he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.”

“Seem there no other leaders?” exclaimed the anxious inquirer. “None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,” said Rebecca, “but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem, even now, preparing to advance. God of Zion protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and defenses made of plank: the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!”

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettledrums, retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, “Saint George, for merry England!” and the Normans answering them with loud cries of “Onward, De Bracy! Front de Boeuf, to the rescue!”

“And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me

freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.” With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be exposed to the arrows of the archers. “What dost thou see, Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded knight. “Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.” “That can not endure,” said Ivanhoe. “If they press not right on, to carry the castle by force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight in dark armor, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.”

“I see him not,” said Rebecca. “Foul craven!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?” “He blenches not! he blenches not!” said Rebecca; “I see him now: he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers, they rush in, they are thrust back! Front de Boeuf heads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed, hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides, the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds;” and she turned her head from the window as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

Speedily recovering her self-control, Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, “Holy prophets of the law! Front de Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!” She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, “He is down! he is down!” “Who is down!” cried Ivanhoe; “for our dear Lady’s sake, tell me which has fallen!” “The Black Knight,” answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—“But no! but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men’s strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front de Boeuf, blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak

under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!” “Front de Boeuf?” exclaimed Ivanhoe. “Front de Boeuf,” answered the Jewess; “his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar, —their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front de Boeuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?” said Ivanhoe. “They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!” “Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles; the besieged have the better.” “Saint George strike for us!” said the knight; “do the false yeomen give way?” “No,” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly; the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax; the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle; stones and beams are hailed down on the brave champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle down and feathers.”

“Saint John of Acre!” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.” “The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca; “it crashes—it is splintered by his powerful blows—they rush in—the outwork is won! O God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!” “The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe. “No,” replied Rebecca; “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

“What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe; “look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at

bloodshed.” “It is over, for a time,” said Rebecca; “our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered.” “Our friends,” said Ivanhoe, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun, and so happily attained; Oh no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose ax has rent heart of oak and bars of iron. Singular,” he again muttered to himself, “if there can be two who are capable of such achievements. It is,—it must be Richard Coeur de Lion.”

“Seest thou nothing else. Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?” “Nothing,” said the Jewess, “all about him is as black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength; it seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God forgive him the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

*(Walter Scott)*

## 【中文阅读】

“好像有不少弓箭手埋伏在树林外围，不过待在树荫前面的没有多少人。”“他们打的是什么旗号呀？”艾凡赫问道。“我看不清他们打的是什么旗帜，”瑞贝卡答道。“真是好怪啊，”这骑士小声嘀咕道，“马上就要向城堡发起冲锋啦，却不打旗帜或旗号。你能看清他们带队的什么模样吗？”“一个穿黑貂皮盔甲的骑士最显眼，”犹太姑娘道，“只有他披盔戴甲，好像由他指挥。”

“就没有其他带队的吗？”焦急的询问者高声问道。“我从这里看不清还有什么人有特殊标志，”瑞贝卡道，“毫无疑问，城堡的另一面一定也正在受到攻击。他们现在好像要冲锋了。锡安的上帝保佑我们啊！太可怕了！冲在最前面的人都举着大盾牌，有的用木板做掩护；其他人边往前冲边弯起了弓。他们要放箭啦！摩西的主啊，饶恕那些您创造的生灵吧！”

话音刚落，她的话便突然被进攻的号令打断了。对面传来一阵刺耳的号角声，城垛上的诺

曼人马上吹起喇叭，声音震天，还夹着铜鼓沉闷的咚咚声，作为对敌人挑战的回应。双方呐喊声此起彼伏，使喧闹声愈发显得可怕。进攻一方高喊着，“圣乔治保佑快乐的英格兰！”诺曼人有的高呼，“冲啊，狄布莱西！”有的大喊，“快去增援啊，弗朗·德·伯夫！”

“我的生死和自由取决于这场别人玩的游戏，而作为当事人的我却像一个瘫了的和尚一样躺在这里！”艾凡赫高声喊道，“好心的姑娘，你再到窗口瞧瞧，告诉我他们是否已经冲了上来。”瑞贝卡沉思片刻后，愈发坚强了，她平添了冷静的毅力，重新来到窗框后面，找了个位置藏身，以便不被下面的弓箭手的冷箭射中。“你看到什么了，瑞贝卡？”负伤的骑士又问道。“我都眼花了，箭密得像乌云一样，把射箭的弓箭手都给挡起来了。”“真叫人受不了，”艾凡赫道，“他们若不冲到城边，凭体力展开肉搏的话，光靠弓箭是攻不上这石头墙和堡垒的。美丽的瑞贝卡，看看能不能发现那个穿深色铠甲的骑士，看他在做什么。作为带队的，士兵们都听他的。”

“我看不到他啊，”瑞贝卡说道。“该死的懦夫！”艾凡赫大喊，“风大浪急的时候，难道掌舵的可以弃船而逃吗？”“他没有退缩！他没有退缩！”瑞贝卡说，“我现在看见他了。他带领一队士兵快逼近外堡的栅栏了。他们掀倒了木桩和栅栏。他们挥舞斧头砍倒了栅栏。他那黑色盔甲上的羽毛饰物在人群中高高飘扬，好像在屠宰场上空展翅飞翔的乌鸦一样。他们在栅栏那里打开了一个缺口，他们冲进来，可是又被赶了回去！指挥守兵的是弗朗·德·伯夫。我在人堆里看到比别人都高出一头的他。他们又蜂拥着冲到那缺口前，正在一对一地赤手肉搏，争夺通道。雅各的天主啊！这简直是两个惊涛骇浪绞在一起，两条大洋在逆风互相搏击啊！”她从窗户转过头来，仿佛不忍再看如此骇人的景象了。

瑞贝卡很快便恢复了自控，她又向下张望，马上喊道：“神圣的先知们！弗朗·德·伯夫和穿黑色盔甲的骑士在缺口那儿开始赤手肉搏，双方的将士呐喊助威。上天保佑受苦受难的人和俘虏！”片刻后，她又尖声叫道：“倒下啦！倒下啦！”“谁倒下了啊？”艾凡赫问道，“看在圣母的份儿上，告诉我到底谁倒下了！”“是穿黑色盔甲的骑士，”瑞贝卡答道，声音很轻。她随即又兴高采烈地叫道：“没倒下！没倒下！天主保佑！他又站起来了，二十条大汉也抵不上他一只胳膊，他太勇猛了。他的剑折断了——他又从一名骑兵队员手里抓过一把大斧——他冲弗朗·德·伯夫一斧子接着一斧子地猛砍——大个子摇摇晃晃，好像被樵夫砍倒的一棵橡树——他倒

啦，他倒啦！”“是弗朗·德·伯夫吗？”艾凡赫高声问道，“是弗朗·德·伯夫，”犹太姑娘答道，“他  
的人来救他了，领头的是圣殿骑士——他们两队人马联合起来挡住了对方的猛攻。他们把弗  
朗·德·伯夫抬回城堡里去了。”

“进攻一方攻下栅栏了吧？”艾凡赫问道。“攻下了——攻下了！他们已经逼近被围困的外  
堡墙进攻；有人搭起云梯了，很多人彼此踏着肩头像蜜蜂似的一起往上涌，守卫外堡墙的人用  
石头、木梁、树干向他们头上扔。一旦进攻的人受伤被抬走，立刻又有生力军来补充。万能的  
上帝啊！您照您自己的模样创造了人类，难道就是为了让它们互相残杀吗！”“不要多想  
了，”艾凡赫说，“这个节骨眼哪有时间想那些事情。快告诉我，谁败了，谁在乘胜猛攻？”

“云梯被放倒了，”瑞贝卡回答着，禁不住打了个寒战，“下面的士兵们像受了伤的爬虫一  
样爬着。被围困在城堡里的这方战况要好些。”“圣乔治站在我们这边！”艾凡赫大喊道，“难道  
骑兵队认输了不成？”“没有！”瑞贝卡说，“他们像骑士那样英勇不屈。穿黑色盔甲的骑士提着  
大斧到后门那边去了。你能听到那咣咣的声响，压过战场上的所有声音，他在用大斧子砍门  
呢。石头、木头一齐砸向他，这些东西落在他身上就像羽毛似的，他毫不在意。”

“圣女贞德啊！”艾凡赫说道，禁不住兴奋得坐了起来，“我想整个英格兰只有他这么勇  
猛。”“后门在摇晃，”瑞贝卡接着说道，“后门开了——被他劈开了——他们冲进来了——外堡  
被占领了！上帝啊！他们把守兵从城垛扔下去了——扔到壕沟里了！好样的，你们要是真正  
的好汉，就饶了那些放弃抵抗的人吧！”“那座桥——通向城堡的那座桥——他们占领了  
吗？”艾凡赫问道。“没有，”瑞贝卡答道，“圣殿骑士退回城堡时就把桥板给毁了。只有很少的  
守兵随他退进城堡里，其余那些人，你只听听他们的惨叫，就能明白啥结果了。哎呀！我总算  
明白了，胜利比战斗更惨烈！”

“他们在干什么呢，姑娘？”艾凡赫问道，“你再往外看看，现在可不是心肠软的时候。”“暂  
时告一段落，”瑞贝卡说，“我们的朋友们挺进外堡以后，正在整顿人马呢。”“我们的朋友  
们，”艾凡赫说道，“幸好获得了初步的光荣胜利，当然不会半途而废，绝对不会！我对那位骑  
士很有信心，他那把大斧连橡木心和铁棍也能砍断，”说到这儿，他又自言自语道，“假如还有  
一个人也像他这样英勇的话——那他一定是狮心理查！”



“除了盾牌上的徽记之外，瑞贝卡，你还看到那穿黑色盔甲的骑士有什么特征没有？”“没有别的了，”犹太姑娘说，“他全身上下黑得就像黑夜里的乌鸦，要说还有什么特殊标志的话，就是他在战斗中勇猛异常，举世无二，我相信以后无论他身旁有多少士兵，我都能一眼就认出他来。他冲锋陷阵，就像赴宴一般轻松自如。他不但气力超乎常人，而且每次砍杀敌人时似乎将全部精神和勇气都用尽了。上帝赦免他杀生的罪孽吧！看到他以一人之力视万人为无物，不禁既害怕又敬畏。”

（沃尔特•司各特）

LESSON 50  
MARCO BOZZARIS

马尔科·博萨里斯

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790—1867, was born in Guilford, Connecticut. At the age of eighteen he entered a banking house in New York, where he remained a long time. For many years he was bookkeeper and assistant in business for John Jacob Astor. Nearly all his poems were written before he was forty years old, several of them in connection with his friend Joseph Rodman Drake. His “Young America,” however, was written but a few years before his death. Mr. Halleck’s poetry is carefully finished and musical; much of it is sportive, and some satirical. No one of his poems is better known than “Marco Bozzaris.”

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch’s signet ring:  
Then pressed that monarch’s throne—a king:  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden’s garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian’s thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea’s day:  
And now there breathed that haunted air,  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last:  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”  
He woke—to die mid flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,  
And death shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band:  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;  
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won:  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother, when she feels  
For the first time her firstborn’s breath;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption’s ghastly form,  
The earthquake’s shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm  
With banquet song, and dance, and wine:  
And thou art terrible—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.  
But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave  
Even in her own proud clime.  
We tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom's, now, and Fame's.  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

## 【中文阅读】

午夜，在他有人守卫的帐篷里，  
土耳其人正在梦乡徜徉  
当希腊人的膝盖哀求地曲着，  
被他的势力吓得发抖。  
他在梦里穿过厌烦的营地和庭院  
堆满征服者的战利品；  
在梦里，他的胜利之歌有人听见；  
然后戴上上面有君主封印的指环；  
按着那位君主的宝座——一位国王：  
他的思绪纷乱，就像伊甸园里的鸟儿，  
快乐地抖着翅膀。

午夜，在丛林的庇荫处，  
博萨里斯排列他的苏里奥特乐队，  
他们经过考验的刀刃像钢一样坚硬，  
英雄在心里和手上。  
成千上万波斯人站在那里，  
他们的鲜血就洒在欢乐的大地上，  
就在老普拉泰亚即位那天：  
现在，那里弥漫着不安的气息，

曾征服那里的陛下的儿子们，  
拿着武器准备战斗，誓死搏杀，  
他们尽快投入战斗。

一匹灰白色马儿跑过，土耳其人醒来；  
他的美梦到头了：  
他醒了——听到哨兵在喊叫，  
“拿起武器！他们来了！希腊人！希腊人！”  
他醒了——在火光和烟雾中死去，  
喊叫，呻吟，马刀击来，  
死亡的枪炮声此起彼伏  
从高山云颠传来火光；  
听到像鼓鸣一般的响声，  
博萨里斯鼓励他的手下：  
“进攻——直到最后一个全副武装的敌人咽气；  
进攻——为了你们的祭坛和你们的炮火，  
进攻——为了你们的陛下那绿草茸茸的墓地；  
上帝——与你们的故土同在！”

他们战斗——像勇敢的人一样，持久而勇敢  
他们用穆斯林的尸体铺地；  
他们胜利了，可是博萨里斯倒下了，  
每个血管都滴血。  
幸存的几个伙伴看到  
当他们撬起骄傲的屁股时，他微笑颌首，  
放眼是殷红的战场：  
然后他的眼睑渐渐合上，  
恰似夜晚安眠那样  
仿佛斜阳西下的花朵。

死神！快去婚房，  
快去看看那位母亲，  
她第一次觉察出第一个孩子的呼吸；

当祝福的封印到来时  
瘟疫也爆发了，  
摩肩接踵的城市等着死神来抚摸；  
肺结核这个可怕的恶魔也来光顾，  
还有地震和海啸。  
当心绪飞扬，为盛宴上的歌声、欢舞和美酒所打动时，  
你是那样可怖——泪水滂沱，  
呜咽、丧钟，枢衣和棺材，  
我们所知道的一切，噩梦，恐惧，  
极度痛苦，都属于你。  
但是对英雄而言，当他的剑  
赢得了自由之战后，  
他们的声音就像先知的咒语；  
听到虚伪空洞的语调  
甚至还有千万人的感谢。

博萨里斯！用加倍的勇敢  
希腊哺育了她的荣耀时代，  
你安息吧——甚至在令她骄傲的地方  
也没有更值得自豪的坟墓。  
我们诉说你的劫数，没有叹息，  
因为你是为自由，现在还有荣誉而死，  
不朽的名字中有你一个。

# LESSON 51

## SONG OF THE GREEK BARD

### 希腊游吟诗人之歌

George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron, 1788-1824. This gifted poet was the son of a profligate father and of a fickle and passionate mother. He was afflicted with lameness from his birth; and, although he succeeded to his great-uncle's title at ten years of age, he inherited financial embarrassment with it. These may be some of the reasons for the morbid and wayward character of the youthful genius. It is certain that he was not lacking in affection, nor in generosity. In his college days, at Cambridge, he was willful and careless of his studies. "Hours of Idleness," his first book, appeared in 1807. It was severely treated by the "Edinburgh Review," which called forth his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in 1809. Soon after, he went abroad for two years; and, on his return, published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," a work that made him suddenly famous. He married in 1815, but separated from his wife after one year. Soured and bitter, he now left England, purposing never to return. He spent most of the next seven years in Italy, where most of his poems were written. The last year of his life was spent in Greece, aiding in her struggle for liberty against the Turks. He died at Missolonghi. As a man, Byron was impetuous, morbid and passionate. He was undoubtedly dissipated and immoral, but perhaps to a less degree than has sometimes been asserted. As a poet, he possessed noble powers, and he has written much that will last; in general, however, his poetry is not wholesome, and his fame is less than it once was.

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persian's grave,

I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations,—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day,—  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? And where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred, grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylae!

What! silent still and silent all?  
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"  
'T is but the living who are dumb!

In vain—in vain!—strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave;



Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the howl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served, but served Polycrates,  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, Our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade;  
I see their glorious, black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing save the waves and I  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## 【中文阅读】

希腊群岛啊，希腊群岛！

燃烧着热情的萨福挚爱你，并为你歌唱，

在这里，战争与和平的艺术同样兴盛，

得洛斯岛耸于海上，太阳神阿波罗从这儿跃入海洋！

海岛在永恒的夏天沐浴着金色，

可是除了太阳，一切都已沉下。

塞奥和特奥的缪斯，  
英雄的竖琴，恋人的鲁特琴，  
曾经在你拒绝登的岸上赢得了声誉；  
唯独在故乡暗哑无声，  
那歌声一直在西方回荡，  
越过了你祖先的“极乐海岛”。

群山远眺马拉松，  
马拉松凝望着大海的波涛，  
我暗自在那里冥想一个时辰，  
依稀梦回依旧自由的希腊，  
因为我伫立在波斯人的坟墓上，  
不相信自己还是个奴隶。

一个国王坐在怪石嶙峋的山坡上，  
凝望着悬于海外的萨拉米岛，  
千万只战船在山下泊靠，  
各个国家的军队都是他的人马！  
他在破晓时分点数，  
可是斜阳西下时，他们却在何处？

他们身在何方？你在哪里，  
我的祖国？在无声无息的岸边  
英雄的短歌不再悦耳，  
英雄的胸怀也不再怦跳  
你那长久以来一直奏出神圣乐音的竖琴  
竟落到我的手上？

我们要为幸福的日子哭泣？  
难道我们只有惭愧？我们的先辈已经流血。  
大地啊！把斯巴达人的遗骨  
从你的怀抱里送还！  
哪怕只有三百壮士中的三个，

也会让温泉关大捷再现！

什么？还是悄无声息，一切都归于静寂？  
啊，不！先烈的喊杀声听上去  
就像远方的汹涌的瀑布，  
那声音在说，“只要有一个人活着  
站在高处号令——我们就响应，就响应！”  
咦，只有活着的人才默不作声！

枉然，皆是枉然！弹别的曲调吧，  
且将杯子斟满萨摩斯的美酒！  
把战场留给土耳其人去厮杀吧，  
任塞奥那鲜红的葡萄酒流淌！  
听！每个冒失的酒鬼多么欢呼跃起  
响应这个可耻的号召！

你们跳着出征舞，  
可比鲁斯王的方阵朝哪里进发？  
这是两个榜样，为什么竟忘了  
那更高尚和刚强的一个？  
卡德穆斯为你们造字，  
想想看难道是为了奴隶？

且将杯子斟满萨摩斯的美酒！  
我们不再去想这样的话题，  
美酒令阿那克里翁的歌声更神圣：  
他却为暴君波利克拉底卖命，  
但我们的主人，  
至少是我们的同胞。

半岛的那个暴君  
是自由最好和最勇敢的朋友，  
那暴君是米尔蒂阿德斯

啊，所幸我们有另一个  
和他一样的暴君  
由他结成的纽带一定会成为一体。

且将杯斟满萨摩斯美酒！  
我们的姑娘在树荫下轻歌曼舞，  
我看见她们快乐的黑眼睛里光彩流转，  
可是，望着每个热情洋溢的姑娘，  
我泪眼蒙眬的眼睛燃烧着渴望：  
心想这乳房必定要哺育奴隶了。

我登上苏尼乌姆的石坡，  
只有海浪与我  
可以听见彼此的低语呜咽，  
在那里，让我像天鹅那样歌尽而亡，  
奴隶的国度绝不属于我——  
干脆掷下萨摩斯酒杯共存亡！

LESSON 52

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

北美印第安人

Charles Sprague, 1791-1875, was born in Boston, and received his education in the public schools of that city. For sixteen years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, as clerk and partner. In 1820 he became teller in a bank; and, from 1825, he filled the office of cashier of the Globe Bank for about forty years. In 1829 he gave his most famous poem, "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa society, in Cambridge. An active man of business all his days, he has written but little either in prose or poetry, but that little is excellent in quality, graceful, and pleasing.

The address from which this extract is taken, was delivered before the citizens of Boston, July 4th, 1825.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that

crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

## 【中文阅读】

并非在很久以前，就在诸位坐着的地方，围在一起欢呼的全都是穿戴光鲜的文明人。蓟花在风中摇曳婆娑，野狐旁若无人地掘洞。在这里生活和相亲相爱的是另一个族类。在同一片阳光下，印第安猎人在追逐跑得气喘吁吁的梅花鹿；还是那个冲每个人都绽开笑脸的月亮，印第安情侣向在黑暗中伫立的同伴求爱呢。微风吹拂着棚屋，镇政务会会场里燃起的篝火映红了

睿智的长者和勇敢的青年人的脸庞。现在，他们将高贵的腿浸在属于你们的莎草丛生的湖里，现在他们沿着你脚下那岩石嶙峋的堤岸摇着轻舟。就在这里，他们开始作战。带着回音的呐喊声，血淋淋的搏斗，誓死抵抗的战歌，所有这一切都是在这里上演的。当猛虎间的你死我活的搏斗结束后，和平的火光袅袅升起。

这里，也是他们向神献祭的地方，虔诚的祷告者在他们许多黝黑的胸膛里激发出伟大的精神。神没有在石桌上为他们写下他拟定的戒律，贫穷的孩子自然不晓得上帝的神启，但是他认为在自己的周围上帝无处不在。他在那遗世而立的居所后面，看到上帝就是那颗美丽的星星，就是从正午的骄阳向他喷射火焰的神圣的天体，就是清晨微风吹拂下突然折断的花儿，就是在呼啸的旋风中傲然而立的高耸的松树，就是从未离开过故乡小树林的小鸟儿，就是无所畏惧的雄鹰，在白云间它那不知疲倦的爪子上浸出汗珠，就是爬到他腿上的小虫儿，就是他举世无双的自己，在星光的映衬下熠熠生辉，他向那神秘的光源谦卑地膜拜，尽管有些盲从。

所有这一切都已然成为过去。跨过海洋而来的是朝圣的喧嚣，载来的是主宰生与死的种子。先前的种子是为你们播下的，后来的便在乡间小道上破土而出。两百年的岁月更替已经改变了这片广袤大陆的性格，从外表到全体在这块土地上生根的民众都永远打上了鲜明的烙印。人的创造力已经凌驾于对大自然卑服之上；对于无知的部落而言，奉神意选定的受过教育的孩子的创造力超出了他们的想象。在各地，遭受艰难困苦的人很少了。这与他们鲁莽和难以驯服的祖先不可同日而语。在猎鹰的注视下和狮子的养育下，在聆听伤感的民谣和令人唏嘘的英雄传奇的过程中繁衍起来的印第安人已经一去不复返了。他们退化了的后代拜倒在祖先昂首阔步走过的土地上，不禁令我们想到当征服者的铁蹄踩在一个人的脖颈上时是何等可悲。

作为一个民族，他们已经从这块土地上渐渐消失了。他们背上的弓箭已经折断，他们赖以生存的泉水已经干涸。在水滨，部落大会已经很长时间不见篝火了，在人迹罕至的西部他们打仗时的呐喊声很快就消弭了。他们缓缓地爬上高山，神情悲戚，在落日下他们依稀分辨着自己家的茅屋。在巨大的潮汐面前他们退缩着。他们必然很快就能听到将他们永远冲到这里定居的最后的波涛咆哮之声。因此，多年以后当他站在旁边凝望成长中的城市时，好盘根问底的白人考虑的是印第安人被破坏的遗迹的建筑结构，会对住在这样的建筑物里的人的生活方式感

到好奇。他们只存在于歌谣和灭杀他们的人的编年史里。还是让这些记录忠实于他们作为人的原始的德性吧，理应对他们作为一个民族不幸的命运进行凭吊。



## LOCHIEL'S WARNING

## 洛切尔的警告

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844, was a descendant of the famous clan of Campbells, in Kirnan, Scotland, and was born at Glasgow. At the age of thirteen he entered the university in that city, from which he graduated with distinction, especially as a Greek scholar; his translations of Greek tragedy were considered without parallel in the history of the university. During the first year after graduation, he wrote several poems of minor importance. He then removed to Edinburgh and adopted literature as his profession; here his "Pleasures of Hope" was published in 1799, and achieved immediate success. He traveled extensively on the continent, and during his absence wrote "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and other minor poems. In 1809 he published "Gertrude of Wyoming;" from 1820 to 1830 he edited the "New Monthly Magazine." In 1826 he was chosen lord rector of the University of Glasgow, to which office he was twice reelected. He was active in founding the University of London. During the last years of his life he produced but little of note. He died at Boulogne, in France. During most of his life he was in straitened pecuniary circumstances, and ill-health and family afflictions cast a melancholy over his later years. His poems were written with much care, and are uniformly smooth and musical.

*Seer.* Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await  
 Like a love-lighted watch fire all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning,—no rider is there,—  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
 Oh, weep! but thy tears can not number the dead:  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—  
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Loch.* Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,

This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Seer.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?  
Lo! the death shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
'T is the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie that beacons the darkness of heaven,  
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Loch.* False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

*Seer.* —Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man can not cover what God would reveal:  
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!  
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;  
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.  
But where is the ironbound prisoner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?  
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
His death bell is tolling; O mercy, dispel  
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Loch.* Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:  
For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.

## 【中文阅读】

预言家 洛切尔！洛切尔！想想今天吧

当低地人在战场上队伍里与你相遇时！  
死尸遍地的战场上映入我眼帘的是殷红的鲜血，  
卡洛登的氏族为了战斗四下散去，  
他们集合起来，他们鲜血直流，为了他们的王国和王座；  
灾难，对骑手来说灾难就是将他们践踏！  
骄傲的坎伯兰郡马昂首阔步，冒犯被杀戮的人，  
他们被马蹄踢到的前胸给踩平了，

但是听着！在忽闪的战火里，  
什么样的战马才像沙漠飞蝇一样发狂，奔向远方？  
这是你的战马，啊，格兰纳林！  
谁的新娘会像用爱点燃的火把那样，整晚等在门前。  
清晨来了战马——可是没有骑手，  
可它的缰绳染红了血污，象征着失望。  
哭吧，阿尔宾！要么死了，要么做了俘虏！  
啊，哭吧！可是你的眼泪也不能挽救死亡，  
因为卡洛丹手上那柄无情的剑将要挥动——  
卡洛丹！浑身散发出勇敢的血性。

洛切尔 去劝说那懦夫吧，你这一张嘴就离不了死亡的预言家！  
要是沾满血腥的卡洛丹这么可怕，  
老糊涂会围着你长吁短叹，  
这件斗篷，遮盖的是惊骇的幽灵

预言家 哈！你太可笑了，洛切尔，我的预言那么值得嘲笑？  
你这高山之巅骄傲的鸟儿翅膀会被折断！  
再说，鲁莽的鹰兴高采烈地向前冲，  
从他在北方乌云漫卷的家？  
瞧啊！敌人那速度奇快的死神之弹，  
没有同伴的伴随，他将毁灭置之度外，  
但是，让他从上天的破坏弯腰屈从！  
啊！让他跑回家园，因为破坏者已近在眼前。  
为什么远方的高峰烈焰腾腾？为什么将那些  
余烬射爆，就像苍穹陈列的星星？  
这是废墟上的火浴，全都由他  
能照亮黑暗苍穹的鹰巢发动的，  
啊，有冠毛的洛切尔！威力无敌，  
谁的旗帜会挂在城垛的高处，  
天火就在你的四周，一阵爆炸后燃起；  
回到你自己的鹰巢吧！孑然一身！

因为灰烬的黑色会标出它站的地方，  
狂暴的妈妈冲着她嗷嗷待哺的幼崽咆哮。

真是假术士，滚开！我统领我的人马。  
他们的剑有千万把，他们万众一心！  
他们的血会流到最后，只要一息尚存。  
就像收获死亡的收割机那样。  
对坎伯兰郡战马的欢迎令人震惊！  
让他打碎他骄傲的泡沫，就像岩石上的浪花！  
但是，苦难与他的亲戚还有他的事业相伴，  
当阿尔宾愤怒地拔出她的双刃大砍刀；  
当她那戴着花帽的首领冲着欢呼胜利的人群招手时，  
无畏的同宗，骄傲的海鳗，  
大家都在他们花格呢衣服上饰以羽毛。

预言家 ——洛切尔，洛切尔，当心今天！

因为我的眼前一片漆黑和绝望，  
但是人无法掩盖上帝的旨意  
这是传授给我神秘学问的人生暮钟，  
纷繁世事都会在发生前有预兆。  
我告诉你，卡洛丹那可怕的回音  
在冲逃跑的国王吼叫的猎犬的叫声中回荡。  
看啊！上天愤怒地蘸了香油瓶来涂抹，  
眼见他飞落到荒凉的小径上！  
此刻，在黑暗和巨浪中间，他逃出我的视线  
快起来，快起来！漫天的暴风雨一齐朝他袭来！  
结束了。他们的雷电在荒野上变得寂寂无声；  
卡洛丹失败了，我的国家举国悲叹。  
可是，那缚着铁链的囚徒今安在？今安在？  
只为那战争的血红眼睛失望地合上了。  
再说，他坐在海浪上，凄凉地被放逐了，  
难道像被他的国家抛弃的羔羊，流尽鲜血，泪水滂沱？

啊，不！因为更伤心的离别就在眼前；  
战鼓哑了，黑魑魑的是棺材；  
他的丧钟已经敲响；啊，万幸啊，  
使我情绪凝固的视线会告诉一切！  
生命的悸动在他颤抖的肢体里抽搐，  
在被淹着的极大痛苦中，他的血顺着鼻孔流出。  
诅咒那在他的脚下燃烧的柴把，  
他的心在停止跳动之前就被扔掉，  
用冒着烟的灰烬在风中投毒——

洛切尔 滚下来，恶毒的无礼之徒！我不相信瞎话  
因为阿尔宾绝不会听从命运的安排  
丢脸的事情他怎做，更不会做出败退肮脏的肮脏勾当。  
尽管我那该死的地位会在他们以命相抵中  
就像海草堆满波浪拍打的堤岸，  
洛切尔，没有被逃跑或锁链所玷污，  
在他心里生活之火还在燃烧，  
胜利者欢呼雀跃，濒死者垂下头颅，  
他背向战场，把脚冲着敌人！  
从战场上离开时名誉没有半点污点，  
从名誉的灵床上骄傲地仰望天上。

# LESSON 54

## ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER

### 论幸福感

**Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774. This eccentric son of genius was an Irishman; his father was a poor curate. Goldsmith received his education at several preparatory schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. He was indolent and unruly as a student, often in disgrace with his teachers; but his generosity, recklessness, and love of athletic sports made him a favorite with his fellow-students. He spent some time in wandering over the continent, often in poverty and want. In 1756 he returned to England, and soon took up his abode in London. Here he made the acquaintance and friendship of several notable men, among whom were Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. "The Traveler" was published in 1764, and was soon followed by the "Vicar of Wakefield." He wrote in nearly all departments of literature, and always with purity, grace, and fluency. His fame as a poet is secured by the "Traveler" and the "Deserted Village;" as a dramatist, by "She Stoops to Conquer;" as a satirist, by the "Citizen of the World;" and as a novelist by the "Vicar of Wakefield." In his later years his writings were the source of a large income, but his gambling, careless generosity, and reckless extravagance always kept him in financial difficulty, and he died heavily in debt. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.**

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed, but none but a fool is on that account enraged with the master of ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! A happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate.

They who, like that slave, can place themselves all that side of the world in which everything appears in a pleasant light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the world is to them a theater, in which only comedies are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the aspirations of ambition, seem only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness in the highest degree. When fortune wore her angriest look, and he fell into the power of Cardinal Mazarin, his most deadly enemy, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though denied all amusements, and even the conveniences of life, and entirely cut off from all intercourse with his friends, he still retained his good humor, laughed at the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to write the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will teach us to be good-humored in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility or idiotism,—it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool could measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

The happiest fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to anybody but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it “seeing life.” If his head was broken by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had concerned his father to such a degree that all intercession of friends was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family (and



Dick among the number) gathered around him.

“I leave my second son, Andrew,” said the expiring miser, “my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone (as is usual on such occasions), prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. “I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds.” “Ah, father!” cried Simon (in great affliction, to be sure), “may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!” At last, turning to poor Dick: “As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you’ll never come to good; you’ll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy a halter.” “Ah, father!” cries Dick, without any emotion, “may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!”

## 【中文阅读】

每个时代的作家都热衷于描绘潜藏在我们内心的快乐，而不是用于取乐的对象。如果内心得到快乐，那么所有的一切都能提供愉悦感，而痛苦几乎是个空名而已。每一个事件都在回顾中成为过去，就像列队行进队伍中人的形象一样。有的人也许显得有点笨拙，其他人则穿着寒酸，不过除了傻瓜没有人会因为这个缘故而对仪式的主持者大发雷霆。

记得在佛兰德斯的一个筑垒里曾见过一个苦工，显然他无从感知自己的境遇，他身有残疾，容貌丑陋，脚上裹着铁链，从天一亮到夜幕降临被迫一刻不停地做工，一直到死为止。然而，对于所有这些显然非常恶劣的环境，他竟然乐天知命，他想要的就是一条健全的腿，似乎是整个要塞最快乐和幸福的人。他是一位何等现实的哲学家啊！从他快乐的心理素质能洞察到他的人生哲学，尽管表面上缺少智慧，其实他是真正睿智的人。不读书和学习促使他对仙境般的生活不抱任何幻想。对他而言，周围所有的一切都向他提供了欢愉的机会。虽然有人根据他表面上的满不在乎断定他是个傻子，但他确是连哲学家都想仿效的傻瓜。

那些同这位苦工一样的人，能将自己置于这样的地位，即世间的一切似乎都是快乐的明灯，他们发现每件事情都能激发他们的幽默感。那些最悲惨的事情，不论对他们自己还是别人，都不会带来新的痛苦。对他们来说，整个世界就是一个大剧场，而里面上演的永远只有喜剧。所有的个人英雄主义或施展抱负的强烈愿望，似乎只会提高演出本身的荒谬性，使得幽默

更能深深打动人的内心。简而言之，他们对自己的悲惨境地或他人的抱怨一点也不觉得苦恼，尽管在葬礼上着黑衣服会令人觉得悲呛。

至于我在书中读过的那些人，著名的雷斯大主教拥有最高程度的幸福感。当命运女神现出气愤之极的神情时，雷斯大主教落入他最可怕的敌人马扎林大主教的掌握之中（被囚禁在瓦伦西安城堡），他从未试图通过智慧或哲学来排解痛苦，因为他假装自己对两者一窍不通。他唯一做的就是自嘲，对迫害他的人嗤之以鼻，对自己的新环境似乎怀有无限的喜悦。在这个处境危险的大宅子里，尽管戒绝了所有的娱乐，甚至连生活便利设施也谈不上，完全切断了与朋友的所有联系，他仍旧保持好心情，对他的敌人不怀恶意地加以嘲弄，将他的囚徒生活以玩笑的方式诉诸笔端。

这种足以为傲的智慧带给我们的启迪是，身处不幸之中切莫顽固倔强和闷闷不乐。雷斯大主教的例子教导我们即使在最悲惨的境地，也要有好心情。这与我们的好心情是否会被别人误认为满不在乎或白痴行为无关——这事关我们自己的幸福，除了真正的傻瓜没有人凭借别人怎么看来衡量他的满足感。

我认识的最快乐的人，就是那些只有伤害自己而不会伤害别人的和善的人。每当陷于悲惨境地时，他都会淡然称之为“眼见为实的生活”。如果他的脑袋被一位领导给打破了，或者在赌博时被老千骗得精光，他会通过模仿某人的伊比利亚口音，或者其他人的黑话来安慰自己。没有什么事情能让他大发雷霆。他在金钱方面的粗心大意令他父亲非常忧虑，以至于不管朋友们如何求情都无济于事。这位老绅士气得半死，躺在床上奄奄一息了。全家人（迪克也在其中）都围在床前。

“我把后事委托给二儿子安德鲁，”这位就要断气的吝啬鬼说，“我全部的不动产都会被他败光的。”安德鲁声音悲戚（在这种场合通常是这种口气）地祈祷上帝，希望能延长他的生命，让他享受健康带来的快乐。“我推荐我的三儿子西蒙来照管他的哥哥。除此之外，留给他四千英镑。”“啊，父亲！”西蒙喊道（可以肯定，非常痛苦），“但愿上帝能赐给你生命，让你安享健康带来的快乐！”最后，他转向可怜的迪克：“至于你嘛，我留给你一先令买条缰绳好拴住你自己。”迪克叫道，声音淡然，“但愿上帝能赐给你生命，让你安享健康带来的快乐！”

## LESSON 55

# THE FORTUNE TELLER

## 占卜者

Henry Mackenzie, 1745-1831, was born in Edinburgh, educated at the university there, and died in the same city. He was an attorney by profession, and was the associate of many famous literary men residing at that time in Edinburgh. His fame as a writer rests chiefly on two novels, "The Man of Feeling" and "The Man of the World;" both were published before the author was forty years old.

Harley sat down on a large stone by the wayside, to take a pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-colored rags, among which the blue and russet were predominant. He had a short, knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which would have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good humor; he walked a good, round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! That beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe." The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of a hat, asked charity of Harley. The dog began to beg, too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before.

The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley that if he wanted to have his fortune told—Harley turned his eye briskly upon the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn" said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune teller for a week or two, myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much, for I had the humor of plain dealing in

me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world,—we must do as we can; and lying is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I once dealt in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed, for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley.” “So,” said Harley, “you seem to know me.” “Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don’t know something of. How should I tell fortunes else?” “True,—but go on with your story; you were a laborer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humor you preserved to be of use to you in your new.”

“What signifies sadness, sir? A man grows lean on ’t. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; sickness first disabled me, and it went against my stomach to work, ever after. But, in truth, I was for a long time so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to joke. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a half-penny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do n’t care to give alms without some security for their money,—such as a wooden leg, or a withered arm, for example. So I changed my plan, and instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others.

“This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own, and of many who say they do not believe in fortune telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned from among servants and neighbors; and, indeed, people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for everyone is anxious to hear what he wishes to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory, and some share of cunning, I succeed reasonably well as a fortune teller. With this, and showing the tricks of that dog, I make shift to pick up a livelihood.

“My trade is none of the most honest, yet people are not much cheated after all, who give a few half-pence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say, is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer them by that time.”

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him to consider on whom he was

going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue appear to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

## 【中文阅读】

哈特利坐在道边一块大石头上，拾起脚下一个小石子。这时，他看到远处有一位乞丐正朝他这边走来。他穿了一件宽大的外套，上面补着各色补丁，其中蓝色和黄褐色补丁尤为显眼。他手上拿着一根很短的有瘤节的棍子，顶端绑着一只公羊角；他没有穿鞋，覆盖脚和踝关节的那部分长袜也完全不见了踪影。然而，他圆润的脸上现出的却是愉快的神情。他迈着轻松的方步，一条腿上有伤的狗紧紧跟着他。

“我们的美餐，”哈特利自语道，“太诱人了；从根本上讲他们不是一路的！那位乞丐赤脚踩在最尖的石子上，就是这个碰巧进到我鞋里的最不起眼的东西，把我的美梦给搅了。”这时，乞丐来到近前，掀了掀帽子，求哈特利施舍。那条狗也做出摇尾乞怜的样子。简直无法拒绝他们。其实，没穿鞋和长袜不是求人施舍的必要理由，因为哈特利以前给过他六便士。

乞丐边接过钱，嘴里边念念有词说了些祝福的话；他脸上绽出微笑表示赞许，问哈特利是否想占卜财运——哈特利的目光迅速转向乞丐。对于预卜先知来说，乞丐的表情不会给人带来任何期许，于是，这位先知马上不做声了。“我倒想知道，”哈特里说，“你能告诉我什么。想必你说的话只不过博别人一乐而已。请坐在这块石头上，跟我讲讲其中的门道。我经常设想自己能做一两个星期的占卜者呢。”

“先生，”乞丐答道，“我非常喜欢你的坦诚，因为从孩提时代开始，我就刻意培养自己的幽默感；但是，这个世界上真的没有幽默的窍门——我们必须竭尽全力；正如你所说的，撒谎是我的职业。但是，在某种程度上我是被迫这样的。因为，我也曾经一句谎话不说。我是个工人，挣的钱足够我生活。确实，绝对不会没人理我，因为人们都把我当作爱说笑打趣的人了。而你呢，哈特利先生，我认为缺少幽默感。”“如此说来，”哈特利说，“你似乎很了解我啊。”“哎，在

这个国家里我不了解的人还不多呢。除了占卜财运，我还能说些什么呢？”“这是大实话——请接着讲你的故事吧，你说过，你是做工的，是个爱说笑打趣的人；我猜想，你的勤奋都留给以前的工作了；不过，你的幽默感肯定能在做新工作时用上。”

“忧伤指的是什么，先生？一个人在成长的过程中离不开忧伤。但是，我的懒惰是逐渐养成的。首先，疾病使我丧失了继续工作的能力，从此我的胃老有毛病。但是事实上，很长时间以来我的身体一直很虚弱，以至于每当我打算找工作时就咯血。我要工作与不是为了维持生计，当我能开玩笑时，从未与一个朋友保持一个星期以上的交往。我被迫乞讨，我发现这个可悲的行当很适合我，哈特利先生。我在讲述我的所有不幸时是真诚的，可是那些人很少相信我说的话。在他们从我身边经过时，连半个便士都不会给的，他们所能做的就是摇摇头，禁止乞讨的命令并非指的是用一个冗长的故事来使他们心烦。简而言之，我发现人们并不在意在没有安全感的情况下给施舍物，把施舍物当做钱。譬如，一条木头腿，或者一只干瘪的胳膊。于是，我改变了计划，不再讲述自己的不幸，开始为别人占卜幸福。”

“结果我发现这个办法很灵。当故事的主人公是他们自己时，他们始终听得有滋有味。那些不相信占卜的人，很少对个人钱财不敏感。我提到的都是他们老相识的名字；在仆人和邻居中间很容易搜集一些风流韵事和吵嘴的事情；诚然，那些人本身就是这个世界上最出色的情报员。出于自己利益的考虑，他们不敢为难我们，因为每个人都急于想知道他们希望相信什么。那些一再重复的人，反而对自己做的事情嗤之以鼻，一般而言这要比倾听他们的人易于想象的更严重。由于记忆力颇好，在某种程度上也少不了狡猾，作为一名占卜者我能成功就显得合情合理了。再者，那条狗很会玩把戏，因此我就这样谋生。”

“我干的这一行算不上诚实，不过人们毕竟没有被骗多少钱，我曾听一些人说过，那些给几便士来占卜未来幸福的，都是一个人来到这个世界上的人。但是先生，我必须和你赌今天天气好，因为在中午前我还要步行三英里，向寄宿学校的年轻女士打听她们的丈夫是否是有身份的人，或者在军队担任军官；那时，我保证回答她们提出的一个问题。”

哈特利从衣袋里掏出一先令；但是，道德天使让他对应该把这一先令给谁略加思量。道德天使拽住了他的胳膊，不过这是一种温和的方式，是道德天使的妹妹，不像道德天使那样严厉。也不像怜悯天使那样庄重，他脸上浮出微笑。他的手指没有紧捏着那一先令，显然道德天使也不会紧攥着钱的。就在这一先令快要落地时，那条警觉的狗赶忙衔住，马上把钱交到主人

的手上。

## RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

## 里恩齐对罗马人的演说

Mary Russell Mitford, 1786-1855. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in Hampshire, England. At twenty years of age, she published three volumes of poems; and soon after entered upon literature as a lifelong occupation. She wrote tales, sketches, poems, and dramas. "Our Village" is the best known of her prose works; the book describes the daily life of a rural people, is simple but finished in style, and is marked by mingled humor and pathos. Her most noted drama is "Rienzi." Miss Mitford passed the last forty years of her life in a little cottage in Berkshire, among a simple, country people, to whom she was greatly endeared by her kindness and social virtues.

I come not here to talk. You know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams  
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led  
To crimson glory and undying fame;  
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;  
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great  
In that strange spell,—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,  
Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—  
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.  
I have known deeper wrongs; I that speak to ye,  
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,



Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!  
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl  
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,  
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty ruled the world! and we are Romans.  
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king!

And once again,—  
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,  
The eternal city shall be free.

## 【中文阅读】

我来这里不是夸夸其谈。你们太了解  
我们这些奴隶的悲惨故事了。我们是奴隶！  
阳光依旧明媚，照耀  
世世代代的奴隶！他坠下，最后的光栅  
落到一位奴隶头上；不像这样掠过  
而是这位征服者凭着全部力量，  
鲜血将荣誉染成深红色，化成不朽的声望；

但是卑微低贱的奴隶，为一大群小气的专横之人  
封建领主和大人们做苦工，  
富了一些小村庄哦；  
几百个枪兵很强壮；  
在那奇怪的符咒里，只有一个伟大的名字。

每一刻，恶毒的欺骗  
公开强夺，抑或保护起来的谋杀，  
大声反对他们。可是在这特别的一天，  
我的邻人，一位诚实的人——站在那儿  
吓呆了——就像一条狗，被戴着熊菊徽章的吓了一跳，  
因为的确，他将手中的帽子抛得不高，  
在屈从的喊声中也没有抬高音调，  
见到那大恶棍！我们的人  
忍受如此的耻辱？人们  
无法清除血中的污点？这样的耻辱那么普遍。  
我晓得错误的根源，我会对你说，  
我曾经有个兄弟——一个有礼貌的孩子，  
气质高贵又和善，宁静致远，  
这温和安静的孩子啊——脸上有上帝赐予的神采，  
画匠最喜欢这样子。

我多爱  
这彬彬有礼的孩子啊！十五岁正值青春年少，  
曾经的兄弟，更像是儿子！他离开我身边，  
他饱满的双颊绽出夏日之花；  
微笑离开他天真无邪的唇间。在短暂的一刻，  
那可爱和无辜的男孩被害了！我看到了  
尸体，面目全非的尸体，之后我哭喊着  
要复仇！醒来吧，罗马人！醒来吧，你们这些被奴役的人！  
你们的儿子勇敢吗？瞧接下来激烈的争吵  
看他们就要走向死亡。你们的女儿漂亮吗？  
看她们是否能活下来，挣脱你们的怀抱，

名誉受损，蒙受耻辱；如果你胆敢呼唤正义，  
得到的回答必定是鞭答。

然而，这是罗马，  
坐落在七丘上，她凭依美的宝座  
统治整个世界！我们是罗马人。  
为什么在那久远的年代成为一名罗马人  
要比成为国王更了不起！

再次  
听我诉说，那城墙回荡着布鲁图践踏的声音！  
再次，我发誓，  
永恒的罗马终将获得自由。

## LESSON 57

# THE PURITAN FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND

### 新英格兰清教徒先辈的品格

One of the most prominent features which distinguished our forefathers, was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man—the rights of self-government, of conscience, and independent thought—are not merely things to be talked of and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

Liberty, with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they revered and held it fast as the unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power, nor sold for wages.

It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession, it was essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and, that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

They left all these; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, fathomless ocean, soiled not by

the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven; and it seemed to them like that better and sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts; and, after a toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and desolate, but unguarded and boundless; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them; here, again, there was an answer to their soul's desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

I am telling an old tale; but it is one which must be told when we speak of those men. It is to be added, that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that, peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its inhabitants were unmolested by the mother country in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government; but when those rights were invaded, they spurned even the form away.

This act was the Revolution, which came of course and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the wonderful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been if it had not occurred. It was, indeed, a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural; and I intend no slight to the revered actors in the Revolution when I assert that their fathers before them were as free as they—every whit as free.

The principles of the Revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms: they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days, when the Pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's oppression.

Here are the beginnings of the Revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully indicated principles and feelings; for no people could have adopted such forms, who were not thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

God was their King; and they regarded him as truly and literally so, as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not implore him to bless.

Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree in bearing good fruit; it produced and sustained a strict morality. Their tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother country, their name of Puritans, which, though given in derision, was as honorable an appellation as was ever bestowed by man on man.

That there were hypocrites among them, is not to be doubted; but they were rare. The men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance, and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say, that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious impressions and an exact performance of moral duty.

## 【中文阅读】

我们的先辈最突出的特征之一，就是他们坚定地反抗压迫。他们似乎天生就是为了向世界表明崇高和特别的目标，即人的公民和宗教权利——自制、良知和独立思想的权利——不只是挂在嘴上和理论上的事情，而是凭着全部力量和内心的激情付诸实施，感知内心最深切的隐秘情感，并在普通生活中加以运用，为进行有益的实践，有形的美和真正的崇高奠定了基础。

自由之于他们，是一个非常真诚地渴望的目标，并坚定地决心使之成为人格化、寓言化和奉为圭臬的东西。他们并没有像古人那样将其神化；他们没有将时间浪费在无聊的事情上；他们觉得自由是每个人类生命朴素的生命之光；他们也是这么呼唤自由的。他们也是这样主张的。他们对自由表示应有的尊敬，并坚信它是造物主不能让与和不可剥夺的礼物，既不会向权力低头，也不会为了既得利益而出卖。

同其他人一样，自由也是他们固有的权利。没有自由，他们不会得到尊重。与任何其他权益或所有权相比，自由才是幸福的根本，因为对于他们的本性而言自由是最基本的要素。因此，他们将自由看得高于财富、安逸和国家。他们或许喜欢和充分实践自由赋予的权利，为此他们可以放弃房子、土地、亲情、他们的家园，放弃他们的故土和祖先的坟墓。

他们抛弃了所有这些，他们离开英格兰，不论如何号召，对他们而言英格兰都不是自由的土地。他们在无路可走、一望无际和深不见底的大洋上起航，没有被地下的泥土弄脏，他们内心的向往只有上帝知道。对他们来说，这种向往似乎就像更好和更高尚的自由，而他们的祖国不晓得他们的追求，这个概念和想象只存在于他们心里。历经千辛万苦的远航后，他们抵达条件艰苦和风雪交加的海岸，他们食不果腹，孤零零地遗世而立，但是这里没有人守卫，一望无垠。那令人感到温暖的宁静没有打断他们登岸时的祈祷。没有人盯着他们，没有人偷听他们的动静，也没有人报告他们的情况；在这里，他们心灵的渴望又一次得到满足，他们对这种环境非常满意，向上天的眷顾表示感谢。他们发现自己是自由的，即使这里是不毛之地也在所不

惜。

我讲述的是一个古老的传奇。但是当我们提起这些人时，这是一个必须提及的传奇。还应该补充的是，他们将他们毕生坚持的原则传给他们的孩子，这样一个种族繁衍的结果就是，我们的国家永远是自由的。只要这块土地上的居民在行使他们重要权利的过程中没有被宗主国干扰，他们会屈从英国政府的体制。但是，当这些权利被侵犯时，他们甚至会将这种体制一脚踢开。

这种行动就是革命，自发而起，没有一点奇妙或不可预见性。倘若没发生的话，那倒奇怪了。的确，这场革命是一个愉快和辉煌的事件，再自然不过了。当我断定他们的先辈像他们一样渴望自由——事实上一点也不自由时，我不打算对这场大革命令人崇敬的演员轻描淡写了。

革命的原则并非突然之间变成少数几个人内心的既得财产，以前很多年就在这块土地上广泛存在了。就像圣经中的真理一样，人们从小就对这些原则耳闻目染，从原始时代开始就父子相传。当时朝圣者在自己简陋的住所里，坐在熊熊燃烧的篝火旁边，而树木则是从在自己门上投下树荫的森林里砍伐来的，堆得很高，向专心倾听的孩子们重复着关于自己做错事情和反抗的故事，孩子们听后欣喜若狂，尽管外面没刮大风，也没有野兽的嚎叫，但他们从大人的郁闷听不出任何害怕。

这就是革命的开端。每位定居者的炉边都是一所呼唤独立的学堂。学者们循循善诱，讲的课程令学生深深地陶醉在其中；因此，得出的结论是我们国家永远是自由的，舍此无他。

自由的原则和对专制势力奋起反抗，在清教徒心中深深扎根，这与他们的虔诚和宗教责任感如出一辙。他们都强调以上帝为君主的人。如果接受直接交流的话，他们的政府体制严格符合犹太人的神权政治；就此程度而言，很难说在他们中间存在完全有别于教会裁判权的民权。

一旦他们中有些人一座城镇定居下来，他们很快就会组建一个教堂；其中年长者是地方法官，所依据的法典则是《摩西五书》。这些虽然是一些组织形式，但实际上忠实于原则和情感，因为没有谁会采纳这样没有完全激发基督教精神，而倾向于宗教常规的形式。



上帝是他们的王；他们将上帝视为真正和真实的存在，仿佛他就住在他们国家一个能看得见的宫殿里似的。他们是他虔敬、坚决且谦恭的臣民；他们只要祈求他保佑他们繁荣兴旺，什么都可以承担；他们不吝对他的赞美，任何事业都可以完成；只要向他倾诉衷肠，任何困苦都不在话下。

他们的虔诚不仅仅是永恒的，这是发自内心的。这恰好证明了善良之因必将结出善良之果。这种虔诚导致并维系着严格的道德准则。他们坚持习俗的纯粹性，他们的语言也从中获取营养。清教徒这个称谓，尽管有些嘲弄的意味，却是赋予他们的具有荣誉感的称号。

在他们中间存在伪君子，这一点毋庸置疑。不过，这种人很少见。那些自愿将自己放逐到未知海岸的人，出于良心的缘故在那儿忍受千难万苦，他们以自己的方式为上帝服务，这样的人不可能将良知弃之不顾，嘲弄对上帝的虔敬。这样的人不可能，也不会是伪君子。我不晓得是否可以这样说，在地球的广阔大地上，没有哪个人类社会在强烈的宗教情感和道德责任的严格履行方面能与他们相比。

(F.W.P. 格林伍德)

# LESSON 58

## LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

### 朝圣先辈登岸

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1794-1835, was born in Liverpool. Her father, whose name was Browne, was an Irish merchant. She spent her childhood in Wales, began to write poetry at a very early age, and was married when about eighteen to Captain Hemans. By this marriage, she became the mother of five sons; but, owing to differences of taste and disposition, her husband left her at the end of six years; and by mutual agreement they never again lived together. Mrs. Hemans now made literature a profession, and wrote much and well. In 1826 Prof. Andrews Norton brought out an edition of her poems in America, where they became popular, and have remained so.

Mrs. Hemans's poetry is smooth and graceful, frequently tinged with a shade of melancholy, but never despairing, cynical, or misanthropic. It never deals with the highest themes, nor rises to sublimity, but its influence is calculated to make the reader truer, nobler, and purer.

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums.  
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,  
In silence, and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.  
Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang

To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair

Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,

Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod:  
They have left unstained what there they found,—  
Freedom to worship God.

## 【中文阅读】

在静穆和多岩石的海滩上  
海浪拍岸花飞溅，  
暴风雨交加的树林，  
巨大的树枝堪折断。

沉闷的夜晚漆黑一片，  
山丘流水潺潺，  
这时，一大群被放逐的人将他们的木筏  
系泊在新英格荒凉的海岸上。

征服者没有来这里，  
他们这些忠实的人却来了；  
没有激动人心的隆隆鼓乐。  
以及颂扬名望的喇叭小号。

没有营营飞蝇飞来，  
在静默和恐惧中，  
他们用高亢的欢呼的颂歌  
摇撼沙漠昏暗的深处。  
在他们唱到的暴风雨中间，  
听到了星星和大海的声音；  
昏暗的树林那回音通道  
回荡着自由赞歌！  
海鹰借着白色浪花卷起的飞沫  
从他的鹰巢翱翔天际；  
森林里摇摆的松树在咆哮——  
这就是欢迎他们的家园。

在朝圣的人群中间，  
有头发花白的老者：  
他们为什么要离开孩提时的故土，  
踏上这朝圣的路？

还有妇人那无畏的眼神，  
被她对真理的挚爱点亮了神采；  
男人坚毅的额头，庄严高耸，  
还有年轻人那火热的心。

他们来到遥远的这里为了什么？  
难道是为了我那光灿灿的珠宝？  
还是为了大海的财富，躲避战争的蹂躏？  
他们追求的是真理纯粹的神圣！

哎，就称这里为圣地吧，  
他们踏上的第一片陆地：  
他们把发现的没有玷污的东西留下——  
用自由拜祭上帝。

## LESSON 59

# NECESSITY OF EDUCATION

## 教育的必要性

We must educate! We must educate! or we must perish by our own prosperity. If we do not, short will be our race from the cradle to the grave. If, in our haste to be rich and mighty, we outrun our literary and religious institutions, they will never overtake us; or only come up after the battle of liberty is fought and lost, as spoils to grace the victory, and as resources of inexorable despotism for the perpetuity of our bondage.

But what will become of the West if her prosperity rushes up to such a majesty of power, while those great institutions linger which are necessary to form the mind, and the conscience, and the heart of the vast world? It must not be permitted. And yet what is done must be done quickly; for population will not wait, and commerce will not cast anchor, and manufactures will not shut off the steam, nor shut down the gate, and agriculture, pushed by millions of freemen on their fertile soil, will not withhold her corrupting abundance.

And let no man at the East quiet himself, and dream of liberty, whatever may become of the West. Our alliance of blood, and political institutions, and common interests, is such, that we can not stand aloof in the hour of her calamity, should it ever come. Her destiny is our destiny; and the day that her gallant ship goes down, our little boat sinks in the vortex!

The great experiment is now making, and from its extent and rapid filling up, is making in the West, whether the perpetuity of our republican institutions can be reconciled with universal suffrage. Without the education of the head and heart of the nation, they can not be; and the question to be decided is, can the nation, or the vast balance power of it, be so imbued with intelligence and virtue

as to bring out, in laws and their administration, a perpetual self-preserving energy. We know that the work is a vast one, and of great difficulty; and yet we believe it can be done.

I am aware that our ablest patriots are looking out on the deep, vexed with storms, with great forebodings and failings of heart, for fear of the things that are coming upon us; and I perceive a spirit of impatience rising, and distrust in respect to the perpetuity of our republic; and I am sure that these fears are well founded, and am glad that they exist. It is the star of hope in our dark horizon. Fear is what we need, as the ship needs wind on a rocking sea, after a storm, to prevent foundering. But when our fear and our efforts shall correspond with our danger, the danger is past.

For it is not the impossibility of self-preservation which threatens us; nor is it the unwillingness of the nation to pay the price of the preservation, as she has paid the price of the purchase of our liberties. It is inattention and inconsideration, protracted till the crisis is past, and the things which belong to our peace are hid from our eyes. And blessed be God, that the tokens of a national waking up, the harbinger of God's mercy, are multiplying upon us!

We did not, in the darkest hour, believe that God had brought our fathers to this goodly land to lay the foundation of religious liberty, and wrought such wonders in their preservation, and raised their descendants to such heights of civil and religious liberty, only to reverse the analogy of his providence, and abandon his work.

And though there now be clouds, and the sea roaring, and men's hearts failing, we believe there is light behind the cloud, and that the imminence of our danger is intended, under the guidance of Heaven, to call forth and apply a holy, fraternal fellowship between the East and the West, which shall secure our preservation, and make the prosperity of our nation durable as time, and as abundant as the waves of the sea.

I would add, as a motive to immediate action, that if we do fail in our great experiment of self-government, our destruction will be as signal as the birthright abandoned, the mercies abused, and the provocation offered to beneficent Heaven. The descent of desolation will correspond with the past

elevation.

No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring liberty, and no wailing such as her convulsions extort.

It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils! live forever—one and undivided!

*(Lyman Beecher)*

## 【中文阅读】

我们必须接受教育！我们必须接受教育！如果我们仅凭自己的幸运和机缘的话，必定自取灭亡。倘若我们不接受教育，那么我们种族从摇篮到坟墓只是一瞬间的事情。假若我们急于想成为富人和大人物，超过了文学和宗教上的惯例和制度，那么这些梦想从来都不会突然降临到我们头上。只有在经过为自由而战失败后，在胜利的恩泽遭到损毁的同时，无情的专制统治为了永远奴役我们而诉诸于武力。

但是，当那些对形成广袤世界的心智、良知和核心来说必要的重要制度徘徊时，如果西方的繁荣促使形成这样一个强大势力的话，那么结果会怎样呢？必然是不被允许的。然而，要做的事情必须尽快做。因为人们不会慢慢等待，商业也不会原地搁浅，制造业既不会关掉生产线，也不会关上大门，由数以百万计自由民在他们肥沃的土地上耕作而得到推动和发展的农业，当然不会抑制它变得腐败的丰饶。

东方世界没有人对自己的境遇感到满意，梦想着自由，无论怎样都变成西方人。我们血脉、政治制度和共同利益上的联盟，确保我们在一旦出现灾难之时不会独木难支。一个国家的



命运就是我们共同的命运；一个国家雄伟的战舰沉没之日，对我们来讲不过是一条小船沉在漩涡中而已！

现在形成的这一伟大的经验，从其广度和迅速累积的程度而言，就是西方的滥觞，不论我们的共和政体的恒久性是否能够通过普选制度而达到和谐一致。没有教育这个大脑和国家的核心价值，不可能做到这一点。问题的关键在于，国家或者其巨大的平衡力量能否富有智慧和优点，并使之付诸于法律的制定和管理当中，以及具有恒久的保持自我的能力。我们清楚这是一个浩大的工程，面临巨大困难。但是，我们相信这个工程能够完成。

我知道我们最杰出的爱国者临渊而立，为暴风雨，为对不祥的预感和勇气的丧失所恼，这是基于对即将到来的麻烦的担心。我觉察到焦躁情绪正在积郁，不相信我们的共和政体能够恒久地保持下去。我可以肯定的是，这些担心完全有道理，欣然接受这些担心的存在。这是我们黑暗的地平线上升起的希望之星。担心是我们需要的，正如暴风雨过后在波涛汹涌的海上船只需要风才能防止船帆落下一样。但是，我们的担心和努力与我们面临的危险是共存的，而危险已经成为过去。

在面临威胁时，激起自卫本能是完全可能的，国家也并非不情愿为维持下去付出代价，正如她为我们的自由所付出的代价一样。这种自卫本能不被注意且没有给予考虑，被延长后直到危机成为过去。事关我们和平的诸多事宜，我们的眼睛被遮住了没有看到。多亏上帝，作为国家觉醒的象征，展现上帝仁慈的预兆，才得以连续降临到我们头上。

在最黑暗的时刻，我们不相信上帝之所以会把我们的先辈带到这块美丽的土地上，来奠定宗教自由，在他们保持共和政体的恒久性时成就了这样的奇迹，将他们的后代提升到公民和宗教自由这样的高度，只是为了推翻他的天道类比寓言，抛弃他的功业。

尽管现在仍然乌云密布，大海仍旧在咆哮呼号，人们缺乏勇气，但是我们相信乌云背后就是曙光，我们面临危险的迫近是上帝有意为之，目的在于引起和致力于东西方之间一种神圣的、兄弟般的伙伴关系。这种关系能确保我们的政体保持下去，使我们国家的繁荣像时间一样恒久，如大海的波浪一样丰富。

我还要补充一下，作为直接采取行动的动机，如果我们未能在自治上获得重要经验，那么

我们的失败将如同放弃生育权，滥施仁慈一样，成了向仁慈的上帝挑衅的标志。沦落到被遗弃是与过去的提升相一致的。

对于滥施仁慈而言，没有什么比上帝的惩罚更严厉的了；在导致他们的原因中，没哪种施加的手段同人的愤怒一样骇人。没有什么样的痉挛堪比濒临死亡的自由所产生的痉挛，没有哪种哀号堪比对国家灾变的曲解。

罗马帝国历经三百年的痛苦才寿终正寝；如果我们消亡的话，我们的死差不多与我们的智慧和自由的体制所给予我们的骨骼、肌肉和生命力的消亡一样可怕。但愿上帝不让我看到，我的国家遭受的置她于死地的极大痛苦开始发作的那一天！啊，你们深爱的这片土地，由同胞之爱这个纽带和共同利益将大家连在一起的这片土地，处于极大的危险之中！永远屹立不倒——一个整体永不分开！

（莱曼·比彻）

# LESSON 60

## RIDING ON A SNOWPLOW

### 乘坐扫雪机

Benjamin Franklin Taylor, 1822-1887, was born at Lowville, New York, and graduated at Madison University, of which his father was president. Here he remained as resident graduate for about five years. His "Attractions of Language" was published in 1845. For many years Mr. Taylor was literary editor of the "Chicago Journal." He wrote considerably for the magazines, and was the author of many well-known fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse. He also published several books, of which "January and June," "Pictures in Camp and Field," "The World on Wheels," "Old-time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme," "Between the Gates," and "Songs of Yesterday," are the best known. In his later years, Mr. Taylor achieved some reputation as a lecturer. His writings are marked by an exuberant fancy.

