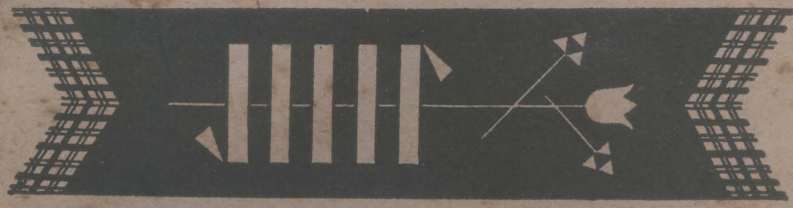


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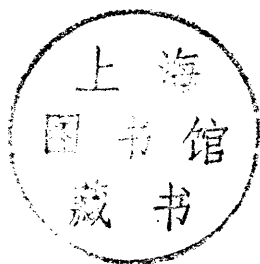
小品文續選

梁遇春譯註

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自修英文叢刊之一

小品文續選

梁遇春譯註

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序

小品文大概可以分做兩種：一種是體物瀏亮，一種是精微朗暢。前者偏於情調，多半是描寫敘事的筆墨；後者偏於思想，多半是高談闊論的文字。這兩種當然不能截然分開，而且小品文之所以成爲小品文就靠這二者混在一起。描狀情調時必定含有默思的成分，纔能蘊藉，纔有回甘的好處，否則一覽無餘，豈不是傷之膚淺嗎？刻劃冥想時必得拿情緒來渲染，使思想帶上作者性格的色彩，不單是普遍的抽象東西，這樣子纔能沁人心脾，纔能有永久存在的理由。不過，因爲作者的性格和他所愛寫的題材的關係，每個小品文家多半總免不了偏於一方面，我們也就把他們拿來歸儒歸墨罷。二年前我所編的那部小品文選多半是偏於情調方面，現在這部續選卻是思想成分居多。國人因爲厭惡策論文章，做小品文時常是偏於情調，以爲談思想總免不了儼然；其實自Montaigne 一直到當代思想在小品文裏面一向是佔很重要的位置，未可忽視的。能夠把容易說得枯索的東西講得津津有味，能夠將我們所不可須臾離開的東西——思想——美化，因此使人生也盎然有趣，這豈不是個值得一幹的盛舉嗎？話好像說得誇大了。就此打住罷！

這部續選的另一目的是裏面所選的作家有一半不是專寫小品文的。他們的技術有時不如那班常在雜誌上寫短文章的人們那麼純熟，可是他們有時却更來得天真，更來得渾脫，不像那班以此爲業的先生們那樣「修習之

徒，縛於有得。」近代小品文的技術日精，花樣日增，煞是有趣，可是天分低些的人們手寫滑了就墮入所謂「新聞記者派頭」Journalistic，跟人生隔膜，失去純樸之風，徒見淫巧而已，聰明如 A. A. Milne 者尚不能免此，其他更不用說了。

這九位作家裏除 Lamb, Gardiner, Lucus 是熟人，不用介紹外，關於其他六位略談幾句。Cowley 是個詩人，他的詩光怪陸離，意思極多，所以有人把他稱爲「立學派」，他到晚年纔開始寫小品文，而且只寫十一篇，可是這都是他不朽之作。這些小品很能傳出他那素樸幽靜的性格，文字單純，開了近代散文的先河。Hume 是英國經驗派哲學發展到極端的人，他走入惟心論同懷疑論了，同時他又是個歷史家，他以懷疑主義者明澈的胸懷，歷史家深沈的世故來寫小品，讀起來使人有清醒之感，彷彿清早洗臉到庭中散步一樣。Thackeray 是十九世紀諷刺小說大家，他的心卻極慈愛，他行文頗有十八世紀作家冲淡之風，寫小品時故意胡說一陣，更見得秀雅生姿。Smith 也是個詩人，也以詭奇瑰麗稱於當世，所謂「瘞癩派」詩人是也。他的小品文裏思想如春潮怒湧，雖然形式上不如 Hazlitt 那麼珠圓玉潤，可是憂鬱真摯，新意甚多，「夢村」(Dreamthorp)一書愛讀者雖無多，這幾個却是極喜歡他的人們。Jeffreies 是這幾位裏面惟一專寫風景的散文作家，他以自己豐富的幻想灌注到他那易感心靈所看的自然美景裏，結果是許多直迫詠景長詩的細膩文字，他真可說是在夢的國

土裏過活的人。Birrell 是學法律出身的，他的小品文在英國小品文學裏佔有特殊的地位，他那大膽的談諧口吻，打扮出的權威神氣（一面又好像在那裏告訴我們這只是打扮而已，這是他勝過一班真以權威自豪的人們）以及胸羅萬卷，吐屬不凡的態度都是極可愛的，他現在已經八十多歲了，據說是個矮老頭，終身不娶，對人極和藹，恐怕念過他文章的人都想和他會一面。Lamb 這裏譯有二篇，他是譯者十年來朝夕聚首的惟一小品文家，從前寫了一篇他的評傳，後來自己越看越不喜歡，如今彷彿如家人，沒有什麼話可說了。去年曾立下譯他那「伊里亞隨筆」全集的宏願，歲月慢悠悠地過去，不知道何日能如願，這是寫這篇序時惟一的感慨。寫序文似乎總該說些感慨，否則顯得庸俗，所以就湊上這幾句話。

於北平

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ABRAHAM COWLEY

Of Solitude

'*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus,*'¹ is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio,² who was without question³ a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning no doubt was this: that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by solitude than by company; and to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired⁴ himself from it by a voluntary exile and at a private house in the middle of a wood

1. *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solis*—Never less alone, than when alone, 最不感到寂寞是當寂寞時候.

2. Scipio—Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major (237-

孤 居

‘獨居時最不感到孤獨’，現在變成爲一句非常粗俗的老話了。一千七百年來，個個人，幾乎個個小孩，都拿牠做口頭禪。但是最早說這句話的是那位優秀的西庇阿，他無疑地是一個最有辯才的，最有智慧的人，又是一切人類裏最賢明，最有價值，最快樂，最偉大的人。他這句話的意思一定是這樣：他覺得獨處比羣居更使自己心裏愉快，于自己的心境也更有裨益；爲着要顯出他不是信口或者出於矜誇說了這句話，當他使羅馬差不多成爲全世界的主人之後，他自己下野，情願流徙他方，在林忒南姆鄰近一座森林中間的私宅裏同樣光榮地

183? B.C.), 羅馬將軍, 敗漢尼拔於 Zana.

3. Without question—undoubtedly, 無疑地.

4. Retired--caused to retire, 使退隱.

near Linternum passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca⁵ went to see so long after with great veneration, and, among other things, describes his bath to have been of so mean a structure that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, 'Poor Scipio understood not how to live.' What an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal⁶ if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montaigne,⁷ that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude: there is nothing does so much hate to have companions. It is true, it loves to have its elbows free,⁸ it detests to have company on either side, but it delights above all things in a train behind, ay, and ushers, too, before it. But the greater part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company they

5. Seneca—Lucius Annaeus Seneca (4? B.C.—A.D. 65), 羅馬克己學派的哲學家。

6. Hannibal—(247-183 B.C.), 迦太基將軍, 勇敢善戰, 後以失望服毒自盡。

7. Montaigne—Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-1592),

渡過他這個光榮生活的餘年。這間屋子辛尼加許多年後還是懷着十分的虔敬去瞻仰，在其他東西之中，描狀出他的浴室是蓋得這麼惡劣，他說，現在最下等的人也會瞧不起這些東西，喊道，“可憐的西庇阿不知道怎麼過活。”這真是一個大權威，足以增加隱居的光榮！漢尼拔可以算做有福，假使厄運能夠教他以西庇阿從不可一世的成功所學得到的這麼多的智慧。這件事也不足為奇，若使蒙旦先生的話不單說得精彩新穎，而且是與事實相符的，他說野心會教我們喜歡獨處；天下沒有別的東西比牠更厭惡伴侶。固然，牠喜歡無人制肘，他厭惡兩旁有人，但是他頂高興有一大隊人跟在後面，是的，而且還要有在前面喝道的人們。其實，一大半人們跟這位高尚的羅馬人意見是差得這麼遠，若使他們有時偶然沒有伴侶，他們就好像一隻因為風息而停行的帆船；他

法國散文家，居圓塔之中，寫下許多恬適深刻的小品文，深有人生意味，為小品文的鼻祖。

8. To have one's elbow free—to have plenty of room to move in, 有行動自由，轉肘如意的境地。

are like a becalmed ship;⁹ they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are importunate¹⁰ and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens,*¹¹ They would live and die with her alone.

*Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum, requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*¹²

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has pressed
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude
And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour

9. A becalmed ship—a ship kept from motion by lack of wind, 因缺風而不能行動的船。

10. Importunate—out of place; inappropriate, 不相宜, 非其時。

們全靠着別人氣息的吹噓纔能轉動，他們自己沒有槳可以航行。這是人性中最古怪，最矛盾的地方，人們愛自己過於世上一切其他的人們，然而絕不能忍受獨與自己爲侶。當他們跟一個女人一往情深時候，在他們眼裏一切別人都是煩瑣同難堪的。他們要獨自同她過活，他們要獨自同她死去。

我能夠永遠同你歇息於林中，
人們的腳所未踐踏的地方，
你能使漆黑完全失掉陰影，
你能使曠野不現牠的寂寞。

可是我們親愛的自己使我們覺得這麼生厭，我們幾乎不能跟這位親愛的自己相處一小時。這是這麼古怪的

-
11. 羅馬詩人 Horace 的詩句，接着就是譯文。
 12. 羅馬詩人 Tibullus 的詩句。

together. This is such an odd temper of mind as Catullus¹³ expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

*Odi et Amo, qua nam id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.*

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has set his heart much upon¹⁴ the world, though he has ever so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possessed with any lust or

13. Catullus—Cains Valerius Catullus (87-54 B.C.), 也是羅馬

詩人。

一個癖氣，正如卡塔拉斯對於他的一個情人所說的，我們可以猜想她大概是個性情非常冷慢的人。

我厭惡，然而我又愛你；
怎麼會這樣呢？我不知道；
我只曉得情形是如此，
覺得萬分難過事實會是這樣。

這是個可悲的情形，有時驅使一個人用慘憺的方策來設法躲避自己。

實在的情形是，世上愚人既不是宜於獨居的人，太關心世事的人，雖然他非常通達人情，也不是合式的人；所以只有極少數的人宜於獨居，安於獨居。他們必得了解世界到能夠看出牠的空虛，修養到能夠看輕這一切虛榮；若使心裏被什麼慾望或者烈情佔住，一個人還

14. To set one's heart upon—to fix the desires on, 醉心於,熱中.

passions, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midst of company, but like robbers, they use¹⁵ to strip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides¹⁶ among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog and a serpent. The first work, therefore, that a man must do to make himself capable of the good of solitude is the very eradication of all lusts, for how is it possible for a man to enjoy himself while his affections are tied to things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the art and get the habit of thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much practice; and cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the solitude of a god from a wild beast. Now because the soul of man is not by its own nature or observation furnished with sufficient materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual resource¹⁷ to learning and books for fresh supplies, so that the solitary life

15 Use—are accustomed to. 常常.

16. Parricides—murderers of any near relative, 謀殺親人的凶手.

是在市場比獨居林中好些。這些慾情在大庭廣衆之中，像小竊一樣，也許會欺騙我們，扒我們的袋子，但是當他們抓到我們孤零零地一個人時候，像強盜一樣，他們常常剝我們的衣服，把我們綁起，或者殺害了我們。這真可以說是從人羣裏退出，墜到魔鬼的手裏去。這好像羅馬謀殺親族的犯人所受的責罰，跟一隻猴子，一條狗，一條蛇同縫在一個布袋裏。所以，一個人要享受獨居的好處必要幹的第一步工作是剷除一切慾情，因為一個人怎麼能夠自得其樂，當他的感情都是繫於身外之物？第二下，他必得學會思想的藝術，造成思想的習慣；因為這正同善於言辭一樣，是靠着時常的練習；冥想却是神的獨處與野獸的獨處所由分的地方。現在因為人的心靈本身未曾具有，就觀察所得也沒有得到，足夠沉思默想的材料；所以牠必得不斷地求助於學問同書籍，去找新鮮的材料，因此沒有牠們，獨居的生活會變

17. Continual resource to learning—continual recourse to learning, 不斷地求助於學問.

will grow indigent,¹⁸ and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engaged in the love of letters,¹⁹ instead of being wearied with the length of any day, we shall only complain of the shortness of our whole life.

O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!

O life, long to the fool, short to the wise!

The First Minister of State has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration. There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'That a man does not know how to pass his time.' It would have been but ill spoken by Methuselah²⁰ in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life, so far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmost perfection of any part of any science, to have cause to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you will say is work only for

18. Indigent--needy, 困窮.

19. Letters--literature, 文學.

成窮乏，大有精神上饑餓之概；但是若使我們曾經一度澈底地戀上了學問，那麼不單不會厭於任一天的日長難遣，我們却將愁訴人生的短促了。

啊，人的一生活，傻子覺得悠長，智者却嫌短促！

一國首相的公事還沒有智者個人私事那麼忙；若使首相沒有獨處的閒暇，智者更沒有閒暇去羣居；前一個不過有一國事情的一部分，後一個却得冥搜遍上帝同自然的全部創造品。天下最使我震駭的話是我常常聽到的一句話：“一個人不知道怎樣混過他的時間。”這句話還是講得不好，若使馬土撒拉在九百六十九歲時說了這話；我們既是在任一門科學的任一部分內都沒有時間做到盡美盡善的地步，當然更不會有理由去埋怨因為缺乏工作，所以不得不懶惰過日。但是你將說，這只是學者

20. Methuselah—one of the patriarch, related to have lived 969 years, 一位族長，據說活到九百六十九歲，見聖經創世記中。

the learned, others are not capable either of the employments or the diversions that arise from letters. I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be so unlearned as to want entertainment of the little intervals of accidental solitude, which frequently occur in almost all conditions (except the very meanest of the people, who have business enough in the necessary provisions for life), it is truly a great shame both to his parents and himself; for a very small portion of any ingenious art will stop up all those gaps of our time, either music, or painting, or designing, or chemistry, or history, or gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his affections upon poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will overdo it; no wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or business, which would abstract him from his beloved.

—O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?

的工作，別人既不能從事於研究學術，也不能拿牠來做消遣的資料。我知道他們不能，所以不十分勸一個目不識丁的人去過獨居的生活。但是若使一個人不學無術到連間或一些時候的獨處，那常常發生于幾乎任一種的生活狀態裏（除非最下等的人們，他們是謀生之不暇的），都無法排遣，這真是他父母同他自己的大恥辱；因為任一門巧藝的極小部分就足以填滿我們時間裏這一切罅隙了，音樂，圖畫，設計，化學，歷史，園藝，以及二十件其牠的事情，個個都能有用地，愉快地幹這種工作；若使他偶然鍾情於詩歌（我不勸他太熱烈地愛牠），那麼還會幹得過分了；他將覺到沒有森林深密得足以把他隱藏起來，不受伴侶同俗事的紛擾，那使他離開他的愛人。

——啊，誰能置我於巴爾幹涼谷之中，
把我蔭在樹枝濃影的底下呢？

DAVID HUME

Of the Dignity or Meanness of Human Nature

There are certain sects which secretly form themselves in the learned world, as well as factions in the political; and though sometimes they come not to an open rupture, they give a different turn to the ways of thinking of those who have taken part on either side. The most remarkable of this kind are the sects founded on the different sentiments with regard to the *dignity of human nature*; which is a point that seems to have divided philosophers and poets, as well as divines,¹ from the beginning of the world to this day. Some exalt our species to the skies, and represent man as a kind of human demigod,² who derives his origin from heaven, and retains evident marks of his lineage and descent. Others insist upon the blind sides of human nature, and can discover nothing, except vanity, in

1. Divines—theologians, 神學家。

2. Demigod—being half divine and half human or bestial,

人性的高尙或卑鄙

學術界裏面私自分下種種派別，正同政界的結黨一樣；雖然有時牠們不至於公開地分裂，牠們却使屬於各派的人們思路各自不同。這類裏面最顯著的是關於“人性的高尙”這個問題紛歧的意見所生的派別；這一點好像是詩人，哲學家，以及神學家之所由分，自世界開始一直到今日始終是如此。有些人把人類恭維到天上去，說是世間裏具有一半神性的動物，他的原始是來自天上，關於他的宗系和出身留有顯著的痕跡。另外有些人堅持人性盲目的那一方面，除開虛榮外，找不出人有那

半神半人或半神半獸的東西，據說中國纔講西學時候有一本字典把這字譯作「半個上帝」。

which man surpasses the other animals, whom he affects so much to despise. If an author possess the talent of rhetoric and declamation, he commonly takes part³ with the former: if his turn lie towards irony and ridicule, he naturally throws himself into the other extreme.

I am far from thinking that all those who have depreciated our species have been enemies to virtue, and have exposed the frailties of their fellow-creatures with any bad intention. On the contrary, I am sensible that a delicate sense of morals, especially when attended with a splenetic temper, is apt to give a man a disgust of the world, and to make him consider the common course of human affairs with too much indignation. I must, however, be of opinion, that the sentiments of those who are inclined to think favourably of mankind, are more advantageous to virtue than the contrary principles, which give us a mean opinion of our nature. When a man is prepossessed with a high notion of his rank and character in the creation, he will naturally endeavour to act up to it, and will scorn to do a base or vicious action which might sink him below that figure which he makes in his own imagination. Ac-

3. To take part with--to side in dispute with, 辯論時援助

一點勝過禽獸，他們却是這麼排架子瞧不起牠們。若使一個作家有修辭同高談的本領，他常是歸於前一派；若使他的作風近於冷諷同熱嘲，他自然投身到後一個極端了。

我絕不把凡是漫罵人類的人們都認為是道德的讎敵，懷有惡意來揭開他們同類的弱點。其實正相反，我知道對於道德的銳敏感覺，尤其是加上了鬱鬱的心情，容易使一個人厭惡世界，看到日常的世事憤怒難勝。然而，我將承認，偏於贊美人類的那一派的意見是比牠的反對派於道德更有利，他的反對派使我們藐視人性。當一個人對於他在萬物裏的地位和性質有個崇高的觀念，他自然會努力去做到那地步，不屑幹一件卑鄙或壞惡的勾當，那也許使他沉淪，不是他自己所臆想的那麼一個

cordingly we find, that all our polite and fashionable moralists insist upon this topic, and endeavour to represent vice unworthy of man, as well as odious in itself.

We find few disputes that are not founded on some ambiguity in the expression; and I am persuaded that the present dispute, concerning the dignity or meanness of human nature, is not more exempt from it than any other. It may therefore be worth while to consider what is real, and what is only verbal, in this controversy.

That there is a natural difference between merit and demerit, virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, no reasonable man will deny: yet it is evident that, in affixing the term, which denotes either our approbation or blame, we are commonly more influenced by comparison than by any fixed unalterable standard in the nature of things.⁴ In like manner, quantity, and extension, and bulk, are by every one acknowledged to be real things: but when we call any animal *great* or *little*, we always form a secret comparison between that animal and others of the same species; and it is that comparison which regulates our judgment concern-

4. 在論理學裏判斷分爲兩種;事實判斷與價值判斷,兩者性質截然不同

人了。所以我們看見一切流行的優美道德學家都堅持此點，極力主張罪惡不單本身是可憎的，而且不值得我們人類一幹。

我們看出不由於言辭的含糊而生的爭辯是很少的；我相信這個關於人性的高尙或卑鄙的爭辯正同其牠一樣未能免此。所以這是值得一考慮的，這個爭論裏意見真正的分歧在那裏，只是文字上的糾紛在那裏。

功績與罪戾，善與惡，智與愚有個天然的分別，這是凡具有理性的人所無法否認的！可是，這也是很分明的，當安下一個指出我們的贊美或責備的字眼時候，我們常常更受比較的影響，不大注意事物性質上什麼一成不變的標準。同樣地，量，廣闊，大小，個個人都承認爲真的東西；但是當我們說一隻動物「大」或「小」，我們常常暗地裏拿牠和牠同類其牠的動物相比；這個比較就規定了我們關於牠的大小的判詞。一條狗同一匹馬可

同。

ing its greatness. A dog and a horse may be of the very same size, while the one is admired for the greatness of its bulk, and the other for the smallness. When I am present, therefore, at any dispute, I always consider with myself whether it be a question of comparison or not that is the subject of controversy; and if it be, whether the disputants compare the same objects together, or talk of things that are widely different.

In forming our notions of human nature, we are apt to make a comparison between men and animals, the only creatures endowed with thought that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is favourable to mankind. On the one hand, we see a creature whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds, either of place or time; who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin, at least the history of the human race; casts his eye forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature, who traces causes and effects to a great length and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries; corrects his mistakes; and makes his

以正是同樣大，一個却被人們贊美以爲大得可觀，一個却被人們贊美以爲小得好玩。因此，每當我見到任何辯論時候，我總是先問自己一下，辯論的題目是不是一個關於比較的問題；若使是，辯論的人們是不是比較同一東西，或者彼此各自談個絕不相同的題材。

當我們對於人性立下一定的意見時，我們易於拿人同禽獸來比較，牠們是我們所知道的具有思想的惟一東西。這種比較當然是於人類有利。在這一方面，我們看見一個生物，他的思想不受時空狹窄的限制；他能夠研究到地球上最遠的地方，而且出地球之外，一直研究到行星和天體；他回過頭來討論最初的原始，最少人種的歷史；向前瞻望他的行動會怎樣影響後代，同千年後人們對於他的人格會下什麼考語；一個生物，他能夠追跡因果到很遠同很紛雜的地方；從個體的現象上看出共通的原理；因發現而進步；知道更改錯誤；甚至於能使他

very errors profitable.⁵ On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight; blindly conducted by instinct, and attaining, in a short time, its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a wide difference is there between these creatures! And how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter.

There are two means commonly employed to destroy this conclusion: *First*, By making an unfair representation of the case, and insisting only upon the weakness of human nature. And, *secondly*, By forming a new and secret comparison between man and beings of the most perfect wisdom. Among the other excellences of man, this is one, that he can form an idea of perfections much beyond what he has experience of in himself; and is not limited in his conception of wisdom and virtue. He can easily exalt his notions, and conceive a degree of knowledge, which, when compared to his own, will make the latter appear very contemptible, and will cause the difference between that

5. And makes his very errors profitable, 所謂上當學乖是也。

的過失於他也有好處。在那一方面，我們見到一個與這個相反的生物：只能觀察同推理關於牠身旁幾件可以感覺到的東西；沒有好奇心，沒有預知之明；盲目地順從本能，在很短時間內達到極限的完善境界，牠是絕不能再進一步了。這兩種生物有多大的差異呀！跟後者相比，我們對於前面那個生物會具個多麼崇高的意見呀。

有兩種工具通常用來破壞這個結論：第一，不公平地陳述事實，專偏重人性的弱點。第二，偷偷裏重新把人類同最睿智的人們相比。在人類的優點裏，有一個是他能夠臆想一個盡美盡善的境界，那是遠超過他自己所經驗的；他關於智慧同道德的觀念是不受什麼限制的。他能夠很容易提高他的觀念，臆想出一種特殊的智慧，拿牠來同他自己的一比，他自己的簡直是該受蔑視，而與禽獸智力的差異也可說消失得無影無踪了。人類智識

and the sagacity of animals, in a manner,⁶ to disappear and vanish. Now this being a point in which all the world is agreed, that human understanding falls infinitely short of perfect wisdom, it is proper we should know when this comparison takes place, that we may not dispute where there is no real difference in our sentiments. Man falls much more short⁷ of perfect wisdom, and even of his own ideas of perfect wisdom, than animals do of man; yet the latter difference is so considerable, that nothing but a comparison with the former can make it appear of little moment.⁸

It is also usual to *compare one man with another*; and finding very few whom we can call *wise* or *virtuous*, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe, that the honourable appellations of *wise* and *virtuous* are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of *wisdom* and *virtue*, but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom, as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man: so that to say there are few wise men

6. In a manner—in some sense. 在某種意義之下; 也可說。

跟完全的智慧相差得無限遠，這一點既是世上人所公認的，所以我們應該知道何時人們提到這個比較，爲的是免得無謂爭辯，其實我們的意見並沒有真正的衝突。人們跟完全智慧，甚至於跟他自己所臆測的完全智慧，的相差是遠過禽獸跟人們智慧的相差；然而第二種的差別也就不小，只有拿牠來同第一種差別比較時，纔顯得是無關重要的。

我們又常常拿一個人同其他一個人相比；看到很少人值得我們稱爲“有智慧的”或“有道德的”，我們很容易對於普通人類有個藐視的心情。爲着要使我們曉得這種推理的錯誤，我們可以指出，有智慧和有道德的這些光榮的稱呼并不是附於某種程度的智慧同道德，却完全由於我們拿一個人同其他的人相比。當我們看見一個人達到很難得的智慧程度，我們叫他做智者；所以說

7. To fall short—not attain or come up to. 不如；沒有趕上。

in the world, is really to say nothing; since it is only by their scarcity that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Tully⁸ or Lord Bacon,⁹ we should still have reason to say that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a singular homage to any one who was not singularly distinguished by his talents. In like manner, I have heard it observed by thoughtless people, that there are few women possessed of beauty in comparison of those who want it; not considering that we bestow the epithet of *beautiful* only on such as possess a degree of beauty that is common to them with a few. The same degree of beauty in a woman is called deformity, which is treated as real beauty in one of our sex.

As it is usual, in forming a notion of our species, to *compare* it with the other species above or below it, or to compare the individuals of the species among themselves; so we often compare together the different motives or actuating principles of human nature, in order to regulate our judgment concerning it. And, indeed, this is the only kind of comparison which is

8. Tully—古代一個哲人。

9. Bacon—Francis Bacon (1561-1626) 英國政治家，文人，他是

世上智者甚少，是等於沒有說；因為他們就是爲着稀罕，纔配得上這個尊稱。假使最下等的人類都像屠累或者培里爵士那麼聰明，我們還可以有理由說智者甚少。因為那麼我們將提高我們智慧的觀念，不是才力有特別過人之處的，我們絕不肯向他崇拜。同樣地，我聽見沒有思想的人們說過，具有美貌的女人真少，若使同沒有美貌的女人一比；他們却沒有想到，“美麗的”這個形容字我們只加於那班具有少見的美貌的人們身上。同樣的姿容在女人叫做醜容，在我們男性裏却被認爲真正的美貌了。

當我們對於人類定下一個批評時，我們常常拿他同比他高或比他低的種類相比，或者拿人類裏個個人來比較；所以我們常常拿人性裏各種動機或主意來比較，以定我們關於人性所下的判斷。真的，這是惟一值得我們

英國最早寫小品文，用 Essay 這個字的人。

worth our attention, or decides any thing in the present question. Were our selfish and vicious principles so much predominant above our social and virtuous, as is asserted by some philosophers, we ought undoubtedly to entertain a contemptible notion of human nature.

There is much of a dispute of words in all this controversy. When a man denies the sincerity of all public spirit or affection to a country and community, I am at a loss¹⁰ what to think of him. Perhaps he never felt this passion in so clear and distinct a manner as to remove all his doubts concerning its force and reality. But when he proceeds afterwards to reject all private friendship, if no interest or self-love intermix itself; I am then confident that he abuses terms, and confounds the ideas of things; since it is impossible for any one to be so selfish, or rather so stupid, as to make no difference between one man and another, and give no preference to qualities which engage his approbation and esteem. Is he also, say I, as insensible to anger as he pretends to be to friendship? And does injury and wrong no more affect him than kindness or benefits? Impossible: he does not know himself: he has forgotten the movements of his heart; or rather,

10. At a loss—puzzled, 糊塗了; 不知道怎麼想好。

注意的比較，或者可說關於眼前問題惟一能下斷語的比較。假使我們自私的同壞惡的主意是像有些哲學家所說的那樣勝過我們合羣的同善良的動機，那麼我們應該無疑地對於人性懷個鄙視的觀念。

這個爭論裏有一大部分是文字上的糾紛。當一個人否認一切公德心，愛國心，愛社會心的誠懇，我真不知道對他作何感想。也許他沒有十分明白深切地感到這類情緒，所以不能掃除他對於牠的力量同真實的懷疑。但是當他後來接着否認一切私人的友誼，以為總是有利益或自私混在一起；那時我敢說他亂用字眼，混淆事物的意義：因為那是不會有的事情，有人會自私或者可說愚蠢到這樣地步，以至對於人們漠不關心，并不特別喜歡那些得到他稱贊和欽重的性質。我說，他對於憤怒，也像他所自命的對於友誼這麼毫無感覺嗎？傷害同冤枉也像慇懃同恩惠那樣不能使他動心嗎？這是絕不可能的！他不知道自己：他忘却他心裏的動機了；或者可

he makes use of a different language from the rest of his countrymen, and calls not things by their proper names. What say you of natural affection? (I sub-join). Is that also a species of self-love? Yes; all is self-love. *Your* children are loved only because they are yours: *your* friend for a like reason; and *your* country engages you only so far as it has a connection with *yourself*. Were the idea of self removed, nothing would affect you; you would be altogether unactive and insensible: or, if you ever give yourself any movement, it would only be from vanity, and a desire of fame and reputation to this same self. I am willing, reply I, to receive your interpretation of human actions, provided you admit the facts. That species of self-love which displays itself in kindness to others, you must allow to have great influence over human actions, and even greater, on many occasions, than that which remains in its original shape and form. For how few are there, having a family, children, and relations, who do not spend more on the maintenance and education of these than on their own pleasures? This, indeed, you justly observe, may proceed from their self-love, since the prosperity of their family and friends is one, or the chief, of their pleasures, as well as their chief honour. Be you also one of these selfish men, and

以說，他用一種與他本國其他人們不同的文字，不拿事物本有的名字喊牠們。你以為天性怎麼樣呢？（我加上去），那也是一種自私嗎？是的；一切都是為着利己。你愛“你”的孩子們，因為他們是你的；你愛“你”的朋友也是為着同樣的理由；“你”的祖國使你關心之處只在於跟“你自己”有關係的。假使“自己”這個觀念取消了，沒有一件東西能夠感動你的心；你將變成完全不動同麻木了！或者，若使你動一下，那將是只出於虛榮，同想給這個同一的自己以榮譽和令名。我答道，我願意接收你對於人們行動的解釋，只要你肯承認下面這些事實。對他人表示慫慂的那種自私，你得承認是於人類行動上有大影響的，甚至於常有更大的影響，比起原原本本的自私。有了家庭，孩子同親戚的人們，花在瞻養同教育他們的比花在自己尋樂的錢還少的人們天下裏有幾個呢？不錯，你很可以說，這是由於他們的自私，因為他們家庭同親戚的興旺是他們快樂之一，或者可說是主要的快樂，而且是他們最大的光榮。請你也做這麼

you are sure of every one's good opinion and good-will; or, not to shock your ears with their expressions, the self-love of every one, and mine among the rest, will then incline us to serve you, and speak well of you.

In my opinion, there are two things which have led astray those philosophers¹¹ that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. In the *first* place, they found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure; whence they concluded, that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him; but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

In the *second* place, it has always been found, that the virtuous are far from being indifferent to praise; and therefore they have been represented as a set of vainglorious men, who had nothing in view but the applauses of others. But this also is a fallacy. It is very unjust in the world, when they find any tincture of vanity in a laudable action, to depreciate it upon that account, or ascribe it entirely to that motive. The case

11. Those philosophers—指 Hobbes 等，他主張人類一切行爲都是

一個自私的人罷，你必定會得到個個人的贊美同好意；或者，說得不使你耳朵聽起難過罷，個個的自私，我的也在內，將使我們願意為你服務，說你好話。

據我看來，有兩件事把這班如是堅持人性的自私的哲學家弄入迷途——。第一下，他們看見每個道德的或友誼的行動跟着都有一種內心的愉快；因此他們以為，友誼同道德不會是沒有雜有私心的。但是這種推理的錯誤是顯而易見的。善良的情緒或熱情產生了這個愉快，並不是因為這個愉快而出來的。我對於我的朋友幹一件好事，感到快樂，因為我愛他；但是並不是為着那快樂而去愛他。

第二下，人們總常發現，有道德的人對於人家的恭維絕不是毫不關心，所以人們把他們當做一羣好虛榮的人，只望博得人們的稱讚。可是這也是個推理上的錯誤。世人可說是很不公平，當他們看到一件值得頌揚的舉動裏含有一些虛榮的色彩，因此就毀謗牠，或者認為

以利己為出發點，然而他自己是個道德極高，深有修養的人。

is not the same with vanity, as with other passions. Where avarice or revenge enters into any seemingly virtuous action, it is difficult for us to determine how far it enters, and it is natural to suppose it the sole actuating principle. But vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture, than any other kinds of affection; and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former. Accordingly we find, that this passion for glory is always warped and varied according to the particular taste or disposition of the mind on which it falls. Nero¹² had the same vanity in driving a chariot, that Trajan¹³ had in governing the empire with justice and ability. To love the glory of virtuous deeds is a sure proof of the love of virtue.