Did you ever ride on a snowplow? Not the pet and pony of a thing that is attached to the front of an engine, sometimes, like a pilot; but a great two-storied monster of strong timbers, that runs upon wheels of its own, and that boys run after and stare at as they would after and at an elephant. You are snow-bound at Buffalo. The Lake Shore Line is piled with drifts like a surf. Two passenger trains have been half-buried for twelve hours somewhere in snowy Chautauqua. The storm howls like a congregation of Arctic bears. But the superintendent at Buffalo is determined to release his castaways, and clear the road to Erie. He permits you to be a passenger on the great snowplow; and there it is, all ready to drive. Harnessed behind it, is a tandem team of three engines. It does not occur to you that you are going to ride on a steam drill, and so you get aboard.

It is a spacious and timbered room, with one large bull's eye window,—an overgrown lens. The thing is a sort of Cyclops. There are ropes, and chains, and a windlass. There is a bell by which the engineer of the first engine can signal the plowman, and a cord whereby the plowman can talk back. There are two sweeps, or arms, worked by machinery, on the sides. You ask their use, and the superintendent replies, "When, in a violent shock, there is danger of the monster's upsetting, an arm is put out, on one side or the other, to keep the thing from turning a complete somersault." You get one idea, and an inkling of another. So you take out your Accident Policy for three thousand dollars, and

examine it. It never mentions battles, nor duels, nor snowplows. It names “public conveyances.” Is a snowplow a public conveyance? You are inclined to think it is neither that nor any other kind that you should trust yourself to, but it is too late for consideration.

You roll out of Buffalo in the teeth of the wind, and the world is turned to snow. All goes merrily. The machine strikes little drifts, and they scurry away in a cloud. The three engines breathe easily; but by and by the earth seems broken into great billows of dazzling white. The sun comes out of a cloud, and touches it up till it out-silvers Potosi. Houses lie in the trough of the sea everywhere, and it requires little imagination to think they are pitching and tossing before your eyes. A great breaker rises right in the way. The monster, with you in it, works its way up and feels of it. It is packed like a ledge of marble. Three whistles! The machine backs away and keeps backing, as a gymnast runs astern to get sea room and momentum for a big jump; as a giant swings aloft a heavy sledge, that it may come down with a heavy blow.

One whistle! You have come to a halt. Three pairs of whistles one after the other! and then, putting on all steam, you make for the drift. The superintendent locks the door, you do not quite understand why, and in a second the battle begins. The machine rocks and creaks in all its joints. There comes a tremendous shock. The cabin is as dark as midnight. The clouds of flying snow put out the day. The labored breathing of the locomotives behind you, the clouds of smoke and steam that wrap you up as in a mantle, the noonday eclipse of the sun, the surging of the ship, the rattling of chains, the creak of timbers as if the craft were aground and the sea getting out of its bed to overwhelm you altogether, the doubt as to what will come,—all combine to make a scene of strange excitement for a landlubber.

You have made some impression on the breaker, and again the machine backs for a fair start, and then another plunge, and shock, and twilight. And so, from deep cut to deep cut, as if the season had packed all his winter clothes upon the track, until the stalled trains are reached and passed; and then, with alternate storm and calm, and halt and shock, till the way is cleared to Erie.

It is Sunday afternoon, and Erie—“Mad Anthony Wayne’s” old headquarters—has donned its Sunday clothes, and turned out by hundreds to see the great plow come in,—its first voyage over the

line. The locomotives set up a crazy scream, and you draw slowly into the depot. The door opened at last, you clamber down, and gaze up at the uneasy house in which you have been living. It looks as if an avalanche had tumbled down upon it,—white as an Alpine shoulder. Your first thought is gratitude that you have made a landing alive. Your second, a resolution that, if again you ride a hammer, it will not be when three engines have hold of the handle!

## 【中文阅读】

你乘过扫雪机吗？我说的不是前面安个很小的发动机，有时像降落伞的那种东西。而是有两层楼高的由坚硬的木材做成的庞然大怪物，底下安有轮子驱动，男孩子们追着它跑，不错眼珠地盯着它看，就像看一头大象似的。你在布法罗为雪所阻，湖滨道上堆积物如山。在大雪皑皑的肖陶扩湖，两列客车一半被埋在雪地里已经十二个小时了。暴风雪的狂吼声就像北极熊聚在一起发出的声音。但是，布法罗的监管人员决定让那些遭难的人离开这里，于是开始清理通往伊利湖的道路。他允许你作为一名旅客乘坐大扫雪机；一旦准备就绪，就开始出发。扫雪机后面配上马具，成了一架由三个发动机组成的串联式双轮马车。不是说你马上就能骑在一辆蒸汽钻头上，如果那样的话你就登上飞机了。

这是一个宽敞、用木材搭建的房间，有一个大牛眼似的窗子——就像长得过快的眼睛中的水晶体。这个东西有点类似希腊神话中的独眼巨人，有绳子，锁链和绞盘。上面还安有一个铃，系第一台发动机的机械师向驾驶人员发信号用的，而那根细绳是驾驶人员回答用的。在两侧有两个清扫装置，由机械操作。你或许会问这些装置做什么用的，监管人员则回答说，“遇到暴力袭击时，这个怪物存在翻倒的危险，一只机械臂会甩出去，不管甩向哪侧，这个家伙都会完全翻筋斗的。”听到这儿，你马上就有主意了，暗示另一个想法。就这样，你拿出你的三万美元意外事故保险单，仔细查看。上面从未提及战争、决斗和扫雪机。上面标着“公共交通工具”字样。扫雪机算公共交通工具吗？人们倾向于认为它既不是你相信的那种，也不是你相信的其他种类的交通工具，但是已经来不及细想了。

人们冒着凛冽的寒风离开布法罗，这个世界已经被雪盖住了。所有的一切都很有趣。这台机械推着较小的堆积物，在一片雾霭中急匆匆地前行。三台发动机运行良好；但是不久，大地

就掀起一片炫目的巨大白色雾霭。太阳从云彩里闪身出来，将这台扫雪机映得就像波托西银合金一样闪亮。房舍散落在如大海海槽一般的雪地上，真需要发挥一点想象力才能设想出这些房舍似乎在雪地上漂着，映入人们的眼帘。一台很大的断路器横亘在道中央。这个庞然大物从里面看，把道路往上拱起，好像能触摸到似的。整个断路器就像大理石突出的狭长部分。接着传来三声鸣笛！这台机器为了让出地方而后退，一直后退，就像一名体操运动员向后退以便腾出空间做大跳跃动作，也似一位巨人向上托着很重的狭长物体，然后突然向下猛甩。

又一声鸣笛！人们应该停下脚步。三声鸣笛此起彼伏。接下来，蒸汽动力全部启动，人们冲向堆积物。那位监管人员锁上门，人们不明白是怎么回事，刹那间这场战争又重新开始了。这台机器的所有连接处都来回摆动，发出嘎嘎响声，令人不胜恐惧。驾驶室漆黑一片。漫天飞舞的雪花形成的云团好像把整个天空都覆盖住了。人们身后的机车费力地喘着粗气，烟雾和蒸汽组成的云团像披风一样裹着你，中午的太阳暗淡无光，船只踏着波浪，锁链和木材发出吱吱嘎嘎的响声，仿佛船搁浅了，海水漫过堤岸，就要淹没你们似的。这个疑虑好像就要变成现实——所有这一切形成奇特的一幕，令不习水性的“旱鸭子”惶恐不已。

想必你对断路器会留下几分印象，这台机器又向后倒退，准备重新启动，然后又一次猛地颠了一下，令人感到恐惧和目眩。于是开始一遍遍地深挖，仿佛季节已经将所有冬天的行装都堆在了铁轨上，直到失速的火车从此经过。然后，暴风雪和雪过云开交替着，直到通往伊利湖的道路畅通为止。

那是星期日的下午，伊利湖——“疯子安东尼·怀恩”的老巢——已经披上主日礼服，结果数以百计的人看到巨大的扫雪机扑面而来，这是它第一次在这条路线上露面。机车头发发出尖厉的叫声，扫雪机徐徐驶进车站。最后，车门打开了，人们吃力地爬下来后举目凝视一直待着的那间很不舒服的座舱。它看上去就像上面发生过大雪崩——白得像阿尔卑斯山的山脊。你第一个念头就是庆幸能活着下来。第二个念头恐怕就是如果再次乘这个铁榔头的话，当三台发动机的手柄合上时，它不会挪地方！

LESSON 61

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

布鲁图和凯西尤的争吵

*Cas.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this:  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:

Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier;  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say "better"?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life, you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty



That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven! I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection.—I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with an your thunderbolts;  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool that brought  
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart, too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.  
Shakespeare.—Julius Caesar, Act iv, Scene iii.

## 【中文阅读】

凯西尤 你对我的侮辱，从这件事情看得分明  
你给鲁西尤·派拉定了罪，昭告天下  
因为他在这儿受了萨狄斯人的贿赂；  
因为我了解这个人，特致书说明，  
你却把书信撇到一边。

布鲁图 这个案子你本来就不该掺和。

凯西尤 现在这个时候，不该为了一点小小的过失就公开谴责人家。

布鲁图 我跟你说吧，凯西尤，许多人都谴责说  
你手掌发痒，  
为了黄澄澄的金子，把官爵卖给  
无德无能之辈。

凯西尤 我的手掌痒！

要是说这话的人不是你布鲁图，  
指着神明起誓，这句话就是你说的最后一句话。

布鲁图 这种贪污失德，有凯西尤的名字作挡箭牌，  
惩罚才没有显出它的威力。

凯西尤 惩罚！

布鲁图 记得三月份，记得那三月十五日嘛！  
伟大的恺撒不是为了正义的缘故而流血吗？  
倘不是为了正义，哪一个恶人敢用匕首刺入他的身体？  
什么！我们曾经打倒这个世界最著名的人，  
就是因为他庇护盗贼；难道我们现在  
甘心让卑污的贿赂玷污我们的手指，  
为了这些不值一提的废物，  
出卖我们配享环宇的伟大荣誉吗？  
做一条冲月亮狂吠的狗，  
也比这样一个罗马人强。

凯西尤 布鲁图，不要向我吠叫；  
我受不了这样的侮辱。你忘记了你自己是什么人，  
如此把我相逼，我是一个军人，我，  
经验比你多，比你会处理事情。

布鲁图 哼，你未必吧，凯西尤。

凯西尤 我当然是。

布鲁图 我说你不是。

凯西尤 别再逼我，我快要失去镇静了；  
留心你的安全，别再引诱我了。

布鲁图 滚，卑鄙的家伙！

凯西尤 这可能吗？

布鲁图 听着，我要说我的话。  
蛮不成我必须对你的暴怒退让吗？  
难道一个疯子瞪瞪眼睛就可以把我吓着吗？

凯西尤 神啊！神啊！我必须忍受这一切吗？

布鲁图 这一切！哼，还没完呢。你发怒结果你骄傲的心都气破了吧；  
去，让你的奴隶们看看你的脾气多大，

让你的努力抖成一团。难道我必须让着你？

看你的脸色吗？当你心烦意乱时，  
我必须老老实实站在一旁，唯命是从吗？我指着神明发誓，  
即使你气炸了肺，也是你自怨自艾；  
因为，从今天起，你生气时，  
我要拿你取乐。

凯西尤 你会达到目的吗？

布鲁图 你说你是一个比我更好的军人；  
还是让事实来证明你夸的海口吧，  
我当然会十分高兴的。就我自己来说，  
我很乐意向高尚的人学习呢。

凯西尤 你在各方面侮辱我；你侮辱我，布鲁图。  
我说过我是一个老兵，可并没有说我是一个比你更出色的军人；  
我说过“更出色”这个词吗？

布鲁图 你到底说没说过，我不在乎。

凯西尤 恺撒在世的时候，连他也不敢这样招惹我啊。

布鲁图 拉倒，拉倒吧！难道你敢这样招惹他啊。

凯西尤 我不敢？

布鲁图 你不敢。

凯西尤 什么！不敢招惹他？

布鲁图 你确实不敢招惹他。

凯西尤 不要仗着你我的交情太放肆了；  
我也许会做叫我后悔的事情来的。

布鲁图 你已经做了你应该后悔的事。

凯西尤，不管你怎样恐吓威胁，我都不怕；  
因为正直的居心便是我最有力的武器，  
你那些话就像一阵毫无意义的风掠过一样，  
我全不放在心上。我曾经派人去  
向你借些金钱，你拂了我的面子；——  
因为我不会通过邪恶的手段敛钱的  
上帝啊！我宁愿把自己一滴滴心血熔铸成钱币，  
也不愿从农人粗硬的手里榨取他们那卑贱污秽的铜板。  
我派人向你借钱，为了支付军饷，

你却拂了我的面子；这哪像凯西尤的作为啊？

我应不应该也这样对待盖尤斯·凯西尤呢？

当马库斯·布鲁图要是也变得这般吝啬，  
像无赖似的锁住他的钱柜，不与他的朋友们时，  
神啊，就请你们用雷电  
把他劈得粉身碎骨吧！

凯西尤 我并没有拂你的面子啊。

布鲁图 你拒绝我了。

凯西尤 我没有，传我口信的那家伙就是个傻瓜。

布鲁图把我的心都劈碎了  
一个朋友应当担待他朋友的过失，  
可是布鲁图却把我的过失渲染得格外大。

布鲁图 我没有，是有负于我的。

凯西尤 你不喜欢我。

布鲁图 我不喜欢你的过错。

凯西尤 一个朋友的眼里决不容许这种过错存在。

布鲁图 在一个阿谀奉承的人眼里，即使有像奥林匹斯山一样高耸庞大的过错，也会视而不见的。

凯西尤 来，安东尼，来，年轻的屋大维，  
你们向凯西尤一个人复仇吧，  
因为凯西尤已经厌倦这个世界了  
被所爱的人憎恨，被他的兄弟胁迫，  
像一个奴隶似的被人呵来呵去，他的一切过失  
都被人记在本上，烂熟于心，成了当面揭发我的罪状。  
啊！我可以从我的眼睛里哭出我的灵魂来。  
这是我的刀子，这是我裸露的胸膛，  
里面跳动的是一颗比财神普路托斯的宝矿更珍贵，  
比黄金更宝贵的心脏；  
要是你是一个罗马人，就它挖出来吧，  
拒绝给你金钱的我，心甘情愿把心儿交给你。  
就像你刺死恺撒那样，也把我刺死吧，因为我知道，  
即使在你最恨他的时候，你爱他也远胜于爱凯西尤。

布鲁图 将你的刀子插入鞘吧。

你高兴发怒就发怒吧，  
想怎么就怎么，丢脸就当是诙谐。  
啊，凯西尤！你的伙伴就是一头羔羊，  
愤怒在他的身上，就像燧石里的火花一样，  
虽承受最多，但会发出仓促的光芒，  
可是一转瞬间就已经冷下去了。

凯西尤 凯西尤活得真无趣，  
难道他的忧烦和暴跳如雷，  
只会给他的布鲁图带来开心笑料吗？

布鲁图 我说那句话的时候，我也是脾气太坏。

凯西尤 你也承认啊？把你的手给我。

布鲁图 连我的心也一起给你。

凯西尤 啊，布鲁图！

布鲁图 什么事？

凯西尤 我的母亲给了我这副暴躁的脾气，我常会忘记我自己，  
我们的友谊难道不足以让你原谅我吗？

布鲁图 当然，凯西尤；从此以后，  
要是你有时候跟你的布鲁图过分认真，  
他会当作是你母亲在那儿责备发脾气，任你怎地都不介意。

（莎士比亚《尤利乌斯·恺撒》，第四幕第三场）

LESSON 62  
THE QUACK

江湖庸医

John Tobin, 1770-1804, a solicitor, was born at Salisbury, England, and died on shipboard near Cork. He wrote several comedies, the most popular being “The Honeymoon,” from which this extract is taken; it was published in 1805.

SCENE—*The Inn. Enter HOSTESS followed by LAMPEDO, a Quack Doctor.*

*Host.* Nay, nay; another fortnight.

*Lamp.* It can't be.

The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!

He hath been here almost three weeks already.

*Host.* Well, then, a week.

*Lamp.* We may detain him a week. (Enter BALTHAZAR, the *patient*, from behind, in his nightgown, with a drawn sword.)

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,

That sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience.

*Host.* He still believes he has an inward bruise.

*Lamp.* I would to heaven he had! or that he'd slipped

His shoulder blade, or broke a leg or two,

(Not that I bear his person any malice,)

Or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle!

*Host.* Ay, broken anything except his neck.

*Lamp.* However, for a week I'll manage him,

Though he had the constitution of a horse—

A farrier should prescribe for him.

*Balth.* A farrier! (*Aside.* )

*Lamp.* To-morrow, we phlebotomize again;

Next day, my new-invented patent draught;

Then, I have some pills prepared;

On Thursday, we throw in the bark; on Friday—

*Balth.* (*Coming forward.*) Well, sir, on Friday—what, on

Friday? Come,

Proceed.

*Lamp.* Discovered!

*Host.* Mercy, noble sir!

*Lamp.* We crave your mercy! } *They fall on their knees.*

*Balth.* On your knees? 't is well!

Pray! for your time is short.

*Host.* Nay, do not kill us.

*Balth.* You have been tried, condemned, and only wait

For execution. Which shall I begin with?

*Lamp.* The lady, by all means, sir.

*Balth.* Come, prepare. (*To the hostess.*)



*Host.* Have pity by the weakness of my sex!

*Balth.* Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,

Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—

If you attempt it—(*To LAMPEDO, who is making off*)

you have cooked up for me?

*Host.* None, as I hope for mercy!

*Balth.* Is not thy wine a poison?

*Host.* No indeed, sir;

'T is not, I own, of the first quality;

But—

*Balth.* What?

*Host.* I always give short measure, sir,

And ease my conscience that way.

*Balth.* Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you.

*Host.* Mercy, sir!

*Balth.* Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

*Host.* Your commands, sir?

*Balth.* If, in five minutes, all things are prepared

For my departure, you may yet survive.

*Host.* It shall be done in less.

*Balth.* Away, thou lumpfish. (*Exit hostess.*)

*Lamp.* So! now comes my turn! 't is all over with me!

There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks!

*Balth.* And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!

Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!

Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born

Of Death and Famine! thou anatomy

Of a starved pilchard!

*Lamp.* I do confess my leanness. I am spare,

And, therefore, spare me.

*Balth.* Why wouldst thou have made me

A thoroughfare, for thy whole shop to pass through?

*Lamp.* Man, you know, must live.

*Balth.* Yes: he must die, too.

*Lamp.* For my patients' sake!

*Balth.* I'll send you to the major part of them—

The window, sir, is open;-come, prepare.

*Lamp.* Pray consider!

I may hurt some one in the street.

*Balth.* Why, then,

I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dicebox,

Or grind thee in a coffee mill to powder,

For thou must sup with Pluto:—so, make ready!

Whilst I, with this good smallsword for a lancet,

Let thy starved spirit out (for blood thou hast none),

And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look

Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

*Lamp.* Consider my poor wife.

*Balth.* Thy wife!

*Lamp.* My wife, sir.

*Balth.* Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?

Thou shadow of a man, and base as lean!

*Lamp.* O spare me for her sake!

I have a wife, and three angelic babes,

Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.

*Balth.* Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you.

Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? Produce them.

*Lamp.* Here is the box.

*Balth.* Were it Pandora's, and each single pill

Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

*Lamp.* What, all?

*Balth.* Ay, all; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin—

(*LAMPEDO takes one.*) That's well!—Another.

*Lamp.* One's a dose.

*Balth.* Proceed, sir.

*Lamp.* What will become of me?

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

*Balth.* Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not

Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee

For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

*Lamp.* Would I were one!—for they can feed on air.

*Balth.* Home, sir! and be more honest.

*Lump.* If I am not,

I'll be more wise, at least.



## 【中文阅读】

幕启——小旅店。女店主在蓝裴多后上场，一位江湖庸医。

女店主 不，不；得两个星期。

蓝裴多 那可不行。这人还有我，发发慈悲吧！他来这儿已经三个星期了。

女店主 哦，还有一个星期。

蓝裴多 我们也许得耽搁他一星期。（患者巴尔萨扎尔从后场上，穿着睡衣，拿着一把刀。）

你现在说的话真像一位通情达理的女店主，有时候得凭良心。

女店主 他还以为自己内有内伤呢。

蓝裴多 我祈祷上帝但愿他有！不然他就跑了。他肩膀有刀伤，或者折了一条或两条腿，

(我说这话可没有什么恶意。)或者胳膊脱臼,甚至脚踝扭伤!

女店主 除了脖子外,伤到哪儿都可以。

蓝裴多 当然,我有一个星期时间可以设法对付他呢。尽管他是一匹体格健壮的马,可是一副马蹄铁总适合他的。

巴尔萨扎尔 马蹄铁!(站到一边)

蓝裴多 明天,我们再抽血;后天,用我新发明的专利;然后,我会给你开一些药片的。星期四,我们附带用树皮;星期五——

巴尔萨扎尔 (到前场)哦,先生,星期五——星期五怎么?请说明白。

蓝裴多 发现的!他们(女店主和蓝裴多)跪下来。

女店主 求求你了,尊贵的先生!

蓝裴多 我们求你发发慈悲!

巴尔萨扎尔 跪下?这很好!还是求上帝保佑吧!因为你们的时间不多了。

女店主 不,别要我们的命。

巴尔萨扎尔 你们一直在尝试,该死的,现在只有等着执行。从谁开始?

蓝裴多 当然是女士了,先生。

巴尔萨扎尔 来吧,做好准备。(转向女店主)

女店主 还是可怜一下柔弱的女性吧!

巴尔萨扎尔 告诉我,你这个能令高山都发抖的女人。告诉我,一共有多少人中毒——如果你打算——(转向蓝裴多,此时他正要匆匆逃掉)怎么编瞎话骗我啊?

女店主 哪敢啊,我希望得到宽恕!

巴尔萨扎尔 你这儿的葡萄酒难道不是毒药吗?

女店主 确实不是,先生。我敢保证不是,是品质最好的葡萄酒;不过——

巴尔萨扎尔 不过什么?

女店主 我一直缺斤短两来着,先生,这样我的良心能好受些。

巴尔萨扎尔 能让你的良心好受些!我会让你的良心好受些的。

女店主 饶了我吧,先生!

巴尔萨扎尔 你站起来,听我说。

女店主 这是你的命令吗,先生?

巴尔萨扎尔 如果在五分钟内都准备好的话,我离开时你会活下来的。

女店主 用不了五分钟。

巴尔萨扎尔 滚吧,你这个蠢婆娘。(女店主下场)

蓝裴多 咦,现在轮到我了啊!随便吧!在他的眼神中有匕首、绳子和老鼠药!

巴尔萨扎尔 现在,你描绘出一个人的轮廓!这是见不得人的事情!你在治疗肺结核时

滑得像泥鳅一样，饿死的都是年龄最大的，你解剖的是饿死的沙丁鱼！

蓝裴多 我必须承认我很瘦。我没太胡来，所以说饶了我吧。

巴尔萨扎尔 你为什么指给我的是大道，就因为你整个店铺

蓝裴多 先生，你晓得的，必须活下去

巴尔萨扎尔 是的；他也必须死。

蓝裴多 看在那些患者的份上！

巴尔萨扎尔 我会把你送到他们中间——先生，窗户开着呢——过来，准备好。

蓝裴多 拜托想想吧！我也许会伤害街上什么人的。

巴尔萨扎尔 哎呀，那好。我把你弄碎了放到装骰子的盒里，或者磨成咖啡粉，因为你必须去地狱见冥王——做好准备吧！而我呢，用这把小刀当做柳叶刀，剖开让你饥饿的灵魂，（因为你根本就没有血）把你拖到墙边，在那儿你看上去就像一个干瘪了的用一枚钉子钉住的甲虫。

蓝裴多 请看在我那可怜的妻子的份上，饶了我吧。

巴尔萨扎尔 你的妻子？！

蓝裴多 我的妻子，先生。

巴尔萨扎尔 你也竟敢为自己的婚姻着想？你这个人渣！

蓝裴多 看在她的份上，饶了我吧！我有一个妻子，还有三个天使般的孩子，可是他们就要没有父亲了。

巴尔萨扎尔 够了，够了！你妻子和孩子不过是你的借口而已。过来，过来；吃了这药片！药片呢？现在就做。

蓝裴多 在盒里呢。

巴尔萨扎尔 这可是潘多拉盒啊，每个药片管十种病，你先吃。

蓝裴多 都吃了吗？

巴尔萨扎尔 嗯，都吃了，快点。来吧，先生，开始吧——（蓝裴多吃了一个）太好了！再来一个。

蓝裴多 一次一片。

巴尔萨扎尔 接着吃，先生。

蓝裴多 那我成什么了？让我回家吧，把店关了，就像不朽的恺撒一样，死的体面一些。

巴尔萨扎尔 得了吧！多亏你的幸运星我才没有在你自己家里揍你，或揭穿你用蜥蜴做大标本。

蓝裴多 我只用了一个啊！因为它们可以在空中喂养。

巴尔萨扎尔 回家吧，先生，做个诚实的人。

蓝裴多 要是我做不到的话，至少会更聪明一些。

LESSON 63

RIP VAN WINKLE

瑞普·凡·温克尔

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded around him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear “whether he was Federal or Democrat.”

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat, penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

“Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!” Here a general shout burst from the bystanders.—“A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern. “Well, who are they? name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?” There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.” “Where’s Brom Dutcher?” “Oh, he went off to the army in

the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know; he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress." Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree." Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded; he doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me yonder; no, that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool! the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he



went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: “Where’s your mother?” “Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.” There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he. “Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, “Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle! it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?” Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip’s daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

*(Irving)*

【中文阅读】

瑞普花白的长须，拎着那把锈迹斑斑的猎枪，一身装束恍若故人，身边围着一群妇女和孩子，他的外表很快就引起小酒馆里热衷于政治的一群人的侧目。他们纷纷围拢过来，将他围在当中，颇为好奇地从头到脚打量他。那位演说者赶忙上前将他拉到一旁，问他投哪一边的票。瑞普茫然地盯着此人，半晌无语。另一位身材矮小忙前忙后的人拽住他胳膊，踮起脚尖凑到他耳畔问：“他是联邦党人还是民主党人。”

瑞普仍旧茫然不知所措；这时，一位似有见识高傲的老绅士，戴了一顶尖尖的三角帽，边推开众人走了进来，边用胳膊示意左右退下，兀自出现在凡·温克尔面前，一只手叉着腰，另一只手拄着手杖，他那双锐利的双眸和尖尖的帽子在某种程度上似乎洞穿了他的内心，以一种严肃的口吻质问瑞普为什么要肩膀上扛着枪来参加选举，且领着一干人等，想生乱滋事不成。

“哎呀，老先生，”瑞普大声说，有点惊愕。“我是个穷人，在当地土生土长，是英王的忠实臣民，苍天可鉴！”这时，一位带头的从看热闹的人中喊道：“他是保皇党！保皇党！保皇党！一个来此避难的！抓住他！打死他！”那位戴着尖顶帽子气派不凡的老者见此危难情景，喝令众人勿躁。他面色十分严厉，眉头紧蹙，再次盘问这位不知来历的罪犯，来此地作甚，是何居心。这位可怜人一再表示请他放心，自己绝无恶意，来这儿只是为了寻找邻居，那人先前经营这家小酒馆。“那好，他们是谁？说出他们的名字来。”

瑞普想了一会儿，打听道：“尼古拉斯·威德尔在吗？”人群片刻无言，这时老者尖声答道：“尼古拉斯·威德尔！他已经死了十八年了！教堂墓地有一块木碑，上面记得一清二楚，不过现在恐怕腐烂得看不清了。”“布罗姆·达彻尔在吗？”“哦，战争刚开始，他就去参军了。有人说他在斯托尼伯恩特战死了；还有人说他在安东尼诺斯山脚下遭遇一场山洪，溺死了。我也不晓得到底哪种说法可靠，不过他从此杳无音信倒是真的。”

“那小学校长凡·布梅尔呢？”“他也去参战了，后来成为一名将军，现在在国会任要职呢。”在听到自己家和昔日故旧这些令人唏嘘的变故后，发现自己在这个世界上竟然孑然一身。每个回答都令他困惑，时光飞逝竟然出现如此之多的错讹，还有他不明白的事情——战争，国会，斯托尼伯恩特。他实在没有勇气再打听下去了，只好绝望地呼喊道，“这里有人晓得瑞普·凡·温克尔的吗？”

“啊，瑞普·凡·温克尔！”有两三个人高声叫道。“啊，肯定有的！远处的那个就是瑞普·凡·温克尔，倚着树的那位。”瑞普举目望去，凝视着那位和自己长得很相像的人，见他正上山呢。显然，这人和他一样慢吞吞的，衣衫褴褛。现在，这个可怜的家伙完全呆住了；他怀疑自己的身份，到底是自己还是另一个人。在错愕间那位戴尖顶三角帽的老者盘问他到底是谁，到底叫什么名字。

“天晓得！”他喊道，已经懵了。“我不是我，我成了别人；那边的人倒成了我；不，别人穿了我的鞋。昨天晚上我还是我自己；可是我在山上睡着了，我的枪变了模样，一切都面目全非了，我也不是以前的我了，我也说不清我的名字和到底是谁！”

此时，围观者面面相觑，互相点头示意，双手抚额，一筹莫展。也有人小声低语，说先应该夺下他的枪，免得这个老家伙狗急跳墙开枪走火，那个戴尖顶帽颇为高傲的老者暗示大家马上动手。就在这千钧一发之际，一位相貌姣好的妇人拨开众人，瞥了一眼这位一脸灰白胡须的老人。她怀中抱着一个胖乎乎的幼儿，这孩子一见瑞普便吓得大哭。“别哭，瑞普！”她喝道，“别哭，你这个小笨蛋！这位老人又不会打你！”

这孩子的名字，这位母亲的举止和说话的声音，所有这一切唤醒了他心中的记忆。“这位善良的夫人，你的名字是？”他问道。“朱迪丝·卡德尼耶。”“你父亲的名字是？”“哦，那可怜的人！他的名字是瑞普·凡·温克尔。二十年前他拎着枪离家一去未归，从那以后再也没有他的音信。他养的狗也不见了；到底是自杀了还是被印第安人劫走了，谁也说不清。当时我还是个小女孩呢。”

瑞普还想再问一个问题，他的声音颤抖着：“你母亲在哪儿？”“噢，不久后她也死了；在与一个新英格兰小贩的争执中因血管破裂而亡。”有一点值得安慰的是，至少这不属于横死。这个世界上最坦诚的人再也抑制不住了。他抓住自己女儿的手，将她的孩子揽在怀中。“我是你父亲啊！”他失声痛哭道，“曾经年轻的瑞普·凡·温克尔，现在的老瑞普·凡·温克尔！没人认识可怜的瑞普·凡·温克尔吗？”

大伙儿都惊呆了，一位老妇人从人群中蹒跚着走出来，手抚额头盯着他的脸端详了片刻，高喊道：“肯定是他！是瑞普·凡·温克尔！是他本人！欢迎你回家！我的老邻居！这二十年你

去哪儿了，怎么一去不复返呢？”瑞普的故事很快就传开了，这二十年对他来说不过是浮生一夕间。

长话短说，大伙儿散去，大家的兴致回到更重要的选举事宜。瑞普的女儿拉着他回家，与她在一起生活。她有个温暖舒适，一应俱全的家，找了一位身体壮实，整天乐呵呵的农夫做丈夫，瑞普忆起自己的女婿原来是个淘气鬼，总是爬到他背上嬉闹。现在，瑞普恢复了旧日走路的样子和习惯，很快又找到许多昔日的旧友，大家见到他免不了一番涕泣，感叹造化弄人。他喜欢与正在长大的一代人交朋友，对他们宠爱有加。

（欧文）

# LESSON 64

## BILL AND JOE

### 比尔和乔

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-1894, was the son of Abiel Holmes, D.D. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard in 1829, having for classmates several men who have since become distinguished. After graduating, he studied law for about one year, and then turned his attention to medicine. He studied his profession in Paris, and elsewhere in Europe, and took his degree at Cambridge in 1836. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. He remained here but a short time, and then returned to Boston and entered on the practice of medicine. In 1847 he was appointed professor at Harvard, filling a similar position to the one held at Dartmouth. He discharged the duties of his professorship for more than thirty years, with great success. Literature was never his profession; yet few American authors attained higher success, both as a poet and as a prose writer. His poems are lively and sparkling, abound in wit and humor, but are not wanting in genuine pathos. Many of them were composed for special occasions. His prose writings include works on medicine, essays, and novels; several appeared first as contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly." He gained reputation, also, as a popular lecturer. In person, Dr. Holmes was small and active, with a face expressive of thought and vivacity.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by—  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright as morning dew,  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With HON. and LL. D.,  
In big, brave letters fair to see,—  
Your fist, old fellow! Off they go!—  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;  
They talk like fellows in their teens;  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—  
How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—  
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill,  
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe.  
The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!—  
Till all at once his pulses thrill:  
'T is poor old Joe's, "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears;  
In some sweet lull of heart and song  
For earth born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
When this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,

No sounding name is half so dear;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

## 【中文阅读】

来吧，亲爱的老伙计，你和我  
从逝去的日子偷得浮生一夕乐——  
当生活焕然一新时，天光明媚，  
像朝露一般清新，  
很久以前的快乐时日，  
那时你是比尔，我是乔。

你的名字也许因为带一个头衔而值得夸耀，  
就像小公鸡彩虹般的尾巴那般骄傲，  
而我的就像不幸的公驴戴的宽顶无檐圆帽  
那样短小不合体；  
今天，老朋友，可曾记得  
我是乔来你是比尔。

你已经赢得令世界妒忌的荣誉  
在人们眼里你是那么高傲，  
又是尊称，又是法学博士头衔，  
看到的是大大的勇敢的——  
你的拳头，老伙计，他们都消失了！  
你好吗，比尔？你好吗，乔？  
你穿的是法官貂皮袍子；  
你的名字半个世界都知道。  
你为人类吟唱不朽的乐曲；  
你让先前的逝者又复生：  
这个世界随便称呼你，  
可是你和我是乔和比尔。

一副嘲弄神情的年轻人瞪着眼睛说，  
“瞧那些老家伙，腰都弯了头发花白；  
说话还像十几岁那样，  
疯狂的可怜的老男孩！事实就是这样。”  
说罢摇着头；他们哪里晓得  
比尔和乔那悸动的内心——

乔笑盈盈坐在他旁边，  
比尔怎会忘记他何等自豪；  
尽管时光可伪装，乔又是怎样  
从老同学的眼神中读出异样——  
当乔天真地端详比尔，  
那眼神混杂了镇定和严厉。

哎，陷入沉思的学者，名望是什么东西？  
是跳动着火焰的舌头；  
一阵令人眩晕的变幻无常的旋风，  
只刮起一捏尘土；  
时光荏苒，谁能说明白  
哪捏尘土是比尔，哪捏又是乔。

疲惫的偶像保持着他的姿势，  
伸出他伤痕累累和疼痛难耐的手，  
在成千上万张大了嘴的人面前走来走去——  
这多么徒劳，这场空洞的表演！  
直到他的脉搏马上剧烈跳动：  
可怜的老乔，“上帝赐福与你，比尔！”

我们在快乐的气氛下低语，  
提到的是取悦我们终将变聋的耳朵的名字；  
在心底和歌声温柔的旋律里，  
因为世间没有什么精神会存在太久，



下界在低语呢喃，  
这是比尔，那是乔吗？

不要紧，我们的家园在这里，  
当我们逗留不去的日子终将逝去时，  
没有哪个响亮的名字如此亲切；  
谁会在意自负的墓石说些什么？  
不妨继续读那些还爱我们的心吧，  
长眠于此的乔，长眠于此的比尔。

LESSON 65

SORROW FOR THE DEAD

为死者悲

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights: and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse

of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret: but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

*(Irving)*

## 【中文阅读】

为死者悲只不过是我們拒绝与其天各一方泯然而生的悲痛。我們寻求医治每一种其他的

创伤，试图忘怀每一种其他苦难；但是，这种创伤我们将其视为一种可以做开心扉的责任。我们珍视这种苦难，默默承受。有哪位母亲愿意忘记在自己怀中如花簇凋谢一般已经死去的婴儿，尽管每一次回忆都令她伤心欲绝？有哪个孩子愿意忘记父母的温情，尽管那种回忆令人悲从中来？即使会极度痛苦，可有谁能忘记已经魂归天外的朋友？

不会的。超越死亡的爱是灵魂最高尚的属性之一。如果说它有其不幸的话，同样也有欢乐。当悲伤以势不可挡之势爆发时，也会转化为回忆时的温和泪水，从而平静下来。当我们最珍爱的所有一切都成过往烟云时，我们突然爆发的极度痛苦和痉挛，也会渐渐缓解下来，转化为对往昔美好岁月的沉思和追忆，有谁会从心底彻底根除这样的悲伤呢？尽管在欢乐的幸福时刻，有时会掠过一丝悲伤的阴云，或者在沮丧时播下更深切的悲哀。然而，谁会为了快乐之歌，为了狂欢而用悲哀来交换呢？谁也不会的。从坟墓里传出的声音比歌声还要甜美。有一种对死亡的纪念，甚至源于对生活魅力的厌恶。

啊，坟墓！坟墓！它埋葬了所有错误，掩盖了所有过失，泯灭了所有怨恨！从它平静的胸怀，生出的只有温柔的悔恨和亲切的追忆。谁能俯视坟墓，哪怕是敌人的坟墓，内心不会油然而生内疚的悸动，难道他在与眼前这块正变得腐朽的土包作战吗？但是，我们深爱的那些人的坟墓，是一个让我们无限沉思的地方！我们在长久的缅怀中，唤醒了美德和高贵的整个历史。表示爱慕的千言万语给予我们太多的东西，在亲昵的日常谈话中几乎察觉不到。在那里我们寄寓了温情，庄重，还有分离场面难分难舍。死亡的床榻，连同所有被压抑的悲伤，参加葬礼的默默无声的人群，它的缄默，还有对另一个人保持警觉的关照！这是对即将中止的爱最后的证明！无力的，震颤的，令人毛骨悚然——啊，多么令人毛骨悚然啊——能感受到手掌的压力！转向我们那充满爱意最后的一瞥，甚至就来自生存的门槛！那微弱颤抖的声音，在死亡中挣扎着，发出更坚定的爱的保证。

呜呼，去埋葬爱的坟墓，沉思吧！为过去每一个得不到回报的恩惠，良心不得安宁；撒手人寰的生命过去每一次不受注意的表示爱慕的话语，永远不复返了，即使痛悔也绝不再会得到安稳了！如果你是一个孩子，那么父母就会在内心平添悲伤，或者在充满怜爱的父母那如霜的眉头刻下深深的皱纹。如果你是一个丈夫，当有人怀疑你的善良或你的真实性时，你会冒失去所有幸福的风险去捍卫盲目轻信的内心里；如果你是一位朋友，曾经做过错事，不论在思

想、言语还是行为上，那么你的精神境界一般而言会有局限性；假若你的心脏确实产生了不适的剧痛，你就应该在温度较低的地方平躺下来；然后可以肯定的是每一种近乎残酷的神情，每一句勉强的话语和每一个缺乏教养的行为，都会从记忆深处复活，令人沮丧地敲打和拷问着你的灵魂；此后在鬼门关前你肯定要忍受悲哀和悔恨的折磨，发出无人能听到的叹息，涌出徒劳的眼泪；之所以更深沉和辛酸，是因为无人能听到和徒劳无益。

接下来，人们为你编花圈，为坟墓点缀大自然的美；用这些温馨然而无甚意义的东西安慰你那颗破碎的心，聊表惋惜；但是，通过悲痛借以告诫，你对撒手人寰已经悔悟，从此以后将更忠实和充满深情地履行你对活人的责任。

## LESSON 66

# THE EAGLE

## 鷹之歌

James Gates Percival, 1795-1856, was born at Berlin, Connecticut, and graduated at Yale College in 1815, at the head of his class. He was admitted to the practice of medicine in 1820, and went to Charleston, South Carolina. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at West Point, a position which he held but a few months. In 1854 he was appointed State Geologist of Wisconsin, and died at Hazel Green, in that state. Dr. Percival was eminent as a geographer, geologist, and linguist. He began to write poetry at an early age, and his fame rests chiefly upon his writings in this department. In his private life, Percival was always shy, modest, and somewhat given to melancholy. Financially, his life was one of struggle, and he was often greatly straitened for money.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!  
Thy home is high in heaven,  
Where the wide storms their banners fling,  
And the tempest clouds are driven.  
Thy throne is on the mountain top;  
Thy fields, the boundless air;  
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that can not lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea,  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air!  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame,  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,

The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath on thee was laid;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years,  
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath, it came,  
And the nations shook with dread;  
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
With the low and crouching slave;  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.

## 【中文阅读】

鸟儿展翅翱翔！  
你的家在高高的天上，  
风暴扯动他们的旗帜，  
驱赶着雨云。

你在突出的峭壁上栖息，  
身下就是白色海浪，  
他们迅急冲进无尽的水流。  
为了翱翔你又整理自己的羽毛  
越过大海着陆在那地方，  
就像被光包裹着的精灵，  
匆忙上路，自由地无拘无束。

无际无垠的天空之主啊！  
那些勇敢和热烈的心竟敢  
以你帝王的名义，  
踏上这危险的名誉之路，  
在闪着金色的翅膀阴影下方，  
古罗马军团从埃及乌云密布的山泉，  
开凿出河道，  
他们的骄傲，一只延伸到极地的海岸。  
他们为你而战，他们为你而倒下，  
他们在履行对你的誓言；  
为了你，号角铮铮，  
将死的勇士在祈祷。  
你已经通过了一岁的死亡考验，  
害怕被比喻为傲慢和自大。  
直到将千年积郁的愤怒，  
在可怕的瞬间来爆发。

接着，降下了愤怒的大雨，  
各个国家令人恐惧地地动山摇；  
它扫荡地球，直到原野一片火光，  
到处是混杂男女老少的尸体。  
国王们被冲进汪洋，  
身下是蹲伏着托起他的奴隶；  
懦夫和勇敢的人，  
在血泊中一起倒下。



## LESSON 67

# POLITICAL TOLERATION

## 政治信仰自由

Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826, the third President of the United States, and the author of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. He received most of his early education under private tutors, and at the age of seventeen entered William and Mary College, where he remained two years. At college, where he studied industriously, he formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men, among them was George Wythe, with whom he entered on the study of law. At the age of twenty-four he was admitted to the bar, and soon rose to high standing in his profession. In 1775 he entered the Colonial Congress, having previously served ably in the legislature of his native state. Although one of the youngest men in Congress, he soon took a foremost place in that body. He left Congress in the fall of 1776, and, as a member of the legislature, and later as Governor of Virginia, he was chiefly instrumental in effecting several important reforms in the laws of that state,—the most notable were the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the passage of a law making all religious denominations equal. From 1785 to 1789 he was Minister to France. On his return to America he was made Secretary of State, in the first Cabinet. While in this office, he became the leader of the Republican or Anti-Federalist party, in opposition to the Federalist party led by Alexander Hamilton. From 1801 to 1809 he was President. On leaving his high office, he retired to his estate at “Monticello,” where he passed the closing years of his life, and died on the 4th of July, just fifty years after the passage of his famous Declaration. His compatriot, and sometimes bitter political opponent, John Adams, died on the same day.

Mr. Jefferson, who was never a ready public speaker, was a remarkably clear and forcible writer; his works fill several large volumes. In personal character, he was pure and simple, cheerful, and disposed to look on the bright side. His knowledge of life rendered his conversation highly attractive. The chief enterprise of his later years was the founding of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind.

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things; and let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world; during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty; it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety.

But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not; I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

I believe it to be the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others, or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question. Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government.

【中文阅读】

由于见解分歧而争辩期间，讨论和各显其能带来的活跃气氛有时会给陌生人留下一种强加给他们的印象，即不习惯自由思考，无法说出和表述自己的所思所想；但是，现在这要由国家的发言权来决定，按照宪法的规定来发表意见，按照法律的意志来安排，为了共同利益凝聚所有的努力。

所有人在心里也会支持这一神圣的原则，尽管在所有情况下多数人的意志占据优势地位，而合法的意志必定是合理的；少数人拥有同样的权利，同样的法律必定受到保护，而违反的则是受到压迫的。让我们，生活在同一城市同一国家的人，要万众一心。

让我们重新建立能带来和谐与爱的社会交往吧，没有自由甚至生活本身，这种社会交往不过是令人厌烦的事情而已。让我们思考一下，只要还有人流血和遭受苦难，我们被驱逐出自己的土地，为宗教所不容忍，如果我们将政治信仰自由视为专制、邪恶和充满仇恨与流血的迫害，那我们就一无所得。

在灾害和动乱频繁在古代，被激怒的人在极度痛苦的痉挛中，通过流血和屠杀追寻失去已久的自由；巨浪的翻滚搅动甚至会波及遥远而平静的海岸，这并不奇怪。有些人的感触更多，也更能引起他们的惊惧，而其他人则可能无动于衷，见解的分歧可以作为安全性的衡量尺度。

但是，意见相左并非原则上的分歧。我们用不同的称谓来命名同一原则。我们都是共和党人；我们都是联邦党人。倘若我们当中有人想瓦解这个合众国，或改变它的共和形式，那么当理性允许自由争辩时，就让他们为了安全这个具有历史价值的纪念碑，不受打扰的与或许可以忍受的错误见解共处吧。

诚然，我晓得有些诚实的人担心一个共和党政府不会牢固，这个政府不会足够强大。但是，倘若最真诚的爱国者会凭借充分的成功经验，抛弃一个到目前为止确保我们自由和坚强的政府，抱定理论和不切实际的担心，按照最美好的愿望和可能性，即这个政府也许缺乏维持下去的能力？我不相信。我认为正好相反，我们的政府是世界上最强大的政府。

我认为这个国家是世界上唯一一个就法律上的界定而言，每个人都诉诸法律规范，将对公共秩序的践踏看做是自己的关切。有时，有人说个人事情不能由他拥护的政府来管理。难道

由别人拥护的政府管理, 或者我们发现鹰按照国王的方式来管理他吗? 还是让历史来回答这个问题吧。让我们以勇气和自信, 致力于我们自己的联邦与共和原则; 我们的原则是忠诚于联邦制与有代表性的政府。

## LESSON 68

# WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

## 国家的构成

Sir William Jones, 1746-1794, was the son of an eminent mathematician; he early distinguished himself by his ability as a student. He graduated at Oxford, became well versed in Oriental literature, studied law, and wrote many able books. In 1783 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. He was a man of astonishing learning, upright life, and Christian principles.

What constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No:—men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a state;  
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

## 【中文阅读】

国家是由什么构成的？

不是建得高高的城垛，或者堆成的土丘，  
也不是厚厚的城墙，或者前面有壕沟的城门；  
不是以教堂塔尖和王室的角楼为荣的城市；  
也不是海湾和宽敞的军港，  
在那里，向风暴发出嘲弄，军舰排列停当；  
不是星罗棋布和缀满亮晶晶饰物的庭院，  
在那里，门户低的院子飘送着引以为傲的下贱的芳香。  
不，人，心灵高尚的人，  
赋予那些呆笨的畜生远远超过本身的力量  
在森林、灌木丛或兽窝里，  
随着野兽战胜冰冷的石头和丛生的荆棘，  
人类，清楚自己责任几何的人类。  
却也明白了自己的权利，世故，敢于担当，  
预防那长途跟踪的一击，  
在他们割断锁链的同时消灭暴君：  
这些构成一个国家；  
那主权法，就是一个国家王座和疆域之上  
意志的聚集，  
女王登基，给善以荣誉，邪恶得到压制。

## LESSON 69

# THE BRAVE AT HOME

## 家里的勇敢者

Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822-1872, an American poet and painter, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. At the age of seventeen he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati. Here he gained reputation as a painter of portraits. From this city he went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and soon after to Florence, Italy. In the later years of his life, he divided his time between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome. His complete poetical works fill three volumes. Several of his most stirring poems relate to the Revolutionary War, and to the late Civil War in America. Many of his poems are marked by vigor and a ringing power; while smoothness and delicacy distinguish others, no less.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,  
And, smiling, all her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath the drooping lash,  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;  
Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As ever dewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder;—  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of war around him rattle,—  
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;  
With no one but her loving God,  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

## 【中文阅读】

为向她的勇士系肩带的姑娘，  
浅笑盈盈，掩饰起所有的痛苦，  
就在低垂的鞭子下面，  
布满星星的泪珠挂着，在颤抖；  
虽然只有天空记录这滴泪珠，  
可是名声从不晓得她的来历，  
她的心流下珍贵的一滴，  
依旧为原野洒下荣耀的露水！

束着丈夫剑的妻子，  
站在一群哭泣和好奇的人中间，  
勇敢地说些喝彩的话，  
尽管她心无旁骛——  
夜晚在梦里她注定会听到，  
他周围响起嘎嘎的上门的声响——  
像往昔一样流出神圣的鲜血  
涌向那战场！

掩饰住自己悲伤的这位母亲，  
将儿子按在胸膛，  
说出几句勇敢的话，就陷入悲伤，  
亲吻勇士的前额，那是她求神赐福的地方；  
除了她以外没人敬爱上帝，  
知道痛苦会压垮她的肩膀，  
像往昔一样草地满是流出的圣洁的鲜血，  
只流淌在荣誉的自由之地上！



# LESSON 70

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### 南卡罗来纳州

Robert Young Hayne, 1791-1840, was born in Colleton District, South Carolina, and studied and practiced law at Charleston. He was early elected to the State Legislature, and became Speaker of the House and Attorney-general of the state. He entered the Senate of the United States at the age of thirty-one. He was Governor of South Carolina during the "Nullification" troubles in 1832 and 1833. Mr. Hayne was a clear and able debater, and a staunch advocate of the extreme doctrine of "State Rights." In the Senate he opposed the Tariff Bill of 1828; and, out of this struggle, grew his famous debate with Daniel Webster in 1830. The following selection is an extract from Mr. Hayne's speech on that memorable occasion.

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. Never were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed

by the foe.

The plains of Carolina drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

## 【中文阅读】

总统先生，如果合众国有一个州，与其他任何一个州就与合众国步调保持一致，对合众国怀有满腔热忱和无限忠诚进行比较的话，那么这个州无疑就是南卡罗来纳州。先生，从革命之初一直到此时此刻，如果没有牺牲的话，她就不会令人愉快地取得巨大的胜利；她在任何时候都会毫不犹豫地履行义务。

在你顺利时，她追随你；在你陷于逆境时，她以超越了子女对母亲的爱坚定地支持你。不论自己内部事务多么复杂，她都义无反顾。尽管剥夺了她的资源，党派分化，困难环伺，对她而言国家的召唤就是上帝的呼唤。内部纷争一旦停止，大家马上恢复兄弟一般的情谊，卡罗莱纳的儿女们齐聚到神庙前，向他们共同的国家的祭坛献上他们的礼物。

先生，在大革命期间南卡罗来纳州的准则是什么？先生，我对新英格兰在那场辉煌的斗争中的表现表示尊敬，但是最应该赞美的应该是她，我认为至少应该给予南卡罗来纳州同样的荣誉。在世界历史上，从来没有谁像南卡罗莱纳的辉格党人那样，在独立革命期间表现得那样崇高，承受那么大的苦难，具有英雄般的忍耐力。整个南卡罗来纳州，从高山到海洋，遭受到敌人巨大的蹂躏和破坏。工业成果在曾经结出硕果的地方消亡，或者被敌人消耗殆尽。

卡罗莱纳州广袤的平原上流淌着她的公民的鲜血。冒着黑烟的废墟表明这里曾经是她的孩子生活的家园。他们被从家园赶了出来，进了阴暗和几乎无法穿行的沼泽。甚至在那个恶劣的环境里，自由精神仍旧得以幸存下来；以她的英雄萨姆特和马里昂为榜样的南卡罗来纳人，通过自己的行为证明了，尽管她的土地可以被蹂躏，可她的人民的精神坚不可摧。

# LESSON 71

## MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA

### 马萨诸塞人和南卡罗来纳

**Daniel Webster, 1782-1852.** This celebrated American statesman and orator was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire. His father, Ebenezer Webster, was a pioneer settler, a soldier in the Old French War and the Revolution, and a man of ability and strict integrity, Daniel attended the common school in his youth, and fitted for college under Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boseawen, graduating at Dartmouth in 1801. He spent a few months of his boyhood at “Phillips Academy,” Exeter, where he attained distinction as a student, but was so diffident that he could never give a declamation before his class. During his college course, and later, he taught school several terms in order to increase his slender finances. He was admitted to the bar in Boston in 1805. For the next eleven years, he practiced his profession in his native state. In 1812 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives, and at once took his place as one of the most prominent men of that body. In 1816 he removed to Boston; and in 1827 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he continued for twelve years. In 1841 he was made Secretary of State, and soon after negotiated the famous “Ashburton Treaty” with England, settling the northern boundary of the United States. In 1845 he returned to the Senate; and in 1850 he was reappointed Secretary of State, and continued in office till his death. He died at his country residence in Marshfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster's fame rests chiefly on his state papers and his speeches in Congress; but he took a prominent part in some of the most famous law cases of the present century. Several of his public addresses on occasional themes are well known, also. As a speaker, he was dignified and stately, using clear, straightforward, pure English. He had none of the tricks of oratory. He was large of person, with a massive head, a swarthy complexion, and deep-set, keen, and lustrous eyes. His grand presence added much to his power as a speaker.

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself

bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir,—increased gratification and delight rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory and on the very spot of its origin.

【中文阅读】

那位令人尊敬的绅士对南卡罗来纳州的品格发表意见，阐述了她的革命和其他功绩，与我的想法不谋而合。我不认为这位来到我面前的尊敬的南卡罗来纳人，具有南卡罗来纳人的卓越才能和卓越品格。我以我的荣誉在此声明，我分享了她的那些伟大的人带给人们的骄傲。我宣布他们属于这个国家，那些伟大的人，每个人都是——劳伦斯们，拉特里奇们，平克尼们，萨姆特们，马里恩们——所有美国人，他们的名望同他们的才能和爱国情操一样，都不会被限定在同一狭隘的界限之内。

在他们生活的年代和同辈中，他们以为国家服务为荣，他们的声望是整个国家的宝藏。谁会把自已的荣誉让这位绅士分享——难道他认为我对他的爱国情操所能给予的感谢，或者对他的遭遇所给予的同情，要少于他最初从马萨诸塞人那里得到的，而不是南卡罗来纳？先生，难道他认为他对在卡罗莱纳显示她的影响力。不，先生——或多或少增加了几分感谢和快乐而已。先生，我感谢上帝，如果幸蒙上帝赐予我一种力量，据说能将凡人举到天上的话，那么我相信我就没有能将天使拉下凡间的其他力量了。

先生，有人说我在参议院或在别处，对公共美德进行讥笑，因为碰巧越过了我出生的州或相邻的州那小小的界限。当时我拒绝任何这样的理由，或者出于任何原因，向美国天才致敬，颂扬爱国主义，对自由和国家表示由衷的挚爱和忠诚。抑或要是我洞察到了上天非同寻常的赐予该有多好；要是我能洞察到南方人后代身上那特别的能力和德行；倘若受地方偏见影响，或者被嫉妒心态弄坏了心情的话，我在这里站起身就从他公正的品格和公正的名声上取下的一根头发课以什么税进行争论，我的舌头也许会与我嘴的顶部粘在一起的。

总统先生，在没有发表赞辞的情况下，我开始说说马萨诸塞州。实际上，她不需要任何溢美之词。所有的一切都显而易见。注视着她，由你自己做出判断。她的历史，世界都记在心里了。至少，过去的一切都是可靠的。波士顿、康科尔、莱克星顿，还有邦克山。它们会永远屹立在世人们心中。先生，美国的自由精神在哪里发出最初的呐喊，那里的年轻人就会得到精神上的滋养，并将对自由的呐喊传承下去。还有一些生命，在他们的男子气概所彰显的力量中，充满了最初的精神。如果冲突与分裂伤害到它，如果党派之间的纷争和盲目的抱负抓住并撕扯它，如果愚蠢的行为和疯狂之举，如果有益的限制下所产生的不适，通过确保它的存在成为单独的现象而成功地将它从联邦里分离出来，到头来它将站在它的童年颠沛流离中的摇篮旁边；它

会向前伸出胳膊，拼尽也许仅存的气力，够向围拢在四周的朋友。最终，它会倒在，如果它必然倒下的话，它的荣誉最值得骄傲自豪的纪念碑和记录它起源的特别之地中央。

## LESSON 72

# THE CHURCH SCENE FROM EVANGELINE

### 伊万杰琳眼中的教堂景象

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882, the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer of Portland, Maine, was born in that city. He graduated, at the age of eighteen, at Bowdoin College. He was soon appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in that institution, and, to fit himself further for his work, he went abroad and spent four years in Europe. He remained at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. On receiving this appointment, he again went to Europe and remained two years. He resigned his professorship in 1854, and after that time resided in Cambridge, pursuing his literary labors and giving to the public, from time to time, the fruits of his pen. In 1868 he made a voyage to England, where he was received with extraordinary marks of honor and esteem. In addition to Mr. Longfellow's original works, both in poetry and in prose, he distinguished himself by several translations; the most famous is that of the works of Dante.

Mr. Longfellow's poetry is always elegant and chaste, showing in every line traces of his careful scholarship. Yet it is not above the popular taste or comprehension, as is shown by the numerous and varied editions of his poems. Many of his poems treat of historical themes; "Evangeline," from which the following selection is taken, is esteemed by many as the most beautiful of all his longer poems; it was first published in 1847.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drumbeat.  
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,  
Awaited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
"You have convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.  
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,  
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!  
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosure;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—  
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"  
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?  
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all the lessons of love and forgiveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!



Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O Father, forgive them!’  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘O Father, forgive them.’”

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, “O Father, forgive them!”

## 【中文阅读】

清晨就这样度过。看啊！随着一声响亮的召唤  
高楼敲响钟声，鼓声漫过草地。  
不久人们麋集教堂，在教堂墓地，  
没有等待的女人。他们站在坟墓旁，紧紧抓住墓碑  
上面盖着用丛林里采来的秋叶和常青藤编成的花圈。  
船上下来的卫兵来了，在他们中间自豪地迈着正步，  
进了神圣的入口。伴随响亮和刺耳的铿锵声，  
从顶棚和窗扉回荡着他们铜鼓的响声——  
只响了片刻，笨重的大门  
慢慢关上，人群在沉默中等待士兵的决心。

他们的指挥官站起身，站在祭坛的台阶讲话，  
他的手举过头顶，用的是皇家的印信。  
“今天向你们传达陛下的命令，”他说，  
“陛下一贯仁慈和善；但是，你们是怎么回应的，  
还是让你们的心来回答吧！就我的脾气而言，  
我的任务艰巨，我晓得你们必定伤心痛苦。  
然而我必须屈膝服从，传达主上的旨意；  
就是说你们所有被抄没的土地，房舍和牲畜  
都要归于王权；从这个行省来的你们  
要转到他地。上帝准许你们在那里定居  
永世为忠实的奴仆，快乐祥和的人们！  
现在我宣布你们是囚徒；因为这是陛下的意思！”

在湿热难耐的夏日里，空气宁静安谧，  
突然间暴风雨骤起，雹块如刀  
将农夫地里的谷物砍倒，击打窗扉，  
太阳躲起来了，将屋顶的茅草掀在地上，  
畜群仰天咆哮，极力冲破围栏；  
喇叭里有几句话说到人们心坎。  
在无语的惊诧中人们默默站了一会儿，然后  
哀号和愤怒声越来越大，  
随着一人冲动地乱窜，他们疯了似的冲到门口。

逃跑的希望渺茫，哭叫声和激烈的诅咒  
在祈祷的屋子里回荡，他越过其他人的脑袋  
用胳膊举起铁匠巴希尔的画像，  
在暴雨交加的海上，一块木头被巨浪拍打撕扯。  
他脸泛起红晕，愤怒扭曲了模样；他疯狂地喊道——  
“打倒英格兰暴君！我们绝不发誓效忠他们！  
宁愿死在这些占领我们家园和收成的外国士兵手上！”  
他本想再说，可是士兵那无情的手  
捂住他的嘴，将他拽倒在人行道上。

在激愤的冲突和混乱中，  
看啊！高坛的门开了，教父费利西安  
闪身进来，神色严肃，踏上祭坛的台阶。  
抬起尊贵的手，让喧闹的人群肃静；  
于是，他对教众开口，  
他的声音低沉，神情肃穆，语气慎重悲怆  
在与钟声截然两样的警钟响过后，他说，

“什么是你们该做的，我的孩子？你们被疯狂攫住了心房吗？  
我的生命中有四十载与你们相伴度过，教过你们  
不要用话语，要用行动去爱别人！  
难道这就是我辛劳、夜夜不眠，倾听祈祷和甘于贫困的结果吗？  
你们这么快就忘记了所有爱和宽恕的教训了吗？

这是和平王子的宫殿，难道你们非要用  
暴力行为和仇恨的心来玷污它吗？  
看啊！十字架上受难的基督正看着你们呢！  
瞧啊！那些悲哀的目光中闪烁着温顺和神圣的激情！  
听啊！那些人的嘴唇怎样默祷‘主啊，饶恕他们吧！’  
让我们在邪恶困扰我们的时刻重复那句祈祷吧，  
让我们现在就重复，念，‘主啊，饶恕他们吧。’”

他申斥的话语寥寥，但沉入人们心底，  
在他们重复他的祈祷，念，“主啊，饶恕他们吧！”时  
痛悔的啜泣取代了激情爆发。

LESSON 73  
SONG OF THE SHIRT

衬衫之歌

Thomas Hood, 1798-1845, the son of a London bookseller, was born in that city. He undertook, after leaving school, to learn the art of an engraver, but soon gave up the business, and turned his attention to literature. His lighter pieces, exhibiting his skill as a wit and punster, soon became well known and popular. In 1821 he became subeditor of the “London Magazine,” and formed the acquaintance of the literary men of the metropolis. The last years of his life were clouded by poverty and ill health. Some of his most humorous pieces were written on a sick bed. Hood is best known as a joker—a writer of “whims and oddities”—but he was no mere joker. Some of his pieces are filled with the tenderest pathos; and a gentle spirit, in love with justice and humanity, pervades even his lighter compositions. His “Song of the Shirt” first appeared in the “London Punch.”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread:  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work! work! work!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It is oh to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

“Work! work! work!  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work! work! work!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

“O men, with sisters dear!  
O men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death?  
That Phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own;  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work! work! work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags,  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there.

“Work! work! work!  
From weary chime to chime!  
Work! work! work!  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work! work! work!  
In the dull December light,  
And work! work! work!

When the weather is warm and bright;  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet!  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet!  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want,  
And the walk that costs a meal!  
“Oh but for one short hour,—  
A respite, however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread:  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt.”

## 【中文阅读】

手指酸软渐磨伤，  
眼皮沉重血丝浓，  
衣不遮体斜身坐，  
针线飞舞又穿梭：  
一针一针再一针！

饥寒交迫哪堪当，  
声音悲呛引吭歌，  
却道是《衬衫之歌》！

“干活！干活！再干活！”  
公鸡一声待报晓！  
干活！干活！再干活！  
只待寒星映琼宇！  
把身为奴空嗟叹，  
土耳其人真野蛮，  
要把灵魂来拯救  
只有基督方成事！

“干活！干活！再干活！”  
脑袋开始嗡嗡响；  
干活！干活！再干活！  
眼皮沉重视物茫！  
缝针上袖绑扎带，  
反过来亦是一样，  
缝罢扣子入梦乡，  
梦里依稀缝纫忙！

姐妹切伴在君侧！  
慈母娇妻神亦伤！  
衣破不复亚麻样，  
恰似人生空悲切！  
一针！一针！再一针！  
饥寒交迫哪堪当——  
切用双线来缝纫，  
缝了尸布又缝衫。

吾今絮絮念死亡  
狰狞尸骨幽灵现，

吾非仅憚其形骇，  
恍若吾与其同形；  
恍若吾与其同形，  
皆为幽步似如飞；  
啊，上帝！  
面包何以情堪伤，  
血肉两茫茫！

“干活！干活！再干活！”  
日夜劳作不停歇，  
薪酬何以仅草床，  
面包碎屑怎充饥，  
衣衫褴褛怎蔽体，  
屋漏星稀地板裸，  
桌椅残破徒四壁，  
对影流落成几何。

“干活！干活！再干活！”  
钟儿声声催人急！  
干活！干活！再干活！  
囚徒忙来为赎罪！  
缝针上袖绑扎带，  
反过来亦是一样，  
直到心碎头麻木，  
还有一双疲累手。

“干活！干活！再干活！”  
十二月里月光稀，  
干活！干活！再干活！  
只待天暖月明时；  
檐下雨燕忙抱窝，  
唧唧喳喳撩心窝，  
掷吾不知春几何。



莫负春日花草香，  
黄花痴长春更浓！  
头上蓝天脚下草，  
觉我未觉只一消，  
一餐愁苦心自知！  
“转瞬稍安何其短！  
闲暇怎与爱与望，  
仅付时光与悲伤！  
饮泣窃窃慰吾心，  
涕泪莫与海中花，  
滴滴碍吾针线忙。”

手指酸软渐磨伤，  
眼皮沉重血丝浓，  
衣不遮体斜身坐，  
针线飞舞又穿梭：  
一针一针再一针！  
饥寒交迫哪堪当，  
声音悲呛引吭歌，  
却道是《衬衫之歌》。

## LESSON 74

# DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

### 砖石切砖石

Édouard Renè Lefebvre-Laboulaye, 1811-1883, was a French writer of note. Most of his works involve questions of law and politics, and are considered high authority on the questions discussed. A few works, such as “Abdallah,” from which the following extract is adapted, were written as a mere recreation in the midst of law studies; they show great imaginative power. Laboulaye took great interest in the United States, her people, and her literature; and many of his works are devoted to American questions. He translated the works of Dr. William E. Channing into French.

Mansour, the Egyptian merchant, one day repaired to the cadì on account of a suit, the issue of which troubled him but little. A private conversation with the judge had given him hopes of the justice of his cause. The old man asked his son Omar to accompany him in order to accustom him early to deal with the law.

The cadì was seated in the courtyard of the mosque. He was a fat, good-looking man, who never thought, and talked little, which, added to his large turban and his air of perpetual astonishment, gave him a great reputation for justice and gravity.

The spectators were numerous; the principal merchants were seated on the ground on carpets, forming a semicircle around the magistrate. Mansour took his seat a little way from the sheik, and Omar placed himself between the two, his curiosity strongly excited to see how the law was obeyed, and how it was trifled with in case of need.

The first case called was that of a young Banian, as yellow as an orange, with loose flowing robes and an effeminate air, who had lately landed from India, and who complained of having been cheated by one of Mansour’s rivals.

“Having found a casket of diamonds among the effects left by my father,” said he, “I set out for Egypt, to live there on the proceeds of their sale. I was obliged by bad weather to put into Jidda, where I soon found myself in want of money. I went to the bazaar, and inquired for a dealer in precious stones. The richest, I was told, was Mansour; the most honest, Ali, the jeweler. I applied to Ali.

“He welcomed me as a son, as soon as he learned that I had diamonds to sell, and carried me home with him. He gained my confidence by every kind of attention, and advanced me all the money I needed. One day, after dinner, at which wine was not wanting, he examined the diamonds, one by one, and said, ‘My child, these diamonds are of little value; my coffers are full of such stones. The rocks of the desert furnish them by thousands.’

“To prove the truth of what he said, he opened a box, and, taking therefrom a diamond thrice as large as any of mine, gave it to the slave that was with me. ‘What will become of me?’ I cried; ‘I thought myself rich, and here I am, poor, and a stranger.’

“‘My child,’ replied Ali, ‘Leave this casket with me, and I will give you a price for it such as no one else would offer. Choose whatever you wish in Jidda, and in two hours I will give you an equal weight of what you have chosen in exchange for your Indian stones.’

“On returning home, night brought reflection. I learned that Ali had been deceiving me. What he had given to the slave was nothing but a bit of crystal. I demanded my casket. Ali refused to restore it. Venerable magistrate, my sole hope is in your justice.”

It was now Ali’s turn to speak. “Illustrious cadì,” said he, “It is true that we made a bargain, which I am ready to keep. The rest of the young man’s story is false. What matters it what I gave the slave? Did I force the stranger to leave the casket in my hands? Why does he accuse me of treachery? Have I broken my word, and has he kept his?”

“Young man,” said the cadì to the Banian, “have you witnesses to prove that Ali deceived you? If not, I shall put the accused on his oath, as the law decrees.” A Koran was brought. Ali placed his

hand on it, and swore three times that he had not deceived the stranger. “Wretch,” said the Banian, “thou art among those whose feet go down to destruction. Thou hast thrown away thy soul.”

Omar smiled, and while Ali was enjoying the success of his ruse, he approached the stranger, and asked, “Do you wish me to help you gain the suit?” “Yes,” was the reply; “but you are only a child—you can do nothing.”

“Have confidence in me a few moments,” said Omar; “accept Ali’s bargain; let me choose in your stead, and fear nothing.”

The stranger bowed his head, and murmured, “What can I fear after having lost all?” Then, turning to the cadì, and bowing respectfully, “Let the bargain be consummated,” said he, “since the law decrees it, and let this young man choose in my stead what I shall receive in payment.”

A profound silence ensued. Omar rose, and, bowing to the cadì, “Ali,” said he to the jeweler, “you have doubtless brought the casket, and can tell us the weight thereof.”

“Here it is,” said Ali; “it weighs twenty pounds.

Choose what you will; if the thing asked for is in Jidda, you shall have it within two hours, otherwise the bargain is null and void.”

“What we desire,” said Omar, raising his voice, “is ants’ wings, half male and half female. You have two hours in which to furnish the twenty pounds you have promised us.” “This is absurd,” cried the jeweler; “it is impossible. I should need half a score of persons and six months labor to satisfy so foolish a demand.”

“Are there any winged ants in Jidda?” asked the cadì. “Of course,” answered the merchants, laughing; “they are one of the plagues of Egypt. Our houses are full of them, and it would be doing us a great service to rid us of them.”

“Then Ali must keep his promise or give back the casket,” said the cadì. “This young man was

mad to sell his diamonds weight for weight; he is mad to exact such payment. So much the better for Ali the first time: so much the worse for him the second. Justice has not two weights and measures. Every bargain holds good before the law. Either furnish twenty pounds of ants' wings, or restore the casket to the Banian." "A righteous judgment," shouted the spectators, wonder-struck at such equity.

The stranger, beside himself with joy, took from the casket three diamonds of the finest water; he forced them on Omar, who put them in his girdle, and seated himself by his father, his gravity unmoved by the gaze of the assembly. "Well done," said Mansour; "but it is my turn now; mark me well, and profit by the lesson I shall give you. Stop, young man!" he cried to the Banian, "we have an account to settle."

"The day before yesterday," continued he, "this young man entered my shop, and, bursting into tears, kissed my hand and entreated me to sell him a necklace which I had already sold to the Pasha of Egypt, saying that his life and that of a lady depended upon it. 'Ask of me what you will, my father,' said he, 'but I must have these gems or die.'

"I have a weakness for young men, and, though I knew the danger of disappointing my master the pasha, I was unable to resist his supplications. 'Take the necklace,' said I to him, 'but promise to give whatever I may ask in exchange.' 'My head itself, if you will,' he replied, 'for you have saved my life,' We were without witnesses, but," added Mansour, turning to the Banian, "is not my story true?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and I beg your pardon for not having satisfied you sooner: you know the cause. Ask of me what you desire."

"What I desire," said Mansour, "is the casket with all its contents. Illustrious magistrate, you have declared that all bargains hold good before the law; this young man has promised to give me what I please; now I declare that nothing pleases me but these diamonds."

The cadì raised his head and looked about the assembly, as if to interrogate the faces, then stroked his beard, and relapsed into his meditations.

“Ali is defeated,” said the sheik to Omar, with a smile, “The fox is not yet born more cunning than the worthy Mansour.”

“I am lost!” cried the Banian. “O Omar, have you saved me only to cast me down from the highest pinnacle of joy to the depths of despair? Persuade your father to spare me, that I may owe my life to you a second time.”

“Well, my son,” said Mansour, “doubtless you are shrewd, but this will teach you that your father knows rather more than you do. The cadì is about to decide: try whether you can dictate his decree.”

“It is mere child’s play,” answered Omar, shrugging his shoulders; “but since you desire it, my father, you shall lose your suit.” He rose, and taking a piaster from his girdle, put it into the hand of the Banian, who laid it before the judge.

“Illustrious cadì,” said Omar, “this young man is ready to fulfill his engagement. This is what he offers Mansour—piaster. In itself this coin is of little value; but examine it closely, and you will see that it is stamped with the likeness of the sultan, our glorious master. May God destroy and confound all who disobey his highness!

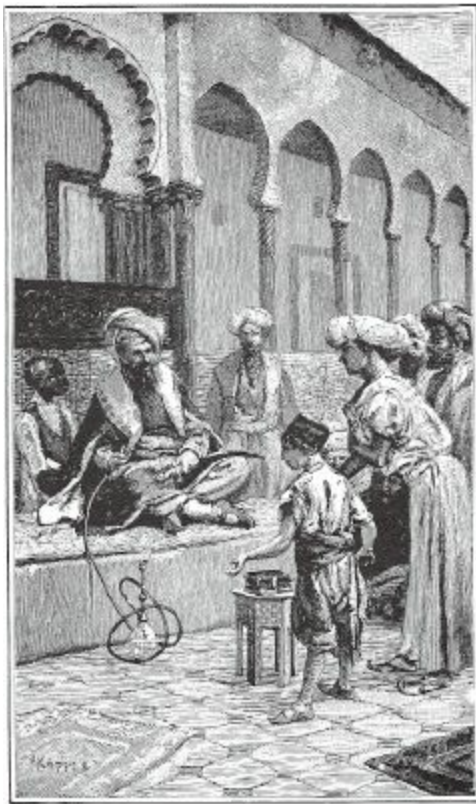
“It is this precious likeness that we offer you,” added he, turning to Mansour; “if it pleases you, you are paid; to say that it displeases you is an insult to the pasha, a crime punishable by death; and I am sure that our worthy cadì will not become your accomplice—he who has always been and always will be the faithful servant of an the sultans.”

When Omar had finished speaking, all eyes turned toward the cadì, who, more impenetrable than ever, stroked his face and waited for the old man to come to his aid. Mansour was agitated and embarrassed. The silence of the cadì and the assembly terrified him, and he cast a supplicating glance toward his son.

“My father,” said Omar, “permit this young man to thank you for the lesson of prudence which you have given him by frightening him a little. He knows well that it was you who sent me to his aid, and

that all this is a farce. No one is deceived by hearing the son oppose the Father, and who has ever doubted Mansour's experience and generosity?"

"No one," interrupted the cadì, starting up like a man suddenly awakened from a dream, "and I least of all; and this is why I have permitted you to speak, my young Solomon. I wished to honor in you the wisdom of your father; but another time avoid meddling with his highness's name; it is not safe to sport with the lion's paws. The matter is settled. The necklace is worth a hundred thousand piasters, is it not, Mansour? This madcap, shall give you, therefore, a hundred thousand piasters, and all parties will be satisfied."



## 【中文阅读】

埃及商人曼苏尔由于一桩诉讼案子的缘故，去找地方法官，争论的问题多少令他感到棘手。与法官私下进行的谈话，给他带来了公正判决的希望。这位老人之所以让儿子奥马尔陪他去，是为了让他尽早养成运用法律的习惯。

那位下级法官坐在清真寺的院子里。他体态肥胖，不过相貌不错，此人从不动脑子，也很

少开口说话，使得他那块很大的包头巾和他的外表平添了一种始终令人惊愕的神情，赋予他公正和庄严的好名声。

旁观者为数甚众。商人们坐在四周的地毯上，成半圆形围着地方法官。曼苏尔的座位离教长稍远，而奥马尔在两者之间。他的好奇心强烈地驱使着他凝神注视着，他想看看法律是如何得到遵守的，如果必要又是如何被轻视的。

审理的第一件案子是关于一位年轻的印度商人，此人肤色黄得如同柑橘，穿了一件宽松下垂的长袍，一副柔弱的样子。他不久前从印度来到此地，指控说被曼苏尔的一位竞争对手骗了。

“在我父亲留下的财物中发现了一个装满钻石的匣子，”他说，“我动身前往埃及，想在那儿靠变卖这些钻石为生。我不得不在恶劣天气下乘船进入吉达港，结果身无分文了。于是，我去了集市，向一位专门经营贵重石头的商人打听。他告诉我说，这里最有钱的人是曼苏尔，而最诚实的人是珠宝商阿里。就这样，我去找阿里。

他对我非常热情，就像对自己儿子似的，他一得知我有钻石要卖，便将我带回家。他对我照料备至，赢得了我的信任，向我预付了我正需要的钱。一天晚餐后，记得晚餐时还喝了葡萄酒，他逐一查验钻石，然后说，‘我的孩子，这些钻石值不了几个钱，我的保险柜里装满了这种货色。沙漠里这种石头多的是。’

为了验证他说的话，他打开一个小盒子，从里面取出一个比我的钻石大一倍的钻石，给了服侍我的奴隶。‘怎么会这样？’我喊道，‘我以为自己真的变成有钱人了，可是在这儿我是个穷光蛋，是受人欺负的外乡人。’

‘我的孩子，’阿里答道，‘把那个匣子给我留下，我会给你其他任何人也不会给你的价钱。在吉达不论你选择卖给谁，我都会在两小时内给你与你从印度带来的宝石一样重的钻石。’

回去后我彻夜难眠。我晓得阿里在骗我，他给奴隶的不过是一块水晶罢了。我想要回我的匣子，阿里拒绝原物奉还。尊敬的法官大人，我唯一的希望就是您主持公正了。”

现在轮到阿里为自己辩护。“明察秋毫的法官大人，”他说，“事实上我确实做了一笔交易，



我准备履行自己的承诺。这个年轻人说的其他事情都是假的。至于我给奴隶什么东西有什么关系呢？难道是我从这位年轻人手上把匣子抢过来的不成？他为什么要指控我有欺诈行为？如果说我不守信的话，难道他就守信吗？”

“年轻人，”地方法官对印度商人说，“你有证人证明阿里欺骗你吗？如果没有，我将把他的誓言作为判决的依据。”说着，拿来《古兰经》。阿里手按《古兰经》，发了三遍誓，说他不会欺骗初来乍到的外乡人。“简直无耻之极，”印度商人说，“你就属于那种脚一踩到地就会带来破坏的人，早把灵魂和良心扔到一边了。”

闻听此言，奥马尔微微一笑，而阿里正在为自己的诡计沾沾自喜呢。他走到外乡人近前，问道：“你希望我帮你打赢这场官司吗？”“那当然好了，”印度商人回答道。“可你只是个孩子，能做什么呢。”

“过一会儿你就会对我有信心了，”奥马尔说，“接受阿里提出的交易条件。我代你和他交涉，别害怕。”

这位外乡人若有所思地低下头，小声嘟囔道：“现在什么都没了，我有什么好害怕的？”然后，他转向地方法官，尊敬地鞠躬道，“那就达成交易吧，”他说，“因为法律就是这样判定的，让这位年轻人代我收款。”

接下来是一阵沉默，奥马尔站起身，冲法官深鞠一躬，“阿里。”他对珠宝商说，“毫无疑问你拿走了那只匣子，告诉我们有多重。”

“在这儿呢，”阿里说，“二十磅重。由你选择。如果按吉达的规矩，交易必须在两小时内达成。不然的话，交易取消。”

“我们要的是，”奥马尔说，抬高了声音。“蚂蚁的翅膀，半雄半雌的。在两个小时内你必须提供你保证的二十磅蚂蚁的翅膀。”“这太荒谬了，”珠宝商喊道，“这不可能。这起码需要二十个人用六个月时间来满足这愚蠢的要求。”

“在吉达有长翅膀的蚂蚁吗？”地方法官问道。“当然，”这位商人哈哈大笑道，“这种蚂蚁是埃及一种瘟疫的始作俑者。我们家里到处都是这东西，需要费很大劲才能赶走它。”

“看来阿里必须信守诺言，不然的话就归还那只匣子。”大法官说。“这年轻人简直疯了，居然用相同重量的钻石换蚂蚁的翅膀；他要求用这种支付方式，真是疯了。对阿里来说，这样的好事还是第一次碰到，第二次碰到就要倒大霉了。公正就意味着不会存在两个重量和两个尺度。在法律面前，每一桩交易都要体现公正。要么提供二十磅重的蚂蚁翅膀，要么将装钻石的匣子还给印度商人。”“公正的判决，”围观者高喊道，对这样的衡平法则感到很好奇。

这位外乡人，除了对判决感到十分欣慰以外，还从匣子里拿出三个品质最好的钻石，他非要送给奥马尔作为酬谢，奥马尔将钻石放到腰间拴着的袋子里，挨着他父亲坐下，他神情严肃，不为众人的目光所动。“做得好，”曼苏尔说，“不过现在该轮到我了；好好留意我，看看从我的教训中能有何受益。停下，年轻人！”他冲印度商人喊道，“我们还有账没结呢。”

“前天，”他继续道，“这位年轻人刚走进我的店，就泪流满面地吻我的手，恳求我卖给他项链，要知道那根项链我已经答应卖给埃及的帕夏了，他说他和一位女士的命全系于这根项链。‘我的大人，求你无论如何卖给我，’他说，‘我要是没这些宝物就得死。’

对年轻人我总是不忍心，尽管我清楚惹恼帕夏老爷会有多危险，可是我无法回绝他的恳求。‘拿走这根项链吧，’我对他说，‘可是你要保证不能和别人交换。’‘我拿脑袋担保，’他信誓旦旦地说，‘因为你救了我的命啊，’不过，当时没有别人在场。”曼苏尔补充道，转脸盯着印度商人，“我说的可是实情？”

“是的，”这位年轻人说，“请原谅我没有尽快让你满意；你晓得原因的。请求我做你希望的事情。”

“我期望的事情，”曼苏尔说，“就是篮子和里面所有的东西。明察秋毫的法官，你声称只要守法所有的交易都会很好地进行下去；这个年轻人已经承诺给我想要的东西；现在我宣布除了这些钻石以外，没有我想要的东西。”

这时，下级法官抬起头，瞥了一眼在场的人，仿佛在质问这些面孔，然后他捋了一下胡子，重新陷入沉思。

“阿里败了，”酋长对奥马尔说，脸上浮出笑意，“狐狸不是注定比老练的曼苏尔狡猾的。”

“我完蛋了！”印度商人喊道。“啊，奥马尔，你能把从最高的顶点坠落到失望深渊的我解救出来吗？劝你父亲饶了我吧，看来我又得欠你的人情债了。”

“好了，我的孩子，”曼苏尔说，“毫无疑问你怯懦了，不过这会叫你明白你老子知道的就是比你多。下级法官就要做出裁决了：不论是否能影响他的判决，都要试试。”

“这只是孩子的把戏罢了，”奥马尔耸耸肩答道，“既然你希望得到这个结果，我的父亲，你就会输掉官司。”说着他站起身，从腰带里抽出一比索，然后放到印度商人手心里。印度商人当着法官的面收下赌注。

“明察秋毫的法官，”奥马尔说，“这个年轻人准备践诺。这是他给曼苏尔的那个比索。从根本上讲，这枚硬币没什么价值；可是仔细观察的话，会发现上面印有我们光荣的主人——苏丹的肖像。但愿真主消灭和挫败所有违背他训示的人！”

“我们向你出示的是珍贵的苏丹的肖像，”他补充道，转向曼苏尔，“如果你认为我说的对的话，你就应该赔偿；如果你认为不对，就是对帕夏的冒犯，应该判处死刑；我确信我们尊敬的法官不会成为你的同伙——一直以来他始终是苏丹忠实的奴仆。”

奥马尔说完这番话后，所有的目光都齐刷刷转向法官，比以往更难以置信的他，轻抚着面颊，等着曼苏尔来为他帮腔。曼苏尔焦虑不安，很是窘迫。法官和观众的沉默令他紧张害怕，于是他朝儿子投去哀求的一瞥。

“我的父亲，”奥马尔说，“请允许这个年轻人对你表示感谢，感谢你通过恫吓来告诉他的人要有远见这个教训。他很清楚是你派我来帮他的，所有这一切不过是一场闹剧而已。一听说儿子与父亲对立，没有人信以为真，谁会怀疑曼苏尔的经验 and 慷慨呢？”

“没有人怀疑，”法官插话道，就像突然从梦中惊醒的人一样。“尤其我不怀疑，这就是我为什么允许你说话的原因，聪明的年轻人。因为你有你父亲那样的智慧，我希望给予你应得的荣誉；但是另一方面又要避免冒犯他的大名，玩弄狮子的爪子可不是明智的。现在这件事情该了结了。这根项链值十万比索，不是吗，曼苏尔？这一轻率之举因此给你带来十万比索的教训，大家皆大欢喜。”

LESSON 75  
THANATOPSIS

对死亡的见解

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice,—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,—  
All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*(Bryant)*

## 【中文阅读】

对他, 这个热爱大自然而且同她的  
可见形体有交流的人, 她用  
变化多端的语言倾诉: 在他快乐的几个钟头里  
她声音里流淌出愉快, 浅笑盈盈  
讲得那般优美动听; 当他苦思冥想时,  
她飘然而至, 在他意识到之前,  
以能够疗伤治痛的温婉同情  
悄悄带走他们的伤痛。

当弥留之际的凄楚  
像一场枯萎病弥漫你的内心,  
在你眼前浮现的是悲惨的情景:  
极度痛苦、裹尸布、棺罩、  
死寂的黑暗, 还有狭窄的墓室,

这一切使你战栗，愈发心悸；  
去吧，到空旷的天空下聆听  
大自然的教诲，而四面八方——  
大地和水中，以及大气的深处  
传来寂静的声音——

寥寥数日，而你  
俯视万物的太阳在转动中  
再也见不到你；冰冷的大地上  
也不见你涕泪涟漪被掩埋的苍白身躯；  
大洋怀抱中也不会存有  
你的形象。而滋养了你的泥土  
要索回长成的你，重新融入泥土；  
就这样，失去了人的所有形迹，  
放弃了你独特的存在，  
将与各种自然元素永远混在一起；  
却成了没有感觉的石头  
和无精打采的土块的兄弟，任粗野的乡里儿男  
翻动和践踏。橡树的根  
向外伸展，刺进你的泥模。

然而，你不会独自退隐于  
永恒的长眠之地，也不可寄望于你躺下的  
地方更宏伟威仪。同你一起躺着的  
是世界初立时人类先祖，还有列王，  
世界最有权势的人，还有智者、善者  
俊美者和历代白发苍苍的先知——  
全在一个宏大的墓中。

群山  
像太阳一般古老，冥顽；山谷  
在沉思的静谧中延伸；  
岁月砥砺下的森林，浩浩汤汤的江河，

哀怨低诉的小溪，  
让草地青绿，灌溉四方，  
那灰暗而忧郁的大洋自古这样——  
不过是人类这座大墓庄严的饰物而已。  
金黄色太阳  
行星，天空中所有无边无际的星宿，  
穿过静静流逝的岁月  
一齐照耀这个凄凉的死居。

所有踏在  
地球上的人沧海一粟，而睡在大地怀抱中的  
却是难以计数的氏族。清晨振翅，  
飞越巴尔卡荒漠，  
抑或在连绵不断的树林里迷失，  
那里，俄勒冈河波浪滔滔，除了呼啸奔腾的声音  
什么也听不见——但逝者在那里：  
日月如梭，多少人最后长眠在  
那些荒僻的所在——死者是那里唯一的主宰。

你也得这样安息，要是你默默  
离世，没有亲友留意到你离去，  
又有何妨？所有活着的人  
都与你分享最后的归宿。欢愉的人会大笑  
只为你撒手人寰，静肃好思的人  
继续跋涉，每人和从前一样追求  
他心仪的幻想；然而，他们都抛弃  
他们的欢乐和工作，来与  
你睡在一张床上。随着时光更替  
岁月流逝，人们的后代，  
不论正值青春年少，还是步入盛年  
不论妇人还是姑娘，  
不论不会说话的婴儿，还是白发盈顶的老人——  
都一个接一个聚在你身旁，



而将他们聚在一起的也跟随而来。

就这样活着，到时候召唤你加入  
那支车马无数的队伍，他们走向  
那神秘的国度，每个人都在  
静谧的魂灵厅堂里各有居所  
你不会像夜间猎获的奴隶，  
被鞭笞着赶进他的地牢，而是在坚定的信念  
支持与抚慰下，一步步走向你的坟墓，  
就像一个把被子裹在身上的人，  
躺下，愉快地进入梦乡。

（布莱恩特）

## LESSON 76

### INDIAN JUGGLERS

#### 印第安耍把戏者

William Hazlitt, 1778-1830, was born in Maidstone, England. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and he was sent to a college of that denomination to be educated for the ministry; but having a greater taste for art than theology, he resolved, on leaving school, to devote himself to painting. He succeeded so well in his efforts as to meet the warmest commendation of his friends, but did not succeed in satisfying his own fastidious taste. On this account he threw away his pencil and took up his pen. His works, though numerous, are, with the exception of a life of Napoleon, chiefly criticisms on literature and art.

Hazlitt is thought to have treated his contemporaries with an unjust severity; but his genial appreciation of the English classics, and the thorough and loving manner in which he discusses their merits, make his essays the delight of every lover of those perpetual wellsprings of intellectual pleasure. His “Table Talk,” “Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays,” “Lectures on the English Poets,” and “Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age,” are the works that exhibit his style and general merits in their most favorable light.

Coming forward and seating himself on the ground, in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes by keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, not if we were to take our whole lives to do it in.

Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, ever-anxious application up to manhood, can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to small account!

To conceive of this extraordinary dexterity, distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do, but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair’s breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal; the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth; their rapidity is like lightning.

To catch four balls in succession, in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again; to make them revolve around him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres; to make them chase each other like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors; to throw them behind his back, and twine them round his neck like ribbons, or like serpents; to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable; to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty, once mastered, naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if, to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children.

Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful—such as the balancing the artificial tree, and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill—though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it.

When I saw the Indian juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on his toes, which he kept turning round all the time of the performance, as if they moved of themselves.

The hearing a speech in Parliament drawled or stammered out by the honorable member or the noble lord, the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which anyone could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot,—shakes not my good opinion of myself. I ask what there is that I can do as well as this. Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labor and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others can not find a flaw?

The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do.

I endeavor to recollect all I have ever heard or thought upon a subject, and to express it as neatly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage, to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions and polish my periods; but the one I can not, and the other I will not, do. I am fond of arguing; yet, with a

good deal of pains and practice, it is often much as I can do to beat my man, though he may be a very indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye, unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there; and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

## 【中文阅读】

走上前坐在地上，他身着白色衣服，包头巾系得紧紧的，这位印度耍把戏者先是开始向上掷两个铜球。他这一手随便谁都会，最后，他同时向上掷四个，这一手恐怕我们当中没有谁能做到，如果不是用毕生时间来练习的话。

这是我们在工作中看到的微不足道的能力，难道它算不上奇迹吗？它是人类巧智最大限度的延伸。只不过从最幼弱的婴儿期到成年阶段，身体和心智能力总是焦急地服从于巧智。人类是一种奇妙的动物，

为了构想出这种非同寻常的灵巧，要分散对想象的注意力，使赞叹扣人心弦。然而，对表演者来说，灵巧算不了什么。如果它只是呆板的骗术的话，一点价值也没有，只是在观看者的惊讶中博得一笑而已。一个极其细微的失误，哪怕是时间上最不经意的错位，都是致命的。动作的精确必须像数学公理一样，如闪电般快捷。

在一秒钟之内连续接住四个球，然后将它们再抛向空中，通过表面上意识的连续性造成连续不断的假象。这种假象就是为了使球以一定的间歇围着他转，就像行星在轨道上转一样；使它们像火花一样彼此追逐，或者像花和流星一样绽放；将球抛到身后，像缎带或蛇一样绕着脖子；做似乎不可能的事情，一切都显得那样从容、优雅，淡定得令人难以想象。嬉笑着，玩着表面令人炫目实则无甚价值的把戏，让人们眼睛围着他转，目不暇接，仿佛他能用闪烁的火光令他们着迷似的，抑或仿佛只有他自己能发现他们在舞台上随着音乐的节拍亦醉亦痴——所有这些都有一个要素，不会对这一切表示赞赏的他也许相当确定的是，在他的整个生涯里他从未真正对什么表示过赞赏。技巧战胜和克服了困难，而战胜技巧的则是美的事物。仿佛困难一旦被控制住，便能自然地将技巧转化为自如和优雅；仿佛困难终究会被克服，一定不费吹灰之力。最细小的笨拙或缺少柔韧性或不够泰然自若，都会令整个过程戛然而止。这是魔法在起

作用，向孩子炫耀。

一些其他技艺也相当令人好奇和叹服——诸如让人造的树平衡，然后用一根羽毛管从每个树枝射鸟，尽管没有哪种技艺像抛球那般优雅或者需要特殊的技能。你对最后的结果感到苦恼，或者在试验结束后感到欣然；他们并没有像玩抛球时那样伴随着同样纯粹和未加遏制的快乐；而我，再也不会陶醉其间的同时，只顾惊叹了。至于吞剑，警察应该制止以免发生意外。

记得以前观看印第安耍把戏者做同样的事情时，我注意到他光着脚，脚趾上拴着很大的指环，在表演时一直转圈，仿佛这些指环会飞似的。

在国会听尊敬的议员或高贵的大人故意拖长腔调的演讲，他们企图让陈词滥调听上去富有变化，其实任何人都可以像他们一样重复这些老生常谈，没有任何东西能让我为之动容——根本不会动摇我自认为正当的意见。我不禁会问，我能做什么。什么也做不了。我终其一生一直努力的到底是什么呢？我一直在虚度光阴，或者对我所有的辛劳和苦恼我就没一点想要阐明的吗？抑或，我把时间都打发在像水一样往空空的漏勺里倾倒词语，不停地朝山上推石头，石头又不停地滚下来，企图证明显而易见的事实中的论点，指望在黑暗中寻找原因，而不是发现真理上了吗？就没有一件我能向竞争发起挑战，以此作为完美的例子，而其他人无从置喙的事情吗？

我最觊觎的就是详细描绘一下这种人到底能做什么事情。我可以写一本书，那些甚至连拼写都没学会的人也能看明白。多少这样的文章都胎死腹中了啊！多么愚蠢的错误，拼凑得何其拙劣的过渡，多么荒谬的理由，多么蹩脚的结论！让人如堕云雾，而流弊何其多也！然而，我能做的也就是这些了。

就一个主题，我极力回想所有我曾经听到的或者有关的思考，尽可能恰到好处地表述出来。我当然不会一次就四个主题侃侃下笔，这远非我能力所及，我能做到的就是使一篇文章的线索清晰和简单化。我也把有限的时间用在纠正我的观点和修饰词藻上；但是，有的我不能做，而其他的我又不会做。我热衷于辩论；然而，借此产生的许多苦恼和经验，通常都会极大地挫伤自我，尽管他也许是非常平庸的一个人。一般的剑术家会在眨眼之间令对手怒气全消，除

非他是一个顾影自怜的教授。风趣有时就有这种效果，但是在理性或推理层面上，没有这样的感染力或优越感。那里没有显示出对技巧的完美掌握和驾驭，从粗鲁无礼的覬覦高位者或者纯粹行为荒诞不经的人看法出发，你根本无法洞悉这位教授的内心世界。

## LESSON 77

# ANTONY OVER CAESAR'S DEAD BODY

## 安东尼站在恺撒尸体前

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men—  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet; 't is his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Citizen.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, Oh what would come of it!



*Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read the will, Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:  
I fear I wrong the honorable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

*Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.

*(He comes down from the pulpit.)*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii;  
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed;  
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For, when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our *Caesar*'s vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

*1st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*2d Cit.* O noble *Caesar*!

*3d Cit.* We will be revenged!

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!

Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*1st Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

*2d Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honorable:  
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet *Caesar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Shakespeare.—Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene II.*

## 【中文阅读】

安东尼 各位朋友，各位罗马人，同胞们，请你们且听我说  
我是来埋葬恺撒，不是来赞美他的。  
那些作恶多端的人，身后定遭人唾弃，  
而他们做的善事，却往往随着尸骨一齐长埋地下了；  
让恺撒也这样吧。尊贵的布鲁图  
已经告诉过你们，恺撒野心勃勃；  
若果真如此，确实是他一个严重过失  
恺撒也为此付出了惨重代价。  
在这里，我征得布鲁图和他手下的同意——  
因为布鲁图是一个诚实的人，  
当然他们也一样，都是诚实的人——  
所以我到这儿来为恺撒的葬礼致辞。

他是我忠实的朋友，公正无私  
但是布鲁图却道他野心勃勃；  
而布鲁图是一个正人君子。  
他曾经带许多俘虏回到罗马，  
他们的赎金充实了府库；  
恺撒的野心就是这样吗？  
穷人哀号的时候，恺撒也为他们流泪；  
一个野心家只会无动于衷。  
然而，布鲁图却道他野心勃勃；  
而布鲁图是一个诚实的人。

在卢柏克节的那天，你们全都看到了，  
我三次向他献上一顶王冠，  
他三次都拒绝了；有野心的人会这样吗？  
然而，布鲁图却道他野心勃勃，  
而布鲁图的确是一个诚实的人。  
我并非要反驳布鲁图的说法，  
我在这里所说的只是我所知道的实情。  
你们过去都曾爱过他，那绝非无缘无故的爱；  
那么，是什么原因阻止你们哀悼他呢？  
啊，是成见啊！一旦掉进野兽的包围，  
人们便丧失了辨别能力。请原谅我，  
现在我的心随恺撒一起，留在他的棺木之内了，  
我必须停顿片刻，待它回到我的胸膛里。

可是昨天，恺撒的一句话  
还可以抵御整个世界；而现在，他就躺在那儿，  
没有一个卑贱的人向他致敬。  
啊，诸位！倘若我有意要使你们内心不安，  
企图引起一场叛乱和愤怒，  
那我就要对不起布鲁图，和凯西尤了；  
诸位想必晓得，他们都是诚实的人。  
我不愿干有负于他们的事；  
我宁愿有负于死人，有负于我自己和你们，  
却不愿有负于这些诚实的人。

不过这里有一张羊皮纸，上面盖着恺撒的大印；  
是我在他的卧室里找到的；是他的遗嘱  
只要让民众一听到这张遗嘱上的话——

原谅我，我现在还不想宣读遗嘱——

他们就会去吻恺撒尸体上的伤口，

用手巾去蘸他神圣的血；

还要请求留下他的一根头发作纪念，

在他们寿终正寝时，会在他们的遗嘱上指明，

作为传给他们后代的一项宝贵遗产。

公 民 我们要听遗嘱；读吧，马克·安东尼。

众公民 遗嘱，遗嘱！我们要听恺撒的遗嘱。

安东尼 耐心点，善良的朋友们；我不能读给你们听。

你们也许不晓得恺撒有多么爱你们。

你们不是木头，你们不是石块，你们是人；

只要是人，听到恺撒的遗嘱，

就会点燃你们心中的火焰，就会使你们发疯。

你们还是不要知道你们是继承人为好；

因为，要是你们知道了的话，啊，就会引起一场大乱！

公 民 读遗嘱！我们要听，安东尼；

你务必读给我们听，那是恺撒的遗嘱。

安东尼 你们能再忍耐一点吗？你们能再等一会儿吗？

我一时失口才告诉了你们这件事。

我怕对不起那些用匕首刺死恺撒的诚实的人；

我怕我对不起他们。

公 民 他们是叛徒；什么诚实的人！

众公民 遗嘱！遗嘱！

安东尼 你们一定要逼我读那份遗嘱吗？

这样的话，你们就围着恺撒的尸体站个圈儿，

我来指给你们看看写这份遗嘱的人吧。

（从讲坛上走下来）

安东尼 你们如果有眼泪，现在准备流吧。

你们都晓得这件外套；

我记得恺撒第一次穿上它，

是在一个夏天的晚上，就在他的营帐里，

就是他征服奈维人的那天。

瞧！这个地方，凯西尤的匕首就是从这地方刺透的；

你们看，狠毒的凯斯卡割开了一道多深的口子啊；  
就从这里，他深爱的布鲁图刺了进去；  
随着拔出他那该诅咒的武器，  
你们瞧恺撒的血是怎样流出来的，  
仿佛奔涌出来，要想知道  
到底是不是布鲁图狠心下此毒手；  
你们清楚，布鲁图可是恺撒最爱的天使啊。  
神啊，请你们作证恺撒是多么爱他！

这是我见过的最冷酷无情的一击，  
因为当尊贵的恺撒看到他的匕首时，  
负心，这把比叛徒的武器更锋利的匕首，  
他惊呆了，那时候他伟大的心就碎裂了；  
他的外套蒙住了他的脸，  
就在庞贝雕像座下，  
他血流不止，伟大的恺撒倒下了。

啊！这是怎样的倒下啊，我的同胞们！  
之后，我、你们，我们大家都一起倒下了，  
而此时血腥的叛逆却在我们头上耀武扬威。  
啊！现在你们流泪了，我察觉到了，  
你们感到自己良心难安；这些是真诚的泪珠。  
善良的人们，怎么，难道你们只看见恺撒衣服上的伤痕，  
就哭起来了吗？瞧这儿，  
这才是他受的伤，你们看，让叛徒们残害到什么样子了。

公民甲 啊，多叫人伤心的情景啊！

公民乙 啊，尊贵的恺撒！

公民丙 我们一定要血债血偿！

众公民 血债血偿！动手吧！抓住他们！烧！放火啊！

杀！杀死他们！叛徒一个不留。

安东尼 少安毋躁，同胞们！

公民甲 安静一下！大家听尊贵的安东尼讲话。

公民乙 我们要听他的，我们要跟随他，我们要和他死在一块儿。

安东尼 好朋友们，亲爱的朋友们，不要让我  
煽动起这样一场突如其来的流血暴动。

这种事都是一些诚实的人所为；

唉！我不晓得他们之间有什么私人恩怨，  
令他们做出此等事来；他们都是聪明而诚实的人，  
毫无疑问，他们有理由答复你们。

朋友们，我可不是来偷走你们心的；

我不是一个像布鲁图那样的演说家；

诚如各位所知，我是一个老老实实，

爱我的朋友的人；他们也十分清楚，

这才允许我站出来为他说几句话。

因为我既没有智慧，又没有口才，也没有本领，

我也不会用行动和蛊惑人心的话语

来激起人们的血性

我只不过说出我心里话而已；

我告诉你们的都是你们确实知道的

指给你们看亲爱的恺撒的刀伤，可怜的、可怜的无言之口，

请求它们代我说出真相

但是，如果我是布鲁图，

布鲁图是安东尼的话，那么这个安东尼

一定会使你们激情澎湃，让恺撒的每一道伤口

都变成一条舌头，连罗马的顽石

也会受到感动，起身反抗。

（莎士比亚《尤利乌斯·恺撒》第三幕第二场）

## LESSON 78

# THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

## 英国人的性格

William Hickling Prescott, 1796-1859, the historian, was the son of William Prescott, an eminent jurist, and the grandson of Col. William Prescott, who commanded the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard University in 1814, and died in Boston. Just as he was completing his college course, the careless sport of a fellow-student injured one of his eyes so seriously that he never recovered from it. He had intended to adopt law as his profession; but, from his defective eyesight, he was obliged to choose work in which he could regulate his hours of labor, and could employ the aid of a secretary. He chose to be a historian; and followed his choice with wonderful system, perseverance, and success till the close of his life. His works are: "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," "The Reign of Philip II," and a volume of "Miscellanies." He had not completed the history of Philip at the time of his death. As a writer of history, Mr. Prescott ranks with the first for accuracy, precision, clearness, and beauty of style. As a man, he was genial, kind-hearted and even-tempered.

On the whole, what I have seen raises my preconceived estimate of the English character. It is full of generous, true, and manly qualities; and I doubt if there ever was so high a standard of morality in an aristocracy which has such means for self-indulgence at its command, and which occupies a position that secures it so much deference. In general, they do not seem to abuse their great advantages. The respect for religion—at least for the forms of it—is universal, and there are few, I imagine, of the great proprietors who are not more or less occupied with improving their estates, and with providing for the comfort of their tenantry, while many take a leading part in the great political movements of the time. There never was an aristocracy which combined so much practical knowledge and industry with the advantages of exalted rank.

The Englishman is seen to most advantage in his country home. For he is constitutionally both domestic and rural in his habits. His fireside and his farm—these are the places in which one sees his simple and warm-hearted nature more freely unfolded. There is a shyness in an Englishman, —a natural reserve, which makes him cold to strangers, and difficult to approach. But once corner him in his own house, a frank and full expansion will be given to his feelings that we should look for in vain in the colder Yankee, and a depth not to be found in the light and superficial Frenchman,—speaking of nationalities, not of individualities.



The Englishman is the most truly rural in his tastes and habits of any people in the world. I am speaking of the higher classes. The aristocracy of other countries affect the camp and the city. But the English love their old castles and country seats with a patriotic love. They are fond of country sports. Every man shoots or hunts. No man is too old to be in the saddle some part of the day, and men of seventy years and more follow the hounds, and, take a five-barred gate at a leap. The women are good whips, are fond of horses and dogs, and other animals. Duchesses have their cows, their poultry, their pigs,—all watched over and provided with accommodations of Dutch-like neatness. All this is characteristic of the people. It may be thought to detract something from the feminine graces which in other lands make a woman so amiably dependent as to be nearly imbecile. But it produces a healthy and blooming race of women to match the hardy Englishman,—the finest development of the physical and moral nature which the world has witnessed. For we are not to look on the English gentleman as a mere Nimrod. With all his relish for field sports and country usages, he has his house filled with collections of art and with extensive libraries. The tables of the drawing-rooms are covered with the latest works, sent down by the London publisher. Every guest is provided with an apparatus for writing, and often a little library of books for his own amusement. The English country gentleman of the present day is anything but a Squire Western, though he does retain all his relish for field sports.

The character of an Englishman, under its most refined aspect, has some disagreeable points which jar unpleasantly on the foreigner not accustomed to them. The consciousness of national superiority, combined with natural feelings of independence, gives him an air of arrogance, though it must be owned that this is never betrayed in his own house,—I may almost say in his own country. But abroad, when he seems to institute a comparison between himself and the people he is thrown with, it becomes so obvious that he is the most unpopular, not to say odious, person in the world. Even the open hand with which he dispenses his bounty will not atone for the violence he offers to national vanity.

There are other defects, which are visible even in his most favored circumstances. Such is his bigotry, surpassing everything in a quiet passive form, that has been witnessed since the more active bigotry of the times of the Spanish Philips. Such, too, is the exclusive, limited range of his knowledge and conceptions of all political and social topics and relations. The Englishman, the cultivated Englishman, has no standard of excellence borrowed from mankind. His speculation never travels beyond his own little—great little—*island*. That is the world to him. True, he travels, shoots lions among the Hottentots, chases the grizzly bear over the Rocky Mountains, kills elephants in India and salmon on the coast of Labrador, comes home, and very likely makes a book. But the scope of his ideas does not seem to be enlarged by all this. The body travels, not the mind. And, however he may abuse his own land, he returns home as hearty a John Bull, with all his prejudices and national tastes as rooted, as before. The English—the men of fortune—all travel. Yet how little sympathy they show

for other people or institutions, and how slight is the interest they take in them! They are islanders, cut off from the great world. But their island is, indeed, a world of its own. With all their faults, never has the sun shone—if one may use the expression in reference to England—all a more noble race, or one that has done more for the great interests of humanity.

## 【中文阅读】

总的来说，我对英国人性格的预想评价源于我观察到的慷慨、忠诚和刚毅。我怀疑的是，一个贵族身上是否始终具备如此之高的道德标准，而这个贵族却任意发号施令，身居能确保别人对他非常遵从的高位。大体上而言，他们似乎没有滥用其本身具有的巨大优越性。对宗教的尊重——至少对宗教的各种形式——是普遍现象，我以为很少有掌握惊人财产的业主在波澜壮阔的政治活动中扮演突出角色的同时，对你自己的不动产不理不问，不为自己的佃农提供生活保障。绝对没有这样的贵族，能将如此之多的实用知识与崇高的事业结合起来。

我们发现英国人在他自己国家里最有优越性。因为从本质上讲，无论在家里还是在乡村他的习惯都能得以保持不变。他的炉边和他的农场——在这些地方人们都能发现他单纯和热心的本性更自由、随意地显露出来。英国人天性羞怯——这是一种自然的内敛，使他对陌生人显得冷漠，难于接近。不过一旦身处自家一隅，那种坦率和个性的张扬便赋予他我们在冷酷的美国佬身上难得一见的情感，其深邃程度是我们在轻浮和流于表面的法国人身上见不到的，这里所指的是作为群体的民族，不是个体。

英国人是世界上最能保持趣味和习惯原初本质的民族。我指的是较高阶层的人。其他国家的贵族偏爱营地和城市，而英国的贵族喜爱的是古老的城堡和能寄寓爱国情怀的乡村。他们喜爱乡村才有的体育运动。每个人都喜欢射猎。没有谁太守旧，以至于在一天里总有一些时间居高临下骑着马，年届七旬和更年长的老人牵着狗，飞身越过有五道木栅的门。女人都很会使鞭子，喜欢骑马和遛狗。女公爵有属于她们的母牛、家禽和猪——所有人都照看这些动物，提供荷兰式整洁干净的生活必需品。这就是英国人的民族性格。或许有人认为此举有损女性的优雅，另一方面也使女性和蔼可亲，人们在她们面前几乎像个低能儿。但是，这导致英国女性作为一个整体不但健壮而且精力旺盛，堪与吃苦耐劳的英国男性媲美——世人所能目睹的身体和道德品质最完美发展的结果。由于我们并没有将英国绅士看作单纯的猎手。由于户外运动和乡村习俗赋予生活以很大的乐趣，他的家里到处都是收藏的艺术品和藏书。画室里的桌台上摆着的是新近出版的书籍，系伦敦的出版商刚寄来的。每位造访的客人都配有一套写

作工具，通常是能满足个人情趣的小图书馆。如今英国乡村绅士根本不是典型的西方乡绅，尽管他的所有乐趣确实都在户外运动上。

一个英国人的性格，在最精致的外表下，有一些刺激外国人神经的无法接受之处，令其无法适应他们。对民族优越感的意识，与独立性这种自然流露出来的情感结合在一起，赋予其傲慢自大的神态，尽管必须承认他绝对不会在自己的家里流露出来——我几乎可以说在自己国家里也很少流露出来。但是在国外，当他打算拿自己与所在国家的人进行比较时，再明显不过的是，他是世界上最不受欢迎的人，这样说并无恶意。甚至连他为了施舍而张开的手，也不会弥补他展现民族虚荣时所带来的伤害。

还有其他缺点，甚至在对他最友好的环境里也显而易见。这就是他的顽固，以一种相当被动的形式漠视一切，已经为西班牙菲利普斯统治时期以来所体现出的更顽固的性格所证实。还有排外，限制了他对所有政治和社会话题以及相互关系的认知与观念。英国人，尤其是有教养的英国人，没有从人类借用的卓越这一标准规范。他的思考从未超越过自己所在的那一相对而言狭小的英伦三岛。对他而言，世界就是这个样子。确实，他旅行时，射杀霍屯督人中间的狮子，跨越落基山脉追逐北美洲灰熊，在印度猎杀大象，在拉布拉多沿岸捕杀鲑鱼，然后回家，非常可能将这些经历写进一本书里。但是，他思想的疆界似乎不会因为这些而有所拓展。行走的是他的身体，而不是心灵。然而他也许会伤害自己的国家，他像一个典型的英国人那样精神饱满地回到家里，还像以前一样带着根深蒂固的偏见，自己的情趣一点也没有变。英国人——幸运的人——走遍了世界。可是，他们对其他民族的人或政体多么冷漠，他们对他们给予的兴趣又何其微不足道啊！他们是岛民，与这个巨大的世界相隔绝。实际上，他们居住的岛屿就是属于他们的世界。他们所有的错误从不会暴露在阳光之下——如果有什么词可以形容英格兰的话，——当然会说那是一个更高贵的民族，或者一个对人类的重大利益做出更多贡献的民族。

THE SONG OF THE POTTER

陶工之歌

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round,  
Without a pause, without a sound:

So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change  
To something new, to something strange;

Nothing that is can pause or stay;  
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,  
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,  
The rain to mist and cloud again,  
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay;  
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
And flutter and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
A touch can make, a touch can mar;  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?  
As men who think to understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan

The child should grow into the man,  
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;  
In youth the heart exults and sings,  
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;  
In age the cricket chirps, and brings  
The harvest home of day.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun  
At daybreak must at dark be done,  
To-morrow will be another day;  
To-morrow the hot furnace flame  
Will search the heart and try the frame,  
And stamp with honor or with shame  
These vessels made of clay.

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon  
The noon will be the afternoon,  
Too soon to-day be yesterday;  
Behind us in our path we cast  
The broken potsherds of the past,  
And all are ground to dust at last,  
And trodden into clay.

*(Longfellow)*

## 【中文阅读】

转啊，转，我的轮子！转过来转过去，  
一声不响，不停歇：  
就这样，让这个飞逝的世界转动！  
这块陶土，混合了泥灰和沙土  
随着我手而动；

有的人听命，有的人发号施令，  
全都是为了制成陶土。

转啊，转，我的轮子！手上的一切必须  
焕然一新，让人陌生；  
没有什么能停下来或保持原样；  
月有圆缺，  
大雾和阴云会化成大雨，  
雨又化成雾和云，  
今日去时待明朝。

转啊，转，我的轮子！万物一夕间；  
此刻是蓓蕾，彼时即绿叶，  
此刻是绿叶，彼时即枯萎；  
风儿向东吹，风儿向西吹；  
知更鸟巢里待敷的蛋，  
顷刻间就长出了翅膀、喙和胸膛，  
振翅远去了。

转啊，转，我的轮子！这个陶罐  
磨之能成，碰之即破；  
陶工会说，  
你磨成了什么？你没有手吗？  
这么思考的人会明白  
由他们的造物主创造的世界心里盘算，  
谁比他们更聪明。

转啊，转，我的轮子！这是大自然的造化  
小孩会长成大人，  
大人会布满皱纹，满头花白又衰朽；  
年轻时意气风发歌声高亢，  
脉搏劲跳，脚上长了翅膀；  
年老时耳鸣眼花，

正是人生的收获之秋。

转啊，转，我的轮子！

人类说形形色色语言，来自各个地方，  
高加索、科普特或马来，  
都生活在这个大地球上，  
不论他们属于什么社会阶层，闻达也好无名也罢，  
从出生就有亲缘和联系，  
由同样的泥土而成。

转啊，转，我的轮子，  
在拂晓开始做的事情，必须在天黑完成，  
明天那熔炉的火焰  
会搜寻心灵，把束缚摆脱，  
用荣誉或者羞耻之心  
在泥做的器皿上盖上封印。

停吧，停，我的轮子！太快了，太快了，  
中午转瞬午后，  
今朝既成往昔；  
我们身后自己走过的路上  
昨日陶瓷碎片一地，  
所有的一切终将化为尘土，  
踩进泥里。

（朗费罗）

## LESSON 80

# A HOT DAY IN NEW YORK

## 纽约一个大热天

William Dean Howells, 1837—, was born in Belmont County, Ohio. In boyhood he learned the printer's trade, at which he worked for several years. He published a volume of poems in 1860, in connection with John J. Piatt. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States Consul at Venice. On his return he resided for a time in New York City, and was one of the editors of the "Nation." In 1871 he was appointed editor in chief of the "Atlantic Monthly." He held the position ten years, and then retired in order to devote himself to his own writings. Since then, he has been connected with other literary magazines.

Mr. Howells has written several books: novels and sketches: his writings are marked by an artistic finish, and a keen but subtle humor. The following selection is an extract from "Their Wedding Journey."

When they alighted, they took their way up through one of the streets of the great wholesale businesses, to Broadway. On this street was a throng of trucks and wagons, lading and unlading; bales and boxes rose and sank by pulleys overhead; the footway was a labyrinth of packages of every shape and size; there was no flagging of the pitiless energy that moved all forward, no sign of how heavy a weight lay on it, save in the reeking faces of its helpless instruments.

It was four o'clock, the deadliest hour of the deadly summer day. The spiritless air seemed to have a quality of blackness in it, as if filled with the gloom of low-hovering wings. One half the street lay in shadow, and one half in sun; but the sunshine itself was dim, as if a heat greater than its own had smitten it with languor. Little gusts of sick, warm wind blew across the great avenue at the corners of the intersecting streets. In the upward distance, at which the journeyers looked, the loftier roofs and steeples lifted themselves dim out of the livid atmosphere, and far up and down the length of the street swept a stream of tormented life.

All sorts of wheeled things thronged it, conspicuous among which rolled and jarred the gaudily painted stages, with quivering horses driven each by a man who sat in the shade of a branching, white



umbrella, and suffered with a moody truculence of aspect, and as if he harbored the bitterness of death in his heart for the crowding passengers within, when one of them pulled the strap about his legs, and summoned him to halt.

Most of the foot passengers kept to the shady side, and to the unaccustomed eyes of the strangers they were not less in number than at any other time, though there were fewer women among them. Indomitably resolute of soul, they held their course with the swift pace of custom, and only here and there they showed the effect of the heat.

One man, collarless, with waistcoat unbuttoned, and hat set far back from his forehead, waved a fan before his death-white, flabby face, and set down one foot after the other with the heaviness of a somnambulist. Another, as they passed him, was saying huskily to the friend at his side, "I can't stand this much longer. My hands tingle as if they had gone to sleep; my heart—" But still the multitude hurried on, passing, repassing, encountering, evading, vanishing into shop doors, and emerging from them, dispersing down the side streets, and swarming out of them.

It was a scene that possessed the beholder with singular fascination, and in its effect of universal lunacy, it might well have seemed the last phase of a world presently to be destroyed. They who were in it, but not of it, as they fancied—though there was no reason for this—looked on it amazed, and at last their own errands being accomplished, and themselves so far cured of the madness of purpose, they cried with one voice that it was a hideous sight, and strove to take refuge from it in the nearest place where the soda fountain sparkled.

It was a vain desire. At the front door of the apothecary's hung a thermometer, and as they entered they heard the next comer cry out with a maniacal pride in the affliction laid upon mankind, "Ninety-seven degrees!" Behind them, at the door, there poured in a ceaseless stream of people, each pausing at the shrine of heat, before he tossed off the hissing draught that two pale, close-clipped boys served them from either side of the fountain. Then, in the order of their coming, they issued through another door upon the side street, each, as he disappeared, turning his face half round, and casting a casual glance upon a little group near another counter.

The group was of a very patient, half-frightened, half-puzzled looking gentleman who sat perfectly still on a stool, and of a lady who stood beside him, rubbing all over his head a handkerchief full of pounded ice, and easing one hand with the other when the first became tired. Basil drank his soda, and paused to look upon this group, which he felt would commend itself to realistic sculpture as eminently characteristic of the local life, and, as “The Sunstroke,” would sell enormously in the hot season.

“Better take a little more of that,” the apothecary said, looking up from his prescription, and, as the organized sympathy of the seemingly indifferent crowd, smiling very kindly at his patient, who thereupon tasted something in the glass he held.

“Do you still feel like fainting?” asked the humane authority. “Slightly, now and then,” answered the other, “but I’m hanging on hard to the bottom curve of that icicled S on your soda fountain, and I feel that I’m all right as long as I can see that. The people get rather hazy occasionally, and have no features to speak of. But I do n’t know that I look very impressive myself,” he added in the jesting mood which seems the natural condition of Americans in the face of all embarrassments.

“Oh, you’ll do!” the apothecary answered, with a laugh; but he said, in an answer to an anxious question from the lady, “He mustn’t be moved for an hour yet,” and gayly pestled away at a prescription, while she resumed her office of grinding the pounded ice round and round upon her husband’s skull. Isabel offered her the commiseration of friendly words, and of looks kinder yet, and then, seeing that they could do nothing, she and Basil fell into the endless procession, and passed out of the side door.

“What a shocking thing,” she whispered. “Did you see how all the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I shouldn’t like to have you sun-struck in New York.”

“That’s very considerate of you; but place for place, if any accident must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as

well as the cruelest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sunstroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sunstroke. There is such experience of calamity there that you could hardly fall the first victim to any misfortune.”

## 【中文阅读】

他们突然醒过来神儿时，已经踏上了通往百老汇一条专门做批发生意的繁忙街道。这条街道上塞满了卡车和小手推车，有的在装货，有的在卸货。头顶上的滑车将货包和箱子竖起来后又放倒。旁边的人行道成了各种形状和尺寸的包装箱堆成的迷宫一般的小径。除了毫无帮助的工具那令人作呕的外表，没有一直朝前的冷酷无情的石板路，也没有上面可以承载多重的重物的标识。

现在是下午四点，正是酷热难耐的夏日最难熬的时刻。无精打采的空气里似乎有一种阴郁的特征，仿佛被在低空盘旋的翅膀遮盖着。大街一半处在阴影里，一半则暴露在太阳之下。阳光本身有点暗淡，热量好像超过了懒散地打了一下所达到的程度。没有强风，只有暖风刮过位于十字街道角落的大街。在远处，行人驻足望着将他们自己从乌青色氛围里解脱出来的高高的穹顶和尖塔，高低不平的长长街道掠过令人痛苦的生活场景。

所有带轮子的东西都涌上了街道，在这个涂了俗丽的色彩的舞台上，带轮子的东西和瓶瓶罐罐特别显眼，每一匹颤抖的马都由坐在分开撑的白伞阴影下的一个人驱赶着，平添了几分残酷；当其中一人拉了一下他腿上的挎带，叫他停下来时，他仿佛在心里对摩肩接踵的行人怀有死亡的辛酸。

大多数步履匆匆的行人一直在阴凉的一侧行走，不习惯那些并不比其他任何时候少的陌生人的目光，尽管他们中不乏女性。凭着精神上不气馁的倔强，他们按照习惯的迅捷步伐走着，只是不时地显露出高温对他们的影响。

一个穿了一件没有衣领和没有纽扣背心的人，帽子戴得非常靠后，在他那张苍白且松弛的脸前挥了一下扇子，然后像梦游似的前面的腿蹲下来，重心放在后腿上。至于另一个人，在

人们从他身边走过时，对身旁的朋友嗓音粗噤地说：“我再也受不了了。我的手一阵刺痛，好像睡着了似的；我的心——”可是，很多人依旧急匆匆赶路，经过，再经过，碰上，躲开，闪身进了商店，接着又从商店门后现身，纷纷钻进小巷，又一窝蜂地涌出来。

这是对此特别痴迷的人看到的一幕，人们都普遍极蠢，这个世界似乎处于末日来临前的最后阶段。置身于这个世界的人们，虽然并不属于这个世界，正如他们所幻想的那样——尽管无法予以解释——惊异地打量这个世界，最后他们自己的差事也得以完成了，而他们则出于医治躁狂之目的，遂异口同声地呼吁，这是可怕的景象，极力躲避到最近的地方，那里到处都可见冷饮柜。

其实，这是徒劳的愿望而已。在药店门口挂着一支温度计，他们进去时听到下一个来客凭着降临到人类头上的痛苦所导致的癫狂的自豪喊道：“九十七度！”在他们身后的门口，涌进不间断的人流，大家都在炙热的“圣坛”前停下脚步，在他站在通风口处脱下衣服前，两个面色苍白，说话急促的小伙子从喷泉的两侧迎上前来。为了对大家光临表示欢迎，他们穿过面向小巷的另一道门，就在他闪身消失时，他转过半边脸，冲在另一个柜台附近的一小群人投去冷冷的一瞥。

这群人很有耐心，半害怕半困惑地望着四平八稳地坐在一张椅子上的绅士，这人身边站着一位女士，正用抱着冰块的手帕敷他的脑袋呢，在一只手感到酸了时，轻松地用另一只手替换。巴希尔喝着苏打水，停下脚步打量这帮人，他觉得这一幕会使现实主义雕刻对其感兴趣，可以作为当地生活的一个突出特征，就像在炎热季节“中暑”司空见惯一样。

“最好多服一点，”药剂师抬起目光说道，脸上浮出有条理的同情之色，貌似对方是不相干的人群，非常和善地对患者报以微笑，患者于是啜了一口他端的玻璃杯里的东西。

“你还觉得有点难受吗？”这位权威人士问道，“有点吧，”其他人答道。“不过，我一直紧紧抓住装苏打水瓶子的瓶底，只要我能看清，我就觉得没有问题。偶尔有的人会看得相当模糊，更不用说五官了。可是，我不晓得我看自己是否非常清楚。他用戏谑的口吻补充道，似乎美国人面对尴尬时这种口吻会使场面显得自然。

“哦，你可以试一下！”这位药剂师答道，抱以大笑。他继续说，以此作为对那位女士提出

的迫切问题的回答。“在一个小时内他还不能动弹，”她重新开始在她丈夫脑壳上抹冰块的同时，愉快地捣碎大夫开的药。伊莎贝尔跟她说了几句寄予同情的话，脸上的神情依旧很和善，之后见他们无动于衷，她和巴希尔遂加入到没有尽头的队伍中，从边门出去了。

“你考虑得非常周全；但是设身处地想一想，如果置身于陌生人中间的我碰巧遇上一件偶然发生的事儿，我想我宁愿发生的场合是在纽约。最大的地方始终都是最友好，同时也是最无情的地方。在成千上万的观众中间，撒玛利亚人和利未人毫无疑问一眼就能辨认出来。至于中暑嘛，它要求具有特有的禀赋。不过倘若你逼着我在这件事情做出选择的话，我要说还是让我在百老汇最繁忙的地方中暑吧。就这种灾难的经验而言，你几乎不可能成为任何不幸第一个牺牲品。”

# LESSON 81

## DISCONTENT

(AN ALLEGORY)

### 不 满

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719, the brilliant essayist and poet, has long occupied an exalted place in English literature. He was the son of an English clergyman, was born in Wiltshire, and educated at Oxford; he died at “Holland House” (the property of his wife, to whom he had been married but about two years), and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Several years of his life were spent in the political affairs of his time, he held several public offices, and was, for ten years, a member of Parliament. His fame as an author rests chiefly upon his “Hymns,” his tragedy of “Cato,” and his “Essays” contributed principally to the “Tatler” and the “Spectator.” The excellent style of his essays, their genial wit and sprightly humor, made them conspicuous in an age when coarseness, bitterness, and exaggeration deformed the writings of the most eminent: and these characteristics have given them an unquestioned place among the classics of our language.

Mr. Addison was shy and diffident, but genial and lovable; his moral character was above reproach, excepting that he is said to have been too fond of wine.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther, and supposes that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbowchair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy loaden as they came.

I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries.

There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people. This was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that everyone would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaden with his crimes, but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

As we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances. As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that everyone was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to everyone his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public.

A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked



to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came toward him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done. On the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burthens. The whole plain was filled with

murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give everyone his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterward returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evil which fell to his lot.