12. Nero—(37—68) 羅馬暴王, 非常喜歡同人比賽跑快車。

完全出於那個動機。虛榮的情形是與其他情緒不同。當貪婪或報復做了一個似乎是道德的行動的成分，我們很難斷定牠居了多少成分，自然會以為牠是惟一的動機。但是虛榮跟道德是有這麼密切的關係，喜歡善舉的令名跟為善舉而愛善舉是這麼相近，這些情緒是比別的更能夠和其他東西混在一起；有了愛善舉之心幾乎總免不了有些愛善舉的令名。所以我們看見，這個愛好光榮的心情也隨牠所伴的趣味和心地而變質，而不同。尼羅對於趕馬車所具的虛榮豈不是和圖拉真對於公平地同能幹地管理國家所具的一樣哩。愛好善舉的光榮却很可以證明一個人是具有好善之心了。

13. Trajan—(52 or 53—117) 也是羅馬皇帝，善理國家。

CHARLES LAMB

New Year's Eve

Every man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude¹ of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted² by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date³ their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.⁴

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and

1. Desuetude—discontinuance, 廢止.

2. Pretermitted—neglected, 忽略.

除 夕

每人都有兩個誕辰：一年裏最少有兩天使他想到光陰的消失對於他在世的有限時光的影響。一個誕辰，他特別叫做「他的」。古昔的禮節漸見廢弛，在我們獨有的誕辰舉行隆重典禮這種習慣差不多也成爲過去了，或者只讓小孩子們去幹，他們對於這件事是毫無感想的，除開餅同橘子他們什麼也不曉得。但是「新年」的誕生感動了一切人們，是不容皇帝或者補鞋匠的忽略。從來沒有一個人把正月初一冷淡看過。大家都是以那天做根據來記他們的日期，算一算他們還剩有多少時光。那是我們公有的亞當的誕生日了。

一切鐘的聲音裏——（鐘是最近於天際的音樂）

3. To date—to give the date of, 算日子

4. Adam—我們都是亞當的子孫。

touching is the peal which rings out⁵ the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up⁶ of my mind to a concentration⁷ of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour,⁸ nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed—

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.⁹

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.¹⁰

5. Which rings out the Old Year—英俗於除夕十二時，教堂中鐘聲齊發，以表送舊迎新之意。

6. Gathering-up—summoning up one's thought, 聚精會神。

7. Concentration of all the images....—a mental summary of my experiences, 我種種經驗滙集在中心。

——最嚴肅的，最動人的是送舊歲時齊發的鐘聲。我每次聽到總是聚精竭神把散在過去十二個月裏的一切印象集到心頭；一切我所曾做過的或者挨過的，履行的或者忽略的——在那深可惋惜的十二個月裏。我纔知道這些時光的價值，好像當一個人死去，我們纔曉得他的好處。這些時光好像變成一個人了；這並不是當代一位作家做詩的胡想，當他說：

我看見將逝之年的裙邊。

這彷彿是我們個個人在清愁裏都感到的，當這可怕的告別時候。我敢說昨天晚上我感到這種情調，大家也同我一樣的感到；雖然有幾位朋友喜歡對於新年的誕出現出高興，不願意爲着新年先輩的逝世現出什麼非常深情的惋惜。但是我是不屬於那一種人們，他們。

歡迎新來的，催促將去的客人趕快走開。

8. It takes a personal color—it becomes a real personage to my imagination, 在我想像裏牠化成一個人了。

9. 這是英浪漫派詩人 Samuel Taylor Coleridge 的句子。

10. 這是英假古典主義詩人 Alexander Pope 的句子。

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof¹¹ against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*,¹² as the gamesters phrase it, games for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W————n,¹³ than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*,¹⁴ and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

11. Armour-proof—armed with impenetratable armour, 穿有刀槍不能入的甲冑。

12. For love—with stakes, 不下注的; 賭趣的。

根本上，我生性對於新的東西總是害羞；新書，新臉孔，新年——我心裏一些乖僻癖氣使我不敢去曠着將來。我幾乎是不再有什麼希望了；只是當着回憶到過去的希望時候，我纔現出熱誠。我跳到已往的好夢同結局裏去。我跟過去的失望混戰做一團。我對着早已過去的失意可說穿有刀鎗不能入的盔甲。我在幻想裏赦宥了或者打倒了我的冤家。我現在賭趣地（像賭錢的人們所說的）把這些玩意兒玩過，我曾經爲這些玩意兒費了那麼大的代價。我一生裏種種不幸的事故，幾乎沒有一件我現在會願意去望從前不是那樣。我不肯改換牠們，正好像我不肯改換一本結構極好的小說裏面的情節。我想還是我將我最可貴的七年時光憔悴地消磨去好些，當我被亞儷斯·溫——的美髮同更美的眼睛迷了的時候，比起這麼熱情的一段情史沒有發生。還是我們家庭沒有得到老多尼所騙去的那筆遺產好些，比起我此刻有二千金鎊存在銀行裏，卻沒有貌似君子的老滑頭的影子留在心中。

13. Alice Winn 指他的初戀 Alice Winn.

14. In banco—banked; standing to your credit, 放在銀行裏。

In a degree beneath manhood,¹⁵ it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself* without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia.¹⁶ I know him to be light, and vain, and humoursome; a notorious * * * ; addicted to * * * ; averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;— * * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on,¹⁷ and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that “other me,” there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to his stupid changeling of five and forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at

15. In a degree beneath manhood—to a somewhat unmanly extent, 有些不像男子漢的樣子。

真是有不像男子漢的樣子，我老愛回想我的早年，這是我的毛病。當我說一個人可以有自由去愛四十年前的「他的自己」而不至於挨到愛自己這個罪名，我是不是發一句似是而非的話呢？

若使我具有自知之明，我可說知道沒有一個生性愛內省的人——我自己是愛內省得使我苦痛——對他現在的自己會有我對伊里亞這人那樣瞧不起。我曉得他（指自己）是輕浮，愛自誇同沒有恆心；一個惡名昭彰的……；又是嗜……；不喜歡忠言，既沒有聽別人的，也沒有給別人；而且是……；又是一個結巴的小丑；你愛怎麼說都可以；把一切罪狀加到他身上罷，別饒恕他；我全可以承認，還有你所不願加到他身上的許多罪狀；我也肯承認——但是對於小孩時代的伊里亞——站在遠景裏的（那個我）——我必定要去愛撫對於那個孩子的追念——這對於這個四十五歲的傻傢伙是滿不相干的，我聲明，好像那是別家的一個小孩，不是我父母的兒子。我現在還能夠爲他五歲時耐心出痘同蠻野的治療而流淚。我能把他那可憐的發燒的頭安放在基督學校的

16. Elia—Elia 是東印度公司蓋姆一位同事的名字，他拿來做筆名。

17. Lay it on—apply the lash freely, 隨便鞭撻。

Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour¹⁸ of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed!—Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian,¹⁹ presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause: simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, Reader—(a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy,

18. Color—tinge; semblance, 色彩; 相像.

19. Dissembling guardian—guardian angel assuming his per-

病枕上，同他一起醒來，對着俯在他上面的慈愛的和藹姿勢納罕，她是暗暗地看護他的睡眠。我曉得他對於一點點的欺騙都也退縮着不肯幹。——願上帝助你，伊里亞，你是變得多麼厲害，你現在變壞了。——我曉得你從前是多麼誠實，多麼勇敢（就柔弱的小孩而論）——多麼虔敬，想像力多麼豐富，懷有多大的希望！我是從多麼善良墜落下來，若使我所記憶的那個小孩真是我自己——不是什麼守護神攔住我的心，現出一個假人格來，使我這世路未慣的脚步有法則可依，而規定了那時我的精神生活的情調。

我喜歡自縱於這樣的回顧（那是不能希望得到人們的同情的），這也許是什麼病態的怪癖的徵候罷。或者是出於別的緣故嗎；只是因為無妻無家庭，沒是學好把自己投射到自己身外；既沒有我自己的後裔讓我來玩弄，我回頭來去找我的記憶，拿我自己早年的心境做我的嗣子，我所寵愛的人？若使這些空想在你眼裏好像是荒誕的，讀者——（或者是一位忙人）若使我走出你同情的範圍之外，變成一個只是非常古怪的人，那麼我退

sonality, 護身的天使來代替他自己。

and am singularly conceited²⁰ only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal.²¹ He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the

20. Singularly conceited possessed of peculiar notions, 具有奇怪的想頭.

隱在伊里亞這個假名的迷霧之下，一切譏笑都無法侵入了。

那班前輩，我是在他們裏面養大的，是不大肯讓任何制度裏的神聖風俗隨便湮沒的；鳴鐘送舊歲這個古風他們保守着，還帶有奇怪的儀式。——在那些日子裏，這種午夜和鳴的鐘聲雖然對於我周圍的人們都能引起欣歡，却總是帶有一陣愁思到我心頭。然而那時我幾乎沒有想到這含有什麼意思同這是個同我有關係的紀數，不單穉年之時期，三十歲以前的青年實際上還是絕沒有感到他是會死的。他真曉得這樣事，若使有必要，還能演一篇勸世文，說生命的脆弱；但是他自己沒有深切地感到，好似在炎熱的六月裏我們不能把十二月的冰凍日子放在我們的想像裏。但是現在呢，我要說出真話嗎？——我却是太強烈地感到這種年年的結算。我開始計算我大概還可以活多久，刻刻的光陰和最短的時間的銷費我都是捨不得的，有如守財虜對着他的極小銅幣。剩下

21. Hazlitt 在 *The sense of Immortality in Youth* 裏面說他兄弟說過這麼一句話，那篇文章就是討論這一句話。

years both lessen and shorten, I set more count²² upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel.²³ I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian²⁴ shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the

22. To set more count—to attach greater value, 更看重。

23. 中國所謂羲和之輪也是這個意思。

24. To seek Lavinian shores—to remove to strange countries,

的年數愈少了，過得愈快了，跟着我也愈看重一年一年的來去，真想把我這不會生效力的手指放在「時間大輪」的輻裏，止住牠的轉動。我不甘心「像鐵匠的梭子」那樣一瞬即逝。那些比喻不能安慰我，我也沒有把死亡這一口苦酒弄甜。我並不想任潮流去，平穩地從人生帶到永生；我對於所謂運命裏的必需過程是退縮不前。我愛上了這個青青的大地，城市鄉下的境況；那說不出的田園幽寂同街道上可喜的安全。我願意在這裏永居下去。我願意老站在我現在所走到的年時；我同我的朋友：也不要更年青，更富，更漂亮。我不欲靠着老年的衰頹使我漸厭於生活；或者有如他們所說的，像熟果子落地那樣掉到墓裏去。——在我這大地上，任何的改變，飲食上或者居住上，都使我迷惑，使我不安。我的家神們脚是生根地可怕地栽在地上，拔起來是會流血的。他們不願到異地裏去。一種新的方式使我站不穩雙脚。

太陽，蒼穹，和風，孤單的散步，暑假，田地的青

遠徙到異鄉去；羅馬詩人 Virgil 的長詩 Aeneid 中 Aeneas 聽神的吩咐從 Troy 遠徙到意大利的 Lavinium.

delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candlelight, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it comes at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the “sweet assurance of a look”?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality.²⁵ Then we expand and burgeon. Then

25. Such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality—men like myself, who love to bask in the sunshine like snakes, forget

青，魚肉的美液，聚會，快樂的酒杯，燭光，爐邊的閒話，無害的自誇，笑話，和冷諷（就牠本身的美處而言）——這些東西是隨着生命一同消失嗎？

一個鬼能夠大笑嗎，或者捧他那瘦削的腹嗎，當你對他說笑的時候？

還有你們，我午夜裏的愛寵，我的書籍！我必定也要割捨把你擁在懷裏（滿抱的）這個無上的快樂嗎？智識來到我心裏，假使牠還會來，一定要靠着直覺的鈍拙嘗試，而不再從閱讀這條熟路來嗎？

在那個國土裏我也能享受友朋之樂嗎，缺乏了笑臉的指示，在這裏這些笑臉告訴我誰是我的朋友——缺乏了這可以認得的臉孔——缺乏了「臉上的表情所擔保的他對於我的好意」——？

在冬天裏這種難堪的對於死的嫌厭——按下一個最溫和的名字罷——特別更厲害地纏繞困窘着我。在一個溫暖的八月中午，在一個酷熱的青天之下，死差不多是個可懷疑的東西。在那時候，像我這樣喜歡陽光的可憐人們（同蛇一樣）享受到永生之樂。那時，我們心曠心

our liability to death, 像我這種喜歡曝日如蛇一樣的人們此時忘却死的可能了。

we are as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances. —that cold ghost of the sun, or Phoebus' sickly sister,²⁶ like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles.²⁷—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.²⁸

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death unto my mind. All partial evils, like humours,²⁹ run into that capital plaguesore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee,³⁰ I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John)³¹ give thee to six score thousand devils, as in

26. Phoebus' sickly sister- 月神 Phoebe, 據說是日神的姊妹。

27. The Canticles—Song of Solomon, 雅歌。

28. Persian—波斯人信拜火教。

29. Humours—morbid fluids in the body, such as cause skin-

怡，開出花來。那時，我們比從前加一倍力氣，加一倍勇敢，加一倍聰明，也高了好多。而這個刺我，令我退縮的刮風使我又想到死。——切不實在的東西都做死的跟班；寒冷，僵凍，夢兒，煩惱，甚至於月光本身，那陰森森的神氣——太陽的冷魂，或者太陽神的有病妹妹，真像「雅歌」裏所罵的那個虛弱的人兒——我不是佞媚月亮的人——我和拜火教的波斯人抱有同一的主張。

一切逆意的事情都把死這觀念勾到我心上。一切零碎的毒惡，像身裏的瘡膿一樣，都匯聚到那個大患裏去。——我曾聽過人們自認淡於死生。這班人把他們生命的終止稱做安身處：說墳墓是個溫柔的手臂，他們可以在裏面睡眠，有如躺在枕頭的上面。有人去追求死——但是你（指死）是多麼可羞，我說，你這醜惡的，愚蠢的小鬼！我憎你（指死），恨你，咒你，（像托鉢僧約翰那樣）把你投給十二萬個魔鬼去，因為你是沒有一

eruptions, 身中有毒的血液, 以致皮膚破裂者。

30. Out upon thee—shame upon thee! 你真該羞!

31. Friar John—法國文豪 Rabelais 書中的人物。

no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows?—or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear"?—why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "Such as he now is, I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turncoat³² bell, that just now

32. Turncoat—traitor, 奸賊; 反戈者; 譏其送舊迎新也。

點能夠得到我們的原諒的，可以忍受的；却該像大毒蛇一樣，受天下人的棄避；該受烙面的刑，該宣告爲法律所不保護的人，該挨前人的臭罵！我無法能夠容忍你，你這瘦削的，愁悶的「不實在」或者更可怕的，更使人驚慌的「實在」！

那些定下來反抗對於你的恐懼的解毒力全是冷冰冰的，欺侮人的，正同你一樣。一個人會得到什麼安慰，當你說他「死時會同帝王躺在一起」，他生時就從沒有怎樣地特別喜歡這種的同寢人？——或者當你說「最美的寵兒也是這麼結局」？——怎麼，爲着要安慰我，亞儂斯·溫——必定也變做惡鬼魔？我尤其討厭你們通常墓石上面所刻的那些無禮的，不知本分的狎語。個個死人必得自居來教訓我以他那可憎的真理嗎，什麼「他現在如是，我快也免不了那樣。」或者並沒有這麼快哩，朋友，像你所想像的。在那時間未到之前，我却是活着。我到處行動。我值得二十個的你們。要懂得比你們高明的人！你的「新年元旦」是已過去了。我却還活在人間，做一八二一年裏一個快樂分子。再來一杯酒——當這倒戈的鐘，他現在正悲哀地唱已去的一八二〇的葬

mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.³³

THE NEW YEAR

Hark, the cock crows, and you bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus³⁴ doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings
More full of soul tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight
Better informed by clearer light,

33. Cotton—Charles Cotton (1630—1687) 英國詩人。

鐘，換過調來，大聲地迎來他的承繼者，讓我們和着他的調子以熱誠欣歡的考通在同一時節所做的短歌罷。

新 年

聽呀！雞啼了，那邊的明星
告訴我們白天已是快來了；
你看從黑夜裏衝出，
他把西面小山照成金黃。
年老的「兩面神」同他一起出現，
向着來年偷望，
現出這樣的臉孔，好像說，
那邊的前程不佳，
如是地我們起來就看到不祥的東西，
預言自己來年的否運，
當這對於自己的耽心，
帶來個更苦痛的煩惱，
更滿了困惱靈魂的苦味，
比起當前的麻煩。
但是停口！停口！我想我的眼睛，
現在看得更清楚些，因為光線也明亮得許多，

34. Janus—羅馬的神，有兩面，前瞻後顧，兩得其便

Discerns sereneness in that brow
 That all contracted seem'd but now.
 His revers'd face may show distaste,
 And frown upon the ills are past;
 But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the New-born Year.
 He looks too from a place so high,
 The year lies open to his eye;
 And all the moments open are
 To the exact discoverer.³⁵
 Yet more and more he smiles upon
 The happy revolution.
 Why should we then suspect or fear
 The influences of a year,
 So smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born?
 Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof;³⁶
 Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
 The last, why so we may this too;
 And then the next in reason shou'd
 Be superexcellently good:

35. Exact discover--the sun which reveals everything clearly,
 期照萬物的太陽.

在那眉梢上看出了恬靜氣概，
那裏剛纔好像滿是皺紋。
他那個反面也許現出不歡，
對着已過的禍患而皺眉；
但向這邊望的那個臉孔是藹然的，
朝着「新生的年」微笑。
他又是從這麼高的地方下望，
這年頭分明地躺在他的眼前；
一年裏的一切時刻
給那精密的探尋者全看見了。
他却更欣歡地笑着
對這快樂時日的來臨。
我們還用懷疑還用怕
這個年頭的命運嗎？
牠第一早就這麼樣向我們笑，
一生下地就說我們的好話。
該死的去年！去年是夠壞了，
今年總是會好些：
或者就最壞的着想罷，我們既然挨過了
去年，今年怎會不能挨過呢；
那麼照道理說明年
必是絕妙的年頭：

36. To make better proof—to turn out better when it is tested, 試起來却比所預期的好。

For the worst ills (we daily see)
 Have no more perpetuity
 Than the best fortunes that do fall;
 Which also bring us wherewithal
 Longer their being to support,
 Than those do of the other sort:
 And who has one good year in three,
 And yet repines at destiny,
 Appears ungrateful in the case,
 And merits not the good he has.
 Then let us welcome the New Guest
 With lusty brimmers of the best;³⁷
 Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
 And renders e'en Disaster sweet:
 And though the Princess turn her back,
 Let us but line ourselves with sack,³⁸
 We better shall by far hold out,
 Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, Reader—do not these verses smack
 of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein?
 Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart,
 and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits,

37. Brimmers of the best—overflowing glasses of the best
 liquor, 美酒盈杯.

因爲極壞的厄運（我們天天都能看出）
也是不能長久下去的，
正同那會變的極好幸運一樣，
好運留下的影響
又是較長久的
比着厄運所留下的：
三年裏有個好年的人
還去埋怨運命，
真可算是個忘恩的人，
不值得享受他所有的幸運。
那麼讓我們歡迎這新客，
用快樂的美酒盈杯；
我們該用欣歡去接「好運」，
甚至能把災患化做甜蜜：
雖然「好運娘娘」轉過面去不睬我們，
讓我們肚裏排滿葡萄酒罷，
我們能夠更有力氣得多支持下去，
等明年她回過臉來。

你怎麼說，讀者——這首小歌不是帶點古英國人粗野的豪爽氣味嗎？那不是像興奮劑保守着我們的勇氣嗎；漲大我們的胸懷，吟味起來會生出甜蜜的熱血同慷

38. To line ourselves with sack—to fill ourselves with wine,
肚裏排着一行一行的酒。

in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon,³⁹ your only Spa⁴⁰ for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! And a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

39. Genuine Helicon--real poetry 眞詩. Helicon, 是文藝之神所居之山.

慨的精神嗎？那些小孩般對於死的恐懼，剛纔所說的，所感到的，到那裏去了？——消滅得有如一朶烏雲——溶在清澈的詩歌的淨化萬物的陽光裏——被文藝之神所居的山嶺的清泉所發的微波漂去得無影無踪了，那清泉是醫這憂鬱病的惟一補身劑。——現在再飲一杯這鼓舞精神的美酒罷！對諸君，我的先生們，敬祝一聲「新年快樂」同將來還有許許多多的新年。

40. Spa--tonic, 補劑；本來是比國鎮名，以出礦水著名。

DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*.¹ Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the

1. The ballad of the Children in the Wood—這是英國一首古歌謠，裏面述一對夫婦臨終時把不到三歲的兩個小孩子託他們的叔父養大，他們所應得的遺產也由這位叔父去保管。他貪得這筆款，就叫兩個流氓把

夢裏的小孩

小孩子喜歡聽關於他們長輩的故事，當「他們」也是小孩子時候；喜歡逞他們的想像力，想到家裏傳說的，而是他們自己從來沒有見過的一位叔祖父，或者祖母。那天晚上，我的小孩子就是以這種心情爬到我身旁，來聽我談他們的曾祖母飛爾德。她住在諾福克地方一所大屋子裏（比他們和爸爸住的屋子要大一百倍）。他們最近從「森林中兩個小孩」這首歌謠裏所曉得的那件悲慘事情就是發生於那個地方——最少那裏人們是這麼相信的。的確，這兩個小孩同他們殘忍叔叔的全部故事可以看見十分精緻地刻在大廳的火爐架木頭上面，全部故事

他們帶到林中害死，他們的屍首還虧知更雀用樹葉來掩埋，那個壞人後來當然家破人亡了。

great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out² one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort³ while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey,⁴ and stick them up in

2. Put out—put forth; displayed. 拿出; 現出.

3. In a sort—to some extent; in certain fashion. 也可以說.

一直到知更雀用樹葉掩埋他們爲止。後來一個愚蠢的富人把這塊木頭折毀下來，安上新發明的大理石火爐架，上面是一點故事也沒有的。說到這裏，亞儻司現出她親愛母親特有的一種微愠神情，那是太仁慈了，不能說含有責備的意思。然後我接着說到他們的曾祖母飛爾德是多麼虔敬，多麼善良，怎樣子受人人的敬愛，雖然她實在并不是這大屋子的主婦，却只是照管這大屋子的（然而在有些方面她也可以說是裏面的主婦），受了屋主人的付託，那位主人却高興去住他在鄰郡某處買有的一所比較新些同時髦些的屋子；但是她住在裏面好似這是她自己的屋子。當她活着時候那屋子還保存些高貴門第的尊嚴，後來頹廢了，差不多折毀了。裏面一切古老的裝飾品也扯下，運到主人別所屋子裏去，就安在那裏，現出不相稱的神氣，好似有人把他們最近在達斯敏斯德禮拜堂看見的古墓移去栽在絲太太俗豔的，塗上泥金的客

4. The Abbey—指 Westminster Abbey, 英國名人都葬在那裏。

Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery⁵ by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was

5. Psaltery—psalter; the book of the Psalms as printed in

廳裏面一樣。說到這裏，約翰微笑起來，等於說「這真傻」。然後我說當她死去，安葬時好幾哩內的一切窮人都聚集一起，以及幾位紳士，來參加葬禮，表示他們對於她遺念的敬意，因為她是一個這麼善良虔敬的婦人；她真善良，能夠背出全部讚美詩同聖經的大部分。說到這裏，小亞儂司驚訝地伸直她的手指。然後我說他們曾祖母飛爾德曾經是一個如何苗條，正直同多姿的人兒！在她年青時候，她是怎樣被人們認為最善於跳舞的姑娘——說到這裏，亞儂司右邊小腳發出一種不自覺的跳動，等到我現出嚴肅的臉孔：她纔停止了——我說，她是一區裏最善於跳舞的姑娘，等到一種苛酷的毛病，叫做癆腫，降臨她身上，苦痛使她變成駝背；但是絕不能壓下她樂天的精神，或者使變為鬱悶，她的精神却還是屹然不屈，因為她是這麼虔敬善良。然後我說她怎樣常常獨自在那寂寥大屋子裏面一間寂寥的房子裏睡覺；同她怎樣相信可以看見兩個小孩的幽靈午夜裏沿着她睡

the Book of Common Prayer, 祈禱書中的詩篇。

to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars,⁶ that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering⁷ to pluck them, because

6. The Twelve Cæsars—羅馬皇帝從 Julius Cæsar 到 Domitian,

覺地方近旁的大樓梯溜上溜下，但是她說「這班天真孩子們不會害她」；同我常是多麼嚇住了，雖然那時候我有我的女僕伴着我睡，因為我從來沒有她的一半善良或者虔敬——可是我絕對沒有見到這兩個小孩。說到這裏，約翰把他的眉毛全張開了，設法現出勇敢的氣概。然後我說她待所有的孫子是多麼好，叫我們在放假日子到那大屋子裏去住，我尤其常獨自在那裏花許多時光直着眼睛望那十二古老該撒的半身石像，他們是羅馬皇帝，等到古老的大理石人頭好像復活起來了，或者我隨着他們變做大理石了；我怎樣子絕不會厭倦於在那大屋子裏漫遊，裏面有許多寬大的空房子，房裏有用舊了掛帘，振搖不定的繡花帷幕，同彫刻的櫛木鑲板；上面的泥金幾乎擦掉了——有時在廣大舊式的花園裏，那是我差不多獨佔了，除非偶然有一個孤單的園丁碰到我——以及油桃和桃子怎樣掛在牆上，我却從沒有試去攀摘，因為

7. Offering—attempting, 試；打算。

they were forbidden fruit,⁸ unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples; which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery,⁹ till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle¹⁰ diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in

8. *Forbidden fruit*—聖經中亞當夏娃吞禁菓；被除出伊甸園。

9. *Orangery*—a glass-roofed conservatory, artificially heated, in which oranges are grown. 一間玻璃屋，用人工使牠溫暖，以便橘子

牠們是禁果，除開偶然一兩次摘吃——還因為我更喜歡在愁然的松柏叢林裏躊躇，檢些紅漿同松子，那除開了看看之外是沒有別的用處的——或者躺在新鮮的青草上面，四圍是園中美妙的香味——或者在橘樹的暖房裏曬太陽，等到我差不多能夠想自己在這值得感謝的暖氣之下，也和橘子菩提樹同時漸漸成熟了——或者注視園的深處魚池裏往來飛馳的鱖魚，一兩處有一條含怒的大梭魚靜靜地倒掛在水之中層，好像譏笑牠們無謂的跳躍——我更喜歡這些閒裏帶忙的遊戲，比起桃子，油桃，橘子的一切甜味，同小孩子這類通常的餌。說到這裏，約翰偷偷把一束葡萄歸還到盤子裏去，這葡萄既然也被亞儷司看到了，他起先想跟她平分，現在兩個人却好像都願意放棄牠們，當做是和他們不相干的。然後用一種

的生長。

10. Busy-idle—frivolous, yet engrossing, 雖然是零星瑣事，却極有意思，弄得一個人非常忙。

somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king¹¹ to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how

11. A king—a person likened to a king as being supreme,

有點更熱烈的聲調，我說雖然他們的曾祖母飛爾德愛她所有的孫子，她可以說特別喜歡他們的伯父，約翰·蘭——，因為他是一個這麼漂亮同這麼英俊的少年；是在我們兄弟裏可以稱王的；他不愛滯在孤寂的隱僻處發傻，像我們裏面有些人那樣，他當只有他們這麼大的一個小鬼時候，就乘他所能得到的最有火氣的馬，使牠帶他一個早晨跑過半區的地方，還和獵人打仗，當他們有人出去打獵時候——然而他也愛古老的大屋子同花園，但是血氣太旺了，不能老被關在牠們周圍裏面——以及他們的伯父成年後怎樣勇敢得不下於他的漂亮，受人人的讚美，尤其是最受他們曾祖母的激賞；他怎樣常載我在他背上，當我是個跛脚的小孩時候——因為他的年歲比我大得很多——走了許多哩的路，當我因為脚痛不能行動；——以及後來他怎樣也變跛脚了，當他耐不住同感到苦痛時我沒有老是（我恐怕）十分原諒他，沒有充

因為一個人優越過其他人們，我們就把他比做‘王’。

considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart¹² as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W----n;¹³ and, as much as children could

12. To take to heart—to be much affected by, 深為感動.

分地記到他對於我是多麼體貼，當我跛腳時候；以及怎樣當他死了，雖然他還沒有死去一個鐘頭，就好像已在好久以前死去了，生和死是相隔得這麼遠呀；我起先怎樣以為我還能勉強忍受他的去世，但是後來這事常常縈擾我的心，雖然我沒有哭着或者非常哀痛，像有些人那樣，我想他也會那樣，若使我先死了，但是我憶念着他，那時我纔曉得我其實是多麼愛他。我憶念他的仁慈，我也憶念他的使氣，希望他能夠復活，再和他吵嘴（因為我們有時也吵嘴過），總勝過不能再得他，我沒有了他覺得不安，好像他，你們可憐的伯父，從前必定感覺過的，當醫生拿去他的一隻腿。說到這裏，小孩子都哭起來，問我他們所穿的小喪服是不是爲着約翰伯父，他們望着我，求我不再往下談他們的伯父，却要我告訴他們一些關於他們已死的美麗母親的故事。然後我說怎樣子七個長年裏，有時滿着熱望，有時失望，然而總是沒有餒志，我向標緻的亞儷思·溫——求婚；盡小孩

13. Alice Winn—蘭姆指他的初戀 Alice Winn.

understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty,¹⁴ and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentation, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father.¹⁵ We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe¹⁶ millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself

14. Difficulty—an attitude of aloofness; an unwillingness to respond to a lover's advances, backwardness, 超然的態度, 不願意接受戀人的愛情; 退縮不前。

15. The children of Alice call Bartrum father—這位妞妮姑娘後來嫁給一位開當舖的有錢人 Bartrum, 他們的女婿 William Coulson.

子所能懂的，我向他們解說閨女的害羞，超然態度同不允是多麼不容易對付的——我轉過來一望着亞儂司，她的母親的神情忽然現在她的眼裏，相像得這麼逼真，我懷疑起來了是她們的那一個站在那裏，現於我的面前，那光亮的頭髮是屬於那一個的呢；當我站着細瞧時候，兩個小孩在我眼界裏漸漸地變模糊了，向後面退去，老向着後面退去，等到最後什麼也沒有了，只剩下兩個悲哀的面貌可以看得見在最遠的地方，不說話，却很奇怪地使我感到他們對我露出底下這些意思；「我們不是亞儂司的小孩子，我們也不是你的，我們簡直不是小孩子。亞儂司的小孩子認巴杜蘭做父親。我們是虛空；虛空之不如，只是夢兒而已。我們只是也許可以發生的事情，必定要在忘川的無聊河岸等了萬萬世，我們纔有實體，纔有一個名字」——我立刻醒來了，看到我自己安

是英國有名的外科醫生。

16. Lethe--the river of Hades, of the waters of which whosoever drank, straightway all his past became to him a blank, 地獄裏一條河，喝了那水人們就把過去完全忘却了。

quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget¹⁷ unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

17. The faithful Bridget—藍姆指他的姊姊 Mary Lamb, 他倆相依爲命。他因爲她早年發狂誤殺母親, 就終身不娶陪她, 她對於他也是體貼

詳地坐在我的單身漢的圈手椅上，我起先在那裏睡着了，忠實的布立澤特仍然不變地在我身旁——但是約翰·蘭——是已永逝了。

備至，堪稱瓦姊。

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

On A Hundred Years Hence

Where have I just read of a game played at a country house? The party assembles round a table with pens, ink, and paper. Some one narrates a tale containing more or less incidents and personages. Each person of the company then writes down, to the best of his memory and ability, the anecdote just narrated, and finally the papers are to be read out. I do not say I should like to play often at this game, which might possibly be a tedious and lengthy pastime, not by any means¹ so amusing as smoking a cigar in the conservatory; or even listening to the young ladies playing their piano-pieces; or to Hobbs and Nobbs² lingering round the bottle and talking over the morning's run with the hounds; but surely it is a moral and ingenious sport. They say the variety of

1. Not by any means—certainly not, 絕不.

2. Hobbs and Nobbs—to hobnob 是 to drink together; to

百年之後

我剛纔在那裏念到一家別墅裏所玩的一種遊戲呢？大家聚集圍着一張放有筆，墨水，紙的桌子。某一位敘述，件多少含些事變同人物的故事。然後在座各人就盡他記憶同能力之所及，寫下剛纔敘述的故事，末了這些筆記都念出來。我並不說我很想常常玩這種遊戲，那也許是一種沉悶的，費時間的娛樂，絕不會有趣得像在花房裏抽雪茄；或者簡直不如聽年青姑娘們奏她們的鋼琴調子；或者聽無話不說的酒友們留連酒瓶旁邊，談早上帶着獵狗出去打獵的經過；但是這的確是個有益的，巧妙的遊

hold familiar intercourse, 共飲；曬談。所以 Hobbs and Nobbs 作暢談的酒友解。

narratives is often very odd and amusing. The original story becomes so changed and distorted that at the end of all the statements you are puzzled to know where the truth is at all. As time is of small importance to the cheerful persons engaged in this sport, perhaps a good way of playing it would be to spread it over a couple of years. Let the people who played the game in '60³ all meet and play it once more in '61, and each write his story over again. Then bring out your original and compare notes.⁴ Not only will the stories differ from each other, but the writers will probably differ from themselves. In the course of the year the incidents will grow or will dwindle strangely. The least authentic of the statements will be so lively or so malicious, or so neatly put,⁵ that it will appear most like the truth. I like these tales and sportive exercises. I had begun a little print collection once. I had Addison⁶ in his night-gown in bed at Holland House, requesting young Lord Warwick to remark how a Christian should die. I had Cambronne⁷ clutching his cocked-hat, and utter-