Beside the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

## 【中文阅读】

这是苏格拉底著名的思想，如果人类所有的不幸都可以归咎于国债，这样就可以平均分配到所有人头上，那么那些现在认为自己非常郁闷的人宁愿选择先前已经属于自己的那一份。霍勒斯将这个思想又向前推进了一大步，他认为一旦我们改变其他人的处境的话，我们遭受的艰难困苦和不幸要比其他人的更容易承受。

我坐在扶手椅里，对这两句话思之再三，竟然不知不觉地进入梦乡。猛然间，我想起朱庇特有一个断言，即每个逝者都会带走他的悲伤和灾难，然后将其放在一起。这一说法在很大程度上就是出于这个目的。我站在中间，怀着极大的快感，目视所有的人一个接一个地从我面前走过，将他们身上的负重卸下，只见那些东西马上就堆成一座巨大的高山，上面似乎直达云

端。

有一位苗条的妇人，像空气一样飘忽不定，她在这个严肃的场合显得非常活跃。他手上捧着一只很大的杯子，穿着宽松像水一样流动的袍子，上面绣着几个魔鬼和幽灵形象，衣服随风盘旋时这些魔鬼和幽灵变幻出万千奇异的形态。她的神情中隐含着野性和令人意乱情迷的异样。她的名字叫幻觉。她将每一个人都举到那个指定的地方，在过于殷勤地帮这人整理行装后，将行装放到他肩膀上。目睹我的同类在各自肩上的行装重压下呻吟不止，一想到眼前人类的灾难竟然如此巨大，我的心不禁纠结到了一起。

然而，有几个人的情形将我的注意力几乎都吸引了过去。我注意到有一个人在一件很旧的绣花披风非常小心地遮掩下，拿着一个包，然后举起这个包扔向那一大堆东西，我发现此人原来是穷人。随着“噗”的一声，另一个人扔掉行李，待仔细辨认后我发现是那人的妻子。

有很多对夫妇身上负着非常古怪的重物，里面有标枪还喷着火焰。可是，非常奇怪的是，尽管他们唉声叹气，仿佛这些灾难把他们折磨得心都要碎了，不过他们还是无法说服自己将这些东西扔到那个大堆里。在做了几次似无太大效果的努力后，他们摇摇头，驮着重物继续行进。

我瞧见许多老年人将自己的皱纹也揭了下来，有几个年轻人则揭开自己的黄褐色皮肤。有好几大堆红鼻子、大嘴唇和稀疏的牙齿。事实上，我真正震惊的是看到最大的山一样的东西，竟是由血淋淋的残肢堆成的。我注意到，有一个人身上的重物要比别人的多，朝那个山堆走去，走近一看我才发现他只不过是驼背而已，置身于人类这些苦难之中，他满心欢喜地忙着处理和收拾。

同样，所有的东西都显得异样，尽管我不会看不出想象的要比实际的更多。我注意到有一个很小的包裹，这是人类偶然生的所有疾病的一种并发症，许多健康的人手上都拎着它。这个小包裹被称为怨气。但最令我惊讶的是，竟然没有一种恶行或愚蠢的行为被扔到这堆东西里。尤其令我惊愕的是，我自己下了这样一个结论，每个人都应该把握住这个借此抛掉自己的情感、偏见和缺点的机会。

我特别注意到有一个非常放荡的家伙，我一点也不怀疑此人罪恶累累，可是待我上前查

看他的包裹，我发现与将他的罪行扔到大堆里恰恰相反的是，他只是将自己的记忆放下来，紧随着他的是一个不足道的无赖，他扔掉的是谦逊，而不是无知。

当全体人类一一卸下背上的重负时，在这个场合一直忙得不可开交的幽灵，见我就像一位懒惰的旁观者，朝我走过来。一见她，我愈发不舒服。突然，她将手上满满一大杯东西举到我眼前，刹那间，我见自己的脸装进了杯里，不过我被里面空间之短小给惊呆了，现在我觉得情形愈发严重。这只大杯子不适宜的宽度令我顿生滑稽之感，于是我把它像面具似的推开。非常幸运的是，站在我旁边的那人刚刚扔掉他的脸，可是脸似乎太长了。确实，那张脸被拉伸到了不体面的长度。我觉得那脸虽然长可是很薄，谦虚地讲，薄到与我整个脸一样长的程度。我们两人都有机会纠正我们的脸，现在所有的捐献都到齐了，每个人都心甘情愿拿自己的不幸与别人交换。

我们站在这个大山堆一旁，查看到底都是些什么东西时，在这个没有发现他认为的生活之快乐和上帝的恩赐的庞然大物上，竟然几乎没有凡世的景象，我们好奇的是这些东西的所有者竟然也把这些东西看做是负担，心怀怨恨。正当我们非常专注地盯着这堆乱七八糟的大杂烩——混乱的灾难时，朱庇特发布了第二项声明，现在每个人都可以自由交换自己的不幸，带着本应转交付给他的任何其他负担回到自己的住处。有鉴于此，幻觉又开始不安生了，令人难以置信地将整个大山堆分成若干小份儿，劝大家装进各自的小包裹。这次，场面的匆忙和混乱出乎意料。我在这一场合所观察到的，会向公众披露的

一个年事已高，头发灰白的男人因为疝气痛得倒下了，我发现他希望找一个人来继承他的财产，于是夺下一个被他父亲扔进大山堆的不孝之子。不到一刻钟的工夫，这个没规矩的年轻人就拽住这位老绅士的胡须，想把他脑浆子打出来。为了见到这位真正的父亲，他手捂着肚子朝这边走过来，他乞求能再次原谅他的儿子，然后又把疝气还给了他。可是他们两个人谁都无法收回已经做出的选择。一位在船上做厨房苦工的穷苦人，将手上的锁链扔到地上，做了他们的替代品，将通风捡了起来。他做了个鬼脸，那样子很做作，以至于轻易就能看出来他不会从这种交换中获得多少好处。

女性们都忙着交换相貌。有一个人正在红宝石上缠一绺灰色头发，另一个人一双浑圆的肩膀，可是腰身很短。不过，他们当中没有一个人想到新的瑕疵，一旦为自己所有，再不满意

也强过原先的自己。

我当然不会遗漏我自己的奇遇。我那位长着长脸的朋友一凑近我的短脸，马上就浮出一脸奇怪的神情，我抬头打量着他，无法忍受他对我的嘲笑，就这样我对自己的脸无法做到镇定自若了。这位可怜的绅士对讥笑非常敏感，我发现他对自己的所作所为颇感羞愧。另一方面，我发现自己没有多少理由庆幸，因为我摸前额时才知道摸错了地方，我的手指触到了上唇。还有，我的鼻子特别突出。我摸自己脸时，敲打了几下，五官位置都变了。

我瞧身边的其他绅士处境也很滑稽。这些人做了个愚蠢的交换，用两条捆在一起的粗腿来换两条没有腿肚子的长腿。其中一人看上去就像行走的高跷似的，在空中荡着，超过他的正常高度，以至于他的头来回转动。另一个人在那儿笨拙地转圈，他尝试走时，却不晓得如何借助自己的新支撑向前挪步。我注意到他是那种很快乐的人，我用藤条撑着地，告诉他我用一瓶葡萄酒打赌，在一刻钟内他走不到我画的线那儿。

最后，这个大堆在两个性别之间进行分配。他们在身上的负担重压下踉踉跄跄，发出一声最令人怜悯的叹息。整个平地到处都是小声嘟囔声和抱怨声，还有呻吟和悲叹声。最终，朱庇特对这些可怜人表示同情，下令让他们第二次卸下身上的重负，打算再次还给每个人属于他自己的东西。他们非常高兴地放下身上背的东西，稍后，让他们产生如此大错觉的幽灵，在朱庇特的命令下消失不见了。替代她的是一位形象完全不同的女神：她举止安详，泰然自若，她的神情虽然很严肃，但令人愉快。她不时举目仰望上空，然后凝视着朱庇特。她的名字是耐心。她一来到“大悲山”旁，奇异的情形出现了，整个山堆下陷得非常突然，不及原先的三分之一了。稍后，她将灾难归还给所有人，并教给他们如何才能以最舒服的方式背负这些灾难。结果，人们都满意地背着灾难出发了，对自己没有将选择权交给能让他的负重减轻的好心的魔鬼感到非常庆幸。

除了从这个幻觉能归纳出道德问题以外，我学会了绝对不要对自己的不幸埋怨，绝对不要妒忌他人的幸福，因为对任何人而言要想对他人的遭遇做出正确的判断，都是不可能的事情。而且，出于某种原因，我决定绝对不能看轻他人的抱怨，要用充满人情味的情感和怜悯对待自己同类的悲伤。

## LESSON 82

### JUPITER AND TEN

### 朱庇特和十个

James T. Fields, 1817-1881, was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. For many years he was partner in the well-known firm of Ticknor & Fields (Later Fields, Osgood & Co.), the leading publishers of standard American literature. For eight years, he was chief editor of the "Atlantic Monthly;" and, after he left that position, he often enriched its pages by the productions of his pen. During his latter years Mr. Fields gained some reputation as a lecturer. His literary abilities were of no mean order: but he did not do so much in producing literature himself, as in aiding others in its production.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly,  
Mrs. Chub was very grand,  
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned  
A lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion  
In a very stately square,—  
Mr. C. knows what it cost him,  
But that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious,  
Such a patron of the arts,  
And she gave such foreign orders  
That she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking,  
When she went away from home,  
Of a most prodigious painting  
Which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted,  
"One might never see again!"  
"What's the subject?" we inquired.  
"It is Jupiter and Ten!"

“Ten what?” we blandly asked her  
For the knowledge we did lack,  
“Ah! that I can not tell you,  
But the name is on the back.

“There it stands in printed letters,—  
Come to-morrow, gentlemen,—  
Come and see our splendid painting,  
Our fine Jupiter and Ten!”  
When Mrs. Chub departed,  
Our brains began to rack,—  
She could not be mistaken  
For the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor  
To lay aside his pen,  
And give some information  
Touching “Jupiter and Ten.”

And we pondered well the subject,  
And our Lempriere we turned,  
To find out who the Ten were;  
But we could not, though we burned.

But when we saw the picture,—  
O Mrs. Chub! Oh, fie! O!  
We perused the printed label,  
And ’t was JUPITER AND IO!

## 【中文阅读】

查伯太太有钱又富态，  
查伯太太非常显摆，  
人们始终以为查伯太太，  
是有地产的阔太。

你能看到她富丽堂皇的住宅，  
非常庄严的仪态，  
C先生晓得要花多少钱，

可是既不是这儿也不是那儿。

查伯太太好精明，  
摇身成为艺术赞助人，  
她向外国人的出售艺术品  
赢得所有外国人的心。  
查伯太太一离开家，  
谈的都是最惊人的绘画，  
就这样到了罗马。

“这样一笔宝藏。”她一再说，  
“也许永远不会再见到！”  
“什么主题？”我们打听道。  
“朱庇特和十个！”

“十个什么？”我们茫然地问道。  
因为我们确实不了解  
“啊，这可不能告诉你们，  
名字就在背面。”

“那个印刷体字母——  
明天来吧，绅士们——  
来欣赏我们的大作  
我们的朱庇特和十个！”  
查伯太太离开后，  
我们开始绞尽脑汁——  
他不会弄错吧，  
因为名字就在背面啊。

于是我们求一位大教授，  
放下他的钢笔  
向我们透露一些  
有关“朱庇特和十个”的信息。



我们苦思冥想，  
我们求助于老相识兰皮埃尔，  
希望得到第十个是谁的答案；  
可是我们没有如愿以偿，尽管我们非常想知道。

但是当我们看到那幅画——  
啊，查伯太太！啊，呸！恶心！  
我们瞥了一眼上面的标签，  
原来上面写着“朱庇特和爱莪！”（爱莪，希腊神话中主神宙斯的情人，后为宙斯之妻赫拉施法变为母牛——译注）

## LESSON 83

### SCENE FROM “THE POOR GENTLEMAN”

#### 穷绅士

George Colman, 1762-1836, was the son of George Colman, a writer of dramas, who in 1777 purchased the “Haymarket Theater,” in London. Owing to the illness of the father, Colman the younger assumed the management of the theater in 1785, which post he held for a long time. He was highly distinguished as a dramatic author and wit. “The Poor Gentleman,” from which the following selection is adapted, is perhaps the best known of his works.

*SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE and HUMPHREY DOBBINS.*

*Sir R.* I'll tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there is not a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain there is.

*Hum.* Yes.

*Sir R.* Yes! Is that the way you talk to me, you old boor? What's my name?

*Hum.* Robert Bramble.

*Sir R.* An't I a baronet? Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'T is time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet these thirty years: can you deny that?

*Hum.* Hem!

*Sir R.* Hem? What do you mean by hem? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

*Hum.* Because, if I contradict you, I shall tell you a lie, and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

*Sir R.* Humphrey Dobbins. I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate that all your hair has tumbled off before my point is carried.

*Hum.* What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

*Sir R.* Ay; because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

*Hum.* No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on the other.

*Sir R.* Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a—pshaw! the parson means to palaver us; but, to return to my position, I tell you I do n't like your flat contradiction.

*Hum.* Yes, you do.

*Sir R.* I tell you I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments. I hate their flummery.

*Hum.* What do you call flummery?

*Sir R.* Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

*Hum.* I never serve it up to you.

*Sir R.* No, you give me a dish of a different description.

*Hum.* Hem! what is it?

*Sir R.* Sauerkraut, you old crab.

*Hum.* I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

*Sir R.* And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him: now I am rich, and hate flattery. Ergo—when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

*Hum.* That's wrong.

*Sir R.* Very well; negatur; now prove it.

*Hum.* Put the case then, I am a poor man.

*Sir R.* You an't, you scoundrel. You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

*Hum.* Bless you!

*Sir R.* Pshaw! Proceed.

*Hum.* Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I never shall get on.

*Sir R.* Well, get on, be a poor man.

*Hum.* I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion: now, that's no flattery.

*Sir R.* Why, no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to the conversation, and so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew Frederic?

*Hum.* Been out these two hours.

*Sir R.* An undutiful cub! Only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuck Tartar.

*Hum.* He's a fine fellow.

*Sir R.* He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he is a little like me, Humphrey?

*Hum.* No, not a bit; you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

*Sir R.* Now that's plaguy impudent, but there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother

Job?

*Hum.* Yes, you drove him to Russia five and twenty years ago.

*Sir R.* I did not drive him.

*Hum.* Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

*Sir R.* At peace! Zounds, he would never go to war.

*Hum.* He had the merit to be calm.

*Sir R.* So has a duck pond. He was a bit of still life; a chip; weak water gruel; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received my arguments with his mouth open, like a poorbox gaping for half-pence, and, good or bad, he swallowed them all without any resistance. We could n't disagree, and so we parted.

*Hum.* And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

*Sir R.* A quiet life! Why, he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, potashes, tallow, linen, and leather; what's the consequence? Thirteen months ago he broke.

*Hum.* Poor soul, his wife should have followed the business for him.

*Sir R.* I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as he broke, and now this madcap, Frederic, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job, now he is in distress, I must not neglect his son.

*Hum.* Here comes his son; that's Mr. Frederic.

*Enter FREDERIC.*

*Fred.* Oh, my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

*Sir R.* Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

*Fred.* So you did, but I entirely forgot it.

*Sir R.* And pray, what made you forget it?

*Fred.* The sun.

*Sir R.* The sun! he's mad; you mean the moon, I believe.

*Fred.* Oh, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright, trees budding, birds singing, the park was so gay that I took a leap out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all around the park to get an appetite for breakfast, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

*Sir R.* Oh, oh! So the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

*Fred.* I confess it had that influence upon me.

*Sir R.* You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

*Fred.* I hate legacies.

*Sir R.* Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens, at least.

*Fred.* Very melancholy tokens, uncle; they are the posthumous dispatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a gracious friend.

*Sir R.* How charmingly the dog argues!

*Fred.* But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

*Sir R.* Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

*Fred.* Old rusty, there.

*Sir R.* Why Humphrey, you didn't?

*Hum.* Yes, but I did though.

*Fred.* Yes, he did, and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience, for 't is as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

*Sir R.* (*Shaking him by the hand.*) Jump out of every window I have in my house; hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, that's right. This is spunk, and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always flinging his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

*Fred.* I disagree with you there, uncle.

*Hum.* And so do I.

*Fred.* You! you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

*Sir R.* I'll knock you down, if you do. I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

*Hum.* Come, you are ruffled. Let us go to the business of the morning.

*Sir R.* I hate the business of the morning. Don't you see we are engaged in discussion. I tell you, I hate the business of the morning.

*Hum.* No you don't.

*Sir R.* Don't I? Why not?

*Hum.* Because 't is charity.

*Sir R.* Pshaw! Well, we must not neglect the business, if there be any distress in the parish. Read the list, Humphrey.

*Hum.* (*Taking out a paper and reading.*) "Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put in prison for debt."

*Sir R.* Why, it was only last week that Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

*Hum.* Yes, and charged a hundred for his trouble; so seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan into jail for the remainder.

*Sir R.* A harpy! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

*Fred.* And I must kick his attorney.

*Hum.* (*Reading.*) "The curate's horse is dead."

*Sir B.* Pshaw! There's no distress in that.

*Hum.* Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

*Sir R.* Why won't the vicar give him another nag?

*Hum.* Because 't is cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

*Sir R.* Well, send him the black pad which I purchased last Tuesday, and tell him to work him as long as he lives. What else have we upon the list?

*Hum.* Something out of the common; there's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village; he is, it seems, very poor, and more



proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

*Sir R.* And so he sends to me for assistance?

*Hum.* He'd see you hanged first! No, he'd sooner die than ask you or any man for a shilling! There's his daughter, and his wife's aunt, and an old corporal that served in the wars with him, he keeps them all upon his half pay.

*Sir R.* Starves them all, I'm afraid, Humphrey.

*Fred.* (*Going.*) Good morning, uncle.

*Sir R.* You rogue, where are you running now?

*Fred.* To talk with Lieutenant Worthington.

*Sir R.* And what may you be going to say to him?

*Fred.* I can't tell till I encounter him; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who has been disabled in his country's service, and is struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments.

*Sir R.* Stop, you rogue; I must be before you in this business.

*Fred.* That depends on who can run the fastest; so, start fair, uncle, and here goes.—(*Runs out.*)

*Sir R.* Stop, stop; why, Frederic—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

*Hum.* No, you won't.

*Sir R.* Won't I? Hang me if I—but we'll argue that point as we go. So, come along Humphrey.

# 【中文阅读】

罗伯特·勃兰堡爵士和亨弗莱·道宾斯

罗伯特爵士 亨弗莱·道宾斯，我会跟你说明白一切的，你说的话毫无意义。不过，我猜想你会坚持你的说法。

亨弗莱 那是当然。

罗伯特爵士 那好！你这么和我说话，你这个老东西？我没名字吗？

亨弗莱 罗伯特·勃兰堡。

罗伯特爵士 难道我不是个准男爵吗？我不是肯特郡布莱克贝里宫的罗伯特·勃兰堡爵士吗？这次你应该弄清楚，因为这三十年来你一直是我笨拙和有使不完劲的男仆。你能否认这一点吗？

亨弗莱 哼！

罗伯特爵士 哼？你哼什么？你那张嘴又开始没把门的了，瞧你那动静。你为什么不回答我的问题？

亨弗莱 因为，如果我反驳您，我就会撒谎的。不管什么时候我要是附和您，您肯定会与我争吵。

罗伯特爵士 亨弗莱·道宾斯。一直以来在我的看法说出来前，我就想敲你的秃头，省得你老抓头发。

亨弗莱 那又会怎样呢？我们的教区牧师说了，我的脑袋象征我们两人的荣誉。

罗伯特爵士 哎，像你那脑袋似的，就是因为追求荣誉才秃顶的。

亨弗莱 您说的不对。如果一位仆人在他主人的颐指气使下变成秃顶了，是因为诚实是一回事，看重诚实又是另一回事。

罗伯特爵士 这话是怎么说的，老亨弗莱，你还诚实，哼！教区牧师的话是恭维我们呢，别忘了你的身份，明确告诉你我不喜欢你的言不由衷。

亨弗莱 哦，您其实喜欢的。

罗伯特爵士 告诉你吧，我不喜欢。我只是乐意听别人争论。我讨厌他们的甜言蜜语。

亨弗莱 您指的甜言蜜语是？

罗伯特爵士 奉承啊，榆木脑袋！总给微不足道的穷人吃的饭，是不能端给富人的。

亨弗莱 我可从没有把不好吃的饭端给您啊。

罗伯特爵士 不，你端给我的可是完全不同的饭菜。

亨弗莱 哼！那是什么？

罗伯特爵士 泡菜啊，你这个老东西。

亨弗莱 多年来我一直在辩论中让着您的。

罗伯特爵士 我从未教过你三段论。你记住，当穷人赞同富人说的话时，我怀疑他的用意是向他献媚；现在，我是富人，因此我讨厌奉承。所以当一个人穷人同意我的看法时，我就讨厌他。

亨弗莱 您错了。

罗伯特爵士 非常好，现在你就给我证明相反的命题。

亨弗莱 就以这个三段论来说，我是个穷人。

罗伯特爵士 你不是，你这个坏蛋。当我只有一个先令时，你绝对不会要的。

亨弗莱 上帝保佑您！

罗伯特爵士 啐！继续说下去。

亨弗莱 嗯，我是个穷光蛋——现在我必须做个穷人，或者说我绝对不会继续说下去的。

罗伯特爵士 我说的是继续做个穷人。

亨弗莱 我是个穷人，我与您争论，企图让您相信自己错了；然后您就会管自己叫榆木脑袋了，我赞同您的看法 现在，这不是奉承。

罗伯特爵士 为什么，不。可是当有人与我看法相同时，他就会停止争论，也就是说没有必要再谈下去了，因此我讨厌他附和我。我侄子弗雷德里克在哪儿？

亨弗莱 已经出去两个钟头了。

罗伯特爵士 一个不孝的年轻人！他昨天刚从俄国回来，我明明告诉过他要等我起床后再出去的。他像卡尔马克·鞑靼人一样总喜欢到野外撒欢儿。

亨弗莱 他是个很棒的小伙子。

罗伯特爵士 他是我们家族的另类。你不觉得他有点像我吗，亨弗莱？

亨弗莱 不，一点也不像。您是我见过得最丑恶的老头儿。

罗伯特爵士 现在流行粗鲁无礼，不过你的话里倒是没有阿谀奉承，保持了争论的独立性。他父亲，也就是我哥哥约伯，性情太温顺——亨弗莱，你还记得我哥哥约伯吗？

亨弗莱 当然记得，二十五年前您就把他赶到俄国去了。

罗伯特爵士 我没有赶他。

亨弗莱 是的，您赶了。你从来不会让他在辩论中保持平静的。

罗伯特爵士 保持平静！该死的，他从来不会主动挑起争端。

亨弗莱 他的优点就是平和。

罗伯特爵士 所以，才要有个鸭塘嘛。他是有点好静，就像稀粥一样，一只温驯的兔子，没有加调味品或盐煮到稀烂的程度。他嘴巴张得老大接受我的论点，就像渴望得到半便士的穷

棒子。不论好坏，他都会不加抗拒地一股脑吞下。我们意见不合，于是就分道扬镳了。

亨弗莱 这位贫穷但性情温顺的绅士去了俄国，默默无闻地了此一生。

罗伯特爵士 好一个默默无闻！他一到那儿就结婚了，将自己与一位俄国商人刁泼的遗孀绑在了一起，与她一起做毛皮、亚麻，草碱、油脂、亚麻布和皮革投机生意；结果呢？十三个月前，他破产了。

亨弗莱 可怜的人，他妻子会接手他的生意的。

罗伯特爵士 我原想她会的，可是他刚一破产，她就死了。现在，这个狂妄的弗雷德里克来找我寻求庇荫。可怜的约伯，现在他处境窘迫。我不会慢待他儿子的。

亨弗莱 他儿子来了，这就是弗雷德里克。

弗雷德里克上场

弗雷德里克 我亲爱的叔叔，早上好！你家的花园可真美啊。

罗伯特爵士 谁让你到我的花园撒欢去了？我不是告诉过你等我起床后再出门吗？

弗雷德里克 你是告诉过我，可是我忘得干干净净了。

罗伯特爵士 求求你告诉我，是什么原因导致你这么好忘事的？

弗雷德里克 是太阳。

罗伯特爵士 太阳！他简直疯了。我倒是认为，你的意思是月亮吧。

弗雷德里克 哦，我亲爱的叔叔，你不晓得对一个刚从俄国来的人来说，阳光明媚的春日清晨太难以抗拒了。春日撩人，花草吐蕾，鸟儿嘤嘤歌唱，花园里的一切太吸引我了，我翻身跳下了你家老式阳台，惹得那头鹿像一阵风似的跑开了。叔叔，你在床上正打鼾时，为了一顿美味可口的早餐，我在花园追着它们呢。

罗伯特爵士 天啊，天啊！英国的阳光竟然对俄国人产生这么大的吸引力，他竟然从阳台跳出去，吓坏了我的鹿。

弗雷德里克 我承认对我影响很大。

罗伯特爵士 除非你认为阳光可能会给你留下丰厚的遗产，你最好能多受你这位富有的老叔叔的影响。

弗雷德里克 我讨厌遗产。

罗伯特爵士 先生，你这话可太不一般了。至少，这些遗产是相当可靠的财富象征啊。

弗雷德里克 非常令人伤感的象征，叔叔。遗产是死后表达的一种爱，正式告知我们失去

了一位珍贵的朋友。

罗伯特爵士 这条狗叫得多欢啊。

弗雷德里克 今天早晨我心情非常舒畅，以后我会更顺从你的，因为他们告诉我说你是一位非常值得尊敬的老派绅士。

罗伯特爵士 谁这么放肆竟然告诉你这些？

弗雷德里克 都是一些陈年旧事。

罗伯特爵士 为什么，亨弗莱，不会是你吧？

亨弗莱 不是，尽管我只说了两句。

弗雷德里克 是的，他说了，就因为这个我才急于向你表示顺从，就像企图分享一个好人的善念乃值得称赞之举一样，对一位富人的钱财动心思是可鄙的行为。叔叔，高贵的秉性在于敞开心扉，卑微的心灵之所以大献殷勤，意在别人的口袋。

罗伯特爵士 （摇着弗雷德里克的手）我家的窗户你随便挑，我花园里的鹿你随便追！当然，你说的对。这是勇敢质朴的表白。来找我的人总是将他的异议与我的信条相抵触。

弗雷德里克 我不赞同你的说法，叔叔。

亨弗莱 我也是。

弗雷德里克 你！你这个浅薄的家伙，要不是你年纪很大了的话，我会把你臭扁一顿的。

罗伯特爵士 如果你敢放肆，说不定谁扁谁呢。我可没有这么愚蠢地奉承的仆人。

亨弗莱 算了，您被惹怒了。一大早我们该做什么做什么吧。

罗伯特爵士 我讨厌早晨做的事情。你没瞧见我们在争论啊。我告诉你，我讨厌早晨做的事情。

亨弗莱 不，您言不由衷。

罗伯特爵士 我言不由衷？为什么这么说？

亨弗莱 因为这是慈善。

罗伯特爵士 啐！格里普我们不能忽视这种事情，如果教区里有人生活困苦的话。念一下这份名单，亨弗莱。

亨弗莱 （抽出一张纸，念了起来）“大粪浇草地的乔纳森·哈金斯，因为欠债而被投入监狱。”

罗伯特爵士 为什么，就在上个星期，牢骚满腹的律师依法归还了他的两间农舍，值六十镑呢。

亨弗莱 是的。由于他造成的麻烦，判罚款一百镑，他的农舍也被没收了，将乔纳森投入监狱来抵消剩余的罚款。

罗伯特爵士 真活见鬼了！我一定会拯救这可怜人的。

弗雷德里克 我一定踢那位律师的屁股。

亨弗莱（读）“那位助理牧师的马死了。”

罗伯特爵士 呸！这有什么大惊小怪的。

亨弗莱 对一位一年六十镑收入，每个礼拜天要走二十英里做三场布道的人来说，这可不是小事。

罗伯特爵士 教区牧师为什么不抱怨他了呢？

亨弗莱 要是再找一位助理牧师的话，花的钱更多。

罗伯特爵士 嗯，那就把我上个星期二买的黑色垫子给他吧，告诉他随使用。名单上还有别的吗？

亨弗莱 有点不对劲。有一个叫沃辛顿的上尉，是一位有残疾的军官和鳏夫，来村里住在法莫·哈罗比家里，看情形他很穷，但他穷得骄傲，而且非常诚实。

罗伯特爵士 于是他来向我求助？

亨弗莱 他来先听听你的意见！不，他到死都不会向您或别人要一先令的！那儿有他的女儿和他妻子的姨妈，还有一位在打仗时服侍过他的老人，他要拿出一半抚恤金来供养他们。

罗伯特爵士 恐怕他们都得饿死，亨弗莱。

弗雷德里克（进来）早晨好，叔叔。

罗伯特爵士 你这个调皮鬼，又要去哪儿啊？

弗雷德里克 去找沃辛顿上尉聊聊。

罗伯特爵士 去跟他聊什么？

弗雷德里克 我也说不上，见到他想起什么聊什么呗。叔叔，我认识的这位绅士，在为他的国家服役时受伤致残，一直勉力供养自己那失去母亲的孩子，一个穷亲戚，还有一位忠实的仆人，他虽然贫困，但安贫乐道，我对他始终怀有一种想表达钦佩的冲动。

罗伯特爵士 住嘴，你这个浑小子；这件事情轮不到你来做。

弗雷德里克 这要看谁最先见到他了。我们公平竞争，现在就开始。（说着，跑了出去）

罗伯特爵士 停下，停下，为什么，弗雷德里克——你这个小猴子——一眨眼就没影了！我会因为他太自信而剥夺他的继承权。

亨弗莱 不，你不会的。

罗伯特爵士 我怎么不会？如果我想的话就会——可我们争论的焦点是，谁先见到沃辛顿上尉。现在就动身，亨弗莱。

# LESSON 84

## MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

### 我妈妈的画像

William Cowper, 1731-1800, was the son of an English clergyman; both his parents were descended from noble families. He was always of a gentle, timid disposition; and the roughness of his schoolfellows increased his weakness in this respect. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced his profession. When he was about thirty years of age, he was appointed to a clerkship in the House of Lords, but could not summon courage to enter upon the discharge of its duties. He was so disturbed by this affair that he became insane, sought to destroy himself, and had to be consigned to a private asylum. Soon after his recovery, he found a congenial home in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. On the death of this gentleman, a few years later, he continued to reside with his widow till her death, a short time before that of Cowper. Most of this time their home was at Olney. His first writings were published in 1782. He wrote several beautiful hymns, "The Task," and some minor poems. These, with his translations of Homer and his correspondence, make up his published works. His life was always pure and gentle; he took great pleasure in simple, natural objects, and in playing with animals. His insanity returned from time to time, and darkened his life at its close. When six years of age, he lost his mother; and the following selection is part of a touching tribute to her memory, written many years later.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard them last.  
My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.  
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes!

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;  
What ardently I wished, I long believed;  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;  
By expectation, every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow, even when a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
The son of parents passed into the skies.  
And now, farewell! Time, unrevoked, has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;  
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

## 【中文阅读】

那些亲切的话语啊！自从我听到他们仙逝后  
生活伴随我走过。

我的母亲，当我得悉你已经撒手人寰，  
说，你意识到我洒下的泪水了吗？

悲戚萦绕着你的儿子，

尽管那样，这个可怜的人，生活的旅程刚刚开始吗？

也许你给我的是冰冷的一吻，

也许是眼泪，如果芸芸众生能在祝福中涕泪。

啊，那充满母爱的微笑！它能回答一切——是的！



在下葬那天我听到丧钟慢慢敲响；  
我看到令你厌烦的灵车缓缓而去；  
从我那育儿室的窗前转过，发出  
长长的叹息，哭着做最后的诀别！  
是这样凄凉吗？是的。在你要去的地方，  
诀别和再见是一种未知的声音。  
唯愿我能在那静谧的海滨与你相见，  
分离的话语不再从我唇边流出。  
你的女仆们为我的处境悲戚，  
经常向我保证你很快就会回转；  
我热切地期盼，我一直这么认为；  
失望依旧，依旧蒙在鼓里，  
每天都陶醉在期望中；  
明天还在欺骗，即使是一个孩子。  
就这样，许多令人悲伤的明天来了又走，  
直到耗尽了我所有童年的悲戚，  
我最终学会了向命运屈服。  
尽管我对你的思念少了，可是从未忘记。

我可以自夸的并非从我的腰部推论出，  
我生来就是世界的主宰；  
但是这样更令我引以为傲，  
作为普通人的孩子湮没在天际。  
现在，只有来世再见了！未及收回的时间已经走过  
他习惯的路程，而我盼望的已经到来。

在冥想的帮助下，不会徒劳无功地寻觅，  
我似乎又回到了童年时光；  
重温曾经属于我的欢乐，  
没有违背你的意愿所带来的罪恶感；  
在想象的翅膀还能自由飞翔时，  
我得以看到酷似你的一切，  
岁月神偷也只功半，

走的是你的身体，你的精神力量留下来，我得到慰藉。

# LESSON 85

## DEATH OF SAMSON

### 萨姆逊之死

John Milton, 1608-1674, was born in London—eight years before the greatest English poet, Shakespeare, died. His father followed the profession of a scrivener, in which he acquired a competence. As a boy, Milton was exceedingly studious, continuing his studies till midnight. He graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where his singular beauty, his slight figure, and his fastidious morality caused his companions to nickname him “the lady of Christ's.” On leaving college he spent five years more in study, and produced his lighter poems. He then traveled on the continent, returning about the time the civil war broke out. For a time he taught a private school, but soon threw himself with all the power of his able and tried pen into the political struggle. He was the champion of Parliament and of Cromwell for about twenty years. On the accession of Charles II., he concealed himself for a time, but was soon allowed to live quietly in London. His eyesight had totally failed in 1654; but now, in blindness, age, family affliction, and comparative poverty, he produced his great work “Paradise Lost.” In 1667 he sold the poem for 5 Pounds in cash, with a promise of 10 Pounds more on certain contingencies; the sum total received by himself and family for the immortal poem, was 23 Pounds. Later, he produced “Paradise Regained” and “Samson Agonistes,” from the latter of which the following extract is taken. Milton is a wonderful example of a man, who, by the greatness of his own mind, triumphed over trials, afflictions, hardships, and the evil influence of bitter political controversy.

Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street: little I had dispatched,  
When all abroad was rumored that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrowed at his captive state,  
But minded not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theater  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice

Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad: before him pipes  
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be essayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed  
All with incredible, stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake, they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,  
As overtired, to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.

He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—  
“Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld;  
Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;  
As with the force of winds and waters pent  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,—  
Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

## 【中文阅读】

赶巧我早早来到这座城市，  
踏进城门使正值旭日东升，  
清晨的喇叭声宣告节日降临  
每条大街都已传遍：我没做什么事情。  
萨姆逊站到前面来，介绍给大家，  
从他的武艺就看得出力大无穷。  
我为他沦为阶下囚而悲伤，  
可是真不想错过这盛况。

这建筑是宽敞的剧院  
两根大柱子撑住了上面半圆形穹顶，  
是为所有大人，各级官员设的专座，  
坐着就可以一览无余；  
另一侧没有什么遮挡视线，  
人们露天站在斜坡和断头台上：  
在人群中我独自站着，没人注目。  
盛宴到中午达到高潮，  
祭品是他们心满意足，欢乐，美酒，兴致高，  
当目光转向娱乐嬉戏时，  
作为公众奴仆的萨姆逊被立即带了上来，  
穿着仆人的制服，前面笙箫开道，  
还有人把手鼓来摇；全副武装的兵甲陈列两侧；  
骑兵和步兵列前殿后，

弓箭手和石弹手，身披甲冑荷枪在手的一个都不少。

见到他众人齐声高呼

响彻云霄；人声鼎沸颂扬他们的神明，

可怕的敌人成了他们的奴隶。

他们带他上场，沉着而凜然，

来到演武场，刀枪就摆在前方，

不用眼睛看，就能把武艺来现，

上举，拉弓，抽刀，断石，

全凭的是令人难以置信的神力，

谁也不敢上前与他比试。

最后在中间休息时分，他们领他

到石柱中间，他恳请领他的人

太累了，可否让他倚柱小憩

伸臂搭在两根巨柱之上，

拱形屋顶全赖石柱支撑。

那人未有丝毫怀疑便让他上前；

只见萨姆逊双肩抱拢，颌首片刻，

待双睛定神，他便像祈祷似地站着，

抑或心里正盘算什么大事：

终于，他把头扬起，高声喊道——

大人们，我已经按你们吩咐的做了，

不过是奉命行事，

没有什么可惊奇的，也不见乐趣；

现在，我愿意再试一试

我想让大人们看看我力气有多大，

会让所有看到的都惊为天人。

话毕，他俯身倾尽全力：

凭那狂风漫卷水泻云开之力

山摇地撼，连那两根巨柱

也来回晃动，惊得众人不寒而栗  
他猛拉，奋力摇晃，巨柱终于轰然倒下，  
随着一声巨响整个穹顶  
压在下面坐着的所有人头上——  
大人们，贵妇人，长官们，枢机顾问们，僧人们，  
这些豪绅和显贵，不但  
有本地的，还有来自周围非利士各城镇，  
各地要人齐聚于此只为这盛宴显得隆重。  
萨姆逊和这些人混在一起，无可幸免  
的同归于尽；  
只有场外的民众得到保全。

LESSON 86

AN EVENING ADVENTURE

夜间奇遇

Not long since, a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house.

As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes, formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number; most, if not all of them, of the legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon the eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made as to the eloquence of the pulpit, and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said pro and con.

During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he were adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was



observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom those future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which no art would be “able to elude, and no force to resist.” Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, “Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?” “If,” said the traveler, “a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was from what followed.” The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal that he had ever heard or read, was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume’s sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

“An attempt to describe it,” said the traveler, “would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams.” It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard; but no, it was John Marshall, the Chief Justice of the United States.

## 【中文阅读】

就在不久前，一位绅士在弗吉尼亚州的某县旅行，约摸天黑时分进了一家酒吧，要了茶点，准备在那儿过夜。在一位上了年纪的人驾着他的两轮马车闪过时，他只在那儿呆了不长时间，显然这位老者打算与这位旅行者在同一家酒吧结伴过夜。

在这位老者将车停下时，他注意到马车两侧的车轴都断了，用山胡桃树幼苗树皮做成的

细枝条捆绑在一起。我们这位旅行者进一步注意到，这位老者膝盖上的裤扣都松了，衣着显得有点漫不经心。想必他是一位老实可靠的自耕农，他们走进小旅馆时，举手投足尽显异乡人的风范。几乎在同一时间，另外三四位年轻的绅士也相继进来，如果不是全部的话，至少大多都从事法律职业。

他们一旦适应这里的气氛，交谈便展开了，后来的这拨人其中一位高谈阔论，是那天酒吧中最显眼的一位。在同一天，其雄辩的程度能与他不相上下的是教堂神职人员的布道。这是对教堂布道的慷慨激昂颇有几分讽刺意味的反驳。通过一种温和争辩的方式，基督教的价值成为讨论的主题。从六点到十一点，这几个年轻人剑拔弩张地各执己见，在涉及正反两面的任何事情上运用智谋和能力进行论证。

在这个长时间辩论过程中，这位年长的绅士像个孩子似的听着，温顺而谦逊，仿佛在为自己的思维仓库储存新的信息材料；抑或他以哲学家的睿智目光在考察年轻人的思维能力，这些年轻人在这个重复的活动中是如何注入新的活力的。或者，他抱有爱国的热忱，在思考他的国家未来的命运，而正在成长的一代正是国家未来命运之所系。最有可能的情形是，凭借道德情操和宗教情感，他在搜集“没有任何技巧能规避，没有任何能力量能抗拒”的论据。我们这位旅行者一直作为看客不动声色，没有插言。

最后，其中一位年轻人指出不可能与长期以来形成的偏见进行斗争，他环顾四周，以老相识的口吻大声问道：“那位老先生，不知君意如何？”“如果这时，”这位旅行者开口道，“一道亮光划过房间，他们的惊愕不会比接下来发生的事情所带来的惊愕更大。”这个他听过或在书上读到的最雄辩和无法回答的诉求，是这位年长的绅士用了将近一小时搜肠刮肚才想出来的。他的回忆非常准确，针对基督教提出的每一反对理由，都是预先设定的。如果可能的话，在这个令人惊奇的话题上休谟的诡辩术，要比坎贝尔已经做出的回答显得更恰到好处。在整个演讲中无处不体现出简洁和活力，激起怜悯的因素和庄严，没有一句毫无意义的废话。

“要想描述出来，”这位旅行者说，“无异于在阳光光束上着色。”现在，人们好奇和想知道这位老绅士是谁。这位旅行者断定从讲坛传来的洪亮的声音是布道者的；但不是这样，原来他是美国首席大法官约翰·马歇尔。

LESSON 87  
THE BAREFOOT BOY

赤脚的孩子

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892, was born in Haverhill, Mass., and, with short intervals of absence, he always resided in that vicinity. His parents were Friends or “Quakers,” and he always held to the same faith. He spent his boyhood on a farm, occasionally writing verses for the papers even then. Two years of study in the academy seem to have given him all the special opportunity for education that he ever enjoyed. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston, and the next year assumed a similar position in Hartford. For two years he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1836 he edited an anti-slavery paper in Philadelphia, and was secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Whittier wrote extensively both in prose and verse. During the later years of his life he published several volumes of poems, and contributed frequently to the pages of the “Atlantic Monthly.” An earnest opponent of slavery, some of his poems bearing on that subject are fiery and even bitter; but, in general, their sentiment is gentle, and often pathetic. As a poet, he took rank among those most highly esteemed by his countrymen. “Snow-Bound,” published in 1865, is one of the longest and best of his poems. Several of his shorter pieces are marked by much smoothness and sweetness.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground mole sinks his well  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honeybees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!  
Still, as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the doorstone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frog's orchestra;  
And to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou shouldst know thy joy

Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

## 【中文阅读】

祝福你，你这小大人  
光脚的孩子，双颊晒成了褐色！  
还有你那翻起的裤子，  
你那欢快的口哨声；  
你那红红的嘴唇，依旧红润；  
被小山上的草莓吻过；  
倾洒在你脸上的阳光，  
透过你开裂的帽檐那洋洋得意的优美，  
我发自心底想给欢乐——  
因为我曾经也是赤脚的孩子！  
你是王子，——已经长大  
唯一的共和主义者。  
让百万美元的坐骑飞奔吧！  
赤脚，跋涉，  
你有的他买不起，  
在听力和目力所及之内，  
在愉快的外表下，内心的欢乐：  
上帝保佑你，赤脚的孩子！

啊，为了少年时代无忧无虑的游戏，  
在睡梦中笑着醒来，  
嘲弄医生铁律的健康，  
从不知学校那些知识，  
野外蜜蜂在清晨追逐，  
野花还需时令来采，  
鸟儿展翅腾飞，林里的房客  
有自己的习俗；  
乌龟是怎样负着甲壳的，  
土拨鼠又是如何挖洞穴，

鼯鼠沉进自己挖的井里  
知更鸟正喂着小宝宝呢，  
白头翁的巢怎么是挂着的；  
最白的百合在哪儿，  
最新鲜的浆果长在何处，  
落花生在哪儿追踪它的根蔓  
葡萄树丛在哪儿沐浴阳光；  
黑胡蜂狡猾无比，  
它的院墙是用泥巴垒的，  
灰马蜂工匠正就建筑盘算！  
之所以回避书本和作业，  
因为自然有问必答；  
他漫步时与她手牵着手，  
他说话时，她面面相觑，  
她的欢乐分成若干，  
祝福你，赤脚男孩！

啊，就为了六月是少年快乐时光，  
在一个短暂月夜岁月荏苒，  
我听到或看到的所有一切，  
我，它们的主人，悄然等待。  
在花前树下，我怡然陶醉，  
成群的鸟儿，还有那蜜蜂；  
松鼠在逗我开心，  
有鼻子的鼯鼠收起它的铲子，  
因为我对使树篱和石头尽染紫色的  
黑莓果情有独钟；  
小溪潺潺尽欢颜，  
无日无夜波不息。  
偏偏向隅低私语，  
秋起秋落不言中；  
用沙土堆就的梭鱼池子，  
开采那胡桃树坡，

在悬垂的果树上，  
采摘金苹果园的苹果！  
随着眼界开阔，  
我的财富也在聚多；  
我看到或了解的全部世事  
似乎像中国玩具那样复杂，  
塑造成赤脚男孩喜欢的模样！

为了节日，美好的东西遍布，  
就像我碗里的牛奶面包——  
白镏勺子和红木碗，  
就在门前的阶石上，老旧粗朴！  
之于我，俨然华丽堂皇的明帐，  
模糊的棱纹，斜阳西沉  
紫色幔帐，流苏金黄，  
环绕在许多迎风摇摆的褶皱中；  
为了配合音乐声起，  
杂种的跳蛙管弦乐队和鸣；  
为了让杂乱的唱诗班熠熠生辉，  
就让飞蝇点亮它的火把。  
我是君王：张扬又快乐  
只待那赤脚男孩！

我的小大人，活得快乐，  
整天笑哈哈，只有童年才会这样！  
尽管燧石坡难行，  
新刈过的草地上还有残茎，  
每天早上带你穿过草地的  
是刚刚洗礼的露珠；  
每天晚上从你脚下流过的  
是能带走暑热的凉风；  
在监狱引以为傲的囚室里  
那些人的脚藏得太快，



愚笨的人失去了自由，  
踏进那辛苦劳作的磨坊，  
在无休无止忙碌中上上下下。  
要是他们足迹被发现  
快乐就决不会在被禁止的土地上出现，  
幸亏他们没有踩进  
充满罪恶感的靠不住的流沙里。  
哎！你应该晓得你的欢乐  
就在它逝去之前，赤脚男孩！

# LESSON 88

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

### 手套和猛狮

James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859. Leigh Hunt, as he is commonly called, was prominent before the public for fifty years as “a writer of essays, poems, plays, novels, and criticisms.” He was born at Southgate, Middlesex, England. His mother was an American lady. He began to write for the public at a very early age. In 1808, In connection with his brother, he established “The Examiner,” a newspaper advocating liberal opinions in politics. For certain articles offensive to the government, the brothers were fined 500 Pounds each and condemned to two years’ imprisonment. Leigh fitted up his prison like a boudoir, received his friends here, and wrote several works during his confinement. Mr. Hunt was intimate with Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Keats, and was associated with Byron and Shelley in the publication of a political and literary journal. His last years were peacefully devoted to literature, and in 1847 he received a pension from the government.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,  
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;  
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,  
And ’mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:  
And truly ’t was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;  
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:  
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;  
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:  
Said Francis, then, “Faith, gentlemen, we’re better here than there.”

De Lorge’s love o’erheard the king,—a beauteous, lively dame,  
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;  
She thought, “The Count, my lover, is brave as brave call be,  
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;  
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;  
I’ll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine.”

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;  
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his place,  
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.  
“In faith,” cried Francis, “rightly done!” and he rose from where he sat;  
“No love,” quoth he, “but vanity, sets love a task like that.”

## 【中文阅读】

弗朗西斯国王是一位健壮的国王，喜爱王室娱乐活动，  
一天，他养的猛狮搏斗时，他端坐目光投向院子；  
达官贵人坐满长凳，贵妇们站在他们身旁，  
在他们中间坐着德洛日伯爵，他为一个人悲叹：  
看那无与伦比的演出，端的是壮观，  
英勇和爱情，上面坐的是国王，下面就是王室的野兽。

狮子登上斜坡，咆哮狰狞，张着血盆大口；  
它们瞪眼，爪子出击如闪电，还把那风声挂动；  
肆意打滚，发出令人窒息的吼叫，滚到另一头狮子身上，  
直到所有深坑，连着沙土和鬃毛，随着一声巨响填平；  
栅栏上的血沫在空中旋动：  
然后，弗朗西斯说，“忠诚，绅士们，我们最好留在这里。”

德洛日的示爱声传到国王耳畔——一位美丽动人的夫人，  
笑靥绽放的双唇，明亮锐利的双眸，似乎总是那样迷人。  
她心想，“伯爵，我的爱人，勇敢无畏，  
他肯定会做向我表达他爱意的奇事；  
国王，贵妇们，情人们，全都看着这一幕；这场合真是天赐；  
我脱下手套来证明他的爱；那荣耀必将属于我。”

她脱下手套来证明他的爱，然后笑意盈盈把他看；  
他弯了一下腰，刹那间纵身跳进狮群中间。  
他跳如风，返回似电，又端坐在自己上，  
他扔过手套，不是为了还爱，而是正中那女人的脸。  
“确实，”弗朗西斯喊道，“做得对！”说着从座位起身；

“不是爱，”他说道，“虚荣才会让爱变得徒劳。”

LESSON 89

THE FOLLY OF INTOXICATION

愚人的陶醉

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cassio.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil!

*Iago.* Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir,—I, drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely, and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me; I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago.

*Shakespeare.—Othello, Act ii, Scene iii.*

## 【中文阅读】

伊阿古 怎么了，副官，你受伤了？

凯西奥 哎，所有治疗方法都用过了。

伊阿古 天啊，上天保佑你不会有事！

凯西奥 名誉，名誉，名誉！啊，我的名誉已经全都失去了！我已经失去我的生命中不朽的那部分，留下来的只是畜生一样的皮囊罢了。我的名誉，伊阿古，我的名誉啊！

伊阿古 我是个诚实的人，我以为你身体上受了什么伤害呢，那可比名誉的丧失更叫人痛苦。名誉是一件无聊透顶而又假得不能再假的东西，得到的人常常没有德行，失去它的人也谈不上值不值得。你的名誉没有什么损失，除非你以为自己就是个名誉扫地的人。无所谓，朋友！要让主帅再对你信任的话，办法多的是。再恳求一下他，他一定转怒为喜。

凯西奥 我宁愿恳求他鄙视我，也不愿欺骗一位像他那么善良的主帅，竟有像我这样轻薄酗酒而又轻率失德的手下。狂饮无度！胡言乱语！与人吵架！漫天吹牛！赌咒发誓！跟自己的影子说些不着边际的话！啊，你被看不见的酒精灵施了魔法，倘若你还没有一个为世人认识的名字，我们就叫你魔鬼吧！

伊阿古 你提着剑在后面追赶的那个人是谁？他怎么你了？

凯西奥 我不知道啊。

伊阿古 你会不知道？

凯西奥 一大堆的事情在我脑子里，可没有一件是清晰的；好像与人争吵来着，可是不知道原因。啊，有人居然会把一个敌人放进自己的嘴里，竟任凭他偷走自己的头脑！我们竟然喜不自胜，鼓着掌把自己变成了畜生！

伊阿古 不过，你现在清醒得很呢；你是怎么恢复过来的？

凯西奥 酒鬼为了取悦魔鬼，就让位了；一桩过失紧接着另一桩过失，老实讲连我也瞧不起自己了。

伊阿古 算了吧，你也太道学了吧。按照此时此地，以及这个国家的情形看，但愿这种事情别落在我头上；可是既然已经这样了，为自己的出路尽量弥补吧。

凯西奥 我请他让我官复原职；他会对我说，我就是一个酒鬼而已！即使我像蛇怪海德拉

有一百张嘴，这样一个答复也会都封住的，即使现在脑子还很清楚，不一会儿就变成一个傻子了，马上又变成一头畜生！啊，真奇怪！每一杯过量的酒都该诅咒，都是魔鬼的饕餮。

伊阿古 算了，算了；好酒得有好人用；不要那么诅咒它了。我的好副官，我想你一准把我当作一个好朋友看待吧？

凯西奥 当然没得说，我绝对赞成。我，醉了！

伊阿古 不管你还是别人一时多喝了几杯，难免的。我告诉你该怎么办吧。我们将军的夫人现在是说话好使；你只要在她面前坦白，求她帮你官复原职，这事准成。她这人无拘无束，慷慨仁慈，又那么替别人着想，性情好得没的说。别人请她帮忙，她要是没做到好上加好，就觉得好像对不起人家似的。你请她替你弥合一下你跟她丈夫之间的这一道裂痕；我可以拿我的全部财产打赌，你们的裂痕不但会弥合，而且交情会比从前更好的。

凯西奥 你的主意真的很棒呢。

伊阿古 我发誓这番话完全出于我们的交情和诚心。

凯西奥 当然相信你了，明天一早我就去请贤德的苔丝狄蒙娜为我说情。要是我在这儿就这样了的话，我的前途也就完蛋了。

伊阿古 你说得很对。晚安，副官，我还要去查夜呢。

凯西奥 晚安，诚实的伊阿古！

（莎士比亚《奥赛罗》第二幕第三场）



## LESSON 90

# STARVED ROCK

## 饥饿的岩石

Francis Parkman, 1823-1893, the son of a clergyman of the same name, was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard University in 1844. He spent more than twenty years in a careful study of the early French explorations and settlements in America; and he published the fruits of his labor in twelve large volumes. Although troubled with an affection of the eyes, which sometimes wholly prevented reading or writing, his work was most carefully and successfully done. His narratives are written in a clear and animated style, and his volumes are a rich contribution to American history.

The cliff called “Starved Rock,” now pointed out to travelers as the chief natural curiosity of the region, rises, steep on three sides as a castle wall, to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. In front, it overhangs the water that washes its base; its western brow looks down on the tops of the forest trees below; and on the east lies a wide gorge, or ravine, choked with the mingled foliage of oaks, walnuts, and elms; while in its rocky depths a little brook creeps down to mingle with the river.

From the rugged trunk of the stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the catfish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clear and shallow current. The cliff is accessible only from the south, where a man may climb up, not without difficulty, by a steep and narrow passage. The top is about an acre in extent.

Here, in the month of December, 1682, La Salle and Tonty began to entrench themselves. They cut away the forest that crowned the rock, built storehouses and dwellings of its remains, dragged timber up the rugged pathway, and encircled the summit with a palisade. Thus the winter was passed, and meanwhile the work of negotiation went prosperously on. The minds of the Indians had been already

prepared. In La Salle they saw their champion against the Iroquois, the standing terror of all this region. They gathered around his stronghold like the timorous peasantry of the Middle Ages around the rock-built castle of their feudal lord.

From the wooden ramparts of St. Louis,—for so he named his fort,—high and inaccessible as an eagle's nest, a strange scene lay before his eye. The broad, flat valley of the Illinois was spread beneath him like a map, bounded in the distance by its low wall of wooded hills. The river wound at his feet in devious channels among islands bordered with lofty trees; then, far on the left, flowed calmly westward through the vast meadows, till its glimmering blue ribbon was lost in hazy distance.

There had been a time, and that not remote, when these fair meadows were a waste of death and desolation, scathed with fire, and strewn with the ghastly relics of an Iroquois victory. Now, all was changed. La Salle looked down from his rock on a concourse of wild human life. Lodges of bark and rushes, or cabins of logs, were clustered on the open plain, or along the edges of the bordering forests. Squaws labored, warriors lounged in the sun, naked children whooped and gamboled on the grass.

Beyond the river, a mile and a half on the left, the banks were studded once more with the lodges of the Illinois, who, to the number of six thousand, had returned, since their defeat, to this their favorite dwelling place. Scattered along the valley, among the adjacent hills, or over the neighboring prairie, were the cantonments of a half score of other tribes, and fragments of tribes, gathered under the protecting aegis of the French.

## 【中文阅读】

这个悬崖被称为“饥饿的岩石”，现在作为该地区的主要自然奇观伫立在游人面前。陡峭的三个立面作为一个城堡的墙壁，高耸于河流之上达一百二十五英尺。在正面，悬崖悬于拍打着底座的水流之上；它东面的坡顶俯瞰着下面丛林的顶端，而倚着一条宽阔的峡谷，或者说山谷，橡树、胡桃树和榆树枝叶繁茂，错落有致。在岩石纵深处一条小溪蜿蜒流下，与那条小河汇合。

从由峭壁伸向前方的矮小的雪松那粗壮的树干，可以直接下到底下的河里。在那里，你能清晰地看到鲟鱼和河龟在清澈且浅浅的水流漫过的沙洲上爬行。这个悬崖只有南面可以攀爬，一个人沿一条陡峭而狭窄的通道，不费多少气力就能爬上来。顶端方圆大约一英亩的样子。

1682年12月，他们开始挖壕沟将拉萨尔和唐棣围起来。他们伐掉岩石顶部生长的森林，建了仓库和住处，将木材拖到崎岖不平的小路上，用栅栏将崖顶围起来。就这样，安然度过寒冬。与此同时，谈判事宜进行得很顺利。印第安人在心里已经做好准备。在拉萨尔，他们看到自己的拥护者反对易洛魁族人，该地区所有人都处于惊恐之中。他们像中世纪胆怯的农民围在他们封建领主石头砌成的城堡周围一样，聚在要塞周围。

从圣路易斯用木头搭成的防御工事——他命名他的城堡——就像鹰巢一样高高在上和难以接近，奇怪的一幕在他眼前出现了。伊利诺斯宽阔且平坦的山谷像地图一样在他脚下展开，通过树木茂密的山丘那低矮的屏障与远方连在一起。在与高耸入云的树木接壤的小岛之间。小河在下游分成迂回曲折的数条水道，然后在左侧的远处，穿过广阔的草地缓缓向西流去，直到闪闪发光的蓝色水带在薄雾微明的远方消失不见了。

曾几何时，并非遥远的过去，当时这些相当肥美的草地还是一片荒芜和死寂，一次易洛魁族人取得大捷，用火烧地，然后撒上草籽借此纪念那次胜利。现在，一切都已面目全非。拉萨尔从岩石处俯瞰着野蛮人的生活。在开阔的平原上，或者沿着森林边缘，用树皮砌成的乡间小屋、人们的忙碌，以及用木头搭建的木屋，组成一番别样的景象。印第安女人在辛勤劳作，勇士们在太阳底下懒洋洋地坐着休憩。赤身裸体的孩子在草地上高声大叫，嬉戏着。

在河对岸左侧一英里半处，伊利诺斯人的乡间小屋点缀着堤岸，有6000伊利诺斯人由于战败已经回到这里，他们心仪的住处。在相邻的山丘之间，或者相邻的大草原上，沿着山谷稀稀拉拉地遥相望的是其他部落十余座宿营地。部落零零散散的在法国人的庇护下聚在一起。

## LESSON 91

# PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF

## 亨利王子和福尔斯塔夫

PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *in a back room, in a tavern. Enter* FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Falstaff.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? (*He drinks, and then continues.*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged, in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prince Henry.* How now, woolsack? What mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You, Prince of Wales!

*P. Henry.* Why, you baseborn dog! What's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* Ye fat braggart, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? I'll see thee gibbeted ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

*P. Henry.* O villain! thy lips ate scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. (*He drinks.*)

*P. Henry.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

*P. Henry.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Henry.* What! a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw; look here! (*shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak (*pointing to GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO*); if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*P. Henry.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gadshill.* We four set upon some dozen—

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gad.* And bound them.

*Peta.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew.

*Gad.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

*P. Henry.* What! fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

*P. Henry.* Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward; (*he draws his sword and stands if about to fight*) here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

*P. Henry.* What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Henry.* Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Henry.* Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Henry.* Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

*P. Henry.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Henry.* O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*P. Henry.* These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, nott-pated fool; thou greasy tallow keech—

*Fal.* What! Art thou mad! Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

*P. Henry.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strap-pado, or all the racks in the world, I would

not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

*P. Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this horseback breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

*Fal.* Away! you starveling, you eel skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stockfish! Oh for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow case, you—

*P. Henry.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Henry.* We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* Why, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors. Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold; all the titles of good-fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?



*P. Henry.* Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Shakespeare.-Henry IV, Part I, Act ii, Scene iv.*

## 【中文阅读】

亨利王子和伯因斯在小酒馆的里屋。福尔斯塔夫、加兹希尔、巴尔多夫和裴托上场。

伯因斯 欢迎你，杰克，你从哪儿来啊？

福尔斯塔夫 愿所有孬种都遭瘟疫，我说，要让他们遭天谴！哎呀，阿门！替我倒一杯酒来，堂倌。日子没有改变之前，缝袜子，补袜子和上袜底这些劳什都得自己来。愿所有孬种都遭瘟疫！替我倒一杯酒来，混蛋！难道这世上就没有勇士了吗？（他饮酒，然后继续。）你这混蛋，酒里也搀着石灰水呢；恶棍只能干坏事；然而，一个孬种却比一杯搀石灰水的酒更坏，一个卑鄙无耻的懦夫！走你自己的路吧，老杰克；愿意什么时候死，就什么时候去死吧。在这世界上，要是还有人记得什么是大丈夫气概，堂堂大丈夫气概的话，我就是一条排了卵的鲱鱼。好人都上了绞架，在英国只剩下不到三个好人了，其中的一个不但发胖了，还老态龙钟。这是个啥世道啊！我真希望自己是一个织工；我真想唱赞美诗，或者诸如此类的事情。愿所有孬种都遭瘟疫，我还要这么说。

亨利亲王 怎么，你这长毛的夯货？嘟囔些什么呢？

福尔斯塔夫 一个国王的儿子！要是我不用一柄木刀把你赶出你的王国，像驱赶一群野鹅一样驱赶你的所有臣民，我就不是一个爷们。你这威尔士亲王！

亨利亲王 呵，你这下贱胚子，到底怎么回事？

福尔斯塔夫 你不是一个孬种吗？回答我那个问题。还有波因斯，哪儿呢？

伯因斯 你这胖皮囊，你再骂我是孬种，我就用刀子捅了你。

福尔斯塔夫 我就骂你是孬种，怎么了？在我骂你是孬种前，宁愿看你上绞架；不过，我要是跑起来能像你一样快，那么我情愿出一千镑。你的肩膀足够挺直了，不在乎有人看见你的背；难道这样就算是朋友的支持了吗？拉到吧，这种支持简直该诅咒！那些愿意与我面对面的，才算是真正的朋友。替我倒一杯酒来。我今天要是喝了酒的话，就是个混蛋。

亨利亲王 哎，这混蛋！你刚才喝的酒，还留在唇上没干哩。

福尔斯塔夫 都是一码事。愿所有孬种都遭瘟疫！我还这么说。（他饮酒）

亨利亲王 怎么回事？

福尔斯塔夫 哼，怎么回事！咱们四个人今天早上抢到手一千镑。

亨利亲王 在哪儿，杰克？在哪儿？

福尔斯塔夫 在哪儿？又给人家抢去了呗；一百个人把我们四人围住，好可怜啊。

亨利亲王 什么！一百个人？

福尔斯塔夫 我一个人跟他们十二个人大战了两个钟头，要是胡诌的话，我就是个混蛋。我白捡了一条命，真是一个奇迹。他们的剑有八次穿透我的紧身上衣，有四次穿透我的连裤袜；我的盾牌像筛子似的全是洞，我的剑砍得像一把手锯似的，都卷刃了；你们上眼！（出示他的剑）我从来不曾这样像个爷们。愿所有孬种都遭瘟疫！叫他们来说（指着加兹希尔，巴尔多夫和裴托）；要是他们说的话与事实不符，那他们就是坏家伙，魔鬼的儿子。

亨利亲王 说吧，诸位；到底怎么回事？

加兹希尔 我们四个与差不多十二个人交上手了。

福尔斯塔夫 至少有十六个，殿下。

加兹希尔 把他们绑了起来。

裴托 不，不，没绑住他们。

福尔斯塔夫 你这混蛋，他们挨个都让咱们给绑起来了，我要是说瞎话，就是个犹太人，一个希伯来的犹太人。

加兹希尔 我们正在分赃的时候，又来了六七个人跟我们打起来了——

福尔斯塔夫 他们替那些人松了绑，接着其他人又赶来了。

亨利亲王 什么，你们跟他们全交手了？

福尔斯塔夫 全交手了！我不晓得什么叫全交手了啊。我要是没有一个人和他们五十个交手的话，我就是一捆大萝卜；要是没有五十二三个人一齐向可怜的老杰克进攻的话，我就不是两条腿的生物。

亨利亲王 求求上帝了，但愿你没杀死他们几个人就好。

福尔斯塔夫 哼，祷告上帝已经来不及了。他们中间有两个人让我打成重伤了；我敢肯定有两个人让我弄死了，就是那两个穿硬麻布衣服的恶棍；告诉你吧，哈尔，我要是跟你说谎了话，你就唾我的脸，骂我是畜生。你晓得我一贯的防守招数；（他拔出剑，摆出击剑的架势。）我埋伏在这儿，挺着剑。四个穿硬麻布衣服的恶棍朝我扑了上来——

亨利亲王 什么，四个？你刚才还说只有两个呢。

福尔斯塔夫 四个，哈尔，我告诉你四个的。

伯因斯 哦，哦，他是说四个来着。

福尔斯塔夫 这四个人迎面扑来，一齐刺我。我没费什么力气，他们七个人的剑头便一齐扎在盾牌上了。

亨利亲王 七个？啧，刚才还只有四个呢。

福尔斯塔夫 都穿硬麻布衣服。

伯因斯 哦，四个穿麻衣的人。

福尔斯塔夫 我以这些剑发誓，我说谎的话我就是坏蛋。

亨利亲王 求求你，让他自己去吧；说不定一会儿一堆人了呢。

福尔斯塔夫 你在听我说话吗，哈尔？

亨利亲王 噢，杰克，我洗耳恭听呢。

福尔斯塔夫 这就对了，因为很值得一听的。我刚才告诉你的这九个穿硬麻布衣服的人

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亨利亲王 嚯，又冒出两个。

福尔斯塔夫 只见他们的剑头折断了——开始向后退；不过，我步步紧逼，一顿拳脚，这十一个人中很快就有七个人倒下了。

亨利亲王 啊，好奇怪啊！本来两个穿硬麻布衣服的人，转眼就变成十一个了。

福尔斯塔夫 可是三个穿草绿色衣服的恶棍从我的背后杀了出来，朝我举刀猛砍；因为当时天很黑，哈尔，伸手不见五指。

亨利亲王 这些荒诞不经的谎话，听着怪唬人的，谁信啊。喂，你这脑子里进土的夯货，你这糊涂蛋一样的傻瓜；满脑子油脂的东西。

福尔斯塔夫 说些什么啊！疯了吧你？疯了吧你啊？难道这样不是事实吗？

亨利亲王 哼，既然天黑得伸手不见五指，你怎么会知道这些人穿的衣服是草绿色的？过来，把你的理由说给我听。没话说了吧？

伯因斯 说啊，你的理由，杰克，看你还说什么。

福尔斯塔夫 什么，强迫我啊？休想，即使你们把我反绑双手吊起来，或是把全世界所有的刑具拿来拷问我，你们也休想强迫我说出一个理由来。竟然强迫我给你们一个理由！即使理由多得像黑莓一般，我也不会强在强迫下给谁一个理由的，我就是这样的人！

亨利亲王 我可不希望再担这桩罪名了；你这满面红光的姘种，你这能压塌马背的家伙，这大肉山——

福尔斯塔夫 滚开！你这饿鬼，你这皮包骨的，你这干牛舌，你这鱼干！啊，叫你气得我都喘不过气来了——你这裁缝的尺，你这刀鞘，你这弓袋，你——

亨利亲王 呵，喘口气再说吧；等你絮叨完这些下贱的比喻后，且听我说。

伯因斯 听着，杰克。

亨利亲王 我们两人看到你们四个袭击四个行人那一幕了；你们把他们捆绑起来，将他们的银钱据为己有。现在听着，用不了几句话就能把你驳得体无完肤。那会儿，我们两人朝你们佯攻，只一声断喝你们就吓得连抢来的钱都扔下了；那赃物就在这屋子里呢，咱们可以验明。

福尔斯塔夫，你跑得那叫敏捷，撒丫子一溜风，边高呼饶命，边狂奔，听着就像一头牛犊子似的。你这个泼皮奴才，剑砍了几个豁口，却说成跟人家大战了一场！你还有什么鬼话，什么手段，什么藏身的洞，替你遮掩这场再明显不过的羞辱？

伯因斯 来，让我们听听吧，杰克；你现在还有什么鬼话？

福尔斯塔夫 我当然晓得是你们。你们听着，我的大人们，我会胆大包天去杀亲王吗？我会向真正的储君下手吗？呵，你们晓得我像赫克勒斯一样勇敢的；可是，人有本能啊；狮子再怎么凶，也不敢碰当今的储君啊。本能可是了不起的东西，正是因为本能我才成了一个孬种的。这一生我都会高看自己和你的；我是一头勇敢的狮子，而你是真正的储君。可是，孩子们，我很高兴钱落到你们手里。喂，老板娘，看好大门啊；今晚给我们守夜，明天一早祈祷。帅小伙子们，孩子们，伙伴们，心肠比金子还闪光的兄弟们，世间所有好人的称呼都怕配不上你们！什么！咱们乐和乐和怎么样？演上一出即兴剧怎么样？

亨利亲王 好啊，就把你的落荒而逃作为戏剧主题吧。

福尔斯塔夫 哎，哈尔，你爱我的话，就别提起那那档子事儿了！

（莎士比亚《亨利四世》第一部第二幕第四场）

## LESSON 92

## STUDIES

### 论学问

**Sir Francis Bacon, 1561-1626.** This eminent man was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the seal in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, and Anne Bacon, one of the most learned women of the time, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. He was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. He was a laborious and successful student, but even in his boyhood conceived a great distrust of the methods of study pursued at the seats of learning,—methods which he exerted his great powers to correct in his maturer years. Much of his life was spent in the practice of law, in the discharge of the duties of high office, and as a member of Parliament; but, to the end of life, he busied himself with philosophical pursuits, and he will be known to posterity chiefly for his deep and clear writings on these subjects. His constant direction in philosophy is to break away from assumption and tradition, and to be led only by sound induction based on a knowledge of observed phenomena. His “*Novum Organum*” and “*Advancement of Learning*” embody his ideas on philosophy and the true methods of seeking knowledge.