3. '60—作者是十九世紀的人，所以這指 1860。

4. To compare notes—to compare brief records of facts, 拿彼此簡單的報告來相比。也有當作「交換意見」解。

5. So neatly put—so neatly worded, 說得這麼清楚。

戲。他們說筆述的參差不同常是非常古怪的，非常好笑的。原來的故事變成這麼換個樣子，這麼誤傳附會，弄到聽完這許多筆記，你莫明其妙，不曉得那個是對的。時光對於幹這個玩意兒的快樂人們既是無關緊要的，也許玩這把戲的一個好法子是将牠延長到兩年。讓在一八六〇年玩這遊戲的人們於一八六一年再重會重玩一下；每人重新寫下他的故事。然後把你們原來寫的拿出，比較一下。那麼不單個個人的故事不同，筆記者也許跟他們前次自己寫的就不一樣了。在一年裏那些事變將奇怪地增加枝節或者變為簡單。最不近實的筆記也許是這麼生動的或者這麼刻毒的，或者說得這麼伶俐，牠將好像是最近於真實。我喜歡這些故事，這類嬉戲。我曾經收集過印刷畫。我有一張畫阿迭生穿着睡衣，躺在荷蘭屋裏的床上，請年青的窩立克爵士說一個基督教徒應該怎樣死去。我有一張畫空布綸緊握着他的制帽，說出那句

6. Addison—Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 英國小品文家, 為人拘謹, 行文亦如是, 繚藉可觀。

7. Camborne—這些驚心動魄, 古怪有趣的事情是大家都知道的傳說, 但是有些恐怕只見歷代相傳的謊話。

ing the immortal *la Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. I had the "Vengeur" going down, and all the crew hurrying like madmen. I had Alfred toasting the muffin; Curtius (Haydon) jumping into the gulf; with extracts from Napoleon's bulletins, and a fine authentic portrait of Baron Munchausen.⁸

What man who has been before the public at all has not heard similar wonderful anecdotes regarding himself and his own history? In these humble *essaykins*⁹ I have taken leave¹⁰ to egotize. I cry out about the shoes which pinch me,¹¹ and, as I fancy, more naturally and pathetically than if my neighbour's corns were trodden under foot. I prattle about the dish which I love, the wine which I like, the talk I heard yesterday—about Brown's absurd airs—Jones's ridiculous elation when he thinks he has caught me in a blunder (a part of the fun, you see, is that Jones will read this, and will perfectly well know that I mean him, and that we shall meet and grin at each other with entire politeness). This is not the highest

8. Baron Munchausen—(1720-1797), 德國探險家, 說出許多奇怪的故事。

9. Essaykins—little essays, 短篇的小品文字. kin 本來是一個字尾, 表示「小」的意思, 如 lambkin. (小羊) 等。

10. To take leave—to ask permission. 請允許。

不朽的話：「等候着死，不能活了。」我有一張畫「復仇」沉下去，船上所有的水手慌張地亂跑有如瘋人。我有一張畫亞勒弗烈烘油煎鬆餅；一張畫庫耳齊烏斯（嘿敦）跳到深淵裏去；還有拿破崙告示的選錄，同一幅潑喜豪繪男爵精美的真像。

有那個在社會裏面的人沒有聽到同樣古怪的故事關於他自己和他過去的歷史？在這些素樸的小品裏，我請人們讓我自私一番。我高喊我的鞋把我的腳擠痛，我想，會更自然地，更動情地，比起假使我鄰人的雞眼被我踐踏。我細談我所愛的碟子，我所喜歡的酒，我昨天聽到的話——關於勃朗荒謬的裝腔作勢——關於瓊斯可笑的得意洋洋，當他以爲抓到我的一個錯處了（這事有趣的一部分，你們看，是在於瓊斯會念到這篇文章，將完全曉得我指的是他，我們將來相會時將十分有禮地相視竊笑）。我也承認這並不是最高尚的冥想，然而這是

11. I cry out about the shoes which pinches me—Plutarch 在 Aemilius Paulus 傳裏述一段故事：「有一個人同他妻子離婚，他的朋友們都責備他，說她不是很貞潔嗎，她不是很美麗嗎；他就脫下鞋子，問朋友們，這不是很新嗎，樣子也很好嗎，然而你們那位曉得牠什麼地方太緊，把我的腳擠痛了。」

kind of speculation, I confess, but it is a gossip which amuses some folks. A brisk and honest small-beer will refresh those who do not care for the frothy out-pourings of heavier taps.¹² A two of clubs may be a good, handy little card sometimes, and able to tackle a king of diamonds, if it is a little trump. Some philosophers get their wisdom with deep thought and out of ponderous libraries; I pick up my small crumbs of cogitation at a dinnertable; or from Mrs. Mary and Miss Louisa, as they are prattling over their five-o'clock tea.

Well, yesterday at dinner Jucundus was good enough to tell me a story about myself, which he had heard from a lady of his acquaintance, to whom I send my best compliments. The tale is this. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 31st of November last, just before sunset, I was seen leaving No. 96, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, leading two little children by the hand, one of them in a nankeen pelisse, and the other having a mole on the third finger of his left hand (she thinks it was the third finger, but is quite sure it was the left hand). Thence I walked with them to Charles Borough-bridge's, pork and sausage

12. Heavier taps—pipes from which strong liquor is drawn,

人家聽着會覺得有趣味的一種閒談。一些老老實實的起
泡淡麥酒也足以使不喜歡口味強烈的酒管所瀉出冒着白
沫的濃酒的人們神爽。兩點棍棒有時也許是一張良好方
便的小牌，能夠拉攏一張金鋼鑽式的王，假使這是一張
小勝牌。有些哲學家靠着深思默慮，得到他們的智慧，
並且來自龐大的圖書館；我檢起我這些小塊的雜感，却
是從餐桌上；或者從瑪麗太太同路易薩小姐用他們五點
鐘茶點時的喋喋閒談。

好罷，昨天大餐時候，猶卡答斯居然肯告訴我一件
關於我自己的故事，他是從他認得的一位女太太那裏聽
到的，我謹向這位太太致敬意。那故事是這樣。去年十
一月三十一日晚上九點鐘時候，太陽快下山了，人家看
見我離開聖·約翰森林僧院路九十六號，拉着兩個小孩
子，一個穿有紫花布外衣，一個左手第三指上有一粒痣
（她以為是第三指，但是很有把握是左手）。然後我同
他們走到上德利撒路二十九號查理斯·巴洛布立治商店

傾出強烈的酒的注管。

man, No. 29, Upper Theresa Road. Here, whilst I left the little girl innocently eating a polony in the front shop, I and Boroughbridge retired with the boy into the back parlour, where Mrs. Boroughbridge was playing cribbage. She put up¹³ the cards and boxes, took out a chopper and a napkin, and we cut the little boy's little throat (which he bore with great pluck and resolution), and made him into sausage-meat by the aid of Purkis's excellent sausage-machine. The little girl at first could not understand her brother's absence, but, under the pretence of taking her to see Mr. Fechter in *Hamlet*,¹⁴ I led her down to the New River at Sadler's Wells, where a body of a child in a nankeen pelisse was subsequently found, and has never been recognized to the present day. And this Mrs. Lynx can aver, because she saw the whole transaction with her own eyes, as she told Mr. Jucundus.

I have altered the little details of the anecdote somewhat. But this story is, I vow and declare, as true as Mrs. Lynx's. Gracious goodness! how do lies begin? What are the averages of lying? Is the same amount of lies told about every man, and do

13. To put up—to put in its proper place, 歸還原處.

，一家買豬肉同臘腸的鋪子。在那裏，我留小女孩在鋪子前面天真地吃一條香腸，我同巴洛布立治就跟男孩退到後面客廳，巴洛布立治太太正在那兒打紙牌。她把牌同盒子反起來，拿出一把屠刀同一條布巾，我們就割小孩子的小頸（他却很勇敢地，很有決心地忍受），靠着浦極斯號巧妙的臘腸製造機把他造成臘腸肉。小女孩起先不知道她兄弟爲什麼不見了，但是，藉口帶她去看斐喜忒先生演「哈姆雷特」，我引她到馬鞍匠井旁的新河，後來人家在那裏發現一具穿紫花布外衣的女孩屍首，一直到現在還沒有人認去。這些事林克司太太能夠有把握地說出，因爲她親眼看見全部的經過，她對猶卡答斯先生是這樣說的。

我把這個軼事的細節稍微變更一些。但是我肯立誓向大衆宣佈，我剛纔所說的故事正同林克司太太的故事一樣地真實。仁愛的女神呀！謊言是怎樣開始呢？每人所推的謊言在數量上是相等的嗎，我們所鑄的謊話在數

14. Hamlet—莎翁悲劇傑作之一。

we pretty much all tell the same amount of lies? Is the average greater in Ireland than in Scotland, or *vice versa*—among women than among men? Is this a lie I am telling now? If I am talking about you, the odds¹⁵ are, perhaps, that it is. I look back at some which have been told about me, and speculate on them with thanks and wonder. Dear friends have told them of me, have told them to me of myself. Have they not to and of you, dear friend?¹⁶ A friend of mine was dining at a large dinner of clergymen, and a story, as true as the sausage story above given, was told regarding me, by one of those reverend divines, in whose frocks sit some anile chatterboxes,¹⁷ as any man who knows this world knows. They take the privilege of their gown. They cabal, and tattle, and hiss, and cackle comminations under their breath. I say the old women of the other sex are not more talkative or more mischievous than some of these. “Such a man ought not to be spoken to,” says Gobemouche, narrating the story—and such a story! “And I am surprised

15. The odds—the balance of advantage. 優勢; 上風.

16. Have they not told them to you and have they not told them of you?

量上大概都差不多嗎？愛爾蘭謊言的平均量會比蘇格蘭大嗎，或者是正相反嗎——男人扯謊的平均量比女人大嗎？我現在說的是一句謊言嗎？假使我正談着你，那麼這句話大概是。我回想起關於我的一些誣言，細思一下真是又感謝，又驚奇。親愛的朋友們曾經關於我說了許多無稽之談，而且曾經對我說出關於我的這許多無稽之談。他們不是也對你說過，而且是關於你的嗎，親愛的朋友？我的一個朋友赴一位牧師的大宴會，正在用餐，聽到人們說起一件跟前面所講的臘腸故事同一真實的關於我的故事，那是一位可敬的牧師說出的，他的僧服裏坐有老弱的話匣子，這一點凡有些世故的人們都曉得。他們利用他們地位的特權。他們陰謀，談人私事，表示不滿，喋喋不休地低聲說出譴責的話。我說真正老太婆還沒有像這種男性老太婆那麼多話，那麼搗亂。「這麼一個人我們不應該向他說話，」哥布穆鼠說，一面敘述那故事——這麼胡說八道的一個故事！「我真納罕人們

17. In whose frocks sit some anile chatterboxes—牧師們老而不死，飽食終日，專說閒話，喋喋不休，所以作者調侃他們。

he is admitted into society at all.” Yes, dear Gobemouche, but the story wasn’t true; and I had no more done the wicked deed in question than I had run away with the Queen of Sheba.¹⁸

I have always longed to know what that story was (or what collection of histories), which a lady had in her mind to whom a servant of mine applied for a place, when I was breaking up my establishment once, and going abroad. Brown went with a very good character¹⁹ from us, which, indeed, she fully deserved after several years’ faithful service. But when Mrs. Jones read the name of the person out of whose employment Brown came, “That is quite sufficient,” says Mrs. Jones. “You may go. I will never take a servant out of *that* house.” Ah, Mrs. Jones, how I should like to know what that crime was, or what that series of villainies, which made you determine never to take a servant out of my house. Do you believe in the story of the little boy and the sausages? Have you swallowed that little minced infant? Have you devoured that young Polonius?²⁰ Upon my word you have maw

18. The Queen of Sheba—古時波斯一位美后。

19. Character—written account of person’s qualities, 品格證明書。

居然肯讓他混到社會裏去」。不錯，親愛的哥布穆鼠，然而那故事不是真的；我之沒有幹你所懷疑的那件惡事正如我未曾跟示巴女王一同跑掉。

我一向想知道那個故事（或許那一大堆歷史）是怎麼樣，那是一位太太心裏明白的，我的一個女僕曾向她尋位置，當我有一次解散我的僕人，到外國去的時候。勃朗走時帶了我們給她的非常良好品行的證明書，她真是十分值得受這個稱讚，她忠實地伏伺我們好幾年了。但是當瓊斯太太念到勃朗所從來的那個主人的名字，「這已很夠了，」瓊斯太太說。「你可以去。我絕不肯用從「那」家出來的僕人。」唉，瓊斯太太，我多麼想知道那是什麼罪，或者是什麼一套下流的行爲，使你決定絕不僱一個從我家裏出來的僕人。你相信小孩子同臘腸那個故事嗎？你大口吃進去那個切碎的小孩子嗎？你把年青的坡羅尼阿斯吞下去了嗎？我敢說你的胃口真不

20. Polonius—Hamlet, 劇中一個奸臣的名字，他被哈姆雷特殺死，這裏拿他來作「被殺之人」解。

enough. We somehow greedily gobble down all stories in which the characters of our friends are chopped up,²¹ and believe wrong of them without inquiry. In a late serial work written by this hand, I remember making some pathetic remarks about our propensity to believe ill of our neighbours—and I remember the remarks, not because they were valuable, or novel, or ingenious, but because, within three days after they had appeared in print, the moralist who wrote them, walking home with a friend, heard a story about another friend, which story he straightway believed, and which story was scarcely more true than that sausage fable which is here set down. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*²² But though the preacher trips, shall not the doctrine be good? Yea, brethren! Here be the rods. Look you, here are the scourges. Choose me a nice long, swishing, buddy²³ one, light and well-poised in the handle, thick and bushy at the tail. Pick me out a whip-cord thong with some dainty knots in it—and now—we all deserve it—whish, whish, whish! Let us cut into each other all round.

21. In which the characters of our friends are chopped up—把我們的朋友罵得體無完膚可以說將他們的品格研成粉碎。

22. *O mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*—O, my fault, my

差。我們總是饕餮地狼吞虎嚥下我們朋友性格切成粉碎的一切故事，毫不查詢，就相信他們錯了。在我手下最近寫出的一串文字裏，我記得說過幾句沉痛的話，關於我們偏向相信我們鄰人的壞處——我記起這幾句話，並不是因為牠們是有價值的，或者新鮮的，或者巧妙的，卻是因為這些話出版三天之內，說這些話的那位道學先生跟一位朋友同走回家，聽到關於另一位朋友的一個故事，他就立刻相信，那故事卻幾乎不比這裏所載的臘腸傳說更見真實。啊，我的錯誤，我最大的錯誤！。但是佈道者雖然失節，主義難道因此也是壞的嗎？好罷，兄弟們！箠鞭就在這兒。你們看，夏楚是在這兒了。替我揀出一條精細的，便於撻打的，鬆鬆的長鞭子，柄要輕的，平衡適中的，尾要厚的，鬆鬆的。替我選擇一條皮鞭，上面打有巧妙的結子的——現在——我們都該捱打——呼呼，呼呼，呼呼！讓我們彼此到處亂打一番罷。

greatest fault!

23. Buddy—bushy.

A favourite liar and servant of mine was a man I once had to drive a brougham. He never came to my house, except for orders, and once when he helped to wait at dinner so clumsily that it was agreed we would dispense with his further efforts. The (job) brougham horse used to look dreadfully lean and tired, and the livery-stable keeper complained that we worked him too hard. Now, it turned out that there was a neighbouring butcher's lady who liked to ride in a brougham; and Tomkins lent her ours, drove her cheerfully to Richmond and Putney, and, I suppose, took out a payment in mutton-chops. We gave this good Tomkins wine and medicine for his family when sick—we supplied him with little comforts and extras which need not now be remembered—and the grateful creature rewarded us by informing some of our tradesmen whom he honoured with his custom, “Mr. Roundabout?²⁴ Lor’²⁵ bless you! I carry him up to bed drunk every night in the week.” He, Tomkins, being a man of seven stone weight and five feet high; whereas his employer was—but here modesty interferes, and I decline to enter into the *avoirdupois* question.

24. Mr. Roundabout—Thackeray, 的筆名

我所喜歡的一個扯謊僕人是我曾經僱來趕轎式馬車的一個馬夫。他絕不到我家裏來，除非我去召他，有一次他幫忙伺候用大餐，卻幹得這麼笨拙，大家同意我們此後不要他再費力了。（租來的）趕轎式馬車的馬常是這麼可怕地瘦削同疲倦的樣子，租馬處看馬的人總是埋怨我們太把牠累了。現在纔知道有一位鄰近的屠戶太太喜歡坐轎式馬車出遊；湯姆金斯卻把我們的借給他，快樂地送她到里士滿同帕特尼，我想，拿羊排骨來做報酬。我們贈送這個良好湯姆金斯的家庭以酒同藥，當他們病了時候——我們供給他零星好東西同額外的財物，那些現在也用不着回憶了——這位感恩圖報的傢伙卻報答我們以告訴他所照拂的一些賣東西給我們的商人，「迂遠先生？願上帝保佑你們！一星期裏夜夜我背他沉醉着上床去。」他，湯姆金斯，一個只有九十八磅重，五呎高的人；而他的僱主却是——但是謙遜來干涉了，我就不細談衡量問題了。

25. Lor'--Lord.

Now, what was Tomkins' motive for the utterance and dissemination of these lies? They could further no conceivable end or interest of his own. Had they been true stories, Tomkins' master would still, and reasonably, have been more angry than at the fables.²⁶ It was but suicidal slander on the part of Tomkins—must come to a discovery—must end in a punishment. The poor wretch had got his place under, as it turned out,²⁷ a fictitious character. He might have stayed in it, for of course Tomkins had a wife and poor innocent children.²⁸ He might have had bread, beer, bed, character, coats, coals. He might have nestled in our little island, comfortably sheltered from the storms of life; but we were compelled to cast him out, and send him driving, lonely, perishing, tossing, starving, to sea—to drown. To drown? There be other modes of death whereby rogues die. Good-by, Tomkins. And so the nightcap is put on, and the bolt is drawn for poor T.

Suppose we were to invite volunteers amongst our respected readers to send in little statements of the

26. The fables—the lies. 謊話.

27. As it turned out—as it was ultimately proved, 後來洩露出來.

湯姆金斯說出同傳佈這些假話到底有什麼動機呢？這些話我們想不出會給他什麼好處或者怎樣與他有利。若使真有這些事，湯姆金斯的主人會比這是荒謬的胡說時更生氣，而且也更有生氣的理由。在湯姆金斯方面，這簡直是等於自殺的造謠——必定會被發覺——必定終於受罰。後來我們知道這個可憐的東西是藉一張假造的品行證明書得到他的位置。他很可以老幹這件差事，因為湯姆金斯當然有個妻子同可憐的無辜小孩。他很可以有麵包，麥酒，床鋪，品行證明書，衣服，煤炭。他很可以安居於我們這小島裏，十分舒服地免受人海的風波；但是我們逼得不能不把他趕走，叫他到外面去飄零，孤單單的，毀滅，顛簸，挨餓，到海裏去——洩死。洩死？流氓還有別的死法哩！再見，湯姆金斯。於是乎，我戴上睡帽，把門門上不讓可憐的湯進來了。

假使我們請可敬的讀者自願送來他們知道所挨的誣

28. He might have stayed in it, for of course Tomkins had a wife and poor innocent children—這是說，若使他主人發現他的品行證明書是假造的，他一定拿他的妻子兒女來做乞情的理由，就可以滯下去了。

lies which they know have been told about themselves; what a heap of correspondence, what an exaggeration of malignities, what a crackling bonfire of incendiary falsehoods, might we not gather together! And a lie once set going, having the breath of life breathed into it by the father of lying, and ordered to run its diabolical little course, lives with a prodigious vitality. You say, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*"²⁹ Psha! Great lies are as great as great truths, and prevail constantly, and day after day. Take an instance or two out of my own little budget. I sit near a gentleman at dinner, and the conversation turns upon a certain anonymous literary performance which at the time is amusing the town. "Oh," says the gentleman, "everybody knows who wrote that paper: it is Momus's." I was a young author at the time, perhaps proud of my bantling: "I beg your pardon," I say, "it was written by your humble servant." "Indeed!" was all that the man replied, and he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and talked to his other neighbour. I never heard sarcastic incredulity more finely conveyed than by that "indeed." "Impudent liar," the gentle-

29. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*—truth is mighty and will prevail.

言的簡短報告；我們準會收到多麼一大堆的通信呀，惡意將被人們多麼鋪張揚厲地說出來呀，含有煽動性質的謊話其勢興旺真像軋軋作響的烟火哩！而且一句謊話既已發動了，帶有首先說這句謊話人所吹進去的生命力量，注定了走完他那惡魔般的短途，是具有可驚的生命力活着的。你們說，「真理無敵，終能操勝。」咄！偉大的謊話是跟偉大的真理一樣地偉大，常常操勝，而且天天操勝。從我自己有限的經驗裏舉一兩個例子罷。用餐時我坐在一位先生鄰近，大家談話說到當時社會所喜歡的某一篇匿名著作。「啊，」這位先生說，「個個人都知道誰寫那篇文章：那是摩馬斯的東西。」我那時是個年青的作家，也許對於自己的小作品覺得驕傲！「我請你原諒，」我說，「那是鄙人寫的。」「真的嗎！」他就只答這麼一句話，聳一下肩膀，轉過背，跟其他坐在鄰近的人去談天了。我從沒有聽到帶有冷諷的懷疑傳達得比這句「真的嗎」更漂亮。「不要臉的扯謊人，」

man's face said, as clear as face could speak. Where was Magna Veritas, and how did she prevail then? She lifted up her voice, she made her appeal, and she was kicked out of court. In New York I read a newspaper criticism one day (by an exile³⁰ from our shores who has taken up his abode in the Western Republic),³⁰ commenting upon a letter of mine which had appeared in a contemporary volume, and wherein it was stated that the writer was a lad in such and such a year, and, in point of fact, I was, at the period spoken of, nineteen years of age. "Falsehood, Mr. Roundabout," says the noble critic: "you were then not a lad; you were then six-and-twenty years of age." You see he knew better than papa and mamma and parish register. It was easier for him to think and say I lied, on a twopenny matter³¹ connected with my own affairs, than to imagine he was mistaken. Years ago, in a time when we were very mad wags, Arcturus³² and myself met a gentleman from China who knew the language. We began to speak Chinese against him. We said we were born in China. We

30. The Western Republic—The United States of America, 因為居於西半球, 所以稱之為「西方共和國」。

31. On a twopenny matter—on an insignificant matter, 關於一

這位先生的臉孔好像這樣說，臉孔的表情也只能夠這麼明白了。所謂無敵的真理跑到那裏去呢，她又怎麼能夠操勝呢？她揚聲上訴，卻被踢到法院之外了。在紐約時候，有一天我讀新聞報紙上一篇批評文字（作者是遠離英倫三島，寄寓西方共和國的一個天涯遊子），提到當時出版一本書裏所印的我一封信，那本書說寫這封信的人在某某年還不過是個小孩子，事實上，我在所說的那個年頭的確纔十九歲。「假話，迂遠那生，」高貴的批評家說：「那時你不是個小孩子；那時你已經有二十六歲了。」你們看他比爸爸媽媽同教區裏登記員更懂得清楚。一件純粹關於我自己的極小事體，他寧其認為，而且說出，我扯謊，與其相信他錯了。好多年以前，當阿克忒刺斯同我是非常胡鬧的搗亂小孩子，我們碰到一位從中國回來的先生，他懂得那裏的語言。我們卻反向他說起中國話。我們說我們是生在中國的。我們對於他

件不重要的事情。

32. Arcturus³²—作者在這篇文字裏故意用羅馬姓名來代替近代通常名字，以增詭奇滑稽之趣。

were two to one. We spoke the mandarin dialect with perfect fluency. *y* We had the company with us;³³ as in the old, old days, the squeak of the real pig was voted not to be so natural as the squeak of the sham pig. O Arcturus, the sham pig squeaks in our streets now to the applause of multitudes, and the real porker grunts unheeded in his sty!

I once talked for some little time with an amiable lady: it was for the first time; and I saw an expression of surprise on her kind face, which said as plainly as face could say, "Sir, do you know that up to this moment³⁴ I have had a certain opinion of you, and that I begin to think I have been mistaken or misled?" I not only know that she had heard evil reports of me, but I know who told her—one of those acute fellows, my dear brethren, of whom we spoke in a previous sermon,³⁵ who has found me out—found out actions which I never did, found out thoughts and sayings which I never spoke, and judged me accordingly. Ah, my lad! have I found *you* out? *O risum teneatis.*³⁶

33. We had the company with us—the company agreed with us, 大家都以我們爲然。

34. Up to this moment—until this moment, 一直到這個時候。

35. In a previous sermon—Thackeray, 在雜誌上寫有一串小品文,

是二與一之比。我們彷彿非常流利地說官話。大家也都相信我們；正像古昔的時候，大家覺得真豬的叫聲沒有假豬的叫聲那麼來得自然。啊，阿克忒刺斯呀，假豬此刻在我們街上叫着，得到大眾的喝采，真正的小豬卻在他的圈裏發吭吭聲，沒有人去理他！

我有一次同一位和藹的太太談了一些時候：那是第一次的談話；我看見她溫和臉上有個驚奇的神情，那分明說，臉上表情也只能如此明白了，「先生，你知道嗎，一直到此刻，我對於你有某一種品評，現在我纔想起我恐怕錯了或者被人們蒙蔽了？」我不單知道她聽到人們說我的壞話，而且知道是誰說的——所謂精明人們裏面的一個，我親愛的同胞呀，我們在前一章勸言裏不是提到了嗎，他發現了我種種的事情——發覺我素來沒有幹過的行爲，發覺我素來沒有說出的思想同意見，就靠這些來判定我。吓，我的孩子！我不是發現你的壞處

叫做 Roundabout Papers, 這就是裏面一篇, 前一篇見「被人發覺」.
(On being found out).

30. O risum teneatis—O, hold your laugh.

Perhaps the person I am accusing is no more guilty than I.

How comes it that the evil which men say spreads so widely and lasts so long, whilst our good, kind words don't seem somehow to take root and bear blossom? Is it that in the stony hearts of mankind these pretty flowers can't find a place to grow? Certain it is that scandal is good brisk talk, whereas praise of one's neighbour is by no means lively hearing. An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite;³⁷ whereas a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly, unrelishing meat.

Now, such being the case, my dear worthy Mrs. Candour, in whom I know there are a hundred good and generous qualities: it being perfectly clear that the good things which we say of our neighbours don't fructify, but somehow perish in the ground where they are dropped, whilst the evil words are wafted by all the winds of scandal, take root in all soils, and flourish amazingly—seeing, I say, that this conversation does not give us a fair chance, suppose we give up censorious-

37. 這就是說拿一個朋友來亂罵，參看註 21.

了嗎？呵，不要亂笑。也許我現在所歸罪的人正同我一樣地無辜。

爲什麼人們所說的壞話傳佈得這麼廣，存留得這麼久，而我們善良仁愛的話好像總不能夠生根開花呢？是不是因爲在人們的鐵石心腸裏這些美麗花卉不能找到一個生長的地方嗎？那是的確的情形，謠言是興致勃勃談話的材料，讚美鄰人卻絕不是動聽之言。把一位認識的人拿來烘，燒，加上熱烈調味品煎炙，和胡椒芥辣一起捧上來，是會激起食慾的；而一片冷清清的友誼，旁邊排些葡萄乾果膏，是令人起厭惡的，不可口的食物。

情形既已如此，我親愛的，可敬的公平太太，我知道這位太太是有一百個善良慷慨的美德：事實既然很分明地是：我們所說關於我們鄰人的好話不會開花結果，牠們掉到地面，就滅亡了，而壞話卻被謠言的風吹得到處飄遊，在各種土上生根，繁殖得真是驚人——看到，我說，這種談話沒有給我們一個公平的機會，我們爲什

ness altogether, and decline uttering our opinions about Brown, Jones, and Robinson (and Mesdames B., J., and R.) at all. We may be mistaken about every one of them, as, please goodness, those anecdote-mongers³⁸ against whom I have uttered my meek protest have been mistaken about me. We need not go to the extent of saying that Mrs. Manning was an amiable creature, much misunderstood; and Jack Thurtell a gallant, unfortunate fellow, not near so black as he was painted; but we will try and avoid personalities altogether in talk, won't we? We will range³⁹ the fields of science, dear madam, and communicate to each other the pleasing results of our studies. We will, if you please, examine the infinitesimal wonders of nature through the microscope. We will cultivate entomology. We will sit with our arms round each other's waists on the *pons asinorum*,⁴⁰ and see the stream of mathematics flow beneath. We will take refuge in cards, and play at "beggar my neighbour,"⁴¹ not abuse my neighbour. We will go to the Zoological Gardens

38. Anecdote-mongers—dealers of anecdote, 專會傳佈無根故事的人們。

39. Range--rove; wander, 漫遊。

40. *Pons asinorum*--bridge of asses or donkeys bridge i.e.

麼不絕不減否人物，完全不說出我們對於勃朗，瓊斯，魯濱遜（以及三位太太）的品評。也許對於他們個個人我們都誤解了，正如，上帝安排的，我剛纔所輕輕指斥的這些軼事製造家對於我的誤解。我們也用不着去說孟寧太太是個可親的人兒，人家太把她誤解了；傑克·忒題魯是個豪俠的，不幸的漢子，並沒有人們所說的那麼黑暗；可是我們談話時絕對避免評判人物，行不行？我們決定從事於科學的探討，把我們研究的有趣味結果彼此相告。我們決定，若使你們願意：用顯微鏡來窺自然界中無限小的奇觀。我們決心研究昆蟲學。我們決定彼此手臂圈着腰肢坐在騾子橋上面，看數學之川在底下流過。我們決定躲到門牌裏面去，要「求我鄰人」，而不去毀謗我的鄰人。我們決定到動物園去，信口談論大猩

anything difficult or puzzling to a learner e.g. the 5th proposition in the first book of Euclid is so-called, 騾子橋；就是指不易學會的東西，這句話本來是歐几里幾何第一卷第五命題的題名。

41. “Beggar my neighbour”——打牌時用的一句術語。

and talk freely about the gorilla and his kindred, but not talk about people who can talk in their turn. Suppose we praise the High Church?⁴² we offend the Low Church.⁴³ The Broad Church?⁴⁴ High and Low are both offended. What do you think of Lord Derby as a politician? And what is your opinion of Lord Palmerston? If you please, will you play me those lovely variations of “In my cottage near a wood?” It is a charming air (you know it in French, I suppose? *Ah! te dirai-je, maman!*)⁴⁵ and was a favourite with poor Marie Antoinette.⁴⁶ I say “poor,” because I have a right to speak with pity of a sovereign who was renowned for so much beauty and so much misfortune. But as for giving any opinion on her conduct, saying that she was good or bad, or indifferent, goodness forbid!⁴⁷ We have agreed we will not be censorious. Let us have a game at cards—at *écarté*,⁴⁸ if you please. You deal. I ask for cards. I lead the deuce of clubs.

42. High Church—party giving high place to authority of priesthood, saving grace, etc., 看重牧師，儀式等的教派。

43. Low Church—the less ritualistic party in Church of England. 英國教會沒有那麼注重儀式的那一派。

44. Broad Church—party favoring comprehension and not pressing doctrines. 偏重了解宗教的神髓，不拘拘於教義的教派。

猴同牠的血屬，卻不去談也能夠談論起來的人們。假使我們讚美高派教會？我們得罪低派教會了。恭維廣派教會？高低兩派教會都生氣了。你看德貝爵士是不是一個有本領的政治家？你對於判麥斯敦爵士有什麼批評？不談這些話罷，若使你願意，可否彈給我聽「森林鄰近我的茅屋裏面」那些可喜的變調？這是個動情的小調（我想你知道牠的法文原文？啊，告訴我罷，媽媽！）又是可憐的馬利·安他涅特所愛聽的。我說「可憐」，因為對於以如此美貌，如此不幸出名的皇后我有帶着憐憫說話的權利。可是，至於對她的行爲加上什麼批評，說她是好，或者是壞，或者不好不壞，這是上帝所不容的！我們已經約好不再說人是非了。讓我們打一下牌罷——玩二人紙牌戲罷，若使你願意。請你分牌。我來耍牌。我要棍棒二點……

45. Ah! te dirai-je maman!—ah! please tell me, mamma!

46. Marie Antoinette—(1755-1793), 路易十六的皇后, 後來被人們殺死.

47. Goodness forbid!—God forbid! 上帝所不允許的.

48. Ecarte—a cardgame for two, 兩人打的一種牌戲.

What? there is no deuce! Deuce take it!⁴⁹ What? People *will* go on talking about their neighbours, and won't have their mouths stopped by cards, or ever so much microscopes and aquariums? Ah, my poor dear Mrs. Candour, I agree with you. By the way, did you ever see anything like Lady Godiva Trotter's dress last night? People *will* go on chattering, although we hold our tongues; and, after all, my good soul, what will their scandal matter a hundred years hence?

49. Deuce take it!—是一種怒罵之詞，Deuce 本來有 the two at card 和 devil 二義，作者就利用這兩個含義，說出雙關的話 所謂 pun 是

怎麼？沒有二點！壞了！怎麼？人們總是繼續談論他們的鄰人，絕不肯住口，就說有牌打，或者甚至於有這麼多顯微鏡同養魚器？唉，我可憐的，親愛的公平太太；我同你意見一致。我卻記起一件事了。你曾看見過像哥帶發·特魯忒太太昨夜所穿的衣服那樣東西嗎？人們總是饒舌下去，雖然我們緘口無言了；而且，究竟說起來，我的好人兒呀，這些謠言百年之後還會有什麼効力嗎？

也。

ALXANDER SMITH

On Death And The Fear Of Dying

Let me curiously analyse eternal farewells, and the last pressures of loving hands. Let me smile at faces bewept, and the nodding plumes and slow paces of funerals. Let me write down brave heroical sentences—sentences that defy death, as brazen Goliath the hosts of Israel.¹

‘When death waits for us is uncertain; let us everywhere look for² him. The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve.³ There is nothing of evil in life for him who rightly comprehends that death is no evil; to know how to die delivers us from all subjection and constraint. *Paulus Aemilius* answered him whom the miserable *king of Macedon*, his prisoner, sent to entreat him that he would not lead him in his

1. Goliath, 係非利士軍隊裏一員大將, 當他們同以色列軍隊打仗時候, 他嚴裝罵陣, 目空一切, 却被以色列的大衛用一塊石子就打死了。

2. To look for—to seek, 尋找。

死同死的恐懼

讓我們好奇地來分析永訣和親愛的手最後的一握。
讓我對着哭喪的臉孔，點首的羽毛同出喪的慢步微笑。
讓我寫下勇敢的，英雄的句子——向死挑戰的句子，正如厚顏的歌利亞向着以色列的軍隊一樣。

「死會在什麼時候等待我們是不定的；讓我們到處尋找牠罷。死的預料就是自由的預料；學會了死之術的人忘記了什麼叫做苦役了。庖廬斯、伊密力阿斯對可憐的馬其頓王，他的囚犯，派來求他不要在凱旋時把他帶

3. Who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve—這段所從來的那篇小品文題目是 To philosophize is to learn to die.

triumph,⁴ *'Let him make that request to himself.'* In truth, in all things, if nature do not help a little, it is very hard for art and industry to perform anything to purpose. I am, in my own nature, not melancholy, but thoughtful; and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal than the imaginations of death, even in the gayest and most wanton time of my age. In the company of ladies, and in the height of mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed of some jealousy, or meditating upon the uncertainty of some imagined hope, whilst I was entertaining myself with the remembrance of some one surprised⁵ a few days before with a burning fever, of which he died, returning from an entertainment like this, with his head full of idle fancies of love and jollity, as mine was then; and for aught I knew,⁶ the same destiny was attending me. Yet did not this thought wrinkle my forehead any more than any other.'... 'Why dost thou fear this last day? It contributes no more to thy destruction than every one of the rest. The last step is not the cause of lassitude, it does but confer it. Every day travels toward death;

4. Lead him in his triumph—古代凱旋時俘虜縛車旁帶到城裏去。

5. Surprised—attacked.

回的使者答道：「讓他去向自己請求罷。」真的，無論任何事情，若使沒有一點兒天然的底子，專靠人工同勤勉是很難有什麼成就的。我本質上并不憂愁，卻耽於冥想；我總是老把死的默想來消遣自己，比任何別的思想都常，甚至於在我最快樂的，最恣情的年紀裏。跟姑娘們在一起，最興高彩烈的時候，有些人也許以為我一心一意在妒忌着，或却暗想着一些臆造的希望能否實現，其實我卻正在替自己解悶，想走某人前幾天忽然感到灼熱的發燒，就死去了，他那一次正從像這樣的一個盛會回去，起先腦子裏滿是愛情同尋歡這些無聊幻想，正同我那時一樣；據我所知，也許有同樣的命運等候着我。然而，這種思想并不比別種更使我額上生皺紋。」……

「你為什麼怕這個末日呢？牠并不比別的日子更促成你的滅絕。最後的一步絕不是衰弱的原因，牠只是拿衰弱加到我們身上。每天都是向死走去；最後的一天不過抵

6. For aught I knew—in spite of anything one knew, 雖照其所知者。

the last only arrives at it. These are the good lessons our mother nature teaches. I have often considered with myself whence it should proceed, that in war the image of death—whether we look upon it as to our own particular danger, or that of another—should, without comparison,⁷ appear less dreadful than at home in our own houses (for if it were not so, it would be an army of whining milksops), and that being still in all places the same, there should be, notwithstanding, much more assurance in peasants and the meaner sort of people, than others of better quality⁸ and education; and I do verily believe, that it is those terrible ceremonies and preparations wherewith we set it out,⁹ that more terrify us than the thing itself; a new, quite contrary way of living, the cries of mothers, wives, and children, the visits of astonished and affected friends, the attendance of pale and blubbered servants, a dark room set round with burning tapers, our beds environed with physicians and divines; in fine,¹⁰ nothing but ghostliness and horror round about us, render it so formidable, that a man almost fancies himself dead and buried already. Children

7. Without comparison—incomparably, 不能相比地; 遠超過.

8. Quality—social standing, 社會地位.

達那裏了。這是我們的母親「大自然」給我們的好教訓。我常常自己暗自忖度爲什麼在戰爭時候死的影子——無論我們想到自己的危險或者別人的危險——是遠不如我們舒服地滯在家裏時那麼可怕（因爲假使不如此，那將成爲一隊哀啼的懦夫了），還有死雖然到處是一樣的，可是農夫同下等人比上流社會，受過教育的人卻更有把握，我真相信，我們拿來放在死的四旁的那些可怕的禮節同設備比死更令人畏懼；一種與日常完全相反的，新的，生活法，母親，妻子同兒女的啼哭，深爲驚駭同感動的朋友的慰問，臉孔蒼白，面目哭腫的僕役的服事，四圍點着蠟燭的一間黑暗房子，醫生同牧師圍繞着的我們的床鋪；總之，沒有別的，只是我們周圍的鬼氣同恐怖使牠變成這麼可怕，一個人幾乎以爲他自己已經死過去，安埋了。小孩子甚至於怕他們最親愛

9. To Set out - to spread for display, 鋪張.

10. In fine - in short, 總之.

are afraid even of those they love best, and are best acquainted with, when disguised in a vizard, and so are we; the vizard must be removed as well from things as persons; which being taken away, we shall find nothing underneath but the very same death that a mean servant, or a poor chambermaid, died a 'day or two ago, without any manner of apprehension or concern.'¹¹

'Men feare¹² *death* as children feare to goe¹³ in the darke,¹⁴ and as that natural feare in children is increased with tales, so in the other. Certainly the contemplation of *death* as the *wages of sinne*,¹⁵ and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the feare of it as a tribute due unto nature, is weake.¹⁶ Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanitie¹⁷ and of superstition. You shal¹⁸ reade¹⁹ in some of the friars' books of *mortification*,²⁰ that a man should thinke unto himself what the paine²¹ is if

11. 上面這些話是 Montaigne, 小品文裏的一段, 關於 Montaigne, 可參看「孤居」註

12. Feare—fear, 這段是伊利沙伯時代文字, 所以拼法與現代不同.

13. Goe—go.

14. Darke—dark.

15. Sinne—sin.

16. Weake—weak.

的，最熟識的人們，當這班人戴上鬼臉殼時候；我們也是如此：不單人不該戴鬼臉殼，事物也不該戴；把牠取下，我們將看出底下沒有別的，只是個普通的死，正如一兩日前一個底下人或者一個可憐的丫頭毫無恐懼地死去那樣。」

「人怕死，好像小孩子怕到黑暗的地方去；小孩子天然的恐懼會因聽到胡說而增加，大人天然的恐懼也是這樣。把死認爲是罪惡的代價同到另一世界的道路，這的確是個神聖的，宗教的想頭；但是認爲是對於大自然的納貢，這個恐懼是弱者的。然而，在宗教的冥想裏常雜有無聊同迷信的成分。你將在一些僧徒著的清苦修行書裏讀到他們說，一個人應該自己想一下那是多麼苦痛，假使他有一隻指端被壓或者受苦刑；從這裏可以推

17. Vanitie—vanity.

18. Shal—shall.

19. Reade—read.

20. Books of mortification—works intending to lead to the subdoing of earthly appetites, 勸人們壓制慾望的著作.

21. Paine—pain.

he have but his fingerend pressed or tortured; and thereby imagine what the paines of *death* are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times *death* passeth²² with lesse²³ paine than the torture of a Lemme.²⁴ For the most vitall²⁵ parts are not the quickest²⁶ of sense. Groanes and convulsions, and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blackes²⁷ and obsequies, and the like, shew *death* terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the minde of man so weake but it mates²⁸ and masters the feare of *death*; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can winne²⁹ the combat of him. *Revenge* triumphs over *death*, *love* subjects it, *honour* aspireth to it, *griefe*³⁰ fleeth³¹ to it, *fcare* pre-occupieth³² it; nay, we read, after *Otho* the emperour had slaine himselfe,³³ *pitty*,³⁴ (which is the tenderest of affections,) provoked

22. Passeth--passes.

23. Lesse--less.

24. Lemme--limb.

25. Vitall--vital.

26. Quickest--most sensitive, 感覺最銳敏的.

27. Blacks--mourning, 喪服.

28. To mate--to overpower, 壓倒; 戰勝.

想死的苦痛是怎麼樣，那時整個身體是腐爛同潰爛了；其實死很常還不如一隻肢體的受磨折那麼苦痛。因為身體上最緊要的部分不一定是感覺最靈敏的。呻吟，騷動，失色的臉孔，嗚咽的朋友，喪禮，葬禮，以及其他這類的東西使死變成可怕。這是值得我們注意的，人們心裏一切的情感沒有一個是弱得不能制勝同管理死的恐懼；當一個人身邊有這麼多守衛都能打倒他，死真不是個這麼可怕的敵人了。復仇戰勝死，愛情以死為奴隸，義心希望死，悲哀躲到死那裏去，恐懼把死拉來；而且，我們讀過，當鄂國王自殺後，憐憫（那是最柔弱的情感；）鼓舞許多人去尋死，完全出於對他們主子的

29. Winne - win.

30. Griefe --grief.

31. Fleeth--flees.

32. Pre-occupieth--anticipates, viz by suicide, 提前 就是指自殺。

33. Himselſe--himself.

34. Pitty--pity.

many to die, out of meer³⁵ compassion to their sovereigne,³⁶ and as the truest sort of followers.... It is as naturall³⁷ to die as to be borne; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painfull as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt; and, therefore, a minde³⁸ fixt³⁹ and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the sadness of *death*. But above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc Dimittis*,⁴⁰ when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envie."⁴¹

These sentences of the great essayists are brave and ineffectual as Leonidas and his Greeks.⁴² Death cares very little for sarcasm or trope,⁴³ hurl at him a javelin or a rose, it is all one. We build around ourselves ramparts of stoical maxims, edifying to

35. Meer—mere.

36. Sovereigne—soveraign.

37. Naturall—natural.

38. Minde—mind.

39. Fixt—fixed.

40. Nunc Dimittis—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant

同情，做個最忠實的部下……死同生是一樣自然的事；對於嬰孩，也許這兩件事的苦楚是相等的。專心致志於某事工作時死去的人是像在熱血中受傷一樣，當時幾乎不覺得痛苦；所以一心專注於，傾向於某種善良事情的人可以避免死的憂愁。但是，請相信，在乎一切之上最甜蜜的小歌是，「主呀，讓你的僕人安詳地離開這世界罷」，當一個人做到值得有結果同希望的時候。死還有這個好處；牠打開到令譽之門，把妒忌毀滅了。」

這兩位小品文家的名言是跟李奧倪大和他的希臘兵同樣地勇敢，同樣地無用。死不大理我們的冷諷同隱譏；向他扔一把標槍或者一朵玫瑰，於他都是一樣的。我們在身邊築起克情箴言的壁壘，看起來足以啓導人

depart in peace.

41. Envie - envy.

42. Leonidas—(491-480 B. C.) 斯巴達王，曾以三百人死抗波斯人於 Thermopylae, 勇敢稱於世；然終以衆寡不敵而全軍覆沒。

43. Trope—figurative use of a word, 隱喻；比擬。

witness, but when the terror comes these yield as the knots of river flags to the shoulder of Behemoth.⁴⁴

Death is terrible only in presence. When distant, or supposed to be distant, we can call him hard or tender names, nay, even poke our poor fun at him. *Mr. Punch*,⁴⁵ on one occasion, when he wished to ridicule the useful-information leanings of a certain periodical publication, quoted from its pages the sentence, 'Man is mortal,' and people were found to grin broadly over the exquisite stroke of humour. Certainly the words, and the fact they contain, are trite enough. Utter the sentence gravely in any company, and you are certain to provoke laughter. And yet some subtle recognition of the fact of death runs constantly through the warp and woof⁴⁶ of the most ordinary human existence. And this recognition does not always terrify. The spectre has the most cunning disguises, and often when near us we are unaware of the fact of proximity. Unsuspected, this idea of death lurks in the sweetness of music; it has something to do with the pleasure with which we behold the vapours of

44. 河馬是一種龐大的動物，銅筋鐵骨，每飲輒盡一河。

45. Mr. Punch—英國最有名的滑稽報的名字是 Punch。

心，但是當恐怖來時，這些却順服了，好像河裏菖蒲打的結子，擋不住河馬的肩膀。

死只當現在眼前時我們纔覺得可怕。當在遠處，或者我們以為是在遠處，我們能夠漫罵他或者低聲喊他，而且，甚至於跟他開玩笑。丑角先生有一次想譏笑某一種定期刊物愛載有用的知識，就從牠裏面引這句話，「人皆有死」，有些人對這下微妙的滑稽露齒大笑。這句話同牠所包含的事實的確是再常見不過的。可是無論在任何人們裏你假使嚴重地說出這句話，一定會引起大笑。然而死這件事一些隱約的承認却常雜在人們最通常的生活經緯裏。這個承認並不叫我們害怕。那隻幽靈有最狡猾的假裝，當他在我們身旁時候，我們常常還不知道他是近在咫尺。我們毫沒有料到，死的觀念却躲在音樂的悅耳柔聲裏；我們看見朝霧時所得的欣歡與牠也

46. Warp and woof—constitution, 經緯; 組織.

morning; it comes between the passionate lips of lovers; it lives in the thrill of kisses. 'An inch deeper, and you will find the emperor.' Probe joy to its last fibre, and you will find death. And it is the most merciful of all the merciful provisions of nature, that a haunting sense of insecurity should deepen the enjoyment of what we have secured; that the pleasure of our warm human day and its activities should to some extent arise from a vague consciousness of the waste night which environs it, in which no arm is raised, in which no voice is ever heard. Death is the ugly fact which nature has to hide, and she hides it well. Human life were otherwise an impossibility. The pantomime runs on merrily enough; but when once Harlequin⁴⁷ lifts his vizard, Columbine⁴⁸ disappears, the jest is frozen on the Clown's lips,⁴⁹ and the hand of the filching Pantaloon⁵⁰ is arrested in the act. Wherever death looks, *there* is silence and trembling. But although on every man he will one day or another

47. Harlequin—a sprite in the British pantomime, supposed to be unseen by all except columbine. He prevents the knaveries of the Clown, who is in love with Columbine, and who is aided by Pantaloon, an old dotard, 他是英風啞劇裏一個精靈 除開 Columbine 外, 別人都看不見他. 他阻止 Clown 的搗亂, Clown 是愛上了

有些相關；牠夾在情人熱情的嘴唇中；牠活在接吻的震動裏。「再掘深一時，你將發現帝王的骨頭了。」細察欣歡到牠最後的纖微，你將遇見死的成分了。這真是自然一切仁慈的安排裏最仁愛的一個，一個纏繞心中的不安感覺會使我們更深切感到我們所獲得的快樂；我們在世暖和日子的和牠各種活動的欣歡一部分却來自茫然地感到牠四圍的淒涼長夜，在那夜裏沒有手臂舉起來擁抱，也聽不到人聲了。死是自然該遮住的一件醜惡事實，她真遮得不錯。否則，人生是不可能的事了。啞劇演得很起勁；但是當丑角一翻開他的面具，丑夫人就不見了，另一丑角嘴上的笑話凍結了，另一丑角正在偷單西的手也就在偷竊之中停住了。死所凝視的地方，就是靜默同戰慄。但是雖然他遲早總得向個個人瞧一下，

Columbine 還有一個老丑角 Pantaloon幫助他。

48. 參看註 47. 她是 Harlequin 的女人。

49. 參看註 47. 他非常滑稽。

50. 參看註 47. 他非常笨傻，剛好跟 Clown 相成。

look, he is coy of revealing himself till the appointed time. He makes his approaches like an Indian warrior, under covers and ambushes. We have our parts to play, and he remains hooded till they are played out. We are agitated by our passions, we busily pursue our ambitions, we are acquiring money or reputation, and all at once, in the centre of our desires, we discover the 'Shadow feared of man.'⁵¹ And so nature fools the poor human mortal evermore. When she means to be deadly, she dresses her face in smiles; when she selects a victim, she sends him a poisoned rose. There is no pleasure, no shape of good fortune, no form of glory in which death has not hid himself, and waited silently for his prey.

And death is the most ordinary thing in the world. It is as common as births; it is of more frequent occurrence than marriages and the attainment of majorities. But the difference between death and other forms of human experience lies in this, that we can gain no information about it. The dead man is wise, but he is silent. We cannot wring his secret from him. We cannot interpret the ineffable calm which

51. Shadow feared of man—death, 死神。見 Tennyson 詩中。

他却不輕容易現出色相，必得等到那定好的時候。他步步走近，好像一隊印度兵，隱身於遮掩同埋伏之後。我們各有各的事要幹，他總是遮蓋着，一直等這些事幹完了。我們被我們的熱情所激動；我們忙碌地追逐我們的野心，我們正在求名或求利，忽然間，於我們種種希望的當中，我們發現「人們所畏的影子」。自然這樣子老把可憐的凡人騙了。當她打算致人死命的時候，她却裝出笑臉來；當她揀中一個犧牲品，她送牠一朵有毒的玫瑰。任何種快樂，任何樣幸運，任何形式的光榮都有死伏在裏面，靜靜地等待牠的食物。

死是世界裏最普通的東西。牠同生一樣地平常；比結婚和成了更常發生。但是死與其他人生經驗不同的點是這個：我們不能得到牠的消息。死人是明白死的情形了，可是他默然。我們不能從死人強奪來他的祕密。我們不能解釋硬化了的臉孔上一片口舌難盡的安詳神情。

gathers on the rigid face. As a consequence, when our thought rests on death we are smitten with isolation and loneliness. We are without company on the dark road; and we have advanced so far upon it that we cannot hear the voices of our friends. It is in this sense of loneliness, this consciousness of identity and nothing more, that the terror of dying consists. And yet, compared to that road, the most populous thoroughfare of London or Pekin⁵² is a desert. What enumerator will take for us the census of the dead? And this matter of death and dying, like most things else in the world, may be exaggerated by our own fears and hopes. Death, terrible to look forward to, may be pleasant even to look back at. Could we be admitted to the happy fields, and hear the conversations which blessed spirits hold, one might discover that to conquer death a man has but to die; that by that act terror is softened into familiarity, and that the remembrance of death becomes but as the remembrance of yesterday. To these fortunate ones death may be but a date, and dying a subject fruitful in comparisons, a matter on which experiences may be serenely compared. Meantime, however, *we* have not yet reached that

52. Pekin—十八世紀人們寫北京都沒有 g 這個字，大概因為由

因此當我們想到死這件事，我們被孤單同寂寞之感所打擊。在那黑暗的途上我們是沒有伴侶的；我們却已走得這麼遠了，我們聽不見我們朋友的聲音。死的恐懼就在於這個寂寞之感，這樣只覺得自己，此外別無所覺。然而，跟這條路一比，倫敦或北京最熱鬧的市街也好像是一片沙漠了。那個計數員能夠替我們統計死人的總數目。而且，死同彌留這件事，像世上其他許多的事情一樣，也許給我們自己的恐懼同希望形容得過度了。死，在前瞻裏是這麼可怕，也許回顧起來却很有意思。若使我們能夠走進那快樂的田地，聽見有福的幽靈談話，我們或者會發現要戰勝死，一個人只要死去就行；死了之後，恐怖化成一件熟識的事情了，死的回憶宛如昨日陳事的回憶。對於這班幸運的人們，死將只是一個日期，彌留變成個很可以拿來比較的題目，各人可以恬靜地比較彼此的經驗。然而，此刻我們還未達到這麼含有無限

法國傳入，尚未完全具英國字的形式罷。

measureless content,⁵³ and death scares, piques,⁵⁴ tantalises, as mind and nerve are built. Situated as we are, knowing that it is inevitable, we cannot keep our thoughts from resting on it curiously, at times. Nothing interests us so much. The Highland⁵⁵ seer pretended that he could see the windingsheet high upon the breast of the man for whom death was waiting. Could we behold any such visible sign, the man who bore it, no matter where he stood—even if he were a slave watching Caesar⁵⁶ pass—would usurp every eye. At the coronation of a king, the wearing of *that* order would dim royal robe, quench the sparkle of the diadem, and turn to vanity the herald's cry. Death makes the meanest beggar august, and that augustness would assert itself in the presence of a king. And it is this curiosity with regard to everything related to death and dying which makes us treasure up the last sayings of great men, and attempt to wring out of them tangible meanings. Was Goethe's⁵⁷ 'Light—light, more light!' a prayer, or a

53. The measureless content—指「死之國土」，見莎翁悲劇 *Macbeth* 中。

54. To pique—to arouse curiosity, 引起好奇心。

55. Highland—Northern part of Scotland, 蘇格蘭北部，其地多

大的內容的地步時候，我們既是這麼一個血肉之軀，死是使我們害怕，激怒我們，逗着我們。我們的地位既然如此，知道那是不能避免的，我們的思想有時不能不好奇地專注於上面。沒有一件其他事情如是感動我們。高地的聖者自命他能夠看見死神等候的人胸前有屍衣高掛着。若使我們能夠看見一個這麼顯著的標記，帶了這個標記的人無論站在什麼地方——甚至於他是個奴隸，看該撒過去——總會吸引個個眼睛的注意。在一個皇帝加冕時候，帶上「這個勳章」會使皇帝的衣服減色，撲滅了王冠的輝煌，傳令官的喝道也變成沒有意義了。死使最可鄙的叫化子顯得尊嚴，那種尊嚴就是在王者之前也會露出頭角。就是這種對於一切關於死和彌留事情的好奇心叫我們珍存起來偉人臨終的話，該從牠們榨出一些明白的意義。歌德彌留時所喊的，「光明——光明，更光明！」是一句祈禱呢，是精神經驗的報告呢，或者

山，所以叫做高地。

56. Caesar—Roman emporer, 羅馬皇帝。

57. Goethe—(1749—1832) 歌德, 德國大文豪, 浮士德的作者。

statement of spiritual experience, or simply an utterance of the fact that the room in which he lay was filling with the last twilight? In consonance with our own natures we interpret it the one way or the other—he is beyond our questioning. For the same reason it is that men take interest in executions—from Charles I⁵⁸ on the scaffold at Whitehall, to Porteous in⁵⁹ the Grass-market execrated by the mob. These men are not dulled by disease, they are not delirious with fever; they look death in the face, and what in these circumstances they say and do has the strangest fascination for us.

What does the murderer think when his eyes are for ever blinded by the accursed nightcap?⁶⁰ In what form did thought condense itself between the gleam of the lifted axe and the rolling of King Charles's head in the sawdust? This kind of speculation may be morbid, but it is not necessarily so. All extremes of human experience touch us; and we have all the deepest personal interest in the experience of death. Out of all we know about dying we strive to clutch

58. Charles I—(1600–1649) 英國皇帝，清教徒之亂被殺。

59. Porteous—John Porteus, 他是愛丁堡城裏的警衛長，有一次舉行正法，羣衆圍觀甚擁擠。他向羣衆開槍，引起衆怒，於是他老先生自己也

只是說出事實，以爲他所躺的房子滿是薄暮的微光了？隨我們各人的性情，我們這樣或者那樣解釋牠——我們已經無法追問他了。人們對於正法的趣味也出於同樣的理由——從槐特和爾的絞架上的查理斯第一到格刺斯馬刻地方被羣衆咒罵的普洛條斯。這班被處決的人沒有病得昏迷，他們也沒有發燒到精神錯亂了；他們瞋着死，在這種情形之下他們所說的同所幹的對於我們具有非常奇特的魔力。

兇手心裏想什麼呢，當他的眼睛被那該咒的睡帽永遠遮住了？在舉起的斧頭的一閃同查理斯王的頭顱打滾於鋸屑之上中間這一剎那，被殺人的思想凝聚成什麼樣子呢？這種空想也許是病態的，但是不一定是如此。人類一切尖端的經驗都能感動我們；尤其死這個經驗於我們有極深切的個人利益關係。從我們所知道彌留的情形，我們極力想抓到一些東西，以破死的幽寂，俾有一

被人們拿去正法，縊死於這班羣衆之前。

60. The accursed nightcap—絞死的罪犯總是戴一頂白睡帽，所以說那該咒的睡帽。

something which may break its solitariness, and relieve us by a touch of companionship.

To denude death of its terrible associations were a vain attempt. The atmosphere is always cold around an iceberg. In the contemplation of dying the spirit may not flinch, but pulse and heart, colour and articulation, are always cowards. No philosophy will teach them bravery in the stern presence. And yet there are considerations which rob death of its ghastliness, and help to reconcile us to it. The thoughtful happiness of a human being is complex, and in certain moved moments, which, after they have gone, we can recognise to have been our happiest, some subtle thought of death has been curiously intermixed. And this subtle intermixture it is which gives the happy moment its character—which makes the difference between the gladness of a child, resident in mere animal health⁶¹ and impulse, and too volatile to be remembered, and the serious joy of a man, which looks before and after, and takes in both this world and the next. Speaking broadly, it may be said that it is from some obscure recognition of the fact of death that life

61. Animal health—natural health, 天然的健康。

點同伴之感，因此可以減輕我們的憂愁。

將死一切可怕的連想完全剝奪去是個徒然的試驗。冰山周圍的空氣總是冷的。默想死的時候，我們的精神也許能夠不退縮，但是脈搏同心臟，臉色同口音總顯得出我們是懦夫。沒有什麼哲學能夠教牠們當這個嚴肅幽靈的前面顯出勇敢。然而有些考究可以使死失掉牠的可憎形狀，幫助我們安於死的觀念了。一個人沉靜的愉快是很複雜的，在某種感動時候，那種時候過去後我們纔認出是我們最愉快的時光，一些關於死的微妙觀念總是雜在裏頭。這個愉快時光的特性就從這個混合得來——這個混合分別出一個小孩子的欣歡，那是完全靠着生活力的豐滿和一時的衝動，太輕飄了不能記住，同一個大人真實的愉快，那是瞻前顧後，將現在同未來兩世界都打量一下。大概說起來，我們可以說，人生最甜蜜的時光是來自隱約地承認死這事實。當然，只是個隱約

draws its final sweetness. An obscure, haunting recognition, of course; for it more than that, if the thought becomes palpable, defined, and present, it swallows up everything. The howling of the winter wind outside increases the warm satisfaction of a man in bed; but this satisfaction is succeeded by quite another feeling when the wind grows into a tempest, and threatens to blow the house down. And this remote recognition of death may exist almost constantly in a man's mind, and give to his life keener zest and relish. His lights may burn the brighter for it, and his wines taste sweeter. For it is on the tapestry of a dim ground that the figures come out in the boldest relief and the brightest colour.

If we were to live here always, with no other care than how to feed, clothe, and house ourselves, life would be a very sorry business. It is immeasurably heightened by the solemnity of death. The brutes die even as we; but it is our knowledge that we have to die which makes us human. If nature cunningly hides death, and so permits us to play out our little games, it is easily seen that our knowing it to be inevitable, that to every one of us it will come one day or another, is a wonderful spur to action. We really do work

的，迴繞心際的承認；因為若使更進一步，若使那觀念變成明顯的，確定的，現在眼前的，牠把一切其他的東西都吞沒了。冬天外面大風的怒號會增加一個躺在床上的人的暖和快感；但是這快感變成完全不同的情緒了，若使大風刮成暴風雨，屋子有吹倒的危險。這個隱約的死的認識可以幾乎老在一個人心裏，給他的生活以更深切的興味和風趣。他的燈將因此而更見光明，他的酒將因此而更見可口。因為在暗色的帷帳之前，人物纔顯得輪廓非常分明，彩色非常奪目。

若使我們永遠在世上活下去，除開衣食住外沒有別的憂愁，那麼生活將變成一件非常無聊的勾當了。那是因為有死的尊嚴而高尚得無限倍了。禽獸同我們一樣地死去；但是我們知道我們會死，我們所以別於禽獸就在這點。假使自然狡猾地將死這件事掩蓋起來，讓我們弄完我們的小把戲，那麼我們將看出我們知道牠是不可避免的，個個人遲早總有一天遇到牠，這是我們動作一個極有力的刺激。我們的確於所謂今天裏幹事情，因為夜

while it is called to-day, because the night cometh when no man can work. We may not expect it soon—it may not have sent us a single *avantcourier*⁶²—yet we all know that every day brings it nearer. On the supposition that we were to live here always, there would be little inducement to exertion. But, having some work at heart, the knowledge that we may be, any day, finally interrupted, is an incentive to diligence. We naturally desire to have it completed, or at least far advanced toward completion, before that final interruption takes place. And knowing that his existence here is limited, a man's workings have reference to others rather than to himself, and thereby into his nature comes a new influx of nobility. If a man plants a tree, he knows that other hands than his will gather the fruit; and when he plants it, he thinks quite as much of those other hands as of his own. Thus to the poet there is the dearer life after life; and posterity's single laurel leaf is valued more than a multitude of contemporary bays. Even the man immersed in money-making does not make money so much for himself as for those who may come after him. Riches in noble natures have a double sweetness.