Bacon rose to no very great distinction during the reign of Elizabeth; but, under James I, he was promoted to positions of great honor and influence. In 1618 he was made Baron of Verulam; and, three years later, he was made Viscount of St. Albans. During much of his life, Bacon was in pecuniary straits, which was doubtless one reason of his downfall; for, in 1621, he was accused of taking bribes, a charge to which he pleaded guilty. His disgrace followed, and he passed the last years of his life in retirement. Among the distinguished names in English literature, none stands higher in his department than that of Francis Bacon.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of the particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

## 【中文阅读】

学问的用途体现在娱乐、装点门面和增长能力上。在娱乐上学问的主要用处是处静而心安;在装点门面上学问的用处在于辞令;在增长能力上学问的用处则体现在对事务的判断和驾驭上。因为能干的人令行即动,也许对特别的事情要一件一件地进行判断;但是,概括性的议论以及对事物的谋划与安排,皆系有才学的人所为。

在学问上花过多时间系偷懒的表现,把学问过多用于装点门面是虚假,完全依学问上的规则而断事是书生的诙谐之举。学问历练天性,而其本身又受经验的历练;因为人的自然能力恰似自然状态下手的花草植物,需要学问的修剪;而学问本身,除非受经验的限制,不然的话指引的纲挈未免失于笼统。狡猾的人蔑视学问,头脑简单的人则羡慕学问,聪明的人懂得如何运用。这是因为,学问不会教人们如何运用,这是学问以外而高于学问的一种智慧,系由观察获得。

读书不是为了反驳和驳倒对方,也不是为了盲信与想当然,也不要为了谈资与切议而着眼于权衡轻重和勘察事物。有些书可以浅尝辄止,有些书则要生吞活剥,需要认真咀嚼消化的

则很少。也就是说，有些书只要读一部分就可以窥一斑豹，有些书读来不必过于细心；为数不多的几本书不但要全读，而且还要勤读，投入全部身心。有些书也可以请人代读，并且由其他人摘选纲要；但是，这只适合于不那么重要的议论，以及无甚价值的书籍；否则，提炼过的书如同蒸馏水，恬淡无味。

阅读使人充实，交谈令人才思敏捷，写作则可以使人准确地阐述自己的思想。因此，倘若一个人懒于动笔，那么他就必须有惊人的记忆力；假若他很少与人交流，就必须有现成的机智；如果很少读书，那么他就必须极尽狡猾，让别人看不出他所知甚少。读史使人明鉴，诗歌教人言辞曼妙；数学令人精细；博物使人深邃，伦理学使人静肃；逻辑与修辞使人在论辩中立于不败之地。

## LESSON 93

# SURRENDER OF GRANADA

### 格兰纳达的投降

Sir Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, 1806-1873, was born in Norfolk County, England. His father died when he was young; his mother was a woman of strong literary tastes, and did much to form her son's mind. In 1844, by royal license, he took the surname of Lytton from his mother's family. Bulwer graduated at Cambridge. He began to publish in 1826, and his novels and plays followed rapidly. "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What will he do with it?" and "Kenelm Chillingly" are among the best known of his numerous novels; and "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" are his most successful plays. His novels are extensively read on the continent, and have been translated into most of the languages spoken there. "Leila, or the Siege of Granada," from which this selection is adapted, was published in 1840.

Day dawned upon Granada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone, upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated.

"What are we," thought the musing prince, "that we should fill the world with ourselves—we kings? Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose: nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food or sleep—the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! Many and deep emotions of sorrow or of joy are yet left to break the monotony of existence. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amidst gardens now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way.



When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of this vanguard, rode, upon a snow-white palfrey, the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not, the pride of the ecclesiastic. “Go, Christian,” said he, mildly, “the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king; may his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!” So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of Te Deum, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watchtower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of St. Iago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight the King’s voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bowshot of the first ranks of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach, extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured, and glowed, and danced, the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the archpriests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the highborn dames of Spain,

relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. “Brother and prince,” said he, “forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses, against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king—resisting man, but resigned at length to God.”

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. “O king!” then said Boabdil, “accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy.” “They do well,” said the king; “our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Granada be surrendered.”

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

“Fair queen,” said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, “thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, nor least glorious conquest. But I detain ye;

let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell.” “Farewell, my brother,” replied Ferdinand, “and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!” Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslems.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Amine—sent on before—awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Granada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote,—it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place where the king wept is still called The Last Sigh of the Moor.

## 【中文阅读】

黎明光临格拉纳达，冬日阳光露出笑脸，驱散了昨晚的乌云，在塞尼尔和达罗低沉的波浪上欢快地倾泻着。摩尔人末代国王倚着一览美丽风景的阳台，他绞尽脑汁想从自己培养的所有哲学经验中寻求帮助。

“难道，”陷于沉思的王子想道，“我们应该用自我来充实这个世界——我们国王？大地传来我的宝座倾覆的回声；在未诞生的庶民耳畔，这种回声会延长。可是，我失去什么了吗？对我的幸福和我的安宁而言，没有什么是必不可少的。没有什么能避免导致我陷于悲惨境地的

所有因素，我生命的苦井啊！天与地，思想和行动，或者人对口福之享和安然入睡更多的欲求，这些普遍和廉价的欲望都不会给我欢乐吗？你醒醒吧，我的心与我同在！许多悲哀或欢乐的深沉情感听任打破生存的单调……可是，是时候离开了。”说话间，他信步来到庭院，冲向自己的非洲马，赶着一辆很小颜色深暗的车，穿过我们凭一座黑魑魑的残破高塔眺望到的大门，那里长着齐人高的葡萄树和常青藤；在那些花园中间，女修道院就标志着胜利者的信念，他悲伤地悄然离去。

当他来到耸立于这些花园之上的山丘中央时，随着派去占领王宫的分遣队行至山丘顶端，悄无声息地严阵以待，西班牙钢盔反射出的光芒映在他脸上。在这支先头部队的前头，在雪白的小马上扬鞭的是阿维拉主教，后面跟着一长列赤足的僧侣。在鲍勃迪尔走近时，他们停下脚步，神情严肃的主教用一种对异教徒和下级训话的口吻同他打招呼。很快意识到对大人物来说很普遍的庄严，鲍勃迪尔觉得对阵亡者来说这种尊严更为重要，因此没有对这位神职人员的傲慢显示出愤怒之色。“走开，基督徒，”他口气温和地说，“摩尔人豪华宫殿的大门正敞开着呢，安拉已经将宫殿和这座城市赐给你们国王；但愿他的美德能弥补鲍勃迪尔的过错！”说了这话后，未及回答就直愣愣地策马飞奔。西班牙人也追击而去。

鲍勃迪尔和他的队伍举目观望，群山之上太阳已经升得很高。从他们所在的山丘看去，全都是西班牙的武器装备。与此同时，比战马脚步声和武器的叮当声更响亮的，却是感恩赞美诗的庄严歌声，前面是高高的火焰。鲍勃迪尔听到他的队伍发出呻吟和欢呼声后，仍旧保持沉默。稍后，他开始冲他们大叫或叱骂，从他自己的瞭望塔透过阳光在它纯净和炫目的表面的反光，看到西班牙的银十字架。他的摩尔人豪华宫殿已经落入敌人手中；除了圣战的标记，高高飘扬的圣伊阿古欢快和炫耀的旗帜外，就是被册封为圣徒的西班牙骑士战神。见此情景，国王的聲音渐渐隐去；他将缰绳放到倒钩上，对中止这场灾难性的仪式表示不耐烦，为此没有放慢速度，直到几乎走进军队第一排的箭程之内。

绝对没有人猜测到基督徒的战争有更光辉、更庄严的一面。在目力所及的远方，象征强大势力的闪闪发光和非常漂亮的队列线条蜿蜒前伸，在阳光照耀下令人目炫的矛和镶嵌着纹章的旗帜直立着。一身银白色装束的科塞尼尔低语着，脸上红了起来，开始手舞足蹈，全然不顾君主应有的威严，嘲笑被无休止行军湮没的河堤。一个小小的清真寺挡住了大军的精锐。被居

于领导地位的主牧师围拢着的，是堪与查理曼大帝的将士匹敌的宫廷贵族和王子们，从费迪南德右手的伊莎贝尔可见他国王高贵的身份，还有西班牙出身名门的夫人们，这从她们欢快的样子和佩戴的闪闪发光的宝石，有顶饰的头盔和精致的铠甲能看出她们的身份。一见这些王室人员，鲍勃迪尔马上喝停战马，镇定心神以便掩饰自己的思绪。他站在自己人数不多的队伍前面一点，不过在仪态和庄严上绝对不会盖过一位国王，阿卜达拉赫的儿子面见他傲慢的征服者。

一见他国君般的仪表和金色头发，他那朴实无华和威严的美，使得他更为年轻人所感动，一股发自内心的钦佩传遍那个由勇敢和公正组成的集体。费迪南德和伊莎贝尔缓步上前来见他们后来的对手——他们的新臣民。鲍勃迪尔刚一下马，西班牙国王便将手搭在他肩膀上。“我的兄弟和王子，”他说，“忘掉那些悲伤吧；但愿我们的友谊从此以后能抚平你像英雄和国王那样抗争所带来的创伤——奋力抵抗的勇士，终究会在上帝面前放弃的。”

鲍勃迪尔没有假装对这种难以接受和言不由衷的恭维表示还礼。他低下头，沉默片刻；稍后，他示意自己的队伍，四名属下走上近前，在费迪南德旁边跪倒，向他奉上一个银圆盾——这座城市的钥匙。“国王万岁！”鲍勃迪尔说，“请笑纳抵抗西班牙军队的最后一座要塞的钥匙！从此，伊斯兰帝国不复存在了。您是这座城市和格拉纳达人民的主人；他们慑服于您的勇敢无畏，吐露了您的仁慈。”“他们做得很对，”国王说。“我们的诺言不会背弃。但是，因为我们晓得摩尔人骑士的勇敢不是冲我们，向我们伸出的是有更礼貌的双手，所以格拉纳达的钥匙才会交到我的手上。”

说话间，费迪南德将钥匙递给伊莎贝尔，伊莎贝尔本想对鲍勃迪尔说几句令其宽心的奉承话，不过对富有怜悯之心的她而言激情和兴奋都太过了，尽管她是女英雄和王后。当她的目光落在倒下的君主那平静和苍白的脸上时，眼泪难以抑制地夺眶而出，喃喃低语着。见此情景，鲍勃迪尔一阵面红耳赤，短暂的尴尬过后，还是摩尔人率先打破沉默。

“公正的王后，”他开口道，语气中透着悲痛和凄惨的庄重，“您能读懂你慷慨的同情所触及并使之缓和下来的那颗心灵。这是您最后但不是最少的辉煌的征服。但是，我耽搁了您。希望我的冒昧不会使您的胜利显得暗淡。请宽恕我对您说声再见。”“再见，我的兄弟，”费迪南德答道。“但愿幸运女神保佑你！忘掉过去吧！”闻听此言，鲍勃迪尔苦涩地一笑，向国王表示深

切和无声的敬意，缓缓上马，与军队作别，踏上了阿尔普哈拉斯通往新公国的大道。从国王的视野看去，树木遮住了摩尔人的骑兵团，费迪南德下令军队重新开始前进；此时，穆斯林教徒耳畔传来喇叭和钹的乐声。

鲍勃迪尔策马疾奔，直到气喘吁吁的战马在小村庄停下，他的母亲、他的奴隶和他忠实的妻子阿米妮在这里等他。与他们见面后，他没有耽搁便踏上令他悲伤的路程。他们登上那座山丘，从这里可以进入阿尔普哈拉斯。从山丘顶端望去，山谷、河流、教堂的尖顶和格拉纳达的钟楼一览无余。他们突然盲目地停下来。大家的目光一齐被眼前这迷人的景象吸引住了。为难的勇士们那羞愧难当的神色，每个人心里潜藏许久的对家人、孩子、故土的思念之情，一股脑地从每个人的眼神中流露出来。

突然，从远处城堡传来大炮的轰鸣声，漫过阳光明媚的山谷和晶莹剔透的河水。这些背井离乡的人爆出一片哀鸣。这一景象抽打着这位不幸的国王那颗心，令其不堪忍受，他徒劳地企图使自己沉浸在东方式的荣誉或斯多葛哲学信条之中。泪水夺眶而出，他禁不住用手捂住双颊。这伙人慢慢迂回着穿过僻静的峡谷。这个地方被还在哭泣的国王称为“荒野最后一道风景”。

LESSON 94  
HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

哈姆雷特的独白

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
No more: and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
No traveler returns,—puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,

## 【中文阅读】

生存还是毁灭，这是一个问题；  
默默忍受命运的暴虐的毒箭，  
还是挺身反抗无涯的苦难，哪一个更显高贵  
通过抗争使其结束？死了——睡着了，——  
没有更煎熬人心的了；要是通过一场睡眠，  
我们心头的创痛，以及无数血肉之躯不能承受的打击，  
就此可以结束，那正是我们求之不得的圆满结局。  
死了；睡着了；  
睡着了！也许还会做梦——哎，堪堪恼人：  
在那死的睡眠里，究竟将要做些什么梦，  
因为当我们脱掉了这凡人的衣钵后，  
我们必定踌躇犹疑。人们甘愿在如此长久的灾难中苦捱，  
正是基于这个缘故；  
因为谁愿意忍受人世的鞭挞和世人的讥笑，  
压迫者的凌辱，傲慢者的冷眼，  
被轻蔑的爱情的惨痛，法律的迁延，  
官吏的无理以及费尽辛勤所换来的  
毫不值得的藐视，  
要是只消一把小刀，就可以偿清他自己的一生？  
谁会背负这样的重担，  
在疲困的生命重压下呻吟流汗，  
可是由于惧怕不可知的来世，  
那从来不曾有一个旅人回来过的未发现的国度，  
正是它迷惑了意志，使我们宁愿忍受那些不幸，  
也不愿飞向我们未知的未来？  
于是，良心使我们全变成了懦夫，  
决心本来的光彩，  
被深思熟虑覆上了一层灰白之色，



带着这样的牵挂，伟大的事业也会在激流中后退而迷失，  
丧失了行动的意义。

（莎士比亚《哈姆雷特》第三幕第一场）

## LESSON 95

## GINEVRA

### 吉内乌拉

Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855, was the son of a London banker, and, in company with his father, followed the banking business for some years. He began to write at an early age, and published his “Pleasures of Memory,” perhaps his most famous work, in 1792. The next year his father died, leaving him an ample fortune. He now retired from business and established himself in an elegant house in St. James’s Place. This house was a place of resort for literary men during fifty years. In 1822 he published his longest poem, “Italy,” after which he wrote but little. He wrote with care, spending, as he said, nine years on the “Pleasures of Memory,” and sixteen on “Italy.” “His writings are remarkable for elegance of diction, purity of taste, and beauty of sentiment.” It is said that he was very agreeable in conversation and manners, and benevolent in his disposition; but he was addicted to ill-nature and satire in some of his criticisms.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance  
To Modena,—where still religiously  
Among her ancient trophies, is preserved  
Bologna’s bucket (in its chain it hangs  
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),—  
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,  
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,  
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse  
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,  
And lovers such as in heroic song,—  
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,  
That in the springtime, as alone they sate,  
Venturing together on a tale of love.  
Read only part that day.—A summer sun  
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,  
Enter the house—prithce, forget it not—  
And look awhile upon a picture there.

’T is of a lady in her earliest youth,  
The very last of that illustrious race,  
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.  
He who observes it, ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,

That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold,  
Broïdered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,  
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—  
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,  
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With scripture stories from the life of Christ;  
A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
The ducal robes of some old ancestors—  
That, by the way, it may be true or false—  
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,  
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy  
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;  
The young Ginevra was his all in life,  
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gayety,  
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;  
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum:  
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,

When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.  
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,  
“ ’T is but to make a trial of our love!”  
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
’T was but that instant she had left Francesco,  
Laughing and looking back and flying still,  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas! she was not to be found;  
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,  
But that she was not!—Weary of his life,  
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen  
An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
Something he could not find—he knew not what.  
When he was gone, the house remained a while  
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,  
When on an idle day, a day of search  
’Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
That moldering chest was noticed; and ’t was said  
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
“Why not remove it from its lurking place?”  
’T was done as soon as said; but on the way  
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,  
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
“Ginevra.”——There then had she found a grave!  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;  
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down forever!

## 【中文阅读】

如果你曾经有幸去摩德纳——

在她古代战利品中，还保留着  
博洛尼亚的水桶（在它的把上，悬于教堂的尖塔，吉尔兰迪内）  
在皇宫大门附近停下来，  
里面住着一位奥尔西尼老人。  
那雄伟的庭园，台阶拾级而上，  
到处是喷泉、雕像和翠柏，  
令你流连忘返；穿过拱形通道，  
在中午就显得暗淡微明，发现武士和宫女凝神一瞥，  
恰如旧时浪漫史中的情境，  
恰似英雄之歌里的恋人——  
也许是两对，在小树林里尽情嬉戏，  
那时春光明媚，就他们两人坐在那里，  
冒险上演一出爱情传奇。  
仅读到那天一部分——夏日阳光  
西沉，斜阳一半挂在天际；但是，在你走之前，  
进了屋里——求求你，不要把它忘记——  
再端详那幅画一会儿。

这是一位正值青春年少的淑女，  
系那著名种族最后一位，  
这个种族始祖为扎比耶里——不过他我不在意。  
在他侃侃而谈之前，就已经注意到这幅画，  
凝神打量，一遍又一遍，  
他回忆起那是遥远的过去。

她端坐着，身子前倾似要倾诉，  
她的朱唇半张，手指上扬，  
仿佛在说，“当心！”她的金背心，  
绣着鲜花，从头到脚都扣紧，  
在每一金色纽扣上都嵌着祖母绿；  
她额头比雪花膏石还要洁白光亮，  
戴着珍珠王冠。但是她的脸，  
那么可爱，然而弯成拱形，笑意盈盈，

一颗天真无邪的心毕现无遗——

我的心头还萦绕着，尽管已经逝去多年，  
就像有点狂野的旋律！

只有它盘旋在一个腐朽的祖物上，和它一样古旧的祖物，  
一只橡木柜子，一半被虫子咬过，  
但是雕刻有特伦特的安东尼  
取自基督生平的圣经故事；  
那只柜子来自威尼斯，  
里面盛着公爵祖先的袍子——  
不论真与假——  
都不要把那幅画忘记；  
当你听到他们讲给我的故事时，  
你就不会忘记的。

她是唯一的孩子；从孩提起  
就是纵容的公爵的快乐和骄傲；  
年轻的吉内乌拉终其一生都是他的快乐之源，  
从来没有离开他的视线；  
在她十五岁时成了新娘，  
嫁给了独子弗朗西斯科·多利亚，  
她从小玩伴，她的初恋。

画的正是她穿着新娘礼服的样子  
万般温柔，快乐在心底，  
她的恶作剧让每个佳朋开心。  
现在，这一天到来了，这一天，这一刻；  
浅笑，蹙眉，这是第一百次了，  
保姆，那穿着古代装束的妇人，告诉新娘要端庄得体：  
沐浴着少女光辉，她把手连同她的心  
一起交给了弗朗西斯科。

欢乐无比；可是在婚宴上，  
当所有宾客坐定，新娘却不见了踪影。

谁也没见到她！她父亲喊道，  
“这不过是我们爱的考验而已！”  
他满了酒杯给所有宾客；但他的手抖个不停，  
来宾很快陷入混乱。  
就在那一瞬间她已经离开弗朗西斯科，  
纵情大笑回首凝望，身子已在飞翔，  
她那象牙一般洁白的齿印印在他的手指上。  
可是现在，天啊！她不见了踪影；  
从那一刻起，一切都变得难以揣测，  
但是她不是！——厌倦了他的生活，  
弗朗西斯科飞至威尼斯，即刻  
投入到与土耳其人的战争。  
奥尔西尼还活着；很久以前  
见一位老者四处游荡，似乎在找寻什么，  
他没有找到寻觅的东西，那幢房子  
风雨飘零，无人居住——于是住进了陌生人。

五十载倥偬，皆成一场空，  
闲极无聊的一天，在画廊  
在一堆旧故中找寻，  
于是发现了那腐朽的柜子；据说  
是一个年轻人留下的，像吉内乌拉那样轻率地年轻人，  
“为什么不从潜伏的地方挪走呢？”  
说着就开始行动；可是  
它裂开了，散了一地；瞧啊！一具骷髅，  
还有一串珠子，一个祖母绿，  
镀金的钩子，嵌着金片  
除了一只婚戒，别的已然腐朽，  
有一枚小印章，她母亲的遗赠，  
上面刻着名字，两个人的名字，  
“吉内乌拉。”——那里还有她发现的坟墓！  
她在柜子里将自己藏起，  
快乐得直蹦，那种高兴简直没法形容；

那儿的一把弹簧锁，  
将她永远锁住！



## LESSON 96

# INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

## 发明与发现

**John Caldwell Calhoun, 1782-1850.** This great statesman, and champion of southern rights and opinions, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina. In the line of both parents, he was of Irish Presbyterian descent. In youth he was very studious, and made the best use of such opportunities for education as the frontier settlement afforded. He graduated at Yale College in 1804, and studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut. In 1808 he was elected to the Legislature of South Carolina; and, three years later, he was chosen to the National House of Representatives. During the six years that he remained in the House, he took an active and prominent part in the stirring events of the time. In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of War, and held the office seven years. From 1825 to 1832 he was Vice President of the United States. He then resigned this office, and took his seat as senator from South Carolina. In 1844 President Tyler called him to his Cabinet as Secretary of State; and, in 1845, he returned to the Senate, where he remained till his death. During all his public life Mr. Calhoun was active and outspoken. His earnestness and logical force commanded the respect of those who differed most widely from him in opinion. He took the most advanced ground in favor of "State Rights," and defended slavery as neither morally nor politically wrong. His foes generally conceded his honesty, and respected his ability; while his friends regarded him as little less than an oracle.

In private life Mr. Calhoun was highly esteemed and respected. His home was at "Fort Hill," in the northwestern district of South Carolina; and here he spent all the time he could spare from his public duties, in the enjoyments of domestic life and in cultivating his plantation. In his home he was remarkable for kindness, cheerfulness, and sociability.

To comprehend more fully the force and bearing of public opinion, and to form a just estimate of the changes to which, aided by the press, it will probably lead, politically and socially, it will be necessary to consider it in connection with the causes that have given it an influence so great as to entitle it to be regarded as a new political element. They will, upon investigation, be found in the many discoveries and inventions made in the last few centuries.

All these have led to important results. Through the invention of the mariner's compass, the globe has been circumnavigated and explored; and all who inhabit it, with but few exceptions, are brought within the sphere of an all-pervading commerce, which is daily diffusing over its surface the light and blessings of civilization.

Through that of the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and

inventions, with all the accumulated stores of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. The application of gunpowder to the art of war has forever settled the long conflict for ascendancy between civilization and barbarism, in favor of the former, and thereby guaranteed that, whatever knowledge is now accumulated, or may hereafter be added, shall never again be lost.

The numerous discoveries and inventions, chemical and mechanical, and the application of steam to machinery, have increased many fold the productive powers of labor and capital, and have thereby greatly increased the number who may devote themselves to study and improvement, and the amount of means necessary for commercial exchanges, especially between the more and the less advanced and civilized portions of the globe, to the great advantage of both, but particularly of the latter.

The application of steam to the purposes of travel and transportation, by land and water, has vastly increased the facility, cheapness, and rapidity of both: diffusing, with them, information and intelligence almost as quickly and as freely as if borne by the winds; while the electrical wires outstrip them in velocity, rivaling in rapidity even thought itself.

The joint effect of all this has been a great increase and diffusion of knowledge; and, with this, an impulse to progress and civilization heretofore unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied by a mental energy and activity unprecedented.

To all these causes, public opinion, and its organ, the press, owe their origin and great influence. Already they have attained a force in the more civilized portions of the globe sufficient to be felt by all governments, even the most absolute and despotic. But, as great as they now are, they have, as yet, attained nothing like their maximum force. It is probable that not one of the causes which have contributed to their formation and influence, has yet produced its full effect; while several of the most powerful have just begun to operate; and many others, probably of equal or even greater force, yet remain to be brought to light.

When the causes now in operation have produced their full effect, and inventions and discoveries shall have been exhausted—if that may ever be—they will give a force to public opinion, and cause

changes, political and social, difficult to be anticipated. What will be their final bearing, time only can decide with any certainty.

That they will, however, greatly improve the condition of man ultimately, it would be impious to doubt; it would be to suppose that the all-wise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man as that the employment of the high intellectual faculties with which He has been pleased to endow him, in order that he might develop the laws that control the great agents of the material world, and make them subservient to his use, would prove to him the cause of permanent evil, and not of permanent good.

## 【中文阅读】

为了更全面地理解当众发表意见需要具备的感染力和举止风度,对时局的变化做出正确的估计,为此要借助于媒体,而媒体也许在政治和社会层面上加以引导,因此有必要考虑到媒体与对它产生很大影响的起因之间存在关联,可以将其视为新的政治因素。通过调查,我们在最近几个世纪的许多发现和发明中可以看出端倪。

所有这些发现和发明已经产生重要成果。通过航海,罗盘的发明,人们能够环游地球,并进行探索。而地球上的所有居民几乎无一例外都被纳入到一个无所不在的商业圈里,而每日在地球表面扩散的是光明和文明的赐福。

通过印刷术,观察和思考以及发现和发明的成果,连同所有先前累积起来的知识,都得以保存下来并得到广泛传播。在战争中火药的应用使文明和野蛮之间展开的争夺优势地位的长期冲突一劳永逸地得以解决。文明得以昌盛,因此确保了现在任何知识都能得以积累,或许以后还会日益增加,这些文明成果绝对不会再次毁于一旦。

为数众多的发现和发明,不论化学还是机械领域,以及蒸汽机的应用,将生产力和赖以发展的资本提高数倍,而投身学习和自我完善的人数由此得以大幅度增加,尤其在发达和文明的区域之间进行商业交流的必要手段的数量,给两者带来很大的益处,特别是后者。

基于旅行和运输的目的,不论是陆路还是航运,蒸汽机的应用极大地提升了陆路和航运

的便利与速度，先前高不可攀的成本得以大幅下降。四通八达，借助于陆路和航运，讯息和情报得以自由流通，迅速传递，仿佛御风而行一样。而电网在传递速度上比它们更快，其迅捷程度无出其右。

所有这些的共同作用使得知识得以迅速增加和传播，而知识作为进步和文明的推动力在以往的历史长河中是绝无仅有的，伴随而来的是人类心智机能和活力出现没有先例的巨大飞跃。

对于所有这些社会进步的滥觞，应该感谢公众舆论及其宣传工具，新闻媒体在最初的推波助澜中发挥巨大影响。这些社会进步在世界上更文明的地区已经形成一种力量，足以被所有政府所认识，哪怕是最专制独裁的政府也盖莫例外。但是，尽管现在社会实现巨大飞跃，然而尚未发挥最大程度的影响力。也许没有哪一种有助于它们形成和发挥影响的社会进步，能产生完美的结果。其中几种最有影响力的社会进步刚刚开始应用，许多其他的社会进步，也许具有同样甚至更大的影响力，尚不为世人所知。

当正在应用的社会进步开始产生完美的结果，而发现和发明将被耗尽时——如果在某个阶段出现这种情形——将会赋予公众舆论一种力量，导致社会和政治变革，这些都是难以预料的。它们终极是什么，只有时间能给出确切的答案。

然而，这些社会进步终将极大改善人类的生存条件，对此加以怀疑是没有信仰的表现。可以设想的所有睿智和仁慈的生命，万物之主，欣然赋予人们充分运用高级智力的能力，以便人们开发出能操控物资世界强大代理人的法则。使得人们听命于他，向他证明永恒的恶业，而不是永恒的善业。

LESSON 97

ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW

窗前的伊诺克·艾登

Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892, was born in Somerby, Lincolnshire, England; his father was a clergyman noted for his energy and physical stature. Alfred, with his two older brothers, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; it made little impression, and was severely treated by the critics. On the publication of his third series, in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. On the death of Wordsworth he was made poet laureate, and he was then regarded as the foremost living poet of England. "In Memoriam," written in memory of his friend Arthur Hallam, appeared in 1850; the "Idyls of the King," in 1858; and "Enoch Arden," a touching story in verse, from which the following selection is taken, was published in 1864. In 1883 he accepted a peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
"If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy." So the thought  
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he mildly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward; but behind,  
With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
Flourished a little garden, square and walled:  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yew tree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
But Enoch shunned the middle walk, and stole

Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board  
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness.  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,  
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou  
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never!—no father's kiss for me!—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son!”

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,  
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he went  
Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
As tho' it were the burden of a song,  
“Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

## 【中文阅读】

可是伊诺克渴望再见她一面；  
“但愿我能再端详她那甜美的脸  
确信她真的幸福快乐。”这个念头  
在他心底应萦绕盘旋，驱使他向前，  
当那阴冷的十一月白天过去，  
到了更阴沉的黄昏，他来到小山丘。  
他在那儿坐下，凝视着脚下的一切出神；  
历历往事纷纷涌上心头，  
难以言传的莫名悲哀。不一会儿，  
在菲利普屋后窗户里面，  
远远闪烁飘出红红的温暖的灯火。  
这灯火吸引他向前，就像灯塔吸引

来来往往的鸟儿，直到它一头撞到窗户上，  
它那忙忙碌碌的一生从此了结。

菲利普的宅邸面向那条街，  
这幢房子离陆地最近，后面，  
有一扇门通向荒野，  
有围墙的小花园四四方方，郁郁葱葱：  
里面有棵古老的常青树，  
还有一棵紫杉，四周是卵石铺成的蜿蜒小道，  
有一条小径将花园分成两半：  
伊诺克避开中间那条小道，偷偷  
爬上围墙，就在紫杉后面；从那里，  
他看到最好是回避的景象，  
假如对他来说说不上好坏的话。

在油光锃亮的桌面上，银餐具和杯碟  
闪闪发光；炉火沁人。  
他看到菲利普就坐在壁炉右手，  
先前这求爱的人受到冷落，  
眼前的他身体壮实脸红润，孩儿绕膝，  
一位姑娘乖顺地站在继父一旁——  
原来是高傲的安妮·李，  
她一头秀发，个子高高，伸出手  
摇晃长长的缎带和一只手环  
逗着那孩子，小孩扬起胖嘟嘟的双臂，  
抓也抓不到，大家哈哈笑：  
伊诺克看到壁炉左手  
孩子的母亲不时地瞥孩子一眼，  
又转脸对儿子说着什么，  
他站在母亲身旁，身材高大又健壮，  
听了母亲的话他很高兴，脸上的微笑就是明证。

现在这个已经死去的人复活了，



瞧着不再是他妻子的妻子，看到她的而不是  
自己的孩子，坐在他真正父亲的膝上，  
眼前一片温馨祥和幸福的景象，  
他自己的孩子们长得高大仪表非凡，  
而这个他取代他的位置  
行使他的权力、还有他儿女的爱。  
尽管这些米莉亚姆·莱恩全都对他说讲过，  
毕竟百闻不如一见，  
见此情景，他摇摇晃晃抓住树枝，  
生怕自己发出尖厉骇人的叫声  
就像发出审判的怒吼，  
把壁炉边这家人的所有欢乐顷刻间毁掉。

就这样，他像个小偷轻轻转过身，  
免得脚下粗粝的卵石发出声响，  
他沿着院墙摸索着向前，  
免得昏倒在地被人发现，  
蹑足潜踪来到门口，打开门后随手关上，  
那声响就像走出病房，  
在他身后就是那片荒野。  
他本想在那儿跪下，  
可他双膝虚弱无力，仰面摔倒，  
他的手指抠进湿泥里，默默祈祷。  
“天哪，我受不了！他们为什么要带我回来？  
啊，万能的上帝，赐福众生的救世主，  
既然在荒岛上救我性命，  
我的圣父啊，那就求你在我这孤独中  
赐我一点希望，助我，给我力量  
别告诉她，让她永远不要知道。  
帮帮我吧，别扰了她的安宁。  
还有我的孩子！我也断不能对他们言讲？  
他们不知道我是谁，我该表明身份。  
绝对不行！——他们不会吻我这个父亲——那个，

像极了她母亲的姑娘，还有那男孩，我的儿子！”

他气短神疲，声若游丝思若绝，  
失神倒地，但当他站起，  
回到他那与世隔绝的住处时，  
待走下那又长又狭的街道  
不停地在他疲倦的脑海敲打的是  
恍若一首歌的叠句，  
“千万不要讲给她听，绝对不能让她知道。”

LESSON 98  
LOCHINVAR

罗钦瓦尔

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—  
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—  
“Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,  
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bridemaids whispered, “’Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near,  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:  
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

*(Walter Scott)*

## 【中文阅读】

啊，年轻的罗钦瓦尔来自西方，  
整个边境就属他的马最棒，  
除了大砍刀他不带别的武器，  
他徒手上路，一个人全然不顾！  
他忠于爱情，无畏战争，  
从未见过罗钦瓦尔这样风度翩翩的勇士！

他马不停蹄，连巨石也不能阻挡，  
没有浅滩他就游过埃斯科河，  
未及他抵达荷比的大门，  
他的新娘已经许了别人，勇士迟至，

那个对爱情迟钝，在战争面前畏缩的人，  
却要娶勇敢的罗钦瓦尔的艾琳！

罗钦瓦尔大胆走进荷比的大厅，  
里面聚满了新娘的家人，  
新娘的父亲按剑断喝，  
懦弱的新郎一言未发，  
“年轻的罗钦瓦尔勋爵爷来此讲和还是力战，  
抑或来参加舞会和婚宴不成？”

“我倾慕你的女儿很久了，却遭你拒绝，  
昔日爱情就像索尔威湖一样波涛汹涌，如今已然退潮，  
今日前来非为逝去的情愫，  
只想饮一杯原本属于自己的酒而已，  
仙女属苏格兰最多，  
哪个不是欣然愿意给风度翩翩的罗钦瓦尔当新娘。”

新娘吻了一下酒杯，勇士接过把盏，  
一饮而尽，掷杯于地。  
她满面羞愧长埋头，悲不胜叹，  
唇间绽出笑，眼里却噙泪，  
她母亲欲阻拦，他已然上前握住她纤纤玉手，  
“我们何不舞上一曲！”罗钦瓦尔说道。

啊，他的身躯那样英武，她的玉容那样可爱，  
哪个大厅曾有这样的俊男美女跳舞；  
他的母亲不悦，她的父亲焦躁，  
一旁的新郎呆立着摆弄呢帽和飞羽，  
伴娘们悄声议论，“只有罗钦瓦尔才堪配我们漂亮的表姐！”

捏一把她的手，悄声低语把情传，  
待他们来到大厅门口，战马就在附近等待，  
他轻展双臂把心爱的人扶上马，

自己倏地跳到鞍上！

“你是你的人了！我们走，高山河谷树林全不在话下：他们再快也休想赶上，”罗钦瓦尔说。

荷比里传来一片上马铮铮声；  
亲朋好友一齐策马飞奔，  
高山河谷都寻了个遍，  
荷比丢失的姑娘再不见踪影。  
这样忠于爱情，不畏战争，  
你可曾听过像风度翩翩这样的勇士？

(沃尔特·司各特)

## LESSON 99

### SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER

#### 关于审判杀人凶手的演讲

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

This is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lionlike temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all “hire and salary, not revenge.” It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces

of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet,—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is

accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and wilt come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.



## 【中文阅读】

对于受到公开审判的囚犯，作为一个个体，我不能怀有哪怕最微不足道的偏见。我不会给他哪怕最小程度的伤害或不公正。但是，我不会假装对这一严重犯罪的侦破和惩罚无动于衷。不论有多大，我都欣然与大家共同分担这一耻辱，那些对参与策划或在暗杀当夜实施这一恶行的人，表示和显露出关切的人，这一耻辱会在他们内心投下挥不去的阴影，也许对为维护公义而公开审判的大量犯罪负有罪责。

这是一个最奇特的事例。从某方面看，在任何地方都几乎没有先例；可以肯定的是，在我们新英格兰历史上绝对没有出现过这种情形。这出血淋淋的戏剧并没有突然间展现出令人兴奋和无法控制的狂怒，其中的演员也没有被超越他们德性的任何狮子般的诱惑吓倒，在开始抗拒之前就战胜了这种诱惑。他们也没有做能充分满足残忍报复欲望的事情，或者对积郁已久的极端憎恨厌腻。这是一桩冷酷的，经过周密计划的因钱财而起的谋杀。这不过是因“雇佣和薪酬”而起的谋杀，不是因为报复。这是基于生活而对金钱进行的权衡；流了多少盎司的血，就能数出多少银币。

一位上了年纪的人，在这个世界上没有一个敌人，在他自己家里躺在自己的床上，却成为一桩残忍谋杀的牺牲品，凶手仅仅为了少得可怜的报酬。确实，这为画家和诗人提供了活生生的素材。此后不论谁来画凶手的肖像，倘若他能像在一个实例中表现的那样描绘出来的话，而这个实例在我们新英格兰社会非常温暖的怀抱中是人们希望看到的，那么就不要再让他画狰狞的神情，不要画被因为复仇而眉头紧锁，不要画因为憎恨而面色铁青，不要画冒着歹毒的怒火布满血丝的眼睛为好。相反，要将恶魔那张冷酷的脸画得端庄得体，平静如水；要画他宁静安详的样子，而不是活动时的样子。不要过多渲染突发的犯罪中人类本性的堕落，作为一种内在的本性，不要过多渲染正常情况下流露出来的魔性及其个性的发展。

这种以泰然自若和坚定沉着的方式实施的行为，与经过周密计划实施的邪恶行为并没有什么两样。现在很明显，整个犯罪场景在我们面前展开了。命中注定的受害者在他家的屋檐底下，陷入沉睡。一位健康的老人，睡得很香甜。作为当夜第一个入睡的人，他成为他们的囊中

物。已经做好准备的暗杀凶手破窗而入，溜进空着的房间。借助半明半暗的月光，他蹑足潜踪穿过空旷的大厅，一点声息也没有。他登上楼梯，来到卧室门口。他轻轻旋动门锁，悄无声息地压着把手，直到铰链开了。他闪身而入，站在被害者面前注视着他。屋内不寻常地从外面映进亮光。这个睡着了的无辜的人那张脸背着凶手，月光映在搭在那老年人特征明显的太阳穴上一缕灰暗的头发上，正好向凶手表明该朝哪儿动手。于是，老人太阳穴上遭到致命一击！被害者死了，甚至连挣扎或动弹一下都没有，就这样从入睡状态下的安详突然过渡到死亡的安详！

这是暗杀者的如意算盘。显然这条生命已经被那致命一击给结束了，但是他还要用匕首再捅上几下。他甚至抬起老人的胳膊，也许还会察看死者是否还有心跳的迹象，为了完成整个过程，他用手腕来测探脉搏！他摸索着，直到确信心脏已经不再跳动！到此，这个过程才算完成。暗杀行为实施完毕。他向后退，折回到窗前，顺着原路逃匿。在他实施谋杀的过程中，没有谁目睹这一骇人场景，也没有谁听到响声。他只要严守这个秘密，就是安全的。

啊，先生们，这是个可怕的错误。在这个世界上没有哪里是安全的。万能的上帝不会让犯罪隐匿于角落或无从查知之处而瞒天过海。更不用说我们的眼睛能穿透所有伪装，在皎洁的月光下将一切看得清清楚楚。所谓的犯罪秘密绝对不会幸免于侦查的。人们常说，“杀人凶手会逍遥法外。”事实上，上帝已经如此裁定，也是这样主宰万物的，通过让别人流血而践踏上帝订立法则的人，鲜有侥幸得脱的。尤其是一桩万众瞩目的案件，案发是必定的结果，只是迟早而已。成千上万双眼睛一齐盯着与时间、地点有关的每个人，每一个情境，每件事情；成千上万双耳朵在捕捉每一可疑的细语。成千上万人怀着激动的心情密切关注着犯罪现场，准备用最不经意的线索点燃真相大白的火花。

与此同时，那个被罪恶折磨的人也无法守住秘密。这个秘密本身就是不真实的，它能感觉到良知有一种无法抗拒的冲动。良知已经被罪恶感占据了，不晓得该做什么。人类的内心世界是不允许有这样一个寓居者常驻的。结果，在寻觅猎物时他内心备受煎熬，不敢向上帝或别人坦承自己的罪恶。贪婪正在吞噬良知，而这时的良知是不会要上天原谅，不会向俗世寻求帮助的。谋杀者对守住秘密的渴望很快就占据他整个身心，就像我们在书上读到的恶魔的内心一样，这种渴望战胜了他的理智，一直伴随他。他能感到这种渴望在他心里跳动，上到喉咙处，

控制着他不对别人披露。他以为整个世界都从他脸上发现了秘密，从他的眼神读出了秘密，而那些念头处于非常平静的状态时几乎听到了那种渴望在悸动。渴望成了他的主宰，他也背叛了自己的谨慎，削弱了他的勇气，征服了他的谨慎。当无缘由的怀疑开始令他困窘时，周围环境这张网束缚住了他，这个重大的秘密面临着更大的爆出的力量。必须坦白，这个秘密将大白于天下，除了自杀别无避免坦白的避风港，而自杀就是坦白。

（丹尼尔·韦伯斯特）

# LESSON 100

## THE CLOSING YEAR

### 一年即逝

George Denison Prentice, 1802-1870, widely known as a political writer, a poet, and a wit, was born in Preston, Connecticut, and graduated at Brown University in 1823. He studied law, but never practiced his profession. He edited a paper in Hartford for two years; and, in 1831, he became editor of the "Louisville Journal," which position he held for nearly forty years. As an editor, Mr. Prentice was an able, and sometimes bitter, political partisan, abounding in wit and satire; as a poet, he not only wrote gracefully himself, but he did much by his kindness and sympathy to develop the poetical talents of others. Some who have since taken high rank, first became known to the world through the columns of the "Louisville Journal."

'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds,  
The bell's deep notes are swelling; 't is the knell  
Of the departed year.

No funeral train  
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,  
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest  
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred  
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,  
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,  
The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand—  
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,  
And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe  
In mournful cadences, that come abroad  
Like the far wind harp's wild and touching wail,  
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,  
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time  
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,  
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,

Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,  
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold  
And solemn finger to the beautiful  
And holy visions, that have passed away,  
And left no shadow of their loveliness  
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts  
The coffin lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,  
And, bending mournfully above the pale,  
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers  
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng  
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course  
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,  
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand  
Upon the strong man; and the haughty form  
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.  
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged  
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail  
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song  
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er  
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield  
Flashed in the light of midday; and the strength  
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,  
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above  
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,  
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;  
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,  
It heralded its millions to their home  
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart to pity! On, still on  
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,  
The condor of the Andes, that can soar  
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave  
The fury of the northern hurricane,  
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,

Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down  
To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;  
And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep  
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink  
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles  
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back  
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear  
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow  
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,  
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,  
Startling the nations; and the very stars,  
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,  
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,  
Time the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not  
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

## 【中文阅读】

午夜神圣时刻，此时这一窝鸟儿  
沉静似温柔的心  
飞过寂静和无生气的世界上空。听啊！在风中  
低鸣的钟声渐渐高亢；  
这是既往岁月的丧钟。

没有送葬的队伍  
呜咽着经过；小溪和林间，  
笼罩着悲哀，月光倾洒

仿佛苍白和一尘不染的裹尸布；空气流动  
似哀悼者一声叹息；那边的云彩  
如此平静而徐缓地飘过天空，  
四季的精灵似乎偏爱  
年轻的春天，明媚的夏日，秋天的肃穆，  
而冬季，还有他岁月沧桑的发髻，  
在悲伤的调子中低语，从远处飘来  
像风中竖琴一般苍凉和哀婉的悲泣，  
哀怨的挽歌漫过死神走过的路，  
抛离尘世不复回头。

这是  
怀念和泪流的时刻。在心房  
静谧的深处，晦暗的幽灵，  
他的调门宛若男巫的声音，  
从那年久的墓冢里传出，且将  
冰冷和庄重的手指指向那  
美丽和神圣的幻觉，已然逝去，  
没有在虚度的生命上  
留下他们可爱的影子。那幽灵掀起  
盛着希望、欢乐和爱这三位女神的棺材盖子，  
冲在那里安眠的苍白温柔的女神  
悲伤地弯腰致敬，冲那虚无  
撒上枯萎的花朵。

这年  
飞逝，有几多瑰丽的快乐之梦。  
它的标记在每人的额头，  
它的阴影在每人心里。在飞逝的过程中  
它冲美丽的影子挥舞那权杖，  
他们已不再美丽。它将那苍白的手  
按在这健壮的人身上；于是结实的身躯  
倒下了，原本烁烁放光的眼睛黯淡下来。

它踏进宴会大厅，那里灯火通明  
欢笑一片；传来不堪痛苦的人涕泣，  
在那里，回荡着往昔的歌声和轻率的狂呼。  
它对战场置之不理，那里，刀剑、枪矛和盾牌  
在正午阳光照耀下寒气袭人；密集的士兵没了胆气，  
发生大屠杀的土地上长出的绿草，上面附着  
被压碎和腐朽的枯骨。它就像  
创世之初大雾中的花环，出现又隐去；  
在它融进无风景的空中之前，  
召唤千百万人回到  
梦中模糊之地的家园。

无情的时间老人！  
玻璃和大镰刀那凶猛的幽灵！——什么力量  
能默默待在他身边，抑或将他  
那颗坚强冷酷的心融化！上面，还在上面  
他按着，永不松开。骄傲的鸟儿，  
安第斯山脉的神鹰，能穿透  
无际的天空，抑或像狂怒的北方飓风  
那样勇敢无畏，  
在雷神的家晒他的羽毛，  
在夜幕下收起翅膀，坠入他高山的峭壁  
权作休息；但是时间老人  
不晓得睡觉或者疲惫的影响；  
夜晚的漆黑没有锁链来绑缚  
他那急速飞转的小齿轮。

革命  
在世间笼罩，就像焦虑的幻想  
袭上梦中悲伤的胸膛；似水中气泡那样  
城市拔地而起而又陷落；燃烧的岛屿  
那火焰来自海上，又回到  
它们神秘的洞穴；群山拱卫



它们光秃秃黑魑魑的悬崖，向平地低下  
它们高昂的头颅；新帝国诞生了，  
凭借的是几个世纪积聚的力量，  
就像阿尔卑斯山的大雪崩，  
夷平了那些还在惊骇中的国家；每个星星，  
在那边闪亮和燃烧，炫示上帝的光芒，  
在它们永恒的深渊闪烁星光，  
像七星那样，承着最爱，  
从它们光芒的宇宙射出，一闪而过，  
在无迹的太空变暗；然而时光，  
坟墓营造者这位时间老人，他的凶猛依旧，  
黑暗，严厉，无情决绝，不会在  
洒在他道路上的巨大灾难间驻足的，  
他不会像其他征服者那样，坐下来  
面对他一手造成的可怕废墟陷入沉思。

# LESSON 101

## A NEW CITY IN COLORADO

### 科罗拉多的新城

Helen Hunt Jackson, 1830-1885, was the daughter of the late Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College. She was born in Amherst, and educated at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and at New York. Mrs. Jackson was twice married. In the latter years of her life, she became deeply interested in the Indians, and wrote two books, "Ramona," a novel, and "A Century of Dishonor," setting forth vividly the wrongs to which the red race has been subjected. She had previously published several books of prose and poetry, less important but charming in their way. The following selection is adapted from "Bits of Travel at Home."

Garland City is six miles from Fort Garland. The road to it from the fort lies for the last three miles on the top of a sage-grown plateau. It is straight as an arrow, looks in the distance like a brown furrow on the pale gray plain, and seems to pierce the mountains beyond. Up to within an eighth of a mile of Garland City, there is no trace of human habitation. Knowing that the city must be near, you look in all directions for a glimpse of it; the hills ahead of you rise sharply across your way. Where is the city? At your very feet, but you do not suspect it.

The sunset light was fading when we reached the edge of the ravine in which the city lies. It was like looking unawares over the edge of a precipice; the gulch opened beneath us as suddenly as if the earth had that moment parted and made it. With brakes set firm, we drove cautiously down the steep road; the ravine twinkled with lights, and almost seemed to flutter with white tents and wagon tops. At the farther end it widened, opening out on an inlet of the San Luis Park; and, in its center, near this widening mouth, lay the twelve-days-old city. A strange din arose from it.

"What is going on?" we exclaimed. "The building of the city," was the reply. "Twelve days ago there was not a house here. To-day there are one hundred and five, and in a week more there will be two hundred; each man is building his own home, and working day and night to get it done ahead of

his neighbor. There are four sawmills going constantly, but they can't turn out lumber half fast enough. Everybody has to be content with a board at a time. If it were not for that, there would have been twice as many houses done as there are."

We drove on down the ravine. A little creek on our right was half hid in willow thickets. Hundreds of white tents gleamed among them: tents with poles; tents made by spreading sailcloth over the tops of bushes; round tents; square tents; big tents; little tents; and for every tent a camp fire; hundreds of white-topped wagons, also, at rest for the night, their great poles propped up by sticks, and their mules and drivers lying and standing in picturesque groups around them.

It was a scene not to be forgotten. Louder and louder sounded the chorus of the hammers as we drew near the center of the "city;" more and more the bustle thickened; great ox teams swaying unwieldily about, drawing logs and planks, backing up steep places; all sorts of vehicles driving at reckless speed up and down; men carrying doors; men walking along inside of window sashes,—the easiest way to carry them; men shoveling; men wheeling wheelbarrows; not a man standing still; not a man with empty hands; every man picking up something, and running to put it down somewhere else, as in a play; and, all the while, "Clink! clink! clink!" ringing above the other sounds,—the strokes of hundreds of hammers, like the "Anvil Chorus."

"Where is Perry's Hotel?" we asked. One of the least busy of the throng spared time to point to it with his thumb, as he passed us. In some bewilderment we drew up in front of a large unfinished house, through the many uncased apertures of which we could see only scaffoldings, rough boards, carpenters' benches, and heaps of shavings. Streams of men were passing in and out through these openings, which might be either doors or windows; no steps led to any of them.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! can accommodate you all!" was the landlord's reply to our hesitating inquiries. He stood in the doorway of his dining-room; the streams of men we had seen going in and out were the fed and the unfed guests of the house. It was supper time; we also were hungry. We peered into the dining room: three tables full of men; a huge pile of beds on the floor, covered with hats and coats; a singular wall, made entirely of doors propped upright; a triangular space walled off by sailcloth,—

this is what we saw. We stood outside, waiting among the scaffolding and benches. A black man was lighting the candles in a candelabrum made of two narrow bars of wood nailed across each other at right angles, and perforated with holes. The candles sputtered, and the hot fat fell on the shavings below.

“Dangerous way of lighting a room full of shavings,” some one said. The landlord looked up at the swinging candelabra and laughed. “Tried it pretty often,” he said. “Never burned a house down yet.”

I observed one peculiarity in the speech at Garland City. Personal pronouns, as a rule, were omitted; there was no time for a superfluous word.

“Took down this house at Wagon Creek,” he continued, “just one week ago; took it down one morning while the people were eating breakfast; took it down over their heads; putting it up again over their heads now.”

This was literally true. The last part of it we ourselves were seeing while he spoke, and a friend at our elbow had seen the Wagon Creek crisis.

“Waiting for that round table for you,” said the landlord; “ ’ll bring the chairs out here’s fast’s they quit ’em. That’s the only way to get the table.”

So, watching his chances, as fast as a seat was vacated, he sprang into the room, seized the chair and brought it out to us; and we sat there in our “reserved seats,” biding the time when there should be room enough vacant at the table for us to take our places.

What an indescribable scene it was! The strange-looking wall of propped doors which we had seen, was the impromptu wall separating the bedrooms from the dining-room. Bedrooms? Yes, five of them; that is, five bedsteads in a row, with just space enough between them to hang up a sheet, and with just room enough between them and the propped doors for a moderate-sized person to stand upright if he faced either the doors or the bed. Chairs? Oh, no! What do you want of a chair in a

bedroom which has a bed in it? Washstands? One tin basin out in the unfinished room. Towels? Uncertain.

The little triangular space walled off by the sailcloth was a sixth bedroom, quite private and exclusive; and the big pile of beds on the dining-room floor was to be made up into seven bedrooms more between the tables, after everybody had finished supper.

Luckily for us we found a friend here,—a man who has been from the beginning one of Colorado's chief pioneers; and who is never, even in the wildest wilderness, without resources of comfort.

“You can't sleep here,” he said. “I can do better for you than this.”

“Better!”

He offered us luxury. How movable a thing is one's standard of comfort! A two-roomed pine shanty, board walls, board floors, board ceilings, board partitions not reaching to the roof, looked to us that night like a palace. To have been entertained at Windsor Castle would not have made us half so grateful.

It was late before the “city” grew quiet; and, long after most of the lights were out, and most of the sounds had ceased, I heard one solitary hammer in the distance, clink, clink, clink. I fell asleep listening to it.

## 【中文阅读】

花环城距离花环堡有六英里之遥。从城堡通向该城的道路最后三英里，位于一个出过圣人的高原顶端。这条道路像箭一样笔直，在远处看如同在灰暗的平原上犁出的一道褐色垄沟，似乎能穿透高山。花环城方圆八分之一英里范围内，没有人类居住的踪迹。鉴于这座城市很小，只要往各个方向一瞥便一览无余。前面显得突兀的山冈横亘在路上。这座小城在哪儿？就在你的脚下，这一点你不必怀疑。

在我们来到山谷边上时，落日余晖渐渐隐去，小城就位于山谷之中。好像不经意间就能凭眺峭壁的边缘。突然，峡谷在我们下方显露出来，仿佛山谷一霎间分开才形成似的。踩住刹车，我们驱车小心翼翼地驶下陡峭的山道。在车灯的映照下，山谷闪烁出光亮，白色帐篷和车顶棚几乎振翅欲飞。越往下，道路越加宽阔，闪出圣路易斯公园的入口。在公园中央，在宽阔的山嘴附近，坐落着这座只诞生了十二天的小城。这时，从里面传出一阵奇怪的喧闹声。

“什么声音？”我们喊道，“在建城呢。”有人答道。十二天前，这儿连一栋房屋都没有，现在有一百零五栋了，再过一个星期就有二百栋了。大家都在建自己的家园，夜以继日地要赶在邻居之前完工。四家锯木厂不间断地开工，可是最快也只能加工一半的木料，一时间大家不得不同桌共食。如果不这样的话，这里的房子会增加一倍。

我们驱车下了山谷。右手的一条小溪有一半掩在柳树丛里。树丛中间，数以百计的白色帐篷忽明忽暗地泛出光亮。帐篷都是由木杆撑起来的，帆布在灌木顶端向四周摊开；有圆帐篷，也有方帐篷；有大帐篷，也有小帐篷；每个帐篷旁边都有营火。除此之外，还有数以百计的白顶四轮马车，在当天晚上他们那巨大的柱子由木棍支撑着，骡子和车夫在马车四周或躺着或站着，组成一幅生动有趣的画卷。

这是无法令人忘怀的风景。在我们走近“城”中央时，锤子合唱团“奏”出的响声越来越大，越来越忙乱嘈杂。体型硕大的公牛组成的车队拉着圆木和木板，难以驾驭地左摇右摆，将地势陡峭的地方都给塞满了。各种各样的车辆不顾危险地上下奔忙，人们搬着大大小小的门，沿着窗框进进出出——这是搬运房门最便捷的方式。人们挥舞铁锹，推着独轮手推车；没有一个人站着看热闹，没有一个人两手空空地如无其事。大家都在拾着什么，然后跑着将其放到别处，就像戏剧里的场景似的。突然间“叮当，叮当，叮当！”声盖过了其他声响——原来是数以百计锤子一齐砸下的声音，仿佛“铁砧合唱团”大合唱一样。

“佩里旅店在哪儿？”我们打听道。其中一位手里的活儿最少，他从我们身边经过时，用大拇指给我们指了一下。我们仍旧有些茫然，顺着手指的方向来到一幢很大的尚未完工的房子门前。透过露出的缝隙，我们只看到脚手架，没有刷油的桌子，木工用的长凳以及成堆的刨花。人流从那些要么是门要么是窗户的开口处进进出出；他们中没有一个人注意到我们的脚步声。

“啊，天哪，天哪，诸位大驾光临！”这是店主对我们犹疑的询问做出的回答。他站在起居室的门口，我们曾目睹到的进进出出的人流原来是来这里用餐的客人。现在是午餐时间，我们也饥肠辘辘了。我们朝餐厅张望，只见里面放着三张餐桌，都坐满了人。地板上堆着一堆木床，上面搭着帽子和衣服。一面墙上立着做好的门，其他三面墙覆盖着帆布。这就是我们看到的景象。我们站在外面，在脚手架和长条凳之间等待就餐。这时，一个黑人点燃烛台上的蜡烛，这个烛台是用交叉搭成直角形的两根狭窄的木条组成的，上面钻了些小孔以便插蜡烛。蜡烛发出噼噼啪啪的蜡油燃烧的声音，滚烫的蜡油掉在下面的刨花上。

“小心点燃满屋子的刨花，”有人警告道，店主抬头瞥了一眼晃晃悠悠的烛台，笑了起来。“经常这样，”他说，“屋里从没有着过火。”

我在花环城发表的演讲中指出过该城的一大特色。一般来说，人们说话都会省略人称代词，因为根本没有时间听多余的词。

“在停马车的小溪那儿建的房子给拆了，”他继续道。“就在一星期前，一天早晨原来的房子拆了，当时大家都在吃早餐呢，在他们的头顶上拆的房子，现在又在他们头顶上建起来了。”

这倒是真的。在他说话时我们亲眼看到这幢房子最后一部分落成了，我们眼皮底下的一位朋友曾见过车马溪危机。

“你们在那张圆桌就餐，”店主说道，“他们一吃完就给你们添椅子。这是占座的唯一方法。”

于是，我们注意看他的话是否灵验，座位一空出来，他就连忙跑进里面，搬出几张椅子给我们用。我们坐在“预留的座位”上，打赌是否有足够的空桌能容下我们。

这一场景简直难以形容！我们见到的那面用门支撑的样子怪怪的墙是临时搭起来的，卧室和起居室之间用墙来分隔。卧室？不错，有五间卧室。一排有五个床架，这样就有足够的空间来挂帘子，正好有足够的房间来放这些床，支撑起来的门可以容中等身材的人站直，尽管他要么面向门，要么冲着床。椅子？啊，没地方放了，你还希望放了床的卧室里放把椅子？洗脸架？在未完工的房间里有一个铁盆。手巾？不好说有没有。

用帆布围成墙的三角形空间里有六个房间，都是单间，非常私密。起居室放着的那叠床可以供七间卧室使用，待大家用过餐后，就在餐桌之间摆放。

幸运的是我们在这儿找到一位朋友，此人是科罗拉多开拓者之一，即使在荒无人烟的僻壤，他也能自得其乐。

“在这儿你们根本无法入睡，”他说，“我却能睡得香甜。”

“那样更好。”

他向我们提供这儿难得一见的享受。世间最容易改变的事情莫过于一个人的舒适标准了！有两间房子大的用松木搭建的木屋，木板墙，木地板，木头隔墙，那个晚上我们觉得自己就像住在宫殿里。对我们来说，温莎城堡里的设施也不及这里的一半。

“小城”安静下来之前，天色已晚；在大多数灯光都熄了后很久，这里陷入一片寂静，只是远处传来一柄锤子锤击的声音，叮当，叮当，叮当。听着听着，我渐渐睡了。



## LESSON 102

# IMPORTANCE OF THE UNION

## 联邦的重要性

Mr. President: I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I

regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterwards—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

—*Daniel Webster.*

## 【中文阅读】

总统先生，我觉得耽搁您和参议院太久了。未及深思熟虑我便卷进了这场争论，如此唐突唯恐自己不适合讨论如此严肃和重要的话题。但这是一个我思量许久的话题，我不愿意克制情感，刻意不说出自己的意见。甚至现在，我亦不能说服自己放弃这个念头，不将内心的坚定信仰和盘托出，因为我坚信各州应该结成联邦，对于民众福祉而言这是必不可少且至关重要的。

先生，我在此公开声称，在到目前为止我的职业生涯里，一直把整个国家的繁荣和荣誉，把保持我们的合众国国体看得很重。人民生活安宁，在国外受到尊重。这应该归功于联邦；人民得到恩惠，这也要归功于联邦；只有通过对品性道德和伦理原则的严格规范，经历灾难的磨砺，我们才能建立合众国。在财政混乱、商业凋敝和信誉破产的必然结果里，我们能看到造成这种灾难局面的根源。在联邦的有益影响下，这些巨大的利益所在很快就会从死亡的边缘焕发生机。在结成联邦的每一年里到处可见它的功用和带给这块土地赐福的证据。尽管我们的国土越来越大，越来越辽阔，我们的民众越来越向远方开拓，但是他们并没有脱离它的保护和益处。对我们所有人而言，它已经成了国家、社会和个人福祉的丰富泉源。

先生，我不允许自己的目光越过合众国，去寻觅隐藏在后面黑暗处的东西。当将我们连接在一起的纽带断成碎片时，我也不会厚颜无耻地掂量保持自由的可能性有多大。我不习惯将自己悬于悬崖上，用我的短浅目光和浅薄来审视是否有分裂的危险，探测下面深渊的到底有多深。在这个政府的各项事务上我也不会将其视为可以放心的顾问，尤其是他的思想存在危险，他考虑的不是合众国如何才能更好地保全，而是当合众国瓦解和毁灭时人民如何才能苟延残喘。

当合众国长久地延续下去时，对我们和我们的孩子而言，在我们眼前展现的是激动人心的美好前景。放眼未来，我致力不是透过那层帷幕。惟愿在我们这一代，至少幕布不会拉起来。在我看来，绝不会将后面隐藏的东西大白于天下。最终，当我凝神注视时，太阳已经失去光辉，但愿我看到的不是它照耀昔日辉煌的合众国那破碎和不名誉的碎片，不是被割裂的、不和谐和卷入冲突的合众国，不是出租给国民公敌或浸透了兄弟鲜血的国土。

让他们衰弱和游移的目光或多或少地停留在共和国那非常漂亮的旗帜上吧，现在这面旗帜在世界各地已经为人所知，受到尊敬，而且还将继续高扬下去，它所到之处战无不克，战利品无数，星条旗上没有一道条纹斑驳或者受到玷污，没有一颗星暗淡无光——强调的是它不会受到如此卑鄙的质询的座右铭，所有这一切意义何在？不是其他带有欺骗性和愚蠢的箴言，先有自由，才有合众国——但是，闪耀着光辉的这几个字传遍每个地方，在海上、在陆地上飘扬，还在整个苍穹下的每一阵风中，至于其他观点，对于每一个真正的美国良心来说都是珍贵的——自由和联邦，现在和将来，结成一体不分离！

(丹尼尔·韦伯斯特)

# LESSON 103

## THE INFLUENCES OF THE SUN

### 日光的影响

**John Tyndall, 1820-1893, one of the most celebrated modern scientists, was an Irishman by birth. He was a pupil of the distinguished Faraday. In 1853 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of London. He is known chiefly for his brilliant experiments and clear writing respecting heat, light, and sound. He also wrote one or two interesting books concerning the Alps and their glaciers. He visited America, and delighted the most intelligent audiences by his scientific lectures and his brilliant experiments. The scientific world is indebted to him for several remarkable discoveries.**

As surely as the force which moves a clock's hands is derived from the arm which winds up the clock, so surely is all terrestrial power drawn from the sun. Leaving out of account the eruptions of volcanoes, and the ebb and flow of the tides, every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic and inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid, and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up to the mountains; and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him.