62. Avant-courier—forerunner, 前驅.

一到沒有人能夠工作了。我們也許還用不着期待牠——牠也許還沒有派來一個先鋒——然而我們知道一天一天牠更接近我們了。設使我們永遠活在世上，我們也絕不想努力了。但是心裏打算有所爲，知道了我們任一天都有斷然地被阻止的可能，因此就有勤勉的動機了。我們自然希望在這斷然的阻止發生以前把那件事辦好，最少也要做得快成功了。曉得他在世之日有限，一個人的工作跟別人比跟自己更有關係了，藉此一股高貴的新潮流來到他的生活裏面。若使一個人種一棵樹，他知道別人的手將採到這果實；他種的時候，想別人的手不下於想他自己的了，這樣子，由一個詩人看來，身後的生活比在世的更可愛；後代一聲的稱贊比當時衆人的喝采更來得可貴，就是說那惟錢是務的人，爲他自己掙錢還不如爲將來的人的成分多。財富落到稟性高尚的人身上可以生出雙倍的快樂。他有了錢自己覺得愉快，他的愉快更加多了，當他臆想到他兒子或者他姪兒從這上面所得的快樂，當他已經去世了；或者他可以拿這筆款所做的

The possessor enjoys his wealth, and he heightens that enjoyment by an imaginative entrance into the pleasure which his son or his nephew may derive from it when he is away, or the high uses to which he may turn it. Seeing that we have no perpetual lease⁶³ of life and its adjuncts, we do not live for ourselves. And thus it is that death, which we are accustomed to consider an evil, really acts for us the friendliest part, and takes away the commonplace of existence. My life, and your life, flowing on thus day by day, is a vapid enough piece of business; but when we think that it must *close*, a multitude of considerations, not connected with ourselves, but with others, rush in, and vapidness vanishes at once. Life, if it were to flow on for ever and *thus*, would stagnate and rot. The hopes, and fears, and regrets, which move and trouble it, keep it fresh and healthy, as the sea is kept alive by the trouble of its tides. In a tolerably comfortable world, where death is not, it is difficult to see from what quarter these healthful fears, regrets, and hopes could come. As it is, there are agitations and sufferings in our lots enough; but we must remember that it is on account of these sufferings and agitations that we be-

63. Lease—本來是指土地租借期限，這裏移來指我們對於這個血肉

善良事業。看到我們對於人生同牠的附屬物不能永遠佔住，我們就不完全爲着自己而生活了。所以我們一向承認爲一個缺陷的這個死却的確大幫我們的忙，去掉人世的無聊了。你我的生活這樣一天一天地過去是件夠無聊的事情；但是我們一想起牠必得結束，一羣的考慮，不是關於自己的，却是關於別人的，都奔到心頭，乏味之感登時消滅了。生活假使「如是」永遠過下去將停滯而腐爛了。激動生活同打擾生活的種種希望，憂愁同追悔使生活保留牠的新鮮同健康，正如海是因潮流的騷亂而有生氣。在一個都還舒服的世界上，沒有死這件事，我們真不容易看出這些健全的憂愁，追悔同希望會從何方來。照眼前的情形，我們命運裏的震動和挨苦是夠多的，但是我們必得記住就是因爲有這些震動和挨苦，我們纔是呼吸有思想的氣息的動物。我們既已說過，死去

軀能夠寄身多少年。

come creatures breathing thoughtful breath. As has already been said, death takes away the commonplace of life. "And positively, when one looks on the thousand and one⁶⁴ poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting. The foolishest person will look grand enough one day. The features are poor now, but the hottest tears and the most passionate embraces will not seem out of place⁶⁵ *then*. If you wish to make a man look noble, your best course is to kill him. What superiority he may have inherited from his race, what superiority nature may have personally gifted him with, comes out *in* death. The passions which agitate, distort, and change, are gone away for ever, and the features settle back into a marble calm, which is the man's truest image. Then the most affected look sincere, the most volatile serious—all noble, more or less. And nature will not be surprised into disclosures. The man stretched out

64. Thousand and one—無非很多的意思。也許因爲「天方夜譚」叫做「千零一夜」，所以有這種用法。

掉人生的無聊了。在積極方面，當我們看見世上成千累百可憐的，愚蠢的，下流的臉孔，聽到同那臉孔一樣可憐同愚蠢的胡談，我們若使對他們要有相當的敬意，就不得不記起死的嚴肅，那是在靜默地等候他們。最傻的人有一天會顯得夠尊嚴的。這些容貌此刻是難看的，但是最熱烈的眼淚同最深情的擁抱到那時也不覺得過分了。你想叫一個人顯得高貴，你最好的法子是他殺死。他從他的種族遺傳下來的上等性質，自然親自給他的上等性質，到死時候都呈現出來了。那些激動人們的，扭歪人們的，變化人們的烈情永遠消失了，相貌回到大理石一樣的沉靜了，那是人們真正的本來面目。到那時最虛偽的也現出誠懇的臉孔了，最輕浮也現出嚴重的臉孔了——大家多少都有些高尚的氣分。而且自然絕不至於慌張失檢，洩露祕密。正寢在那裏的人也許從前

65. Out of place—in appropriate, 不相宜。

there may have been voluble as a swallow, but now—when he could speak to some purpose⁶⁶—neither pyramid⁶⁷ nor sphinx⁶⁸ holds a secret more tenaciously.

Consider, then, how the sense of impermanence brightens beauty and elevates happiness. Melancholy is always attendant on beauty, and that melancholy brings out its keenness as the darkgreen corrugated leaf brings out the wan loveliness of the primrose. The spectator enjoys the beauty, but his knowledge that *it* is fleeting, and that *he* is fleeting, adds a pathetic something to it; and by that something the beautiful object and the gazer are alike raised.

Everything is sweetened by risk. The pleasant emotion is mixed and deepened by a sense of mortality. Those lovers who have never encountered the possibility of last embraces and farewells are novices in the passion. Sunset affects us more powerfully than sunrise, simply because it *is* a setting sun, and suggests a thousand analogies. A mother is never happier than when her eyes fill over her sleeping child, never does she kiss it more fondly, never does she pray for it

66. To some purpose—with considerable effect. 有相當的效果。

67. Pyramid—埃及金字塔包含無限神祕，龐然位於大地之上，默默不

多活得像一隻燕子，但是現在——當他能夠說出一些值得聽的話了——金字塔同人首獅身怪都不能比他更堅執地保守一個祕密。

然後，請想一下，無常之感多麼增加美麗的光輝，提高快樂的內容。愁總是隨着美，這種愁使我們的美感更見銳敏，正如深綠色的皺葉更顯出薔薇的慘淡容光。觀者的美感油然而生，但是他知道這是消逝的，他自己也是消逝的，因此添了一種淒然的酸辛；這酸辛同是提高了美的對象和凝眸者的精神。

一切事情都因有危險而加甜了。快感與毀滅之感相雜，就越來深刻了。沒有遇過最後擁抱同最後訣別的可能的愛人還是柔情的門外漢。夕陽感動我們過於朝暉，無非因為牠是落日，會引起成千的連想。一個母親最欣歡的時候是當她雙眼溢着淚珠，看她睡着的孩子；她在別的時候絕沒有這麼癡心地吻牠，她也沒有這麼熱烈地

68. Sphinx 一獅身人面獸曾以謎問過路之人，不能猜出者則殺之。他總不肯說出這個謎的意思。

more fervently; and yet there is more in her heart than visible red cheek and yellow curl; possession and bereavement are strangely mingled in the exquisite maternal mood, the one heightening the other. All great joys are serious; and emotion must be measured by its complexity and the deepness of its reach. A musician may draw pretty notes enough from a single key, but the richest music is that in which the whole force of the instrument is employed, in the production of which every key is vibrating; and, although full of solemn touches⁶⁹ and majestic tones, the final effect may be exuberant and gay. Pleasures which rise beyond the mere gratification of the senses are dependent for their exquisiteness on the number and variety of the thoughts which they evoke. And that joy is the greatest which, while felt to be joy, can include the thought of death and clothe itself with that crowning pathos. And in the minds of thoughtful persons every joy does, more or less, with that crowning pathos clothe itself.

In life there is nothing more unexpected and surprising than the arrivals and departures of pleasure. If we find it in one place to-day, it is vain to seek it

69 Touches—notes or strains of music. 音樂的調子。

爲牠祈禱；然而，她心裏所想的不單是紅的臉頰和黃的捲髮；在這樣至妙的慈母心情中佔有和失却兩種情緒奇怪地混在一起，互相刺激。一切大歡悅都是嚴重的；情調是要用牠的複雜程度同牠的深刻影響來量的。一個音樂家從一個主音也可以奏出妙樂，但是最富麗的音樂是整個樂器的全部力量都用到的，奏的時候個個主音都得顫動；雖然滿是嚴肅的情調同堂皇的音韻，最後的印象也許是生氣勃勃的，稱心喜悅的。超過感官滿足之上的高尚快樂，牠們的銳敏程度是靠着牠們所啓發的思想的數目和種類。最大的快樂是那種當我們覺得是快樂時候，還能包含死的觀念，就以這種奇絕的淒其情緒來粧飾自己。在心境沉靜的人們心裏每個快樂多少都是用這種奇絕的淒其情緒來粧飾自己。

人生裏沒有一件別的東西像快樂的來去這麼飄忽，這麼驚人。若使我們今天在某一地方找到牠，明天再到那

there to-morrow. You cannot lay a trap for it. It will fall into no ambuscade, concert it ever so cunningly. Pleasure has no logic; it never treads in its own footsteps. Into our commonplace existence it comes with a surprise, like a pure white swan from the airy void into the ordinary village lake; and just as the swan, for no reason that can be discovered, lifts itself on its wings and betakes itself to the void again, it leaves us, and our sole possession is its memory.⁷⁰ And it is characteristic of pleasure that we can never recognise it to be pleasure till after it is gone. Happiness never lays its finger on its pulse.⁷¹ If we attempt to steal a glimpse of its features it disappears. It is a gleam of unreckoned gold. From the nature of the case, our happiness, such as in its degree it has been, lives in memory. We have not the voice itself; we have only its echo. We are never happy; we can only remember that we were so once. And while in the very heart and structure of the happy moment there lurked an obscure consciousness of death, the memory in which past happiness dwells is always a regretful memory. This is why the tritest utterance about the

70. Memory—小品文家都喜歡談「記憶」，那可說是他們的寶區。Hazlitt 有幾篇論 Memory 的文字尤妙。

兒尋覓就是徒然了。你們不能給牠安下一個陷阱。牠總不至於遇到埋伏，無論你們多麼狡猾地萬方設計。快樂是沒有遵守什麼規例的；牠絕不依着前次的足跡走路。牠令人驚喜地來到我們日常的生活裏，像一隻白天鵝從空中投到鄉村普通的湖裏；正同天鵝一樣，絕不能找到一個理由，牠又舉翼飛回空中了，牠離開我們，我們惟一所得的是牠的回憶。這是快樂的一個特徵，我們絕不能曉得牠是快樂，必得等到牠已過去了。快樂絕不用手指量一量自己的脈搏。若使我們想偷覷一下牠的形相。牠登時消失得毫無踪跡了。那是一堆沒有數過的黃金的一瞥。因為牠本質是這樣，我們的快樂原來到了什麼程度，也就那樣程度只在我們的記憶裏活着。我們沒有聽到原來的聲音，我們只聽到回響。我們當下不覺得快樂；我們只能記起我們曾經快樂過。在快樂時光的核心同組織裏既然埋伏了隱約的死的觀念，過去快樂所寄身的記憶又總是一種惘然的回憶。所以最俗套的關於過去

71. Happiness never lays its finger on its pulse—happiness never sounds its own feeling. 快樂絕沒有去測量自己的感覺。

past, youth, early love, and the like, has always about it an indefinable flavour of poetry, which pleases and affects. In the wake of a ship there is always a melancholy splendour. The finest set of verses⁷² of our modern time describes how the poet gazed on the 'happy autumn fields,' and remembered the 'days that were no more.' After all, a man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

In our warm imaginative youth, death is far removed from us, and attains thereby a certain picturesqueness. The grim thought stands in the ideal world as a ruin stands in a blooming landscape. The thought of death sheds a pathetic charm over everything then. The young man cools himself with a thought of the winding-sheet and the charnel, as the heated dancer cools himself on the balcony with the night-air. The young imagination plays with the idea of death, makes a toy of it, just as a child plays with edge-tools⁷³ till once it cuts its fingers. The most lugubrious poetry is written by very young and tolerably comfortable persons. When a man's mood becomes really serious he

72. The finest set of verses of our modern time—指 Tennyson 長詩 Princess 第四章開頭是 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what

，青春，少年戀史，以及這類事情的感慨總帶有一股難於形容的詩的氣味，那使我們喜歡，使我們感動。船走過去了所留的痕跡總有一陣愁慘的光榮。近代最美妙的一串詩開頭描寫詩人怎樣屬目於「快樂的秋之田野」，想到「不可再得的日子」。其實說起來，個人真正佔有的東西是他的回憶。別的東西不能使他富，別的東西也不能叫他窮。

在我們熱血奔騰，幻想豐富的年少時候，死跟我們還隔得很遠，因此有如遠景之可以入畫。這個猙獰的念頭站在思想裏正如一座廢墟站在各花盛開的美景裏。年青人用殮衣同埋屍所這些觀念來做清涼劑，正如熱烈地跳舞的人到露台去吸收夜的空氣涼爽一下。青年的想像玩弄死的觀念，拿來當一件玩意兒，正如小孩子耍有刃的東西，要等到牠打手指割傷了，纔知道厲害。最陰氣森森的詩歌是非常年青，都還舒服的人們寫下的。當一個人心境變成真真嚴肅了，他是不喜歡幹這樣無意識的

they mean' 那一段。

73. Edge-tools—cutting tools, 切東西的工具。

has little taste for such foolery. The man who has a grave or two in his heart,⁷⁴ does not need to haunt churchyards. The young poet uses death as an antithesis; and when he shocks his reader by some flippant use of it in that way, he considers he has written something mightily fine. In his gloomiest mood he is most insincere, most egotistical, most pretentious. The older and wiser poet avoids the subject as he does the memory of pain; or when he does refer to it, he does so in a reverential manner, and with some sense of its solemnity and of the magnitude of its issues. It was in that year of revelry, 1814, and while undressing from balls, that Lord Byron⁷⁵ wrote his 'Lara,'⁷⁶ as he informs us. Disrobing, and haunted, in all probability, by eyes in whose light he was happy enough, the spoiled young man, who then affected death-pallors, and wished the world to believe that he felt his richest wines powdered with the dust of graves—of which wine, notwithstanding, he frequently took more than was good for him—wrote.

74. Who has a grave or two in his heart—就是說他有一兩個親愛的人過去了。

75. Lord Byron—(1788—1824) 英國浪漫派詩人 少年英俊，生平韻

舉動。心頭有了一兩座墓的人用不着徘徊於教堂墳地之旁。年青的詩人用死來做對照；當他巧言滑舌地用死來做反面文章震動讀者的時候，他認為他寫了非常俏皮的東西。在他最愛鬱的心境裏他是最不誠懇，最自私，最妄自尊大。年紀老些，智慧多些的詩人躲避這個題目，正如他躲避苦痛的回憶；或者當他提起牠時候，他也是用一種凜然的態度，感到牠的尊嚴和牠所含的重大意義。拜倫爵士是當那縱飲之年，一八一四，從跳舞會回來脫下衣服時候寫出他的「拉刺」，他是這樣告訴我們。一面寬衣，一面大概縈心於喜歡他這個人的那班女子的美目。這位當時愛着死人的慘白臉色，要世人相信他覺得最芬郁的酒是沾有墳墓的灰塵——然而這種酒他常常喝得太多了——的被人們太容縱了的年青人寫出這麼一行詩。

事甚多，好作悲哀語，有時難免矯情。

76. Lara——一首長詩，述一個海盜和他的愛人（假裝為他的跟人）的冒險故事。

That sleep the loveliest, since it dreams the least.
The sleep referred to being death. This was meant to take away the reader's breath; and after performing the feat, Byron betook himself to his pillow with a sense of supreme cleverness. Contrast with this Shakspeare's far out-looking and thought-heavy⁷⁷ lines—lines which, under the same image, represent death—

To die—to sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!⁷⁸

And you see at once how a man's notions of death and dying are deepened by a wider experience. Middle age may fear death quite as little as youth fears it; but it has learned seriousness, and it has no heart to poke fun at the lean ribs, or to call it fond names like a lover, or to stick a primrose in its grinning chaps, and draw a strange pleasure from the irrelevancy.

The man who has reached thirty, feels at times as if he had come out of a great battle. Comrade after comrade has fallen; his own life seems to have been charmed.⁷⁹ And knowing how it fared with his

77. Thought-heavy—lader with thought, 滿是思想的。

78. 莎翁悲劇哈姆雷特中有名的獨語。

那個睡眠是最可留戀的，因為牠的夢最少。

這裏所說的睡眠是指死。這裏要使讀者出不了氣；幹了這個壯舉，拜倫就枕而眠，覺得自己聰明過人。試將這個和沙士比亞所見遠大的，思想堆得很厚重的名句——那是用同樣象徵來代表死的名句——

死去——睡去；——

睡去！也許會做夢；——吓，這是個麻煩；

因為在死的睡眠裏來的是那一種的夢呢！

你們立刻可以看出一個人更寬闊的經驗如何會使他關於死和彌留的觀念更見深刻。中年可以不怕死不下於青年；但是牠懂得嚴重，無心去向瘦削的肋骨開玩笑，或者用親昵的名字喊牠像一個愛人那樣，或者插一朵蓮馨花在牠猶笑的面頰，從這兩者的絕不調和得到樂趣。

年紀到了三十的人有時覺得他彷彿從一場大戰走出來。同伴一個一個地倒了；他自己的生命好像有什麼特別魔力保護着。知道了他朋友們所遭遇的是怎麼樣——

79. To have been charmed—to have been protected by magic,
受魔術的保護。

friends—perfect health one day, a catarrh the next, blinds drawn down,⁸⁰ silence in the house, blubbered faces of widow and orphans, intimation of the event in the newspapers, with a request that friends will accept of it, the day after—a man, as he draws near middle age, begins to suspect every transient indisposition; to be careful of being caught in a shower, to shudder at sitting in wet shoes; he feels his pulse, he anxiously peruses his face in a mirror, he becomes critical as to the colour of his tongue. In early life illness is a luxury, and draws out toward the sufferer curious and delicious tendernesses, which are felt to be a full overpayment of pain and weakness; then there is the pleasant period of convalescence,⁸¹ when one tastes a core and marrow of delight in meats, drinks, sleep, silence; the bunch of newlyplucked flowers on the table, the sedulous attentions and patient forbearance of nurses and friends. Later in life, when one occupies a post, and is in discharge of duties which are accumulating against recovery, illness and convalescence cease to be luxuries. Illness is felt to be a cruel interruption of the ordinary course of things, and the sick person

80. Blinds drawn down—英俗死人之家百葉窗緊閉。

81. The pleasant period of convalescence—Lamb, 有一篇小品文

今天十分健康，明天傷風感冒，於是屋裏的百葉窗拉下，家中到處是靜寂，寡婦孤兒哭腫了的臉孔，第二天報紙上提起這件事，還附帶個朋友們肯接收的請求——一個人當他走近中年時候，開始耽心於個個暫時的微恙；怕碰到驟雨，穿濕的鞋子坐着就嚇得打寒噤；他按自己的脈搏；他焦心地對鏡看自己的臉孔，他對於他舌頭顏色很加考究。早年裏病是一種享樂，使捱苦的人得到奇怪的，可口的溫存，那可認為苦痛同衰弱的完全賠償了；此後又有復元這個快樂時期，那是對於肉，飲料，睡眠，靜默都感到無上的欣歡；桌上新採來的一束鮮花，看護婦同朋友們的殷勤招呼同耐心忍受。後來，當一個人居一個位置，要執行職務，那是一天一天堆積起來等候他的恢復健康，病同復原都不是樂事了。病被認為是日常事情一個殘酷的阻礙，病人總是不安，有個

叫 The convalescent 在 The Lest Essay of Elia 集中，極能道出此中的妙味。

is harassed by a sense of the loss of time and the loss of strength. He is placed *hors de combat*,⁸² all the while he is conscious that the battle is going on around him, and he feels his temporary withdrawal a misfortune.⁸³ Of course, unless a man is very unhappily circumstanced, he has in his later illnesses all the love, patience, and attention which sweetened his earlier ones; but then he cannot rest in them, and accept them as before as compensation in full.⁸³ The world is ever with him,⁸⁴ through his interests and his affections he has meshed himself in an intricate net-work of relationships and other dependences, and a fatal issue—which in such cases is ever on the cards⁸⁵—would destroy all these, and bring about more serious matters than the shedding of tears. In a man's earlier illnesses, too, he had not only no such definite future to work out,⁸⁶ he had a stronger spring of life and hope; he was rich in time, and could wait; and lying in his chamber now,

82. *Hors de combat*--disabled, 無能.

83. In full--without reduction, 全額, 不折不扣.

84. The world is ever with him--Wordsworth, 有兩句詩, 可做這句話註脚.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,

失掉時間和失掉力氣的感覺。他真得失却戰鬥力了；他老是覺得戰爭還是在他四面進行着，而他暫時的撤退是件不幸。當然，除非一個人處於非常不幸的環境裏，他在中年害病的時候也可以有那些使他早年的害病變為樂事的一切愛情，耐心同注意；可是他不能安於這些上面了，不能像從前把這些看來十足的賠償了。世界總是同他有關係；因為他的利益同感情的緣故，他已經投身於非常紛亂的關係和其他依靠的密網裏去了，一個致命的結果——中年時候這是隨時會發現的——要毀壞這一切關係和依靠，帶來比淌眼淚更嚴重的事情。在一個人早年的疾病裏，他不但用不着解決這麼具體的將來問題，而且他更有強的生活力同希望；他有的是時候，能夠等

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.”

85. Which is ever on the cards—which is quite possible 那
是很可能的。

86. To work out—to accomplish by effort; to plan all details
of 努力造成；仔細計劃。

he cannot help remembering that, as Mr. Thackeray expresses it, there comes at last an illness to which there may be no convalescence. What if that illness be already come? And so there is nothing left for him, but to bear the rod with patience, and to exercise a humble faith in the Ruler of all.⁸⁷ If he recovers, some half-dozen people will be made happy; if he does not recover, the same number of people will be made miserable for a little while, and, during the next two or three days, acquaintances will meet in the street—'You've heard of poor So-and-so? Very sudden! Who would have thought it? Expect to meet you at——'s on Thursday. Good-bye.' And so the end. Your death and my death are mainly of importance to ourselves. The black plumes will be stripped off our hearses within the hour; tears will dry, hurt hearts close again, our graves grow level with the churchyard, and although we are away, the world wags on. It does not miss us; and those who are near us, when the first strangeness of vacancy wears off, will not miss us much either.

87. The Ruler of all—God, 上帝.

待着；現在躺在室中，他就免不了想起，像塔刻立先生所說的，那種沒有復元期的病此刻也許來臨了。假使那樣病已經來了，怎麼樣呢？他真是毫無辦法了，只好耐心忍受這鞭笞，低首相信全能的主宰。若使他病好了，半打左右的人們會高興；若使他的病不好，同樣數目的人們暫時會受苦；在最近二三天之內，認識他的人們在街上相遇會說道——「你聽可憐的某某的消息嗎？真來的突然！誰會料到？星期四在——處再會罷。再見。」就這麼結束了。你的逝世和我的逝世無非對於我們自己算是很重要的。黑羽毛在一小時之內將從我們的棺車摘下；淚也乾了，傷損的心兒又將傷痕補滿了；我們的墳墓將變成和禮拜堂的墓地地面一樣平，雖然我們不在了，世界還是搖搖擺擺望前行。牠並不懷念我們；我們親近的人們，當起先空虛的奇感消失了，也不會很感到我們的去世。

We are curious as to death-beds and death-bed sayings; we wish to know how the matter stands; how the whole thing looks to the dying. Unhappily—perhaps, on the whole, happily—we can gather no information from these. The dying are nearly as reticent as the dead. The inferences we draw from the circumstances of death, the pallor, the sob, the glazing eye, are just as likely to mislead us as not. Manfred⁸⁸ exclaims, 'Old man, 'tis not so difficult to die!' Sterling⁸⁹ wrote Carlyle⁹⁰ that it was all very strange, yet not so strange as it seemed to the lookers on.' And so, perhaps, on the whole it is. The world has lasted six thousand years now, and, with the exception of those at present alive, the millions who have breathed upon it—splendid emperors, horny-fisted clowns, little children in whom thought has never stirred—*have* died, and what they have done, we also shall be able to do. It may not be so difficult, may not be so terrible, as our fears whisper. The dead keep their secrets, and in a little while we shall be as wise as they—and as taciturn.

88. Manfred—拜倫長詩裏一個英雄。

89. Sterling—John Sterling (1806-1884) 文學家, Carlyle 爲他作一部傳記。

我們對於臨終和臨終的話具有好奇心；我們想知道事情到底是怎麼樣；從將死的人看來，全部的情形是如何。不幸得很——也許，就全局說起來是倖幸得很——我們不能從這些探到消息。將死的人幾乎是同死人一樣的緘默。從死的環境，顏色慘白，嗚咽，板滯的眼神，這些情形所得的推論錯與不錯的可能性相等。曼夫勒德喊道：「老頭子，死去並不是這麼一件難事！」司特令寫信告訴喀萊爾「死的確是非常奇怪的一件事，但是不如旁觀者所以爲的那麼奇怪。」也許大概的情形是如此罷。世界到如今已經有六千年了，除開現在活着的人們外，在那上面呼吸過的無數的億萬人們——堂皇的君王，手拳堅硬的鄉下人，以及思想絕沒有活動過的小孩子——都死了，他們所幹過了，我們當然也能夠幹，牠也許沒有那麼難，也許沒有那麼可怕，像我們的恐懼對我們所耳語的。死人保守他們的祕密，過一會兒，我們也將像他們那麼明白——也像他們那麼默然了。

90. Carlyle—Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) 英國大思想家，著有「英雄崇拜論」「衣服哲學」等。

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Meadow Thoughts

The old house stood by the silent country road, secluded by many a long, long mile, and yet again secluded within the great walls of the garden. Often and often I rambled up to the milestone which stood under an oak, to look at the chipped inscription low down—'To London, 79 miles.' So far away, you see, that the very inscription was cut at the foot of the stone, since no one would be likely to want that information. It was half hidden by docks and nettles, despised and unnoticed. A broad land this seventy-nine miles—how many meadows and corn-fields, hedges and woods, in that distance?—wide enough to seclude any house, to hide it like an acorn in the grass. Those who have lived all their lives in remote places do not feel the remoteness. No one else seemed to be conscious of the breadth that separated the place from the great centre, but it was, perhaps, that consciousness which deepened the solitude to me. It made the silence

草地上的默思

老屋站在鄉下裏寂寞的路旁，有許多哩路把牠同城市隔離，又有花園的大牆把牠圍着隔離起來。我常常信步走到站在一棵橡樹底下的一塊哩數標石，去瞧刻在低處的銘字——「離倫敦七十九哩」。跟大城是離這麼遠，你們看，連銘字都鑿在石頭的腳上，因為大概不會有人想知道這個情形。牠一半是被酸模同芋蕨遮住，受人蔑視，沒有人去注意牠。這七十九哩一片大平原——這裏面有多少草場同穀田，籬笆同森林？——廣闊到足以使任何屋子幽獨，把牠藏起像蔓草中的一粒橡實。一生都在幽靜遼遠的地方過活的人們不覺得牠的幽靜遼遠。其他別人沒有一個感到這地方同大城相距的漫漫長途，但是也許正是這樣意識使我更深切地覺得牠的寂寞。那使靜默更深沉了；使橡樹的影子移動得更慢了；

more still; the shadows of the oaks yet slower in their movement; everything more earnest.¹ To convey a full impression of the intense concentration of Nature² in the meadows is very difficult—everything is so utterly oblivious of man's thought and man's heart. The oaks stand—quiet, still—so still that the lichen loves them. At their feet the grass grows, and heeds nothing. Among it the squirrels leap, and their little hearts are as far away from you or me as the very wood of the oaks. The sunshine settles itself in the valley by the brook, and abides there whether we come or not. Glance through the gap in the hedge by the oak, and see how concentrated it is—all of it, every blade of grass, and leaf, and flower, and living creature, finch or squirrel. It is mesmerized upon itself.³ Then I used to feel that it really was seventy-nine miles to London, and not an hour or two only by rail, really all those miles. A great, broad province of green furrow and ploughed furrow between the old house and the city of the world. Such solace and solitude seventy-nine miles thick cannot be painted;

1. Earnest—serious; zealous, 嚴肅, 熱心.

2. The intense concentration of Nature, 「大自然」是這麼恬靜, 好像她正凝神着.

使一切東西更顯得嚴肅了。要完全傳出草場上「自」然潛心凝聚的神情是很不容易辦到的——一切東西是這麼渾然與人們的思想同人們的心兒毫不相關。橡樹站着——安詳寧靜——是這麼寧靜，蘚苔也愛上牠們了。牠們腳旁生有荒草，什麼事也不留意。草裏有松鼠跳躍，他們小心兒的不係你我正同橡樹的木頭不係我們一樣。陽光安身於谷裏的溪旁，滯在那兒，不管我們來或不來：請從橡樹旁籬笆上的罅隙看去，你看那是多麼恬然凝神——那一切，每片草，葉子，花朵，以及個個生物，黃雀或松鼠。那是把自己催眠了。當時我常覺得這跟倫敦真是相距七十九哩，並不是無非一兩點鐘火車上的旅行，的確有許多哩在中間。一片廣大的青畦溝同犁溝把老屋同俗世的大城隔開。七十九哩深這樣的安穩

3. It is mesmerized upon itself—使自己沈醉於自己了，還是前註的意思。

the trees cannot be placed far enough away in perspective. It is necessary to stay in it like the oaks to know it.

Lime-tree branches overhung the corner of the garden-wall, whence a view was easy of the silent and dusty road, till over-arching oaks concealed it. The white dust heated by the sunshine, the green hedges, and the heavily massed trees, white clouds rolled together in the sky, a footpath opposite lost in the fields, as you might thrust a stick into the grass, tender line leaves caressing the cheek, and silence. That is, the silence of the fields. If a breeze rustled the boughs, if a greenfinch called, if the cart-mare in the meadow shook herself, making the earth and air tremble by her with the convulsion of her mighty muscles, these were not sounds, they were the silence itself. So sensitive to it as I was, in its turn⁴ it held me firmly, like the fabled spells⁵ of the old time. The mere touch of a leaf was a talisman to bring me under the enchantment, so that I seemed to feel and know all that was proceeding among the grass-blades and in the bushes. Among the lime-trees along the wall the birds

4: In its turns—in its part in a rotation, 轉流到牠身上時候.

5. The fabled spells of the old time—古時故事裏常設有些妖

同孤寂是不能描狀的；透視法也無從把樹林放在夠遠的地方。必得滯在裏面像那棵橡樹纔能領略牠。

菩提樹的樹枝掛在花園圍牆的基角上，從那裏可以望見那條滿布塵土的靜寂道路，等到懸着如弓形的橡樹把牠遮住。陽光晒熱的白色塵埃，綠色的籬笆，滿載着果實的樹，天上卷在一起的白雲，對面沒於田地裏的一條小路，正如你擲一根手杖到草叢裏，柔嫩的菩提樹葉撫弄面頰，以外還有靜默。那是田地的靜默。若使有一陣和風吹動樹枝，若使有一隻黃鸝歌唱，若使草場上拖車的牝馬振身一下，以她堅硬筋肉的抽動使地面同空氣都震顫起來，這些不是聲音，牠們就是靜默的化身。我對於牠是具有這麼敏銳的感覺，牠轉過來也決然地把我抓住，像古時神話裏所說的魔力。一葉的觸手等於一道符咒使我魂迷，所以我好似感到同懂得青草裏同叢莽

怪有魔力，能把人迷住，變成糊塗了。

never built, though so close and sheltered. They built everywhere but there. To the broad coping-stones⁶ of the wall under the lime boughs speckled thrushes came almost hourly, sometimes to peer out and reconnoitre if it was safe to visit the garden, sometimes to see if a snail had climbed up the ivy. Then they dropped quietly down into the long strawberry patch immediately under. The cover of strawberries is the constant resource of all creeping things; the thrushes looked round every plant and under every leaf and runner. One toad always resided there, often two, and as you gathered a ripe strawberry you might catch sight of his black eye watching you take the fruit he had saved for you.

Down the road skims an eave-swallow,⁷ swift as an arrow, his white back making the sun-dried dust dull and dingy; he is seeking a pool for mortar, and will waver to and fro⁸ by the brook below till he finds a convenient place to alight. Thence back to the eave here, where for forty years he and his ancestors built in safety. Two white butterflies fluttering round each

6. Coping-stone—the stone of the highest course of a wall, often with a sloping top. 牆頂的石頭，常作斜坡狀。

7. Eave-swallow—swallow who builds under eaves, 築巢

裏一切進行的事情。牆邊菩提樹裏絕沒有鳥兒來做窩，雖然是這麼緊密同可避風雨。牠們到處築巢，却總不在這兒。菩提樹枝底下寬闊的牆頂石差不多每點鐘都有花斑的畫眉飛來，有時從此下望，窺探到花園去有無危險，有時看一看有沒有一隻蝸牛爬到長春藤上。然後他們悄悄地投到底下一長塊莓樹叢中。莓樹叢藪是一切爬蟲的匯聚所；畫眉向每株樹四旁，每片葉同每根纖匍枝底下探看。一隻蝦蟆總是蹲在那兒，常常有兩隻，當你檢起一粒已熟的莓時候，你也許會瞧見他的黑眼睛看你把他替你留下的菓子拿去。

一隻檐燕順着路掠飛而來，猛得像一條箭，他的白背使太陽晒乾的塵埃相形減色；他是在找個池沼取灰泥，在下面小溪之上，來往飛翔等到他尋出一個便於停足的地方。從那兒又回到這裏的檐上，四十年來他同他的祖宗都是安然築巢於此。兩隻白蝴蝶互相圍着飄蕩，

於檐下的燕子。

8. To and fro—backwards and forwards; up and down, 前後; 上下.

other rise over the limes, once more up⁹ over the house, and soar on till their white shows no longer against the illumined air. A grasshopper calls on the sward by the strawberries, and immediately fillips himself over seven leagues¹⁰ of grass blades. Yonder a line of men and women file across the field, seen for a moment as they pass a gateway, and the hay changes from hay-colour to green behind them as they turn the under but still sappy side upwards. They are working hard, but it looks easy, slow, and sunny. Finches fly out from the hedgerow to the overturned hay. Another butterfly, a brown one, floats along the dusty road—the only traveller yet. The white clouds are slowly passing behind the oaks, large puffed clouds, like deliberate loads of hay, leaving little wisps and flecks behind them caught in the sky. How pleasant it would be to read in the shadow! There is a broad shadow on the sward by the strawberries cast by a tall and fine-grown American crab tree.¹¹ The very place for a book; and although I know it is useless, yet I go and fetch one and dispose myself on the grass.

9. Up—rise up.

10. Seven leagues—從前有個傳說，有一雙鞋穿上了一步可走七

飛過菩提樹頂，又超過一回屋頂，一直往前飛，等到他們的白色不再襯着光天顯在眼前了。一隻蟋蟀在莓樹旁草地上細吟，立刻一下子跳過二十一哩的草片。那處一陣男女列隊穿着田地走，我們瞧見一會兒，當他們正行過一道門；他們後面的乾草從乾草色變成綠色，因他們的脚步把向底的，可是還有液汁的那一面翻轉過來。他們勤苦工作着，但是看起來好像從容不迫同和煦快樂。黃雀從籬笆飛到翻過來的乾草上去。又有一隻蝴蝶，櫻色的，順着塵埃瀰漫的道路飄遊——算做惟一的旅行者。白雲慢悠悠地在橡樹叢後移動，大塊的，漲着的雲團，好似一堆一堆細心捆好的乾草，留下小束同斑點，拘於天際。在蔭影裏讀書是多麼快樂呀！草場上莓樹旁有一大塊影子，那是一株高高的，長得很美觀的野蘋果樹射下的。這的是讀書的所在；雖然我曉得是徒然的，我却去拿一本書來，自己安身於草上。

league, 合二十一哩, 不知道跟載宗的甲馬比起來如何?

11. American crab-tree—crab-apple tree,

I can never read in summer out of doors. Though in shadow the bright light fills it, summer shadows are broadest daylight. The page is so white and hard the letters so very black, the meaning and drift¹² not quite intelligible, because neither eye nor mind will dwell upon it. Human thoughts and imaginings written down are pale and feeble in bright summer light. The eye wanders away, and rests more lovingly on greensward and green lime leaves. The mind wanders yet deeper and farther into the dreamy mystery of the azure sky. Once now and then,¹³ determined to write down that mystery and delicious sense while actually in it, I have brought out table and ink and paper, and sat there in the midst of the summer day. Three words, and where is the thought? Gone. The paper is so obviously paper, the ink so evidently ink, the pen so stiff; all so inadequate. You want colour, flexibility, light, sweet low sound—all these to paint it and play it in music, at the same time you want something that will answer to and record in one touch¹⁴ the strong throb of life and the thought or feeling, or whatever it is that goes out into the

12. Drift—purpost; meaning, 意義.

13. Now and then—occasionally, 偶然.

夏天裏我絕不能在戶外讀書。雖說是蔭影，明亮的陽光却滿照着，夏天的蔭影其實是最耀目的日光。書頁是這麼雪白同難堪，字母是墨黑得這麼厲害，意思同大旨不十分明瞭了，因為眼睛同心兒都不能專注到上面。寫下來的人類思想和幻想在夏天明亮光線之下變成灰白無力了。眼睛走到別處了，更癡心地落到青青草場同菩提樹片樹葉上面。心兒更深刻地，更遼遠地走到藍蔚天空夢一般的神祕裏去。有時，決定寫下這種神祕同甜蜜的感覺，當我正沉浸於裏面時候，我搬出桌子，墨水，紙，夏日豔麗中坐在那兒。寫下三個字，思想到那兒去了呢？消失了。紙是這麼分明地一張紙，墨水這麼顯然是墨水，筆是這麼生硬；一切都是這麼不合式。你需要色彩，柔性，光，甜蜜的低音——要這些東西來畫出那情調，要這些東西來構成音樂傳出那情調，同時你要某一個東西能響應同一下子記下生命力強烈的跳動同衝

14. Touch—stroke, 一筆: 描寫.

earth and sky and space, endless as a beam of light. The very shade of the pen on the paper tells you how utterly hopeless it is to express these things. There is the shade and the brilliant gleaming whiteness; now tell me in plain written words the simple contrast of the two. Not in twenty pages, for the bright light shows the paper in its common fibre-ground, coarse aspect, in its reality, not as a mind-tablet.¹⁵

The delicacy and beauty of thought or feeling is so extreme that it cannot be inked in,¹⁶ it is like the green and blue of field and sky, of veronica flower and grass blade, which in their own existence throw light and beauty on each other, but in artificial colours repel. Take the table indoors again, and the book: the thoughts and imaginings of others are vain, and of your own too deep to be written. For the mind is filled with the exceeding beauty of these things, and their great wondrousness and marvel. Never yet have I been able to write what I felt about the sunlight only. Colour and form and light are as magic to me. It is a trance. It requires a language of ideas to convey it. It is ten years since I last

15. Mind-tablet—英國經驗派哲學家認為人類一切知識都是來自經驗，沒有什麼先天的觀念 (innate ideas)，所以把人心比成一塊白板

入天地空間的，不絕如一線光明的思想，或者情感，或者其他任何東西。紙上筆的影子就告訴你想傳出這些情調是多麼完全絕望的事情。這裏有蔭影同明朗發亮的白色；現在請你用明白的字句來說出這二者簡單的相反。二十頁也說不完，因為明亮的陽光照出紙的本身，牠通常纖維的質地，粗糙的表面，牠的真實，不是彫上思想的板子。

思想或情感的精緻同美麗是這麼趨於極端，簡直不能用墨水勾來；牠是像田地同天空，水苔薺花同草片那種青色同藍色；牠們天然彼此互相增光同美，但是一變成人工的彩色就令人厭惡了。再把桌子同書搬進去罷；別人的思想同幻想是看不進去的，你自己的思想同幻想又深沉得無法描狀出來。因為心兒是充滿了這些東西非常的美妙同牠們的瑰奇偉麗。單是我對於陽光的感覺，我一向就無法傳之於墨筆。色，形，光對於我簡直是含有魔力。這是一陣的消魂。必定要全是觀念，不落言詮的文字纔能傳出內中的感覺。我前次躺在這塊草地上於

(tablet), 知識是後來刻上去的。

16. To be inked in—to be written down, 寫下來。

reclined on that grass plot, and yet I have been writing of it as if it was yesterday, and every blade of grass is as visible and as real to me now as then. They were greener towards the house, and more brown tinted on the margin of the strawberry bed, because towards the house the shadow rested longest. By the strawberries the fierce sunlight burned them.

The sunlight put out the books I brought into it just as it put out the fire on the hearth indoors. The tawny flames floating upwards¹⁷ could not bite the crackling sticks when the full beams came pouring on them. Such extravagance of light overcame the little fire till it was screened from the power of the heavens. So here in the shadow of the American crab tree the light of the sky put out the written pages. For this beautiful and wonderful light excited a sense of some likewise beautiful and wonderful truth, some unknown but grand thought hovering as a swallow above. The swallows hovered and did not alight, but they were there. An inexpressible thought quivered in the azure overhead; it could not be fully grasped, but there was a sense and feeling of its presence. Before that mere sense of its presence the

17. To bite -to burn, 燃燒.

今已十年了，然而我描摹時恍如是昨日的事，每片葉此時正同那時一樣顯明，一樣地真實。這些草近屋子那方更青些，莓樹叢旁更帶櫻色些，因為近屋子的地方蔭影滯得最久。莓樹旁邊猛烈的日光把牠們燒焦。

陽光把我帶到牠裏面去的書弄得黯淡無光，正如牠把戶內火爐處的火弄得黯淡無光。黃褐色上升火焰不能燃燒那發出嘎嘎聲的木頭，當充滿的日光瀉水一般向牠們射來。這種光線的揮霍把小火壓倒了，等到有簾幕把牠同天空的威力隔開。同樣地，在這裏野蘋果樹下，天光使寫着字的書頁顯出慘淡。因為這個美麗奇怪的光叫我們感到一種同樣美麗奇怪的真理，一些我們所不知的，但是很偉大的思想徘徊空中，有如燕子。燕子徘徊於上，并不棲止，但是牠們的確在那兒。一些說不出的思想在上頭藍蔚裏顫動；牠不讓我們一手抓到，却叫我們曉得同感到牠在那兒。只要一覺得牠的出現，微弱的

weak and feeble pages, the small fires of human knowledge, dwindled and lost meaning. There was something here that was not in the books. In all the philosophies and searches of mind there was nothing that could be brought to face it, to say, This is what it intends, this is the explanation of the dream. The very grass-blades confounded the wisest, the tender lime leaf put them to shame,¹⁸ the grasshopper derided them, the sparrow on the wall chirped his scorn. The books were put out, unless a screen were placed between them and the light of the sky—that is, an assumption, so as to make an artificial mental darkness. Grant some assumptions—that is, screen off the light—and in that darkness everything was easily arranged, this thing here and that yonder. But Nature grants no assumptions, and the books were put out. There is something beyond the philosophies in the light, in the grass-blades, the leaf, the grasshopper, the sparrow on the wall. Some day the great and beautiful thought which hovers on the confines of the mind will at last alight. In that is hope, the whole sky is full of abounding hope. Something beyond the books, that is consolation.

18. To put to shame—to disgrace by excelling, 羞辱之.

文字，人類智識的小火，就漸見衰落，以至於失却意義了。從這裏就可以見天下有些東西是書裏找不到的。在一切哲學同心靈的追求裏，沒有一件東西值得拿出來跟牠相對，說，「這是牠的意義，這是這一場夢的解釋。」草片就把最有智慧的人弄迷惑了，柔嫩的菩提樹葉叫他們慚愧，蟋蟀譏笑他們，牆上的黃雀歌唱出他的藐視。書籍是變成黯淡無光了，除非牠同天光用一個簾幕隔開——那是說，立一個假定，以做成人造的心靈黑暗。肯立下一些假定——那是說，把亮光遮住——在黑暗裏一切東西都易於安排，這個東西放這裏，那個東西放那裏。但是「自然」不許有這種假定，書籍於是就黯淡無光了。光，草片，葉子，蟋蟀，牆上的黃雀含有一種神祕，那是哲學力所不能及的。有一天，這些徘徊心中境界旁邊的偉大美麗思想會終於棲止人間了。這裏面含有一個希望，整個天空全是默默地含着這個希望。一些跳出書籍範圍以外的東西，這是個安慰。

The little lawn beside the strawberry bed, burned brown there, and green towards the house shadow, holds how many myriad grass-blades? Here they are all matted together, long and dragging each other down. Part them, and beneath them are still more, overhung and hidden. The fibres are intertangled, woven in an endless basket work and chaos of green and dried threads. A blamable profusion this; a fifth as many would be enough; altogether a wilful waste here. As for these insects that spring out of it as I press the grass, a hundredth part of them would suffice. The American crab tree is a snowy mount in spring; the flakes of bloom,¹⁹ when they fall, cover the grass with a film—a bushel of bloom, which the wind takes and scatters afar. The extravagance is sublime. The two little cherry trees are as wasteful; they throw away handfuls of flower: but in the meadows the careless, spendthrift ways of grass and flower and all things are not to be expressed. Seeds by the hundred million float with absolute indifference on the air. The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, and never hides a single acorn. Nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid

19. The flakes of bloom—這裏以雪片來比盛開的白花。

莓叢隣近的小草地，那方面燒焦了，近屋影的地方却是綠色，含有多少億萬的草片呢？這兒牠們都糾纏一起，長的，互相望下拉扯的。將牠們劈開，牠們底下却更多，被蓋着的，瞧不見的。牠的纖維是頭緒紛繁的，織成個無限複雜，像籃子一樣的組織，和綠色的，乾燥的一團混淆的線條。這真是個該罵的奢靡；只要五分之一就已夠了；這裏全是一場故意的浪費。至於我手一壓到草上，跳出來的小蟲，牠們的一百分之一就足夠了。野蘋果樹春天裏是一座雪山；雪片一般的繁花，當牠們下落，把草地鋪上一層薄膜——整籬的花，風兒來抓住，散之四方。那種奢靡真是壯麗。兩株小櫻桃樹是同樣的浪費；牠們扔開盈握的鮮花；但是草地上花草同其他東西浪子般，不在乎的態度是無法形容了。無數億兆的種子極端隨便地在空中浮遊。橡樹有十萬片多餘的葉子，而且一粒橡實也不隱藏。毫無唯用主義的精神——一切都是大規模的闊綽虛費。這樣高貴的，撒種似

waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste is delicious to behold. Never was there such a lying proverb as 'Enough is as good as a feast.' Give me the feast: give me squandered millions of seeds, luxurious carpets of petals, green mountains of oak leaves. The greater the waste, the greater the enjoyment—the nearer the approach to real life. - Casuistry is of no avail; the fact is obvious; Nature flings treasures abroad, puffs them with open lips along on every breeze, piles up lavish layers of them in the free open air, packs countless numbers together in the needles of a fir tree. Prodigality and superfluity are stamped on everything she does. The ear of wheat returns a hundredfold the grain from which it grew. The surface of the earth offers to us far more than we can consume—the grains, the seeds, the fruits, the animals, the abounding products are beyond the power of all the human race to devour. They can, too, be multiplied a thousandfold. There is no natural lack. Whenever there is lack among us it is from artificial causes, which intelligence should remove.

From the littleness, and meanness, and niggardliness forced upon us by circumstances, what a relief to turn aside to the exceeding plenty of Nature! There are no bounds to it, there is no comparison to

的，兩臂張開的浪費看起來真有意思。「足夠等於過多」，這是個再錯不過的一句俗話。給我過多罷！給我以亂花掉的百萬種子，柔軟如地氈的落下花瓣，青山似的橡樹葉子罷。越是過多，越是快樂——也更近于真實的生活了。詭辯曲解是無用的；事實非常分明；「自然」四散寶貝，用張開的嘴唇順着每陣和風把牠們吹飛，濫堆起無數層於自由的大氣之中，捆起數不盡的寶貝於一棵松樹的松針裏面。她所幹的一切都載有奢侈和多餘的色彩。麥穗還牠所從生的一粒種子以百倍的穀粒。地面所供給的遠超過我們所能消耗的——穀物，種子，鮮菓，走獸，豐富的產物是人類絕不能吃光的。而且，牠們還可以增加千倍。並沒有天然缺乏這麼一回事。無論何時我們感到缺乏，那是由於人造的原因，是智力所該想法消滅的。

看見了環境迫到我們身上的小氣，卑鄙同吝惜，再掉過頭來一瞧「自然」十分的豐饒，是多麼覺得神爽呀！牠沒有界限，沒有一個別的東西能夠跟牠比得上，牠的

parallel it, so great is this generosity. No physical reason²⁰ exists why every human being should not have sufficient, at least, of necessities. For any human being to starve, or even to be in trouble about the procuring of simple food, appears, indeed, a strange and unaccountable thing, quite upside down,²¹ and contrary to sense, if you do but consider a moment the enormous profusion the earth throws at our feet. In the slow process of time, as the human heart grows larger, such provision, I sincerely trust, will be made that no one need ever feel anxiety about mere subsistence. Then, too, let there be some imitation of this open-handed generosity and divine waste. Let the generations to come feast free of care, like my finches on the seeds of the mowing-grass, from which no voice drives them. If I could but give away as freely as the earth does!

The white-backed eave-swallow has returned many, many times from the shallow drinking-place by the brook to his half-built nest. Sometimes the pair of them cling to the mortar they have fixed under the eave, and twitter to each other about the progress of the work. They dive downwards with such velocity

20. Physical reason—就是指 natural lack.

慷慨是這麼偉大呀。從自然界裏找不出一個理由爲什麼個個人不能都得到，最少，生活的必需品。有人挨餓，甚至於有人會爲謀得粗食而焦慮，真是件沒有道理的奇怪事情，完全顛倒的，與常識相違的，假使你只想一下地面扔到我們腳旁的這巨大的豐饒產物。時間慢慢地過去，人心漸漸能并包兼容，我誠心相信能夠有這樣設備，沒有個人用得着爲糊口問題而操心。到那時，讓我們也以這種放開手的慷慨同神聖的浪費罷。讓將來的時代無憂無慮地大吃特吃，像我的黃雀吃割下的草的種子一樣，沒有聲音把牠們從那裏趕走。若使我能夠像地面那樣隨意給與，那是多麼好呀！

白背的簷燕從溪旁的淺水回到他築成一半的巢窩已經有許多回了。有時，他們一對抓着他們黏在簷下的泥土，彼此呢喃，漫話他們工作的進行。當他們鬆腳時

21. Upside down--inverted, 相反的。

when they quit hold that it seems as if they must strike the ground, but they shoot up again, over the wall and the lime trees. A thrush has been to the arbour yonder twenty times; it is made of crossed laths, and overgrown with 'tea-plant,'²² and the nest is inside the lath-work. A sparrow has visited the rose tree by the wall—the buds are covered with aphides. A brown tree-creeper has been to the limes, then to the cherries, and even to a stout lilac stem. No matter how small the tree, he tries all that are in his way. The bright colours of a bullfinch were visible a moment just now, as he passed across the shadows farther down the garden under the damson trees and into the bushes. The grasshopper has gone past and along the garden-path, his voice is not heard now; but there is another coming. While I have been dreaming,²³ all these and hundreds out in the meadow have been intensely happy. So concentrated on their little work in the sunshine, so intent on the tiny egg, on the insect captured, on the grass-tip to be carried to the eager fledglings,²⁴ so joyful in listening to the song poured out for them or in pouring it forth, quite

22. Tea-plant—a climbing shrub with small lilac flowers, 一種爬樹, 有淡紫色小花.

候，他們這麼猛烈地望下衝去，好像他們一定會觸地，但是他們又一直飛起，飛過牆頭同菩提樹。一隻畫眉到那邊的亭子有二十次了；那是交互的條板做成的，外面長上茶樹，巢是在編織的條板的裏面。一隻黃雀來訪問牆旁的玫瑰樹——花蕾上滿是蚜蟲。一隻櫻色的旋木雀到菩提樹去，然後到櫻桃樹，甚至於棲止在紫丁香花的粗幹上。不管是株多麼細弱的樹，是他路之所經的他總得試一試。剛纔看見大鸞鮮明的彩色一瞥眼過去，當他路過花園那邊小梅樹蔭影之下，穿入灌木叢中。蟋蟀走過花園裏的小路，他的聲音現在聽不見了；但是另有一個來。當我這樣沉醉於夢的情調時候，這許多以及草地裏成千成萬的東西都正在興高彩烈。是這樣專心於他們太陽光下的小工作，這樣注意于他們的小蛋，攪得的小蟲同將帶給渴望着的小鳥的草尖，這樣快樂傾聽為他們而唱的歌聲或者自己振喉高唱，完全忘却其他一切的東

23. Dreaming—day-dreaming, 白天做夢。

24. Fledgling—young bird, 小鳥。

oblivious of all else. It is in this intense concentration that they are so happy. If they could only live longer!—but a few such seasons for them—I wish they could live a hundred years just to feast on the seeds and sing and be utterly happy and oblivious of everything but the moment they are passing. A black line has rushed up from the espalier apple yonder to the housetop thirty times at least. The starlings fly so swiftly and so straight that they seem to leave a black line along the air. They have a nest in the roof, they are to and fro it and the meadow the entire day, from dawn till eve. The espalier apple, like a screen, hides the meadow from me, so that the descending starlings appear to dive into a space behind it. Sloping downwards the meadow makes a valley; I cannot see it, but know that it is golden with buttercups, and that a brook runs in the groove of it.

Afar yonder I can see a summit beyond where the grass swells upwards to a higher level than this spot. There are bushes and elms whose height is decreased by distance on the summit, horses in the shadow of the trees, and a small flock of sheep crowded, as is their wont, in the hot and sunny gateway. By the side of the summit is a deep green trench, so it looks

西了。因為是這樣熱心地精神專注，他們纔得如是欣歡。若使他們能夠命活得長些！——只要能過幾季這樣的生活也是好的——我希望他們能夠活一百歲，只是儘量大吃種子，歌唱，極端怡然，忘却了一切，只曉得當下的良好時光。一條黑線從那邊蘋果棚突然射到屋頂最少有三十回了。掠鳥飛得這麼疾，這麼直，他們彷彿留下一條黑線在空中。他們有個窩在屋頂，終日自破曉到黃昏就來往於屋頂與草地之間。蘋果棚像個簾幕將草地遮住，使我看不見，所以下降的掠鳥好似突入牠後面的一個空間。向下傾斜去，草地變成一個谷；我不能瞧見牠，但是知道那是叢生了毛茛，顯出金黃色，有一條溪流過谷裏的細溝。

那邊遠處，我能望見一個高原，高原之後草向上長，比此地高一層。高原上生有灌木同榆樹，牠們的高度因為距離遠而減低了，樹影裏有幾匹馬，一小羣羊聚在太陽晒得很熱的門口，牠們總是喜歡這樣。高原旁邊，從這兒看去，有一個綠色的深溝；其實是條河道深

from here, in the hill-side: it is really the course of a streamlet worn deep in the earth. I can see nothing between the top of the espalier screen and the horses under the elms on the hill. But the starlings go up and down into the hollow space, which is aglow with golden buttercups, and, indeed, I am looking over a hundred finches eagerly searching, sweetly calling, happy as the summer day. A thousand thousand grasshoppers are leaping, thrushes are labouring, filled with love and tenderness, doves cooing—there is as much joy as there are leaves on the hedges. Faster than the starling's flight my mind runs up²⁵ to the streamlet in the deep green trench beside the hill.

Pleasant it was to trace it upwards, narrowing at every ascending step, till the thin stream, thinner than fragile glass, did but merely slip over the stones. A little less and it could not have run at all, water could not stretch out to greater tenuity. It smoothed the brown growth on the stones, stroking it softly. It filled up tiny basins of sand and ran out at the edges between minute rocks of flint. Beneath it went under thickest brooklime, blue flowered, and serrated waterparsnips, lost like many a mighty river for awhile among a

25. My mind runs up--my fancy hurries to, 我的幻想跑到。

陷入地中。在樹棚的頂同山上榆樹下的馬匹中間，我瞧不出什麼。但是掠鳥飛進飛出這個空間，那是叢生了毛茛，顯出金黃色，真的，我看見許多黃雀熱烈地覓食，甜蜜地叫喚，快樂得有如夏天。整千整萬的蟋蟀跳動着，畫眉工作着，滿心是愛同柔情，鴿子作鴿鴿聲——樂事真是有如籬上綠葉那麼多。比掠鳥飛得更快，我神馳到山旁綠色深溝裏的溪水。

這真快樂，望上追蹤這個溪水，牠是一步一步窄上去的，等到末了這條細流，比纖草還細，只是在石頭上滑過。再小一點兒，就不能流動了，水是無法弄得更細的。牠洗滑石上長的櫻色東西，輕輕地撫摩着。牠灌滿沙礫砌成的小凹處，從小燧石的兩旁流出。下邊，牠從極密的開着綠花的婆婆納同鋸齒形的防風草底下走過，

forest of leaves. Higher up masses of bramble and projecting thorn stopped the explorer, who must wind²⁶ round the grassy mound. Pausing to look back a moment there were meads under the hill with the shortest and greenest herbage, perpetually watered, and without one single buttercup, a strip, of pure green among yellow flowers and yellowing²⁷ corn. A few hollow oaks on whose boughs the cuckoos stayed to call, two or three peewits coursing up and down, larks singing, and for all else silence. Between the wheat and the grassy mound the path was almost closed, burdocks and brambles thrust the adventurer outward to brush against the wheat-ears. Upwards till suddenly it turned, and led by steep notches in the bank, as it seemed, down to the roots of the elm trees. The clump of elms grew right²⁸ over a deep and rugged hollow; their branches reached out across it, roofing²⁹ in the cave.

Here was the spring, at the foot of a perpendicular rock, moss-grown low down, and overrun with creeping ivy higher. Green thorn bushes filled the chinks and made a wall to the well, and the long narrow

26. To wind—to go in curved course, 繞過去。

27. Yellowing—turning yellow, 正在轉黃色。

像許多大河那樣暫時隱藏於羣葉之中。再高些，一堆一堆的覆盆子同伸出來的荆棘把探幽者擋住了，他必得繞着這塊草丘走。停步回頭一看，山下有小草地，長有極短極綠的草，永遠有水灌溉着，沒有一根毛茛，是黃花同轉黃的穀粒中的一條純綠。幾棵空心的橡樹，鴿子就棲息枝上發出鴿鴿聲音，兩三隻田鳥上下飛翔，天鵝歌唱着，此外就是靜寂了。麥田同草丘之間路差不多塞滿了，牛蒡同覆盆子將探險者推出來去拂麥田的麥穗。一直上升，等到忽然轉個方向，順着兩岸的陡谷，好像一直引到榆樹的根旁。榆叢的正底下有個崎嶇的深坑；牠們的樹枝斜橫於上面，將這個洞蓋住。

泉水就出這裏，在壁直岩石的腳旁，岩石下部滿生了蘚苔；高一些都是爬藤。綠色的茨叢塞着裂罅，做成了這口井的一面圍牆，長而窄的鳳尾草一條一條附於峭

28. Right over—directly over, 剛在上面。

29. Roofing—covering with roof, 蓋着；遮着

hart's-tongue streaked the face of the cliff. Behind the thick thorns hid the course of the streamlet, in front rose the solid rock, upon the right hand the sward came to the edge—it shook every now and then as the horses in the shade of the elms stamped their feet—on the left hand the ears of wheat peered over the verge. A rocky cell in concentrated silence of green things. Now and again a finch, a starling, or a sparrow would come meaning to drink—athirst from the meadow or the cornfield—and start and almost entangle their wings in the bushes, so completely astonished that any one should be there. The spring rises in a hollow under the rock imperceptibly, and without bubble or sound. The fine sand of the shallow basin is undisturbed—no tiny water-volcano pushes up a dome of particles. Nor is there any crevice in the stone, but the basin is always full and always running over. As it slips from the brim a gleam of sunshine falls through the boughs and meets it. To this cell I used to come once now and then on a summer's day, tempted, perhaps, like the finches, by the sweet cool water, but drawn also by a feeling that could not be analysed. Stooping, I lifted the water in the hollow of my hand—carefully, lest the sand might be

壁之上。泉水的來路隱匿於濃密的茨叢之後，堅固的岩石立在前面，右邊草地直到邊際——泉水時時顫動，當榆樹影裏的馬兒在那兒頓足——左邊麥穗從邊際俯視着。綠物的十分靜寂之中一所岩石的小穴。有時一隻黃雀，一隻掠鳥或者一隻麻雀來這兒打莫飲水——從草地或穀田口喝飛來——驚愕一下，幾乎將牠們的翅膀纏在茨叢裏，他們是這麼奇怪會有人來到這兒。泉水不知不覺地從岩石下一空處湧出，沒有潺潺的聲音，真是一點兒也不響。淺凹處裏面的細砂是絲毫不動的——並沒有向上爆發的水散出一圈一圈的水泡。當牠滑出凹處的邊沿時候。一線日光從樹枝射來，與牠相遇。夏天裏我常到這個小穴，也許像黃雀一樣，給甜蜜的冷水所引誘，但是還有一種不能分析的感覺把我拉來。彎下腰來，我用掌心盛水——小心地，怕的是沙會被擾動了——當牠

disturbed—and the sunlight gleamed on it as it slipped through my fingers. Alone in the green-roofed cave, alone with the sunlight and the pure water, there was a sense of something more than these. The water was more to me than water, and the sun than sun. The gleaming rays on the water in my palm held me for a moment, the touch of the water gave me something from itself. A moment, and the gleam was gone, the water flowing away, but I had had them. Beside the physical water and physical light I had received from them their beauty; they had communicated to me this silent mystery. The pure and beautiful water, the pure, clear, and beautiful light, each had given me something of their truth.

So many times I came to it, toiling up the long and shadowless hill in the burning sunshine, often carrying a vessel to take some of it home with me. There was a brook, indeed; but this was different, it was the spring; it was taken home as a beautiful flower might be brought. It is not the physical water, it is the sense of feeling that it conveys. Nor is it the physical sunshine; it is the sense of inexpressible beauty which it brings with it. Of such I still drink, and hope to do so still deeper.

順我手指滑去時候，陽光照着牠。獨自在這綠色蓋着的小穴，獨自跟陽光同淨水一起，我所感覺到的不止這些東西。對於我水不是普通的水，太陽也不是普通的太陽了。我手掌裏的水反映的陽光使我凝神一會兒，水的接觸給我以牠特有的感覺。一會兒，光散了，水流了，但是我已獲得牠們的神髓了。在物質上的水同物質上的光之外，我還從牠們得到牠們的美；牠們與我以這個默然的神祕。潔淨美麗的水，潔淨美麗而明澈的光，各給我以牠們真實的一部分，

有許多次我到這裏來，在灼熱的陽光之下勉力走上這長的，沒有蔭影的小山，常常帶一隻瓶去取一些水回家。鄰近有一條小河，不錯；但是這個却不同，牠是泉水；把牠帶回正如採一朵美麗的花回家。重要的不在物質上的水，而在牠所含的那種情調，不在物質上的日光，而在牠所帶來的無法形容的甜美感覺。我現在還是喝這種飲料，希望能夠更深切地喝着。

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Actors.

Most people, I suppose, at one time or another in their lives, have felt the charm of an actor's life, as they were free to fancy it, well-nigh irresistible.

What is it to be a great actor? I say a great actor, because (I am sure) no amateur ever fancied himself a small one. Is it not always to have the best parts¹ in the best plays; to be the central figure of every group; to feel that attention is arrested the moment you come on the stage; and (more exquisite satisfaction still) to be aware that it is relaxed when you go off; to have silence secured for your smallest utterances; to know that the highest dramatic talent has been exercised to invent situations for the very purpose of giving effect to *your* words and dignity to *your* actions; to quell all opposition by the majesty of your bearing or the brilliancy of your wit; and finally, either to triumph over disaster, or if you be cast in

1. Parts—particular characters acted in a drama, 戲中的

戲 子

許多人，我想，一生裏總有一個時期覺得戲子生活，他們自己所臆測的，具有幾乎不能抵抗的魔力。

當一個名角是怎麼樣呢？我說一個名角，因為（我敢說）沒有一個喜歡唱戲的人曾經承認自己是個小戲子。那豈不是常常演最好劇本裏那些最好的脚色；做每一羣脚色裏的中心人物；覺得你一上台，大家注意都被吸到你身上來；而且（那是更甜蜜的滿意）知道空氣不會那麼緊張了，當你下台時候；就是你最細微的一句話，大家也得肅靜傾聽，知道最高的編劇天才一向從事於創造局面，他們惟一的目的是使「你」的話動人，「你」的行動莊嚴；利用你態度的堂皇或者你才智的燦爛來壓下一切反對的勢力；最後，也許是打倒不幸，得勝而

脚色。

tragedy, happier still, to die upon the stage, supremely pitied and honestly mourned for at least a minute? And then, from first to last,² applause loud and long—not postponed, not even delayed, but following immediately after. For a piece of diseased egotism³—that is, for a man⁴—what a lot is this!

How pointed, how poignant the contrast between a hero on the boards⁵ and a hero in the streets! In the world's theatre⁶ the man who is really playing the leading part—did we but know it—is too often, in the general estimate, accounted but one of the supernumeraries, a figure in dingy attire, who might well be spared, and who may consider himself well paid with a pound a week. *His* utterances procure no silence. He has to pronounce them as best he may, whilst the gallery sucks its orange, the pit pares, its nails, the boxes babble, and the stalls yawn. Amidst these pleasant distractions he is lucky if he is heard at all; and perhaps the best thing that can befall him is for somebody to think him worth the trouble of a hiss. As for applause, it may chance with such men,

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2. From first to last—from beginning to end, 從始至終。
 3. Diseased egotism—abnormal egotism, 病態的利己主義。
 4. For a man—這裏譏笑人們都是病態的利己主義者。

回，或者，若使你演悲劇，那麼更幸福了，就在舞台上死去，受人們深刻地憐憫，誠實地哀悼，最少有一分鐘？而且，從始至終，響亮的，長久的喝彩——不是延期的，甚至於不是猶豫的，却是立刻跟着的。由一個病態的惟我主義者看來——這就是說由一個凡人看來——這是個多麼可羨的命運呀！

舞台上的英雄同大街上的英雄的顯著差異是多麼分明，多麼痛切！在世界舞台上，真真正正主要的脚色——假使我們看得出——常常被一般人們認為不過是個冗物，一個色彩暗淡的人，十分用不着的，他假使每星期掙到一鎊錢，就得自滿，以為得到很好的報酬了。「他」說的話沒有人靜默去聽。他得儘他的本領把那些話好好地說出，而樓座人們却在那兒吮啜橘子，後廳人們却在那兒修指甲，包廂人們却在喋喋胡談，正廳人們却在打呵欠。在這些樂意的紛擾之中，他總算運氣好，若使有人肯去聽他說的話；也許，他所能遇到的最好事情是有人會以為他還值得一聽。至於喝彩，這班人也許會碰到，

5. The boards—the stage,

6. The world's theatre—the world is a theatre, the earth a stage, 這是十七世紀英國詩人 Thomas Heywood, 的名句。

if they live long enough, as it has to the great ones who have preceded them, in their old age.

‘When they are frozen up within, and quite

The phantom of themselves,

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost

Which blamed the living man.’

The great actor may sink to sleep, soothed by the memory of the tears or laughter he has evoked, and wake to find the day far advanced, whose close is to witness the repetition of his triumph; but the great man will lie tossing and turning as he reflects on the seemingly unequal war he is waging with stupidity and prejudice, and be tempted to exclaim, as Milton⁷ tells us he was, with the sad prophet Jeremy: ‘Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of strife and contention!’

The upshot⁸ of all this is, that it is a pleasanter thing to represent greatness than to be great.