Thunder and lightning are also his transmitted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows, dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application or misapplication of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth.

He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscles, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in

the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down, the power which raised the tree, and which wields the ax, being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings, by the operation of the same force.

The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron; he rivets the plates, he boils the water; he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fiber and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned, and thrown by the sun.

His energy is poured freely into space, but our world is a halting place where this energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells; the selfsame essence takes a million shapes and hues, and finally dissolves into its primitive and almost formless form. The sun comes to us as heat; he quits us as heat; and between his entrance and departure the multiform powers of our globe appear. They are all special forms of solar power—the molds into which his strength is temporarily poured in passing from its source through infinitude.

## 【中文阅读】

同移动钟表的手力来自于上紧发条的胳膊一样，所有陆地上的动力皆源于日光。不考虑火山喷发、潮水落潮和流动的话，地球表面的每一种机械运动，动力的每一种表现形式，不论有机体的还是无机体的，不论生物体的还是身体上的，都产生自日光。日光的温暖能使海水保持液态，大气层保持气态，将海洋和大气层搅得天翻地覆的暴风雨，是由太阳的机械力吹动的。他能将河水和冰川“举到”高山上；因此，大瀑布和大雪崩的能量直接源于日光。

雷电也是它发送的力量。燃烧的每一种火以及发出光辉的每一种火焰，散发出原本属于日光的光和热。不幸的是，这些天来，关于战场上的新闻我们耳熟能详，可是每一次由爆炸引起的剧烈震动和放电现象，都是应用或错误应用日光的机械力量的结果。日光能吹响喇叭，促使子弹或炮弹弹射出去。要记住，这不是诗歌，而是严格的机械真理。

正如我指出的那样，日光养育整个植物界，并通过植物界传导给动物；地上生长的百合花

是日光光合作用的体现，还有草地的青绿色，以及依大大小小的山丘而生的牛。日光形成肌肉组织，促使血液流动，大脑组织也是日光开发的。日光就在狮子的蹄下，豹子跳跃之间，雄鹰怒吼之上，蛇爬行之中。日光开发了森林，然后再将树木砍到，它的威力能将树连根拔起，锋利如斧。三叶草生长和吐蕾，刈割者挥舞镰刀，也是同样的力作用的结果。

日光从矿脉挖掘矿石；它能让铁转动，它能往板子里钉铆钉，它能将水烧沸，它能拉动火车。它不但能生长棉花，还能织布和编网。在这些过程中，并没有举起过锤子，让轮子转动起来，或者让织机的梭子来回移动，而这一切的始作俑者都是日光。

它的能量随意地大量涌进空间，但是我们的世界是一个能量受限的地方。在这里，变形杆菌动用它的魔力，完全一样的东西可以变幻出一百万种形式和色彩，最终分解为原始的几乎无形的形式。

日光让我们直接感受到的是热量，离开我们时也以体现为热量散去；在它进入和退出之间我们地球出现多种形式的能量。它们都是太阳能的具体形式——它的能量通过无限之物从其源泉暂时转变为具体能量模式。

# LESSON 104

## COLLOQUIAL POWERS OF FRANKLIN

### 富兰克林的话语感染力

**William Wirt, 1772-1834, an American lawyer and author, was born at Bladensburg, Maryland. Left an orphan at an early age, he was placed in care of his uncle. He improved his opportunities for education so well that he became a private tutor at fifteen. In 1792 he was admitted to the bar, and began the practice of law in Virginia; he removed to Richmond in 1799. From 1817 to 1829 he was Attorney-general of the United States. His last years were spent in Baltimore. Mr. Wirt was the author of several books; his "Letters of a British Spy," published in 1803, and "Life of Patrick Henry," published in 1817, are the best known of his writings.**

Never have I known such a fireside companion. Great as he was both as a statesman and philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him, at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement never could be felt where Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.

When I speak, however, of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analogous to that which Boswell has given us of Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory, or an arbitrary or despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong, acute, prompt, splendid, and vociferous; as loud, stormy, and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides, and rocking the old castle which frowned on the dark-rolling sea beneath.

But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be, and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin, no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand upon either your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They only required a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit to the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty.

His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of a systematic and salutary exercise of the mind, as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show



itself merely in occasional coruscations; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, with his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded.

And then, the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation; and a judgment so solid that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been, all his life, a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he has added a hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

## 【中文阅读】

我从未见过像他这样可以在炉边推诚置腹的朋友。作为政治家和哲学家他都堪称伟大。他在国内时从来没有获得如此高的推崇。我有幸在一位故交位于宾夕法尼亚后方的家中，与他盘桓过两三个星期。在那段时间里由于大雪皑皑，我们被困在那里，中途没有因为任何事情打扰而稍有中断。但是，大雪的耽搁并没有影响我将富兰克林引为知己。他的乐天达观和话语感染力让人有永远如沐春风之感。

然而，当我提到他的话语感染力时，我并非有意唤醒读者诸君对博斯维尔评价约翰生的类似联想。后者的谈话一直提醒我们“华丽战争的壮观和情境”。确实，这是为胜利而进行的永无休止的竞争，或者是对他超卓才能表示崇敬的一种主观和独断的苛求。这种谈话是强烈的、尖锐的、迅速的、壮丽的和大喊大叫的；像能动摇赫布里底群岛和将古老的城堡夷为平地的狂风暴雨那样声势浩大和令人赞叹。

但是，尽管令人赞叹，人们还是厌烦了狂风暴雨，更渴望的是被普遍接受的天性的流露。对富兰克林，没有谁曾厌烦过。他的话语里没有流露出展开雄辩的抱负，没有对自己说的任何话进行粉饰的企图，也没有强求得到你的拥护或赞赏。他的举止仪态像婴儿一样不受外界的影响，这就是天性的流露。他说话时就像一位年长的家长，话语的平易和简洁令你马上就感到非常舒服，给你完全和自由的自主权，你可以充分运用自己的表达能力。他的思想有一种闪耀自身光辉的特质，不必借助于任何外来的东西。像他话语纯粹和简朴的风格一样，这些思想只需要视觉这个媒介，展现出这些思想天然的光辉和美的最高层次的有利因素。

他的乐天达观能传达给每个人，仿佛思维系统性和有益的练习发挥出的效果，这种效果同其高级组织形式一样大。他的风趣堪称优雅的典范，这种风趣并非仅仅偶尔才焕发出光彩，

而是不需任何刻意的努力或勉强为之的信手拈来。在他整个谈话过程中，始终闪耀着纯粹的智慧光芒。不论在普通场合还是高雅的场合，他的平易近人始终如一，始终表现得非常自在，调动所有的能力以期表达充分，他的天赋才能始终以清晰和平静的方式充分体现出来。

还有，他的思想是取之不竭的。他以一种专心的态度开始谈话，他非常警觉，以至于没有什么能逃过他的观察；他的判断如此可靠，以至于每一件事情都会转向有利的结果。他的青春没有被懒惰虚掷，也从没有因为放纵自己而心生悔恨。终其一生，他一直手不释卷，一直是个思考者；凭借自己的天赋所激发出的能量，运用精致的技巧和恰当的分寸，他将从书中搜集到的原料加工和锻造成成熟的思想，使这些原料最初的价值增加百倍，变成他自己的东西。

LESSON 105  
THE DREAM OF CLARENCE

克拉伦斯的梦

SCENE—*Room in the Tower of London. Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* O, I have passed a miserable night,  
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time!

*Brak.* What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Methoughts, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;  
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches; thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand fearful times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Oh, then, methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* Oh, no; my dream was lengthened after life;

Oh, then began the tempest to my soul,

Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who cried aloud, “What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”

And so he vanished. Then came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud:

“Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjured Clarence!

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury:

Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!”

With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends

Environed me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,

I, trembling, waked, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell;

Such terrible impression made the dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,

Which now bear evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!

O God! if my deep prayers can not appease thee,

But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!

—I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

*CLARENCE* *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

*Shakespeare.—Richard III, Act i, Scene iv.*

## 【中文阅读】

伦敦塔的房间，克拉伦斯和布莱肯巴里上。

布莱肯巴里 大人您今儿何以如此愁眉不展？

克拉伦斯 啊，我这一夜好难熬过，

什么丑陋的形象都有，噩梦连连，

我虽然是个基督徒，  
也不愿再度过这样的夜晚，  
那种凄凉的景象哪堪受，  
即使能换来欢乐逍遥的日子。

布莱肯巴里 您做的什么梦？真希望讲给我听听。

克拉伦斯 我以为自己从塔中脱险出来，  
上了要渡海去勃艮第船；  
与我同行的是我弟弟格罗斯特，  
他从船舱里见唤我上船。  
倚着舱口，我们遥望英格兰，  
嗟叹万千艰难时世，  
在约克郡和兰开斯特郡交战期间，  
我们遭受的苦难。当我们从  
令人晕眩的舱门口踱步到甲板上时，  
葛罗斯特跌倒了；本欲拽他却未能，  
他推了我一下，我摔出舱外，  
跌进波涛翻滚的大海。  
啊，呛水的痛苦好难耐！  
浪涛声在耳畔回荡，多可怕啊！  
眼前浮现死亡的惨相！  
我仿佛看见千百条叫人胆战心惊的破船；  
千万人被鱼啮咬；  
金条、大锚、成堆的珍珠，  
还有难以估量的宝石，无价的珠宝，  
全都散落在海底。  
有的嵌进了死人的脑壳；在那些洞里，  
原先眼珠寄居那里，而今爬着的东西  
似乎在轻侮肉眼，而反光的宝石，  
冲那泥泞的海底调情，  
嘲笑那随处散落的枯骨。

布莱肯巴里 你在弥留的瞬间哪有闲暇，  
窥视海底的秘密呢？

克拉伦斯 我倒觉得有呢；我多次竭力

想向魔鬼屈服；可是那嫉妒的血液，  
还是淤塞了我的灵魂，不让他出去  
追寻广阔、巨大和变幻不定的天空；  
可是，我的灵魂被遏阻在这气喘吁吁的躯体里，  
几乎就要裂开而将灵魂吐入海中。

布莱肯巴里 极度痛苦难自拔，还没苏醒吗？

克拉伦斯 啊，没有，生命已逝去，梦境却延续；

啊，我的灵魂开始澎湃激荡，  
仿佛涉过了忧郁的洪流，  
诗人们笔下那神情冷峻的船夫，  
把我带进了长夜永复的国度。  
迎接我这新来的亡魂的，  
是我那鼎鼎大名的岳父大人，华威；  
他高声嚷道，“这黑暗的君主国里  
能有什么严刑峻法来惩治触犯天条的克拉伦斯？”  
说罢不见了踪影；随后一个天使般的阴影徘徊至此，  
光闪闪的头发上带着血迹；尖声叫道  
“克拉伦斯来了——虚伪、善变、背誓的克拉伦斯！  
他在图克斯伯雷战场上刺杀了我；  
抓住他！冤魂们，让他去受酷刑！”  
随即，我觉得一大群恶魔  
围住了我，在我耳畔嚷个不停  
那骇人的叫声把我吓醒，我满身颤抖，已然苏醒，  
过了许久竟还以为自己身在冥府；  
这场噩梦给我留下了可怕印记。

布莱肯巴里 难为您了，大人，您是吓坏了；

单单听您讲，我就怕得不行。

克拉伦斯 喔，布莱肯巴里，我干的那些事，

如今却成了控诉我灵魂的证据；

都是为了爱德华；且看他是如何报答我的！

上帝啊！倘若我深沉的祈祷还不能使您的怒火平息，

您就惩罚我的错误，

那就拿我一人出气吧；



啊，千万放过我那无辜妻子和可怜的儿女。  
我恳求你，好脾气的狱官，和我在一起；  
我的心魂往下坠，真想把觉儿来睡。  
布莱肯巴里 我陪您，我的大人，愿上帝赐您安眠！

克拉伦斯在椅子上渐渐入睡。

布莱肯巴里 忧愁打破了四季的界限，连安眠也成枉然，  
把夜间变为早晨，白昼变成夜晚。

（莎士比亚《理查三世》第一幕第四场）

## LESSON 106

# HOMEWARD BOUND

### 向家的方向航行

Richard H. Dana, Jr., 1815-1882, was the son of Richard H. Dana, the poet. He was born in Cambridge, Mass. In his boyhood he had a strong desire to be a sailor; but by his father's advice chose a student's life, and entered Harvard University. At the age of nineteen an affection of the eyes compelled him to suspend his studies. He now made a voyage to California as a common sailor; and was gone two years. On his return, he resumed his studies and graduated in 1837. He afterwards studied law, and entered upon an active and successful practice. Most of his life was spent in law and politics, although he won distinction in literature.

The following extract is from his "Two Years before the Mast," a book published in 1840, giving an account of his voyage to California. This book details, in a most clear and entertaining manner, the everyday life of a common sailor on shipboard, and is the best known of all Mr. Dana's works.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but, as there had now set in a strong, steady, and clear southwester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail.

In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Everyone was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft and a reef shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to masthead the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up, "Cheerly, men," with a chorus which might have been heard halfway to Staten Island.

Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck— "Another reef out of that fore topsail, and give it to her."

Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her.

She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays; and everything done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the towrope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going,—when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the topmast studding sail! What she can't carry she may drag!"

The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward,—“Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!” We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girtline down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the “old man” was mad, but no one said a word.

We had had a new topmast studding sail made with a reef in it,—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding sail it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the topsail, the studding sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding sail with reefed topsails was rather a novelty; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole topsail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block;

but when the mate came to shake the cat's-paw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom end the sail, it shook the ship to her center. The boom buckled up and bent like a whipstock, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen.

The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with everyone of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—“Hurrah, you jade, you’ve got the scent! you know where you’re going!” And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking, “There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!— As long as she cracks, she holds!”—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away if anything went.

At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going somewhat faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey jackets must come off; and, cold as it was, we stood in our shirt sleeves in a perspiration, and were glad enough to have it eight bells and the wheels relieved. We turned in and

slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

## 【中文阅读】

通常情况下，从太平洋绕好望角航行，都要走福克兰群岛的西面。不过现在我们却在稳定而强烈的西南风向下扬帆起航，而且这一风向还要持续下去，所处的纬度足够高，船长决定直接向北航行，进入福克兰群岛。于是，当舵轮在八点换岗时，船长下达保持向北航行的指令，所有船员都忙着整理好帆桁，开始起帆。

一时间船长下令绕开好望角，直接奔波士顿的消息传遍整条船。这是群情激昂的时刻。大家都保持高度警惕，甚至两个生病的人都在升降索那儿施以援手。风向如预计那样是西南，此时刮来一阵大风，结果迎风开的船的船帆缩到最小程度。但是随着我们来到船帆前，我们得以继续张开船帆。于是，我们伸手够向桅顶，缩帆部分从上桅帆甩掉出来，缩起的前桅大帆又扬起来了。当我们双手拉住升降索，将上桅帆的帆桁升至桅顶时，便开始高歌《欢唱吧，朋友》，众人高声齐唱的嘹亮声音也许在斯塔滕岛的半道上就能听到。

随着船帆升高，这艘船得以在水上继续航行。然而，船帆很好地经受住了考验。船长从后甲板高声喊道：“前上桅帆绕过了暗礁，降帆。”说着，一双手向上举着；结冰的暗礁向上凸起，横帆角上的耳索漂起来了，由升降索操纵船帆的帆桁迎风展开。大家都待在甲板上观察这一改变的效果。船尽最大可能荷重，海水涌向船尾部，需要两个人来操纵舵轮。

从船首涌进泡沫，浪花拍打着船尾和舷梯。此时，船以惊人的速度航行着。一切都还在意料之中。辅助索托架穿过绳索，然后拉紧。滑轮继续拉后拉索，这一切都是为了绷紧绳索。船长疾步在甲板上巡查，举目望着船帆，然后迎着风向。大副站在舷门里，揉搓着手，大声对船上的人说：“哇，老古董！波士顿的姑娘们搭紧船缆了！”大副说这些话时，我们站在前甲板上，瞧着圆木如何支撑住托架，大家猜着船的航速有多少。这时船长喊道：“布朗先生，上中桅拽住船帆！帆要是动的话，托架哪能撑住！”

大副愣怔了好一会儿。不过，他不会让前面的任何人冲上前的。只见他一个箭步，——“好

哇，随我来！到中桅这儿扣住帆！固定在帆索高处，我这就支援你们！”我们一窝蜂地涌到中桅，将桅顶吊索放倒，我们好向上拉帆缆，这时，船赶紧抢风掉向，放升降索。待伸出帆桁后连忙拉紧，把升降索压低作为辅助索。显然，这是个惊心动魄的夜晚，冷风阵阵；不过，每个人都凭着一个信念坚持着。确实，有些人看上去好像以为这个“老头儿”简直疯了，但没有人发半句怨言。

我们还备了一个新的中桅副翼帆，里面装有缩帆部——这东西以前几乎没听说过，为此船员曾打趣说这可是一桩好买卖，还说啥时候收缩副翼帆，啥时候装进去。但是，我们发现正好现在就能派上用场；因为中桅有缩帆部的话，副翼帆就不必加缩帆部了。可以肯定的是，带装有缩帆部中桅的副翼帆是个相当新奇的东西；然而，有理由在里面加缩帆部，因为如果我们无法控制的话，我们失去的仅仅是船帆和帆桁而已，但是整个中桅也许会使索具和所有东西都失控。

桅顶还在我们头顶上时，帆已经伸出去了，弯向甲板，卷起缩帆部后准备升起。需要一个最适合的时机才行，船员操纵升降索，帆桁正好升到阻塞物处；可是当大副开始将猫爪棒从收帆索抖出来时，我们一窝蜂地开始收帆，而帆将船摇到了中央位置。帆桁向上扣紧，像鞭子那样弯曲，我们时时刻刻都能看到有东西从眼前经过；但是，短而坚硬的高地云杉，弯起来就像鲸须一样，任什么也没法将其折断。木匠说那是他见过最上乘的木材。

大家一起动手，很快就把帆桁放平，帆脚索也变细了。辅助索和气象仪托架拉紧，以便充满张力。每根绳索似乎都延伸到了极限，每根绑帆布的绳线也是一样。借助船帆，这条船像有了主心骨一样在水面上劈波斩浪。船帆几乎都冲着前方，把船托着离开了水面，似乎真的从一片汪洋跳到另一片汪洋。从龙骨被放倒开始，她从未如此横冲直闯过；不论我们每个人未来命运怎样，这艘船都不可能承担得了帆布另一次被撕扯坏了的后果。

见船能撑起船帆，我们派到下面去的人手，以及我们留在甲板上观望的人都放心了。掌舵轮的两个人尽最大可能控制着船在轨道内航行，因为这艘船就像年轻的雄马似的难以驾驭。大副来到甲板上，打量一会儿船帆，然后到船舷旁观察泡沫飞溅的情形。他两手叉腰，对船上的人说：“好哇，你们这些小家伙，你们都闻着味了吧！你们知道自己要去哪儿吗？”当船在海上纵浪，几乎要离开水面，龙骨直颤动时，圆木和桅杆发出尖厉的声音裂开了。“脱位了！脱位

了——太刺激了！既然爆开了，要控制住！”我们抓住放在甲板上的索具，慢慢放开，准备起帆，排除可能的障碍。

四声钟鸣后，我们控制着圆木，现在船正以十一节的速度航行；倘若不从船尾的缺口开始，继续偏离航道的话，圆木会让船速度快一些。我与一位来自肯尼贝克的年轻人来到舵轮旁，这家伙是一个出色的舵手；我们一直忙活了两个钟头。有几分钟，我们不得不脱掉紧身短上衣。天气很冷，我们站在那里，捋起汗津津的衬衣袖，对到八声钟鸣时舵轮恢复正常感到非常高兴。我们上床，美美地睡上一觉，虽然大海波浪滔天，在船首下方狂吼不止，像小瀑布一样冲刷着前甲板。

## LESSON 107

# IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

## 控告沃伦·哈斯廷斯

Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800-1859, was born in the village of Rothley, Leicestershire. On his father's side, he descended from Scotch Highlanders and ministers of the kirk. His education began at home, and was completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. While a student, he gained much reputation as a writer and a debater. In 1826 he was admitted to the bar. In 1825 began his connection with the "Edinburgh Review," which continued twenty years. Some of his most brilliant essays appeared first in its pages. He was first chosen to Parliament in 1830, and was reelected several times. In 1840 his essays and some other writings were collected and published with the title of "Miscellanies." His "Lays of Ancient Rome" was published in 1842. His "History of England" was published near the close of his life. In 1857 he was given the title of Baron Macaulay. "His style is vigorous, rapid in its movement, and brilliant; and yet, with all its splendor, has a crystalline clearness. Indeed, the fault generally found with his style is, that it is so constantly brilliant that the vision is dazzled and wearied with its excessive brightness." He has sometimes been charged with sacrificing facts to fine sentences.

In his statesmanship, Macaulay was always an earnest defender of liberty. His first speech in Parliament was in support of a bill to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews, and his whole parliamentary career was consistent with this wise and liberal beginning.

The place in which the impeachment of Warren Hastings was conducted, was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by heralds. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art.



There were seated around the queen, the fair-haired, young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire, thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There, too, were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age; for the spectacle had allured Reynolds from his easel and Parr from his study.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country; had made laws and treaties; had sent forth armies; had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. A person, small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated, also, habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow, pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face, pale and worn, but serene, on which a great and well-balanced mind was legibly written: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges, and the answers of Hastings, were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third, Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction, which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies.

Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society, as vivid as that

which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from all; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and some were even carried out in fits.

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded —“Therefore,” said he, “hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.”

## 【中文阅读】

在这里，对沃伦·哈斯廷斯提出指控，值得进行这样的审判。这是威廉二世修建的那间大厅，曾经回荡过三十位国王加冕典礼的欢呼声。这个大厅见证过对培根的公正判决，还有对索莫斯的公正赦免。在这里，曾几何时斯特拉福德的雄辩令人敬畏，并打消了获得胜利的党派的怨恨；在这里，查尔斯凭借能够挽回他一半声誉的温和的勇气，面对最高法院的裁决。

不论军事还是公民的隆重仪式，这里都不鲜见。周围的街道都由精锐士兵把守，大街都被骑兵队肃清了，穿着饰金的貂皮长袍的贵族按传令官的指令列队，身着指定服装的法官就法律要点发表意见。观者摩肩接踵的站在长长的旁听席，很少被演说者的讲话激起恐惧或者进行仿效。人们从一个很大的、自由的、开明的和兴旺发达的国度的四面八方聚在一起，每一种科学与艺术都体现出优雅和女性的姣美、风趣和学识。

在一头金发的女王周围坐着的是布伦威克宫年轻的女儿们。伟大的列王和英联邦的使节们惊叹地盯着世界上没有其他任何国家能上演的场面。正值华年的西登斯动情地凝视着超越所有舞台模仿的一个场面。吉本，那位罗马帝国史学家，思考着西塞罗为西西里反抗维勒斯统治的原因辩护的那段岁月发生的历史事件。当时，在尚有几分自由表达权的元老院，塔西陀疾言厉词地斥责非洲的暴君。在那里也能见到肩并肩坐着的当时最伟大的画家和学者。这个场景吸引雷诺兹离开画架，帕尔走出书斋。

军队士官们发出欢呼声。哈斯廷斯走到辩护席前，鞠了一躬。实际上，这个罪犯并非配不上如此之大的场面。他统治的是一个地域辽阔、人口众多的国家，制订过法律签署过条约，也派遣过军队，立过和废过王储。身居如此高位，他竟然如此纵容自己，以至于所有人都惧怕他。绝大多数爱他和憎恶这件事情本身的人，可能拒绝让他尊享荣耀，除了其优点以外。一个人，本来很渺小和衰弱，从一场婚姻得到尊严，这暗示出有对法庭保持尊重的可能性，也暗示出他泰坦自若和自视甚高。高耸和富有智慧的前额，总是若有所思的样子，但并不晦暗；一张具有坚定不移决断力的嘴；那张脸，虽然苍白和透着沧桑，但宁静安详，从这张脸上人们能读出不寻常和神智健全的内心世界。这就是这位不可一世的殖民地总督留给法官的印象。

对于指控，哈斯廷斯的答复是首先读诉状。这个仪式持续了整整两天。在第三天，伯克起身发言。法庭四周落座的人都被他的公开演讲吸引住了，这显然是对所有指控一个总的开场白。思维之活跃和用词之华丽，超过了观众的预期，他描述了印度人的性格和习俗，详细讲述了大不列颠这个亚洲帝国所产生的问题，详细解释了东印度公司的章程和有关英国居民的法规。

他这样做意在与他的听众就这个东方社会的观念进行交流，同他心里存在已久的想法一样清晰明确，接着他指责哈斯廷斯管理失当，一贯无视道德准则和公共法律。这位伟大的演讲家的活力和感染力曲解了激起人们不寻常赞赏表述的内涵。一时间，这番慷慨陈词甚至将被告的决绝之心都刺穿了。旁听席上的夫人小姐们尽管对这样的雄辩不习惯，还是被这种场合的肃穆所感染，也许不愿意显露出她们的情趣和情感，结果处于一种无法遏制的激情洋溢之中。他们拿出手帕，手上攥着鼻烟壶。人们听到旁听席传来一片歇斯底里的啜泣和尖厉的叫声，有的甚至挥舞着拳头。

最后，伯克结束演讲。他抬高调门，连用爱尔兰橡树做成的古老拱门都传来回音。“因此，”他说，“我对大不列颠国会下院同意我对沃伦·哈斯廷斯犯有重罪和行为不轨的控告抱有十足的信心。我以国会下院的名义控告他辜负了国家对他的信任；我以英国的名义控告他玷污了这个古老国家的荣誉；我以印度人民的名义控告他践踏了他们的权利，将他们的国家变成一片沙漠蛮荒。最后，我以人性本身的名义，以两性的名义，以所有人的名义，以社会各个阶层的名义，控告这个人民公敌和所有人的压迫者。”

## DESTRUCTION OF THE CARNATIC

## 卡那提克的毀灭

Edmund Burke, 1730-1797, one of the most able and brilliant of England's essayists, orators, and statesmen, was born in Dublin, and was the son of an able lawyer. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748. As a student, he was distinguished for ability and industry. From 1750 to 1766 he was in London writing for periodicals, publishing books, or serving as private secretary. His work on "The Sublime and Beautiful" appeared in 1756. From 1766 to 1794 he was a member of Parliament, representing at different times different constituencies. On the first day of his appearance in the House of Commons he made a successful speech. "In the three principal questions which excited his interest, and called forth the most splendid displays of his eloquence—the contest with the American Colonies, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the French Revolution—we see displayed a philanthropy the most pure, illustrated by a genius the most resplendent." Mr. Burke's foresight, uprightness, integrity, learning, magnanimity, and eloquence made him one of the most conspicuous men of his time; and his writings stand among the noblest contributions to English literature.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.

He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.

Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which

blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.

Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function,—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and, amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses,—were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land.

Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement of Madras, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal, and all was done by charity that private charity could do; but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food.

For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plentiful days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.

I was going to wake your justice toward this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is.

But I find myself unable to manage it with decorum. These details are of a species of horror so

nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic, for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man—not one woman—not one child—not one four-footed beast of any description whatever! One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally;—I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

## 【中文阅读】

当最终海德·阿里发现他不得不与这些人打交道，他们要么不在协议上签字，要么协议和签名不在一起，决心与人类交往惯例为敌时，他颁布命令使这个国家归这些无可救药和注定的罪犯所有，对人类来讲无疑是一个值得铭记的先例。他暗下决心，留给卡那提克一个永恒的报复纪念，将永远的荒凉作为他和那些坚信这个世界道德因素无需保护的人之间的屏障。

他对自己的力量抱有坚定的信心，对自己的威力如此镇定自若，以至于不论自己那可怕的决心是什么，他都不会保守这个秘密。结束了与每个敌人和每个对手的争论，这些人将他们相互之间的敌意都埋进在他们反对艾尔科特的地方长官的同仇敌忾里了，他从能为他的毁灭艺术增添新的基础的任何残暴行径汲取灵感，将所有暴怒、大破坏和荒凉的原材料组合到一块乌云里，他暂时在高山的斜坡上坚守。

正当所有这些罪恶的始作俑者慵懒和愚蠢地盯着这个能令他们视野所及陷于黑暗之中的险恶流星时，它突然爆裂了，里面的污秽全都洒在卡那提克的原野上。

接下来发生灾难的一幕，没有谁愿意看到，没有哪颗心能觉察到。也没有哪个人能恰当地描述出来。之前所知或听说过的所有战争恐怖场面，对于这场新的大破坏而言都是幸运的。雷电引起的扑天大火席卷每一块田野，每一幢房屋都夷为平地，每一间寺庙都毁于一旦。凄惨的居民，从他们冒着火舌的村庄飞奔出来。除了一部分葬身火海外，其他人，不论男女老幼还是所属的社会阶层以及担任的神职——父亲为死去的孩子嚎啕，丈夫为死去的妻子落泪，骑兵团一阵风地包围过来，在驭手驱赶牲口的尖棒和狂奔的马踩踏下——都被囚禁起来，进入未知和敌对的土地。

那些能逃脱这场风暴的人，跑到有城墙的城市里。可是，虽然侥幸逃脱了大火，刀剑和流亡，他们还是落入饥饿的魔爪。

接下来的几个月里，这些忍耐力很强的人，这些在物质最充足的日子里过度消耗和奢靡的人，如今陷入连我们最简单的果腹之物也匮乏的境地，他们依然平静有耐心，放弃最基本的欲念，没有群起叛乱和骚动，几乎没有抱怨，在马德拉斯的大街上就这样过了一百天，然后自消自亡。每天至少有七十人陈尸街头，抑或在南印度丹柔里的缓冲地带，在这个号称印度粮仓的地方活活饿死。

我之所以将这个陷于饥饿瘟疫的情境呈给你们，意在唤醒你对与我们同为英王子民的这些生活得不快乐的人公正对待。困扰和拦截人们生活之路的所有灾难，正在迫近我们内心，我们最引以为傲的就是感同身受。

但是，我发现自己无法从容得体地应付。这些都是令人作呕和厌恶的恐怖物种的细节；对遭受苦难的人和听者而言，这些细节如此令人不堪，对人类本性而言又是如此令人蒙羞。往好处想，对这个隐蔽的目标心生厌倦，将其划归到一般的观念更为明智。

在没有中断的十八个月里，这场浩劫从马德拉斯的大门口一直肆虐到丹柔里的大门口，而这些老爷们悠游自在，全然不理。海德·阿里和他那更为凶残的儿子，以他们毫无虔诚可言的誓言为自己开脱。当英国军队行至此地时，卡那提克方圆数百英里竟然不见一个男人——



不见一个妇人——不见一个孩子——连四条腿的野兽都不见踪影！一个人死了，整个卡那提克都要举哀。

几个城堡附近狭窄的区域，也有无足轻重的例外。我希望我的这一说法能被理解为如实描述，重要的是要有三位以上的目击者，他们所观察到的能为这一断言提供佐证。战争飓风席卷卡那提克中央地区的每个角落。北面 and 南面有六七个地区（这些并非全都远不可及）逃脱了这场范围很广的破坏。

# LESSON 109

## THE RAVEN

### 乌 鸦

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849, was born in Boston, and died in Baltimore. He was left a destitute orphan at an early age, and was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond. He entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he excelled in his studies, and was always at the head of his class; but he was compelled to leave on account of irregularities. He was afterwards appointed a cadet at West Point, but failed to graduate there for the same reason. Poe now quarreled with his benefactor and left his house never to return. During the rest of his melancholy career, he obtained a precarious livelihood by different literary enterprises. His ability as a writer gained him positions with various periodicals in Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, and during this time he wrote some of his finest prose. The appearance of "The Raven" in 1845, however, at once made Poe a literary lion. He was quite successful for a time, but then fell back into his dissipated habits which finally caused his death. In his personal appearance, Poe was neat and gentlemanly; his face was expressive of intellect and sensibility; and his mental powers in some directions were of a high order. His writings show care, and a great degree of skill in their construction; but their effect is generally morbid.

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
While I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious  
Volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping,  
Suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping,  
Rapping at my chamber door.  
"T is some visitor," I muttered,  
"Tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,  
It was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember  
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—  
Vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—  
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain  
Rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic  
Terrors, never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating  
Of my heart, I stood repeating,  
“ ’T is some visitor entreating  
Entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating  
Entrance at my chamber door;  
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger;  
Hesitating then no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly  
Your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping,  
And so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping,  
Tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you.”—  
Here I opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,  
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals  
Ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken,  
And the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken  
Was the whispered word, “Lenore!”  
This I whispered, and an echo  
Murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—  
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,  
All my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping,  
    Something louder than before.  
“Surely,” said I, “surely, that is  
    Something at my window lattice;  
Let me see then, what thereat is,  
    And this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment,  
    And this mystery explore;—  
    ’T is the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter,  
When, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven  
    Of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he;  
Not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
But, with mien of lord or lady,  
    Perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas  
    Just above my chamber door—  
    Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling  
My sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum  
    Of the countenance it wore,  
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,  
Thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,  
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,  
    Wandering from the nightly shore,  
Tell me what thy lordly name is  
    On the night’s Plutonian shore!”  
    Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marveled this ungainly  
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—  
    Little relevancy bore;  
For we can not help agreeing  
    That no living human being  
Ever yet was blest with seeing  
    Bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured  
Bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely  
On that placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in  
That one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered,  
Not a feather then he fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered,  
“Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow he will leave me,  
As my Hopes have flown before.”  
Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken  
By reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters  
Is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master  
Whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster  
Till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that  
Melancholy burden bore  
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’ ”

But the Raven still beguiling  
All my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in  
Front of bird, and bust, and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking,  
I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking  
What this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,  
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing,  
But no syllable expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now  
Burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining,  
With my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining  
That the lamplight gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining,  
With the lamplight gloating o'er  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,  
Perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls  
Tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—  
By these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe  
From thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,  
And forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—  
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether  
Tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate, yet all undaunted,  
On this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—  
Tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?  
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,—  
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
By that heaven that bends above us,  
By that God we both adore,  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden,  
If, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden  
Whom the angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,  
Whom the angels name Lenore.”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting,  
Bird or fiend,” I shrieked, upstarting;  
“Get thee back into the tempest  
And the night’s Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token  
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—  
Quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and  
Take thy form from off my door!”  
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”  
And the Raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas  
Just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming  
Of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o’er him streaming  
Throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow,  
That lies floating on the floor,  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

## 【中文阅读】

从前，一个抑郁难耐的子夜，  
我殚虑苦思，懒蜷无力，  
离奇古怪的念头萦绕脑际  
全是遗忘许久的陈年旧事——  
恍惚间盹睡袭来，  
突然传来轻拍的声音，  
好像有人轻声叩击，  
轻叩我的房门。  
“有客造访，”我轻语，

“轻拍我的房门  
除此之外，别无他故。”

啊，我清楚地记得，  
那是在阴冷的冬月；  
每一团即将熄灭的余烬  
都在地上形成鬼魅般的阴影。  
我切盼翌日尽快来临；  
因为我徒劳地  
想用书本来打发哀愁  
那因失去丽诺尔而生的悲哀——  
那被天使们唤作丽诺尔的少女  
光彩明艳，世间罕有，  
在这里籍籍无名，永远。  
柔软、不成形、沙沙作响的  
每一块紫色窗布  
我一阵战栗——心中充满异乎寻常  
的恐怖，以前从未感知；  
此刻，为使我狂跳的心儿平静。  
我站起身一再重复，  
“这是有客倚门请求  
欲登门而入。  
夜半更深复倚门请求，  
欲登门而入；  
除此之外，别无他故。”

不久我的心变得坚硬；  
不再犹疑踌躇，  
“先生，”我说，“或者夫人，  
我真诚请你海涵；  
事实上我正睡意正浓，  
而你叩门竟那样轻，  
敲门何竟如此轻，



轻叩我的房门，  
我几乎没听到那声音。”——  
说着，我推开门扇；  
除了黑魑魑，别无他物。

凝视幽幽夜色，  
我站在门边惊惧徜徉许久，  
疑惧中仿佛梦到从前没人  
敢梦到的梦境；  
可寂静被打破了，  
没有任何征兆，  
只有一个名字我悄声而出，  
“丽诺尔！”  
我一出口，回声把  
“丽诺尔！”悄悄送还，  
只此而已，再无他声。

我转身回到房中，  
我的心儿被火灼痛，  
很快我又听到叩门声，  
比刚才更甚。  
“肯定，”我说，  
“肯定是我窗棂那儿的动静；  
我去瞧个究竟，  
去把那秘密找寻——  
让我的心先平静一会儿，  
去把那秘密找寻；——  
不过是风，别无他物。”

我砰地推开百叶窗。  
听到掠过和振翅的声音，  
一只雄壮的乌鸦走了进来，  
像往昔那样神圣而不可冒犯；

它既没向我致意问候；  
也没有片刻驻留；  
而以绅士淑女的风度，  
飞到我房门的上头——  
在我房门上头  
在一尊帕拉斯半身雕像上驻留——  
暂栖，坐着，再没有别的。

之后，这只黑鸟把我悲伤的幻觉  
哄骗成微笑，  
凭的是它那庄严和肃穆的容颜，  
“虽然冠毛被剪除，”  
我说，“可你肯定不是懦夫，  
你这幽灵一般讨厌的古鸦，  
从夜的彼岸漂泊至此，  
烦请告我尊姓大名，  
在永夜的冥府岸边！”  
乌鸦幽咽，“永不复还。”

听见如此直率的回答，  
这丑陋的老鸦愈发让我惊奇，  
尽管它的回答没有什么意义——  
又与提问不切题；  
因为我们不得不承认  
从来没有活着的世人，  
曾有幸地看见一只鸟栖在他房门上——  
鸟或野兽竟驻留在他房门上方的半身雕像上，  
还叫“永不复还”的名字

可这只独自坐在肃穆的半身雕像上的乌鸦  
只吐出这一句话，仿佛它那灵魂  
只会倾泻出这么一个字。  
然后它便一言不发，

也再抖动羽毛，  
直到我脱口喃言，  
“其他朋友早已散去——  
明晨它也将离我而去，  
恰似我的希望了无踪迹。”  
这时，这鸟儿却道，“永不复还”。

震惊于那死寂  
被如此巧妙的回答打破，  
“毫无疑问，”我说，  
“这句话是它唯一的全部，  
从它郁郁不乐的主人那儿学来  
一连串无情灾祸  
接踵而至，一次更甚一次，  
直到它主人的歌中有了这个词儿——  
直到他希望的哀歌中有了这个忧伤的字眼  
‘永远，永不复还。’”

可那只乌鸦依旧把我悲伤的灵魂  
哄骗得破涕为笑，  
我径直拖拉着张软椅到门口  
坐在半身雕像上的那只鸟跟前；  
然后，我坐在天鹅绒椅垫上，  
开始陷入沉思，  
浮想联翩而至，猜想这远古便存在的不祥的鸟儿缘何而至  
这只狰狞可怖丑陋不堪预示不祥的古鸟何出此言，  
为何呱呱叫“永不复还。”

我坐在那儿苦思不解，  
没对那鸟说片语只言。  
现在，它炯炯发光的眼睛  
已燃进我的心间；  
这更让我猜想不止，

我的头靠着顿觉舒服，  
靠在那沐浴着灯光的天鹅绒衬垫上，  
但沐浴着灯光的紫色的天鹅绒衬垫，  
她被迫说出，啊，永不复还！

之后，空气仿佛愈发浓密，  
看不见的香炉喷出香气，  
提香炉的六翼天使，她的脚步声  
回荡在成簇状的地板。  
“这小可怜，”我叫道，“是上帝派天使来  
给你送来忘忧丹，  
忘忧丹能终止  
你对失去的丽诺尔的思念！  
喝吧，啊，快喝下这忘忧药，  
忘掉丽诺尔带给你的思念！”  
乌鸦说了，“永不复还。”

“先知！”我说“恶魔！——  
仍是先知，不管是鸟还是魔鬼！  
是否是魔鬼送你，或是暴风雨将你抛到这里的岸边，  
孤独但无所畏惧，在这片鬼魅横行的荒原——  
在这恐怖的恶魔出没的家里——  
求你告诉我真言——  
吉利厄德那里有香膏吗？  
告诉我，告诉我——求你了！”  
乌鸦说“永不复还。”

“先知！”我说，“恶魔！——  
仍是先知、不管是鸟是魔鬼！  
不管是头上的苍天，  
还是上帝，我们都崇拜，  
告诉这负载悲伤的灵魂，  
能否在遥远的仙境

拥抱被天使叫做丽诺尔的圣洁的姑娘——

拥抱这世间少有娇艳的姑娘。”

乌鸦说“永不复还。”

“让这话就算我们道别吧，

鸟或魔！”我突然尖叫道，

“你回到暴风雨中去吧，

那永夜的冥府岸边！

别留下黑色羽毛作为

你灵魂道出的谎言的象征！

留给我没有破碎的孤独！——

从我门上的雕像上滚开吧！

从我心中带走你的喙；

从我房门带走你的丑样子！”

乌鸦说，“永不复还。”

那乌鸦并没飞去，

它仍然坐在那儿，坐在那儿

还在房门上方

那毫无生气的帕拉斯半身雕像上面；

它的目光与正在做梦的魔鬼一模一样，

映在它身上的灯光

把它的身影投射在地板；

而我的灵魂，会从那团在地板上漂浮的阴暗

得到升华——永不复还！

# LESSON 110

## A VIEW OF THE COLOSSEUM

### 角斗场印象记

Orville Dewey, 1794-1882, a well known Unitarian clergyman and author, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, graduated with distinction at Williams College in 1814, and afterward studied theology at Andover. For a while he was assistant to Dr. W. E. Channing in Boston, and later, was a pastor in New Bedford, New York City, and Boston. He made two or three voyages to Europe, and published accounts of his travels.

“Discourses on Human Life,” “Discourses on the Nature of Religion,” “Discourses on Commerce and Business,” are among his published works. His writings are both philosophical and practical; and, as a preacher, he was esteemed original, earnest, and impressive.

On the eighth of November, from the high land, about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavorable to impression in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that you ought to be, or that such is the fashion; yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by such or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression, but it seemed to me as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time, that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations, kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations had passed over that sublime theater. The fire, the storm, the earthquake, had gone by; but there was yet left the still, small voice like that at which the prophet “wrapped his face in his mantle.”

I went to see the Colosseum by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdom;

and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings; and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and, at its last enlargement by Constantine, more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

But to return to the Colosseum; we went up under the conduct of a guide upon the walls and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! What voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps upon the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent, too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passageways it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Colosseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for “*un dono*,” as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Colosseum by moonlight.

## 【中文阅读】

十一月八日那天，从约相距十四英里的高地，我平生第一次俯瞰罗马城；尽管在满怀期冀的期待中存在某种非常不适宜的印象，你必然留下极为深刻的印象，或者你应该留下深刻的印象，抑或就应该是这样的印象。不过，罗马太神气活现，单单它的名字就足以配得上这样或任何别的影响力。不论你怀着什么样的心情，你都会从那座小山丘开始你的罗马之行，那里就像巨人之手一样呈现在你眼前。我真不晓得该如何形容这一印象，但是在我看来似乎既强烈又庄重，就像一股巨大的旋风缓慢而壮观地向前推进似的，在那些永恒的高塔四周盘旋；将世界上最值得骄傲的名胜古迹变成一堆断壁残垣的时间风暴，似乎在寂静和肃穆的空气中留下它们的共鸣。历史岁月在我面前匆匆而过；各个国家、列王、执政官、皇帝、帝国和一代一代人在对这令人赞叹的剧场视而不见中已成过往。火灾、暴雨和地震也拿它无可奈何。然而，还有一个微弱的声音就像先知“用它他的斗篷蒙住他的脸”。

在月光下我去拜谒角斗场。在所有遗迹中它是帝王，具有君临天下的气度。世界上没有哪个遗迹能与它相比。所有与这个地方有关的联想，都赋予其给人印象最深刻的特征。当你走进这个由残毁的墙和拱门围成的巨大的圆形广场时，砖瓦铺成的宏伟台地一级高过一级，你站在这个古老的角斗士角斗和基督徒殉道的地方；随着你举目眺望这个巨大的圆形剧场，在想象中你会与聚在一起观看这血腥的角斗场景的成千上万罗马人四目相对。这么多的人和队列啊，而现代社会我们所知的大集会相形之下显得多么小啊！一，二，三，最后由康斯坦丁执政时达到最大，超过三十万人坐在马西莫斯环形广场！

还是回到角斗场吧。我们在导游的引导下登上围墙和台地，以及用来支撑座位的路堤。那些座位早已不见踪影，昔日骄傲、强大、集天下财富与一身和美轮美奂的罗马人坐下来欣赏野蛮娱乐的地方，如今已经草长人非。这里昔日人头攒动！在入口八十座拱门的台阶上，喊叫声、欢呼声和急匆匆的脚步声此起彼伏！现在，当我们小心地穿过已经废弃的通道，或者谨慎地登上还处在腐朽状态的台阶，或者倚着孤独冷清的围墙而立时——我们一语皆无，导游也默不作声——除了蝙蝠，什么动静也没有；要不是远方的四轮马车的车辙，或者从附近埃斯奎林山顶传来的女修道院暮钟，这里了无生气。

几乎无法形容月光下废墟的别样印象，穿过一百个寂寞荒凉的拱门和黑魑魑的通道，光



线豁然变得明亮、纯粹、柔和与闪烁不停，但泾渭分明和清晰，那无以名状的巨大孤独仿佛一下子显露出来，乐悲尽在不言中。如果说从里面看角斗是一道令人不胜唏嘘和遗世而立的风景的话，特别是在它那保存得完好的一侧看，那么它完全可以用辉煌来形容。我们绕着场地缓步而行，从对面看月光透过拱门倾洒下来，仿佛它是上天的宝冠，显得如此空旷——就像夜晚额头上辉煌的王冠。

我觉得自己不能也无法形容这个巨大的废墟。我只能说我离开时身体有些僵硬，像孩子一样冷漠。我们经过岗哨时，一个士兵伸手要“小费”。当我的同伴说我不该不给时，我告诉他说我本来想把我的披风给他，如果他要的话。如果你想打破世俗的情感或源于自私的忧患会占据你的内心这个魔咒，不妨在月光下去角斗场看看。

LESSON 111  
THE BRIDGE

桥

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears

How often, oh, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,

I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old, subdued and slow!  
And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

*(Longfellow)*

## 【中文阅读】

午夜我伫立桥头，  
彼时钟声敲响，  
明月从黑魑魑的尖塔后面  
在城市上空升起。

从脚下的水我瞥见  
明月晶莹的倒影，  
宛若一只金盏  
坠落到海中。

那温馨的六月晓夜，  
在朦胧的远方，  
炉中火焰袅袅，  
月光哪有这般红亮。

一长排浮椽之间，  
暗影摇曳，  
大海的洪流  
仿佛要负载它们飘向远方。

漩涡拍打着浮椽，  
涌起阵阵晚潮，  
海草蔓延浮游，  
流到月光底下。

恰似河水在一根根桥柱之间  
波涛汹涌，  
心底涌上思潮，  
两眼泪水朦胧。

多少次，啊！有多少次，

在逝去的那些时日，  
我午夜徘徊桥头，  
凝视着碧浪和星空！  
多少次，啊！有多少次，  
我盼望退潮  
能载我去远方，  
在敞开大海胸怀上，伴着汹涌的波涛！

我心里纷乱难平静，  
生活饱经忧患，  
压在我身上的重荷  
简直难以承担。

此时重荷已经卸下，  
埋入海底；  
只有他人的忧伤  
向我投来阴影。

每当我在这桥上穿过木板搭建的码头  
跨过这道小河，  
往昔便涌上心头，  
就像海水泛出的咸味。

我暗思有多少  
饱经世事的人们，  
每人身上都荷着不幸的重负，  
踉跄着从桥上走过。

我看见长长的队伍  
仍然来来回回，  
年轻人，心里纷乱难平静，  
年长的人，顺从而蹒跚！

永远复永远，  
只要河水还在流淌，  
只要内心尚有激情，  
只要生活中忧愁还在：

明月和断断续续的忧思，  
还有倒影都会显现  
爱的象征在天上，  
摇曳的影子却留在了这里。

（朗费罗）

## LESSON 112

# OBJECTS AND LIMITS OF SCIENCE

## 科学的目标和局限

Robert Charles Winthrop, 1809-1894, was a descendant of John Winthrop, the first Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. He was born in Boston, studied at the public Latin School, graduated at Harvard in 1828, and studied law with Daniel Webster. Possessing an ample fortune, he made little effort to practice his profession. In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature of his native state, and was reelected five times; three years he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1840 he was chosen to Congress, and sat as Representative for ten years. In 1847 he was chosen Speaker of the House. He also served a short time in the Senate. His published writings are chiefly in the form of addresses and speeches; they are easy, finished, and scholarly. As a speaker, Mr. Winthrop was ready, full-voiced, and self-possessed.

There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant theorizings, within man's own appropriate domain, without overleaping the barriers which separate things human and divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty had roused and stimulated him to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor. Astronomy, Chemistry, and, more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great end of scientific truth.

Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulae of Orion or

Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvelous processes of making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting “a pencil of rays” into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind, and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally “charm ache with air, and agony with ether.” The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together. bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they can not be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible.

## 【中文阅读】

在人自己适当的范围内，有些领域足以进行最疯狂和放肆的推理，而不必超越将人和神区分开的障碍。诚然，我经常想为满足智力上的好奇心和人类的野心，近代科学提供了最多的机会和幸运的安全阀，恰值教育过程、发明创新和自由已经唤醒并激起人们投入前所未有的渴望和激情。天文学、化学，尤其是地质学，以及它们的分支学科，为调查和思考开启了永不枯竭的领域。在此，借助于近现代科学仪器和分析模式，那些最热情 and 给予莫大渴望的研究者会为满足他们永不知足的活力与敢于冒险的创新精神，找到足够的广博空间和边界，他们追



求的事业不但对别人一点伤害的危险也没有，而且肯定会推动科学真理伟大目标的实现。

让他们将反射器和折射望远镜发射到天空吧，去探测在隐秘地方藏着的新行星。让他们驾着飞船拦截转瞬即逝的彗星，促使他们揭开这些天体运行轨道的精确周期，并准时将它们收回。让他们从“一贯的隐匿处”把倔强的卫星拉出来。让他们解决猎户星座或仙女座不确定的星云问题，他们无需畏惧。天不会塌下来，没有一个星球会从气层摇晃着跌落下来。

让他们完善和详细阐述它们制造光和激发政府长官激情的神奇过程，将“铅笔线条”转变为化腐朽为神奇的手，为智慧的交流提供热情的话语。让他们预测龙卷风的行进路线，算出暴风雨的轨道。让他们将巨大的钟摆悬起来，使地球做描绘未来胜景的事情，并测量出自己的运动轨迹。让他们彻底根除人类的痛苦，确实做到“用空气来控制疼痛，用乙醚来使巨大的病痛麻醉”。上帝的赐福也会照顾到他们所有的辛勤劳动，受惠的人们感激地等待他们胜利凯旋。

让他们下到地球的最深处，让他们将巨大岩石化为碎片，揭开写在岩层上的创世史。让他们搜集起消失的动物群的化石，复制出寄居陆地或海洋里的古代物种，将它们的骨头拼接到一起，直到列维坦和巨兽那庞大的身躯站在我们面前，我们几乎颤颤发抖，唯恐这些干瘪的骨头复生！让他们将大自然推到拷问台前，以她所有的形式来折磨她，直到她埋藏得最深的秘密和隐私和盘托出。他们不必克制自己，这个圆圆的世界的基础非常坚实牢固，不会被挪开。

让他们不要考虑寻求上帝的帮助，让他们不要梦想弄明白完美的万能，让他们不会贸然将他们的实验和溶剂，将他们的分析方式或对术语的界定应用于探索精神王国的奥秘。让他们不要伤害真理的基础，让他们满足于揭示神性的神秘，让他们在隐身后不要打破与凝视的纽带。

## THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND

## 波兰的陷落

O Sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;  
“O Heaven!” he cried, “my bleeding country save!  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live—with her to die!”

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew!  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

*(Thomas Campbell)*

## 【中文阅读】

啊，神圣的真理！胜利结束有一会儿了，  
希望，这位姐妹也让你不再微笑，  
当结成同盟的压迫在北方掀起战端  
她那留着络腮胡须的残忍士兵和凶猛的轻骑兵，  
她那可怕的旗帜挥在黎明的微风中挥舞，  
她的大鼓发出洪亮的响声，她的号角铮铮；  
狂暴的恐怖令她的先驱部队不安，  
预示着灾难降临波兰——降临到人民头上！

华沙最后的捍卫者，从高处向下看，  
满目废墟的荒野；  
“啊，天啊！”他喊道，“但愿我的鲜血能拯救国家！”  
有没有人振臂来阻挡勇敢的入侵者？  
尽管那些美丽的平原上到处断壁残垣，  
起来吧，同胞们！我们国家不会灭亡！  
我们高高挥舞刀剑，高喊那个可怕的名字，  
发誓为了她而活，为了她而死！

站在城墙高处，他说  
他可以信赖的勇士，虽然很少但不会气馁；  
他们迈着坚定的步伐，组成坚不可摧的阵线  
如微风般寂静，如暴雨般令人畏惧；  
旗帜沙沙飘扬  
不复仇毋宁死——这就是口令和回答！  
鼓声渐隆，中了魔法般无所不能，  
大钟敲响了最后的警报。

徒劳，哎！徒劳，英勇的毕竟太少！  
一排排，齐射的枪炮似雷鸣！  
啊，这是书中才能见到的最惨烈的场面，  
萨尔马提亚倒下了，无人哀伤，没有罪行；  
没有一位慷慨的朋友，可怜敌人，  
尽管她身强力壮，但没有同情她的悲伤！  
她无力地喘息，滑落的是毁坏的枪矛，  
她闭上了明亮的眼睛，抑制了她高贵的生涯，  
以希望的名义，与这个世界永别，  
在科修斯科山倒塌声中，自由在呐喊！

（托马斯·坎贝尔）

## LESSON 114

### LABOR

### 做工

Horace Greeley, 1811-1872, perhaps the most famous editor of America, was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, of poor parents. His boyhood was passed in farm labor; in attending the common school, and in reading every book on which he could lay his hands. His reading was mostly done by the light of pine knots. At fifteen he entered a printing office in Vermont, became the best workman in the office, and continued to improve every opportunity for study. At the age of twenty he appeared in New York City, poorly clothed, and almost destitute of money. He worked at his trade for a year or two, and then set up printing for himself. For several years he was not successful, but struggled on, performing an immense amount of work as an editor. In 1841 he established the "New York Tribune," which soon became one of the most successful and influential papers in the country. In 1848 he was elected to Congress, but remained but a short time. In 1872 he was a candidate for the Presidency, was defeated, and died a few days afterward. Mr. Greeley is a rare example of what may be accomplished by honesty and unflinching industry. Besides the vast amount which he wrote for the newspapers, he published several books; the best known of which is "The American Conflict."

Every child should be trained to dexterity in some useful branch of productive industry, not in order that he shall certainly follow that pursuit, but that he may at all events be able to do so in case he shall fail in the more intellectual or artificial calling which he may prefer to it. Let him seek to be a doctor, lawyer, preacher, poet, if he will; but let him not stake his all on success in that pursuit, but have a second line to fall back upon if driven from his first. Let him be so reared and trained that he may enter, if he will, upon some intellectual calling in the sustaining consciousness that he need not debase himself, nor do violence to his convictions, in order to achieve success therein, since he can live and thrive in another (if you choose, humbler) vocation, if driven from that of his choice. This buttress to integrity, this assurance of self-respect, is to be found in a universal training to efficiency in Productive Labor.

The world is full of misdirection and waste; but all the calamities and losses endured by mankind through frost, drought, blight, hail, fires, earthquakes, inundations, are as nothing to those habitually suffered by them through human idleness and inefficiency, mainly caused (or excused) by lack of

industrial training. It is quite within the truth to estimate that one tenth of our people, in the average, are habitually idle because (as they say) they can find no employment. They look for work where it can not be had. They seem to be, or they are, unable to do such as abundantly confronts and solicits them. Suppose these to average but one million able-bodied persons, and that their work is worth but one dollar each per day; our loss by involuntary idleness can not be less than \$300,000,000 per annum. I judge that it is actually \$500,000,000. Many who stand waiting to be hired could earn from two to five dollars per day had they been properly trained to work. “There is plenty of room higher up,” said Daniel Webster, in response to an inquiry as to the prospects of a young man just entering upon the practice of law; and there is never a dearth of employment for men or women of signal capacity or skill. In this city, ten thousand women are always doing needlework for less than fifty cents per day, finding themselves; yet twice their number of capable, skillful seamstresses could find steady employment and good living in wealthy families at not less than one dollar per day over and above board and lodging. He who is a good blacksmith, a fair millwright, a tolerable wagon maker, and can chop timber, make fence, and manage a small farm if required, is always sure of work and fair recompense; while he or she who can keep books or teach music fairly, but knows how to do nothing else, is in constant danger of falling into involuntary idleness and consequent beggary. It is a broad, general truth, that no boy was ever yet inured to daily, systematic, productive labor in field or shop throughout the latter half of his minority, who did not prove a useful man, and was notable to find work whenever he wished it.

Yet to the ample and constant employment of a whole community one prerequisite is indispensable,—that a variety of pursuits shall have been created or naturalized therein. A people who have but a single source of profit are uniformly poor, not because that vocation is necessarily ill-chosen, but because no single calling can employ and reward the varied capacities of male and female, old and young, robust and feeble. Thus a lumbering or fishing region with us is apt to have a large proportion of needy inhabitants; and the same is true of a region exclusively devoted to cotton growing or gold mining. A diversity of pursuits is indispensable to general activity and enduring prosperity.

Sixty or seventy years ago, what was then the District, and is now the State, of Maine, was a proverb in New England for the poverty of its people, mainly because they were so largely engaged in timber cutting. The great grain-growing, wheat-exporting districts of the Russian empire have a poor and rude people for a like reason. Thus the industry of Massachusetts is immensely more productive per head than that of North Carolina, or even that of Indiana, as it will cease to be whenever manufactures shall have been diffused over our whole country, as they must and will be. In Massachusetts half the women and nearly half the children add by their daily labor to the aggregate of realized wealth; in North Carolina and in Indiana little wealth is produced save by the labor of men, including boys of fifteen or upward. When this disparity shall have ceased, its consequence will also disappear.



## 【中文阅读】

每个孩子都应该在某些富有成效行业的有益分支接受灵巧方面的训练，此举的目的并非意在他肯定能遵照职业规范，而是一旦他未能从事他心仪的需要投入更多智慧或人工的职业，无论如何都能予以补救。如果他愿意的话，还是让他努力成为医生、律师、布道者和诗人吧。但是，不要让他把成功寄托在工作上，而是如果他的推动力源自第一工作，那么在从事属

于第二工作时掉队的。要是他愿意的话，还是让他接受某些需要投入较多智力的职业方面的训练，假如推动力源于他自己的选择，在他的意识中灌输他不必贬低自己，这样也不会违背他的信仰，目的是从此便能取得成功。因为他能生活得很好，在另一个职业中(如果是他以更谦卑的姿态选择的话)也能如鱼得水。这个通向完善的扶壁，这种对自尊的把握，这在富有成效的工作所需要接受的效率方面的培训中非常普遍。

世界充满误导和虚度浪费的事情。但是，人类由于霜冻、干旱、虫害、冰雹、火灾、地震洪水而遭受的所有灾难和损失，与他们由于自身懒惰和无效率所带来的那些损失相比算不了什么，而懒惰和无效率则肇始于(或者说归咎于)缺少产业培训。相当保守地估计，我们当中有十分之一的人都已经习惯懒惰，因为(正如他们所说的)他们发现无事可做。他们希望做的工作自己找不到。他们似乎，或者说他们不能直面这样多的遭遇，而硬拉他们。假设平均来看一百万身强体壮的人，他们的工作每天仅值一美元，由于不情愿的懒惰我们每年的损失将不低于三亿美元。据我判断，每年实际上不少于五亿美元。假如他们受到适当训练，许多站着等待被雇用的人每天就能挣两到五美元。“有相当大的提升空间，”丹尼尔·韦伯斯特在答复一项关于年轻人刚从事法律工作的调查时指出。具备一种能力或技能的人，从男人到女人，绝对不会出现就业稀少现象。在这个城市里，有一万名女性始终从事每天少于五十美分的缝纫工作。然而，有多达两倍的有技能的缝纫工能够找到稳定的工作，在富裕家庭生活得很好，每天的收入不低于一美元，而且还提供膳食和住处。他是个手艺很好的铁匠，尚可的造水车木匠，还过得去的做四轮马车的工匠，还能刨木料，做篱笆，需要的话还能经营小农场，始终有工做，收入还不错；在他或她能管理图书或者教音乐，可是不晓得如何做其他事情，结果总是陷于非故意的懒惰和随之出现的赤贫危险中。总的来说，这种倾向很明显，没有哪个小伙子整个成年的后半段习惯于在地里或在店里终日劳作，他不想通过这种方式来证明自己是个有用的人，而是要找到不论何时都能善始善终的工作。

然而，对于整个社会不断涌现的就业大军而言，一个前提是必不可少的——工作的多变性已经建立，或者从此被自然化。仅有单一赢利手段的人，一律贫穷，并非由于职业选择错误所致，而是因为没有一种职业可以雇佣和使具有各种各样能力的男性和女性，老人和年轻人，健壮的人和身体衰弱的人得到报偿。因此，大规模砍伐树木和渔猎的地区易于拥有大量贫困人口，特别热衷于种植棉花或开采黄金的地区也是这样。对于维持活跃性和繁荣而言，工作的多样性是必不可少的。

六七十年前，从前被称为地区的，现在成了缅因州，在新英格兰的谚语里就是指这个地区



的民众赤贫，主要因为他们绝大多数都从事木料加工的缘故。俄罗斯帝国盛产谷物，出口小麦的地区，也因为这个缘故百姓贫困，民风粗野。因此，马萨诸塞州的工业按人均来看要比北卡罗来纳州的工业生产率高得多，甚至比印第安纳州也高，一旦制造业在全国遍地开花，这种趋势才会停止，他们必定也必然会的。在马萨诸塞州，半数女性和将近一半的儿童都会通过日常劳动来增加实际财富；在北卡罗来纳州和印第安纳州，除了男人做工外，包括十五岁或以上的青少年，别的群体几乎不创造财富。当这种悬殊不再继续下去时，其后果也会随之消失。

## THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM

## 赫库兰尼姆的最后日子

Edwin Atherstone, 1788-1872, was born at Nottingham, England, and became known to the literary world chiefly through two poems, "The Last Days of Herculaneum" and "The Fall of Nineveh." Both poems are written in blank verse, and are remarkable for their splendor of diction and their great descriptive power. Atherstone is compared to Thomson, whom he resembles somewhat in style.