But the actor’s calling is not only pleasant in itself—it gives pleasure to others. In this respect, how favourably it contrasts with the three learned professions!⁹

7. Milton—John Milton (1608-1674), 英國大詩人,「失樂園」的作者。

假使他們的命活得夠長，正如生於他們之前那些大人物所遭遇的，在他們老年時候，

「當他們心裏凍得冷冰冰了，
外面也只剩有從前他們的影子，
聽到世界向這空心的幽靈喝彩，
從前却漫罵他，當他是個活人時候。」

偉大的戲子可以記起他所激發的淚或笑，覺得安慰而入睡，醒時看見早晨已經去一大半了，黃昏時他的勝利又將重現出來；但是偉人却將輾轉反側躺着，當他想到他跟愚蠢同偏見所打的這個好像戰鬥力不平均的仗，他將像米爾敦告訴我們的那樣，學起悲哀預言者澤里米的口吻，吶喊道：「悲哉，我的母親呀，你生下了我，一個競爭奮鬥的人！」

這些話的結論是：扮一個偉人比當一個偉人是可樂得多。

戲子的職業不單本身是可樂的——牠而且使別人快樂。在這方面，牠同三種學者職業比較起來是好得多了！

8. Upshot—conclusion, 結論。

9. The three learned profession—指牧師，律師，醫生這三種職業。

Few pleasures are greater than to witness some favourite character, which has hitherto been but vaguely bodied forth by our sluggish imaginations, invested with all the graces of living man or woman. A distinguished man of letters, who years ago was wisely selfish enough to rob the stage of a jewel and set it in his own crown, has addressed to his wife some radiant lines which are often on my lips:

‘Beloved, whose life is with mine own entwined,
In whom, whilst yet thou wert my dream, I viewed,
Warm with the life of breathing womanhood,
What Shakespeare’s visionary eye divined—
Pure Imogen;¹⁰ high-hearted Rosalind,¹¹
Kindling with sunshine all the dusk greenwood;
Or changing with the poet’s changing mood,
Juliet,¹² or Constance¹³ of the queenly mind.’
But a truce to these compliments.

‘I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.’¹⁴

It is idle to shirk disagreeable questions, and the one I have to ask is this, ‘Has the world been wrong in regarding with disfavour and lack of esteem the great profession of the stage?’

10. Imogen—莎翁悲劇 *Cymbelæ*, 中一個被冤枉的賢妻。

11. Rosalind—莎翁喜劇 *As You Like It* 中一個快樂的姑娘。

12. Juliet—莎翁悲劇 *Rome & Juliet* 中殉情的少女。

世上沒有幾件樂事能夠超過看到所愛好的戲中人物，一向只靠我們這遲鈍的想像模糊地把牠虛擬出來，現在却加上活人一切優美的儀容態度了。一個有名的文人許多年前自私自利得很聰明，把舞台上一朵明星搶去，安在自己冠冕上面，他獻給他妻子幾行漂亮的詩，是常在我的嘴上：

「親愛的人兒，她的生命跟我自己的連在一起了，

當你還只是我的夢中人時候，在你身上我看到沙士比亞的靈眼所預先瞧見的，

却加上了生機活潑的女性生命——

你是潔淨的易摩真：心地高尚的洛紮林德，

用精神陽光照耀了朦朧的綠林，

或者隨詩人變換的心境而變換，

是個朱麗葉，或者端莊有如皇后的昆絲坦司。」

但是不再說這些贊美戲子的話罷。

「我是來安埋該撒，不是來贊美該撒。」

躲避不快意的問題是沒有用的，我所要發的問題是這個，「世人到底有沒有錯，那樣嫌惡同瞧不起舞台這個大職業？」

13. Constance—莎翁歷史劇 King John 中一個良母。

14. 這是莎翁悲劇 Julius Caesar 中的名句。

That the world, ancient and modern, has despised the actor's profession cannot be denied. An affecting story I read many years ago—in that elegant and entertaining work. Lemprière's 'Classical Dictionary'—well illustrates the feeling of the Roman world. Julius Decimus Laberius was a Roman knight and dramatic author, famous for his mimes, who had the misfortune to irritate a greater Julius,¹⁵ the author of the 'Commentaries,' when the latter was at the height of his power. Cæsar, casting about¹⁶ how best he might humble his adversary, could think of nothing better than to condemn him to take a leading part in one of his own plays. Laberius entreated in vain. Cæsar was obdurate, and had his way.¹⁷ Laberius played his part—how, Lemprière sayeth not; but he also took his revenge, after the most effectual of all fashions, the literary. He composed and delivered a prodogue of considerable power, in which he records the act of spiteful tyranny, and which, oddly enough, is the only specimen of his dramatic art that has come down to us. It contains lines which, though they do not seem to have made Cæsar, who sat smirking in

15. Julius 指 Julius Cæsar.

16. Casting about—trying to discover, 試去找。

古往今來世上的人們對於優伶職業加以藐視，這是個無法否認的事實。許多年前我念過的一篇動人的故事——見於那部秀麗有趣的著作，楞普里耳的「古典辭林」——很可以描摹羅馬時代人們的意見。朱理亞·狄西馬斯·拉俾立阿斯是羅馬一個騎士同編劇家，以啞劇有名於當世，不幸觸怒了一個比他更偉大的朱理亞，「紀事」的作者，而且當這第二個朱理亞威權極盛的時候。該撒細思怎樣最能使他的敵人丟臉，覺得最好的法子是他演他自己編的一本劇裏的主角。拉俾立阿斯懇求無效。該撒絕不通融，一定要爲所欲爲。拉俾立阿斯演他所扮的角色了——怎樣演呢，楞普里耳却沒有說；但是他也報復一下，而且是各種樣子裏最可怕的那一個，文字上的報復。他編好背出一段頗有力氣的序詞，記載這可鄙的專制行爲，真是奇怪，他所編的戲劇只有這一小段流傳下來，做個樣子。裏面有些文字確然好像沒有使坐在

17. To have one's way—to carry out one's purpose, 達到目的。

the stalls, blush for himself, make us, 1,900 years afterwards, blush for Cæsar. The only lines, however, now relevant are, being interpreted, as follows:

‘After having lived sixty years with honour, I left my home this morning a Roman knight, but I shall return to it this evening an infamous stage-player. Alas! I have lived a day too long.’

Turning to the modern world, and to England, we find it here the popular belief that actors are by statute rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. This, it is true, is founded on a misapprehension of the effect of 39 Eliz. chap. 4, which only provides that common players wandering abroad without authority to play, shall be taken to be ‘rogues and vagabonds;’ a distinction which one would have thought was capable of being perceived even by the blunted faculties of the lay mind.

But the fact that the popular belief rests upon a misreading of an Act of Parliament three hundred years old does not affect the belief, but only makes it exquisitely English,¹⁸ and as a consequence entirely irrational.

18. Exquisitely English—這是嘲笑英國人是多半不懂道理專重成見的。

正廳上強裝笑容的該撒報顏，却使一千九百年後的我們替該撒報顏。可是同我們現在所說有關的文句解釋起來是如下：

「光榮地活了六十年了，今早離家時我是一個羅馬騎士，今晚回去時我却是個聲名狼藉的戲子。唉呀。我多活這一天了。」

轉過來看一看近代世界同英國，我們聽見在這兒大家都相信按法律戲子是真做無賴，浪子同頑梗的乞丐。不錯，這是由於誤解伊利沙伯朝三十九年所頒的法令第四章的意思，那只指定沒有得到演劇權利，到處漫遊的普通戲子當被認做「無賴同浪子」；這麼一種分別人們會以為就是外行人的遲鈍感覺也可以看出。

但是這個事實，一種普遍的意見由於誤解三百年前議會所通過的一個法令，并不變更那個意見，只使牠更顯得帶有英國習氣，因此是完全沒有道理的。

Is there anything to be said in support of this once popular prejudice?

It may, I think, be supported by two kinds of arguments. One derived from the nature of the case, the other from the testimony of actors themselves.

A serious objection to an actor's calling is that from its nature it admits of no other test of failure or success than the contemporary opinion of the town. This in itself must go far¹⁹ to rob life of dignity. A Milton may remain majestically indifferent to the 'barbarous noise' of 'owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs,' but the actor can steel himself to no such fortitude. He can lodge no appeal to posterity. The owls must hoot, the cuckoos cry, the apes yell, and the dogs bark on his side, or he is undone. This is of course inevitable, but it is an unfortunate condition of an artist's life.

Again, no record of his art survives to tell his tale or account for his fame. When old gentlemen wax garrulous over actors dead and gone, young gentlemen grow somnolent. Chippendale the cabinet-maker is more potent than Garrick²⁰ the actor. The vivacity of the latter no longer charms (save in Boswell);²¹ the

19. To go far—to achieve much, 很成功。

20. Garrick—David Garrick (1717-1779), 英國十八世紀名角。

關於這個曾經風行一時的偏見到底有什麼話可以替牠辯護呢？

我想可以用兩種理由來辯護。一個是根據這種職業的本質，一個是根據戲子們自己的證據。

戲子職業一個嚴重的毛病是由於牠的本質。牠除開當時城市裏人們的意見外不能有其他成敗的標準。這一點就大可以使生活失去尊嚴。像米爾敦那麼一個大詩人可以儼然地不理「貓頭鷹，杜鵑，驢子，猴子，狗，」「野蠻的叫聲，」但是一個戲子不能這麼剛愎冷然。他不能留下什麼訴諸後世。貓頭鷹，杜鵑，猴子，狗必得叫喊啼吠來喝他的采，否則他就毀了。這當然是無法避免的事情，但是這是一個藝術家生活的一個不幸條件。

而且，他的藝術沒有留下什麼記載來說出他的藝術或者解釋他的所以成名。當老年人津津有味細談起已死的過去戲子，年青人就昏昏思睡了。細工木匠契盆對爾是比戲子加立克更有勢力。後者的輕快活潑不再感動我

21. Boswell—James Boswell (1740-1795), 約翰生傳記的作者

chairs of the former still render rest impossible in a hundred homes.

This, perhaps, is why no man of lofty genius or character has ever condescended to remain an actor. His lot pressed heavily even on so mercurial a trifler as David Garrick, who has given utterance to the feeling in lines as good perhaps as any ever written by a successful player:

‘The painter’s dead, yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives his fame shall never die;
But he who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce protract his fame thro’ half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
Both art and artist have one common grave.’

But the case must be carried farther than this, for the mere fact that a particular pursuit does not hold out any peculiar attractions for soaring spirits will not justify us in calling that pursuit bad names.²² I therefore proceed to say that the very act of acting, *i.e.*, the art of mimicry, or the representation of feigned emotions called up by sham situations, is, in itself, an occupation an educated man should be slow to adopt as the profession of a life.

22. Calling bad names--applying disparaging terms, 罵.

們了（除開在波茲衛爾的書裏）；前者做的椅子還使一百個家庭不能安坐。

也許因此所以沒有一個才力或者性格崇高的人肯屈身甘於永遠當一個戲子。戲子的命運甚至於使像大關·加立克這麼一個生性樂天，隨隨便便的人也覺得有沈重的担壓着，他用其他成功戲子所未會寫下的那麼精美文字來發洩這種牢騷：

「畫家死了，然而他還能使人們看着喜悅，
英國存在於世上時候，他的令譽絕不會滅亡；
可是在戲台上大踏步走來走去的人，
他的令譽幾乎不能夠延長到下半代；
文字同圖畫都不能救起戲子——
藝術家死了，藝術也就隨之俱亡。」

但是話還得講深一層，因為單單這麼一個事實，某一種事業在志趣高尚人們看來沒有什麼特別好處，還不足貽我們以口實來漫罵這種事業。因此我接着要說做戲這個舉動——摹擬的藝術，或者可以叫做虛設情境所引起的假情感的表現——本身就是受過教育的人所不願採為終身職業的一種工作。

I believe—for we should give the world as well as the devil its due—that it is to a feeling, a settled persuasion of this sort, lying deeper than the surface brutalities and snobbishnesses visible to all, that we must attribute the contempt, seemingly so cruel and so ungrateful, the world has visited upon actors.

I am no great admirer of beards, be they never so luxuriant or glossy, yet I own I cannot regard off the stage the closely shaven face of an actor without a feeling of pity, not akin to love. Here, so I cannot help saying to myself, is a man who has adopted as his profession one which makes upon him at the very outset the demand that he should destroy his own identity. It is not what you are, or what by study you may become, but how few obstacles you present to the getting of yourself up²³ as somebody else, that settles the question of your fitness for the stage. Smoothness of face, mobility of feature, compass of voice—these things, but the toys of other trades, are the tools of this one.

Boswellians²⁴ will remember the name of Tom Davies as one of frequent occurrence in the great

23. The getting of yourself up as somebody else—把自己打扮成別人。

我相信——我們不要冤枉世人，正如我們不要冤枉魔鬼——這種感覺，這種深信，比大家都看得見的表面上的凶橫同趨炎更深一層，我們當認為是世人對於戲子的蔑視，好像是這麼殘忍同忘恩的，之所由來。

我不是個非常熱烈地贊美鬍子的人，不管牠們是多麼華美或者明亮，然而我自認看到下台戲子刮得非常光的臉孔，我不能不感到一種憐憫，不是近於愛的那麼一種憐憫。我免不了向自己說道：這裏有一個人他所採的職業一開頭就要他破壞他的自我。不是靠你這人本身是怎麼樣，或者經過揣摩後你會變成怎麼樣，而是靠着從你到你所打扮的他人中間阻礙是多麼少，來解決你宜不宜於舞台生活這個問題。臉孔的平滑，面貌的易變，音調的範圍——這些東西在別種職業裏不過是好玩的成分，在這個職業裏却變成工具了。

熟讀波茲衛爾的約翰生傳的人們會記得湯姆·苔微不至這個名字常見於這本偉大傳記裏。湯姆是個頗有聲望

24. Boswellians—admirers of Boswell's writings. 喜歡閱讀 Boswell 著作(約翰生傳)的人們。

biography. Tom was an actor of some repute, and (so it was said) read 'Paradise Lost'²⁵ better than any man in England. One evening, when Johnson was lounging behind the scenes at Drury (it was, I hope, before his pious resolution to go there no more),²⁶ Davies made his appearance on his way to the stage in all the majesty and millinery of his part. The situation is picturesque. The great and dingy Reality of the eighteenth century, the Immortal,²⁷ and the be-dizened little player. 'Well, Tom,' said the great man (and this is the whole story), 'well, Tom, and what art thou to-night?' 'What art thou to-night?' It may sound rather like a tract, but it will, I think, be found difficult to find an answer to the question consistent with any true view of human dignity.

Our last argument derived from the nature of the case is, that deliberately to set yourself as the occupation of your life to amuse the adult and to astonish, or even to terrify, the infant population of your native land, is to degrade yourself.

Three-fourths of the acted drama is, and always must be, comedy, farce, and burlesque. We are bored

25. 'Paradise Lost'—英國最偉大的史詩，紀亞當被撒旦樂園事。

26. 約翰生從前喜歡到後台去，後來覺得與自己不好，就下個決心不再到

的戲子，（據說）念「失樂園」比英國任何人都好。一天晚上，當約翰生在德魯立劇院後台閒逛時候（我希望這是在他立下不再到那兒去的那個虔敬決心之前），苔微士走出來到前台去，穿了他所扮的角色的華麗衣服同裝飾。情境是堪入畫的。十八世紀偉大的，黯淡的「現實」，不朽的大人物，同這華裝的小戲子。「喂，湯姆，」這位偉人說道（這是全部的故事），「喂，湯姆，今晚你是誰？」「今晚你是誰？」聽起來這好像是宗教論文的話，但是我想很不容易找一句答語跟人們真正的尊嚴不相衝突。

根據這種職業的本質我們用來辯護的最末一個理由是，故意拿替你祖國的大人們解悶同使你祖國的孩子們驚訝，甚至於恐慌，來做你終身的職業，是貶黜你自己的身價。

排演的戲劇的四分之三是，不得不是，喜劇，趣劇，雜劇。我們給人生的大空虛厭煩得要死了。我們不

那兒去。

27. The Immortal—指約翰生。

to death by the huge inanities of life. We observe with horror that our interest in our dinner becomes languid. We consult our doctor, who simulates an interest in our stale symptoms, and after a little talk about Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman, prescribes Toole.²⁸ If we are very innocent we may inquire what night we are to go, but if we do we are at once told that it doesn't in the least matter when we go, for it is always equally funny. Poor Toole! to be made up every night as a safe prescription for the blues!²⁹ To make people laugh is not necessarily a crime, but to adopt as your trade the making people laugh by delivering for a hundred nights together another man's jokes, in a costume the author of the jokes would blush to be seen in, seems to me a somewhat unworthy proceeding on the part of a man of character and talent.

To amuse the British public is a task of herculean³⁰ difficulty and danger, for the blatant monster is, at times, as whimsical and coy as a maiden, and if it once makes up its mind not to be amused, nothing will shake it. The labour is enormous, the sacrifice

28. Toole—英國有名的丑角，據說有一次他患病，醫生勸他去看 Toole 演戲，一開心病就會好了。

29. The blues—low spirits, 憂鬱。

勝惶恐地看到我們的吃飯趣味變冷淡了。我們就診於我們的醫生，他假裝出關心我們衰弱現象的樣子，稍稍談一下慎飲食，安逸，同快樂三者都可以治病，就叫我們去看丑角圖魯。若使我們很不知世故，我們也許會問那一晚去好哩，但是假使我們問了，他會立刻答道，我們那一晚去，這是毫無關係的，因為總是同樣的可笑。可憐的圖魯呀！夜夜化裝起來做人們憂鬱病的對症藥方！使人們發笑并不一定是罪惡，但是以此為職業，一百晚接連着背誦另一個人所編的笑話，披上這些笑話的作者穿起來會赧顏的衣服，由我看起來，這好像是有品格，有本領的人不值得一幹的勾當。

使英國大眾開心是個極難，極危險的工作，因為這個吵鬧的怪物有時却奇異同害羞得有如處女，假使牠會下個決心不受娛樂，那麼沒有一個東西能夠撼動牠。所費的力氣非常大，犧牲有甚於被尊為聖者的人們。假使

30. Herculean—requiring the strength of Hercules, 需巨大的。

beyond what is demanded of saints. And if you succeed, what is your reward? Read the lives of comedians, and closing them, you will see what good reason an actor has for exclaiming with the old-world poet:

'Odi profanum vulgus!'³¹

We now turn to the testimony of actors themselves.

Shakespeare is, of course, my first witness. There is surely significance in this. 'Others abide our question,' begins Arnold's³² fine sonnet on Shakespeare—'others abide our question; thou art free.' The little we know about our greatest poet has become a commonplace. It is a striking tribute to the endless loquacity of man, and a proof how that great creature is not to be deprived of his talk, that he has managed to write quite as much about there being nothing to write about as he could have written about Shakespeare if the author of 'Hamlet'³³ had been as great an egoist as Rousseau.³⁴ The fact, however, remains that he who has told us most about ourselves, whose genius has made the whole civilized world kin,³⁵ has

31. 'Odi profanum vulgus'—I hate the vulgar public.

32. Arnold—Matthew Arnold (1822-1888), 英國詩人同大批評家。

33. 'Hamlet'—莎士比亞的悲劇傑作。

34. Rousseau—Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), 法國大

你成功了，你的報酬是什麼呢？請念演喜劇的戲子的傳記，掩卷之後，你將看出一個戲子會很有理由去跟古代的詩人喊道：「啊，我厭惡這庸俗的觀眾！」

我們現在轉過來看一看戲子自己的證據。

莎士比亞當然是我第一個的見證。「別人讓我們細問，」安諾德歌頌莎士比亞的那首美妙的十四行詩是這樣開頭——「別人讓我們細問；你却是逍遙自在的。」關於我們最偉大的詩人我們所知道的一些已變成老生常談了。這真是人類無限度饒舌的一個顯著的成績，同時也可以證明這個大動物是不肯被剝奪去說話的權利，他居然能夠設法寫下許多說關於莎士比亞是沒有什麼可說的；假使這位「哈姆雷特」的作者像盧騷那樣喜歡談自己，這班人所能說的話也不過這麼多了。然而事實仍然是：這位作者向我們說出許多關於我們的話，他的天才

文學家，民約論的作者。

35. Whose genius has made the whole civilized world kin—
蓬翁有一名句：one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

told us nothing about himself, except that he hated and despised the stage. To say that he has told us this is not, I think, any exaggeration. I have, of course, in mind the often quoted lines to be found in that sweet treasury of melodious verse and deep feeling, the 'Sonnets of Shakespeare.'³⁶ The 110th begins thus:

'Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd³⁷ my own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.'

And the 111th:

'O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess³⁸ of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works on, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.'

36. "Sonnet of Shakespeare"—莎翁十四行詩一百六十四首真情流露，懇摯動人，爲莎翁集中惟一自白的詩。

使整個文明世界感到親密，關於他自己是絲毫沒有提到的，除開說他厭惡同蔑視舞台這一點。說他告訴我們了這些，我想並不是過實之言。我當然心裏記着那常常引用的句子，見於那本音調甜美、情感深刻的可喜詩庫，「莎士比亞十四行詩集」裏。第一百十首開頭是這樣子：

「唉呀！不錯，我四處漫遊，
把我自己打扮成五顏六色讓人們瞧，
扯碎我自己的思想，將頂寶貴的賤賣出去，
在新情感上加了舊的陵辱。」

一百十一首開頭是這樣子：

「爲我的緣故，你毀罵「運命之神」罷，
這個有罪的女神迫我幹下有害的事情，
她沒有好好地安頓我的生活，
只使我靠大眾爲生，因此生了下流的習氣，
因此我的名字受了一個玷污，
我的性情幾乎因此也變得像
牠所做的工作，正如染師的手：
那麼，可憐我罷，希望我能夠更新。」

37. Gor'd—rent assender. 扯破。

38. The guilty goddess—指「命運」之女神。

It is not much short of three centuries since those lines were written, but they seem still to bubble with a scorn which may be indeed called immortal.

‘Sold cheap what is most dear.’

There, compressed in half a line, is the whole case against an actor’s calling.

But it may be said Shakespeare was but a poor actor. He could write *Hamlet* and *As You Like It*; but when it came to casting the parts, the Ghost in the one and old Adam in the other³⁹ were the best he could aspire to. Verbose biographers of Shakespeare, in their dire extremity, and naturally desirous of writing a big book about a big man, have remarked at length that it was highly creditable to Shakespeare that he was not, or at all events that it does not appear that he was, jealous, after the true theatrical tradition, of his more successful brethren of the buskin.

It surely might have occurred, even to a verbose biographer in his direst need, that to have had the wit to write and actually to have written the soliloquies in *Hamlet*, might console a man under heavier afflictions than the knowledge that in the popular estimate somebody else spouted those soliloquies better than

39. The Ghost in the one and old Adam in the other—都是

這幾行詩寫下已經快有三百年了，但是牠們好像還吐出一種真可以說是不可朽的怨聲。

「將頂寶貴的賤賣出去。」

這裏，在半句詩裏，說盡戲子生涯的毛病。

但是也可以說莎士比亞只是個歹角。他能夠寫出「哈姆雷特」同「如願」；但是說到扮劇中的人物，前一齣戲的「鬼」同後一齣戲的「老亞當」恐怕是他所能演的最高角色了。莎士比亞傳記的累贅作者已經無話可說，覺得很窘迫了，又天然地想關於一個大人物該寫一本大書，就拉拉扯扯說一大陣莎士比亞真值得欽佩，他沒有，最少他并未見得有，妒忌那班更成功的優孟衣冠同志，像普通戲子一向那樣子。

這是很分明的，就是覺得非常窘迫的傳記家也會想到，有了寫出，而且的確寫出了，「哈姆雷特」裏那段獨語的本領，也足以安慰一個人了，就說他所蒙的不幸更有甚於知道在一般人們的評價裏某一個人大聲背誦這

劇中最不重要的脚色。

he did himself. I can as easily fancy Milton jealous of Tom Davies as Shakespeare of Richard Burbage.⁴⁰ But—good, bad, or indifferent—Shakespeare was an actor, and as such I tender his testimony.

I now—for really this matter must be cut short—summon pell-mell all the actors and actresses who have ever strutted their little hour on the stage, and put to them the following comprehensive question: Is there in your midst one who had an honest, hearty, downright pride and pleasure in your calling, or do not you all (tell the truth) mournfully echo the lines of your great master (whom nevertheless you never really cared for), and with him

‘Your fortunes chide,

That did not better for your lives provide

Than public means, which public manners breeds.’

They all assent: with wonderful unanimity.

But, seriously, I know of no recorded exception, unless it be Thomas Betterton, who held the stage for half a century—from 1661 to 1708—and who still lives, as much as an actor can, in the pages of Colley Cibber's *Apology*.⁴¹ He was a man apparently of simple character, for he had only one benefit-night all his life.

40. Richard Burbage- (1567-1619) 專演莎翁劇的一個名角。

段比他來得高明。我不相信莎士比亞妒忌理查·柏貝治，正如我不能相信米爾敦會妒忌湯姆·苔微士。但是——不管好壞，或者是不好不壞——莎士比亞總是個戲子，因此我拉他來做一個證見。

我現在——這種討論真該截短了——亂七八糟瞎召一切曾在舞台上蹣跚過他們的時間的男戲子同女戲子，向他們提出底下這個概括的問題：你們中間有沒有一個人對於你們的職業是個老實的，出乎衷心的，十分的矜誇同喜歡，或者你們是不是（說句實話）都悲哀地附和你們大師（然而你們絕沒有真真關心他）的詩句，同他一氣來

毀罵運氣之神，

他沒有好好地安頓我的生活，

只使我靠大眾爲生，因此生了下流的習氣，

他們全承認了，而且一致得出奇。

但是，嚴重說起來，我不知道有一個例外留於記載裏，除非是湯馬斯·柏忒吞，他執舞台的牛耳有半世紀——從一六六一年到一七〇八年——在科勒·息柏的「自傳」裏他可以說是不朽了，戲子也只能夠這樣不朽，他分明是個性格簡單的人，因爲他一生裏只演一次慈善劇。

41. Colley Cibber—(1671-1757) 英國編劇家同戲子。

Who else is there? Read Macready's⁴² 'Memoirs'—the King Arthur of the stage.⁴³ You will find there, I am sorry to say, all the actor's faults—if faults they can be called which seem rather hard necessities, the discolouring of the dyer's hand; greedy hungering after applause, endless egotism, grudging praise—all are there; not perhaps in the tropical luxuriance⁴⁴ they have attained elsewhere, but plain enough. But do we not also find, deeply engrained and constant, a sense of degradation, a longing to escape from the stage for ever?

He did not like his children to come and see him act, and was always regretting—Heaven help him!—that he was not a barrister-at-law. Look upon this picture and on that. Here we have Macbeth,⁴⁵ that mighty thane; Hamlet, the intellectual symbol of the whole world of modern thought; Strafford,⁴⁶ in Robert Browning's fine play; splendid dresses, crowded theatres, beautiful women, royal audiences; and on the other side, a rusty gown, a musty wig, a fusty

42. Macready—William Charles Macready (1793-1873) 英國演悲劇的名角。

43. The King Arthur of the stage—King Arthur 是古代名王，這裏拿來比他是劇界大王。

此外還有誰呢？倩念馬克里狄的「回憶錄」——他可算做舞台上的亞塔爾王。你們將看到，說起來我覺得難過，戲子所有的惡習——若使那些可以叫做惡習，其實好像是殘酷環境使其不得不然，正如染師的手，貪得觀眾的喝采，無窮的自私自利，吝於讚美他人——這些惡習他全是有了；也許不像別地方那樣茂生得有如熱帶植物，可是也夠顯明了。但是我們不是也看到深深染上的；常在心頭的一種受辱之感，一種永遠跟舞台脫離關係的希冀？

他不喜歡他子女去看他演戲，總是惋惜——
——他不是個律師。請看這種生活同那種生活的寫真。在這方面我們有馬克白，這位偉大的貴族；哈姆雷特，整個近代思想界理智的象徵；羅伯·勃浪甯美妙劇本中的斯雷拉得福；華麗的服裝，擁擠的戲院，美女，嬌客；在那方面却只有一件變色的長衫，一頂發霉的假

44. The tropical luxuriance—熱帶植物特別茂盛故云。

45. Macbeth—莎翁悲劇傑作。

46. Strappord—Robert Browning (1812-1889), 英國大詩人所編的戲中間的脚色。

court, a deaf judge, an indifferent jury, a dispute about a bill of lading, and ten guineas on your brief—which you have not been paid, and which you can't recover—why, 'tis Hyperion to a satyr!⁴⁷ ⁴⁶

Again, we find Mrs. Siddons⁴⁸ writing of her sister's marriage:

'I have lost one of the sweetest companions in the world. She has married a respectable man, though of small fortune. I thank God she is off the stage.' What is this but to say, 'Better the most humdrum of existences with the most "respectable of men," than to be upon the stage'?

The volunteered testimony of actors is both large in bulk and valuable in quality, and it is all on my side.

Their involuntary testimony I pass over lightly. Far be from me the disgusting and ungenerous task of raking up a heap of the weaknesses, vanities, and miserablenesses of actors and actresses dead and gone. After life's fitful fever⁴⁹ they sleep (I trust) well; and in common candour, it ought never to be forgotten that whilst it has always been the fashion—until one memorable day Mr. Froude⁵⁰ ran amuck of it—for

47. Hyperion—A Titan 天神之一。

48. Mrs. Siddons—(1755-1831), 英國演悲劇的有名女伶。

49. After life's fitful fever—莎翁的名句：

髮，一所酸臭的法庭，一位耳聾的法官，一班冷淡的陪審，關於一紙提單的辯論，你的訴狀代價十個金幣——這筆款你還沒有收到，而且你也無法追討——嚟吓，「這真是天神與魍魎之分！」

此外，我們又有息頓斯太太的信做證據，信裏提到她妹妹的結婚：

「我失掉了世上最可親的一個伴侶。她嫁給一個有身分的人，雖然沒有多少財產。我謝謝上帝，她現在離開舞台了。」這豈不是等於說「還是跟最「有身分」的人度最無聊的生活好些，比起獻身舞台上」？

戲子自願說出的證據其量甚多，其實甚可貴，而且都是可以證實我的意見的。

戲子無意中呈現出的證據我將輕輕地忽略過去。我絕不肯幹那惹人厭惡的刻薄勾當，去徧搜過去已死的男戲子女戲子一大堆的弱點，虛榮同卑賤。度了一生像旋作旋輟的熱病的生活，他們將睡得（我相信）很熟；而且說句公平話，我們千萬不要忘却素來——等到值得紀念的那一天夫魯德先生橫衝直撞亂鬧一陣——傳記作家

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well—Macbeth.

50. Mr. Froude—James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), 英國歷史家。

biographers to shroud their biographees (the late Mr. Russell Lowell⁵¹ must bear the brunt of this word on his broad shoulders) in a crape veil of respectability, the records of the stage have been written in another spirit. We always know the worst of an actor, seldom his best. David Garrick was a better man than Lord Elton, and Macready was at least as good as Dickens.⁵²

There is, however, one portion of this body of involuntary testimony on which I must be allowed to rely, for it may be referred to without offence.

Our dramatic literature is our greatest literature. It is the best thing we have done. Dante may overtop Milton, but Shakespeare surpasses both. He is our finest achievement; his plays our noblest possession; the things in the world most worth thinking about. To live daily in his company, to study his works with minute and loving care—in no spirit of pedantry searching for double endings, but in order to discover their secret, and to make the spoken word tell upon⁵³ the hearts of man and woman—this might

51. Russell Lowell—(1819-1891) 美國詩人，那個字是他創出的。

52. Dickens—Charles Dickens (1812-1870) 英國大小說家。

總是拿一層體面的薄紗遮住被傳記的人們（這個字的銳氣羅素·羅厄爾得拿他的寬肩來承當），舞台生活的記載一向却是用另一種精神來描寫。我們總是知道一個戲子最大的壞處，很少曉得他最大的好處。大關·加立克是比厄爾頓爵士具有更好的性格，馬克里狄最少總同迭更司一樣的善良。

可是有一部分無意中現出的證據我却要利用，因為那說出來是不會開罪於任何人的。

我們的戲劇文學是我們最偉大的文學。那是我們最大的成就。但丁也許高過米爾敦，但是莎士比亞都在他們兩人之上。他是我們最美妙的成績；他的劇本是我們最高貴的財產；是世上最值得沈思默索的東西。天天與他爲伍，仔細地，繾綣地攻讀他的作品——絕不是帶了尋找押韻的學究精神，却是爲着要發現牠們的祕密，使

53. To tell upon—to affect, 感動.

have been expected to produce great intellectual if not moral results.

The most magnificent compliment ever paid by man to woman is undoubtedly Steele's⁵⁴ to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings. 'To love her,' wrote he, 'is a liberal education.' As much might surely be said of Shakespeare.

But what are the facts—the ugly, hateful facts? Despite this great advantage—this close familiarity with the noblest and best in our literature—the taste of actors, their critical judgment, always has been and still is, if not beneath contempt, at all events far below the average intelligence of their day. By taste, I do not mean taste in flounces and in furbelows, tunics and stockings; but in the weightier matters of the truly sublime and the essentially ridiculous. Salvini's⁵⁵ Macbeth is undoubtedly a fine performance; and yet that great actor, as the result of his study, has placed it on record that he thinks the sleep-walking scene ought to be assigned to Macbeth instead of to his wife. Shades of Shakespeare and Siddons, what think you of that?