There was a man,  
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed  
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low  
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,  
But generous, and brave, and kind.  
He had a son; it was a rosy boy,  
A little faithful copy of his sire,  
In face and gesture. From infancy, the child  
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport  
The father shared and heightened. But at length,  
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned  
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot,  
He felt in all its bitterness: the walls  
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh  
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched  
His jailer with compassion; and the boy,  
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled  
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm  
With his loved presence, that in every wound  
Dropped healing. But, in this terrific hour,  
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast  
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn  
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,  
He came. The iron door was closed—for them  
Never to open more! The day, the night  
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate  
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard  
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,  
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air  
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw  
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped  
The earthquake might pass by: nor would he wake  
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell  
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch  
The fettered soldier sank, and, with deep awe,  
Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye,  
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then, strove  
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile  
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:  
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains  
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth  
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,  
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,  
Like the sad mornings of November's wind,  
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled  
His blood that burned before; cold, clammy sweats  
Came o'er him; then anon, a fiery thrill  
Shot through his veins. Now, on his couch he shrunk  
And shivered as in fear; now, upright leaped,  
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,  
And longed to cope with death.

He slept, at last,  
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept  
Never to waken more! His hours are few,  
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm  
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air  
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung  
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed

A moment as in sunshine—and was dark:  
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,  
Dying away upon the dazzled eye  
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound  
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear.

With intensest awe,  
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought  
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,  
As underneath he felt the fevered earth  
Jarring and lifting; and the massive walls,  
Heard harshly grate and strain: yet knew he not,  
While evils undefined and yet to come  
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound  
Fate had already given.—Where, man of woe!  
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st  
His name in vain:—he can not answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:  
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously  
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste  
Trode round his stunted limits, and, low bent,  
Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there.  
Again he called: again, at farthest stretch  
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood  
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes  
Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far,  
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch  
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!  
Yet still renewed: still round and round he goes,  
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries  
Calls on his boy.

Mad frenzy fires him now.  
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain  
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away  
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage:  
And, like a desert lion in the snare,  
Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds.  
But see! the ground is opening;—a blue light  
Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless;—thin and cold  
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;

But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,  
Behold the lifeless child! his dress is singed,  
And, o'er his face serene, a darkened line  
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,  
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell  
That instant on him:—speechless—fixed—he stood,  
And with a look that never wandered, gazed  
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes  
Were not yet closed,—and round those ruby lips  
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale  
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—  
The thunders bellow;—but he hears them not:—  
The ground lifts like a sea;—he knows it not:—  
The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof  
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind;  
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him  
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace  
Be given, 't were still a sweeter thing to die.  
It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,  
At every swell, nearer and still more near  
Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.  
Once he has touched his garment:—how his eye  
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!  
Ha, see! he has him now!—he clasps him round;  
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks,  
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;  
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;  
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont  
To lie when sleeping; and resigned, awaits  
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift  
And pangless. The huge pile sank down at once  
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—  
And deep foundation stones—all—mingling—fell!

从前有个人，  
一位罗马士兵，敢作敢为  
冒犯法律，被关进地牢  
带上脚镣。他是个高尚的人，尽管粗鲁，  
但慷慨，勇敢又善良。  
他有个儿子；一个可爱的孩子，  
简直就是他的翻版  
从脸型到体态。从孩提开始，这个孩子  
就是他父亲的慰藉，惹他怜爱。

每一次游戏  
这位父亲都参与，孩子长得很高。但最后  
他还是没有逃过严格的法律，罚他戴上镣铐在黑暗中度日。

俘虏的命运  
他感到悲哀袭遍全身：  
深深的地牢墙听到他无数次叹息  
还有从心底发出的呻吟。他的故事传了开来，闻之唏嘘  
看守也深为同情；那个孩子  
此后经常来探望父亲，  
陪他父亲打发光阴，带来  
饱含浓浓爱意的香膏，每当有伤就用来涂身。  
但这是一个的时刻，  
他的胸膛曾中过一支毒箭  
复旧如初。

在黑暗和令人吃惊的一天最早时光，他来了  
铁门关上了  
永远不再打开！白天，晚上，  
那么漫长，他们不知道命运  
逼近这座城市。他们听到  
地下被压抑的雷声，  
感到大地在令人晕眩地摇动；空气

愈发燥热，浓烈；那个男孩戴着草帽睡着了  
而他的父亲盼望地震快点过去，不要吵醒无所畏惧的孩子，  
不要泄漏他们国家面临的危险。

在他低矮的长榻上  
这位戴着镣铐的士兵躺着，心里惊惧不安，  
谛听可怕的声音：眼睛朝上  
祈祷万能的神，极力  
让自己平静下来，在毫无意义的恐惧中  
他紧张了好一会。他无法入睡：  
他的身体滚烫；他的锁链  
发出很大的响声，尽管他并没有动弹；  
地下发出难以想象的雷声；  
令人恐惧和不祥的声音，忽起又淡去，  
就像寒冬清晨风之悲鸣，  
空寂的午夜。极度恐惧冷却了  
先前喷张的热血；冰冷，湿黏的汗  
流了一身；不久，一阵凶猛的战栗  
传遍周身。现在，飞身上纵，  
仿佛听到了战场上传来的喇叭声，  
盼望对付死亡。

最后他在，  
惶惑的梦中睡去。他要是安眠  
就绝不会再醒！他的时间所剩不多，  
可是在极大痛苦中陷入恐惧。

暴风雨很快  
骤降；闪电也在窥伺；天空  
电闪雷鸣。他们苏醒，一跃而起。  
地牢闪进一丝阳光——又复黑沉。  
又一次，白色火焰汇成的洪流填满了囚室，  
漆黑中，迷离的目光光芒渐逝，

影影绰绰，令人惊奇的声音  
颤动着隐去，耳畔绕余音。

那最强烈的敬畏  
盈满士兵的内心；万千思绪化为那种奇怪的不祥  
倏然划过他心头，  
他感到身下发热的土  
震动和上拱；巨大的墙  
传来粗粝的摩擦和紧绷的声音：可是他不知，  
在魔鬼在下面逡巡，想刺探  
他的内心之时，命运已经给他留下  
深深而无法愈合的伤口——那里，敌人！  
那里，沮丧的父亲！是你的孩子吗？  
你这么徒劳呼唤他的名字，  
他却没有回答你。

父亲大声喊着他的孩子：  
没有回答的声响。在战栗和焦急中，  
他寻到他们的草席；他不顾一切  
踏在吝惜的界限上，弯着腰，  
在黑魑魑的地上摸索：没有孩子。  
他复又呼唤：这次，在被他诅咒的脚镣远端  
鲜血似乎从他耳朵喷出，他的双眸  
冒着火，他向远端展开双臂，  
手指也展得很宽，渴望够到  
爱子的衣裳。徒劳的苦工！  
然而还在重新尝试：他徘徊许久，  
拉紧，伸手攫住，伴着声嘶力竭的  
呼唤儿子的声音。

现在狂乱已经把他点燃。  
他飞脚踹墙；他的锁链  
愈发扣紧；用尽气力猛拉



那嵌得很深的钉子；狂怒的咆哮和尖叫声响起：  
就像一头困在陷阱里的沙漠雄狮，  
愤怒地中断他的劳苦——来回踱步。  
可是看啊！地下开了个口——一束蓝光  
向上升，轻轻摆动——寂静无声——细弱而冷冰  
就像彩虹的淡色，似乎没有火舌吐出；  
在延展开的地上，借着余光，  
看到的是没了呼吸的孩子！他的衣衫唝唝作响  
掠过他安详的面庞，一个暗淡的轮廓  
把注意力引向发光的痕迹。

父亲看到，  
他的所有愤怒没了踪影，尸体静静倒在那里  
一瞬间——无言以对——凝神观望——脚步停住  
神情专注，紧紧  
盯着那死尸。那双带着笑意的眸子  
还没有合上——在深红的嘴唇周围  
先前的微笑又回来了。

静寂和苍白  
父亲愣在那里——眼里没有泪珠——  
雷声咆哮——可是他未听到——  
地面像海面一样升起——他也不知道——  
结实的墙互相挤压，裂开大口——屋顶  
像气泡一样迎风颠簸；  
看啊！他举目仰望，面带浅笑；对他而言  
死是幸福。然而，最后的拥抱总要给予，  
之于死犹是一件快事。  
看啊！地面滚滚而起，近了又近了  
父亲的双臂伸向他的孩子。  
他一碰到孩子的衣衫——他的目光  
被爱和希望点燃，急切的忧虑！  
哈，看啊！他抓住他了！他把孩子抱在怀里；

亲吻他的脸，把脸上搭着的头发捋到脑后，  
露出那俊朗的额头，端详他的眼睛；  
抓住那微凹的手指；  
然后将他手放到他胸口，在睡着时  
他总是这个样子躺在那里；松开手，等待  
不被畏惧的死亡。

死神很快来了  
没有一丝痛苦地旋即而逝。一大堆土马上填进  
地上的开口。墙壁——拱门——穹顶  
还有深深的石头地基——全都轰然倒下！

## LESSON 116

### HOW MEN REASON

### 人是如何推理的

My friend, the Professor, whom I have mentioned to you once or twice, told me yesterday that somebody had been abusing him in some of the journals of his calling. I told him that I did n't doubt he deserved it; that I hoped he did deserve a little abuse occasionally, and would for a number of years to come; that nobody could do anything to make his neighbors wiser or better without being liable to abuse for it; especially that people hated to have their little mistakes made fun of, and perhaps he had been doing something of the kind. The Professor smiled.

Now, said I, hear what I am going to say. It will not take many years to bring you to the period of life when men, at least the majority of writing and talking men, do nothing but praise. Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay. I don't know what it is,—whether a spontaneous change, mental or bodily, or whether it is through experience of the thanklessness of critical honesty,—but it is a fact, that most writers, except sour and unsuccessful ones, get tired of finding fault at about the time when they are beginning to grow old.

As a general thing, I would not give a great deal for the fair words of a critic, if he is himself an author, over fifty years of age. At thirty, we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later, we have carved it, or shut up our jackknives. Then we are ready to help others, and care less to hinder any, because nobody's elbows are in our way. So I am glad you have a little life left; you will be saccharine enough in a few years.

Some of the softening effects of advancing age have struck me very much in what I have heard or seen here and elsewhere. I just now spoke of the sweetening process that authors undergo. Do you know that in the gradual passage from maturity to helplessness the harshest characters sometimes have a period in which they are gentle and placid as young children? I have heard it said, but I can not be

sponsor for its truth, that the famous chieftain, Lochiel, was rocked in a cradle like a baby, in his old age. An old man, whose studies had been of the severest scholastic kind, used to love to hear little nursery stories read over and over to him. One who saw the Duke of Wellington in his last years describes him as very gentle in his aspect and demeanor. I remember a person of singularly stern and lofty bearing who became remarkably gracious and easy in all his ways in the later period of his life.

And that leads me to say that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human Jargonelles, and must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their perfect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last better than the summer fruit. And some, that, like the Winter Nelis, have been hard and uninviting until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls. Milton was a Saint Germain with a graft of the roseate Early Catherine. Rich, juicy, lively, fragrant, russet-skinned old Chaucer was an Easter Beurre; the buds of a new summer were swelling when he ripened.

*(Holmes)*

## 【中文阅读】

我的朋友，那位教授，此人我曾经向你提到过一两次，告诉我说昨天有人某杂志上诋毁他的职业。我告诉他，我丝毫不怀疑他配得上这份职业；我倒是希望他偶尔听到一些毁谤之辞，这么多年来受到一点毁谤总是难免的。没有谁在没有受过毁谤之害的情况下，能使他的邻居变得更聪明或相处得更好。尤其是憎恶拿一点点过错来取笑别人的人，也许他自己就小错不断。闻听此言，这位教授脸上现出笑意。

现在，我晓得该说什么了。在这个至少大多数喜欢舞文弄墨和喜好议论针砭的人，什么也没做却博得好名声的年代，用不了多少年你就会进入这个人生阶段。男人，像桃子和鸭梨一样，在开始腐烂变质前总会甜上一段时间。我不晓得这是什么缘故——是否是身体和精神上一时的变化，或者是否通过自己的诚实吃力不讨好的经验——但事实是，绝大多数作者，除了酸腐和籍籍无名的那些人外，都懒得在他们开始变老之际查找自身的毛病。

一般而言，我不会给予一位批评家相当多溢美之词，如果他本人就是一位作家，年龄超过

五旬的话。在三十岁时，我们都力求将我们的名字以大号字体刻在生活这间出租屋的墙上；二十年后，我们已经化掉这些字，或者收起我们的折叠刀。然后，我们准备帮助他人，不再在意什么阻碍，因为没有谁能为我们指引道路。于是，我很高兴你还有余生，在未来几年时间里你会故作多情。

随着年龄增长一些变得不那么明显的感受，对我在这儿或别的地方听到或看到的产生了很大的影响。我现在提到的是作家经历过的变得温和的过程。你知道在从成熟到无能为力这个逐渐发展的阶段里，哪怕是最严厉的人有时也有个像小孩子那样温柔和温和的阶段吗？我听人这么说过，但我不敢保证是不是确有道理，著名的部落首领洛希尔在老年时，还像婴儿似的躺在摇篮里让人来回推着呢。上了年纪的人，他的研究属于最严肃的学者那类，总是乐于听小孩愿意听的故事，一遍又一遍地听也不烦。曾有幸见过威灵顿公爵晚年生活的人，形容他言谈举止非常温和。我记得有一位特别严厉和高傲的人在晚年却各方面都变得非常亲切、容易相处。

这会促使我说，经常让我想起梨子的人在某些方面正在接近成熟。有些人在二十岁时就成熟了，就像早熟梨子一样，必然在某一天腐烂枯萎。有些人进入完美状态迟了些，就像秋梨一样，最终要比夏天成熟的梨子更香甜。有些人则像冬青果，果实坚硬，直到所有其他的果实都过了季节，经过严寒和霜冻后很久才渐渐发红，才散发出郁郁芳香。要小心鲁莽轻率的批评。你所称的坚硬和难吃的水果也许就是到秋天和冬天才成熟的梨子，而在八月份你在同一根大树枝下拾起的也许只是梨子上的虫子——专吃被风吹落的果子。弥尔顿是嫁接了凯瑟琳王朝早期乐观精神的圣日耳曼，而味浓、汁多、色彩鲜艳、芬芳和黄褐色的老乔叟则是一种复活节黄油。在成熟时，初夏的蓓蕾迅速膨大。

（霍尔姆斯）

## THUNDERSTORM ON THE ALPS

## 阿尔卑斯山的暴风雨

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
Sounds sweet, as if a sister's voice reproved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep—  
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host  
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain coast,  
All is concentrated in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night.—Most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—

A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines,—a phosphoric sea!  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again, 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between  
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;  
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage,  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—departed.  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years, all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand!  
For here, not one, but many make their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,  
Flashing and cast around! Of all the band,  
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked  
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,  
That in such gaps as desolation worked,  
There, the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

(Byron)

## 【中文阅读】

清澈，温和的爱人！与你恰成对照的湖水，  
我寓居的这个疯狂的世界，  
正用它的平静向我发出警告，  
为了更纯净的清泉而放弃大地污浊的水。  
这次一帆风顺的航行就像无声的羽翼  
送来让我忘情的微风；曾经我喜欢  
为大海的咆哮神伤，但你那温柔的低语  
听起来那么甜美，仿佛姐妹的责难声，  
这样的欢乐怎能不把我打动。

天地一片寂静——尽管没有睡着，  
但屏住呼吸，当觉得极度静谧时我们在渐渐变老；  
平静，我们莅临思想的渊薮——  
天地一切都是那么寂静：从悬于天际的群星  
到睡着般的湖水和高山上的雪坡，  
所有这一切都汇集成一种生活的热情，  
在没有光和空气的地方，树叶也凋谢了，  
但是有生命的存在，万能的造物主和保护自己的理智。

天空风云突变！这是一种怎样的改变！啊，夜晚，  
暴风雨，还有黑暗，你们非常强大，  
然而在你们的力量有令人愉快的东西，  
就像女人的黑眸中的光彩！远远的，  
从峰顶到峰顶，在发出响声的峭壁之间，  
跳动着燃烧的雷电！不是仅仅一声，  
每座山都发出一种声音，  
汝拉山透过她那云雾笼罩的遮蔽物  
回答大声召唤她的阿尔卑斯山！

这就是那个夜晚——最辉煌的夜晚！  
你没有入眠！让我也成为  
你纵情狂欢的参与者吧  
成为暴风雨和你的一份子！  
湖上多么明亮——海面波涛粼粼！  
暴雨在地上狂舞！  
时而漆黑一片，现在  
隆隆的小山丘欢喜非常，在高山大笑中瑟瑟发抖，  
仿佛他们真为刚刚发生的地震而高兴。

现在，飞泻的罗讷河在  
仿佛含恨而别的情人一样的高山之间夺路而奔，  
心底爱的挖掘受到如此阻挠



他们不会再碰到一起，尽管伤心欲绝；  
在他们灵魂深处，每一个都把其他人隔绝，  
爱是痴情的疯狂的根本。  
他们生命的花朵枯萎了，然后——永相别。  
爱伤逝，留给他们的是岁月的  
嗟嘘，再无春暖花开之时——彼此堕入心灵煎熬之中。

现在，奔腾的罗讷河劈开他的路  
凶猛的暴风雨就落在他的滩涂！  
因为这里，不是一个，许多山头在戏水，  
霹雳从一个山丘到另一个山丘，  
电闪雷鸣，大雨如注！  
炫目的电光穿过那些彼此分离的山丘，又分出  
几多火球——仿佛他确实明白，  
这样的豁口孤零零，仿佛天成，  
那里，任凭里面潜藏着什么都逃不过那束热光。

（拜伦）

## LESSON 118

# ORIGIN OF PROPERTY

## 财产的起源

Sir William Blackstone, 1723-1780, was the son of a silk merchant, and was born in London. He studied with great success at Oxford, and was admitted to the bar in 1745. At first he could not obtain business enough in his profession to support himself, and for a time relinquished practice, and lectured at Oxford. He afterwards returned to London, and resumed his practice with great success, still continuing to lecture at Oxford. He was elected to Parliament in 1761; and in 1770 was made a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held till his death. Blackstone's fame rests upon his "Commentaries on the Laws of England," published about 1769. He was a man of great ability, sound learning, unflagging industry, and moral integrity. His great work is still a common text-book in the study of law.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by Holy Writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man dominion over all the earth, and "over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy, metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that everyone took from the public stock, to his own use, such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might, perhaps, still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primeval simplicity, in which "all things were common to him." Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could it be extended to the use of it. For, by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it, acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no

longer. Or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time, only, that the act of possession lasted.

Thus, the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular; yet, whoever was in the occupation of any determined spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust and contrary to the law of nature to have driven him by force; but, the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus, also, a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet, any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit which he had gathered for his own repast: a doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theater, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is, for the time, his own.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of a more permanent dominion; and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise, innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only a usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession; if, as soon as he walked out of his tent or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one and to wear the other.

In the case of habitations, in particular, it was natural to observe that even the brute creation, to whom everything else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the fields had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice

their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or movable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established.

There can be no doubt but that movables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent, substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continue for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length, by usage, ripen into an established right; but, principally, because few of them could be fit for use till improved and meliorated by the bodily labor of the occupant; which bodily labor, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young.

The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And, therefore, the book of Genesis, (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history,) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in places where the ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus, we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security "because he had digged that well." And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace.

All this while, the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant; except, perhaps, in the neighborhood of towns, where the necessity of a sale and exclusive property in lands, (for the sake of agriculture,) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities.

We have a striking example of this in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot. When their joint substance became so great that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention, Abraham thus endeavored to compose: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased that was not preoccupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east; and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous products destroyed, without any provision for future supply or succession. It, therefore, became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connection and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil than had hitherto been received and adopted.

It was clear that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities without the assistance of tillage; but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity

to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art and labor? Had not, therefore, a separate property in lands, as well as movables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey. Whereas, now, (so graciously has Providence interwoven our duty and our happiness together,) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational, as well as of exerting its natural faculties.

Necessity begat property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants: states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labor, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

## 【中文阅读】

在创世之初,《圣经》告诉我们,万能的造物主赋予人统领世间的权力,“统领海洋中的鱼,空中的飞禽,大地上生长的所有生命”。这是人统领外在世界唯一真实和牢固的基础。不论如何空灵和形而上学的观念,也许都始于那些想象力丰富的作者开始对这个主题的玄想。因此,除了其他生命以外,地球上的一切都是所有人类的普通财产,源于造物主的直接馈赠。在地球继续光秃秃,适宜人类居住时,合理的推测是所有人能够在其中共存,大家的生活用品皆来自于公共物品,包括他的直接必需品。

关于财产的这些普通观念,足以满足人类生活的所有需要。也许还能满足他们,对人类而言如果处于一种原始朴素状态是可能的话,那么在这种状态里“所有的一切都应该具有遍在性”。对任何事物而言,即使在人类生活最早期,物品的这种交流也并非一定是适当的,更不消说扩展到对物品的使用了。按照自然和理性法则,率先使用的人在那时想要的是一种短暂拥有的财产,只要他使用,这种不动产就归他拥有,一旦停止使用就不再归他拥有了。说得更准

确些，只有在占有行为持续的同时，拥有权才会继续享有。

因此，土地是共有的，其中任何一部分都不是某个具体人的永久财产；不过不论什么人只要占据有决定权的地位，对其他人，对财产的投影，或者诸如此类的事情，都需要时间才能得到某种所有权，从不公平和对自然法则的违背到外力驱使他这样。但是，一旦他停止使用或占有，其他人就会通过不公平的手段据为己有。因此，一株葡萄树或其他树被说成是共有的，对树的果实所有人都会被赋予同样的权利；然而，任何自私的个体都有可能取得采集后用来享用果实的独权。西塞罗很好地阐述了这一学说，他将整个世界喻为一个巨大的剧场，属于大家共有，任何人一旦有机会都会将这个剧场据为己有。

但是，随着人类在数量、心机和野心上的增长，抱有追求更长久的统治权这一观念成为必然。个体挪用的不只是使用权，而是对一事物整个实质内容的使用。不然的话，由此会引起难以计数的纷争，世界业已形成的良好秩序持续遭到破坏和干扰，各色人等都会争取最先占用同一样东西，或者为他们当中谁应该最终得到这件东西争执不下。随着人类生活越来越完善，便利性的丰富使得生活变得更加简单、舒适和满意。随着人们居有定所，安全性逐渐增加，服饰业更加保暖和讲究。但是，没有谁不愿意提供这些，只要他对这些财产仅仅拥有用益权，一旦他停止拥有，用益权也随之中止。他一走出自己的帐篷或者脱下他的衣服，从旁边经过的陌生人就有权住进这个帐篷，并将别人的衣服穿在身上。

至于居民，尤其是人们很自然地注意到，即使是野蛮人，对他而言其他的一切都是共有的，他们的住所是一种持久的财产，尤其是予以保护以便后代享用。在空中翱翔的鸟儿有巢，田野上跑的走兽有穴，它们把入侵巢穴视为一种公然的不公正。为此牺牲生命誓死捍卫也在所不惜。由此，很快财产这个概念就以每个人的房子和宅地为标准建立起来了；最初似乎仅指临时栖身的小屋和可以移动的小木屋，在土地或地上大规模的财产建立起来之前，适宜于迎合更迅速地居于土地上的天意，适宜于小屋的拥有者过漫游的生活。

毫无疑问，每种可以移动的财产很快变为比永恒和大量土地更容易占用的东西。部分原因在于，它们比长期占有更易受影响，在没有任何明显中断的情况下，也许能持续数月之久。最终通过使用，成为一种既成权利。不过，主要原因是，他们当中很少有人有资格使用，直到通过付出体力的占有来改善和促进。对所有人而言，身体上的劳动已经成为一个共同的主题，

一般而言允许给予专有财产最公平和最合理的权益。

食物是更直接的召唤，因此给予更及早的考虑。人们不满足于土地的自然产物，而致力于他们通过狩猎获取的野兽肉中更有助于人们恢复精力的东西。但是，这种供应方式频繁出现令人失望的偶然事件，促使他们一起搜集诸如更驯服和听话的动物，在他们的畜群和畜栏建立永久的财产，以便以较少不确定性的方式供养自己。一部分源于老牲畜的奶，部分源于年幼动物的肉。

对牲口的饲养使得水源问题也成了非常重要的关键。因此，《创世纪》(最珍贵的古代文献，仅取其历史观)向我们提供了许多与围墙有关的暴力主张例子。专有财产显然建立在先拔刀相向或者擅自占有之上，甚至在那些土地和上面长的草还属于共有的地方也是这样。因此，我们发现只是一位寄居者的亚伯，在阿彼默肋王国断言自己对一眼井拥有专有权，以他的个人安危发誓“因为那口井是他挖的”。而大约九十年后的以撒，重申这是他父亲的财产；经过与非利士人的多次纷争后，得以乐享这口井。

一直以来，地球上的土地和牧草同以前一样属于共有，向每个占有者敞开胸怀。除了相邻的城镇，在那里生活必需品和土地专有财产的买卖，(多亏了农业)，是较早出现的，因此更容易遵从。换言之，当大量人口和牲畜在一地消耗掉所有便利品时，攫取和占有其他人的土地被视为当然的权力，这样才能更容易供应自己的生活必需品。

从亚伯和他侄子洛特的经历中，我们可以找到这方面生动的例子。当他们共同的物质需求变得很大，以至于牧草和其他便利品愈发稀缺时，后果当然是他们的奴仆之间发生争执。于是，他们不再住在一起，亚伯因此要努力平息这场纷争：“我求求大家了，我们之间不要再吵了。在你们面前，难道土地不是完整的吗？我求你们了，快走吧。如果你们举起左手，我就走右边。如果你们去右边，我就去左边。”这段话清楚直率地暗示出他拥有自己心仪土地的权利，不允许其他部落占有。“洛特举目凝视着约旦的全部平原地区，那里灌溉得很好，甚至像伊甸园一样。然后，洛特为自己挑选了约旦全部平原地区，向东迁徙。亚伯则在迦南定居。”

随着世界人口越来越多，如果不侵犯以前的占有者的利益的话，愈发难发现可以定居新地方；不断占有同一个体的地方，土地上的出产被消耗殆尽在没有为将来的供应或者接下来的季节储备的情况下，土地的自然出产被毁掉了。因此，致力于某些有规律的方法来提供稳定的



基本生活资料成为必然；这种生活必需品的生产，至少能促进和鼓励农艺。而农艺作为正常的连接纽带和结果，要比到目前为止已经接受和采用的方法更有利于引进和建立土地是更长久的财产这一观念。

显然，不借助于耕种，土地是不会出产足够的农作物的；但是，倘若其他人有机会占有他的产业、手艺和劳动，谁还愿意受耕种之累呢？因此，如果不将土地财产以及可以移动的财产分离，不给予个体权利的话，这个世界必将继续被森林覆盖，人们仅有动物可食。有鉴于此，现在（天意如此仁慈地与我们的责任和幸福交织在一起），这种必然性的结果通过赋予其增进理性的机会，以及施加其自然力量，促使人类更为高贵。

必然性导致财产的出现。为了确保财产，求助于民权社会，这必将带来一连串伴随出现的问题：国家，政府，法律。惩罚措施和公开行使宗教义务。社会中只有一部分通过提供他们的手工劳动，足以为全体民众提供必需的生活资料。其他人的空闲时间用来培养心智，旨在发明有用的手艺，借此奠定科学的基础。

LESSON 119  
BATTLE OF WATERLOO

滑铁卢之战

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;

But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,

Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave!—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,

Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

*(Byron)*

## 【中文阅读】

夜深纵饮欢歌，笙箫笛声阵阵，  
四面八方的美女豪侠  
齐聚比利时京城，  
灯火把美女英雄照得那般威风，  
千颗心快乐地跳着，当  
醉人的音乐波涛般涌起，  
温柔的眼睛对视着，情意无垠  
大家欢情纵舞，就像结婚的钟声；  
可是，听！听啊！低沉的声音仿佛隆隆丧钟！

你们听见了吗？——没有；不过是风声，  
抑或车轮碾过青石街上发出的声音；  
还是跳舞吧！大家其乐无穷，  
当青春喜悦相逢，一觉到天明，  
飞步急赶那良辰美景——  
可是，你们听！——那沉沉的声音不消停，  
乌云且把它的回声重复个不停  
近了，更近了，越来越骇人，比先前尤甚，  
拿起枪！拿起枪！——这是大炮的吼声！

啊！立即掀起一片纷乱，  
一起飙泪，痛苦地颤抖，  
都双颊惨白，可就在一小时以前  
听到赞美都脸上泛起可爱的晕红  
生离死别难堪睹目，这样的逼迫  
年轻人哪能承受，呜咽悲戚难自抑，  
再聚首恐在梦中；谁又能猜透  
唯愿目光中还有彼此的影子停留，  
既然夜晚如此温馨，清晨何以这般叫人难受。

到处匆匆忙攀上马鞍：战马，

集合起来的马队中，车子咔哒声中，  
迅疾涌向前方的滩头，  
顷刻间列出作战的队形，  
远处低沉的雷鸣阵阵，  
近处报警的鼓声隆隆，  
启明星未明，士兵都起身相迎，  
这时老百姓挤在一起，吓得呆若木鸡，  
有的颤动嘴唇低语——“敌人！他们来了，他们来了！”

在他们上方，阿登高地上绿阴婆娑，  
他们经过时露珠和着大自然的眼泪滴落，  
太长息，若是都能永远悲伤不再，  
勇士不再归来！空悲切！  
就在夜晚像草一样被践踏之前，  
此刻，在他们脚下，将长出新草，  
下一次草木繁盛之际，当这支勇猛的队伍  
走在上面，滚滚向前杀向敌寇，  
燃起的莫大希望，将冷却腐朽。

昨天正午，但见他们兵强马壮神飞扬，  
昨日黄昏围成美丽的圆圈把歌欢唱，  
午夜传来一声打仗的信号，  
清晨，列队集结，全副武装——那天  
战场上阵势雄壮！  
当出击时，乌云漫卷敛锋芒，  
地上覆盖了远方的泥土  
高地上原来的泥土终将覆盖，堆成小山，  
驭手和马儿——朋友，敌人——血液交混埋在一起。

## LESSON 120

### “WITH BRAINS, SIR”

### “要用脑子，先生”

**John Brown, 1810-1882, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and graduated at the University of Edinburgh. His father was John Brown, an eminent clergyman and the author of several books. Dr. Brown's literary reputation rests largely upon a series of papers contributed to the "North British Review." "Rab and his Friends," a collection of papers published in book form, is the most widely known of all his writings.**

“Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask you what you mix your colors with?” said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. “With brains, sir,” was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him agoing, athinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colors and their mixture the better.

Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colors, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: “With brains, sir.”

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favorable eye. “Capital composition; correct drawing; the color, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants—hang it, it wants—that!” snapping his fingers; and, wanting “that,” though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of aesthetics, who delighted to tell the young men how

everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, “How should I do this, sir?” “Suppose you try.” Another, “What does this mean, Mr. Etty?” “Suppose you look.” “But I have looked.” “Suppose you look again.”

And they did try, and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not, in full and highest meaning) been told them, or done for them; in the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other, mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained.

## 【中文阅读】

“求求你了，欧派先生，我能问一下你想上什么色彩吗？”那位活泼的半吊子学生对大画家说。“要用脑子，先生。”得到的是如此生硬的回答。显然，这是正确的回答。这句话里并没有包括太多的信息，也没有对艺术原理和原则做出详细解释。如果询问者指的是商品的话，就会令他警醒；就会令他的大脑飞速运转，琢磨画画有很好的用途。如果他没有为绘画而需要的钱，最有可能的情形是，他对色彩考虑的越少，效果反而更好。

许多其他艺术家，当问到同样的问题时，要么会详细解释色彩的动力学合成原理，构成比例，一遍一遍地温故知新；要么他们也许（越多越好，但不是最好）会向提问者演示如何进行色彩配比。但是即便这样，他们还是忘记了重点。欧派喜欢直接切中要害。“要用脑子，先生。”

约书亚·雷诺兹爵士受一位朋友之邀观赏一幅画。他欣赏之情溢于言表，用热切而称许的目光仔细打量。“构图堪称完美，画法精湛。用色、色调和明暗对比都完美无瑕。可是——可是——要挂起来，挂起来看才好！”说着，他猛地张开手指；他想表达的是“挂起来才好，”可是显然还有别的意思。

艾蒂再次被任命为皇家学院的教师，他是一位聪明、能言善谈的美学阐释者，他乐于告诫年轻人如何做事情，如何复制完美，如何描述美的事物。一位学生走到这位新老师面前。“我该怎么做呢，先生？”“你要尝试啊。”另一个学生问道：“这是什么意思，艾蒂先生？”“你自己看啊。”“可是我已经看了啊。”“再看一遍。”

他们都尝试了，他们都看了，看了又看。他们发现自己绝对不可能按老师告诉他们的来做。一方面，看到的東西和行为是直接、准确、紧张和确定的；另一方面，一旦获得就成了间接、无力和容易失去的印象。



# LESSON 121

## THE NEW ENGLAND PASTOR

### 新英格兰牧师

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards. It is said that she taught her son the alphabet in one lesson, that he could read the Bible at four years of age, and that he studied Latin by himself at six. He graduated at Yale in 1769, returned as tutor in 1771, and continued six years. He was chaplain in a brigade under General Putnam for a time. In 1778 his father died, and for five years he supported his mother and a family of twelve children by farming, teaching and preaching. From 1783 to 1795 he was pastor at Greenfield, Connecticut. He was then chosen President of Yale College, and remained in office till he died. Dr. Dwight was a man of fine bodily presence, of extended learning, and untiring industry. His presidency of the college was highly successful. His patriotism was no less ardent and true than his piety. In his younger days he wrote considerably in verse. His poetry is not all of a very high order; but some pieces possess merit.

The place, with east and western sides,  
A wide and verdant street divides:  
And here the houses faced the day,  
And there the lawns in beauty lay.  
There, turret-crowned, and central, stood  
A neat and solemn house of God.  
Across the way, beneath the shade  
Two elms with sober silence spread,  
The preacher lived. o'er all the place  
His mansion cast a Sunday grace;  
Dumb stillness sate the fields around;  
His garden seemed a hallowed ground;  
Swains ceased to laugh aloud, when near,  
And schoolboys never sported there.

In the same mild and temperate zone,  
Twice twenty years, his course had run,  
His locks of flowing silver spread  
A crown of glory o'er his head;  
His face, the image of his mind,  
With grave and furrowed wisdom shined;  
Not cold; but glowing still, and bright;

Yet glowing with October light:  
As evening blends, with beauteous ray,  
Approaching night with shining day.

His Cure his thoughts engrossed alone:  
For them his painful course was run:  
To bless, to save, his only care;  
To chill the guilty soul with fear;  
To point the pathway to the skies,  
And teach, and urge, and aid, to rise;  
Where strait, and difficult to keep,  
It climbs, and climbs, o'er Virtue's steep.

## 【中文阅读】

这个地方，东西两侧，  
由宽阔和郁郁葱葱的大街分开；  
这里房舍面向天空，  
还有草坪美不胜收。  
那里，角楼凸起，中央坐落着  
上帝整齐和肃穆的房屋。  
穿过街道，两株榆树  
安静地摊开树阴，  
布道者就在那里居住。  
他的宅邸投射出礼拜天的恩泽；  
四周的田野一片沉静，  
他的花园俨然一块圣地；  
连乡下情郎到附近也不再纵声大笑，  
学童从不会到那儿玩耍。

在同样温暖和温和的区域，  
二十年来他两度经过那里，  
他的发髻已然银白，  
头上象征荣誉的王冠依旧；  
他的脸映出他的心思，

閃耀着莊重和歲月刻下的智慧；  
天不冷；但是愉快和熱情洋溢依舊；  
然而，輝耀出十月的金輝：  
隨著夜晚融入美輪美奐的光束，  
夜晚緊隨艷陽高照的白天的腳步。

他的思緒只刻下了他的忧患：  
對他們而言，他痛苦的人生歷程已然走完：  
祝福，挽救，他唯一的牽挂；  
他那罪惡的靈魂因恐懼而變冷；  
通往天堂的路上指明一條小路，  
告誡，引領，幫助，升起；  
海峽很難渡過，  
靈魂攀爬啊，攀爬，越過道德陡峭的懸崖。

## LESSON 122

# DEATH OF ABSALOM

## 押沙龙之死

David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai, the Gittite.

And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, thou shalt not go forth; for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

And the king stood by the gate side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for, in our hearing, the king charged thee, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, everyone to his tent. Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

Then said Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go, tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, Run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.

And David sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And behold, Cushie came; and Cushie said, Tidings my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushie, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushie answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

*(II Samuel, Chap. xviii)*

## 【中文阅读】

大卫数点跟随他的人，立千夫长，百夫长率领他们。大卫打发军兵出战，分为三队，一队在约押手下，一队在洗鲁雅的儿子，约押兄弟亚比筛手下，一队在迦特人以太手下。

大卫对军兵说，我必与你们一同出战。军兵却说，你不可出战。若是我们逃跑，敌人必不介意。我们阵亡一半，敌人也不介意。因为你一人强似我们万人，你不如在城里预备帮助我们。王向他们说，你们以为怎样好，我就怎样行。

于是王站在城门旁，军兵或百或千地挨次出发了。王嘱咐约押、亚比筛，以太说，你们要**为我的缘故宽待那少年人押沙龙**。王为押沙龙嘱咐众将的话，兵都听见了。

于是，兵就出到田野迎着以色列人，在以法莲树林里交战。以色列人败在大卫的仆人面前。那日阵亡的甚多，共有二万人。因为在那里四面打仗，死于树林的比死于刀剑的更多。

押沙龙偶然遇见大卫的仆人。押沙龙骑着骡子，从大橡树密枝底下经过，他的头发被树枝绕住，悬挂起来，所骑的骡子便离他去了。

有个人看见，就告诉约押说，我看见押沙龙挂在橡树上了。约押对报信的人说，你既看见他，为什么不将他打死落在地上呢。你若打死他，我就赏你十舍客勒银子，一条带子。那人对约押说，我就是得你一千舍客勒银子，我也不敢伸手害王的儿子。因为我们听见王嘱咐你、亚比筛还有以太说，你们要谨慎，不可害那少年人押沙龙。我若妄为害了他的性命，就是你自己也必与我为敌。原来无论何事都瞒不过王。

约押说，我不能与你流连。约押手拿三杆短枪，趁押沙龙在橡树上还活着，就刺透他的心。给约押拿兵器的十个少年围绕押沙龙，将他杀死。约押吹角，拦阻众人，他们就回来，不再追赶以色列人。

他们将押沙龙丢在林中一个大坑里，上头堆起一大堆石头。以色列众人都逃跑，各回各家去了。押沙龙活着的时候，在王谷立了一根石柱，因他说，我没有儿子为我留名。他就以自己的名字命名那根石柱，就叫押沙龙柱，直到今日。

撒督的儿子亚希玛斯说，容我跑去，将耶和华向仇敌给王报仇的信息报与王知。约押对他说，你今日不可去报信，改日可以报信。因为今日王的儿子死了，所以你不可去报信。约押对古示人说，你去将你所看见的告诉王。古示人在约押面前下拜，就跑去了。

撒督的儿子亚希玛斯又对约押说，无论怎样，求你容我随着古示人一起去。约押说，我

儿，你报这信息，既不得赏赐，何必要跑去呢。他又说，无论怎样，我要去。约押说，你去吧。亚希玛斯就从平原往前跑，跑过古示人去了。

大卫正坐在城瓮里。守望的人在城门楼顶，举目观看，见有一个人独自跑来。守望的人就大声告诉王。王说，他若独自来，必是报口信的。那人跑得渐渐近了。

守望的人又见一人跑来，就对守城门的人说，又有一人独自跑来。王说，这也必是报信的。守望的人说，我看前头人的跑法，好像撒督的儿子亚希玛斯的跑法一样。王说，他是个好人，必是报好信息。

亚希玛斯向王呼叫说，平安了。就在王面前脸伏于地叩拜，说，耶和华你的神是应当称颂的，因他已将那举手攻击我主我王的人交给王了。王问道，少年人押沙龙平安不平安。亚希玛斯回答说，约押打发王的仆人，那时仆人听见众民大声喧哗，却不知道是什么事。王说，你退去，站在旁边。他就退去，站在旁边。古示人也来到，说，有信息报给我主我王。耶和华今日向一切兴起攻击你的人给你报仇了。王问古示人说，少年人押沙龙平安不平安。古示人回答说，愿我主我王的仇敌，和一切兴起要杀害你的人，都与那少年人一样。

王心里伤恸，上城门楼哀哭，一面走一面说，我儿押沙龙啊！我的儿，我儿押沙龙啊！我恨不得替你死，押沙龙啊，我儿。我的儿！

（撒母耳记下：18）



LESSON 123  
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

亚伯拉罕·达文波特

'T was on a May day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In day of which the Norland sagas tell—  
The Twilight of the Gods.

The low-hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim  
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs  
The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls  
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Low'd, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings  
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;  
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp  
To hear the doom blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked  
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old Statehouse, dim as ghosts,  
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
“It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,”  
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

He rose, slow-cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. "This well may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;  
But be it so or not, I only know  
My present duty, and my Lord's command  
To occupy till he come. So at the post  
Where he hath set me in his providence,  
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—  
No faithless servant frightened from my task,  
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.  
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,  
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An act to amend an act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon,  
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,  
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech  
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without  
The shrewd, dry humor natural to the man:  
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,  
Between the pauses of his argument,  
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,  
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen  
Against the background of unnatural dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

*(Whittier)*

## 【中文阅读】

这是很久以前的一个五月天  
1780年，正值春暖花开的芳香季节，  
大地新绿，天方正午，  
突然笼罩着令人恐惧的漆黑，  
就像北欧传说中讲的子夜时分，

诸神的黄昏。

低矮的天空

不祥的乌云密布，除了它的边缘

绕着一层晦暗的光亮，就像从下界火红的炼狱  
爬到火山口上的火花。

鸟儿停止鸣啾，仓院里所有家禽

都在歇息；牧场栅栏围着的牛

低着头，望着牛栏的方向；皮革翅膀上的蝙蝠

向外飞去；劳作的声音已经绝迹；

男人祈祷，女人抽泣；所有人都在谛听

划过夜空那尖利的喇叭声，基督那张可怕的脸庞

从裂开的云层望去，他看到的不是

贝瑟尼一位可爱的客人，

而是严肃的法官和无情的法律。

与此同时在过去的州议会的议场，暗如魔窟，

坐着的是康涅狄格立法者，

在法袍下瑟瑟发抖。

“这是上帝的世界末日！休庭！”有人说；

然后，仿佛全体一致，

所有目光都转向亚伯拉罕·达文波特。

他站起身，他那坚毅的声音

慢慢划开不堪忍受的寂静。“这也许就是

世界期待已久的末日审判；

但是不管是不是，我只晓得

我现在的责任，我的上司命令我主持

直到他来。因此他先前坐的位子

由我来坐，正合天意。

出于一个原因，我选择与他面对面，

没有背信弃义的仆人害怕我分配给他任务，

但是要随时准备响应丰收之神的召唤；

因此，怀着万分的崇敬，我会说，

让神做他的事情，我们自己照料自己。  
带着蜡烛。”他们自己收获庄稼。

借着摇曳的烛光，说话者读起来，  
尽管声音沙哑，双手颤个不停，  
一个动作用来修补，一个动作用来调整  
西鲱和艾勒崴夫渔场。然后，  
聪明又得体的亚伯拉罕·达文波特  
直接提出问题，用并非形象化的语言  
除了十个阿拉伯符号，他的语言里没有  
机灵、干巴巴的幽默：  
他那惊呆了的同僚全都洗耳恭听，  
在他的高论暂停中间，  
听到的是上帝的雷霆之怒  
就像从中空的大鼓爆破而出。

记得这天他站在那里，  
腰身挺直，镇定自若，棱角分明的脸上映出  
不自然的黑色暗影，  
这是对走过的岁月的见证，  
朴素的责任感没有给恐惧留出位置。

## LESSON 124

# THE FALLS OF THE YOSEMITE

## 约斯迈特瀑布

Thomas Starr King, 1824-1863, was born in New York City. His father was a Universalist minister; and, in 1834, he settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The son was preparing to enter Harvard University, when the death of his father devolved upon him the support of his mother, and his collegiate course had to be given up. He spent several years as clerk and teacher, improving meanwhile all possible opportunities for study. In 1846 he was settled over the church to which his father had preached in Charlestown. Two years later, he was called to the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston. Here his eloquence and active public spirit soon made him well known. He also gained much reputation as a public lecturer. In 1860 he left the East to take charge of the Unitarian church in San Francisco. During the remaining years of his life, he exercised much influence in the public affairs of California. He died suddenly, of diphtheria, in the midst of his brilliant career.

Mr. King was a great lover of nature. His “White Hills,” describing the mountain scenery of New Hampshire, is the most complete book ever written concerning that interesting region.

The Yosemite valley, in California, is a pass about ten miles long. At its eastern extremity it leads into three narrower passes, each of which extends several miles, winding by the wildest paths into the heart of the Sierra Nevada chain of mountains. For seven miles of the main valley, which varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half, the walls on either side are from two thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the road, and are nearly perpendicular. From these walls, rocky splinters a thousand feet in height start up, and every winter drop a few hundred tons of granite, to adorn the base of the rampart with picturesque ruin.

The valley is of such irregular width, and bends so much and often so abruptly, that there is a great variety and frequent surprise in the forms and combinations of the overhanging rocks as one rides along the bank of the stream. The patches of luxuriant meadow, with their dazzling green, and the grouping of the superb firs, two hundred feet high, that skirt them, and that shoot above the stout and graceful oaks and sycamores through which the horse path winds, are delightful rests of sweetness and beauty amid the threatening awfulness.

The Merced, which flows through the same pass, is a noble stream, a hundred feet wide and ten feet deep. It is formed chiefly of the streams that leap and rush through the narrower passes, and it is swollen, also, by the bounty of the marvelous waterfalls that pour down from the ramparts of the wider valley. The sublime poetry of Habakkuk is needed to describe the impression, and, perhaps, the geology, of these mighty fissures: “Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.”

At the foot of the breakneck declivity of nearly three thousand feet by which we reach the banks of the Merced, we are six miles from the hotel, and every rod of the ride awakens wonder, awe, and a solemn joy. As we approach the hotel, and turn toward the opposite bank of the river, what is that

“Which ever sounds and shines,  
A pillar of white light upon the wall  
Of purple cliffs aloof descried”?

That, reader, is the highest waterfall in the world—the Yosemite cataract, nearly twenty-five hundred feet in its plunge, dashing from a break or depression in a cliff thirty-two hundred feet sheer.

A writer who visited this valley in September, calls the cataract a mere tape line of water dropped from the sky. Perhaps it is so, toward the close of the dry season; but as we saw it, the blended majesty and beauty of it, apart from the general sublimities of Yosemite gorge, would repay a journey of a thousand miles. There was no deficiency of water. It was a powerful stream, thirty-five feet broad, fresh from the Nevada, that made the plunge from the brow of the awful precipice.

At the first leap it clears fourteen hundred and ninety-seven feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways four hundred and two feet, and then makes a jump to the meadows five hundred and eighteen feet more. But it is the upper and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye, as well as most musical. The cliff is so sheer that there is no break in the body of the water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. It pours in a curve from the summit, fifteen hundred feet, to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades that follow.

And what endless complexities and opulence of beauty in the forms and motions of the cataract! It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice, although, as we said, the tide that pours over is thirty-five feet broad. But it widens as it descends, and curves a little on one side as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the figure of a comet. More beautiful

than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself and ever pour itself away.

“It mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald;—how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs.”

The cataract seems to shoot out a thousand serpentine heads or knots of water, which wriggle down deliberately through the air and expend themselves in mist before half the descent is over. Then a new set burst from the body and sides of the fall, with the same fortune on the remaining distance; and thus the most charming fretwork of watery nodules, each trailing its vapory train for a hundred feet or more, is woven all over the cascade, which swings, now and then, thirty feet each way, on the mountain side, as if it were a pendulum of watery lace. Once in a while, too, the wind manages to get back of the fall, between it and the cliff, and then it will whirl it round and round for two or three hundred feet, as if to try the experiment of twisting it to wring it dry.

Of course I visited the foot of the lowest fall of the Yosemite, and looked up through the spray, five hundred feet, to its crown. And I tried to climb to the base of the first or highest cataract, but lost my way among the steep, sharp rocks, for there is only one line by which the cliff can be scaled. But no nearer view that I found or heard described, is comparable with the picture, from the hotel, of the comet curve of the upper cataract, fifteen hundred feet high, and the two falls immediately beneath it, in which the same water leaps to the level of the quiet Merced.

【中文阅读】

位于加利福尼亚的约斯迈特峡谷，是一条约有十英里长的山口。在东部尽端，有三条狭窄的通道，每条都绵延达数英里，这里是通向群山之间的内华达山脊核心地带最荒凉的通道。主山谷有七英里长，从四分之三英里到一英里和一英里半处，山谷的宽度变化不定，每一侧的谷壁都位于与下面道路相距二千到近二千五百英尺，几乎是垂直的。从这些谷壁上，岩石碎片开始从一千英尺高的高处往下坠落，每个冬天都掉下数百吨的花岗岩，把谷底的防御土墙装饰成了如画的废墟。

山谷那么不规则，弯曲处又那么多，以及如此频繁地往下坠落石块，以至于当人们沿着溪岸骑马而行时，会发现突出于悬崖之外的岩石在组成和组合上都千变万化，常常出人意表。茂盛的草地，泛出刺目的绿色，挺拔的冷杉组成树群，高达二百英尺，在冷杉群的边缘是粗壮和优雅的橡树及无花果树，马道穿于其间，在令人感到肃穆的威严之间剩下的就是愉快和美了。

流过同一通道的默西迪河是一条雄伟的溪流，深达十英尺，一百英尺宽。默西迪河主要由在狭窄的通道上纵横交错的小溪组成。小河涨水系由从较宽的山谷的防御土墙流下的大瀑布水流造成。希伯来的先知那令人赞叹的诗歌描绘了对这些壮观的狭长裂隙的印象，也许还有地质学上的描述：“你将大地劈开，成了数不尽的河流。”

在将近三千英尺非常危险的斜坡脚下，我们抵达默西迪的河床，从旅馆到这里有六英里的路程，每一次鞭打坐骑都会引起惊奇、惊惧和严肃的快乐。当我们快到旅馆时，我们的目光转向河的对岸，真的是

流水潺潺，光芒四射，  
一根白色光柱映在墙上，  
还能识得那孤零零的紫色悬崖吗？

读者诸君，那里是世界上最高的瀑布——约斯迈特大瀑布，几乎达二千五百英尺，谁从三千二百英尺高的陡峭悬崖里的裂隙或凹陷处奔流而下。

曾于九月份造访过这个山谷的一位作者，称这个大瀑布简直上接天庭，谁从天而降。也许



临近旱季时也是如此。不过正如我们亲眼所见的，除了约斯迈特峡谷本身的庄严以外，大瀑布集雄伟和壮美于一身，足以报偿这一千英里旅程的辛苦。大瀑布堪称完美无瑕，瀑布水势磅礴，有三十五英尺宽，清凉的水源于内华达，在可怕的峭壁上端飞入溪涧。

水最初暴涨的地方，有一千四百九十七英尺高，然后沿四百零二英尺陡峭的楼梯奔流而下，然后跳到五百八十多英尺高的草地上。这是令人叹为观止的最高的大瀑布，响声更是犹如天籁。悬崖几乎是垂直的，以至于在瀑布整个下降期间，在超过四分之一英里的水面上竟没有一处停顿。瀑布以曲线形态从一千五百英尺的顶端飞泻而下，直抵将水积存起来的盆地，这样小瀑布就可以从这里流淌了。

大瀑布以万千姿态飞流而下的过程中，何其错综复杂，何其美丽壮观啊！虽然悬崖顶端相对而言较为狭窄，但是正如我们所言，瀑布飞流竟有三十五英尺宽。随着瀑布下落愈发宽阔，而随着变宽有一侧曲线弧度变小，这样一来在到达第一个花岗岩底时，水流变细成彗星状。然而，比彗星更美的是，我们发现这条水道可爱之处在于，它始终不断自我更新，不断喷涌。

在飞溅中直抵云霄，  
从那里复又似永不停歇的阵雨返回，雨云  
清婉，缭绕绵延。  
之于大地它是永恒的四月天，  
万物一片艳绿——水潭深不见底！  
洪流何以从一块岩石跳到另一块岩石  
超出极限，  
连那峭壁也被压得破碎不堪。

大瀑布似乎能射出一千个蜿蜒的水柱或水结，不慌不忙地向下扭动着穿过空中，在瀑布飞泻的半途化为水雾。然后，从瀑布团内和两侧爆出新的水柱，在剩余的距离内又重复上述过程。因此，水结最令人惊奇和引人入胜是其线条和空间图案，每个蒸气拖尾都多达一百英尺长，汇进小瀑流里，不时地旋转摇摆，每一次在山的一侧都扬起三十英尺高的水柱，恍若水带

的下摆一样。间或风儿劲吹，企图使瀑布倒流；在瀑布和悬崖之间，风会卷起瀑布达二三百英尺高，仿佛在做甩干实验呢。

当然，我造访的是约斯迈特最低的瀑布，透过水花向上仰望，在五百英尺高处就是它的王冠了。我尝试爬到第一个底座或大瀑布的最高处，可是在陡峭尖厉的岩石间迷失了方向，因为只有一道可以攀爬到崖顶的天梯。但是，从下榻的旅店，也就是较高瀑布的彗星曲线望去，近处没有哪道我发现或者听人描述过的风景，堪与眼前这高达一千五百英尺的壮观景色相比了，两条瀑布直泻大瀑布下方，同样的水飞纵跃入平静的默西迪河。

LESSON 125  
A PSALM OF LIFE

生活赞美诗

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

*(Longfellow)*

## 【中文阅读】

不要用悲伤的诗句告诉我，  
人生只是虚幻的梦！  
因为灵魂的昏睡无异死，  
而事物与其表象不同。

人生多真切！要认真对待！  
坟墓绝不是最后的归宿；  
你本是尘土，落地终有处，  
所指绝非灵魂本身。  
我们命定的终点和道路  
不是享乐，也不是悲苦；  
是行动：要让每一个明天  
比今天都更进一步。

学艺需时日，光阴飞逝步履匆匆，  
我们的心尽管坚毅果敢，  
却像隔音的鼓，  
敲着哀乐走向坟场。

在这个世界的广阔战场  
或在生活中的宿营之地，  
别像默不作声的被驱赶的小牛！  
要做一个能征惯战的英雄！

不要寄望将来，尽管那么美好！  
让已死的过去把死来埋葬！  
行动吧！趁着现在就行动吧！  
心中一团热火，上帝在指引方向！

伟人的生平提醒我们，  
我们能让我们的生命被人传扬，  
一旦离开，我们身后的足迹  
将会印在时间的沙土。

足迹，也许还有别的，  
在静肃的生活之海远洋，  
孤立无助而遭遇劫难的兄弟，  
见那足迹后信心又重回胸膛。

让我们挺起身，行动起来，  
凭对任何命运不低头的那颗火热的心，  
不断成就，不断追求；  
学会苦干，学会等候。

（朗费罗）

## LESSON 126

### FRANKLIN'S ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA

### 富兰克林进入费城

**Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790, was born in Boston. He received little schooling, but being apprenticed to his brother, a printer, he acquired a taste for reading and study. In 1723, he went to Philadelphia, where he followed his chosen calling, and in time became the publisher of the "Pennsylvania Gazette" and the celebrated "Poor Richard's Almanac."**

**As a philosopher Franklin was rendered famous by his discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity. His career in public affairs may be briefly summarized as follows: In 1736 he was made Clerk of the Provincial Assembly; in 1737, deputy postmaster at Philadelphia; and in 1753, Postmaster general for British America. He was twice in England as the agent of certain colonies. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to France in 1776. On his return, in 1785, he was made "President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," holding the office three years. He was also one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States.**

**As a writer Franklin commenced his career when only twelve years old by composing two ballads, which, however, he condemned as "wretched stuff." Franklin's letters and papers on electricity, afterwards enlarged by essays on various philosophical subjects, have been translated into Latin, French, Italian, and German. The most noted of his works, and the one from which the following extract is taken, is his "Autobiography." This book is "one of the half dozen most widely popular books ever printed," and has been published in nearly every written language. Franklin founded the American Philosophical Society, and established an institution which has since grown into the University of Pennsylvania. His life is a noble example of the results of industry and perseverance, and his death was the occasion of public mourning.**

Walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight.

Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there.

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it,—a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street gazing about, till, near the market house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston: but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father: when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in

it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. “Here,” says he, “is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I’ll show thee a better.” He brought me to the Crooked Billet, in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway. After dinner my sleepiness returned, and, being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening; was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning.

## 【中文阅读】

傍晚在河边漫步，这时来了一条船，我发现原来是驶往费城的，船上坐了好几个人。他们招呼我上了船，由于没有风，结果一路上我们用尽力气划船；大约午夜时分，由于那座城市连影子都不见，有人便信誓旦旦地说我们准是过了费城了，不想再划下去了。其他人也不晓得我们到底在什么地方，于是我们向河岸驶去，拐进一道小溪，在一道破旧的栅栏附近登了岸。当时恰逢深秋十月，晚上很冷，我们便用木栅生火取暖，在那里挨到天亮。

船上有个人认出这地方是库珀河，在费城的北面一点。我们一离开这道小溪就能看到费城了。大约在星期日早晨八九点钟到达那里，在市场街码头上了岸。

我对于这次旅程的叙述尤为详细，对我初次进入该城的情形也将详细描述，这样有助于读者诸君在心里能把这种希望渺茫的开始，与我日后在那里做出一些事情做一对比。



我身着工作服，我最好的衣服要通过海上才能运来。一路上我蓬头垢面；口袋里满是衬衫和袜子，放眼望去一个熟人也没有，也不晓得到何处落脚。一路饥餐渴饮、划船和得不到休息，我感到疲倦至极。我饥肠辘辘，可是我身上全部现金加起来只有一元荷兰币和大约值一先令的铜币。我把铜币付给船上的人作为船资，他们起初一再推辞，因为我划船了，但是我坚持要他们收下——当一个人只有很少的钱财时，有时候反倒比他钱多时更慷慨，也许是害怕人家把他当成吝啬鬼的缘故吧。

然后，我来到街上，四处张望，直到溜达到市场附近，才遇见一个手拿着面包的男孩子。先前我曾有好多次只以面包来充饥。向他打听在哪儿买的面包，马上跑到他指给我的位于第二大街的一家面包店，我要买我们在波士顿常吃的那种硬面包，可是在费城好像不做这种面包。然后，我要买三便士一个的面包，他们告诉我没有这种面包。由于我没有考虑到或根本就不晓得两地币值的差异，费城的物价要低得多，他店里究竟都有什么面包我也说不上，就这样我给他三个便士，随便他拿给我什么面包。结果，他一下子给了我三个大面包卷。三个便士能买这么大的面包卷，我感到非常惊讶，不过我还是接过面包卷。由于我口袋里装不下，我就腋下各夹着一个，边走边吃剩下那个。

就这样，我沿着市场街一直走到第四大街，经过后来成为我岳父大人的里德先生家门口。当时正巧我未来的妻子就站在门口，看见了我，觉得我的样子十分笨拙可笑，当时的样子的确如此。之后，我转身拐到板栗街和胡桃街一个路段，面包卷到现在还没吃完呢，又拐了个弯后，结果发现自己又回到了市场街码头，就在我乘的那条船附近。我跑到那边喝了一口河水；一个面包卷就已经填饱肚子了，一股脑地将其余两个给了与我们一同坐船到这儿的妇人和她的孩子，她们正等着开船继续远行。

填饱肚子后，我又踱到街上。这时，街上许多穿着整齐的人都朝同一个方向走去。我也加入人流，结果我被带到市场附近一个巨大的教友会会所。我在他们中间坐了下来，四下张望了一会儿，听不见什么人在讲话，由于昨天晚上划桨和几乎没怎么睡觉，我感到十分困倦，片刻后就睡着了，一直睡到他们散会。这时有一个善人善意地叫醒了我。因此，这里就成了我在费城进过的或是睡过的第一幢房屋。

我又向河边走去，一路上我打量着人们的脸，遇见了一个面色和善的年轻教友会教徒，我就向他招呼，请他告诉我外地人在哪里可以找到旅店。当时，我们就在“三个海员”的牌匾附

近。他说：“这里就有一个招待外地人的旅店，但是声誉不好，要是你愿意跟我来，我可以指给你一家声誉好的旅店。”说着，他就带我到坐落在水街的“弯曲旅店”，在这里我吃了一顿午餐，在吃饭时，他们为了试探我问了我一些有点狡猾的问题，因为我的年轻与我的装束好像让他们猜疑我或许是一个私逃者。午饭后，疲倦又袭来了。他们指给我一张床，我连衣服也没脱就躺下了，一直睡到晚上六点钟；他们叫我吃晚饭，当天晚上很早便上了床，一直酣睡到翌日清晨。

## LINES TO A WATERFOWL

## 对水禽的描绘

Whither 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast.  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day, thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,  
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,

And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

(Bryant)

## 【中文阅读】

无论哪里在滴落的露珠中间，  
上天映出一天最后脚步，  
远方，穿过他们的玫瑰色的深渊，  
你会执著于你的孤独之路？

捕水禽者目光茫然空洞  
远处飞着的目标致你犯错，  
随着，深红色天空漆上了黑色，  
那影子独自游荡。

你寻找杂草丛生的湖畔  
潮湿的边缘，或者宽阔的河沿，  
摇摇晃晃的巨浪涌起  
在斑驳的海滨沉下？

有一种力量想  
教会你在没路的海滩漫步。  
沙漠和无垠的天空，  
独自徘徊，但不会迷失。

一整天，你的翅膀都张着，  
在极远的高处，空气冰冷又稀薄，  
为了到梦想之地，不会弯腰屈从，也不会疲累

虽然暗夜就要来临。

奔波很快就要到尽头，  
你很快就会发现夏日之家，在那里筑巢栖息，  
你的伙伴传出尖叫；芦苇就在身下，  
很快，就要到你避身的巢了。

你去了；天渊  
吞进你的身体；然而，在我心底  
你留给我的教训烙在上面，那么深，  
不会很快抹平。

从一个地方到另一个地方的他  
通过无垠的天空指引你展翅高飞，  
漫漫长路我要独自走，  
引领我走正路。

（布莱恩特）

# LESSON 128

## GOLDSMITH AND ADDISON

### 歌德斯密和艾迪生

William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811-1863, was born in Calcutta, and is one of the most popular of English novelists, essayists, and humorists. While a boy, he removed from India to England, where he was educated at the Charterhouse in London, and at Cambridge. When twenty-one years of age, he came into possession of about 20,000 Pounds. He rapidly dissipated his fortune, however, and was compelled to work for his living, first turning his attention to law and then to art, but finally choosing literature as his profession. He was for many years correspondent, under assumed names, at the "London Times," "The New Monthly Magazine," "Punch," and "Fraser's Magazine." His first novel under his own name, "Vanity Fair," appeared in monthly numbers during 1846-8, and is generally considered his finest production: although "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes" are also much admired. His lectures on "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," from which the following selections are taken, were delivered in England first in 1851, and afterwards in America, which he visited in 1852 and again in 1855-6. During the latter visit, he first delivered his course of lectures on "The Four Georges," which were later repeated in England. At the close of 1859, Thackeray became editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," and made it one of the most successful serials ever published.

Thackeray has been charged with cynicism in his writings, but he was noted for his happy temper and genial disposition towards all who came in contact with him.

### I . GOLDSMITH

To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with the remembrances of Lissoy.

Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would flyaway this hour, but that a cage, necessity, keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style,

and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns?

Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

## II. ADDISON

We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats?

When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

“Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
And all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

“What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Among their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
The Hand that made us is divine.”

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great, deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayers. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merrymaking or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.