54. Steele—Richard Steele (1672-1729), 英國初期小品文作家,

背出的話能夠感動男女的心——我們總是預料這會產生理智上，若使不是道德上良好的結果。

男人向女人所說過的最偉麗的恭維話無疑地是斯提爾向伊利莎伯·哈斯丁斯所說的那句名言。「愛她，」他說，「等於受一遍高等普通教育。」關於莎士比亞的確也很可以這樣說。

但是事實怎麼樣呢——醜惡的，討厭的事實？雖然有這個大便宜——跟我們文學裏最高尚，最偉大的作家親切的接近——戲子的趣味，他們的批評能力。一向是，而且此刻還是，假使沒有到不值得藐視的程度，也遠不如當時一般人們的智力了。我說趣味，我不是指關於裾襜，緣飾，緊身衣，襪子的趣味；却是關於更重要的事情，真正壯偉的情調同精粹純正的談諧。薩爾微尼扮的馬克白無疑地是個巧妙的串演；然而這位偉大的戲子經過一番研究之後，寫下來告訴人們說他認為夢中步行那一幕應當屬馬克白，不該屬於他的妻子。莎士比亞同息頓斯太太的幽靈呀，你們覺得這句話怎麼樣呢？

55. Salvini—Tommaso Salvini (1829-1916) 意大利名角。

It is a strange fatality, but a proof of the inherent pettiness of the actor's art, that though it places its votary in the very midst of literary and artistic influences, and of necessity informs him of the best and worthiest, he is yet, so far as his own culture is concerned, left out in the cold—art's slave, not her child.

What have the devotees of the drama taught us? Nothing! it is we who have taught them. We go first, and they come lumbering after. It was not from the stage the voice arose bidding us recognise the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius. Actors first ignored him, then hideously mutilated⁵⁶ him; and though now occasionally compelled, out of deference to the taste of the day, to forego their green-room traditions, to forswear their Tate and Brady⁵⁷ emendations, in their heart of hearts they love him not; and it is with a light step and a smiling face that our great living tragedian flings aside Hamlet's tunic or Shylock's gaberdine to revel in the melodramatic glories of *The Bells* and *The Corsican Brothers*.

Our gratitude is due in this great matter to men of letters, not to actors. If it be asked, 'What have

56. Then hideously mutilated him—英國從前演員對於劇本常隨意更改字句，莎翁作品亦蒙此難。

這真是個奇怪的厄運，但是也可以證明戲子藝術本身的下劣，雖然牠把牠的信徒放在文學同藝術各種影響的當中，而且不得不告訴他以世上最佳美，最可貴的傑作，他在自己修養方面還是有向隅之感——他是藝術的奴才，不是她的嬌兒。

戲劇的信徒教了我們什麼呢？一點也沒有！我們却教了他們。我們打頭走，他們笨拙地追隨着。舞台並沒有叫我們承認莎士比亞天才的高超。戲子們起先不理他，後來可惡地殘害他的著作；現在雖然有時逼於尊重目下大家的意見，捨棄他們戲房的傳統，斷然誓絕像他們前輩退特同布累狄那種修改劇文的習慣，可是在他們心的深處他們並不愛他；我們現在演悲劇的偉大戲子是脚步輕快，臉上微笑地把哈姆雷特的束腰緊身衣或晒羅克的寬闊上身衣扔在一邊，去縱姿於「鐘」或者「科西嘉兄弟」這類戲雜劇般的熱鬧。

在賞識莎氏天才這件大事情上：我們該感謝文人，不是該感謝戲子。若使有人問，「戲子與文學同批評有

57. Tate and Brady—改演莎翁戲劇辭句的人。

actors to do with literature and criticism?' I answer, 'Nothing;' and add, 'That is my case.'

But the notorious bad taste of actors is not entirely due to their living outside Literature, with its words for ever upon their lips, but none of its truths engraved on their hearts. It may partly be accounted for by the fact that for the purposes of an ambitious actor bad plays are the best.

In reading actors' lives, nothing strikes you more than their delight in making a hit⁵⁸ in some part nobody ever thought anything of before. Garrick was proud past all endurance of his Beverley in the *Gamester*, and one can easily see why. Until people saw Garrick's Beverley, they didn't think there was anything in the *Gamester*; nor was there, except what Garrick put there. This is called creating a part, and he is the greatest actor who creates most parts.

But genius in the author of the play is a terrible obstacle in the way of an actor who aspires to identify himself once and for all with the leading part in it. Mr. Irving⁵⁹ may act Hamlet well or ill—and, for my part, I think he acts it exceedingly well—but behind Mr. Irving's Hamlet, as behind everybody else's Ham-

58. Making a hit--making a success, 成功.

何關係？」我將答道，「毫無關係」；而且加一句，「這足以證明我的主張。」

但是戲子有名的趣味惡劣也不完全因為他們心靈與文學沒有融化在一起，牠的字老是在他嘴上，牠的深意却絲毫沒有印到心上。還有一個事實也可以解釋一部分，那就是由一個具有野心的戲子看來，壞劇本是最易串演很成功的。

閱讀戲子的傳記，最叫你驚奇的是他們喜歡把人們一向沒有注意到的某一個劇中人物演得很出色。加立克扮「賭棍」中的柏味力得意到叫人難堪，我們很容易看出這裏面的理由。在人們看見加立克所扮的柏味力之前，他們以為「賭棍」這本戲沒有什麼意思；的確是沒有什麼，除開加立克所加進去的表演。這叫做創造一個脚色，脚色創造得最多的就是最偉大的戲子。

但是編劇者的天才是戲子想一下子完全代表劇中主要脚色的一個可怕的障礙。伊文先生演哈姆雷特不管是好是壞——據我所知，他演得非常好——但是在伊文先生所扮的哈姆雷特，正如在個個其他人所扮的哈姆雷特

59. Irving—Henry Irving (1838-1905), 英國名角。

let, there looms a greater Hamlet than them all—Shakespeare's Hamlet, the real Hamlet.

But Mr. Irving's Mathias is quite another kettle of fish,⁶⁰ all of Mr. Irving's own catching. Who ever, on leaving the Lyceum, after seeing *The Bells*, was heard to exclaim, 'It is all mighty fine; but that is not my idea of Mathias'? Do not we all feel that without Mr. Irving there could be no Mathias?

We best like doing what we do best: and an actor is not to be blamed for preferring the task of making much of a very little to that of making little of a great deal.

As for actresses, it surely would be the height of ungenerosity to blame a woman for following the only regular profession commanding fame and fortune the kind consideration of man has left open to her. For two centuries women have been free to follow this profession, onerous and exacting though it be, and by doing so have won the rapturous applause of generations of men, who are all ready enough to believe that where their pleasure is involved, no risks of life or honour are too great for a woman to run. It is only when the latter, tired of the shams of life, would pur-

60. Quite another kettle of fishes—quite different affairs.

之後，隱隱地有個比牠們都更偉大的哈姆雷特——莎士比亞的哈姆雷特，真正的哈姆雷特。

可是伊文先生的馬地亞斯却是完全另一回事了，那是伊文先生一手造成的。誰看完了「鐘」，將走出來栖安戲院時候，會說，「演得很不錯，但是我心中的馬地亞斯不是這樣子？」我們不是都覺得沒有伊文先生就無從有馬地亞斯嗎？

我們最喜歡幹我們能夠幹得最好的事情；戲子更喜歡在小事上有大成就，比起在大事上只有小成就，也是可以原諒的。

至於女戲子，那是再鄙賤不過的舉動，去毀罵一個女人，因為她從事於男人仁愛為懷所讓她幹的惟一正當的名譽與錢財兩得的職業。兩世紀以來女人可以隨意以此為業，雖然這是很麻煩同費勁的，她們這樣幹博得了歷代男人的喝采，他們肯相信凡是與他們快樂有關的事，女人生命同名譽的犧牲都是無妨。只是當她們厭倦

另外一回事。

sue the realities, that we become alive to the fact—hitherto, I suppose, studiously concealed from us—how frail and feeble a creature she is.

Lastly, it must not be forgotten that we are discussing a question of casuistry, one which is 'stuff o' the conscience,' and where consequently words are all-important.

Is an actor's calling an eminently worthy one?—that is the question. It may be lawful, useful, delightful, but is it worthy?

An actor's life is an artist's life. No artist, however eminent, has more than one life, or does anything worth doing in that life, unless he is prepared to spend it royally in the service of his art, caring for nought else. Is an actor's art worth the price? I answer, No!

於假裝的人生，想去追求現實時候，我們纔深切地覺得——我想一向是故意不去理這事實——她是個多麼微弱無力的動物。

末了，我們千萬別要忘卻我們是討論一個難下斷語的問題，那是與內心有關係的，所以我們所用的字眼非常重要。

戲子的職業是個很值得幹的嗎？——這是我的問題。那也許是合法的，有用的，快樂的，但是值得幹嗎？

戲子的生活是個藝術家的生活。一個藝術家，不管他多麼有名，只能有此一生，在那一生裏也不配說幹了值得幹的事情，除非他打算好好地將此生供獻於他所從事的藝術，別的事全不在意。戲子的藝術值得這樣犧牲嗎？我答道，不！

A. G. GARDINER.

On Talking to One's Self

I was at dinner at a well-known restaurant the other evening when I became aware that someone sitting alone at a table near by¹ was engaged in an exciting conversation with himself. As he bent over his plate his face was contorted with emotion, apparently intense anger, and he talked with furious energy, only pausing briefly in the intervals of actual mastication. Many glances were turned covertly upon him, but he seemed wholly unconscious of them, and, so far as I could judge, he was unaware that he was doing anything abnormal. In repose his face was that of an ordinary business man, sane and self-controlled, and when he rose to go his agitation was over, and he looked like a man who had won his point.

It is probable that this habit of talking to one's self has a less sinister meaning than it superficially suggests. It may be due simply to the energy of

1. Near by—adjacent, 鄰近.

自言自語

有一天晚上我在一家有名的館子裏用晚餐，那時我看出獨自坐在我鄰近棹子旁邊的某一位先生正在熱烈地跟自己說話。他對着盤子灣下身子，他的臉孔是被情感激動得變形了，分明是在盛怒之中；他憤然地用勁說話，只在真真咀嚼時候纔暫停一會兒。許多人的眼睛都偷偷地射到他身上，他好像完全不覺得這些，據我所能推測的，他自己簡直不知道他有一個變態的行動。沈靜時候，他的臉孔是通常一個經紀人的臉孔，清醒的，能夠自制的；當他站起來要走時候，他的興奮已過去了，看起來他像一個辯論勝利了的人。

也許這種自言自語的習慣不像外表上所暗示的那樣含有不吉利的意思。也許只是因為一個人思想力的強

one's thought and to a concentration of mind that completely shuts out the external world. In the case I have mentioned it was clear that the man was temporarily detached from all his surroundings, that he was so absorbed by his subject that his eyes had ceased to see and his ears to hear. He was alone with himself, or perhaps with his adversary, and he only came back to the present with the end of his dinner and the paying of his bill. He was like a man who had emerged from another state of consciousness, from a waking sleep filled with tumultuous dreams. Obviously he was unaware that he had been haranguing the room in quite an audible voice for half an hour, and I daresay that if he were told that he had the habit of talking to himself he would deny it as passionately as you (or I) would deny that you (or I) snore in our sleep. And he would deny it for precisely the same reason. He doesn't know.

And here a dreadful thought assails me. What if I talk to myself, too? What if, like this man, I get so absorbed in the drama of my own mind that I cannot hear my own tongue going nineteen to the dozen?² It is a disquieting idea. A strong conviction

2. Nineteen to the dozen—pace of busy tongue,

壯，同他注意的集中，以致把外界完全忽略不管了。在我所提的這個例子裏，那是很明顯的，這個人暫時跟他的環境脫離關係了，他是如是被他所考慮的題材吸引住，他的眼睛停止看，他的耳朵停止聽了。他獨自跟自己，也許是跟他的對敵，一起，等到食完付帳時候，他纔回到眼前的世界來。他像一個從另一種意識狀況裏，從白天睜着眼睛做了許多狂夢裏出來的人。他分明不曉得有半個鐘頭他很可以聽得見的聲音向房裏人講演，我敢說若使人們告訴他有自言自語的習慣，他將熱烈地否認，不下於你（或者我）的否認你（或者我）當我們睡着時發鼾聲。他的否認也剛是出於同樣的理由。他自己是不曉得的。

這時候一個可怕的意思向我來襲。我有沒有自言自語的習慣呢？那怎麼好呢？我是不是也像這個人，如是沈迷於我自己心裏的把戲，以致不能聽到我的舌頭在那兒胡說一陣？這是個使我不安的觀念，我知道，堅決地

to the contrary, I see, amounts to nothing. This man, doubtless, had a strong conviction to the contrary—probably expressed an amused interest in anyone talking to himself as he passed him in the street. And the fact that my friends have never told me of the failing goes for nothing also. They may think I like to talk to myself. More probably, they may know that I do not like to hear of my failings. I must watch myself. But, no, that won't do.³ I might as well say I would watch my dreams and keep them in check. How can the conscious state keep an eye on the unconscious? If I do not know that I am talking how can I stop myself talking?

'Ah, happy thought. I recall occasions when I have talked to myself, and have been quite conscious of the sound of my voice. They have been remarks I have made on the golf links—brief, emphatic remarks dealing with the perversity of golf clubs and the sullen intractability of golf balls. Those remarks I have heard distinctly, and at the sound of them I have come to myself⁴ with a shock, and have even looked round to see whether the lady in the red

3. To do—to answer the purpose; to serve, 使得; 足; 行跟目的相合.

相信自己沒有這習慣，是毫無用處的。這個人無疑地堅決相信自己沒有這習慣——也許對於其他自言自語的人還現出開心的注意，當他在街上從他身旁走過時候。我的朋友們從來沒有說我有這個毛病，這也是無濟於事的。他們也許以為我喜歡自言自語。他們也許知道我不喜歡聽人們說我的缺點，這是更可能的。我必得自己留神。不，這也不行。我正可以說我要留神我的夢，不讓牠們做下去。意識狀態怎麼能夠注目到無意識狀態呢？若使我不知道我正在自言自語，我怎麼能夠擋住自己呢？

吓，一個快樂的意思。我記起來有時我自言自語，我就十分覺得自己的音調。那是在高爾夫球場中所說的話——簡短的，有力的話，關於高爾夫球棍的故意搗亂和高爾夫球的冥頑倔強。這些話我聽得很清楚，聽到那聲音我嚇了一跳清醒起來，甚至於轉過身來看一看在

4. To come to oneself—to return to one's senses, 清醒起來。

jacket playing at the next hole was likely to have heard me or (still worse) to have seen me.

I think this is evidence conclusive, for the man who talks to himself habitually never hears himself. His words are only the echo of his thoughts, and they correspond so perfectly that, like a chord in music, there is no dissonance. It was thus with the art student I saw copying a picture at the Tate Gallery. "Ah, a little more blue," he said, as he turned from the original to his own canvas, and a little later: "Yes, that line wants better drawing." Several people stood by watching his work and smiling at his uttered thoughts. He alone was unconscious that he had spoken.

There are, it is true cases in which the conscious and unconscious states seem to mingle—in which the intentional word and the unintentional come out almost in the same breath. It was so with Thomas Landseer, the father of Sir Edwin. He was one day visiting an artist, and inspecting his work. "Ah, very nice, indeed!" he said to his friend. "Excellent colour, excellent!" Then, as if all around him had vanished, and he was alone with himself, he added: "Poor chap, he thinks he can paint!"

鄰近球孔打球的那位穿紅短衣的姑娘大概聽到了沒有，或者（那是更壞了）看見了沒有。

我想這是個確鑿的證據，因為有自言自語習慣的人是絕不會自己聽到的。他的話只是他思想的回聲，牠們是這麼湊巧地相合，有如音樂上的和絃，是沒有雜音的。我所看見的一位在忒特美術陳列所裏摹畫一張名畫的藝術學生就是這樣子。「吓，還是再加些藍色，」他說，當他從原畫抽過頭來看他的幕布，過了一會兒又說：「是的，那條線應該好一點纔是。」有幾個人站在一旁，看他工作，對他這說出的思想微笑。只有他一個人不覺得他說話了。

不錯，在一些情形裏，意識的同無意識的狀態好像混在一起——在這種時候，有意的和無意的話差不多一口氣出來。托馬斯·蓮德絲兒，哀得音爵士的父親，就是如此。一天他訪問一位藝術家，看到他的作品，「吓，非常妙，真的！」他對他朋友說。「顏色配得極好，極好！」然後，彷彿他四旁的人們都消失了，他是獨在一室之中的樣子，他又說道：「可憐的孩子，他以爲他會畫圖畫！」

And this instance shows that whether the habit is a mental weakness or only a physical defect, it is capable of extremely awkward consequences, as in the case of the banker who was ruined by unwittingly revealing his secrets while walking in the street. How is it possible to keep a secret or conduct a bargain if your tongue is uncontrollable? What is the use of Jones explaining to his wife that he has been kept late at the office if his tongue goes on to say, entirely without his knowledge or consent, that had he declared "no trumps" in that last hand he would have been in pocket by his evening at the club? I see horrible visions of domestic complications and public disaster arising from this not uncommon habit.

And yet might there not be gain also from a universal practice of uttering our thoughts aloud? Imagine a world in which nobody had any secrets from anybody—could have no secrets from anybody. I see the Kaiser, after consciously declaring that his only purpose is peace, unconsciously blurting out to the British Ambassador that the ultimatum to Serbia is a "plant"⁵ that what Germany means is

5. Plant—pre-arranged swindle, 騙局.

這個例子指出給我們看，無論這個習慣是心理的弱點或者只是生理的毛病，牠是能夠弄出極不好的結果，一位銀行家就是如此，他當在街上閒步時胡里胡塗把他自己的祕密洩露了。怎麼能夠守個祕密，或者做生意，若使你的舌頭不肯聽你調度？瓊斯向他妻子解釋他在辦公室有事情所以遲回來了，這有什麼用呢，若使他自己毫不知道或者許可，他的舌頭就自然而然說道，假使最後一手他說出了「不要勝牌」，那麼他這晚上在俱樂部裏會贏錢了？我臆測出可怕的景象，那是這個并不罕見的習慣引起的家庭糾紛同社會災禍。

然而假使大家都大聲說出他的思想，不是也有個好處嗎？試想一個世界，裏面沒有一個人對於任何人守了什麼祕密——不能夠對於任何人有什麼祕密。我看見德皇自覺地宣佈他惟一的目的是和平，後來不自覺地對英國大使洩露出對於塞國的哀的米敦書是一種「騙局」——德國所要的是戰爭，她打算攻比利時，如此等等。我又

war, that she proposes to attack Belgium, and so on. And I see the British Ambassador, having explained that England is entirely free from commitments, adding dreamily, "But if there's a war we shall be in it." In the same way Jones, after making Smith a firm offer of £30 for his horse, would say, absent-mindedly, "Of course it would be cheap at £50. and I might spring £55 if he is stiff about it."

It would be a world in which lies would have no value and deception would be a waste of time—a world in which truth would no longer be at the bottom of the well, but on the tip of every man's tongue. We should have all the rascals in prison and all the dishonest traders in the bankruptcy court. Secret diplomacy would no longer play with the lives of men, for there would be no secrets. Those little perverse concealments that wreck so many lives would vanish. You, sir, who find it so easy to nag at home and so difficult to say the kind thing that you know to be true, would be discovered to your great advantage and to the peace of your household.

Yes, I think the world would go very well if we all had tongues that told our true thoughts in spite of us. But what a lot of us would be found out. My own face crimsoned at the thought, So, perhaps, does yours. ¶

看見英國大使聲明了英國是完全沒有參加了這個糾紛，做夢一般地說出，「但是若使打起仗來，我們將在內。」同樣地，瓊斯向斯密士堅決提出三十鎊做他馬的價錢，將心不在焉說道，「就說五十鎊還是便宜，我也許會增到五十五鎊，若使池老不肯讓價。」

那將是一種世界，在裏面謊話是沒有價值的，欺騙無非白費時候——一種世界，在裏面真理不再躲在井底，而在個個人的口頭上了。我們將把一切壞人都抓到監獄裏去，一切不老實的商人都傳到破產法庭來。祕密外交不再拿人命來做兒戲了，因為不會有祕密了。那些犧牲這麼多生命的乖戾的小隱蔽將消散了。你，先生，覺得在家發脾氣是這麼容易，說出你知道是真的那種殷勤話是那麼困難，將被家人看破，與你大有利，你家庭也得到和平了。

是的，我想世界將弄得非常好，若使我們都有自己禁止不住的，說出我們實在思想的舌頭。但是我們裏面有多少人會被人們看破了。想到這裏我自己的臉緋紅了。你的也許也是這樣罷。

E. V. LUCUS

The School for Sympathy

I had heard a great deal about Miss Beam's school, but not till last week did the chance come to visit it.

The cabman drew up at a gate in an old wall, about a mile out of the town. I noticed as I was waiting for him to give me change¹ that the Cathedral spire was visible down the road. I rang the bell, the gate automatically opened, and I found myself in a pleasant garden facing a square red ample Georgian² house, with the thick white window-frames that to my eyes always suggest warmth and welcome and stability. There was no one in sight but a girl about twelve, with her eyes covered with a bandage, who was being led carefully between the flower-beds by a little boy of some four years her junior. She stopped, and evidently asked who it was that had come in, and he

1. Change--money returned as balance of that tendered for payment, 付錢後找還的零頭錢.

同情學校

我聽過許多關於俾謨斯小姐辦的學校的消息，可是
一直到前星期纔有機會去參觀。

車夫停在古牆中的大門面前，離城有一哩多遠。當
我等着車夫找零頭錢給我的時候，我看到大禮拜堂的尖
塔浮露在路的極端。我按了門鈴，門自己開了，我面前
就現有一個可愛的花園，對面有座紅色的喬治朝代的方
正大屋，那種密密地佈着的雪白窗格子我每看到時心中
總起暖和，歡迎，穩固這些感覺。我只看見一個大約十
二歲大的小姑娘，雙眼都用綳帶縛着，有一個差不多比
她小四歲的男孩小心地帶她緣着花床走。她停着不前，
明明是問他進來的人是誰，他好像在那裏描狀我的樣子

2. Georgian—of the time of Kings George I—IV, 喬治第
一至第四時代的。

seemed to be describing me to her. Then they passed on, and I entered the door which a smiling parlour-maid—that pretty sight!—was holding open for me.

Miss Beam was all that I had expected—middle-aged, authoritative, kindly, and understanding.³ Her hair was beginning to turn grey, and her figure had a fulness likely to be comforting for a homesick child to look upon.

We talked idly for a little while, and then I asked her some questions as to her scholastic methods, which I had heard were simple.

“Well,” she said, “we don’t as a matter of fact⁴ do much teaching here. The children that come to me—small girls and smaller boys—have very few formal lessons: no more than is needful to get application into them, and those only of the simplest—spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying, writing. The rest is done by reading to them and by illustrated discourses, during which they have to sit still and keep their hands quiet. Practically there are no other lessons at all.”

“But I have heard so much,” I said, “about the originality of your system.”

3. Understanding—intelligent, 有才幹; 有智力。

4. As a matter of fact—in point of fact, used especially

給她聽。一會兒他們走過去了，我也走進廳門，一個含笑客廳女僕——那種使人看到會高興的女僕——開門請我進來。

俾謨斯小姐果然是像我所預料的——中年的歲數，很有權力的神氣，可是又很和藹可親，聰明能幹樣子。她的頭髮已經有些轉成灰色了，她的體態很豐滿，那能夠叫思家的小孩看着得到安慰。

我們閒談一會兒，我就詢問她所用的教育方法，我聽說她的辦法是很簡單的。

她說我們這裏實在並沒有教多少書。來我這裏的小孩子——小小的女孩和更小的男孩——念規規矩矩的課本時間很少，都是那最淺易的入門功課：拚字，作文，加，減，乘，除。其餘都是教員講給他們聽，拿些圖畫給他們看，那時候只要他們兩隻手不動，好好地坐着就是了。實際上我們除開這些以外並沒有別的功課。

「但是我聽過許多人，」我說，「談到你用的制度的新奇地方。」

to introduce correction, 事實是如此; 多牛用做改正錯誤的引子.

Miss Beam smiled. "Ah, yes," she said. "I am coming to that. The real aim of this school is not so much to instil thought as thoughtfulness—humanity, citizenship. That is the ideal I have always had, and happily there are parents good enough to trust me to try and put it into execution. Look out of the window a minute, will you?"

I went to the window, which commanded a large garden and playground at the back.

"What do you see?" Miss Beam asked.

"I see some very beautiful grounds," I said, "and a lot of jolly children; but what perplexes me, and pains me too, is to notice that they are not all as healthy and active as I should wish. As I came in I saw one poor little thing being led about owing to some trouble with her eyes, and now I can see two more in the same plight; while there is a girl with a crutch just under the window watching the others at play. She seems to be a hopeless cripple."

Miss Beam laughed. "Oh, no," she said; "she's not lame, really; this is only her lame day. Nor are those others blind; it is only their blind day." I must have looked very much astonished, for she laughed again. "There you have an essential part

俾謨斯小姐微微一笑。「呵，是的，」他說道。「我就要說到這點了。這個學校的真真目的不在於灌輸思想，而在養成沉思默想的心境——仁愛，良好公民的態度。這是我始終不忘的理想，可喜的是有許多父母很好，肯相信我，讓我把這理想拿來實行，試一試。請你望窗外看一下。」

我走到窗前，看見一片大花園，後面是個遊戲場。

「你看到什麼沒有？」俾謨斯小姐問我。

「我看見非常美麗的草地，」我說，「和一羣快樂的小孩；但是使我莫明其妙的，又叫我心痛的是我觀察出他們都不像我所希望地那麼健康活潑。我走進來時候，我瞧到一個可憐的小東西別人帶着走，因為她的眼睛有毛病，現在我看見有兩個也受同種的苦痛；窗戶面前有一個倚着拐杖的女孩站着看旁人遊戲。她好似是不可以救藥的跛子。」

俾謨斯小姐大笑起來。「呵，不，」她說；「她的確不是個跛子；這不過是她當跛子的日子。旁的那幾位也沒有瞎了眼睛；這不過是他們當瞎子的日子。我聽了這話，臉上一定現出十分驚訝的神情，因為她又大笑了。這點是我們制度的神髓所在。爲的是要叫這些年青

of our system in a nutshell.⁵ In order to get a real appreciation and understanding of misfortune into these young minds we make them participants in misfortune too. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one maimed day, one dumb day. During the blind day their eyes are bandaged absolutely, and it is a point of honour not to peep. The bandage is put on overnight; they wake blind. This means that they need assistance in everything, and other children are told off to help them and lead them about. It is educative to both of them—the blind and the helpers.

“There is no privation⁶ about it,” Miss Beam continued. “Everyone is very kind, and it is really something of a joke, although, of course, before the day is over the reality of the affliction must be apparent even to the least thoughtful. The blind day is of course really the worst,” she went on, “but some of the children tell me that the dumb day is the most dreaded. There, of course, the child must exercise will-power only, for the mouth is not bandaged.... But come down into the garden and see for yourself how the children like it.”

5. In a nutshell—in few words, 包含在幾個字裏。

小孩心中對於人世的不幸有真切的同情和了解，我們使他們也受一下這些不幸的苦痛。每學期中每個小孩有瞎子日，跛子日，聾子日，殘廢日，啞叭日各一日。輪到他們當瞎子那天，他們的眼睛絕對是用綑帶包着，若使跑去窺視那就算有損於人格。那綑帶是在前一晚上縛好，第二天他一醒來就是個瞎子了。因此他的一切行動都得有人來幫忙，我們也告訴別個小孩去看護他，帶着他走路。這樣子他們兩面——瞎子同那幫助他的人們——都學懂新道理。」

「對於裝盲這個人並沒有苦痛，」俾謨斯小姐繼續着說。「個個人對他都是很仁慈的，實在有些開玩笑樣子，雖然在那一日完了以前，就是最不用思想的小孩也會明白瞎子苦痛的真相。瞎子日當然真是最糟的，可是有些小孩告訴我啞叭日是最可怕的。那天小孩子當然要用他的毅力，嘴是沒有用綑帶縛住的……還是走去園裏，你自己看小孩子們怎麼幹罷。」

Miss Beam led me to one of the bandaged girls, a little merry thing, whose eyes under the folds were, I felt sure, as black as ash-buds. "Here's a gentleman come to talk o you," said Miss Beam, and left us.

"Don't you ever peep?" I asked, by way of an opening. 55

"Oh no," she exclaimed; "that would be cheating. But I'd no idea it was so awful to be blind. You can't see a thing. One feels one is going to be hit by something every moment. Sitting down's such a relief."

"Arè your guides kind to you?" I asked.

"Pretty good. Not so careful as I shall be when it's my turn. Those that have been blind already are the best. It's perfectly ghastly not to see. I wish you'd try!"

"Shall I lead you anywhere?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said; "let's go for a little walk. Only you must tell me about things. I shall be so glad when to-day's over. The other bad days can't be half as bad as this. Having a leg tied up and hopping about on a crutch is almost fun, I guess. Having an arm tied up is a little more troublesome, because you have to get your food cut up for you, and so on;

俾謨斯小姐帶我到一個蒙着眼睛的女孩面前，一個快樂的小東西，我敢說帶子後面的眼睛是槐花蕊一般黑的。「這裏有位先生來同你說話，」俾謨斯小姐說着就走開了。

「你有偷看沒有？」我用這句話來開頭。

「沒有，」她大聲說道，「那變做騙人了。可是我起先不曉得瞎了眼睛是這麼可怕的事。一些東西也瞧不到。時時刻刻總怕碰到什麼東西。坐下來却減輕了不少的恐懼。」

「帶你走路的人對於你很仁愛嗎？」我問她。

「都還好。當輪到我來幹他這種事，我會比他更小心些。已經有過瞎日子的人對我最好。看不見東西叫人會疑神疑鬼。我希望你也試一下。」

「我現在要帶你到什麼地方去呢？」我問道。

「呵，是的，」她說；「讓我們散一會兒步。你却要告訴我許多東西。今天過了，我會喜歡得了不得。別個壞日子不會有這個日子一半的壞。把一隻腿綁起來，倚着拐杖步步跳着走，我想差不多是玩笑。將一隻手臂縛住了的確是比較麻煩些，因為你的菜要別人替你切，以及一切別的不便；但是實在也不什麼礙事。至於整天

but it doesn't really matter. And as for being deaf for a day, I shan't mind that—at least, not much. But being blind is so frightening. My head aches all the time, just from dodging things that probably aren't there. Where are we now?"

"In the playground," I said, "going towards the house. Miss Beam is walking up and down the terrace with a tall girl."

"What has the girl got on?" my companion asked.

"A blue serge skirt and pink blouse."

"I think it's Millie," she said. "What colour hair?"

"Very light," I said.

"Yes, that's Millie. She's the head girl. She's awfully decent."

"There's an old man tying up roses," I said.

"Yes, that's Peter. He's the gardener. He's hundreds of yours old!"

"And here comes a dark girl in red, on crutches."

"Yes," she said; "that's Beryl."

And so we walked on, and in steering this little thing about I discovered that I was ten times more thoughtful already than I had any notion of, and also that the necessity of describing the surroundings to another makes them more interesting.

裝聾子，我是滿不在乎的——最少，沒有這麼難過。變成個瞎子卻是嚇人的事。我的頭不停地痛，有許多東西并不在那裏，我卻恐怕相撞，費力去避牠。我們現在到那裏了？」

我說：「在一個朝着屋子的遊戲場。俾謨斯小姐同一個高高的女孩在草地上蹣跚。」

「那女孩穿着的是什麼？」我的伴侶問我。

「毛絨藍裙子，紅色的斗蓬。」

「我想是美利，」她說。「她頭髮是什麼顏色？」

「很鮮明的，」我說。

「不錯，那是美利。她是班長。她非常規矩。」

「那兒有個老頭紮玫瑰樹，」我說。

「對的，是彼得。他是園丁，他的年紀有一百歲！」

「來了一個黧黑色臉孔穿紅衣的女孩，靠着拐杖。」

「不錯，」她說，「這是貝里魯。」

我們這樣子散步下去，那着這小東西到處走，我覺得我現在心裏沉思默想的程度是十倍於我所能料到的，而且因為不得不把周圍的東西說給別人聽，那些東西也變為更有趣味了。

When Miss Beam came to release me I was quite sorry to go, and said so.

I returned to the town murmuring (inaccurately as ever) the lines:

Can I see another's woe
And not share their sorrow too?
O no, never can it be,
Never, never, can it be.

當俾謨斯小姐來替我的職務，我捨不得走開，也難同她說我真捨不得走。

我回城的途中一路喃喃地唱底下這幾行詩（和從前一樣的，總是唱得有些錯）。

我能夠看到別人的苦痛，
不會去同情於他的悲哀嗎？
不，這是絕對不會的，
絕對，絕對不會的！

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