## 【中文阅读】

### 1. 歌德斯密

成为最受爱戴的英国作家，对一个人而言是，这个头衔的分量有多重啊！一个有野心的青年人刚愎自用，但是充满亲切感和爱，离开这个国家的乡村，在那里一个简陋的小屋里他度过了快乐而好沉思的童年，他渴望去看看外面的大世界，获取功名和财富——经过若干年的艰苦奋斗，仍旧籍籍无名，一贫如洗，于是他的心又像幼时住在小屋里急切地渴望改变一样，天真地回到自己的故乡。他写了一本书和一本诗集，倾诉对家乡的向往。在书中，他描绘了昔



日的朋友和青春年少时的情景，还有在《奥本》和《威克菲外传》中怀念利索伊的人们。

他必定要在外边漫游，但他从家中带走了遗物，要放在胸前随他一起安葬。他的本性是懒散的，在安静时渴望改变。在途中他回忆与朋友交往的情景。他走过今天，为明天搭建了一个空中楼阁，或者书写昨日的挽歌。他会逃离正在经历的事情，对他而言那是笼子，必须逃离。他的诗篇、他的风格和幽默中吸引人的东西是什么？他那伤感的悔恨，他那精致的怜悯，他那轻柔的微笑，他那敏感的同情，还有他自己的懦弱？

你对他的爱有一半的怜惜。你兴冲冲而来，却被白天的战争弄得身心疲惫，于是，这位温和的吟游诗人为你歌唱。谁会伤害亲切的流浪竖琴师呢？他曾经伤害过谁吗？除了为你弹奏的竖琴外，他身上没有携带武器，他用这把竖琴给大人物和卑微的人、年轻人和老人，住在帐篷里的军官或围着篝火取暖的士兵，以及村庄里的妇女和孩子带来了欢乐。不论在哪家门口驻足，他都会吟唱那朴素的赞美爱和美之歌，凭借《威克菲外传》过分伤感的故事，他可以随便进入欧洲每一个城堡和每一个小村庄。然而，我们当中没有一个人忙得或者脾气坏得拒他于千里之外，我们总有一两个晚上和他一起度过，领略他那快乐歌谣的魅力。

## 2. 艾迪生

我们对他自负的喜欢程度同他的美德一样强烈。他的快乐是多么可笑啊。我们之所以喜欢他，是因为我们都嘲笑他。源于嘲笑者，源于可爱的偏好，源于那些无伤大雅的古怪行为和愚行，源于受到感动的大脑，源于诚实的男子气概和率直——我们得到的是幸福、善意、亲切、怜悯和虔敬。诸如医生和神则很少有受到启迪的幸福感。为什么不呢？难道上帝的荣耀只是由那些穿黑衣服的绅士们来歌颂的吗？

当这个人以世俗的眼光看世界时，他如此仁慈地形容这个世界的弱点，一切取决于光耀我们所有人的上帝。我很难想象一个人脸上因为更平静的极度狂喜而神采奕奕的样子，一个睿智的人因为纯洁的爱和崇拜而战栗的无过于艾迪生的了。听听他怎么说的：从你孩提时起，你就熟稔诗歌；但是没有爱和敬畏的话，谁能听到那神圣的音乐呢？

随着暮色很快漫开，  
月亮继续讲奇妙的传说，  
夜夜向谛听的地球  
重复她出生的故事；  
所有星星都围着她烁烁发光，  
所有星球都在自己的轨道上，  
在他们转动时也确认那消息，  
从一极到另一极传播真理。

尽管在肃穆的沉寂中，所有天体  
都围着这个黑魑魑的地球运转；  
在他们发光的圆形物中间  
没有声音又有何关系；  
他们全都欣喜真是明智，  
发出非常愉快的声音，  
他们照耀，永远歌唱，  
创造我们的上帝之手真实神妙！

我觉得那些诗行像群星一样闪耀着光辉。他们从里面照出一个很大很深的静谧的光团。当那人面向上帝时，安息日便被他理解并接受了。他脸上充满了感恩和祈祷者才有的光彩，他的宗教情怀在他整个身心激荡。在田野，在城里，无处不在。瞧树上栖息的鸟儿时也有了异样的感受；在乡下参加一场充满欢乐的派对，或者参加一场城镇集会，都能感受到源自上帝的善意与祥和，对创造了人类的上帝的爱和敬畏，充满了他纯净的心田，他亲切的脸上熠熠生辉。假如说斯威夫特的生活极为不幸的话，我想艾迪生的生活则令人羡慕。富足和美好的人生——平静地迈入天国——在他快乐和毫无瑕疵的名字后面，传诸后世的是巨大的声望和对他的喜爱。

LESSON 129

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

灵魂的不朽

*SCENE—CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture;—in his hand, Plato's book on the immortality of the soul; a drawn sword on the table by him.*

*Cato.* It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;  
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, unbounded prospect lies before me:  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,  
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when?—or where?—This world was made for Caesar.  
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

*(Seizes the sword.)*

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

(Addison)

## 【中文阅读】

幕启——加图独自一人若有所思地坐在那里，他手上是一本柏拉图论灵魂不朽的书；旁边的桌上放着一柄出鞘的剑。

加图 必定如此，柏拉图，你的推理真棒！

另外从那里，这个令人愉快的希望，这个温柔的欲望，  
不朽之后还有渴望？

抑或从那里这个可怕的秘密，和内心的恐惧  
归于零？灵魂为什么躲到

她自己背后瑟瑟发抖，震惊于毁灭？

这是在我们内心搅动的神性；

这是自此之后把注意力引向自身的天堂，

向人类暗示永恒的存在。

永恒！你这令人愉快、可怕的想法！

通过各色未曾尝试的人，

难道我们必须经历新的背景和变化？

我们眼前是宽阔无际的景色；

但是阴影、云朵和黑暗与它寸步不离。

我会在这里驻足。如果我们上方有一种力量，

（那就是，大自然冲她所有的造化大吼）

他必然陶醉于美德；

令他陶醉的必然会带来快乐。

可是什么时候？——或者在哪里？——

这个世界为悵撒而生。

我厌烦揣测——必须结束无端的猜想。

（握住那柄剑）

因此我要全副武装——我的死亡和生命，

在我面前，我生活不快的原因和解决手段是柄双刃剑。

一时间这柄剑会置我于死地；  
但是，这却宣告我绝不会死亡。  
灵魂，在她栖息的地方得享安宁，  
冲拔出的刀微笑，公然反抗深冷的刀锋。  
群星会循去光芒，  
太阳也会老去而黯淡无光，大自然沉于岁月的交替；  
但是你将在不老的青春中容光焕发，  
在战争中不受损伤，  
事物的毁灭，世界上拥挤的芸芸众生。

（阿迪生）

## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

## 华盛顿的性格

Jared Sparks, 1789-1866, was born at Willington, Connecticut, and graduated at Harvard in 1815. He was tutor in the University for two years, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Baltimore. In 1823 he returned to Boston, purchased the "North American Review," and was its sole editor for seven years. From 1839 to 1849 he was Professor in Harvard, and for the next three years was President of the University. Mr. Sparks has written extensively on American history and biography, including the lives of Washington and Franklin. He collected the materials for his biographies with great care, and wrought them up with much skill.

The person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well-shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue color, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly, and his face beamed with animation and intelligence.

He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite, and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humor, but no man received more pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements. Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked that there was a dignity in his person and manner not easy to be defined, which impressed everyone that saw him for the first time with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen, in part, from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of

his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as the other. The same qualities which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of a nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and when his decision was once formed he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle, or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger, and regardless of consequences to himself.

His ambition was of that noble kind which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concessions to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men. He chose his counselors with unerring sagacity; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced in which he was actuated by a sinister motive or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and

nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in anyone whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned.

He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all; neither practicing dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence: but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was, in part, the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power in a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests.

As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which, in other men, have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies, nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor



of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character. If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who can not be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle,—this title will not be denied to Washington.

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!  
While the mere victors may appall or stun  
The servile and the vain, such names will be  
A watchword till the future shall be free.

*(Byron)*

## 【中文阅读】

华盛顿这个人神情威严，举止优雅，身体匀称；他身高六英尺，肩宽背厚，四肢修长，虽然有点纤细，但形态优美，肌肉壮硕。他五官匀称，淡绿色的双眸，在平静状态时他面容严肃，安详和蔼。当他独处或与人交谈时，总是沉着坚定，若有所思；但是当他的注意力被调动起来时，他目光很快迸射出火焰，脸上绽出生气和智慧。

他不是一位口若悬河的人，但是他的话贴切中肯，他的兴趣更多表现在倾听上，发自内心。他很少试图说些俏皮话或表现出幽默，不过没有人会从别人对他们说的俏皮话或幽默中感受到更多的快乐。尽管满足于自己与世隔绝，但他力图在社会中寻找他最重要的幸福，因此所有理性和无伤大雅的娱乐他都欣然参加。他没有一方面严格要求自己，一方面故意装出一副和蔼可亲的样子，他平易近人，彬彬有礼而又令人不胜愉快。人们经常注意到，在他的举止仪态中有一种不容易明确解释的高贵，这使得每个与他初次接触的人都会留下一种本能的敬重和敬畏的印象。之所以有这种印象，部分原因在于认为他有优越感，以及由他外在的仪态和举止所产生的影响。

他的才智特征从他在公开和私下里的行为可见一斑。关于他伟大人格的证据几乎见诸于方方面面。他具有建立一个国家的宏愿与将他推向权势顶峰，以及作为军队统帅和首领皆源

于同样的品质，这些品质使他作为一个个体受到爱戴和尊敬。睿智、出色的判断力、富有远见和坚毅是他占主导地位的性格特征。没有谁会更明确地发现这些事情和行为的相对重要性了，或者就呈现给他的所有问题和话题，在真实和虚假、正确和错误之间更彻底地抛弃个人成见、偏袒和偏见。他虽然再三权衡，一旦做出判断就果敢地下决心。而他的决定一旦形成，很少会更改，绝对不会懈怠，直到最终完成。勇气，不论身体上的还是道德上，都是他本性的一个组成部分。不论在战场上还是置身于兴高采烈的人群中，对危险他无所畏惧，不管会对他造成何等后果。

他的抱负是旨在超越本身承担的任何使命所赋予的那种高尚的雄心，通过增进人们的幸福和赢得他们的爱，来得到征服他们内心的力量。他对别人的赞扬很敏感，渴望自己配得上这样的赞扬，他不会单纯为了赢得人们的掌声而妥协，既不会因图虚荣而受谄媚的蛊惑，也不放任他们的任性。小心谨慎而不怯懦，勇敢而不鲁莽，在考虑时冷静处之，待采取行动时则从容不迫和果敢坚定，在预见时保持清晰的头脑，遇到挫折时则耐心反思、稳定、坚忍和自信。横亘在他通向荣誉、名望和成功道路上的每一个障碍，他遇到后都会一一克服。他对自己目标的正当性要比这些目标产生的根源抱有更大的信心，他征求别人的意见，并努力从别人身上学习长处。他凭借准确无误的判断挑选自己的顾问，对一种意见的正当性以及一项论证的重点具有敏锐的觉察能力，使他能从助手的才智中汲取最好的结果。

他的道德品质与他的智慧体现出的品质完美地融合到一起。责任是他行为的最高原则。与捍卫良心的圣洁相比，他罕见的理解力不经常承担设想出对一个目标施加影响的最善的方法这种任务。没有这种可以推断出他被邪恶的动机或者通过卑鄙的手段达到某一目的所驱使的例子。真理、正直和正义深深扎根于他的内心；没有什么能如此快地激起他的愤怒，或者彻底摧毁他的信心，我们发现他信任的人身上倒是往往缺乏这些优点。怯懦、愚蠢和举止言行轻率是可以原谅的，但是为逃脱责备与困难而要伎俩和不诚实，他绝不会忘记，也很少原谅。

他是光明磊落和真诚的人，对朋友真心实意，忠实于所有人。他既不会刻意掩饰和假装镇静，也不会坚持不切实际的期望。他的感情是强烈的，有时候会猛烈地爆发出来。不过，他有在片刻间便抑制住这些感情的能力。也许自制力是他性格中最突出的特征。这一部分是训练产生的效果。然而，他似乎天生就有其他人所摒弃的这种影响力。

不论信仰还是实际情形，他都是一位虔诚的基督徒。他对宗教的尊敬见之于他的事例，他的公开表述以及私下的文字中。他始终如一地将自己的成功归于上帝仁慈的代理人。他对穷人慷慨施舍和施以仁爱，善待处境艰难的人。作为丈夫、儿子和兄弟，他和蔼并充满爱心，他的言谈举止中绝无虚荣、盛气凌人或者傲慢，除非与大众利益息息相关，否则他绝不会谈自己。

正因为他摆脱了妒忌——这种低级趣味，于是他很幸运地摆脱了其他人的妒忌，这些人站在没有谁有希望达到的高度上。如果说他有一种比别人更强烈的激情的话，那就是对他的祖国的爱。他的爱国精神中的纯粹性和狂热与目标的伟大是相称的。他身上体现出的对国家的爱赋予一种责任以神圣的使命感，他一刻也不会改变对这种责任的忠实履行。要么在思想上要么在行为上，这种责任会贯穿他的整个生涯。

上面提到的是华盛顿性格中的一些特征，正是这些特征为他赢得了世人的爱和敬仰。如果这些性格特征不是光芒四射，而是像其他人身上体现出的令世人惊愕不已的言行放纵和反复无常，那么这些性格特征要么会被愚蠢的行为所玷污，要么会为那些人的罪恶蒙受耻辱。在华盛顿身上体现出的是罕见的才能和品质的完美结合，是智慧与道德感染力的和谐统一，而不是其中任何一种构成他伟大人格的具体特征发出炫目的光芒。如果伟人这个称号应该留给不会被指责为举止轻率或道德败坏的人，留给将自己的一生都用在争取自己国家独立、荣耀和持久繁荣这一伟大事业的人，留给完成了自己担负的所有使命的人，留给他的成功决不以牺牲荣誉、正义、正直或牺牲某一原则为代价的人的话——那么，这个称号不会拒绝华盛顿。

耳畔的回音多么美妙！  
只不过胜利者会令人屈从恐惧  
令虚荣一场空  
这样的名声将成为在将来流行的口号。

（拜伦）

# LESSON 131

## EULOGY ON WASHINGTON

### 颂华盛顿

General Henry Lee, 1756-1818, a member of the celebrated Lee family of Virginia, was born in Westmoreland County in that state, and died on Cumberland Island, Georgia. He graduated at Princeton in his eighteenth year. In 1777 he marched with a regiment of cavalry to join the patriot army, and served with fidelity and success till the close of the war. He was noted for his bravery, skill, and celerity, and received the nickname of "Light-horse Harry." He was a great favorite with both General Greene and General Washington. In 1786 Virginia appointed him one of her delegates to Congress; he also took an active part in favor of the adoption of the constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788. On the breaking out of the "Whisky Rebellion" in Pennsylvania, in 1794, the President sent General Lee with an army to suppress the disturbance. The insurgents submitted without resistance. In 1799 he was again a member of Congress; and, on the death of Washington, that body appointed him to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and character of the great and good man. The following extract contains the closing part of the oration.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga, and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates—to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and, combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission Cornwallis, since the conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of

military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals, he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

## 【中文阅读】

有谁会忘记盛产白兰地酒的山谷，德国城的旷野或者蒙茅斯的平原？这里说的每个地方都希望能阻碍那一历史进程，遭遇无数支勇敢的军队，他作为主持这一历史进程的人，竭力减轻我们遭受的苦难和折磨，将补给的匮乏降低到最低程度，支撑住我们步履蹒跚的共和国。要我来给你们演示一下他如何通过赞扬萨拉托加战役的英雄和他挚爱的卡罗莱纳的伙伴们，让他内心燃烧的熊熊烈火感染每个将士的吗？不必了。我们的华盛顿不会为借来的荣誉而洒泪的。对盖茨将军，对格林将军，对他们丰功伟绩他毫无保留地给予掌声，但愿萨拉托加战役和欧塔夫战役的指挥官们能够得到感激的人们抱以的感激的敬意。

我们还是走到他的内心世界里，看看他的心灵轨迹。他将热情和光明传递给最远的边塞；将我们所有人的身体和道德上的力量集中到他活动的范围里，自然而然地汇聚成不可遏止的力量，对愚蠢的行为给予同情，鄙视不道德行为，使叛逆气馁，使沮丧的事情焕发生气，直到千钧一发的时刻到来，当时。无畏的军队与宽宏大量的支持者联合在一起，他终于迫使康华利

斯这位不可一世的印度征服者投降。就这样，他结束了漫长的军事生涯，他的荣耀与他的伟大名字是相符的。在这场他经历的最后战争中，他将命运的封印与我们国家的诞生连在一起。

在战争中他是第一，在和平环境下他是第一，在国人心中他是第一，在简朴和珍贵的私人生活场景中他也是第一。虔诚，公正，仁爱，克己，真诚，始终如一，高尚，威严。对周围所有人来说，他都是表率，正如他的榜样作用持续产生的影响那样。

对与他相当的人，他屈尊俯就；对下属，他和蔼可亲；对他的爱人，他温柔体贴。正确的就贯穿始终，不道德的人在他面前瑟瑟发抖，而美德永远能够感受到他那双培育的手；他私人品质的纯粹使他的公共美德更加耀眼夺目。

在人生谢幕时他所表现的与他生命的整个进程的表现是一致的。尽管遭受极度病痛，但他没有叹息一声，也没有呻吟一声；在没有一丝相扰的宁静中，他结束了自己过得非常充实的一生。美国失去了这样一位伟人！我们国家为永失这样一位伟人痛悼！

# LESSON 132

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

### 孤独的割麦女

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850, the founder of the “Lake School” of poets, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. From his boyhood he was a great lover and student of nature, and it is to his beautiful descriptions of landscape, largely, that he owes his fame. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, and while there commenced the study of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare, as models for his own writings. Two legacies having been bequeathed him, Wordsworth determined to make poetry the aim of his life, and in 1795 located at Racedown with his sister Dorothy, where he commenced the tragedy of “The Borderers.” A visit from Coleridge at this period made the two poets friends for life. In 1802 Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, and in 1813 he settled at Rydal Mount, on Lake Windermere, where he passed the remainder of his life.

Wordsworth’s poetry is remarkable for its extreme simplicity of language. At first his efforts were almost universally ridiculed, and in 1819 his entire income from literary work had not amounted to 140 Pounds. In 1830 his merit began to be recognized; in 1839 Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L.; and in 1843 he was made poet laureate.

“The Excursion” is by far the most beautiful and the most important of Wordsworth’s productions. “Salisbury Plain,” “The White Doe of Rylstone,” “Yarrow Revisited,” and many of his sonnets and minor poems are also much admired.

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
Oh listen! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travelers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne’er was heard  
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago:  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending;—  
I listened motionless and still;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

## 【中文阅读】

看啊，在田里她独自一人，  
那个苏格兰高原的少女！  
独自收割，独自唱歌；  
停下脚步吧，或者悄悄走过去！  
她独自割麦，又把它捆好，  
唱着一只忧郁的曲调，  
啊，听！这深邃的谷地  
流淌着悠扬歌声。

从没有夜莺能够唱出  
更美的音调来把疲惫的旅人，  
迎到一个荫凉的去处。  
就在阿拉伯沙漠的中央：  
布谷鸟在春天叫得那般动人，  
也没有这样优美动听，  
惊破了远至赫伯里底群岛的  
大海的沉寂。  
她唱的是什么，何人说得清？  
哀怨的曲调里也许在流传



古老，不幸，悠久的历史，  
还有长久以前的征战：  
抑或她吟唱的尽是卑微，  
道出的是今日熟悉的事情？  
那些自然而生的悲哀、丧优或者痛苦，  
世间常有，还复再来？

不管这姑娘唱的是什么题目，  
她的歌好像没有尽头；  
我看见她边唱边干活，  
弯着腰，把镰刀挥舞——  
我一动也不动，听了许久；  
后来，我上山的时候，  
那曲调还记在心头，  
尽管那歌声已绝响很久。

# LESSON 133

## VALUE OF THE PRESENT

### 现在的价值

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882, the celebrated essayist and philosopher, was born in Boston. His father was a Unitarian minister, and the son, after graduating at Harvard University, entered the ministry also, and took charge of a Unitarian congregation in Boston. His peculiar ideas on religious topics soon caused him to retire from the ministry, and he then devoted himself to literature. As a lecturer, Emerson attained a wide reputation, both in this country and in England, and he is considered as one of the most independent and original thinkers of the age. His style is brief and pithy, dazzling by its wit, but sometimes paradoxical. He wrote a few poems, but they are not generally admired, being didactic in style, bare, and obscure. Among his best known publications are his volume "Nature," and his lectures, "The Mind and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," "The Superlative in Manners and Literature," "English Character and Manners," and "The Conduct of Life." In 1850 appeared "Representative Men," embracing sketches of Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Goethe.

Such are the days,—the earth is the cup, the sky is the cover, of the immense bounty of nature which is offered us for our daily aliment; but what a force of illusion begins life with us, and attends us to the end! We are coaxed, flattered, and duped, from morn to eve, from birth to death; and where is the old eye that ever saw through the deception? The Hindoos represent Maia, the illusory energy of Vishnu, as one of his principal attributes. As if, in this gale of warring elements, which life is, it was necessary to bind souls to human life as mariners in a tempest lash themselves to the mast and bulwarks of a ship, and Nature employed certain illusions as her ties and straps,—a rattle, a doll, an apple, for a child; skates, a river, a boat, a horse, a gun, for the growing boy;—and I will not begin to name those of the youth and adult, for they are numberless. Seldom and slowly the mask falls, and the pupil is permitted to see that all is one stuff, cooked and painted under many counterfeit appearances. Hume's doctrine was that the circumstances vary, the amount of happiness does not; that the beggar cracking fleas in the sunshine under a hedge, and the duke rolling by in his chariot, the girl equipped for her first ball, and the orator returning triumphant from the debate, had different means, but the same quantity of pleasant excitement.

This element of illusion lends all its force to hide the values of present time. Who is he that does not always find himself doing something less than his best task? “What are you doing?” “Oh, nothing; I have been doing thus, or I shall do so or so, but now I am only—” Ah! poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master juggler?—never learn that, as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us, as the wildest romance and the homes of beauty and poetry? How difficult to deal erect with them! The events they bring, their trade, entertainments, and gossip, their urgent work, all throw dust in the eyes and distract attention. He is a strong man who can look them in the eye, see through this juggle, feel their identity, and keep his own; who can know surely that one will be like another to the end of the world, nor permit love, or death, or politics, or money, war, or pleasure, to draw him from his task.

The world is always equal to itself, and every man in moments of deeper thought is apprised that he is repeating the experiences of the people in the streets of Thebes or Byzantium. An everlasting Now reigns in nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldean in their hanging gardens. “To what end, then,” he asks, “should I study languages, and traverse countries, to learn so simple truths?”

History of ancient art, excavated cities, recovery of books and inscriptions,—yes, the works were beautiful, and the history worth knowing; and academies convene to settle the claims of the old schools. What journeys and measurements,—Niebuhr and Muller and Layard,—to identify the plain of Troy and Nimroud town! And your homage to Dante costs you so much sailing; and to ascertain the discoverers of America needs as much voyaging as the discovery cost. Poor child! that flexible clay of which these old brothers molded their admirable symbols was not Persian, nor Memphian, nor Teutonic, nor local at all, but was common lime and silex and water, and sunlight, the heat of the blood, and the heaving of the lungs; it was that clay which thou heldest but now in thy foolish hands, and threwest away to go and seek in vain in sepulchers, mummy pits, and old bookshops of Asia Minor, Egypt, and England. It was the deep to-day which all men scorn; the rich poverty, which men hate; the populous, all-loving solitude, which men quit for the tattle of towns. He lurks, he hides,—he who is success, reality, joy, and power. One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical,

decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday. 'T is the old secret of the gods that they come in low disguises. 'T is the vulgar great who come dizen'd with gold and jewels. Real kings hide away their crowns in their wardrobes, and affect a plain and poor exterior. In the Norse legend of our ancestors, Odin dwells in a fisher's hut, and patches a boat. In the Hindoo legends, Hari dwells a peasant among peasants. In the Greek legend, Apollo lodges with the shepherds of Admetus; and Jove liked to rusticate among the poor Ethiopians. So, in our history, Jesus is born in a barn, and his twelve peers are fishermen. 'T is the very principle of science that Nature shows herself best in least; 't was the maxim of Aristotle and Lucretius; and, in modern times, of Swedenborg and of Hahnemann. The order of changes in the egg determines the age of fossil strata. So it was the rule of our poets, in the legends of fairy lore, that the fairies largest in power were the least in size.

In the Christian graces, humility stands highest of all, in the form of the Madonna; and in life, this is the secret of the wise. We owe to genius always the same debt, of lifting the curtain from the common, and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and peddlers. In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. "A general," said Bonaparte, "always has troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them." Do not refuse the employment which the hour brings you, for one more ambitious. The highest heaven of wisdom is alike near from every point, and thou must find it, if at all, by methods native to thyself alone.

## 【中文阅读】

日子就是这样——大地是杯子，天空是杯盖，装的是为我们提供日常膳食的慷慨大自然；但是，我们始于生活的错误观念的影响力非常大，一直伴随我们到离开这个世界！从早到晚，从生到死，我们一直被哄骗，糊弄和欺骗。那双曾看穿骗术的眼睛在哪儿呢？印度教教徒将迈亚（希腊神话中的自然女神——译注）、毗湿奴（印度教大神——译注）虚幻的化身，看作是出自他手的最主要的神之一。好像生活就是敌对的东西相互作用的结果，那么把神性与人类生

活结合在一起就像在暴风雨中水手将自己系在船桅杆和舷墙上一样，都是必然的，大自然利用某些错觉作为她的带子和绳索——嘎嘎声，玩偶，苹果给孩子，溜冰鞋，小河，小船，一匹马，一条枪给正在成长的少年；我不想一开始就那些青年和成年人都需要什么，因为这些东西不可胜数。面具偶尔慢慢掉下来，学生征得允许想看看里面到底塞了些什么东西，在许多仿制品的外表随意编造和涂抹。休谟主张虽然环境改变，但幸福的总量不变。烈日当空，在篱笆下面，乞丐噼噼啪啪地拍打着跳蚤，公爵的马车隆隆而过，姑娘盛装去赴她的第一场社交舞会，而演说家带着在辩论中驳倒对手的胜利凯旋而归。这些行为虽然有不同的意义，但是快乐感的数量是相同的。

错误观念的这种特质能导致其运用全部影响力来掩盖现在的价值。那个总是发现自己做的事情没有发挥其最佳状态的人是谁？“你在干吗呢？”“噢，没做什么；我一直忙着，或者我一直忙这忙那的，不过现在我只是——”啊，可怜的傻瓜，你绝不会意外地从玩杂耍的人编的网里滑出来吗？永远不要尝试弄明白其中的门道。一旦在今天和我们之间无可挽救的岁月编织出虚幻的荣耀，那些匆匆而过的时间就会发出灿烂的光芒，令我们流连忘返，就像最狂热的浪漫史与美和诗歌的滥觞？要想正确对待这些事情有多难啊！由他们引起的事件，他们的谋生手段，娱乐和流言蜚语，他们迫切要做的工作，所有这些都会吸引人们的眼球，分散注意力。他是个意志坚定的人，虽然将这些事情看在眼里，但能看穿这种把戏，洞察到本质，泰然处之。谁能确切知道对世界末日而言彼与此一样，不允许爱或死亡，或政治或金钱，或者快乐来分散他对自己使命的专注。

这个世界始终与其本质保持同一性，每个有深邃思想的人都会对自己在重复底比斯或拜占庭帝国街道上的人们的经验。一个永恒的现在主宰着未来，我们的树丛中怒放的是令罗马人和占星术士着迷的同样的玫瑰，尽管他们的玫瑰栽在悬着的花园中。“这一切结束后是什么样子，”他问道，“我学习各种语言，到各个国家旅行，难道就是为了洞察如此简单的真理吗？”

古代艺术史，被挖掘的城市，书籍和铭文的复原——是的，这些艺术品是美丽的，历史值得探究；各学会和研究院开会来解决各个学派的纷争。多么奇妙的旅行——尼布尔、穆勒和莱亚德来鉴定特洛伊平原与尼姆罗德城遗迹！对但丁的崇敬需要你付出太多的舟车劳顿。为了确定美洲的发现者，需要付出尽可能多的旅行和发现成本。可怜的孩子！那些将他们那绝妙

的符号刻在柔软的泥板上的老教友不是波斯人，不是孟菲斯人或条顿人，也不是其他地方的人，用他们共有的石灰、蜡和水，还有阳光和热血，以及肺的喘息。你曾举起的泥板，现在落入愚人的手中，结果扔到一边，徒劳地去寻找小亚细亚、埃及和英格兰的墓穴、木乃伊葬坑以及古老书店。这就是所有人都嗤之以鼻深奥的今天；人们憎恶嫌贫爱富的人；人们离开人口众多和飞短流长的城镇，所有人都喜欢独处；他隐姓埋名，他躲藏起来——这就是成功、现实、快乐和有权势的人的生存法则。错觉之一就是，现在这一刻不是关键和有决定意义的一刻。要牢记，在一年当中每一天都是最重要的一天。直到明白每一天都是世界末日，否则没有人能正确理解事物的真正意义。“这就是神都伪装成普通人的古老秘诀。”所谓世俗的大人物都是以黄金和珠宝示人。真正的王者将他们的王冠藏在他们的衣橱里，装成一个寻常之人，外表上破衣烂衫。在我们祖先的北欧传奇故事里，欧丁神住在一位渔夫的小屋里，修理一条破船。在印度传说里，神伪装成农民，终日与农民为伍。在希腊传说里，太阳神阿波罗与阿德墨托斯的牧羊人住在一起；而朱庇特喜欢住在贫穷的埃塞俄比亚人村落。就这样，在我们的历史中，耶稣出生在马厩里，他的十二门徒则是渔夫出身。这恰恰是特殊的科学原理的体现，即大自然哪怕在最细微处也展现出她的本来面目。这也是亚里士多德和卢克莱修的座右铭。近现代的斯威登堡和哈尼曼也极力主张和推崇这个原理。鸡蛋里发生变化的顺序决定了鸡蛋的化石岩层。因此，这也是我们诗人的创作准则，在描写仙女的传奇故事里，仙女最令人着迷之处在于身体尺寸的微小。

就基督教种种道义力量而言，以圣母玛利亚体现出的谦逊居于首位。在世俗生活中，谦虚也是智慧的源泉。我们始终把天才归咎于欠缺同样的东西，撩起那层神秘的面纱露出的是共同的禀赋，呈现给我们的神性则是伪装成貌似真实的成帮结伙的吉卜赛人和不法商贩的表象。在日常生活中，使主人显得与众不同的是，他运用自己拥有的那些所谓“材料”，而不是四下寻找更有名的东西，或者其他人也运用得很好的东西。“一位将军，”波拿巴说，“如果他仅仅知道如何利用那些他现有的，并与他们在一起风餐露宿的话，就始终有足够的军队。”出于更有抱负的目的，不要拒绝某一时间带给你的有益的活动。智慧最令人愉悦之处同样在于与每一点都是相近的，你必须通过只适合你自己的方法来发现它。

## LESSON 134

# HAPPINESS

## 幸福

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744, was the shining literary light of the so-called Augustan reign of Queen Anne, the poetry of which was distinguished by the highest degree of polish and elegance. Pope was the son of a retired linen draper, who lived in a pleasant country house near the Windsor Forest. He was so badly deformed that his life was “one long disease;” he was remarkably precocious, and had a most intelligent face, with great, flaming, tender eyes. In disposition Pope was the reverse of admirable. He was extremely sensitive, petulant, and supercilious; fierce and even coarse in his attacks on opponents; boastful of his self-acquired wealth and of his intimacy with the nobility. The great redeeming feature of his character was his tender devotion to his aged parents.

As a poet, however, Pope challenges the highest admiration. At the age of sixteen he commenced his “Pastorals,” and when only twenty-one published his “Essay on Criticism,” pronounced “the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the English language.” His reputation was now firmly established, and his literary activity ceased only at his death; although, during the latter portion of his life, he was so weak physically that he was unable to dress himself or even to rise from bed without assistance. Pope’s great admiration was Dryden, whose style he studied and copied. He lacks the latter’s strength, but in elegance and polish he remains unequaled.

Pope’s most remarkable work is “The Rape of the Lock;” his greatest, the translation into English verse of Homer’s “Iliad” and “Odyssey.” His “Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard,” “The Dunciad,” and the “Essay On Man” are also famous productions. He published an edition of “Shakespeare,” which was awaited with great curiosity, and received with equal disappointment. During the three years following its appearance, he united with Swift and Arbuthnot in writing the “Miscellanies,” an extensive satire on the abuses of learning and the extravagances of philosophy. His “Epistles,” addressed to various distinguished men, and covering a period of four years, were copied after those of Horace; they were marked by great clearness, neatness of diction, and good sense, and by Pope’s usual elegance and grace. His “Imitations of Horace” was left unfinished at his death.

The following selection is an extract from the “Essay on Man;”

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?  
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.  
Know all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind.  
Reason’s whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.

But health consists with temperance alone;  
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.  
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;

But these less taste them as they worse obtain.  
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,  
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?  
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,  
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,  
'T is but what virtue flies from and disdains:  
And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.  
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,  
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!  
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,  
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

But fools the good alone unhappy call,  
For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause,  
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws?  
Shall burning AEtna, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?  
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

“But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.”  
What, then? Is the reward of virtue bread?  
That, vice may merit, 't is the price of toil;  
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,  
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,  
Where folly fights for kings or dives for gain.  
Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.  
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),  
“Virtue alone is happiness below.”  
The only point where human bliss stands still,



And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
Where only merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives.

## 【中文阅读】

啊，大地之子！还在竭力升起，  
在层峦叠嶂的群山之间，直抵云霄？  
上天还在嘲笑长久眺望的虚妄，  
将疯人埋在他们堆起的土堆上。  
知晓个体探究到的所有善业，  
抑或上帝和大自然只是对人类重要。  
理性的全部快乐，感性的所有欢乐，  
都存乎于三个词——健康、安宁和能力。

但是健康只适于性情；  
安宁，啊，美德的象征！全系于你自身。  
运气这个上天的礼物，有善恶之分，  
但是这些没有情趣的东西，他们得到只会更糟。  
不妨说，追逐利益或者快乐，  
谁会冒最大的危险，而不管手段对与错？  
不道德或者美德，幸福还是该诅咒，  
哪一个遭到轻蔑，哪一个又会先得到同情？

把不道德行为达成的都看作是成功的有利条件，  
这不过是美德回避和摒弃的结果；  
承认恶行会给他们带来幸福，  
他们必然希望，把恶行误认为善举。  
啊，对真理的盲从，上帝的整个计划都落了空，  
有谁想对不道德道一声祝福，对美德的敌人！  
谁看到和相信那伟大的计划是最好的东西，  
最好的人知道祝福的价值，最能带来幸福。

但是愚人却道唯有美德令人不快乐，  
因为所有人都会偶发疾病或者事故。  
想想看，难道像体弱的王子那样，永恒的事业  
那么容易让他的追随者改弦易辙？  
如果圣人要求，难道埃特纳火山  
会忘记隆隆作响，召回她的火光？  
当摇晃的高山从高处发抖，  
要是你从旁经过，难道这趋势会终止？

“可是有时当不道德事物得到滋养时，美德忍饥挨饿。”  
那么，然后呢？美德的报偿是面包？  
不道德也许是值得的，这就是辛苦的代价；  
当恶棍在土地上耕耘时，他配得上这面包；  
当恶棍引诱别人做坏事时，他配得上这辛劳，  
愚蠢地为国王去打仗，或者潜入水中打捞战利品。  
荣誉和羞耻没有先决条件，  
你的角色演得精彩，所有荣誉摆在面前。

值得造就这样的人，缺乏追随的人；  
剩下的不过是皮革或者夏枯草。  
才智是羽毛，最重要的当是羽毛附着的茎秆，  
诚实的人是上帝最高尚的创造。  
自我证明的时刻就是经年在价值上  
胜过愚蠢的旁观者，和高声赞许。  
弄懂这个真理（对人而言懂得这个已足够），  
“仅有美德谈不上幸福。”  
人类的福祉全系于此，  
领略善的真谛，就不会作恶；  
唯有始终如一的功德才会得到偿报，  
在得到和施与中品味幸福。

## LESSON 135

### MARION

### 马里恩

William Gilmore Simms, 1806-1870, one of the most versatile, prolific, and popular of American authors, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. His family was poor, and his means of education were limited, yet he managed to prepare himself for the bar, to which he was admitted when twenty-one years of age. The law proving uncongenial, he abandoned it, and in 1828 became editor of the "Charleston City Gazette." From this time till his death his literary activity was unceasing, and his writings were so numerous that it is possible only to group them under their various heads. They comprise Biography; History; Historical Romance, both Foreign and Domestic, the latter being further divided into Colonial, Revolutionary, and Border Romances; Pure Romance; The Drama; Poetry; and Criticism; besides miscellaneous books and pamphlets.

In the midst of this remarkable literary activity, Mr. Simms still found time to devote to the affairs of state, being for several years a member of the South Carolina Legislature. He was also a lecturer, and was connected editorially with several magazines. Most of his time was spent at his summer house in Charleston, and at his winter residence, "Woodlands," on a plantation at Midway, S. C.

The following selection is from "The Life and Times of Francis Marion."

Art had done little to increase the comforts or the securities of his fortress. It was one, complete to his hands, from those of nature—such an one as must have delighted the generous English outlaw of Sherwood Forest; insulated by deep ravines and rivers, a dense forest of mighty trees, and interminable undergrowth. The vine and brier guarded his passes. The laurel and the shrub, the vine and sweet-scented jessamine roofed his dwelling, and clambered up between his closed eyelids and the stars. Obstructions scarcely penetrable by any foe, crowded the pathways to his tent; and no footstep not practiced in the secret, and to "the manner born," might pass unchallenged to his midnight rest. The swamp was his moat; his bulwarks were the deep ravines, which, watched by sleepless rifles, were quite as impregnable as the castles on the Rhine. Here, in the possession of his fortress, the partisan slept secure.

His movements were marked by equal promptitude and wariness. He suffered no risks from a neglect of proper precaution. His habits of circumspection and resolve ran together in happy unison.

His plans, carefully considered beforehand, were always timed with the happiest reference to the condition and feelings of his men. To prepare that condition, and to train those feelings, were the chief employment of his repose. He knew his game, and how it should be played, before a step was taken or a weapon drawn.

When he himself or any of his parties left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty in perfection, of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and the tops of trees, and such other natural guides as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience.

Many of the trails thus opened by him, upon these expeditions, are now the ordinary avenues of the country. On starting, he almost invariably struck into the woods, and seeking the heads of the larger water courses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. The former not only facilitated the progress of less fearless enemies, but apprised them of his own approach. If speed was essential, a more direct but not less cautious route was pursued.

He intrusted his schemes to nobody, not even his most confidential officers. He consulted with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his conclusions. They knew his determinations only from his actions. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly hunted after by his own detachments. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which, at night, could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of a signal of Roderick Dhu:—

“He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.”

His expeditions were frequently long, and his men, hurrying forth without due preparation, not unfrequently suffered much privation from want of food. To guard against this danger, it was their habit to watch his cook. If they saw him unusually busied in preparing supplies of the rude, portable food which it was Marion's custom to carry on such occasions, they knew what was before them, and provided themselves accordingly. In no other way could they arrive at their general's intentions. His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known that the march would continue all night.

His men were badly clothed in homespun,—a light wear which afforded little warmth. They slept in the open air, and frequently without a blanket. Their ordinary food consisted of sweet potatoes, garnished, on fortunate occasions, with lean beef. Their swords, unless taken from the enemy, were made out of mill saws, roughly manufactured by a forest blacksmith.

His scouts were out in all directions, and at all hours. They did the double duty of patrol and spies. They hovered about the posts of the enemy, crouching in the thicket, or darting along the plain, picking up prisoners, and information, and spoils together. They cut off stragglers, encountered patrols of the foe, and arrested his supplies on the way to the garrison. Sometimes the single scout, buried in the thick tops of the tree, looked down upon the march of his legions, or hung, perched over the hostile encampment, till it slept; then slipping down, stole through the silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentinel, or a favorite charger, upon which the daring spy flourished conspicuous among his less fortunate companions.

## 【中文阅读】

艺术并没有为他的堡垒增加多少舒适或安全感。这个堡垒系他完全用自己的双手，取法自然巧夺天工。慷慨的英国亡命徒谢伍德·弗雷斯特见了后一定会喜欢这个地方。堡垒的周围是深深的峡谷和几条小河，一片由高大和低矮的树木组成的茂密森林将其与外界隔绝开，显得遗世而立。葡萄藤和野蔷薇守卫着城堡的通道。月桂树和灌木，藤蔓和散发着芳香气息的茉莉花在他闭上的眼睑和星星之间吃力地盘绕着。障碍很少会被任何仇敌穿透，通向他住的帐篷的小道上挤满了人，没有谁能悄无声息地接近这个“生来就与别人不同的人”，毫不费力地来到他的午夜休憩之所。沼泽是堡垒的壕沟；而舷墙就是深深的峡谷，这里有警觉的卫兵手持来福枪把守，同莱茵河上的城堡一样完全无法穿过。这儿，他的堡垒属地，游击队员睡得很踏

实。

他的动作以同样的敏捷和高度警惕为标志。他不会冒忽视恰当的预防措施这样的风险，他谨慎小心和善于下决心的习惯达到完美的融合。他的计划都会经过事先周密考虑和权衡，始终符合他手下人所处的环境和感觉的节拍。就这个环境做好准备，训练这些感觉，是他安静生活的主要有益活动。在采取行动或拔出武器前，他清楚自己的游戏，以及如何玩这种游戏。

当他本人或同伙为了远征而离开该岛时，他们走的是没人走过的路。他们边走边开路。他具有印第安人特有的根据太阳和星星，根据犬吠声和从树顶上确定路线的特殊能力，诸如樵夫只有经过长期留心才能养成的经验等其他自然形成的向导。

就这样，他在进行远征时会开拓过许多条小径，现在已经成为这个国家日常使用的道路。在开始时，他几乎一成不变地深入到森林腹地，寻找较大的水流源头，经过最初和浅尝辄止后就趟过去。他摧毁了所能发现的所有桥梁，他喜欢浅滩。前者不但便于无所畏惧的敌人毫无顾忌地行进，而且还等于将自己的行踪告知给了他们。如果说速度是首要前提，那么对进行追踪而言，更直接和不必小心谨慎的路线则是必不可少的。

他不会把自己的计划透露给任何人，甚至连他最信任的官员也不例外。他分别向他们征求意见，耐心地听他们的分析，对他们的建议权衡再三，然后默默得出自己的结论。他们只有从他的行动才能了解他的决定。如果可以避免的话，他采取行动时不会在身后留下任何踪迹。通常，他都徒劳地通过自己的派遣来寻找敌人。他更善于发现他们的行踪，而不是他们发现他。在晚上，他的侦察员能在非常远的距离之外听到奇怪而尖厉的口哨声。我们不禁想起罗德里克·杜的信号：

“他吹起尖厉的口哨，  
从小山丘得到回应；  
像麻鹬的尖叫那样狂暴，  
信号在悬崖间传递。”

他的远征经常持续很久，而他的手下在没有做好准备的情况下匆匆往前赶，偶尔会因为缺少粮食而忍饥挨饿。为了避免这种危险，他们的习惯做法是眼睛盯着他的厨子。如果他们发现他不同寻常地忙着准备简陋和便于携带的食物，这是马里恩在进行远征时的习惯做法，他们清楚就要远征了，这是给他们提供的食物。除此之外，他们无从洞察将军的意图。他特别喜欢在太阳落山时分动身，这样可以彻夜行军。

他的手下穿的都是织得很粗糙的衣服——单薄得无法御寒。他们在露天宿营，经常连毯子也没有。他们平素吃的食物是甘薯，运气好时才能加几片牛肉。除了从敌人那里缴获来的以外，他们的刀剑都是用框锯做成的，经过森林里的铁匠简单锻造而成。

他的侦察员遍布四方，来往穿梭。这些侦查员担负巡逻和间谍双重职责。他们在敌人的岗哨附近出没。他们在茂密的灌木丛里蹲守，或者在平原上来回飞奔，抓获囚犯弄到情报后杀人灭口。他们撤掉落伍的士兵，遭遇敌人的巡逻后，切断要塞守备部队的供应。有时，在大树浓密的树枝上藏身的单个侦察员，俯瞰大部队行进，或者干脆溜进敌人的宿营地藏起来，待敌人鼾声大作时，偷偷进去把困得迷迷糊糊的哨兵或喜爱的战马掠走。而这位胆大的间谍在他那些不那么幸运的伙伴中间，大摇大摆地逃之夭夭。

## LESSON 136

### A COMMON THOUGHT

### 共同的想法

Henry Timrod, 1829-1867, was born at Charleston, South Carolina. He inherited his father's literary taste and ability, and had the advantages of a liberal education. He entered the University of Georgia before he was seventeen years of age, and while there commenced his career as a poet. Poverty and ill health compelled him to leave the university without taking a degree; he then commenced the study of law, and for ten years taught in various private families. At the outbreak of the war, in 1860, he warmly espoused the Southern cause, and wrote many stirring war lyrics. In 1863 he joined the Army of the West, as correspondent of the Charleston "Mercury," and in 1864 he became editor of the "South Carolinian," published first at Columbia and later at Charleston. He also served for a time as assistant secretary to Governor Orr. The advance of Sherman's army reduced him to poverty, and he was compelled to the greatest drudgery in order to earn a bare living. His health soon broke down, and he died of hemorrhage of the lungs. The following little poem seems, almost, to have been written under a presentiment, so accurately does it describe the closing incidents of the poet's life.

The first volume of Timrod's poems appeared in 1860. A later edition, with a memoir of the author, was published in New York in 1873.

Somewhere on this earthly planet  
In the dust of flowers that be,  
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,  
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight  
I behold it dawn in mist,  
And I hear a sound of sobbing  
Through the darkness,—Hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,  
I am breathing life away;  
Some one draws a curtain softly,  
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,  
As it brightens on the lawn,  
There's a hush of death about me,  
And a whisper, "He is gone!"



## 【中文阅读】

这个世俗星球的某处  
在鲜花枯萎后的尘埃中，  
在露珠中，在阳光下，  
这庄重的一天是为了睡梦中的我。

午夜苏醒的时刻，  
我见它在薄雾中现影，  
我听到一声啜泣  
划过漫漫夜色——嘘！啊，嘘！

在灰暗和麝香味弥漫的房间里，  
我的生命渐渐远去；  
有人轻轻拉了一下窗帘，  
我看到天光一片。

天际一袭紫色，  
照亮草地的鲜绿，  
死神在我身旁安静下来，  
一声低语，“他走了！”

# LESSON 137

## A DEFINITE AIM IN READING

### 确定阅读目标

Noah Porter, 1811-1892, was born at Farmington, Conn., and graduated at Yale in 1831. He remained in New Haven as a school-teacher, a tutor in college, and a student in the theological department until 1836, when he entered the ministry. In 1846 he was recalled to the college as Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics; and in 1858 he also assumed the duties of the professorship of Systematic Theology, for a period of seven years. Upon the retirement of President Woolsey in 1871, he was elected to fill the office, which he held until 1886, being the eleventh president of the college.

President Porter's greatest literary work is entitled, "The Human Intellect: With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Human Soul." It is remarkable for the clear thought and sound judgment it displays, as well as for its broad scholarship; and it has been pronounced "the most complete and exhaustive exhibition of the cognitive faculties of the human soul to be found in our language." His other important works are: "The Sciences of Nature versus the Science of Man," which is a review of the doctrines of Herbert Spencer; "American Colleges and the American Public;" and the book from which the following selection is taken, namely, "Books and Reading." Besides these he wrote numerous essays, contributions to periodicals, etc. During his professorship he was called upon to act as chief editor in the important work of revising "Webster's Dictionary." The edition of 1864 was the result of his careful oversight, and the subsequent revisions were also under his superintendence.

In reading, we do well to propose to ourselves definite ends and purposes. The more distinctly we are aware of our own wants and desires in reading, the more definite and permanent will be our acquisitions. Hence it is a good rule to ask ourselves frequently, "Why am I reading this book, essay, or poem? or why am I reading it at the present time rather than any other?" It may often be a satisfying answer, that it is convenient; that the book happens to be at hand; or that we read to pass away the time. Such reasons are often very good, but they ought not always to satisfy us. Yet the very habit of proposing these questions, however they may be answered, will involve the calling of ourselves to account for our reading, and the consideration of it in the light of wisdom and duty.

The distinct consciousness of some object at present before us, imparts a manifoldly greater interest to the contents of any volume. It imparts to the reader an appropriate power, a force of affinity, by which he insensibly and unconsciously attracts to himself all that has a near or even a

remote relation to the end for which he reads. Anyone is conscious of this who reads a story with the purpose of repeating it to an absent friend; or an essay or a report with the design of using its facts or arguments in a debate; or a poem with the design of reviving its imagery, and reciting its finest passages. Indeed, one never learns to read effectively until he learns to read in such a spirit—not always, indeed, for a definite end, yet always with a mind attent to appropriate and retain and turn to the uses of culture, if not to a more direct application.

The private history of every self-educated man, from Franklin onwards, attests that they all were uniformly not only earnest but select in their reading, and that they selected their books with distinct reference to the purposes for which they used them. Indeed, the reason why self-trained men so often surpass men who are trained by others in the effectiveness and success of their reading, is that they know for what they read and study, and have definite aims and wishes in all their dealings with books. The omnivorous and indiscriminate reader, who is at the same time a listless and passive reader, however ardent is his curiosity, can never be a reader of the most effective sort.

Another good rule is suggested by the foregoing. Always have some solid reading in hand; i. e., some work or author which we carry forward from one day to another, or one hour of leisure to the next, with persistence, till we have finished whatever we have undertaken. There are many great and successful readers who do not observe this rule, but it is a good rule notwithstanding.

The writer once called upon one of the most extensive and persevering of modern travelers, at an early hour of the day, to attend him upon a walk to a distant village. It was after breakfast, and though he had but few minutes at command, he was sitting with book in hand—a book of solid history he was perusing day after day. He remarked: “This has been my habit for years in all my wanderings. It is the one habit which gives solidity to my intellectual activities and imparts tone to my life. It is only in this way that I can overcome and counteract the tendency to the dissipation of my powers and the distraction of my attention, as strange persons and strange scenes present themselves from day to day.”

To the rule already given—read with a definite aim—we could add the rule—make your aims to

be definite by continuously holding them rigidly to a single book at all times, except when relaxation requires you to cease to work, and to live for amusement and play. Always have at least one iron in the fire, and kindle the fire at least once every day.

It is implied in the preceding that we should read upon definite subjects, and with a certain method and proportion in the choice of our books. If we have a single object to accomplish in our reading for the present, that object will of necessity direct the choice of what we read, and we shall arrange our reading with reference to this single end. This will be a nucleus around which our reading will for the moment naturally gather and arrange itself.

If several subjects seem to us equally important and interesting, we should dispose of them in order, and give to each for the time our chief and perhaps our exclusive attention. That this is wise is so obvious as not to require illustration. "One thing at a time," is an accepted condition for all efficient activity, whether it is employed upon things or thoughts, upon men or books. If five or ten separate topics have equal claim upon our interest and attention, we shall do to each the amplest justice, if we make each in its turn the central subject of our reading. There is little danger of weariness or monotony from the workings of such a rule.

Most single topics admit or require a considerable variety of books, each different from the other, and each supplementing the other. Hence it is one of the best of practices in prosecuting a course of reading, to read every author who can cast any light upon the subject which we have in hand. For example, if we are reading the history of the Great Rebellion in England, we should read, if we can, not a single author only, as Clarendon, but a half dozen or a half score, each of whom writes from his own point of view, supplies what another omits, or corrects what he under- or overstates.

But, besides the formal histories of the period, there are the various novels, the scenes and characters of which are placed in those times, such as Scott's *Woodstock*; there are also diaries, such as those by Evelyn, Pepys, and Burton; and there are memoirs, such as those of Col. Hutchinson; while the last two have been imitated in scores of fictions. There are poems, such as those of Andrew Marvell, Milton, and Dryden. There are also shoals of political tracts and pamphlets, of handbills and

caricatures.

We name these various descriptions of works and classes of reading, not because we suppose all of them are accessible to those readers who live at a distance from large public libraries, or because we would advise everyone who may have access to such libraries, to read all these books and classes of books as a matter of course, but because we would illustrate how great is the variety of books and reading matter that are grouped around a single topic, and are embraced within a single period.

Every person must judge for himself how long a time he can bestow upon any single subject, or how many and various are the books in respect to it which it is wise to read; but of this everyone may be assured, that it is far easier, far more agreeable, and far more economical of time and energy, to concentrate the attention upon a single subject at a time than to extend it to half a score, and that six books read in succession or together upon a single topic, are far more interesting and profitable than twice as many which treat of topics remotely related. A lady well known to the writer, of the least possible scholarly pretensions or literary notoriety, spent fifteen months of leisure, snatched by fragments from onerous family cares and brilliant social engagements, in reading the history of Greece as written by a great variety of authors and as illustrated by many accessories of literature and art.

Nor should it be argued that such rules as these, or the habits which they enjoin, are suitable for scholars only, or for people who have much leisure for reading. It should rather be urged that those who can read the fewest books and who have at command the scantiest time, should aim to read with the greatest concentration and method; should occupy all of their divided energy with single centers of interest, and husband the few hours which they can command, in reading whatever converges to a definite, because to a single, impression.

## 【中文阅读】

就阅读而言，我们最好有意限定我们的目的和目标。我们越是清晰地意识到自己在阅读

上所缺乏和希望得到的，我们获得的知识就越明确和持久。基于此，我们经常扪心自问“为什么要读这本书、这篇散文和这首诗？或者我为什么要现在而不是别的时间来读呢？”这是一个好习惯吗？也许通常会得到一个满意的答案，这样很方便，那本书碰巧手头上有，或者我们读书是为了打发时间。诸如此类的理由通常都很好，但并非总能令我们满意，在阅读前先考虑这些问题，而且或许会找到答案，这个特别的习惯需要我们质问自己为什么阅读，还要考虑到智慧和本分。

对摆在我们面前的某些目标保持清醒的意识，将多种多样的兴趣投入到卷帙浩繁的书中。书本传授给读者的是适当的感染力，一种亲和力，通过这种亲和力他不知不觉无意识地所有与他阅读的目的有较近甚至相对较远关系的东西所吸引。任何人都会意识到自己读一篇故事时，实际上是在向一位不在身边的朋友复述这则故事；抑或读一篇散文或报道时，抱着在辩论时引用其中阐述的事实或论据的目的；读一首诗也是如此，目的是再现这首诗的意境，进而默诵最优美的段落。的确，一个从未学会卓有成效阅读的人，直到掌握阅读的精髓——不是始终如此，而是处于一个明确的目的，始终有意地致力于占有、容纳和转向对文化的运用，如果不是更直接的运用的话。

富兰克林之前的人，从每个自学成才的人的个人成长史来看，证实了他们不但一律满腔热忱，而且在阅读上精心选择，他们挑选的书籍都基于明确的使用目的。实际上，为什么那些受过自我训练的人，通常超过接受过他人有关阅读效率和成功经验熏陶的人，其中原因是他们清楚地知道自己学习和阅读是为了什么目的，有明确的目标以及从书中了解什么的愿望。什么书都看不加甄别的读者，同时也是倦怠和被动的读者，然而能满足他们好奇心的热情，从来都不是最讲效率的读者必须具备的素质。

另一个行之有效的法则在前面已经暗示过。手上始终有某些可资阅读的东西，换言之，有的著作或者作者的书籍我们要每天勤习之，哪怕有一个小时闲暇都要拿来捧读，持之以恒直到完成我们规定的指标。有很多著名和成功的读书人并不奉该法则为圭臬，但仍然不失为一条行之有效的法则。

笔者曾拜访过一位走遍大江南北不管遇到什么样的艰难险阻都坚持不懈的当代旅行家，当时天很早，与他一起徒步去一个很远的村庄。吃罢早餐后，尽管没有几分钟时间就要动身，

可他还是坐在那儿捧着一本书——一本他找寻了很多天才如获至宝的历史专著。他说：“在我整个旅行生涯中，这是我多年养成的习惯。这是一个能让我的智力活动更加充实的习惯，为我的生活定下了基调。当日复一日地出现陌生人和陌生的场景时，只有通过这种方式我才能克服和抵消对我的精神力量无益的浪费和消遣，以及能分散注意力的事情。”

对于这条已经设定的法则——抱着明确的目的来阅读，我们可以为该法则增添一些实质——通过不断使你的目标

如果我们认为几个主题同样重要和有趣，就应该将其按顺序排列，将我们主要的时间和单独的注意力分配给每一主题。显然，不需要例证的就不要浪费时间，这是明智的。“一次只关注一件事情，”对所有高效率活动而言都是一种可以接受的先决条件，不论对事情还是想法，对人还是书籍，这一法则都适用。倘若五个或十个话题同样诉诸于我们的兴趣和注意力，我们应该对每个题目都非常公平，按顺序使每个题目成为我们阅读的中心主题。按照这一法则阅读，就不会冒厌倦或乏味的危险。

绝大多数单一主题允许或者需要相当繁杂的书籍，每一类书籍都与另一类不同，每一类都是其他类别的补充。因此，最好的方法就是制定一个阅读课程，读每一位能对我们正准备的主题有启发的作家的作品。譬如，如果我们正读的是有关英格兰“大暴动”的历史，可以的话就应该不单只读一个作家的专著，如克拉伦登，而是读六七位作家的作品，他们每个人阐述这段历史都基于自己的观点，对其他人的疏漏补阙拾遗，或者纠正偏颇。

不过，除了正史以外，还有为数不少的以大暴动为背景的小说，其中的场景和人物都是基于那段历史所设置的，诸如司各特的《伍德斯托克》。当然也有日记可资借鉴，诸如艾芙琳、佩皮斯和伯顿等人的日记。诸如科尔·哈钦森的与那段历史有关的回忆录，伯顿的日记和哈钦森的回忆录都有大量虚构的东西。安德鲁·马尔维尔、弥尔顿和德莱登的某些诗歌也是以那段历史为背景。此外，还有很多政论性短文和小册子，以及传单和漫画均与大暴动有关。

我们提到这些著作中有各色各样的描述，指出详细的阅读分类，并非因为我们认为所有这些适合于那些住得离大型公共图书馆较远的读者，或者因为我们告诫每位方便利用图书馆的读者，要将阅读这些书籍和分类图书作为一个课程来对待，而是因为我们表明的是这些

书籍何其繁杂，在一个阶段要围绕一个主题进行分类阅读。

每个人都必须自己做出判断，即他能为任何单一主题抽出多少阅读时间，或者读多少不同的书才是明智的做法。不过对此每个人都或许认为，在一定时间内将注意力投入到一个主题，要远比投入到许多主题更容易抽出时间和精力，也更合理和划算，就单一主题连续或一起阅读六本书，要远比就许多关联性不大的主题阅读许多书籍更有趣，也更可取。与笔者相识的一位女士，略有学者的自负或文名，用了十五个月的闲暇，不受家庭琐事之累和，戒绝社交约会，潜心阅读了各个时代的人所写的希腊历史，旁及许多希腊文学和艺术书籍。

毋庸置疑，这些有关阅读的法则或习惯不仅仅适合学者，或者那些有许多闲暇的人。而那些读书很少和甚少闲暇的人更应该专注和注意方法。将他们分散的经历和兴趣的单一中心点，与能驾驭的很少时间结合起来，汇聚到确定的阅读对象上。



# LESSON 138

## ODE TO MT. BLANC

### 咏白朗峰

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834, was born in Devonshire, England, and was educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge University. Through poverty he was compelled to enlist in the army, but his literary attainments soon brought him into notice, and he was enabled to withdraw from the distasteful life.

Coleridge's fame arises chiefly from his poems, of which the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Genevieve," and "Christabel" may be classed among the best of English poetry. He also wrote a number of dramas, besides numerous essays on religious and political topics. As a conversationalist Coleridge had a remarkable reputation, and among his ardent admirers and friends may be ranked Southey, Wordsworth, Lovell, Lamb, and De Quincey. He and his friends Southey and Lovell married sisters, and talked at one time of founding a community on the banks of the Susquehanna. Although possessing such brilliant natural gifts, Coleridge fell far short of what he might have attained, through a great lack of energy and application, increased by an excessive use of opium.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thoughts: entranced in prayer,  
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy

Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!  
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink—  
Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Coherald—wake, oh wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered, and the same forever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came),  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye icefalls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer! and let the ice plains echo, God!  
God! sing ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth, God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,  
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base,  
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me.—Rise, oh ever rise!  
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!  
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

## 【中文阅读】

你有何魔力竟让启明星  
待在他陡升的轨道？他好像要  
在你光秃可怖的头上驻足，啊，山中之王白朗峰！  
在你脚底阿尔沃河与阿尔维龙河  
咆哮不休；可是你，巍峨不动。  
从你那如大海般浩瀚平静的松林突兀而起，  
多寂静啊！在你周围和头上，

黑魑魍深邃如渊，鸟木林

层层叠叠，肃穆：我想你宛若楔子一般

将其穿透！可是待我再望去，

它你自己那温馨的家，你那水晶般清澈的圣地，

你永恒的栖息之地！

啊，令人畏惧和静穆的山峰！我望见你

直到你显出有形的情感，

从我的思绪里消去：祈祷者涌入。

我只尊崇看不见的神祇。

然而，就像悦耳和魅惑人的曲调一样，

那么悦耳，我不已不知自己在倾听，

而同时你却融进我的思绪——

融进我的生命和生命本身隐秘的快乐

直到膨胀的灵魂，在神魂颠倒中，

渗透进神气活现的幻象，匆匆倥偬——在那里

以她原初的形式，膨胀成巨大的样子，直抵天庭！

醒醒吧，我的灵魂！不只冷漠地颂扬

你配得上这样的赞美！不单那些胀起的泪水，

无声的感谢和神秘的狂喜！响起吧，

那悦耳的歌声！激动吧，我的心，欢腾吧！

葱绿的山谷和结冰的山崖，都和我在颂歌中一展歌喉。

你尊享第一和魁首，山谷唯一的君主！

啊，彻夜与黑暗搏斗，

每夜群星必至，

当他们爬上天空，抑或坠下后，

启明星迎接黎明，

你自己，地球的玫瑰星辰，也迎来黎明的光顾

一起报晓——苏醒吧，啊，醒来吧，到处都是赞美之声！

谁会沉入地里你那阴暗的柱子深处？

谁会让你的容颜布满玫瑰的姣美？

谁会让你成为永不断流的小溪的主宰？

你，被五个凶猛的急流包围，  
在晚上将你唤上前，念动死亡的咒语，  
从昏暗和结冰的大山洞叫你，  
下到那些陡峭，黑魑魑参差不齐的巨石上，  
无休止拍砸，永远的重复？  
谁赋予你那刀枪不入的身躯，  
你的气力，你的神速，你的狂怒，还有你的快乐，  
无休止的雷电，还有似乎不停的泡沫？  
谁在这里发号施令（静若泰山），  
让巨浪坚挺，又歇停？

冰崩！从山脊坡顶  
飞落到巨大的深狭山谷斜坡处  
我想，我听到了洪流巨响，  
马上在他们最狂暴的巨泄中间停住脚步！  
静止不动的洪流，默默无声的大瀑布！  
谁让你披上了曼妙的月下  
天堂门口才有的光辉？谁央求太阳  
给你披上彩虹？有谁，捧着最美的  
鲜艳欲滴的蓝花，将花环放在你脚下？  
上帝！让洪流像国家的一声呐喊，  
来回答吧！让冰原回荡你的声音，上帝！  
上帝啊！用欢喜的声音吟唱草地溪流！  
用你那轻柔和发自灵魂深处的声音，为小树林里的松树而唱！  
那边的他们，在层叠的雪中发出叹息，  
危险的雪崩就要发出隆隆巨响，上帝！

鲜花，绕开那永恒的霜冻！  
野山羊，在鹰巢边上嬉戏！  
雄鹰，高山暴风雨的玩伴！  
闪电，乌云那可怕的箭矢！

叹服，奇迹！

上帝，说出，誉满山丘！

对你也是，灰白的山峰！凭临直入云霄的峰顶，

再三从脚下的雪崩，听不见

飞落的响声，闪烁着划破全然的宁静，

坠入遮盖你胸膛的云端底部——

你身躯复又一震，了不起的山峰！你

在我抬头的一瞬，在崇拜中低下了头，

从你的山脚，

慢慢向上移动，模糊的双眸噙满泪水，

神情肃穆庄重，仿佛争气缭绕的乌云，

在我面前升腾。——升腾，啊，永远升腾！

恍若地上升起的烟云！

你凭帝王才有的威仪统领群山，

你是从下界到天庭令人敬畏的使节，

伟大的山之君主！你要静默的天，

群星，还有那边冉冉升起的太阳，

世间，用万千声音，一起把上帝赞美。

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